



JAMES RUSE AGRICULTURAL HIGH SCHOOL

2009

**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
- Hand up EACH SECTION in a SEPARATE BOOKLET
- Write your candidate number on each page
- Attempt ALL QUESTIONS
- Write the question number at the top of your page

Total marks – 45

SECTION I

Pages 2-8

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

Pages 10-11

15 marks

- Attempt Question 3
- Allow about 40 minutes for this section
- 'Prescribed text' refers to the text studied by your class

SECTION I

15 marks

Attempt Question 1

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

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

- Demonstrate understanding of the way the concept of belonging is 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 – Novel Extract

He gazed intently across the vast meadow, alive with the swaying of red poppies. The sweet freshness in the air indicated early morning. He glanced down at the empty canvas the tiny, white corrugations not yet filled with paint.

A woman, unaware of his presence sat upon an ascending knoll, sternly watching a little girl. Holding an umbrella over one shoulder, the woman sheltered herself from the soft sunlight, whilst the girl rejoiced in its golden warmth. She frolicked merrily amongst the red blooms, laughing as her little dog chased her playfully. The girl stopped suddenly, vainly willing her mother to join the game. Plopping like a rag doll on the ground beside her, the child began plucking at the poppies around her. Turning her back to the painter, she fiddled with the flowers in her lap.

A supple breeze washed over the field, smoothing his anxiety. He picked up his brush and began.

A dab of red, a spot of black, a stroke of green. A poppy. A country home evasively hides behind a row of green blobs, which form trees as you step away from the painting. He sloshes on a wash of blue to the upper half of the canvas. Stippled blobs of white and grey edge their way toward the horizon but seem to reach for him earnestly at the same time. Finally, touches of yellow caress the edges of the clouds and evoke a golden richness from the field of poppies and grasses.

Crumpling his nose, the painter studied his work in progress through squinted eyes framed by round spectacles. There was emptiness in the painting. He shifted his gaze to the pair. The girl busied herself happily with the creating of a flower chain. But the mother glanced nervously upward as dark foreboding clouds, plump with rain began to engulf the warmth of the sun and azure of the sky.

The figures beckoned but the artist felt perturbed. The stationary condition of the pair would put dampness on the otherwise dynamic composition. The thick tension of the mother would distort the calm.

Movement on the hill startled him. The girl had finished her project bounced up to place the necklace around her mother's neck. The woman shooed the girl away in annoyance and placed her hand in the air to test for rain. Apparently feeling the cold droplets, the mother abruptly snatched her daughter's hand. The chain fell. The child looked back upon the field, yearning to stay among the green and red softness. The poppies clung to her dress as she walked, willing her to stay.

The pair faded over the hillock, following a path back to civilisation. A raindrop on the painter's canvas signalled for him to take the same path and head toward home. He would come again tomorrow.

* * *

He gazed intently across the vast meadow, alive with the swaying of red poppies. The sweet freshness in the air indicated early morning. He glanced down at the canvas, the tiny white corrugations now filled with paint – and yet it was not a painting.

The little girl was already there when the painter arrived. Surprisingly, she was alone, once more playing in the poppies. Within long minutes he watched as the frenzied mother appeared upon the knoll. Frantically, she swept her eyes over the meadow. Her intense anxiety distorted her facial features and she almost missed the girl, engulfed in the tall stems of poppies and grasses.

Yet the child was spotted and the woman's face buckled with relief as she ran to her across the field.

The girl looked over her shoulder and spied her mamma. Pleasure flushed pink into the child's delighted face. Her mother reached her, scooped her up, held her to her breast and enveloped her with kisses. The girl's small hand pushed her mother back gently, presenting another long chain of poppies. Putting the daughter down gently, the woman took the tiny hand in hers. They strolled aimlessly stopping here and there to pick poppies for a matching chain they formed together.

The artist looked between his painting and the scene. A warm excitement grew within as he began to paint the figures together, connected by love, as dynamic as the swaying poppies around them.

Andrea Lawrence

From : *A Painter's Vision*.

Text Two

CD Cover and insert



As I sit in my office in New York on a cold and dreary December afternoon listening to the songs of "Islands," my thoughts drift to the tropical islands I've visited and memories of exquisite and lazy afternoons on white sandy beaches.

The magical warmth of the tropical sun has cured many a cold and raised many a spirit. This music, coming from such places, will hopefully transport you and lift your spirits.

Dan Storper
Founder/CEO



Islands It's a word that conjures up images of verdant, sunsplashed hideaways.

Maui. Tahiti. Tortola. We think about escape, relaxation, and regeneration on palm-lined, white sandy beaches running into turquoise seas. Islands are stages for love, romance and passion.

Since you can't always get to them, we're taking you on a sonic world cruise, from the more familiar Puerto Rico and Hawaii to the mysterious Cape Verde and Madagascar and ports in between. For what defines a land more than its music — full of local colors, rhythms and language?

