



Hurlstone Agricultural High School

**Trial Higher School Certificate
2010**

English

**Advanced and Standard
Paper 1 – Area of Study**

General Instructions

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

Section I

Total marks (15)

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

Section II

Total marks (15)

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

Section III

Total marks (15)

- Attempt Question 3
- Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Section I - Reading task

Total marks (15)

Attempt Question 1

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the questions in a writing booklet. Extra writing booklets are available.

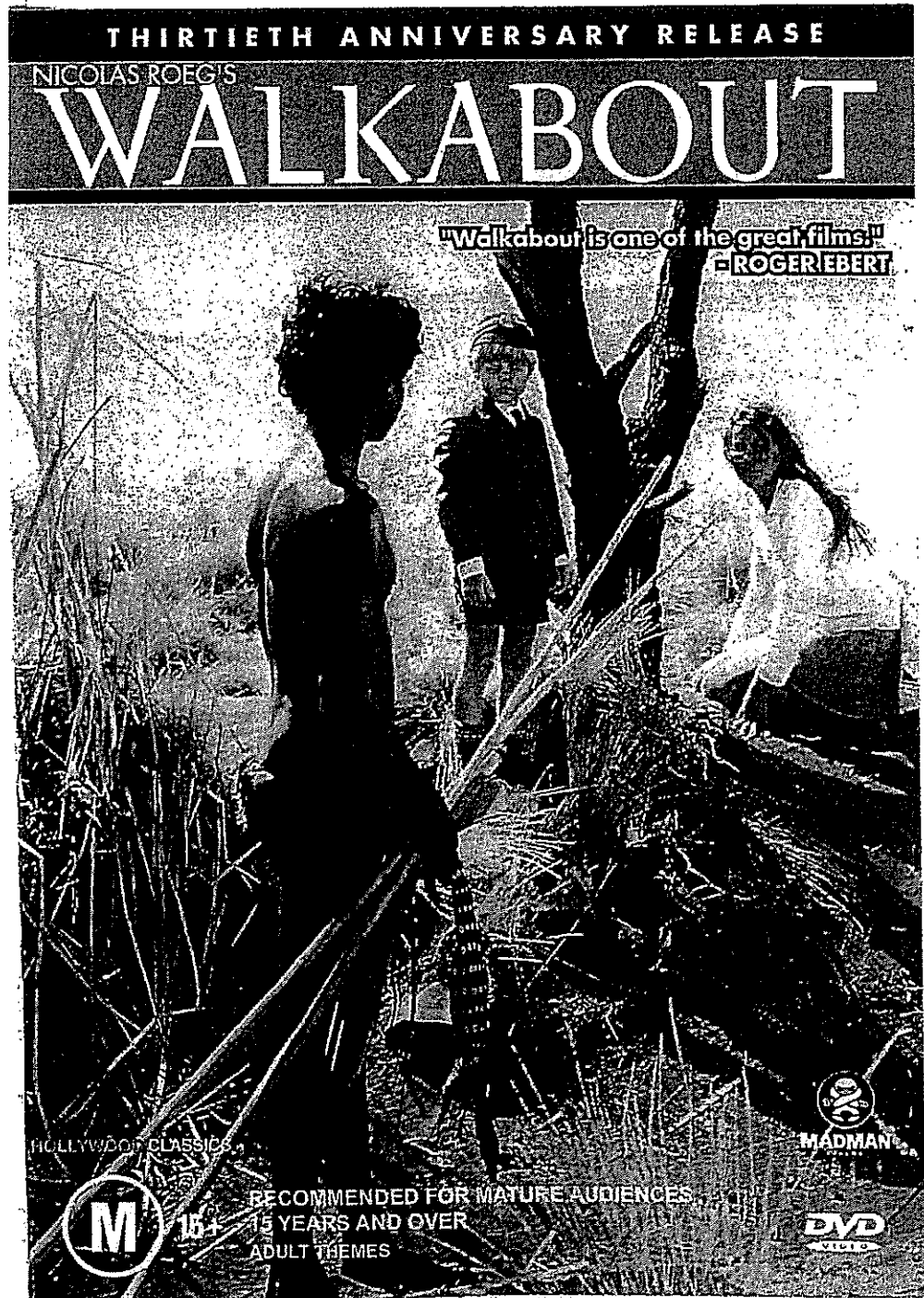
In your answers you will be assessed on how well you:

- 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, three and four** carefully and then answer the questions on page 9.

