



**Fort Street High School
2011**

**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%

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.

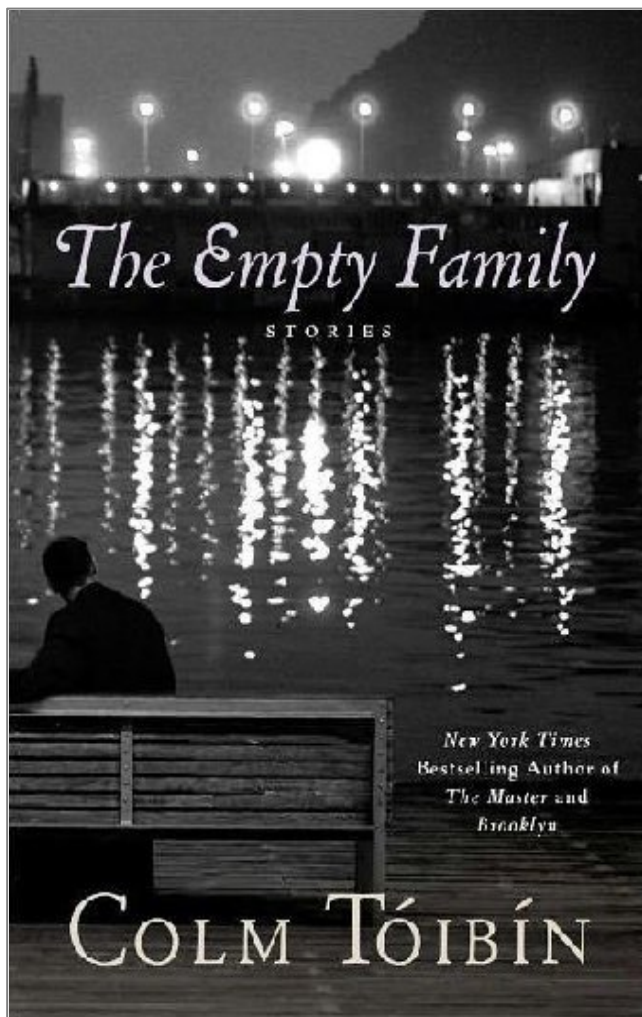
In your answer you will be assessed on how well you:

- 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



Colm Toibin's exquisitely written new stories, set in present-day Ireland, 1970s Spain and nineteenth-century England, are about people linked by love, loneliness and desire. Toibin is a master at portraying mute emotion, intense intimacies that remain unacknowledged or unspoken. In this stunning collection, he cements his status as 'his generation's most gifted writer of love's complicated, contradictory power' (Los Angeles Times).

"Silence" is a brilliant historical set piece about Lady Gregory, widowed and abandoned by her lover, who tells the writer Henry James a confessional story at a dinner party. In "Two Women," an eminent Irish set designer, aloof and prickly, takes a job in her homeland, and is forced to confront devastating emotions she has long repressed. "The New Spain" is the story of an intransigent woman who returns home after a decade in exile and shatters the fragile peace her family has forged in the post-Franco world. And in the breathtaking long story "The Street," Toibin imagines a startling relationship between two Pakistani workers in Barcelona – a taboo affair in a community ruled by obedience and silence.

Toibin's characters are often difficult and combative, compelled to disguise their vulnerability and longings. Yet he unmasks them, and in doing so offers us a set of extraordinarily moving stories that remind us of the fragility and individuality of human life. As *The New York Review of Books* has said, Toibin "understands the tenuousness of love and comfort – and, after everything, its necessity."

Text two – Poem

Language(s)
For John Mateer

I'll speak you mine, you speak me yours
since all's in the telling, content, form

to mangle the Master's eavesdropping
on subalterns' whispers, going Chinese

subversive, maybe just incomprehensible
or incomprehensibly blunt. My Farsi

the fierce Real or the sad Other of the Master-
Signifiers, Sylvester to their Tweety or

a Roadrunner, mercurial, radical
to thwart the tyrant's order of things? I'll say

something to you, you say something
to me, and bar me from understanding

this or that - who'd ever want me
in control, so damn crazy to accumulate

secrets, gossip, sedition, gesticulation
even if I am, say, sentient, so what

's in it for you? Forge a discourse
to chain your/my tongue/s. You'll write me

yours, I write you mine, and we'll relish
the mystery of the written sign, the tricky

similitude between things, incoherent
thorn in the monoglot* Master's eye.

