



2012
TRIAL HSC
EXAMINATION PAPER

English Standard and Advanced – Paper 1

General Instructions

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

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

Pages 9–10

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 a writing booklet.

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 (i and ii), two, and three** carefully and then answer the questions on page 7.

Total Marks - 45
Section I
Page 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 9-10

15 marks
Attempt Question 3
Allow about 40 minutes for this section

General Instructions
• Reading Time - 10 minutes
• Working Time - 2 hours
• Write using black or blue pen

Question 1 (continued)

Text one — Paintings

(i) *Luncheon of the Boating Party* – Pierre-Auguste Renoir, 1881



(ii) *Lunch of the Seniors* – Andy Dean, 2011



Question 1 continues on page 4

Question 1 (continued)

Out of Place

PART I – Denial

In my haven,
Nothing can harm.
Wilderness outside
does not reach me.
It's evil
Cannot condemn.

PART II – Individuality

They stand
In a row.
A line fading into the horizon.
Clothes flung aside,
Bronzed bodies
ragged hair
sorrowful eyes.
The line parts,
a pale face emerges.
Closing again,
They move swiftly,
Enclosing the body;
Ensnaring the different.
Standing,
Once more in a row,
Their line embraces another member.

PART III – Bound

Trapped.
Confined.
Restrained.
Contained within a vessel
that's struggling with my thoughts.

KALI BURNS

Question 1 continues on page 5

Text three – Prose fiction: *The Machine*

The Machine was powerful. This I knew from the start. I remember watching as a young boy, my hair fairer than it is now, and curled into soft ringlets which brushed against my mother's knee as I clung to her leg. I silently protested her leave. Her scarlet-painted lips had twisted into a warm smile as she peered down towards me affectionately, reassuringly. Clearance sales, fashion shows, beautician appointments - it had all been done before.

Everyone was taken by The Machine eventually.

That week my sister, Sarah, had begun watching TV every night. My mother returned that evening, the animation in her amber eyes ever so slightly tainted, her gaze heavy, her soft scarlet-lipped smile replaced by a taut line. She wearily plonked between my sister and father, thankful for the Natuzzi's fine balance between good taste and expert refinement. The three of them gave themselves happily to the very best leathers and the super-slim full HD screen, grateful to forego responsibility and devour instruction. Their expressions were blank, their eyes dull and unblinking. Only in Sarah's face did I detect a flicker of distraction – a free thought, although I didn't know what to make of it at the time.

I now look back and know that Sarah had put up an honourable defence in the battle against the stifling forces of society. But The Machine was well-equipped with all kinds of propaganda, positioned strategically in teen mags and ads. And they had the numbers on their side. Alas, The Machine was beckoning Sarah, tugging at her self-worth with unfathomable force and dragging her into over rough terrain toward its barracks. Pop had said afterwards that at thirteen, Sarah was too young, that in his day, people only got that blank look when they were fully grown. I wondered when the almighty Machine would take me, and spit me out a grown-up who belonged in its world. Would The Machine even work on me?

The Machine changed people all right. In my class alone, three kids had been claimed by its armed forces by the time I was ten, some becoming barely recognizable. I will always remember the day when I knew Erin Jenkins had been changed. The shrill call of the recess bell was heard, and children burst from the confines of the classrooms into the playground. A cheerful blend of laughter, squeals, and school shoes against the pavement enveloped the previous silence. Some sought out long skipping ropes while others fought over the handball squares. I had jogged cheerfully over to the sandpit, where my grubby fingers moulded the damp sand into unrecognizable shapes and objects conjured by my imagination. As I stood back from the sandpit, admiring my creation, I saw her. She sat alone on the long silver seats, her body limp, those too familiar dull eyes unblinking. She didn't seem sad or lonely, not even bored. Her expression told me she was content, that she knew something none of us did. But as she flicked through the pages of her magazine, her eyebrows drew together ever so slightly, her lips pursing together to form a rigid line. I could tell that The Machine had hushed something deep within her.

