



**Fort Street High School
2010**

**TRIAL HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE
EXAMINATION**

English (Advanced)

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 I Pages 3 - 8
15 marks
Attempt Question 1
Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Section II Page 9
15 marks
Attempt Question 2
Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Section III Page 10
15 marks
Attempt Question 3
Allow about 40 minutes for this section

This is an assessment task worth 10%

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Section I

15 marks

Attempt Question 1

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Start a new page for this question. Answer the question on the paper provided.

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 relationship between language, text and context

Question 1 (15 marks)

Examine Texts one, two, three and four carefully and then answer the questions on page 8.

Text one – Visual text

The Short and Incredibly Happy Life of Riley, Colin Thompson & Amy Lissiat



People, of course, should never be allowed to have sticks with pointy ends, because they stick them into each other.

Text two - Poem

Migrant Woman on a Melbourne Tram, Jennifer Strauss

Impossibly black
Amid the impudence of summer thighs
Long arms and painted toenails
And the voices
Impossibly obscure

She hunches sweltering
Twists in sweating hands
A scrap of paper – address, destination,
Clue to the labyrinth
Where voices not understood
Echo
Confusing directions.

(There was a time
They sent them out of Greece
In black-sailed ships
To feed the minotaur. *
Who's in the blind beast now
Laired in Collingwood,
Abbotsford, Richmond,
Eating up men?)

Street-names in the glare
Leap ungraspably from sight
Formless collisions of letters
Impossibly dark
She is forlorn in foreign words and voices,
Remembering a village
Where poverty was white as bone
And the great silences of sea and sky
Parted at dusk for voices coming home
Calling names
Impossibly departed.

Jennifer Strauss

*minotaur - a mythical beast who was fed annually on human flesh

the stolen children their stories

Including extracts from the Report of the National Inquiry into the
separation of Aboriginal and Torres' Strait Islander children from their families
EDITED BY CARMEL BIRD

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Fiona's Story

WHEN FIONA, AGED FIVE, and her brothers and sisters were delivered to the mission at Oodnadatta, their mother 'just kind of disappeared into the darkness', and Fiona did not see her for another thirty-two years. Fiona says that maybe the most precious thing she lost while in the mission was her native language. She explains that the loss of this language is a loss of the soul.

However, she acknowledges the education she received from the missionaries, and doesn't like to hear harsh criticism of them. Her final comment is powerfully tragic and unintentionally ironic when she says: 'You have to learn to forgive'. This is Confidential submission number 305.

1936 IT WAS. I would have been five. We went visiting Ernabella the day the police came. Our great-uncle Sid was leasing Ernabella from the government at that time so we went there.

We had been playing all together, just a happy community and the air was filled with screams because the police came and mothers tried to hide their children and blacken their children's faces and tried to hide them in caves. We three, Essie, Brenda and me together with our three cousins ... the six of us were put on the old truck and taken to Oodnadatta which was hundreds of miles away and then we got there in the darkness.

My mother had to come with us. She had already lost her eldest daughter down to the Children's Hospital because she had infantile paralysis, polio, and now there was the prospect of losing her three other children, all the children she had. I remember that she came in the truck with us curled up in the foetal position. Who can understand that, the trauma of knowing that you're going to lose all your children? We talk about it from the point of view of our trauma but—our mother—to understand what she went through, I don't think anyone can really understand that.

It was 1936 and we went to the United Aborigines Mission in Oodnadatta. We got there in the dark and then we didn't see our mother again. She just kind of disappeared into the darkness. I've since found out in the intervening years that there was a place they called the natives' camp and obviously my mother would have been whisked to the natives' camp. There was no time given to us to say goodbye to our mothers.

From there we had to learn to eat new food, have our heads shaved. So one day not long after we got there my cousin and I ... we tried to run back to Ernabella. We came across the train. We'd never seen a train before and it frightened the hell out of us with the steam shooting out. So we ran back to the mission because that was the only place of safety that we knew. She was only four and I was only five.

Then we had to learn to sleep in a house. We'd only ever slept in our wilchas and always had the stars there and the embers of the fire and the closeness of the family. And all of a sudden we had high beds and that was very frightening. You just thought you were going to fall out and to be separated. There was a corridor and our cousins were in another room. We'd never been separated before. And the awful part was we had to get into that train later on with one little grey blanket and go down to Colebrook...a matter of weeks after. From that time until 1968 I didn't see [my mother]. Thirty-two years it was.

[I stayed at Colebrook] till 1946 [when] I was fourteen or fifteen. We were trained to go into people's homes and clean and look after other people's children. I went to a doctor and his wife. They were beautiful people. I stayed with them a couple of years. I guess the most traumatic thing for me is that, though I don't like missionaries being criticised—the only criticism that I have is that you forbade us to speak our own language and we had no communication with our family. We just seemed to be getting further and further away from our people, we went to Oodnadatta first, then to Quorn next, then when there was a drought there we went to Adelaide and went out to Eden Hills and that's where we stayed till we went out to work and did whatever we had to do.

I realised later how much I'd missed of my culture and how much I'd been devastated. Up until this point of time I can't communicate with my family, can't hold a conversation. I can't go to my uncle and ask him anything because we don't have the language...

You hear lots and lots of the criticisms of the missionaries but we only learnt from being brought up by missionaries. They took some of that grief away in teaching us another way to overcome the grief and the hurt and the pain and the suffering. So I'm very thankful from that point of view and I believe that nothing comes without a purpose. You knew that in those days there was no possibility of going back because cars were so few and far between and the train took forever to get anywhere so how could a five year old get back to the people.

