

ASCHAM SCHOOL



2012

English (Advanced and Standard)
Trial HSC

Paper 1 – Area of Study

General Instructions

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Working time – 2 hours
- Write using black or blue pen.

Total Marks - 45

Section 1

15 marks

- Attempt Question 1
- Allow about 40 minutes for this section.

Section 2

15 marks

- Attempt Question 2
- Allow about 40 minutes for this section.

Section 3

15 marks

- Attempt question 3
- Allow about 40 minutes for this section.

Section I

15 marks

Attempt Question 1

Allow about 40 minutes for this section.

Answer the question in one of the booklets provided and mark it clearly, "Section I", "Question 1". Extra booklets are available.

In your answer you will be assessed on how well you:

- demonstrate understanding of the way perceptions of belonging are shaped in and through texts
 - describe, explain and analyse the relationships between language, text and context.
-

Question 1 (15 marks)

Examine **Texts one, two, three and four** carefully and then answer the questions on page 7.

Question 1 continues on the next page

Text one – Advertisement

AMERICAN TRIATHLON ASSOCIATION

The New York City2SURF triathlon

And you thought running the City2Surf was an achievement.

Support the American Triathlon Association's Committee of triathletes on...

Text two – Website

Language English (UK) Region Asia-Pacific (AU/SG)

Search

What We Do Who We Are Sports & Games Social Media Get Involved Donate

Main > Donate 

How Your Gift Helps

Special Olympics is about sports but it is also about so much more. For people with intellectual disabilities, Special Olympics is often the only place where they have an opportunity to participate in their communities and develop belief in themselves. It is inspiring when you see a father's pride in his son's achievement . . . a mother's relief when her daughter makes friends . . . siblings cheering for their brother or sister for the first time.



Meet Mike Bailey

Special Olympics sports provide a gateway to empowerment, competence, acceptance and joy. Take Mike Bailey, for instance. He was born with Down syndrome and has been an avid Special Olympics athlete since he was a child. Today, he keeps a busy schedule, juggling his work, college studies and multiple sports, from bocce ball to powerlifting.

When Mike's parents Dave and Karen first learned that their son had Down syndrome, they were crushed. They thought many of their dreams were shattered. Now they say that getting their son involved with Special Olympics "was most likely one of, if not the most important decision we ever made for Mike." Special Olympics gave the Baileys an opportunity to form lifelong friendships and cheer for their son. See slideshow about Mike Bailey

See Mike in action. Here was photos of Mike's journey with Special Olympics. [SEE SLIDESHOW](#)

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Text three – Poem

'The Photos' by Diane Wakoski

My sister in her well-tailored silk blouse hands me
the photo of my father
in naval uniform and white hat.
I say, "Oh, this is the one which Mama used to have on her dresser."

My sister controls her face and furtively looks at my mother,
a sad rag of a woman, lumpy and sagging everywhere,
like a mattress at the Salvation Army, though with no holes or tears,
and says, "No."

I look again,
and see that my father is wearing a wedding ring,
which he never did
when he lived with my mother. And that there is a legend on it.
"To my dearest wife,

Love
Chief"

And I realise the photo must have belonged to his second wife,
whom he left our mother to marry.

My mother says, with her face as still as the whole unpopulated part of the
state of North Dakota,
"May I see it too?"
She looks at it.

I look at my tailored sister
and my own blue-jeaned self. Have we wanted to hurt our mother,
sharing these pictures on this, one of the few days I ever visit or
spend with family? For her face is curiously haunted,
not now with her viperish bitterness,
but with something so deep it could not be spoken,
I turn away and say I must go on, as I have a dinner engagement with friends.
But I drive all the way to Pasadena from Whittier,
thinking of my mother's face; how I could never love her; how my father
could not love her either. Yet knowing I have inherited
the rag-bag body,
stony face with bulldog jaws.

I drive, thinking of that face,
Jeffers' California Medea* who inspired me to poetry.
I killed my children,
but there as I am changing lanes on the freeway, necessarily glancing in the rearview mirror, I
see the face,
not even a ghost, but always with me, like a photo in a beloved's wallet.

