



Newcastle Grammar School

**2012  
TRIAL HSC  
EXAMINATION**

**English (Advanced)  
Paper One – Area of Study**

**General Instructions**

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Working time – 2 hours
- Write using blue or black pen
- Commence each section in a new writing booklet
- Write your examination number clearly on each booklet
- If you do not attempt a question please hand in an answer booklet with 'Not Attempted' clearly written on the front page
- Do not remove this question paper from the examination room

**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

## **Section I**

**Total marks (15)**

**Attempt Question 1**

**Allow about 40 minutes for this section**

Answer the question in a separate writing booklet.

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In your answers 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
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### **Question 1 (15 marks)**

Examine **Texts one, two, three and four** carefully and then answer the questions on page 8.

**Question 1 continues on page 3**

Question 1 continued

**Text One –Essay extract, *Evil Lives When empathy Dies.***

Empathy itself is the most valuable resource in the world. But I think we have taken empathy for granted, and thus to some extent overlooked it. Psychology as a science virtually ignored it for a century. Educators focusing on literacy and mathematics have also largely ignored it. We just assume empathy will develop in every child, come what may. We put little time, effort or money into nurturing it. Our politicians almost never mention it, despite the fact that they need it more than anyone. Until recently, neuroscientists hardly questioned what empathy is.

I sat in Alyth Gardens Synagogue in north London last year. Two men went up on the stage. The first one spoke: “I am Ahmed, and I am a Palestinian. My son died in the intifada\*, killed by an Israeli bullet. I come to wish you all Shabbat Shalom\*\*.”

Then the other man spoke: “I am Moishe, and I am an Israeli. My son also died in the intifada, killed by a homemade petrol bomb thrown by a Palestinian teenager. I come to wish you all Salaam Alaikum^.”

Here were two fathers, from different sides of the political divide, united by their grief and embracing each other’s language. How had they met? Moishe had taken the opportunity offered by a charity called *The Parents Circle for Israelis and Palestinians* to make free phone calls into each other’s homes, to express their empathy to bereaved parents on the other side of the barbed-wire fence. Ahmed described how he had been at home in Gaza one day when the phone rang. It was Moishe, at that time a stranger in Jerusalem, who had taken that brave first step. They both openly wept down the phone. Neither had ever met or even spoken to someone from the other community, but both told the other they knew what the other was going through.

Empathy is like a universal solvent. Any problem immersed in empathy becomes soluble. Unlike the arms industry that costs trillions of dollars to maintain, or the prison service and legal system that cost millions of dollars to keep oiled, empathy is free. And, unlike religion, empathy cannot, by definition, oppress anyone.

*Extract from Professor Simon Baren-Cohen’s book – “Zero Degrees of Empathy”*

\* Intifada - a Palestinian uprising against Israeli occupation in 1993

\*\* Shabbat Shalom – Hebrew saying “Peace be with you”

^ Alaikum – Arabic greeting “Peace be upon you”

**Question 1 continues on page 4**

Question 1 continued

**Text Two – Visual text**



**Question 1 continues on page 5**

Question 1 continued

**Text three – Novel extract**

*(The scene takes place in a death march during the Holocaust in World War 2)*

In a small gap in the procession, there was a man, older than the others.

He wore a beard and torn clothes.

His eyes were the colour of agony, and weightless as he was, he was too heavy for his legs to carry.

Several times, he fell.

The side of his face was flattened against the road.

On each occasion, a soldier stood above him. 'Steh' auf', he called down. 'Stand up'.

The man rose to his knees and fought his way up. He walked on.

Every time he caught up sufficiently to the back of the line, he would soon lose momentum and stumble again, to the ground. There were more behind him – a good truck's worth – and they threatened to overtake and trample him...

The man was dead.

Just give him five more minutes and he would surely fall into the German gutter and die.

Then, one human.

Hans Hubermann.

It happened so quickly.

The hand that held firmly onto Liesel's let it drop to her side as the man came struggling by. Papa reached into his paint cart and pulled something out.

He made his way through the people, onto the road.

The Jew stood before him, expecting another handful of derision, but he watched with everyone else as Hans Hubermann held his hand out and presented a piece of bread, like magic.

When it changed hands, the Jew slid down. He fell to his knees and held Papa's shins. He buried his face between them and thanked him.

With tears in her eyes, Leisel saw the man slide further forward, pushing Papa back to cry into his ankles.