I guess the government didn't mean it as something bad, but our mothers weren't treated as people having feelings. Naturally a mother's got a heart for her children and for them to be taken away, no-one can ever know the heartache. She was still grieving when I met her in 1968.

When me and my little family stood there—my husband and me and my two little children—and all my family was there, there wasn't a word we could say to each other. All the years that you wanted to ask this and ask that, there was no way we could ever regain that. It was like somebody came and stabbed me with a knife. I couldn't communicate with my family because I had no way of communicating with them any longer. Once that language was taken away, we lost a part of that very soul. It meant our culture was gone, our family was gone, everything that was dear to us was gone.

When I finally met [my mother] through an interpreter she said that because my name had been changed she had heard about the other children but she'd never heard about me. And every sun, every morning as the sun came up the whole family would wail. They did that for thirty-two years until they saw me again. Who can imagine what a mother went through?

But you have to learn to forgive.

Text four – Prose extract – *Oranges are not the Only Fruit*, Jeanette Winterson

At school I couldn't seem to learn anything or win anything, not even the draw to get out of being dinner monitor. Dinner monitor meant that you had to make sure everybody had a plate and that the water jug didn't have bits in it. Dinner monitors got served last and had the smallest portions. I'd been drawn to do it three times running and I got shouted at in class for always smelling of gravy. My clothes were gravy-spotted and my mother made me wear the same gymslip all week because she said there was no point trying to make me look clean as long as I had that duty. Now I was sitting in the shoebags, with liver and onions all down my front. Sometimes I tried to clean it off, but today I was too unhappy. After six weeks' holiday with our church, I'd be even less able to cope with any of it. My mother was right. It was a Breeding Ground. And it wasn't as though I hadn't tried. At first I'd done my very best to fit in and be good. We had been set a project just before we started last autumn, we had to write an essay called 'What I Did in my Summer Holidays'. I was anxious to do it well because I knew they thought I couldn't read or anything, not having been to school early enough. I did it slowly in my best handwriting, proud that some of the others could only print. We read them out one by one, then gave them to the teacher. It was all the same, fishing, swimming, picnics, Walt Disney. Thirty-two essays about gardens and frog spawn. I was at the end of the alphabet, and I could hardly wait. The teacher was the kind of woman who wanted her class to be happy. She called us lambs, and told me in particular not to worry if I found anything difficult.

'You'll soon fit in,' she soothed.

I wanted to please her, and trembling with anticipation I started my essay..... "This holiday I went to Colwyn Bay with our church camp."

The teacher nodded and smiled.

"It was very hot, and Auntie Betty, whose leg was loose anyway, got sunstroke and we thought she might die."

The teacher began to look a bit worried, but the class perked up.

"But she got better, thanks to my mōther who stayed up all night struggling mightily."

'Is your mother a nurse?' asked the teacher, with quiet sympathy.

'No, she just heals the sick.'

Teacher frowned. 'Well, carry on then.'

"When Auntie Betty got better we all went in the bus to Llandudno to testify on the beach. I played the tambourine, and Elsie Norris brought her accordian, but a boy threw some sand, and since then she's had no F sharp. We're going to have a jumble sale in the autumn to try and pay for it.

"When we came back from Colwyn Bay, Next Door had had another baby but there are so many of them Next Door we don't know whose it is. My mother gave them some potatoes from the yard, but they said they weren't a charity and threw them back over the wall."

The class had gone very quiet. Teacher looked at me. 'Is there any more?'

'Yes, two more sides.'

'What about?'

'Not much, just how we hired the baths for our baptism service after the Healing of the Sick crusade.'

'Very good, but I don't think we'll have time today. Put your work back in your tidy box, and do some colouring till playtime.'

The class giggled.

Slowly I sat down, not sure what was going on, but sure that something was. When I got home I told my mother I didn't want to go again.

'You've got to,' she said. 'Here, have an orange.'

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 relationship between language, text and context

Question 1 (continued)

Text one - Visual text

	Marks
a) Explain how ONE visual technique represents the concept of belonging.	1

Text two – Poem

b) Explain how Jennifer Strauss develops a sense of place. Give TWO examples.	2
c) Identify TWO different techniques used by the poet to convey a sense of belonging.	2

Text three - Nonfiction extract

d) Show how the composer represents her sense of culture and belonging.	2
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Text four – Prose extract

e) Analyse the ways this text communicates the relationship between home and belonging.	2
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Texts one, two, three and four

f) Evaluate how TWO texts from Texts one, two, three or four explore the concept of belonging.	6
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End of Question 1

Section II

15 marks

Attempt Question 2

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Start a new page for this question. Answer the question on the paper provided.

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 quotations below as a stimulus to write an imaginative piece that may be included in an HSC Booklet on Belonging. Please indicate, at the beginning of your piece, which quotation you have used.

- a) People, of course, should never be allowed to have sticks with pointy ends, because they stick them into each other.

OR

- b) Where voices not understood
Echo
Confusing directions.

OR

- c) At first I'd done my very best to fit in and be good.

OR

- d) I couldn't communicate with my family because I had no way of communicating with them any longer.

Section III

15 marks

Attempt Question 3

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Start a new page for this question. Answer the question on the paper provided.

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)

Focus - Belonging

In order to belong one must be prepared to make sacrifices.

Explain how your texts support or challenge this view.

Answer by referring to the ideas and techniques of your prescribed text (*As You Like It* or *Romulus, My Father*, or at least two poems from your prescribed poems) and TWO other related texts of your own choosing.

The prescribed texts are:

Gaita, Raimond, *Romulus, My Father*

Shakespeare, William, *As You Like It*

Dickinson, Emily, *Selected Poems of Emily Dickinson*

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'

End of paper