***monoglot** (*plural* **monoglots**) a person capable of speaking only a single language

Text three-Nonfiction extract-

FATHER AND SON

Edmund Gosse

It was a curious coincidence that life had brought both my parents along similar paths to an almost identical position in respect to religious belief. She had started from the Anglican standpoint, he from the Wesleyan, and each, almost without counsel from others, and after varied theological experiments, had come to take up precisely the same attitude towards all divisions of the Protestant Church--that, namely, of detached and unbiased contemplation. So far as the sects agreed with my Father and my Mother, the sects were walking in the light; wherever they differed from them, they had slipped more or less definitely into a penumbra of their own making, a darkness into which neither of my parents would follow them. Hence, by a process of selection, my Father and my Mother alike had gradually, without violence, found themselves shut outside all Protestant communions, and at last they met only with a few extreme Calvinists like themselves, on terms of what may almost be called negation--with no priest, no ritual, no festivals, no ornament of any kind, nothing but the Lord's Supper and the exposition of Holy Scripture drawing these austere spirits into any sort of cohesion. They called themselves 'the Brethren', simply; a title enlarged by the world outside into 'Plymouth Brethren'.

It was accident and similarity which brought my parents together at these meetings of the Brethren. Each was lonely, each was poor, each was accustomed to a strenuous intellectual self-support. He was nearly thirty-eight, she was past forty-two, when they married. From a suburban lodging, he brought her home to his mother's little house in the northeast of London without a single day's honeymoon. My Father was a zoologist, and a writer of books on natural history; my Mother also was a writer, author already of two slender volumes of religious verse--the earlier of which, I know not how, must have enjoyed some slight success, since a second edition was printed--afterwards she devoted her pen to popular works of edification. But how infinitely removed in their aims, their habits, their ambitions from 'literary' people of the present day, words are scarcely adequate to describe. Neither knew nor cared about any manifestation of current literature. For each there had been no poet later than Byron, and neither had read a romance since, in childhood, they had dipped into the Waverley Novels as they appeared in succession. For each the various forms of imaginative and scientific literature were merely means of improvement and profit, which kept the student 'out of the world', gave him full employment, and enabled him to maintain himself. But pleasure was found nowhere but in the Word of God, and to the endless discussion of the Scriptures each hurried when the day's work was over.

In this strange household the advent of a child was not welcomed, but was borne with resignation. The event was thus recorded in my Father's diary:

'E. delivered of a son. Received green swallow from Jamaica.'

This entry has caused amusement, as showing that he was as much interested in the bird as in the boy. But this does not follow; what the wording exemplifies is my Father's extreme punctilio. The green swallow arrived later in the day than the son, and the earlier visitor was therefore recorded first; my Father was scrupulous in every species of arrangement.

Long afterwards, my Father told me that my Mother suffered much in giving birth to me, and that, uttering no cry, I appeared to be dead. I was laid, with scant care, on another bed in the room, while all anxiety and attention were concentrated on my Mother. An old woman who happened to be there, and who was unemployed, turned her thoughts to me, and tried to awake in me a spark of vitality. She succeeded, and she was afterwards complimented by the doctor on her cleverness. My Father could not--when he told me the story--recollect the name of my preserver. I have often longed to know who she was. For all the rapture of life, for all its turmoils, its anxious desires, its manifold pleasures, and even for its sorrow and suffering, I bless and praise that anonymous old lady from the bottom of my heart.

Text four – Prose extract –

Thanks Harry, it's been wizard

Kathy Evans
June 26, 2011

Broom to move ... Erica Crombie, a fan since she was nine, with her collection of Harry Potter memorabilia. *Photo: Craig Sillitoe*

When Erica Crombie's parents bought her a book about wizards to alleviate the boredom of a wet week in a Queensland holiday park, little did they know what they had let themselves in for. Between the covers lay a story so compelling, it drew the nine-year-old into a parallel world where she would spend the next half of her life.