Most of the music throughout the Americas, the Caribbean and the islands off the African coast grew from the seeds of West African chants and drum-based tribal dance music. It arrived in the "New World" in the hearts and minds of African slaves who used it as their own escape and hideaway. It mingled with Spanish, English, and Portuguese music — the music of the colonial powers.

Today, these islands are crossroads of culture and safe havens from the high-tech society that was supposed to make our lives easier and give us more leisure time, but instead turned "stress" into an international malady. Today, we need the refuge of islands as much as 18th century shipwrecked sailors.

So sit back and relax, let the exotic sounds of foreign voices and instruments wash over you, and take a trip with "ISLANDS".

Scott Benarde

Text Three

Poem

Because by James McAuley

My father and mother never quarrelled.
They were united in a kind of love
As daily as the Sydney Morning Herald,
Rather than like the eagle or the dove.

I never saw them casually touch,
Or show a moment's joy in one another.
Why should this matter to me now so much?
I think it bore more hardly on my mother,

Who had more generous feelings to express.
My father had dammed up his Irish blood
Against all drinking, praying, fecklessness,
And stiffened into stone and creaking wood.

His lips would make a switching sound, as though,
Spontaneous impulse must be kept at bay.
That it was mainly weakness I see now,
But then my feelings curled back in dismay.

Small things can pit the memory like a cyst:
Having seen other fathers greet their sons,
I put my childish face up to be kissed
After an absence. The rebuff still stuns

My blood. The poor man's curt embarrassment
At such a delicate proffer of affection
Cut like a saw. But how the lesson went:
My tenderness thenceforth escaped detection.

My mother sang *Because* and *Annie Laurie*,
White Wings, and other songs: her voice was sweet.
I never gave enough, and I am sorry;
But we were all closed in the same defeat.

People do what they can: they were good people,
They cared for us and loved us. Once they stood
Tall in my childhood as the school, the steeple.
How can I judge without gratitude?

Judgement is simply trying to reject
A part of what we are because it hurts.
The living cannot call the dead collect:
They won't accept the charge, and it reverts.

It's my own judgement day that I draw near,
Descending in the past, without a clue,
Down to that central deadness: the despair
Older than any hope I ever knew.

Glossary Fecklessness: worthlessness

Text Four

Prose extract – *Songs of the Suitcase* by Anna Maria Dell' Oso

Songs of the Suitcase

Families are people who carry the same baggage over generations and continents.

My family came from out of the immigrant's suitcase which was hauled onto the wharf at Fremantle, Western Australia, in 1951. The handle of the first suitcase from which we were dragged out and raised up was held by my father, a single man, alone.

Nowadays, on the *terrazzo* of his marble-balustraded *castello* in the Melbourne suburbs – after a glass or two of his rough-as-guts homemade red wine which you must pretend to love or you won't get a word out of him – my father will tell you stories of his first day in Australia, how he dragged that suitcase in forty-one degree heat, how he sweated rivers in his best woollen suit which he'd had specially made in Naples for his disembarkation in Australia.

Fremantle was a frontier town; I imagine it like a scene from a John Wayne movie- my father, the outsider in his uncomfortable suit, gets dumped off the stage coach on to the rattlesnake desert.

He and his mate, the *paesano* from Casalbordino, had heard of a boarding house run by Italians. They had its name on a scrap of paper, ready to show to people who could point them in the right direction because the two *paesani* couldn't speak a word of *l'inglese*. They waited by the side of the road for what seemed like a long time. The odd car and the occasional bus rattled past but none stopped, no one offered them a lift, no one gave them a second glance. What was worse, no one explained what 'Hail bus here' meant.

The sun went down. The desert night settled around the two strangely dressed dagos straight off the *Oceania*. The far-off lights of the town must have twinkled at them like an ironic smile. They ended up kicking, dragging, pushing and punching their suitcases all the way into Fremantle.

It was in Melbourne that my natal family – *Mamma e Papa, sorello e fratello* – was finally shaken out of all the luggage that followed, those suitcases, trunks, airmail letters, packages of cloth, gold jewellery and pre-war photographs wrapped in tissue paper.

We cleared a space in a dark old house in Collingwood and set up a life - a job in the Melbourne breweries, a night shift at the sweets factory, a Simpson's wringer washing machine, two dozen nappies and a crate of tomatoes from *paesano's* orchard at Greensborough. A green-enamelled Kooka gas stove and three kids – only three kids, you know, because to have more kids you needed *le noone* (the grandmothers) and our grandmothers were not part of our luggage in this country, they weren't part of the deal.

To compensate, other things came with us - family traits stowed away in the holds of our characters, bits and pieces packed by ancestral hands long ago to emerge like apples or stones or bitter herbs.

My mother brought the photo album and its stories, along with the two or three most precious books from her schooldays. From her shipping trunk straight off the *Oceania*, she lifted out her acknowledged love of words. Unable to study herself, words and learning were all bound up with the character of her brother, my estranged uncle, Zio Gennaro, the black sheep of her family. The eldest son of modest, hardworking *contadini*, Gennaro had polio as a child and was crippled in one leg (family guilt made the story change over and over: 'he poured a pan of boiling water on it', writes one of my aunts from Milan; 'he fell from a high wall and broke his leg and it never healed properly', writes another from Aquila). Unable to take up his birthright and work in the fields, Gennaro was sent by my grandparents to the seminary to be trained for the priesthood.