Text 1 – DVD Cover



Text 2 – Poem

A Boy and His Dad

Edgar Albert Guest

A boy and his dad on a fishing-trip—
There is a glorious fellowship!
Father and son and the open sky
And the white clouds lazily drifting by,
And the laughing stream as it runs along
With the clicking reel like a martial song,
And the father teaching the youngster gay
How to land a fish in the sportsman's way.

I fancy I hear them talking there
In an open boat, and the speech is fair.
And the boy is learning the ways of men
From the finest man in his youthful ken.
Kings, to the youngster, cannot compare
With the gentle father who's with him there.
And the greatest mind of the human race
Not for one minute could take his place.

Which is happier, man or boy?
The soul of the father is steeped in joy,
For he's finding out, to his heart's delight,
That his son is fit for the future fight.
He is learning the glorious depths of him,
And the thoughts he thinks and his every whim;
And he shall discover, when night comes on,
How close he has grown to his little son.

A boy and his dad on a fishing-trip—
Builders of life's companionship!
Oh, I envy them, as I see them there
Under the sky in the open air,
For out of the old, old long-ago
Come the summer days that I used to know,
When I learned life's truths from my father's lips
As I shared the joy of his fishing-trips.

Text 3 - Webpage



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"I've noticed huge changes in Blake's confidence and how he's doing at school. There's a mutual respect between Blake and Chris...That's good."

MICHELLE, BLAKE'S MOTHER



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Text 4 - Nonfiction extract

(The author is preparing to return an Aboriginal skull (Mary in the extract) to the community for burial. He recounts his visit to Fiona to borrow a black cockatoo headdress for his attendance at the ceremony.)

{9 October 2005}

Fiona lived on the far side of Brisbane, across the river which divides the city and close enough to Moreton Bay to smell the ocean. My four-year-old daughter Bianca was in the car with me. I was a nervous wreck and I suppose I took Bianca along as a security blanket; to demonstrate that I was a good father and not the skull-cradling ghoul I felt like. I was too uptight to consult the street directory; I knew where the suburb was and for some unfathomable reason I imagined that my own intuition would lead me to the correct street. I became hopelessly lost, and even after checking the directory I overshot the turnoff to Fiona's street by kilometres. I suppose I was nervous about stepping through the door of an Aboriginal home for the first time in my life. Would it be a rundown place with broken windows and a yard full of car bodies and yapping dogs, the classic media cliché that's rolled out every other night on television? But, no, that wouldn't have worried me; I knew that Fiona was a strong gifted woman, a fellow writer, a dancer and actor. I wouldn't have cared if she'd lived in a tent. Perhaps *that* was what I was afraid of, meeting an Indigenous woman who positively radiated her culture, a culture that mine had endeavoured to keep under its heel for the last 200 years.

When I scribbled down the street name Fiona had given me – Cook Street – I hadn't given it any thought. But as I got closer I noticed that all the surrounding streets bore the names of famous British explorers: Wentworth, Blaxland, Cunningham, Leichhardt; men whose expeditions opened the country up to waves of settlers who in turn pushed the original inhabitants from their homelands. Fiona's home was halfway down Cook Street – named after the legendary English seafarer who'd claimed her ancestors' country for the British Empire. And just in case anyone missed the obvious connection, her street was flanked by signposts which read James, Endeavour and Banks. For the first time in my life I felt the power of name, what it must be like to be constantly reminded – even in subtle and unintentional ways like this – that your land has been conquered, and that you, a descendant of the original owners, are now part of a minority, an 'Other'. I wondered if Fiona felt a pang of discomfort or resentment whenever she wrote out her address, or was she used to it? I decided not to ask; I'd stepped on enough sensibilities lately.