From the time she turned the first page and met Harry Potter crouching in a cupboard under the stairs at No. 4 Privet Drive, the young Crombie was hooked. Then followed a decade of adventure in which she has spent close to \$20,000 on Potter paraphernalia and trips to the US and Canada for conferences, where lecturers gave earnest talks such as *Not Just Good and Evil: Moral Alignment in Harry Potter*.

On July 13, the final film, *Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows, Part 2*, will come to a cinema near you. "It all ends," say the posters ominously. But for fans across the globe, it is not just the end of the series, it's the end of their childhood. Like Harry, they have come of age, and are entering the workforce or university.

"It's time to grow up," concedes Adam Shelley, 20. "But I don't think I can imagine my life without Harry."

When I meet Shelley and his equally Potter-mad friend Aleysha Vanheusden, 20, she is wearing a Gryffindor scarf as a means of identification. Over mugs of hot chocolate in lieu of steaming butter beer, I ask the million-dollar question: what is it about Harry Potter that's so appealing? Both struggle to explain the magnitude of their feelings. "It's the whole story of a boy being treated horribly by his adopted family and then discovering there's a world out there that's bigger and better," Shelley says. "It's about finding yourself, about discovering that you are needed. It's so hard to explain."

The childhood fantasy in which you imagine the dreary adults you're stuck with are not your "real" parents is a recurring theme in children's fiction (think of the Ugly Duckling). Freud called it "the family fantasy" and while its purpose is complex, he believed it helped a child cope with the disappointment they felt towards their own rather boring parents and the inevitable separation from them.

And where better to embed a story about separation than in an English boarding school? Hogwarts is an alluring mix of the modern and the mediaeval. The curriculum may be light years from the HSC but the themes of bullying, racism and adolescent angst are universal. It doesn't matter whether you study biology or how to plant a mandrake, it mirrors the reality of anyone, anywhere, who has had to force themselves out of bed to class.

"I would have loved to have gone to Hogwarts," says Thomas Croft, who was six when his mum started reading the novels to him and his brother. Now 16, he laughs when he says: "I thought it was real. I thought that when I was 12 my letter of invitation would arrive by owl, too."

For Crombie, now 20, Potter filled a hole on a more practical level. When it hit the shelves in June 1997, there was, she felt, a dearth of books for kids that dealt with meaty issues; grief, desire, rage, jealousy, the stuff that makes us human. She was "not much of a reader" before Harry, because "books were more about teaching you how to read".

"Harry Potter dealt with a lot of things that other children's books didn't. It answered a lot of questions I had in my mind, which I didn't know I had. There was so much about protecting kids from emotions and keeping things censored. We had nothing."

When J.K. Rowling sat down to write in a flat in Edinburgh, she tapped into the global mindset. Harry may be a wizard but he is an endearingly normal hero, enduring the same romantic insecurities, friendship pressures and anger issues that any child or adolescent would. At the core of his being is the loneliness of being orphaned, of being abused by the Dursleys and of being misunderstood by all but a handful of folk, most of whom seem to die. "It is definitely a book about death," Shelley says. Rowling began writing six months before her own mother died of multiple sclerosis. "Everything deepened and darkened," she said in James Runcie's TV documentary, *J.K. Rowling: A Year in the Life*. "It seeped into every part of the book."

She went on to describe her father, from whom she is estranged, as "frightening". In her books, there is no shortage of father figures: Dumbledore, Sirius, Hagrid surround the boy wizard with idealised versions of what he never had. But they weren't there just for Harry: "Dumbledore was a big role model in my life," says Shelley, whose parents are divorced. "In a way he was a perfect dad and a mentor. I was actually going through my books the other day and I could still see the little tear marks on the page when he died. It was very hard because here was this great father figure and then suddenly he was gone."

Crombie, who runs the fan group "Melbourne Muggles", went into a "deep grief" when Dumbledore died in the sixth book, *Harry Potter and the Half-Blood Prince*.

"I went to school on Monday after reading it [the book] all weekend and I was five minutes late for class and the teacher said, 'You're late Erica,' and I burst into tears and she said 'Oh, you've been reading *Harry Potter*.' I cried for so long. They [the characters] felt very real. I learnt a lot from them and felt attached to them."

While death stalks the pages, love underpins the story, centring on how a dead mother's love offers protection against the most evil of evils.

The ultimate fantasy of maternal love sustains Harry time and again when he is caught in the grip of Lord Voldemort and his ilk and sees him through to the bitter end.

