



# Barker College

**2009**  
**YEAR 12**  
**EXAMINATION**  
**TRIAL**

## **English (Standard)** **and English (Advanced)** **Paper 1 — Area of Study**

### Staff Involved:

- SZA    • BDB    • IJB\*
- SKC    • DLC    • GMC
- MDD\*   • MZD    • KLF
- AXH    • AMH    • AKM
- BDM\*   • MJS    • LAS
- SDS\*   • SAT

PM MONDAY 10 AUGUST

400 copies

### General Instructions

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Working time – 2 hours
- Write using blue or black pen
- Start a NEW page for each Section
- Write your Barker Student Number at the top of each page

**Total marks – 45**

#### **Section I**

Pages 2 – 7

15 marks

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

#### **Section II**

Page 8

15 marks

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

#### **Section III**

Page 9

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 questions on the paper provided. Extra paper is available if required.

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In your answers 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 relationship between language, text and context
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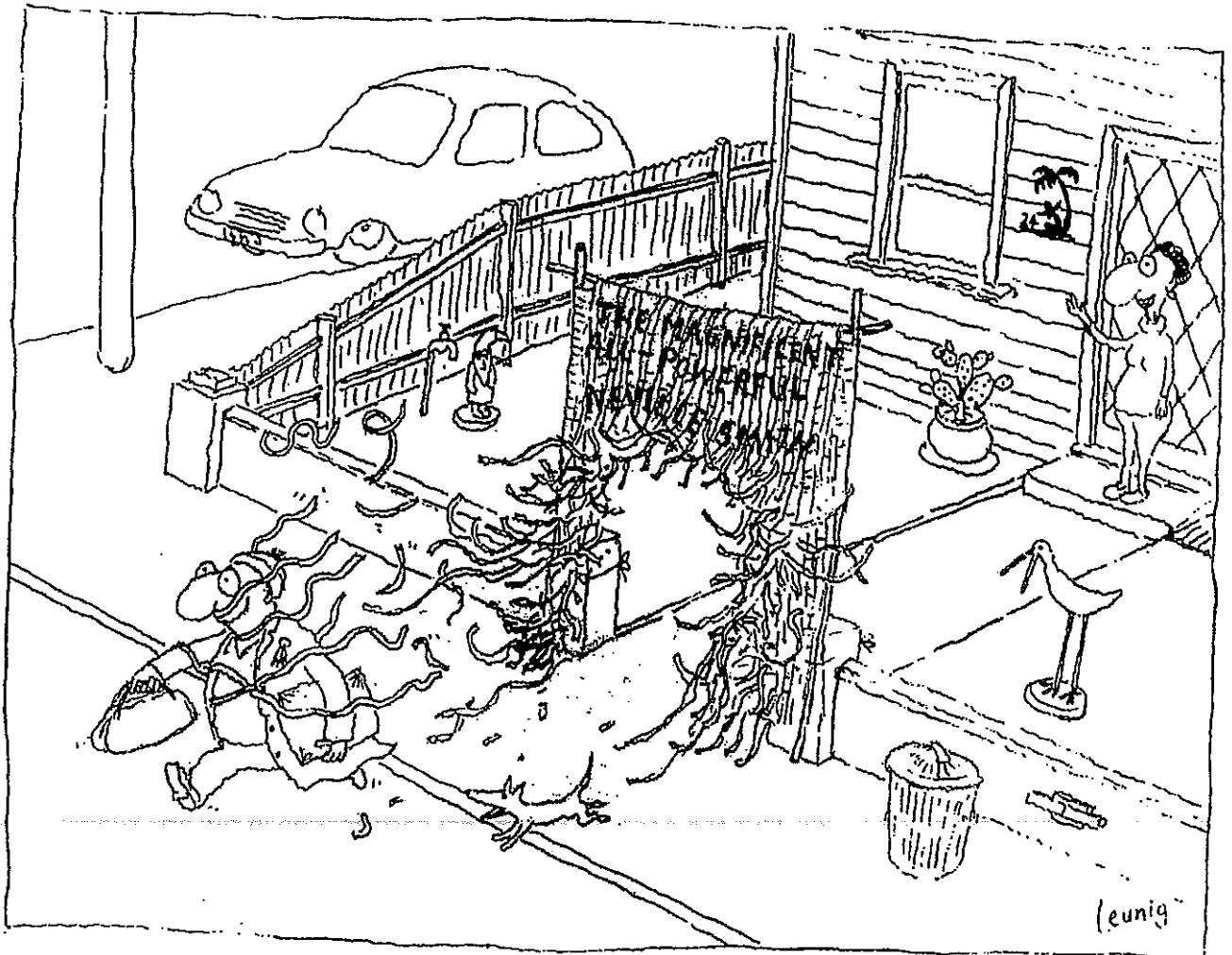
**Question 1 (15 marks)**

