



KINCOPPAL-ROSE BAY
SCHOOL OF THE SACRED HEART

2009

**Trial HSC
English (Standard) and
English (Advanced)**

Paper 1 – Area of Study

Texts 1, 2 & 3

London 2012 blog



Melanie, Project Manager, No man is an Island

Melanie is the Project Manager for 'No man is an Island' - a programme that has been awarded the London 2012 Inspire mark.

John Donne teaches us people with autism should not be an 'island'

Melanie, Project Manager, No man is an Island, 7 May 2009

We are a group of artists and craftspeople who all live with autism in our families. In fact, as often happens in families like ours, we also live with other so-called 'hidden' disabilities. We met a few years ago on the Isle of Wight, when we were struggling to get our children access to education.

When we discovered the Cultural Olympiad we were very excited about the opportunities and challenges it brings. We saw a great opportunity to celebrate the good things we share, showing so-called 'hidden disabilities' in different and unexpected ways. We decided that if others are striving their utmost to get to London in 2012, using their own particular abilities, then we will too!

'No man is an Island entire of itself,' wrote John Donne in his 'Devotions upon Emergent Occasions'. His poem expresses our feeling of common humanity and we took its opening words as the name of our project. We want our young people and families to really feel, like the poet, '...I am involved in Mankind.'

[Read more of "John Donne teaches us people with autism should not be an 'island'"](#)

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AT THE SAME TIME.



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BIG POND

Text three

The Tourist Stripped Bare

The concierge at my hotel in Tokyo is looking agonized. "You have no-no shampoo?" he asks, clasping his hands. "I get for you, and soap. And towel!" He vanishes behind the reception desk, reappearing with several individually wrapped bars of soap, a series of tiny bottles, and a fluffy white towel. He loads them into my arms. "Please to be careful, yes?" He has been saying this in various forms, since I arrived two hours ago, and I have no idea why. It's not his fault: he's worked like a Trojan to explain the mysterious danger with his beautiful, elliptical English, but I lack even a single word of Japanese, and so we are stuck. Now I look past him, out into the mad Tokyo darkness. "It is safe?" I ask, by which I mean, "Will I die?"

"Hai!" Shocked at my question, he raises his hands quickly. "Yes! Berry safe." We walk together to the hotel door, my toiletries clanking ominously in my bag. His last words follow me into the hot neon night. "It is for the rocars," he says: another word he's been repeating all evening.

Berry, berry rocar."

It's impossible to spend any time in Japan without offending the Japanese. They take it well, because they know it's not deliberate, but the feeling of being too tall, too loud, too clumsy, too much never leaves you. Or it never left me, at least, during my 12-hour stopover. Mostly this was because I am a very bad traveller, and after 10 hours on the plane, followed by two hours of Gulliver-like blundering amid the small and perfectly organised multitudes at Narita airport, I was nearly weeping with frustration and fatigue. Usually, of course, when you are on the verge of tears in a foreign country, you have limited options. You can drink. You can sleep. You can find someone to blame. But in Japan, there's one more possibility. You can have a bath.

Embarrassment for the Japanese is like death but worse, since you live to remember it. But after an hour on the streets of Tokyo, I decide that death, in fact, might be a blessed relief. I have humiliated myself on the street (via the massive social faux pas of attempting to look passers-by in the eye), crossing the road (by the gross crime of not waiting for the traffic-controller's assistance) and in the noodle bar (by the truly terrible transgression of pressing the wrong button at the meal payment ticket machine). This final mistake is a disaster, since it causes every coin in the machine to crash through the metal refund hole and onto the tiled floor. It's like a pokies jackpot win, but without the screaming. None

A hot soak sounds so simple, blissful; the ideal way to unwind between flights. But when Amanda Hooten lands in Tokyo, she finds there's more to the ritual than just getting a fluffy towel and directions to the bathhouse.

A deafening silence falls as I enter, and the dozen women present – all totally naked, all absolutely Japanese – look right at me, shocked out of politeness.

*Sento – artificially heated baths

of the dozen noodle shop patrons even looks around, but there's an awful collective wince: like a roomful of men watching someone get kneed in the groin.

After this, only the thought of the concierge's disappointment keeps me from giving up in defeat. But according to his hand-drawn map, the sento* is only a few blocks away, and I stagger on, passing little cobbled streets and Japanese pedestrians with their heads down, carefully not looking at the crazy foreign girl carrying a hotel towel and clanking as she walks. Eventually, I come to a low building with the kanji symbol for hot water on its roof.