For Shelley, Croft and Vanheusden, the books took off for them when they were on the brink of adolescence; an age at which they were starting to form their own opinions and imagining life outside the family. And they felt the pain of Harry's abandonment, even if they weren't orphans. Christian Peris, 19, a supermarket worker, was sucked into Potterdom when he was grounded as a teenager. "The only place I was allowed to go was the library and I started to read it.

I was immediately drawn in because Harry was living in a cupboard under the stairs and I was more or less confined to my room. I felt very close to him."

Shelley says: "I didn't have the best childhood. I guess I could identify with Harry wanting to get away to this magical place where anything was possible. My parents divorced at a young age and they always fought, so it could be quite hard at home, especially having to go from one parent to another. I felt that isolation big-time ... I longed for what Harry wanted ... the perfect family with two parents who loved him."

Vanheusden, 20, whose Melbourne home is adorned with posters, went through a similar experience. "When I was 12, my parents separated and I had two younger sisters. I felt I had to be there for them all the time and not focus on how I was feeling. I had to get away from it all. Reading Harry Potter was about focusing on me for a change and not everybody else.

I felt very alone. I couldn't go to anyone. I had to be there for my sisters, but there was no one really there for me, so these books were a form of escape."

The books also served as a moral compass. When *The Philosopher's Stone* came out, it caused an outcry among religious groups because of its use of magic. But the story, spun out over seven volumes, revealed itself to be an intensely moral fable with the tenets of Christianity at its core; namely good triumphing over evil, life and love winning out over death and justice meted out to those who deserve it.

Says Crombie: "It does have huge effects on the decisions I make in life. I'll base a decision I make on what happens in the book. For instance, I dropped out of school when I was 17. I didn't have much motivation, but I've gone back to do my VCE [Victorian Certificate of Education] now and the main reason I chose to do it is because I want to do social work. What I learnt in Harry Potter is that if you don't have motivation to do something for yourself, you should do it for the greater good. That's Harry's whole life."

When Rowling typed the last words of *Deathly Hallows* in November 2006, she ended a chapter in the lives of millions of fans. No one could have predicted how the chronicles of Harry, more than 17 years in the making, would become embedded in the psyche of millions of children. The books have been printed in 65 languages, with the first four setting records as the fastest selling in history. *Deathly Hallows* sold 11 million copies on its first day.

And then there are the films. Shortly after we meet, Peris is off to London, to carve out a space in Trafalgar Square as close as he can to the red carpet for the premiere of *Deathly Hallows Part 2*. He says, somewhat dramatically, that he will kill himself if he doesn't catch a glimpse of Rowling. And then what? "I don't know how I will feel," he admits. "I remember crying through the last chapter of the book, so I don't know [how] I'm to cope in the movie."

None of the fans are ready for it to end. Crombie says: "Harry has been the biggest effect on my life. He has been with me since I was nine and I can't really remember much of life before."

Says Vanheusden: "I will probably be very much in denial. No, this is not happening ... I am not ready for this to be over ... Even though the film is over, Harry will be very much alive within me. He will never die off; he will always be part of my existence."

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 the image represents the concept of belonging and the ideas presented in the book's 'blurb'. **2**

Text two – Poem

- b) Explore the speaker's attitude to his subject matter. **2**
- c) Identify TWO different techniques used by the poet to convey a sense of belonging. **2**

Text three - Prose extract

- d) 'It was accident and similarity which brought my parents together at these meetings of the Brethren.' Show how the composer represents this idea of belonging in the text. **2**

Text four – Nonfiction extract

- e) Analyse the ways in which the text conveys how the *Harry Potter* books create a sense of belonging for a particular generation. **2**

Texts one, two, three and four

- f) Evaluate how at least TWO texts from texts one, two, three or four explore the concept of belonging. **5**

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 short story collection titled *Youth and Belonging*. You MUST indicate, at the beginning of your piece, which quotation you have used.

a) We need to “understand the tenuousness of love and comfort – and, after everything, its necessity.”

OR

b) “I’ll say something to you, you say something to me, and bar me from understanding”

OR

c) “It was accident and similarity which brought ... together.”

OR

d) “It’s about finding yourself, about discovering that you are needed. It’s so hard to explain.”

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