



JAMES RUSE AGRICULTURAL HIGH SCHOOL

2013

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
- Write on BOTH sides of the paper
- 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 2-10

15 marks

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

SECTION II

Pages 11

15 marks

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

SECTION III

Pages 12-13

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
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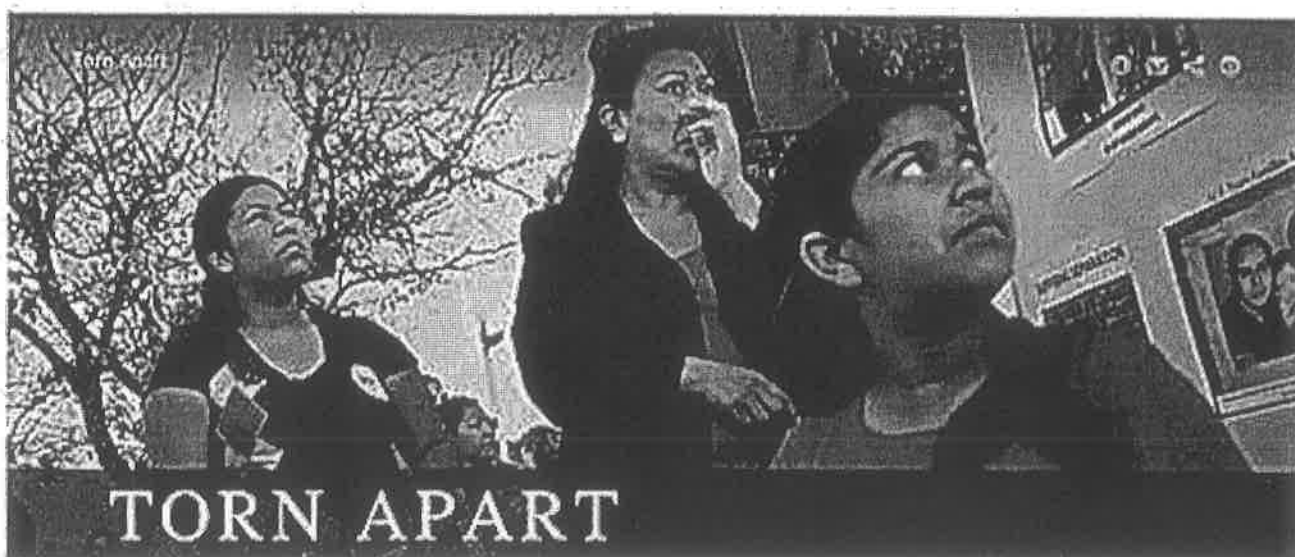
Question 1 (15 marks)

Examine **Texts one, two and three** carefully and then answer the questions on page 10.

Text one – Written and Visual Advertisement

Torn Apart: Immigrant Family Struggles to Stay

As the immigration debate rages, millions of American children are left with the real possibility that their undocumented parents will be detected and deported. For the past year, photojournalist Dai Sugano of the San Jose Mercury News and reporter Ken McLaughlin followed a California family on their emotional journey through the U.S. immigration system. Both parents came here as illegal immigrants, but all six of their children are American citizens.



Read more and watch the video here: <http://www.mercurynews.com/torn-apart>

Text Two – Poem *Because* by James Maccauley

My father and my 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 home 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 ingratitude?

Judgment 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 judgment 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.

Question 1 (continued)

Text Three – Feature Article

The Kith of Life

by: Nikki Gemmell

KITH. An old, quiet word, obsolete now. Yet often used in that expression of solace and return, "kith and kin". What does the word actually mean?

Originally, your land and your people; that which is deeply known, familiar, in terms of country. A new book, *Kith* by Jay Griffiths, looks at the way our western world is estranging its children from nature, from the earthy world of their early years, the kith that sings so naturally in their blood and their bones. We're evolving away from the natural world, and Griffiths despairs of it.

