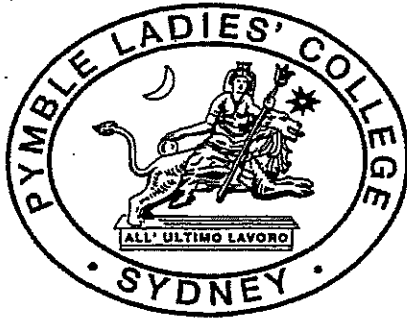


STUDENT NUMBER: \_\_\_\_\_



**2010**  
**TRIAL HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE**

# ENGLISH

(Standard) and (Advanced)

## Paper 1 – Area of Study

### General Instructions

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

### Section I

Total marks (15)

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

### Section II

Total marks (15)

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

### Section III

Total marks (15)

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

Write your student number at the top of each page of writing.

**This paper must not be removed from the examination room**

## **Section I**

**15 marks**

**Attempt Question 1**

**Allow about 40 minutes for this section**

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

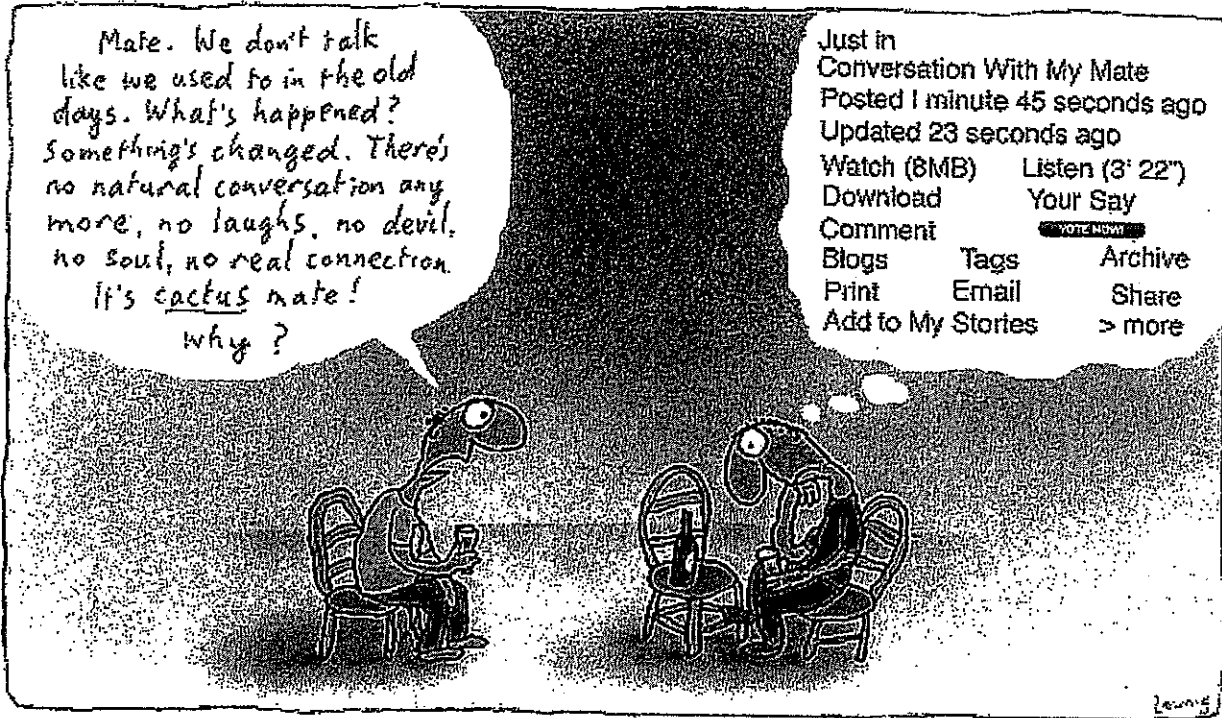
- demonstrate understanding of the way perceptions of belonging are shaped in and through texts
  - describe, explain and analyse the relationship between language, text and context
- 

**Question 1 (15 marks)**

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

**Question 1 continues on pages 3-6**

**Text 1: Cartoon -- Leunig**



Page 1  
the way  
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**Text 2: Poem – “In My Village” by Te Hanh**

**In My Village**

My village is one where nets are cast  
Where fishing is the life.  
Water surrounds it to the distant sea,  
Fair weather when the wind is light  
First blue of morning out together  
The young men go to search the seas.

Restless and ardent the sampan as a racehorse,  
Swift are the oars, down the tide bravely,  
Strong, wide-open, like the heart of our village  
The winged mainsail spreads out  
Stretching its white curve, scooping the wind.

Next day to shore our sampan comes home  
Toilers in triumph bearing the sea's harvest.  
All our village is there to welcome the boat  
'Thanks to Heaven the sea was good, our nets are full'

Shining like pearl the heaped wet fish,  
Brown limbs straining, dark-bronzed by the sun.  
And tired the boat rests now, hauled close to shore,  
As brine bites the fibres of her timber, deck and gear.

This day from very far my heart remembers well  
The shimmer of blue water, silvery fish, the lime-washed sails  
Memory of a sampan breasting the waves out to the main.  
I dream the smells, rough, salty, keen . . .

**Text 2: Prose Extract – from Ruth Park’s autobiography, *A Fence Around the Cuckoo***

From my earliest days I was a kind of writer.

I wrote constantly, on butcher’s paper and the back of the kitchen door. I didn’t know it was writing, I called it ‘putting things down’. Very quickly I learned that wanting to write stories or poetry was unacceptable amongst my peers. Comments ranged from a good-humoured ‘You’re mad!’ to a jeering ‘Suppose you think you’re smart!’ I learned to keep my mouth shut.