That night The Machine infiltrated my dreams, possessing my subconscious world like a colossal howling storm. I stood insignificant before the bold structure. As I dared to look upwards, I struggled to determine where The Machine ended and the blackened sky began. The steel frontal face was unadorned, other than the oversized double doors which loomed before me. Such power! I was both incredibly curious yet deeply fearful. An almighty rumble shook the doors before my eyes, and I cowered back, my face buried in my own arms. My legs reacted of their own accord. They ran and ran and ran, distancing me from the hungry steel monster. While the vivid images of my dream dispersed into the blackness of deep sleep, the churning noises protruding from behind the doors lingered in my ears like a heartbeat, reminding me of the rhythmic drown of troops marching, the repeated ‘thud’ of their footsteps warning me they were on their way.

Yet, in my last years of primary school my concerns about The Machine became buried under an ever-growing amount of more pressing issues. My silly make believe games were becoming a liability. My crush on Erin Jenkins sabotaged any desire to play in the sandpit again. She had teased me, scornfully probing “Why aren’t you like everyone else? Act your age!” Soon, others joined her cause, mocking me for continuing to dream. And when high school began, the sheer numbers of critics had a powerful effect. Shunned I was so lonely; being undetected was my priority.

And then, years later, after university and having left home, sometime then it happened. In a moment of mad, bleak realisation I caught the stranger reflected in my monitor. I scoured my memory for any details, any clues or giveaways, but trying to locate the turning point was like grasping desperately for something solid in a vast empty space. It just wasn’t there.

I slipped into the Prada coat I’d saved months for and grabbed my iPhone, shoving earphones in as I strode out the door onto the street. But I knew for sure I had been caught when my heavy gaze surveyed all the others like myself, drudgingly placing one foot in front of the other. Heads down, expressions lifeless and eyes dull, we were all the same. We were all a part of running it. All of us foot soldiers of The Machine.

MADELINE BURKITT

Question 1 continues on page 7

Question 1 (continued)

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 – Paintings

- (a) Explain how ONE aspect of **EITHER** painting, (i) **OR** (ii), shows a perception about belonging. **2**
- (b) What similar attitudes towards belonging are communicated by both artists? **2**

Text two – Poem

- (c) “The line embraces another member.”
- How is language used to show that becoming part of the group was unavoidable? **3**

Text three – Prose fiction

- (d) “Everyone was taken by the machine eventually.”
- Explore the representation of the machine as a powerful force. **3**

Texts one, two and three – Paintings (i) and (ii), Poem and Prose fiction

- (e) Analyse the feelings towards being part of a group in TWO of these texts. **5**

Note: If Text1 is chosen you must analyse **BOTH** paintings, (i) and (ii).

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.

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)

Select ONE of the following as stimulus for a creative piece that involves the powerful influence of a person or place on someone's sense of belonging.

(a)

I was both incredibly curious yet deeply fearful.

OR

(b)



OR

(c)

... a pale face emerges

Section III

15 marks

Attempt Question 3

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the question in a SEPARATE writing booklet.

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
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Question 3 (15 marks)

As individuals grow, their connections often evolve and change, affecting the people they are.

Discuss how personal growth is linked to belonging in the texts you have studied.

In your response, refer to your prescribed text and at least ONE other related text of your own choosing.

The prescribed texts are listed on the next page.

Question 3 continues on page 10

Question 3 (continued)

The prescribed texts are:

- **Prose Fiction** - Amy Tan, *The Joy Luck Club*
 - Jhumpa Lahiri, *The Namesake*
 - Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*
 - Ruth Praver Jhabvala, *Heat and Dust*
 - Tara June Winch, *Swallow the Air*
- **Nonfiction** - Raymond Gaita, *Romulus My Father*
- **Drama** - Arthur Miller, *The Crucible*
 - Jane Harrison, 'Rainbow's End'
from Vivienne Cleven et al. (eds), *Contemporary Indigenous Plays*
- **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*
 - ❖ *Post card*
 - ❖ *In the Folk Museum*
- Emily Dickinson, *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*
- Steven Herrick, *The Simple Gift*

End of paper