The Japanese woman at the desk looks at me in horror. "Bath?" I say. She says a great many things, none of which I understand. We both pause. "Bath?" I say again, holding up my towel. She says more things, frowning. Then she writes something down on a piece of paper Y380, and points at the door. I walk back outside. There, on the wall, is another ticketing machine. I press the button marked Y380 (about the price of a takeaway coffee) and am presented with a green ticket and – victory! – no coin refund. I go back inside. This time the lady nods and points upstairs. I trek upwards through a psychedelic dreamscape of tropical parrot wall wallpaper and a series of embroidery portraits of what appears to be the court of Marie Antoinette. And then, suddenly, I'm in a room filled with naked Japanese.

It is at this moment that I realize what the concierge has been saying all night. It is for the locals, this spa. It is very, very local. A deafening silence falls as I enter, and the dozen women present – all totally naked, all absolutely Japanese – look right at me, shocked out of politeness.

If I could, somehow, sink through the tiled floor and vanish forever at this point, I would. But I'm trapped: I'm holding the ticket, I'm carrying a towel; clearly, I haven't taken a wrong turn on my way to the tourist information center. There is nothing to do but press on.

I find a locker and strip off. In theory I am unfazed by change-room nudity, but everybody's staring at me, and I've never been two feet taller and 10 shades blonder than everyone else in the room. I feel weirdly like a super model, though not in a good way – more in a gigantic, outer-space freak kind of way. Carrying my collection of tiny bottles and trying to look as if I cross the world and strip publicly in foreign cultures all the time, I shuffle into the bathing room. This room is accessed through a glass sliding door from the change room. Inside,

there's a line of plastic milking stools set up in front of mirrors on one wall, and the baths on the other. There's a tiny plunge pool, a six-metre hot pool bubbling with jets, a sauna, and an outdoor pool with a tree growing in it.

The women in the baths have obviously seen me through the sliding door, because by the time I enter, they're all looking studiously in the opposite direction. I find a spare milking stool, sit down, and try to regroup. I set my bottles up in a line in front of the mirror while reflecting that now, obviously, the poor concierge's concern makes sense. In a culture in which just crossing the street or buying a cheap meal is fraught with social ceremony, I am now in the midst of one of the most intimate and significant rituals of all. The indelible connection – translated, literally, as "skinship" – between bathers. I knew this before I came, of course, but somehow I hadn't translated it into what it might mean in reality: that my intrusion might infringe on this ritual, or destroy it altogether. Or that I'd be naked when it happened.

I concentrate on breathing deeply. Out of the corner of my eye, I can see ladies on other stools lathering up and washing down and putting treatments in their hair. After a while I pick up a tiny bottle. Shampoo, it says (the first English word I've seen since leaving the hotel), so I put it in my hair. The second bottle says Wash, so I scrub my body with it. By the time I find Après-Shampoo (I'm grateful even for French, under the circumstances), I'm beginning to relax. I wash myself down with the shower hose attached to the side of the mirror. Now that I'm established on my stool, and seem not to have outraged any cultural norms for at least five minutes, I never want to get up. But short of sitting here till closing time, there seems no way of avoiding the baths themselves, so I walk across the tiles and lower myself into the water.

I don't know how other people feel about pounding jets and water at 40.1 degrees in between two international flights, but for me it's like a miracle of God. Suddenly I don't care if I've gatecrashed local custom or offended 20 naked women or ruined the reputation of Europeans in the Meguro ward forever. It just feels too good. I lie there, gasping, for as long as I can, then drag myself out and drop into the plunge pool.

The plunge pool is stunningly cold, and for a minute I think I am, quite literally, going to have a heart attack. My fingertips are visibly throbbing, and when I put them to my temples I can feel the veins pumping and pulsing beneath the skin. My whole body is rocking, making the water wash against the edge of the pool. It's like being possessed by an alien: if you laid me on my back at this

moment, I'm sure you'd see my heart, like a live creature, visibly jerking behind my chest wall.