Bianca and I pulled into the driveway of a neat little brick house. Why did I make a mental note that it was *neat*? Had my conditioning been so thorough that anything other than a clapped-out, corrugated-iron cliché would come as a surprise? Had the media done that good a job on me? Good god, I was carrying around some baggage!

Fiona's two youngest daughters spilled out of the house; they held back for a moment, trying to look shy, but once they saw Bianca their smiles lit up like sunbeams. Fiona followed, looking a little hesitant, but after sizing me up for a moment invited us in. Inside the lounge room it was all perfectly 'normal': *Australia's Funniest Home Videos* was playing on the television set, Fiona's eldest daughter gossiped to a friend on the phone, a computer workstation sat in a corner overflowing with folders. But there was a strong cultural presence here too: the walls were covered with Indigenous painting and prints, Aboriginal handicrafts and books dotted the bookshelves, and family smiled proudly in traditional dress from framed photographs. Everywhere the colours of the land dominated – natural yellows, ochres, reds – colours that brought the outside inside. It was much more than *neat*; here was a home that straddled two worlds. And there, high on the bookshelf, was perched the black cockatoo headdress.

Fiona's husband, Danny, was working through a set of vigorous exercises and stretches on the floor. I sat on the couch with Bianca beside me and tried to look relaxed. Danny jumped up and shook my hand – hard! – before launching himself into another set of stretches. This man was well put together, and as his muscles rippled the word 'warrior' flashed through my head.

Fiona's younger daughter Ebony, who had been holding back, was unable to contain herself any longer. She leapt in front of Bianca with her hands out. 'Let's play!' Bianca flew off the couch and the two skipped down the hallway to Ebony's room.

'Tell me your story again,' Fiona asked. 'Danny!' she gently remonstrated as her husband began another impressive set of contortions.

'Don't mind him,' she smiled. I could tell by the way she looked at her husband that she was crazy about him. He shot her a cheeky grin back.

I told her the story again, in more detail than I'd told her over the phone. Every now and then she winced in pain or shook her head.

'I'm sorry,' she said, 'I just find this so hard to comprehend – I mean, why?' She turned to Danny. 'Can you imagine having a whitefella's skull on our mantelpiece?'

Danny was glistening with a light coat of sweat, the veins in his arms bulged and I was expecting at any moment to be thrown out the door for upsetting his wife. When I got to the end of the story – to the bit about the cockatoo – Danny took down the headdress, gently stroking and straightening the feathers as Fiona explained the importance of birds.

'They're our messengers. Just the other day one landed on my windowsill and straight away I knew an auntie was sick. I rang her up and sure enough she had a really bad stomach bug.'

He placed the headdress in my lap.

'Don't worry, I'll take good care of it,' I promised.

Giggles and laughter wafted up the hallway from Ebony's room and washed over us. I felt much more at ease, with the laughter, with the headdress in my lap.

'Is it always like this?' I asked Fiona.

'What do you mean?' she said.

'Well, *this*, this thing that's happening, this power. It feels as though Mary's being carried home on a wave that just keeps building. I feel as though I'm hanging on moment by moment.'

'That's the way life is supposed to be,' said Fiona.

'It's normal for us, the land telling us things all the time.'

And then she said something that I will carry for me forever. 'You're just a whitefella who's learnt to listen, that's all.'

Ebony and Bianca came bounding into the lounge room.

'Look, Dad, look what Ebony gave me!' Bianca held up her wrist. Around it was wrapped a homemade bracelet with Ebony's name spelt out in beads.

Fiona smiled. 'Trading gifts already!'

If not for the difference in colour, our two girls could have been twins; their hair was the same length and they even wore similar flowing dresses.

