

JAMES RUSE AGRICULTURAL 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
- 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 2-7

15 marks

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

SECTION Page 8

15 marks

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

SECTION Pages 9-10

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 and three** carefully and then answer the questions on page 6.

Text one – Photograph



Question 1 (continued)

Text Two - Poem

'To the Adopted Mother'
Yota Krili-Kevans

I came to you without knowing you,
but I held stored within me
the strength of love and of dreams,
and a chest on my shoulder,
full of choice possessions
heirlooms of a long tradition.
Full of light and songs,
songs of joy and sorrow,
sweet-scented from love
gold-embroided with the toil of life.
Full of dances that soar in the air
and spread fires in the heart.
Full of dreams thirsty for life
all expectation and certainty,
for a house bathed in the sun
for a piece of honest bread
and with reverence I placed them
in front of you, my adopted Mother,
but you did not feel for me
only with words you praised my work,
the treasure of my heart you did not desire
- I'm only the adopted child of your necessity.

Together with my other brothers
Salvatore, Hermann and Nazim
and your own children of the working class,
who talk to us with their eyes
and we with smiles,
we bent the iron, we drilled the earth,
we turned the rivers back
and built the dams.
In the scorching sun we gathered the fruits
and harvested the fertile vineyards.
On the line, standing without relief,
we fashion your machine made products
and on the air like eagles
we build your skyscrapers.
Many of us never see the sun,
in the factories and the mines
from dawn to dark,
and the profit of bitter work.
Our dreams are gnawed by the gloom
and the horizon has become very small.

Many of us are maimed,
victims of toil and progress.
Many of us have buried the treasure of our soul.
In the nights drowning our fatigue
we grope among the secrets of your language,
we stretch out our hand we open our heart
but we cannot articulate your words
and we remain marked in our exile,
branded by the sting of the wasps.
Our children do not know us,
they talk to us only with their eyes.
Circe has put a spell on them
and they don't learn our secrets.
It is time to open your heart,
for the wasps to be redeemed
for their sting to become perfume
and the darkness, light.
For us to build together in the fountain of love
And in the multi-coloured waters
to baptise our dreams again;
to build the tower of justice
that this land too may become a motherland.

Glossary: Circe was the Greek goddess of magic

Question 1 (continued)

Text Three – Short Story

‘We Look After Our Own’
Oodgeroo Noonuccal

The old man sat, half inclined against the wall. His back was aching again. The Easter holidays would soon be with them. The drought continues to dry up the land. The lake, usually teeming with wild life, looked limp and even the hyacinths were turning yellow.

His mind slipped away and back to his youth. Riding the hills, stirring the dust in the tropical sun. Smelling again the sweat of horse, saddle and blanket, mingling again with his own human sweat. He smiled as he saw himself, much bigger then, not wasted away to skin and bones like now. They were hard days but good. He thought of his woman and how she stayed with him and the dust and flies and droughts. Rearing the children, more often alone as he rode the track stockdriving. Always there to comfort him when he returned, until that day the spirit of death kindly but firmly touched her shoulder and stilled her heart and left him lonely and alone. Now he lived with his daughter.

He shifted his position towards the right, to ease his aching back, as he watched his daughter carry two buckets of water up from the water bins. He wished he could help her. She looked older than she was.

When he couldn't keep up with the rest of the stockmen, he gave it away and settled down with his daughter and her husband. Lately he found himself dozing, falling asleep often and his eyes were failing him. He forgot things too.

His daughter interrupted his dreaming. ‘Time for a bath, Dad’, she said. He tried to put his feet firmly on the floor and stand up, but somehow he couldn't make it. His daughter came, put her strong arms around his waist and half carried, half dragged him to the bathroom.

She noticed he looked much thinner and his strength was failing. He was no longer the big man she remembered. Now, he drew on her strength and she knew he was getting worse. She had to carry him often now and it made her tired. Her husband suggested she put him in a home for the aged. This horrified her. Their kind had always looked after their own, young or old. They were proud islanders whose great-grandfathers had been kidnapped into Australia to work the canefields of Bundaberg. She was fifteen when she married her man. He was the only man she ever went out with or even wanted to. Their five children had grown up, married and gone their own ways. She knew her man was worried for her health and the thought of putting the old man into a nursing home, she knew, horrified him as much as it did her. Without telling her, he went to see their local member of Parliament who promised to call and talk to his wife.

