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Student Number

2009

Knox Grammar School

English (Advanced and Standard)

Trial HSC Paper 1 – Area of Study

General Instructions

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

Subject Teachers

Mr Anderson
Mr Bluzmanis
Mr Cavallaro
Ms Jackson
Mr Jovic
Ms Lathouras
Mr Middleton
Mr Mulligan
Mr Parsons
Miss Potenza
Mr Williams

Section I – Pages 2 - 7

Total marks (15)

* Attempt Question 1

* Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Section II – Page 8

Total marks (15) Page 8

* Attempt Question 2

* Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Section III – Pages 9 - 10

Total marks (15)

* Attempt Question 3

* Allow about 40 minutes for this section

This paper MUST NOT be removed from the examination room

Number of Students in Course: 213

Number of Writing Booklets Per Student Four Page - 0

Eight Page – 3

Section I

15 marks

Attempt Question 1

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the question in the Writing Booklet. Extra 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)

Examine **Texts one, two and three** carefully and then answer the questions on page 7.

Text one – Poem

Before You Were Mine

I'm ten years away from the corner you laugh on
with your pals, Maggie McGeeney and Jean Duff.
The three of you bend from the waist, holding
each other, or your knees, and shriek at the pavement.
Your polka-dot dress blows round your legs. Marilyn.

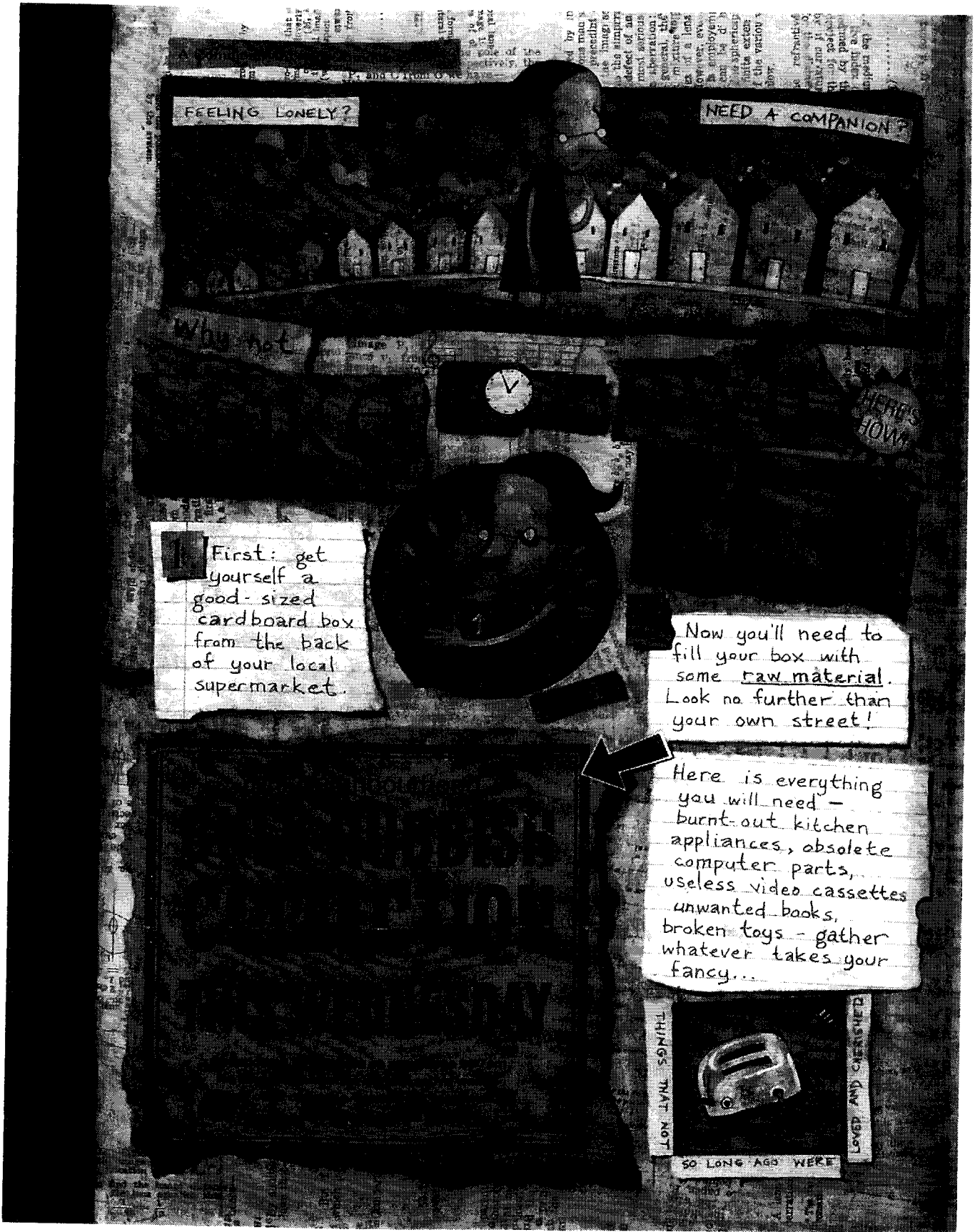
I'm not here yet. The thought of me doesn't occur
in the ballroom with the thousand eyes, the fizzy, movie tomorrows
the right walk home could bring. I knew you would dance
like that. Before you were mine, your Ma stands at the close
with a hiding for the late one. You reckon it's worth it.