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

**Question 1 continues on page 3**

Question 1 (continued)

Text one — Cartoon



The magnificent, all powerful Neville Smith

Question 1 continues on page 4

## Question 1 (continued)

### Text two — Essay Excerpt

#### “Real communities” by Hugh Mackay

Belonging? Community? Shared values? These, surely, have become the weasel words of contemporary social analysis. Overblown and overplayed, they have been robbed of much of their meaning. They have come to sound more like mantras than social goals.

Indeed, the word ‘village’ is de rigueur if you’re writing a real estate advertisement or creating a promotional brochure for a new high-rise development: the vertical village is with us. It’s even become fashionable to speak of ‘the Australian community’, as if Australians were a close-knit little group, sharing in the life of some village where everyone knows everyone, everyone trusts everyone, and from which we draw a powerful and sustaining sense of identity and emotional security.

Yet we cling hopefully, and sometimes desperately, to words like community and village, precisely because we know, deep in our guts, that any successful, civilised society would aspire to that utopian prospect. Perhaps we also sense that the fondly imagined community is under threat, and we suspect the consequences of that might be serious. In fact, the consequences could hardly be more serious: our moral sense is, after all, a social sense.

We need to encourage greater participation in community activities – everything from clean-up campaigns and bushcare groups to team sports, drama classes and poetry clubs – which reassure people that ‘the village’ exists and that they can belong to it. In fact, the more you look at the ills of contemporary society – alienation, fragmentation, isolation, depression – the more compelling the need for communal participation in the arts seems.

Surely, encouraging co-operative, collaborative creativity must be one of the better ways to foster a sense of community, promote mental health and well-being, and reduce the pressures of a competitive, materialistic society. Learning to paint or write (in a class that creates its own sense of belonging), putting on plays and musicals, organising festivals, making movies, taking up photography, puppetry or tapestry, singing in choirs, dancing, playing in bands ... these are all effective pathways to mental health for people whose daily lives are mostly spent in non-creative pursuits.

Many people recall with intense pleasure their participation in school plays, orchestras, choirs and art classes. It wasn’t just the music or the art or the performance: it was often the strong sense of group cohesion – of being a team player – that lingered most vividly in the memory. Sometimes they look back wistfully and wonder where all that pleasure (and all that talent) went. Why did it stop when they left school? And why couldn’t it be recaptured?

Perhaps it’s time to dust off all those Schools of Arts across the country and put them to the use for which they were originally intended.

Most of us find the richest source of life’s meaning in our personal relationships. Being herd animals, we are born to communicate, to join, to gather, to connect and to share. When we deny those natural impulses, we diminish both ourselves and the communities to which we properly belong. The online revolution notwithstanding, I believe the most significant communities – significant, that is, in building a civilised, participative society – are still our local neighbourhoods.