When two or three of my offerings were published in the *New Zealand Herald’s* children’s page, I was teased tirelessly. Even beloved Sister Hilarion asked doubtfully, ‘Are you sure your mother didn’t help you just a little, dear?’

I was truly shocked to learn that this wonderful person didn’t know that there is no satisfaction in publishing something that is not all one’s own work. Experience soon taught me never to write about anything that mattered to me – the Maoris, animals, the unemployed men, the empty boarded-up houses that frightened me. The subsequent trampling of my inner sensibilities would have destroyed me. Soon everything I wrote came only from imagination. This brought more gibes of ‘You’re barny!’ but was safe.

In later years, when I read how ‘boys of the town’ had pelted the young Hans Christian Anderson with horse manure because he tried to write plays, I realised that probably all young writers – especially in those times – attracted teasing. It was the yellow sparrow syndrome. If one of your fellows differs from you, peck him.

The *Herald’s* children’s page was edited by Miss Elsie K. Morton, one of the country’s rare women journalists. I revered her as if she were George Eliot. She also wrote a column for the Saturday supplement, my major reading material, and I admired it so much I learned some of her text by heart. I worshipped that lady; she was the literary light of my life.

But if only there had been books, any books at all to expand my horizons, increase my vocabulary, pervade my soul! For years I thought this and mourned. But now I think that whatever little gift I inherited probably needed for its development the circumstances into which I was born – a solitary childhood; an introspective, often numinous landscape; people very close to their ancestral roots and showing it on their faces and in their idiom and manner of thought. But at the time I yearned for, died for books.

There were two books in our house – *In Darkest Africa* and the doctor’s book. I was allowed to read neither, the first because of bloodthirsty pictures which would give me nightmares, and the second because of recondite information which might do the same thing. No one I knew had any books. It was thought that reading poked your eyes out and kept you from doing wholesome things. The school library was eight books behind a glass door. Out of these Sister read selections on Friday afternoons. Poems by detestable poets: *On Linden when the sun was low, All bloodless lay the untrodden snow. Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair and paced the deck in his despair. Grace Darling, who pulled away through the dashing spray.* There was also *Fabiola*, a drear though revered tome written by a Cardinal. It concerned itself with Christian persecution in the olden days.

‘Read out the bloody bits, go on, Sister!’

‘Sit down at once, Donald. There aren’t any bloody bits.’

‘How did martyrs get scoffed by lions then?’

There followed a vigorous discussion on what had happened when the dogs ate Don’s guinea pigs. But no bloody bits were ever read out.

Probably I was not the only child berserk for books. One lucky classmate was given a *Pears’ Dictionary* for his birthday. He adored it, read it all the time under the desk. Sensibly, he would never lend it to me, even for a furious read at lunchtime, but he was good enough to retell what was in it.

Somehow I was aware that the world was full of enchanting books. It was just that I didn't have access to them. I turned instead to the study of people around me. No one was safe, from Mr Tawhai to my youngest, most frivolous aunt. I observed, I eavesdropped. Most of the time I was invisible, as children are to adult groups. Like all children, I had learned the secrets of cryptic behaviour, melting into the background like an insect, and storing away everything – words, expressions, stories – though comprehending very little.

Probably because my early life had been so unorthodox, I much preferred animals to humans. Like the gosling whose first glance falls on the goose girl, so that it becomes imprinted and for ever after believes her its mother, so I would willingly have been a dog or tree. My positive belief was that animals and plants are the real people, and the sooner the other kind get off the planet the better for all concerned.

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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
- 

Question 1 (continued)

**MARKS**

**Text One: Cartoon**

- a) Explain how ONE aspect of the visual text represents the nature of belonging in the modern world? 2 ✓

**Text Two: Poem**

- b) Analyse the ways this poem emphasises the importance of relationships and belonging. 3 ✓

**Text Three: Prose Extract**

- c) What aspects of belonging does this extract explore? 1
- d) How does the composer evoke the experience of a child's sense of isolation? 3

**Texts One, Two and Three**

- e) Choose TWO texts and discuss how these texts support or challenge ideas and assumptions about belonging. 6

## Section II

**15 marks**

**Attempt Question 2**

**Allow about 40 minutes for this section**

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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
- 

### Question 2 (15 marks)

Select ONE of the following quotations and use it as a stimulus for a piece of writing that explores the concept of belonging.

**Please indicate at the top of the first page which quotation you have selected.**

- a) "Now, when I do not live there any more, the place of my birth floats in my imagination like Atlantis."

OR

- b) "Till this moment I never knew myself"

OR

- c) "You shouldn't be here"



### **Section III**

**15 marks**

**Attempt Question 3**

**Allow about 40 minutes for this section**

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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
- 

#### **Question 3 (15 marks)**

*“Belonging is a matter of choice.”*

To what extent have you found this to be true in your prescribed text and TWO other related texts of your own choosing.

**The prescribed texts are listed on page 10**

The prescribed texts are:

- **Prose Fiction or Nonfiction**
  - 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 or Film or Shakespeare**
  - Miller, Arthur, *The Crucible: A Play in Four Acts*
  - Harrison, Jane, 'Rainbow's End' from *Cleven, Vivienne et al*
  - Luhmann, 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*
    - \* *This is my letter to the world*
    - \* *I died for beauty but was scarce*
    - \* *I had been hungry all the years*
    - \* *I gave myself to him*
    - \* *A narrow fellow in the grass*
    - \* *A word dropped careless on the page*
    - \* *What mystery pervades a well!*
    - \* *Saddest noise, the sweetest noise*
  
  - Herrick, Steven, *The Simple Gift*

**End of Paper**