'Bianca is an Italian name,' I said, 'it means white. Ebony and Bianca, black and white.' There were smiles all around, until I put my foot in it. I must have gotten carried away by all the lovin' in the room.

'Ebony's a special name in our house; we have a big, fat black chook called Ebony.'

Suddenly all that lovin' froze.

Fiona wasn't sure what to say. 'You have a black chicken called Ebony?'

'She's more like one of the family,' I said meekly.

'She's beautiful,' beamed Bianca.

Fiona shook her head and laughed.

As if on cue, we all rose and headed for the door. I placed the headdress gently into the back seat and said goodbye, promising to return the feathers in a week's time.

From: *Riding the Black Cockatoo*, John Danalis, 2009

Question 1 (continued)

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
-

Text one - DVD cover

- a) Identify ONE aspect of not belonging represented in the DVD cover. 1 mark

Text two - Poem

- b) Explain an idea the poet explores about creating a sense of belonging through sharing and connections. 2 marks

Text three - Webpage

- c) How does the webpage reinforce the positive nature of belonging? 2 marks

Text four – Nonfiction extract

- d) Analyse how the narrator establishes his sense of not belonging and how his discomfort is resolved. 4 marks

Texts one, two, three and four – DVD cover, Poem, Webpage, Nonfiction extract

- e) Each of these texts suggests ideas about how connections between individuals are perceived as important in developing a sense of identity and belonging.

Select TWO texts and compare how these connections are related to the concept of belonging.

6 marks

End of Question 1

Section II - Writing task

Total marks (15)

Attempt Question 2 Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the question in a SEPARATE writing booklet. Extra writing 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)

You are to write a contribution for a *Board of Studies* collection of student work about belonging.

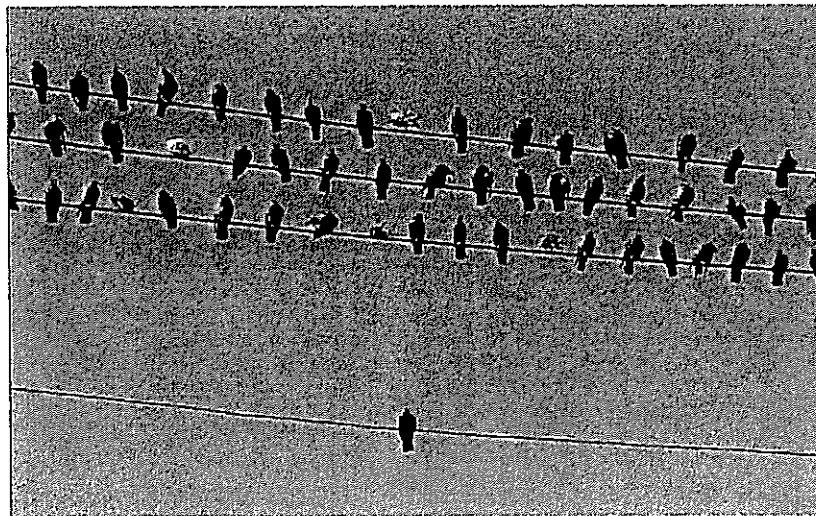
Use one of the quotes or images following as a stimulus for your writing.

You may write in any medium with the EXCEPTION of poetry.

Image 1:



Image 2:



Quote 1:

Individuals won't ever be happier...until they find that special place where they belong.

Quote 2:

If we have no peace, it is because we have forgotten that we belong to each other.

End of Question 2

Section III

Total marks (15)

Attempt Question 3 Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the question in a SEPARATE writing booklet. Extra writing 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)

Creating a sense of belonging is empowering for individuals and enriching for communities.

Explore the truth of this statement in relation to the texts you have studied

In your answer you should refer to your prescribed text, and ONE other related text of your own choosing.

The prescribed texts are:

- Drama - William Shakespeare, *As You Like It*
- Film - Baz Luhrmann, *Strictly Ballroom*

End of paper