Question 1 continues on page 5

Question 1 (continued)

Text Three — Prose extract

*Useless Loop and Hopeless Reach*

One should never go back. Just as the castles of one's childhood turn out, in later years, to look like workers' cottages, so the emotional charge of the sacred sites of one's personal history dissipate over time until they look and feel just like anywhere else.

I had been hankering to get to Shark Bay, where I ended my camel trip all those eons ago. Not that Perth wasn't pleasant, Fremantle even more so, and the south-west corner as delightful as all those tree-lovers had cracked it up to be. But, ah, I could hear the desert singing to me, tugging at unseen strings in my sternum.

One hundred years ago, Marcus Clarke described it thus: 'The dweller in the wilderness acknowledges the subtle charm of this fantastic land of monstrosities. He becomes familiar with the beauty of loneliness . . .'

The beauty of loneliness was not to be mine this time, because I was travelling with a friend whose notion of travel rather differed from mine. For him it meant taking a cab between air-conditioned hotels. He had not come across the idea that a bed could be portable and rolled out under the stars. But I had described my dream landscape to him so often, and with such mad fire in my eyes, that he, too, was infected by the spirit of pilgrimage. His enthusiasm was somewhat dampened, or rather evaporated, by Denham, as my diary records ...

'Ah,' we sighed, Friend and I, as we placed empty diet lagers on the westernmost table of the westernmost pub at the westernmost end of the universe—Denham, to be precise. Well, no, Monkey Mia is the *precise* end of the universe, Denham is its gateway—if you step through the gate you drown in the febrile blueness of the Indian Ocean.

We managed a wan smile at each other. We had driven here through midday mirage, sitting on the melting upholstery of our four-wheel drive. I ordered more beer.

I must describe my wonderful holiday in WA, where I thought rednecks were in retreat until I left the thin strip of coastal belt, where jukeboxes, once wonderful-weepy with Slim Dusty, Charlie Pride, Hank Williams sing-alongs, are now international-homogenous and where prohibitive signs have proliferated like fruit-flies over the past eight years.

We skulled our beers, re-entered the wall of heat outside and strolled to the end of town. There, waiting for us, was yet another prohibitive sign. It was all too much for Friend. 'Signs,' he screamed. 'Don't spit here, do not deface this sign, do not defecate within ten yards of this sign. I'm sick of signs. I'm going to take *direct action*. I'm going to *liberate* this sign.' With that, he ripped up the sign saying 'do not liberate this sign', and threw it into the ocean.

He had reached an understanding of the concept of 'going troppo'.

Question 1 continues on page 6

## Question 1 (continued)

### Text Three — Prose extract continued

The first part of our drive north had been wonderful, despite the mind-bending heat. By the time we hit the four-wheel drive tracks from Lancelin to the Pinnacles, I felt I had come home. This was it. This was what I remembered—the wildest, most beautiful part of the planet.

The Pinnacles are part of the Nambung National Park, which is described in the tourist blurbs as Western Australia's best-kept secret. They go on to say that the roads are going to be upgraded, so it need be a secret no more. Alas, how true.

We drove into the shifting dunes in a luminous glassy pink light. The sky was like rose quartz. The dunes were fuzzed silver at the edges by the wind. Is there anything in the world more glorious than desert at twilight?

'Um, where's the road?' Friend was hunched over the wheel, peering into the pink. 'Oh, sort of over there,' I ventured. It was no good, the light was fading and so was the road, fading and fraying into sand-covered nothingness.

It took us all of the following day to drive the fifty miles to the Pinnacles, so impossible was the track, and so often did we stop to frolic at bore tanks, or tumble down white sand ridges. The thought of even seeing another footprint had drifted into the impossible. We were deliciously lost, oblivious to the heat, kicking gypsum dust between our toes, free at last of the constraints of civilisation, and then ...

A sign saying 'Keep Left'.