The decade ahead of my loud, possessive yell was the best one, eh?
I remember my hands in those high-heeled red shoes, relics,
and now your ghost clatters toward me over George Square
till I see you, clear as scent, under the tree,
with its lights, and whose small bites on your neck, sweetheart?

Cha cha cha! You'd teach me the steps on the way home from Mass,
stamping stars from the wrong pavement. Even then
I wanted the bold girl winking in Portobello, somewhere
in Scotland, before I was born. That glamorous love lasts
where you sparkle and waltz and laugh before you were mine.

Carol Anne Duffy

Text Two – Image



Text Two continued

Seal your box up with packing tape,* punch an air-hole in the top and pop a straw in.

Draw a picture of your pet on the side. Crayons are good for this.

Water gently with warm herbal tea.

Whisper a secret (or two)

Pick a quiet spot in your backyard, grab a spade and dig a neat box-sized hole.

Find any old birthday cards and saved candle stubs and put them in the bottom. Used gift wrapping also makes excellent fertiliser. Now carefully plant your box, making sure the straw is exposed.

Go to bed and imagine all the games you can play with your pet until you fall asleep.



Text Three – Prose Extract

For Shep, too, the past few years had been a time of comparative peace. Or so it seemed, at any rate, in the glowing dusk of this fine spring evening. He was pleasantly full of roast lamb and beer, he was looking forward to a session of good talk with the Wheelers, and things could have been an awful lot worse. True enough, the job in Stamford and the Revolutionary Hill Estates and the Laurel Players were not exactly what he'd pictured in his Arizona visions of the East, but what the hell. If nothing else, the mellowing of these past few years had enabled him to look back without regret.

Because who could deny that his tough-guy phase, neurotic or not, had done him a lot of good? Hadn't it helped him on the way to a Silver Star and a field commission at twenty-one? Those things were real, they were a damned sight more than most men his age could claim (Field Commission! The very forming of the words in his mind could still make warm tendrils of pride spread out in his throat and chest) and no psychiatrist would ever be able to take them away. Nor was he plagued any longer by the sense having culturally missed out and fallen behind his generation. He could certainly feel himself to be the equal of a man like Frank Wheeler, for example, and Frank was a product of all the things that once had made him writhe in envy –the Eastern University, the liberal arts, the years of casual knocking around in Greenwich Village. What was so terrible, then, in having gone to State Tech?

Besides, if he hadn't gone to State Tech he would never have met Milly, and he didn't need any damned psychiatrist to tell him he would really be sick, really be in trouble, if he ever caught himself regretting that again. Maybe their backgrounds were different; maybe he'd married her for reasons he found hard to remember and maybe it wasn't the most romantic marriage in the world, but Milly was the girl for him. Two things about her had become a constant source of his sentimental amazement: that she had stuck right by him through all the panic in Arizona and New York—he vowed he would never forget it—and that she had taken so well to his new way of life.