How I hate my destiny.

*Jeffers' California Medea – Jeffers, a US poet based in California, presented a version of the Greek play Medea on Broadway in 1946. Medea, from Greek mythology, is known for avenging her husband's betrayal when he left her for another woman.

Text four – Prose extract

‘Sharing the Mayhem’ by Anne Fadiman

When I read *The Story of a Fierce Bad Rabbit* to my son last night, there was no one around to check my pulse. However, Beatrix Potter and Charles Dickens seem to have attended the same Violent Writers School, and when I got to the part where the man with the gun blasts off the rabbit’s tail and whiskers (“BANG”), I can tell you that Henry and I were both breathing pretty heavily. Private readings have certain advantages over public ones. We were both already prostrate, and had I been unable to speak in consecutive sentences, Henry never would have noticed. I was also able to insert editorial comments, such as “It wasn’t a *real* gun.” After describing “the pole of gore that quivered and danced in the sunlight,” Dickens could not turn to his audience – even though a physician had forecast mass hysteria among the women – and say, “It wasn’t *real* gore.”

We do a lot of reading aloud in our household. If you’re beginning to suspect that, like Dickens, we specialize in mayhem, I’m afraid you’re right. One morning last week, I emerged from the bedroom to find Susannah crunching her Rice Krispies while her father read to her from *Boy*, in which the young Roald Dahl gets caned (twice), has his adenoids removed without anesthesia, and nearly loses his nose in a car accident.

“Read me again about how his nose was hanging by just a little tiny string,” said Susannah.

Had I been a better mother, I would have said, “*After* breakfast.” Instead, I joined the audience. George was once a singing waiter, accustomed to linking dramaturgy and digestion, and he attacked the dangling nose with verve. I could see why he had raked in such big tips. I could also see, with breakfast-table clarity, the truth of something I had long suspected: that *all* readings are performances, with Dickens merely hogging the histrionic extreme of a spectrum shared by every parent who has ever lulled a child to sleep with *Grandfather Twilight*. When you read silently, only the writer performs. When you read aloud, the performance is collaborative. One partner provides the words, the other the rhythm.

Since the loss of his sight, my father has inhabited a Homerically aural realm. When I was a small child, he read to me constantly, specializing in Dr. Seuss. Many years later, while I was recovering from a tonsillectomy, he read me Book I of *War and Peace*, with the result that I still associate all Russian names of more than three syllables with sore throats. Now I read to him. The generational table-turning was disorienting at first; I seemed the parent and he the child, but the child frequently corrected my pronunciation. The blind Milton did the same with his daughters, who read him Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Syriac, Italian, and French, none of which they understood. Eventually they grumbled so vehemently that they were sent out to learn embroidery instead. I read only in English and I always enjoy it, except when I call my father with the obituary of one of his old friends. There’s no getting around the intimacy of reading aloud. He cannot grieve in private, the way he could if I mailed him the scissored page. As I hear him cough softly on the other end of the line, I plug doggedly toward the list of survivors and the location of the memorial service knowing my voice is coming between him and his friend instead of bringing them together.

Text one – Advertisement

- a) Identify one visual technique used in the advertisement and explain how it attempts to communicate ideas about belonging and/or not belonging. (2 marks)

Text two – Website

- b) Explain how visual and written features are used to create a sense of belonging for the responder? (2 marks)

Text three – Poem

- c) How does Wakoski use the motif of photos to explore the nature of belonging and family? (3 marks)

Text four – Prose extract

- d) Analyse how the author establishes the bond between the narrator and her family. (3 marks)

Texts one, two, three and four – Advertisement, Website, Poem and Prose extract

- e) Evaluate how effectively TWO of these texts deal with the complexity of belonging and not belonging. (5 marks)

End of Question 1

Section II

15 marks

Attempt Question 2

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the question in a SEPARATE writing booklet

Answer the question in one of the booklets provided and mark it clearly, "Section II", "Question 2". Extra booklets are available.