I let out a howl of fury. There was nothing but flies and a couple of fishermen's huts for miles; what did they mean, those goddamn gingery, over-muscled park rangers with their beards and zoology degrees and nothing to do all day but make up visual pollution in the form of rustic signs. We kept right, until the Pinnacles.

These twisted, freakish shapes are, in fact, the calcified stumps of tuart trees, God knows how old. There are thousands of them, pricking up out of yellow or red sand dunes. We wandered for hours, and then, greenies forgive me, I did a terrible thing. I *camped*. Yes. I walked a long way past the dunes, rolled out my swag and boiled a billy.

An extract from *Travelling Light* by Robyn Davidson, 1989.

(Note. In the 1970s Robyn Davidson made a solo journey across central Australia with a team of camels. This journey was recounted in her books, *Tracks*.)

Question 1 continues on page 7

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In your answers 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 relationship between language, text and context
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**Question 1 (continued)**

**Marks**

**Text one — Cartoon**

- (a) Identify clearly **ONE** idea about belonging suggested by Leunig in his cartoon. **1**
- (b) Explain how visual features support this idea about belonging. **2**

**Text two — Essay Excerpt**

- (c) According to Hugh Mackay, in the first three paragraphs of this excerpt, how have notions of 'belonging' and 'community' been devalued? **1**
- (d) How does the essay argue for the importance of participation and community? **3**

**Text three — Prose Extract**

- (e) How does Robyn Davidson explore different perspectives about belonging? **3**

**Texts one, two and three — Advertisement, Essay Excerpt and Prose Extract**

- (f) How does each composer convey the value of belonging? **5**

You must refer to **ALL THREE** texts in your answer.

**End of Question 1**

**End of Section I**

## **Section II**

**15 marks**

**Attempt Question 2**

**Allow about 40 minutes for this section**

Answer the questions on the paper provided. Extra paper is available if required.

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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 a phrase or sentence from the essay excerpt or prose extract in Section 1 as a title for a piece of writing which explores the concept of belonging.

**Put the title you have chosen at the top of your piece of writing.**

Compose your imaginative response in the form of one of the following:

- letters
- extracts from a journal
- a scene from a play
- memoir
- short story

**End of Question 2**

**End of Section II**



## Section III

15 marks

### Question 3

#### Attempt Question 3

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the question on the paper provided. Extra paper is available if required.

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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)

“Our sense of belonging can change.”

Do you agree? Discuss this statement in the context of your study of the concept of belonging.

In your response, refer to your prescribed text and **TWO** other related texts of your own choosing.

The prescribed texts are:

- **Prose Fiction**
  - Amy Tan, *The Joy Luck Club*
  - Jhumpa Lahiri, *The Namesake*
  - Ruth Praver Jhabvala, *Heat and Dust*
  - Tara June Winch, *Swallow the Air*
  - Raymond Gaita, *My Father*
- **Drama**
  - Arthur Miller, *The Crucible*
  - Jane Harrison, *Rainbow's End*
- **Film**
  - Baz Luhrmann, *Strictly Ballroom*
  - Rolf De Heer, *Ten Canoes*
- **Shakespeare**
  - William Shakespeare, *As You Like It*
- **Poetry**
  - Peter Skrzynecki, *Immigrant Chronicle*
    - \* *Feliks Skrzynecki*                      \* *St Patrick's College*
    - \* *Ancestors*                                      \* *10 Mary Street*
    - \* *Migrant Hostel*                              \* *Postcard*
    - \* *In the Folk Museum*
  - Emily Dickinson, *Selected Poems*
    - \* *66 This is my letter to the world*
    - \* *67 I died for beauty but was scarce*
    - \* *82 I had been hungry all the years*
    - \* *83 I gave myself to him*
    - \* *127 A narrow fellow in the grass*
    - \* *154 A word dropped careless on the page*
    - \* *161 What mystery pervades a well*
    - \* *181 Saddest noise, the sweetest noise*
  - Steven Herrick, *The Simple Gift*

End of Paper