

NORTH SYDNEY GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE TRIAL EXAMINATION 2010

English (Advanced) Paper 1 — Area of Study

General Instructions

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

Total marks - 45

Section I - 15 marks

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

Section II - 15 marks

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

Section III - 15 marks

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

Section I

15 marks Attempt Question 1 Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the question in the writing booklets provided.

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 that follow.

Text One - Illustration

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-Question 1 continues on the following page -

Text Two - Poem

INTEGRATED

Immigrant indeed. She brought her country with her in packing-cases. Rocking to the sound of a sousta* from the gram* as she shouts advice to her daughter in the tongue of her youth, she affirms that she has not migrated. All around she hears and sees the trappings of her Cretan home; the shopkeeper, her nephew; the priest who comes for coffee, the children, casks of oil, the cups and cupboards, even vines; all except the donkeys and the white tavern. and these her vivid memory supplies. Her grandchild, playing near her, sees wattle, leafy mango trees, poinsettia in bloom, hears kookaburras, pop-songs from the radio; has eaten corned-beef, corn flakes, reads the comics, knows the beach, and coca-cola rounds, another tongue, her future. The grandmother believes in integration. After the fierce, initial confrontation, the land gave way, she arranged it to her liking. Australia is more malleable than she.

Sylvia Kantarizis

^{*}Sousta - A Greek folk dance

^{*}gram - used for playing vinyl records

Text Three - Non Fiction Extract

The Idea of Home by John Hughes

You won't find it on the map, the town in which my father was born and lived until he was married. It lines about one mile of Maitland Road between Cessnock and Abermain, two blocks deep on either side. There is a weatherboard church, a garage and a pub. There used to be a coalmine.

There used to be coalmines all over the place – seventeen collieries between Maitland and Cessnock. The miners came as migrants from Scotland and from Wales and they gave to the places in which they settled the names of the places they had left behind, the mining towns that had died. Aberdare, Abernethy, Pelaw Main, Weston, Paxton, Millfield, Stanford Merthyr, Ayrfield, Pelton Branxton, Abermain. And they died here and on their tombstones their place of birth and their place of death is the same in name. As if they'd travelled twelve thousand miles to come home.

Neath, the name of the town in which my father was born, was not therefore without its resonances. It's Welsh, of course, but in mining terms the ring is of underground, of digging underneath, under the land on which you live. There is, in our sense of place, little cognisance of what lies underground. Yet our sense of place, instinctive, unconscious, primeval, has its own underground: the secret spaces which mirror our insides; the world beneath our skin. Our roots lie beneath the ground, with the minerals and the dead.

Mining runs in my family: my brother, my father and his brother, their father, his father... the line goes back two hundred years from Neath through Glasgow to Wales. It's no accident that my father's future father-in-law was involved in mining too. The Eastern European immigrants to Cessnock were drawn to the technology of the open-cut mines in the same way the immigrants from Scotland and Wales at the turn of the century had been drawn underground.

About my father's father I remember nothing. I was four years old when he died. I don't refer to him as my grandfather. He is always my father's father, as if the connection stops with my father. He was born in Newart Hill, on the outskirts of Glasgow. He came to Neath when he was ten.

Is it inevitable that all families align more closely with one side than the other? The house in which my father grew up still remains in the family. A small grey weatherboard with a paling fence and a large backyard, indistinguishable from its neighbours from the road. It was owned by my father's sister until she died, and then by her daughter, my cousin. I visited it occasionally when I was growing up. I visit it still. It's full of my father's family history yet somehow it seems less accessible to me than my mother's life with her parents in Kiev. About Scotland and Wales, unlike the Ukraine, no stories have passed down to me. There must have seemed plenty of time, and anyway I was too young then to be told these things, and too young to remember even if I was; too young, finally, to have any sense that my father, too was too young: that his father and then his mother died before he was ready to know them. I've never really thought about how this must have affected him. Just that house in Neath was a stranger's house: my family there, strangers.

- Question 1 continues on the following page -

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

Question 1 (continued)

Text One - Visual Text

a) Explain how ONE aspect of the visual text represents the concept of Belonging.

2 marks

Text Two - Poem

b) Explain what the poem says about the concept of Belonging.

2 marks

c) Choose ONE poetic technique used in the poem and explain how it helps explore this concept of Belonging.

2 marks

Text Three - Nonfiction Text

d) What does the composer express about Belonging in the following:

2 marks

"our sense of place, instinctive, unconscious, primeaval, has its own underground: the a secret places which mirror our insides; the world beneath the skin. Our roots lie beneath the ground, with the minerals and the dead"?

e) Identify ONE language feature used to express the idea of Belonging in the above quotation.

1 mark

Texts One, Two and Three - Visual Text, Poem and Nonfiction Text.

f) In each of these texts, perceptions of Belonging involve connections between people, or between people and places.

6 marks

Select any TWO of these texts and compare their portrayal of connections between people, or between people and places.

- End of Question 1 -

Section II

15 marks Attempt Question 2 Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the question in a SEPARATE English Paper 1 Writing Booklet. Extra English Paper 1 Writing Booklets are available.

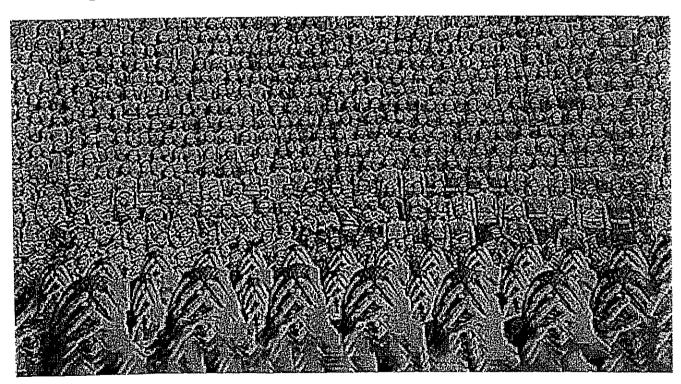
In your answer you will be assessed on how well you:

- 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)

Write a story about Belonging using the image and/or quotation as a stimulus.

To belong is to compromise...



End of Question 2

Section III

15 marks
Attempt Question 3
Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the question in a SEPARATE 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 concept of Belonging in the context of your study
- analyse, explain and assess the ways the journey is represented in a variety of texts
- organise, develop and express ideas using language appropriate to audience, purpose and context

Question 3 (15 marks)

Focus - Belonging

How has your understanding of Belonging been shaped by the techniques used by various composers?

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

The prescribed texts are:

Drama .

William Shakespeare, As You Like It

Prose Fiction

Jhumpa Lahiri, The Namesake

End of Paper