"My oldest childhood memories have the flavour of the earth," Spanish poet Federico Garcia Lorca wrote. Don't we all have recollections of childhoods marinated in nature? Mine: tadpoles in jam jars, red-bellied black snakes in gutters, my brother's redback spider farm in ice-cream containers in the carport (poor mum), burying my head in the dog's neck, peeling paperbarks, the dry flick of grasshoppers through tall grass, the summer shrill of cicadas rising, falling then dropping into a crisp silence, the thrilling crackle and spit of the bonfire on cracker night, the moon endlessly following us in the car. It was a childhood of wonder, freedom, daydreaming. As American author Barry Lopez explains, the energising joy of the natural world that's discovered in youth can be a lifelong solace: "a long, fierce peace can derive from this knowledge". And those meandering days basking in nature teach us autonomy, courage, risk-taking, self-rule - and respect for the beauty of the world around us. We carry those lessons through life.

...A continual theme running through Griffiths' examination of modern parenthood is enclosure. The horror of it. Our children's worlds are becoming relentlessly interior; time is fenced off, boxed in; heads are bowed to screens; everything is compartmentalised, organised, minutely planned. Griffiths argues that the way we're raising the current generation is deeply unnatural and children are becoming more fearful, depressed and dependent as a consequence; that it's causing unrecognised damage. She says the human spirit

needs to feel rooted somewhere on earth, within the vivid green of our world. As American commentator Theodore Roszak wrote, "No separation is more pervasive in this Age of Anxiety than our disconnection from the natural world." Griffiths argues that the fundamental rights of children - to roam, meander, play, explore, risk - must be protected in this new parenting regime.

It's relatively easy in Australia to be steeped in nature - our ravishingly beautifully, unique landscape is at our fingertips. Even a big city such as Sydney feels so fecund, abundant, spilling over into rampant nature compared to somewhere as built over as Paris or Rome. We're fortunate. We can baste our children in it without much effort - if we choose to. Grubby them up. Awaken them to the wonder of the world around them, instil in them that soldering sense of kith. And with it, always, should be twinned that other most lovely and obsolete word: ludic. Which means exhibiting a sense of fun, silliness, play. For as poet William Blake wrote, the child, like the bird, is "born for joy".

My daughter's preschool teacher described her as "a true child of nature", brimming with joy when she's getting mucky in the bush, climbing trees, cupping insects, patting blue-tongue lizards. As a parent, I have to honour all that. Remind myself not to shut off the wonder of a fat butter moon, the glorious roar of sunset before nightfall bleeds in, the mighty comfort of the Southern Cross; to point out the oddness of a banksia and the beauty of a cicada shell. Because in adulthood she may well spiral back to it all and find a great solace in it. As I have, with that long, fierce sense of peace, thanks to the lessons of childhood and the sense of kith bred so strongly in me.

Text Four – Prose Fiction Extract

After a sexual indiscretion, teenage Thea is sent away from home to the Yonahlossee Riding Camp for Girls. As well, her parents feel compelled to move away from the family home to escape the shame caused by Thea's behaviour.

After we had ordered, Father asked me what I had learned at camp.

'Learned?'

'What did you read? Who did you study?'

I laughed, and Father looked at me strangely. 'I learned to be around other girls,' I said. Father nodded. This is what they had wanted, after all; he had told me so in his first letter. *You will learn how to behave around other children there, Thea. I hope that is not too much to ask.* I would never forget it. But Father did not remember what he had written; he looked vaguely disturbed, as if I were mocking him. Which I suppose I was, but not in the way he thought.

'Did you like it?' he asked, 'after you settled in?' Sam looked at me, too; they wanted to know. They wanted me to tell them a story. But I would not. Yonahlossee was mine.

'I grew to love it,' I said.

The next morning, both Mother and Father appeared at my door, Sam behind them in his normal place.

'We thought we'd go for a drive,' Father said. He smiled faintly, in his way. 'And see our house.'

Mother clung to Father as we made our way through the hotel, and shielded her eyes against the sun when we stepped outside. Sam looked out the window, at the shops we passed, at Church Street Station, where I had arrived just the day before yesterday, at the groves of oranges the city eventually gave way to. The country, I thought; we'll live in the country again, because Mother couldn't bear to live in town. No one spoke in the car, not a single word, no one even tried, including myself. Now I was used to chatter, to noise, to the constant hum of girls' voices; I felt ready to burst, to explode this silence.

After a little while Father turned down a narrow road, and then turned again, after a minute or so, and I saw where my family would be living. It was pretty, Spanish-style, white stucco topped by a red tile roof. Thick palm trees surrounded the house in a neat square. It

was half the size, I estimated, of our home, but that house had been so big, too big, really, for the four of us.