The day promised to be even hotter and more humid than ever. The sky was devoid of clouds. She gently touched her father. He seemed in a sort of coma. A sudden panic gripped her. She knew her father was dying. She never heard the man come up the path nor did she see him stand undecided at the open doorway.

'Mrs Edwards', he said. 'It's me, Mr Knight. Your husband asked me to call and see you about your father.' She hurriedly wiped her face on the hem of her gown.

'It's not our way to send our old ones away from us. We look after our own. We look after our own', she sobbed, her voice rising as she struck her tightly clenched fist into the palm of her other hand. She quietened down then and listened as he explained to her that he would phone the nursing home to see if they would take her father.

'You can visit him whenever you like,' he said, 'and it's but half a mile away so he won't be far.'

Her face wet with falling tears, she pulled up at the front entrance of the nursing home. She took a look at her sleeping father, walked into the waiting room and rang the bell.

'Yes dear, what can I do to help you?' the nun asked with a smile.

'Sister, my name is Mrs Edwards. I have come about my father. Mr Knight rang about him coming into the home today.' She spoke rapidly in case her voice failed.

The sister's smile vanished. 'My dear there must be some mistake, we thought, that is we didn't realise, I mean. Look dear, is your father lighter or darker than you?' the sister asked.

'Why do you ask that sister?' Mrs Edwards asked. 'Are you prejudiced? Are you racist?'

'No, no, not me my dear,' replied the sister. 'You don't understand. It's the other patients. They may say terrible things to your father and he may get hurt'.

'Sister, my father is dying and I can't bear to watch him die. I can't bear to do that,' Mrs Edwards replied.

'I am sorry my dear but he might hear other patients saying terrible things and...'

'Sister,' Mrs Edwards broke in, 'my father does not even know me and I don't think he can hear what anyone is saying. We always look after our own but my father is dying sister, dying.'

'I'm sorry my dear but have you tried the general hospital? I'm sure they will take him there. You will have no trouble getting him in,' the sister said. Mrs Edwards stood up and walked towards the door.

She awaited her relatives and friends who would come from near and far. They would comfort her and strengthen her to help her bury her dead.

She bent her head to listen as the town's church bells called and pealed, summoning the Christians to prayer, to mourn, to remember, a son, a father and a past crucifixion.

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)

Marks

Text One – Photograph

- | | |
|--|---|
| a) Identify one idea about not belonging in the image. | 1 |
| b) Explain how the composer uses visual features to evoke emotion in responders. | 2 |

Text Two – Poem

- | | |
|---|---|
| c) In what ways does the poem examine the multifaceted nature of belonging? | 2 |
| d) How has Krili-Kevans explored the anticipation of new beginnings and the reality of migration in the poem? | 3 |

Text Three – Short Story

- | | |
|--|---|
| e) How does the story explore ideas that are central to the idea of belonging? | 2 |
|--|---|

All Texts – Photograph, Poem and Short Story

5

- | | |
|--|--|
| f) Each of these texts explores aspects of belonging and not belonging. Compare and contrast how TWO of the texts represent these ideas. | |
|--|--|

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 images/quotations below as a stimulus to reflect imaginatively on the ways identity, place or relationships contribute to a sense of belonging.

Indicate at the top of your first page which stimulus you have selected.

Stimulus A



Stimulus B



Stimulus C

How hard it is to escape from places.
However carefully one goes,
They hold you
you leave little bits of yourself
fluttering on fences- like rags and
shreds of your very life

Stimulus D

"This is who I am. Take it or leave it."

SECTION III

15 Marks

Attempt Question 3

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

An individual's sense of belonging can derive from experiences, notions of identity, relationships, acceptance and understanding.

How do the texts you have studied support this idea?

In your response, refer closely to your prescribed text and ONE text of your own choosing.

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 Luhrmann, *Strictly Ballroom*

• Poetry

- Rolf De Heer, *Ten Canoes*
- 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 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