Other Jews walked past, all of them watching this small, futile miracle. They streamed by, like human water. That day, a few would reach the ocean. They would be handed a white cap.

Wading through, a soldier was soon as the scene of the crime. He studied the kneeling man and Papa, and he looked at the crowd. After another moment's thought, he took the *whip* from his belt and began.

The Jew was whipped six times. On his back, his head and his legs. 'You filth! You swine!' Blood dripped now from his ear.

Then it was Papa's turn.

Liesel's looked in horror as Hans Hubermann was whipped on the street. The sound sickened her and she expected cracks to appear on her papa's body. He was struck four times before he, too, hit the ground.

**Question 1 continues on page 6**

Question 1 continued

When the elderly Jew climbed to his feet for the last time and continued on, he looked briefly back. He took a last sad glance at the man who was kneeling now himself, whose back was burning with four lines of fire. If nothing else, the old man would die like a human. Or at least with the thought that he was human.

Me?

I'm not so sure if that's such a good thing.

When Liesel made it through and helped Hans to his feet, there were so many voices. Words and sunlight. The light sparkling on the road and the words like waves, breaking on her back. Only as they walked away did they notice the bread sitting rejected on the street.

As Liesel attempted to pick it up, a passing Jew snatched it from his hand and another two fought him for it as they continued on their way to Dachau.

Silver eyes were pelted then.

A cart was turned over and paint flowered onto the street.

They called him a Jew-lover.

Others were silent, helping him back to safety.

*Extract from Marcus Zusak's novel – "The Book Thief"*

**Question 1 continues on page 7**

Question 1 continued

**Text four- Song Lyric**

**I am a Rock**

A winter's day  
In a deep and dark December;  
I am alone,  
Gazing from my window to the streets below  
On a freshly fallen silent shroud of snow.  
I am a rock,  
I am an island.

I've built walls,  
A fortress deep and mighty,  
That none may penetrate.  
I have no need of friendship; friendship causes pain.  
It's laughter and it's loving I disdain.  
I am a rock,  
I am an island.

Don't talk of love,  
But I've heard the words before;  
It's sleeping in my memory.  
I won't disturb the slumber of feelings that have died.  
If I never loved I never would have cried.  
I am a rock,  
I am an island.

I have my books  
And my poetry to protect me;  
I am shielded in my armor,  
Hiding in my room, safe within my womb.  
I touch no one and no one touches me.  
I am a rock,  
I am an island.

And a rock feels no pain;  
And an island never cries.

*Simon and Garfunkel*

**Question 1 continues on Page 7**

Question 1 continued

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In your answers 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
- 

**Marks**

**Text one – Visual**

- (a) Select ONE aspect of the visual text and explain how it offers a perspective on belonging?

2

**Text Two - Essay extract**

- (b) “Empathy is the universal solvent”  
Discuss the importance of empathy in the writer’s sense of belonging.

2

**Text three – Novel extract**

- (c) From this experience in the Death March, what does the narrator come to understand about the ways human beings express their sense of belonging?

3

**Text Four – Poem**

- (d) How are personal insights into belonging conveyed in the poem?

3

**Texts one, two and three**

- (e) How effectively do the composers of TWO of these texts represent understandings of the links between ourselves and the larger world?

5

**End of Question 1**



## Section II

Total marks (15)

Attempt Question 2

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the question in a separate writing booklet.

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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
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Question 2 (15 marks)



Compose a creative piece that captures the significance of reaching out beyond ourselves.

You may use the images from the visual stimulus for your creative writing.

End of Question 2

## Section III

**Total marks (15)**

**Attempt this question**

**Allow about 40 minutes for this section**

Answer the question in a separate writing booklet.

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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

##### Focus – Belonging

Explain how perceptions of belonging and not belonging can be shaped by the connections we create between ourselves and the larger world.

In your answer, refer to your prescribed text, *As You Like It*, and at least ONE related text of your own choosing.

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, Raymond, *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*

## Poetry

- Skrzynecki, Peter, *Immigrant Chronicle*  
'Feliks Skrzynecki',  
'St Patrick's College',  
'Ancestors',  
'10 Mary Street',  
'Migrant Hostel',  
'Postcard',  
'In the Folk Museum'
- Dickinson, Emily, *Selected Poems of Emily Dickinson* (James Reeves ed), Heinemann Education  
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**