'Is there a barn?' I asked, though it didn't matter.

'No,' Father said, and led us up the front steps inside. The door was locked. We had never, in all my life, locked our doors. But now it would be done, from this point on. We stepped inside the empty house, into an empty room, the walls stark white. I could see how it would be pretty, though, with Mother's touch. The ceilings were high, the staircase wrought iron, the wood floors even and richly brown.

'It's pretty,' I said, turning to Father, and I could see that he still wanted to please me, us, that he hoped the house would be some sort of salve.

'Yes,' he said, 'isn't it?' And my mother did not seem to realize he'd asked that question of her.

'Yes,' she said, finally. 'Quite.'

Sam and my father went to look at the garage, and my mother went back outside, to the car, I thought, to rest. I waited for a moment, tried to gather myself. It would not be easy; it would never be easy, and waiting would not change a thing. I went to the window and saw that Mother had not gone back to the car. She sat on the front steps, her legs folded neatly to the side of her.

She looked pitiful, and I was so angry with her, because I did not want to feel pity, which is the worst kind of feeling, for my mother. She should be beyond pity. Father seemed the same, quiet and kind. Sam was distant, but the elemental way he moved through the world, easily, naturally, was unchanged. But Mother was ruined. She had been taken away from her home. She had belonged to a place, not people.

I remembered a woman, a friend of Uncle George and Aunt Carrie's, coming to Emathla to see our house. She and her husband were going to build their own house, soon, and had heard ours was magnificent. And it was. But so easily destroyed: a fire, a hurricane, an old oak felled on its roof. A daughter behaving inappropriately.

I remembered Mother showing them all our rooms, even mine and Sam's, and the woman, who was very tall and thin, like a bird, saying, over and over, 'Exquisite.' I remembered her so clearly because we did not often have visitors. Aunt Carrie trailed behind; I closed my eyes against the image of her, trailing. I put my head in my hands; all these memories, of home before the mess, of Yonahlossee, flooding from my head like so much vapor.

'Exquisite,' the woman kept saying, 'exquisite,' and I realized that our home was exquisite; I had never thought of it in any way before except to call it our home. By the end of the visit Mother seemed bored. And this woman was boring; she kept saying the same thing over and over, at each room. But Mother was bored because the woman was stating something so plain it did not need to be spoken. Like calling Mother beautiful. Like calling us lucky.

We stood on the front porch until their car had disappeared in a puff of dust and Mother took my hand.

'Well,' she said, 'let's get back to our exquisiteness, shall we?'

Now I watched her sit on the front steps, pretending to look at a yard that she would never love, in front of a house that would never be hers. Her house was her child, I realized; but no, that was wrong. Her house was her mother, her father; she took comfort in it, expected it to shelter her from life's slings and arrows.

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 – Written and Visual Advertisement

- a) How does the visual image support the ideas about belonging in the written text? 2

Text Two – Poem

- b) What assumptions about belonging are challenged in *Because*? 2

Text Three – Feature Article

- c) Analyse how Nikki Gemmell represents the effects of parenting on a child's sense of belonging. 3

Text Four – Prose Fiction

- d) How does the extract emphasise the importance of home to an individual's happiness? 3

All Texts – Written and Visual Advertisement, Poem, Feature Article and Prose Fiction extract

- e) Which TWO texts most effectively explore ideas about how family and/or home shape a sense of belonging? 5

Justify your choice with close reference to the composer's ideas and techniques in each text.

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 quotations below as a stimulus to reflect imaginatively on the significance of family and/or home to belonging.

Indicate at the top of your first page which text you have selected for your narrative composition.

Stimulus A

“She took comfort in it, expected it to shelter her from life’s slings and arrows”.

Stimulus B

“People do what they can; they were good people,
They cared for us and loved us”.

Stimulus C

“My oldest childhood memories have the flavour of the earth”.

Stimulus D

“I remembered her voice”.

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

To what extent does family and home shape an understanding of belonging?

In your answer, refer closely to either Skrzynecki's Immigrant Chronicle or Shakespeare's As You Like It and at least ONE other 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 Lurhman, *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*
- * *10 Mary Street*

- 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