In your answer you will be assessed on how well you:

- express understanding of belonging in the context of your studies
 - organise, develop and express ideas using language appropriate to audience, purpose and context
-

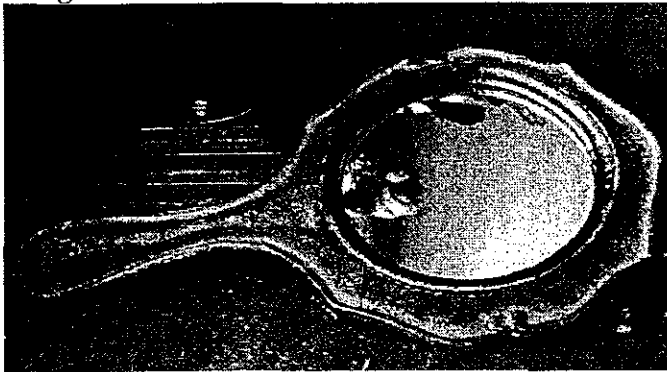
Question 2 (15 marks)

Use one of the images below as a stimulus to compose an imaginative piece for a new anthology entitled *The Challenges of Belonging*.

Indicate which image-- A, B or C -- you have selected.

You may write in any form except poetry.

Image A:



OR

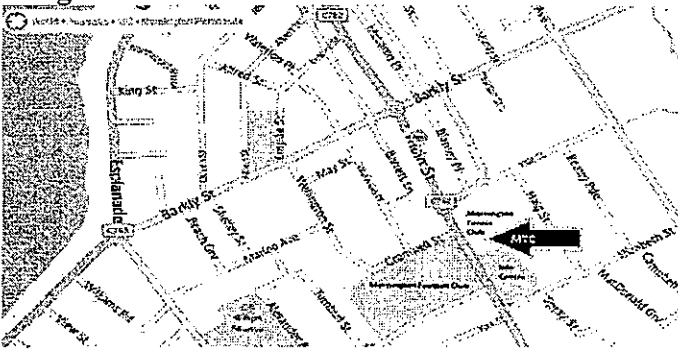
Question 2 continues on the next page.

Image B:



OR

Image C:



End of Question 2

Section III

15 marks

Attempt Question 3

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the question in a SEPARATE writing booklet.

Answer the question in one of the booklets provided and mark it clearly, "Section III", "Question 3". Extra booklets are available.

In your answer you will be assessed on how well you:

- demonstrate understanding of the concept of belonging in the context of your study
 - analyse, explain and assess the ways belonging is represented in a variety of texts.
 - organise, develop and express ideas using language appropriate to audience, purpose and context
-

Question 3 (15 marks)

Use ONE of the quotations provided below as the focus for an essay on the topic of belonging.

Write out the quotation in full at the beginning of your answer.

In your response, you must refer to your prescribed text and ONE related text of your own choosing. If you have studied poetry, at least two poems must be discussed.

1. "We look at the vastness of nature and it looks hostile." John Shelby Spong
2. "Home is a notion that only the uprooted understand." Wallace Stegner
3. "You'll always feel as if you don't belong. Anywhere." Sarah Breathnach

Question 3 continues on the next page

The prescribed texts are:

Prose Fiction or Non Fiction

- Tan, Amy, *The Joy Luck Club*
- Lahiri, Jhumpa, *The Namesake*
- Dickens, Charles, *Great Expectations*
- Jhabvala, Ruth Praver, *Heat and Dust*
- Winch, Tara June, *Swallow the Air*
- Gaita, Raymond, *Romulus, My Father*

Drama or Film

- Miller, Arthur, *The Crucible*
- Harrison, Jane, *'Rainbow's End'*
- Luhrmann, Baz, *Strictly Ballroom*
- De Heer, Rolf, *Ten Canoes*
- Shakespeare, William, *As You Like It*

Poetry

- Skrzynecki, Peter, *Immigrant Chronicle*
- Dickinson, Emily, *Selected Poems*
- Herrick, Steven, *The Simple Gift*

End of Question 3