The things she had learned! For a girl whose father was a semiliterate housepainter and whose brothers and sisters all said things like 'It don't matter none,' it couldn't have been easy. The more he thought about it the more remarkable it was that she could dress very nearly as well as April Wheeler and talk nearly as well on any subject you wanted to name; that she could live in an ugly, efficient suburban house like this and know why and how it had to be apologized for in terms of the job and the kids ('Otherwise of course we'd live in the city, or else further out, in the real country...') And she had managed to give every room of it the spare, stripped down, intellectual look that April Wheeler called 'interesting'. Well, almost every room. Feeling fond and tolerant as he rolled his shoe rag into a waxy cylinder, Shep Campbell had to admit that this particular room, this bedroom, was not a very sophisticated place. Its narrow walls, papered in a big floral design of pink and lavender, held careful brackets that in turn held rows of little winking frail things made of glass; its windows served less as windows than as settings for puffed effusions of dimity curtains, and the matching dimity skirts of its bed and dressing table fell in abundant pleats and billows to the carpet. It was a room that might have been dreamed by a little girl alone with her dolls and obsessed with the notion of making things nice for them among broken orange crates and scraps of cloth in a secret shady corner of the back yard, a little girl who would sweep the bald earth until it was as smooth as breadcrust and sweep it again if it started to crumble, a scurrying, whispering, damp-fingered little girl whose cheeks would quiver with each primping of gauze and tugging of soiled ribbon into place ('There...There...') and whose quick, frightened eyes, as she worked, would look very much like the eyes that now searched this mirror for signs of encroaching middle age.

Extract taken from 'Revolutionary Road' by Richard Yates (1961)

Question 1**Marks****Text one – Poem**

- (1) Identify ONE concept relevant to belonging in the poem. 1
- (2) Explain how this idea about belonging has been highlighted. 2

Text two – Picture Book extract

- (3) Identify ONE aspect of belonging in the image. 1
- (4) How has ONE visual and ONE written technique been used to represent this aspect? 2

Text three – Prose extract

- (5) Explain how the composer uses characterisation to explore ideas of compromise and regret. 3

Text one, two and three

- (6) Which one of these three texts do you feel is most effective in representing the concept of belonging? 6

In your response, you must refer to all THREE texts.

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)

Use ONE of the following stimuli as the springboard for a piece of writing that explores the **challenging** nature of belonging.

- (a) The thought of me doesn't occur...
- (b) Abandon all forgetables on your verge...
- (c) It was a room that might have been dreamed by a little girl...

Write in a form appropriate to your purpose

DO NOT WRITE A POEM OR SONG LYRICS.

Section III

15 marks

Attempt Questions 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
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Question 3 (15 marks)

Belonging

‘Belonging doesn’t just happen; it involves many factors and experiences in order to feel that you truly belong.’

How has the study of your core text and TWO support texts highlighted the importance of belonging?

The prescribed texts are:

Prose Fiction (pf) or Nonfiction (nf)

- Tan, Amy, *The Joy Luck Club*
- Lahiri, Jhumpa, *The Namesake*
- Dickens, Charles, *Great Expectations*
- Jhabvala, Ruth Praver, *Heat and Dust*
- Winch, Tara June, *Swallow the Air*
- Gaita, Raimond, *Romulus, My Father*

Drama (d) or Film (f) or Shakespeare (S)

- Miller, Arthur, *The Crucible: A Play in Four Acts*
- Harrison, Jane, *‘Rainbow’s End’*
- Luhrmann, Baz, *Strictly Ballroom*
- De Heer, Rolf, *Ten Canoes*
- Shakespeare, William, *As You Like It*

Please turn over

Poetry

- Skrzynecki, Peter, *Immigrant Chronicle*
'Feliks Skrzynecki', 'St Patrick's College', 'Ancestors', '10 Mary Street', 'Migrant Hostel', 'Post card', 'In the Folk Museum'
- Dickinson, Emily, *Selected Poems of Emily Dickinson*
66 'This is my letter to the world', 67 'I died 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 word dropped careless on the page', 161 'What mystery pervades a well!', 181 'Saddest noise, the sweetest noise'
- Herrick, Steven, *The Simple Gift*

End of Paper