I wanted to find my Zio Gennaro; I wanted to ask him. 'How did you find your path, how did you swim against all these people in the photo album, how did you throw off the baggage, all the blankets, the embroidered tablecloths, the linen dowries – and the soil, the clumps of Abruzzese mountain dirt around your feet? What have you got to give me from your suitcase? Give me something!'

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

- Demonstrate understanding of the way the concept of belonging is shaped in and through texts
 - Describe, explain and analyse the relationship between language, text and context
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Question 1 (15 marks)

	Marks
Text One – Prose Extract	
a) Identify one aspect of belonging in the extract <i>A Painter's Vision</i> .	1
b) Explain how the composer has explored a movement from disconnection to connection in the extract called <i>A Painter's Vision</i> ?	2
Text Two – CD Cover and insert	
b) Explain ONE connection between the written text and the images in the CD cover to show how belonging is represented.	2
Text Three – Poem	
d) Analyse how the poet's sense of not belonging is created throughout the poem?	3
Text Four - Prose Extract	
e) Analyse the language techniques the composer has used to create a concept of belonging in <i>Songs of the Suitcase</i> .	2
f) You have been asked to compile a booklet for the area of study called <i>Belonging</i> .	5
Choose TWO of the texts to be included in this booklet and justify why you have chosen these texts.	

End of Question 1

SECTION II

15 marks

Attempt Question 2

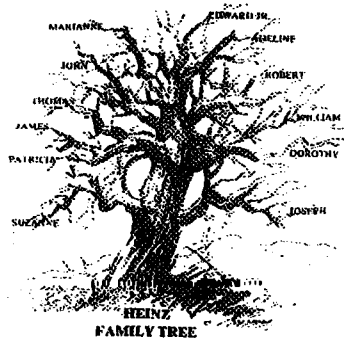
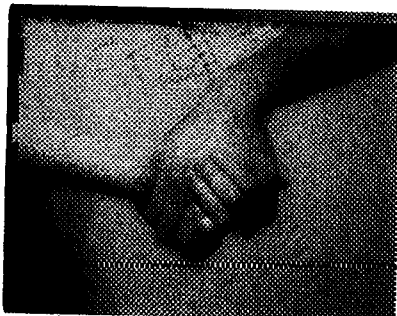
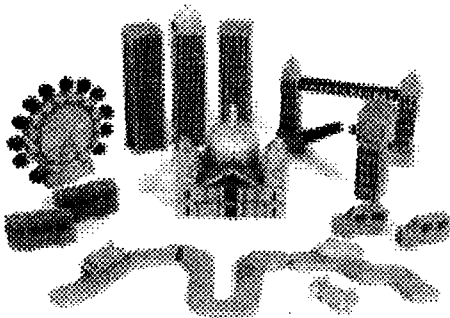
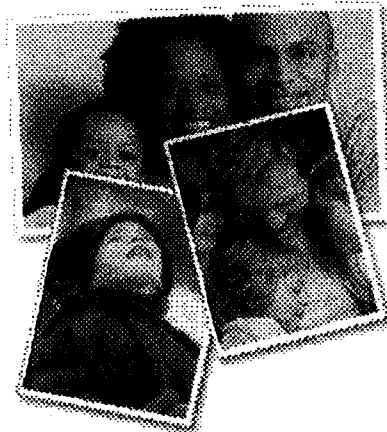
Allow about 40 minutes for this section

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 pictures below as stimulus to compose a short story about one aspect of belonging.



SECTION III

15 Marks

Attempt Question 111

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the question in the booklet provided. Clearly mark this response Section III.
Include your student number.

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 the concept of 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)

Focus – Belonging

A sense of belonging can be made from connections with people, places, groups, communities and the larger world.

How has the concept of belonging been created in your prescribed text and TWO related texts of your choosing?

Note: The prescribed text you use must be the one studied in your own class.

The prescribed texts are:

- **Prose Fiction or Non 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*
 - Raymond Gaita, *Romulus My Father*
- **Drama or Film or Shakespeare**
 - Arthur Miller, *The Crucible*
 - William Shakespeare, *As You Like It*
 - Jane Harrison, *'Rainbow's End'*
 - Baz Lurhmana, *Strictly Ballroom*
 - Rolf De Heer, *Ten Canoes*

- Poetry

- Peter Skrzynecki, *Immigrant Chronicle*
 - * *Feliks Skrzynecki*
 - * *St Patrick's College*
 - * *Ancestors*
 - * *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 dies 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 world dropped careless on the page'
- * 161 'What mystery pervades a well!'
- * 181 'Saddest noise, the sweetest noise'
- Stephen Herrick, *The Simple Gift*

End Of Paper