I force myself to count to 60 heartbeats, then I get back in the bath. This time I realize that the jets are organised into consecutive stations, and you are supposed to sit at them in order: first all-over-body jets, then the shoulders and neck jets, then the feet and lower back jets, and so on. I, of course, have hopped in halfway through the pattern, thus fouling it up for everyone. But after an agonized minute, I realize they don't care that I've got it wrong. The truth is, they don't care about me at all. In the fabric of their daily lives, I might score a 10-second mention at home – "You won't believe who was at the baths. No, not Matsuko – as if she'd show her face again! – no, a European girl. Tall, a bit blonde, absolutely no idea what she was doing ... yeah ... what do you mean, you broke the rice cooker?" – and that's it.

This is an enormous relief. Perhaps it's also the crucial moment in cultural exchange: realizing it's okay to get it wrong. As a stranger, this is in fact your task – you get it wrong, they get it right, and that is the exchange. Tonight, even as I flail among the jets, I can see that the ritual is simply carrying on around me, like water running over a stone.

And so, eventually, I stop flailing and lie back, feeling the water pound the muscles behind my ears. For the next 40 minutes I come and go between the plunge pool and the baths, feeling the blood run into the deadened spaces between my fingers and behind my knees and at the backs of my eyeballs. I watch the other ladies – skinny young girls and broad middle-aged women and a tiny old lady with utterly unblemished skin all over her body except on her wizened-apple face – as they come and go. As always when you see people other than movie stars naked, it is intensely reassuring: the imperfections, the matter-of-factness, the realness of other people's bodies.

At my last series of jets, I notice an unexpected diagram of a lady hand painted on the tile. What's surprising about her is not only that she's having such a great time (she appears to be kneeling over a jet, smiling broadly with her hands in the air), but that she's European, with red hair and pneumatic boobs. She looks like Wilma Flintstone, if Wilma had gone into porn.

I don't kneel over the jet; I put my feet on top of it to massage my soles. Once again, nobody looks at me, but this time, finally, it feels right. And so Wilma and the wizened lady and I carry on, each playing out our own little ritual. The concierge would be proud.

The Japanese regard communal bathing as an almost magical rite that creates an indelible connection – translated, literally, as "skinship" – between bathers

Student's Name



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2009

**Trial HSC
English (Standard) and
English (Advanced)**

Paper 1 – Area of Study

General Instructions

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

Total Marks 45

Section I Page 3
(15 marks)

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

Section II Page 4
(15 marks)

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

Section III Page 5
(15 marks)

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

See Texts one, two and three in a separate booklet.

Examine the texts carefully and then answer the following questions.

Section I

15 marks

Attempt Question 1

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the questions in the English Paper 1 Writing Booklet. Extra English Paper 1 Writing Booklets are available.

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)

Marks

Examine **Texts one, two and three** carefully and then answer the following questions.

Text one – Blog

- (a) What message about belonging does this blog convey? **1**
- (b) Explain how the author uses language features to communicate her ideas about belonging. **2**

Text two – Print Advertisement

- (c) Explain how this advertisement offers conflicting perspectives on belonging. **3**

Text three – Feature Article

- (d) Analyse the techniques used by the writer to convey her initial sense of alienation and then belonging. **4**

Texts one, two and three – Blog, Print Advertisement and Feature Article

- (e) In your view, which two of these texts best convey the complexity of belonging? **5**

Explain your view with reference to TWO texts.

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. 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 have been invited to contribute a piece of writing for ONE of the sections in this book

	Belonging
	Contents:
	- Speeches
	- Feature Articles
	- Stories

Choose ONE of the options below for your contribution.

(a) Compose a speech entitled 'No Man is an Island'.

OR

(b) Compose a feature article entitled 'Be Online at the Same Time'.

OR

(c) Compose a story entitled 'Finally, it Felt Right'.

End of Question 2

Section III

15 marks

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)

Texts often present situations where belonging is central to a person's self worth.

How do the texts you have studied support this idea?

In your response, refer to your prescribed text and TWO other related texts of your own choosing.

The prescribed texts are:

- **Poetry (for Advanced)**
 - Peter Skrzynecki, *Immigrant Chronicle*
 - ❖ *Feliks Skrzynecki*
 - ❖ *St Patrick's College*
 - ❖ *Ancestors*
 - ❖ *10 Mary Street*
 - ❖ *Migrant hostel*
 - ❖ *In the folk museum*
 - ❖ *Post card*
- **Drama (for Standard)**
 - Arthur Miller, *The Crucible*

End of Paper