



**2012**

**Tuesday 14<sup>th</sup> August**

**ENGLISH (Standard) and  
ENGLISH (Advanced)  
Paper 1 – Area of Study**

**General Instructions**

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Working time – 2 hours
- Write your HSC number on the front of each booklet, along with the section and question number.

**Total marks – 45**

**Section I Pages 2 - 7**

**15 marks**

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

**Section II Page 8**

**15 marks**

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

**Section III Page 9**

**15 marks**

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

## **Section I**

**15 marks**

**Attempt Question 1**

**Allow 40 minutes for this section**

Answer each section of the paper in a SEPARATE booklet.

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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
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**Question 1** (15 marks)

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

**Question 1 continues on page 3**

Question 1 (continued)

Text one – Poster

Can you name five families living in your street?

Help a Neighbour, join  
**Neighbourhood Watch**

sign up your street to enter the draw for a  
share in some great prizes

info: [manjimup.org.au](http://manjimup.org.au) | 9777 2774

\* conditions apply

Neighbourhood Watch.

MANJIMUP  
Volunteer & Resource  
CENTRE

Question 1 continues on page 4

Question 1 (continued)

**Text two – Poem**

**Friends**

I fear it is very wrong of me  
And yet I must admit,  
When someone offers friendship  
I want the *whole* of it.  
I don't want everybody else  
To share my friends with me.  
At least, I want *one* special one,  
Who, indisputably  
Likes me much more than all the rest,  
Who's always on my side,  
Who never cares what others say,  
Who lets me come and hide  
Within his shadow, in his house –  
It doesn't matter where –  
Who lets me simply be myself,  
Who's always, *always* there.

By Elizabeth Jennings

**Question 1 continues on page 5**

Question 1 (continued)

**Text three – Fiction Extract**

*Universe, Milky Way, Solar System, Earth, Australia, South Australia, Penola, Church Street, 26.* It's December 1963, and I spend the first week of the summer holidays writing my galactic address on everything I own. I write it backwards, which offers an easier pathway home if anything finds itself lost, especially in another galaxy. I'm thirteen years old and I'm going to Mars, perhaps as soon as the end of the holidays. I flip my new 28-inch Super Elliot upside down and carve the sequence into the rough rawhide underbelly of the saddle with my sheath-knife, although if that beautiful, lighter-than-air machine – a reward for finishing primary school as top boy – loves me as much I love it, it will surely come freewheeling home riderless whenever I whistle, even from Mars.

I am so happy that happiness escapes my notice. Happiness is a default state, a given, like the town I was born in, the family I was born into. Like the mind I am growing into, the brain I am slowly beginning to fill.

Summer is another given, a recurring given. Billy Currie is also a given; we have been best friends since he first moved to town, a lifetime – a child's lifetime, without remembering beginning or imagined end – ago. Call it an arranged best-friendship, a match made by proximity and limited opportunity, like most from childhood. We shared a desk through primary school. We go to the same church; Reverend Riddoch sponsored both Currie families when they were relocated from the mission years before. We play in the same Caledonian band; me on the pipes, Billy on kettle. We both have stick-thin bodies with big, difficult-to-balance heads, and even bigger mouths that are forever getting us into trouble... In our boy-world, our bikes are common boy-property. Centaurs of bicycle and boy-flesh, we ride everywhere that summer, ride to the ends of the known world, or at least to ends of our endurance, whichever comes first.

We spend long mornings digging for buried treasure in the dump south of town, and long afternoons losing ourselves in the cool, dense-packed pine forests to the east and west. On the hottest January days, bare-chested and barefoot, but with thick, stiff caps of Brylcreem fixed to our heads, we cycle north to the flooded limestone quarries and sinkholes beyond the vineyards. Our given corner of the universe, the South-East of South Australia, Earth, Solar System, sits a thousand-square-mile slab of porous limestone, a great artesian sponge so sodden with rain that even in summer the water is pressed upwards and outwards into swamps and springs and creeklets by the sheer wet weight of itself. We, on the other hand, are utterly weightless as we dive and swim in those vast limestone rooms; we might be flying, in a different kind of sky. The sunlight falls unobstructed through the deep, clear water as if through air; the rocky floors and walls are as lime-white and dazzling as a beach... we dive for the sunken treasure of horse skulls and human remains in vain.

...I'm seldom at home that summer and when I am, I'm more often on the house than in it. Ours is two-humped camel in a street of the one-humped; the valley of flaking corrugated iron between the high twin gables is my crow's nest and sanctuary. That leather treasure-chest is stuffed with plenty more common-boy property: Dad's police-issue binoculars, Billy's slug gun, old war comics, copies of *Astounding Science Fiction* and *Amazing Stories*, cigarettes. Waiting for Billy after breakfast, I like to lie on my belly on the warm iron slope and pick sparrows out of trees with slugs, or sprawl flat on my back on the corrugated valley floor and read and brood and dream. (Extract from *Everything I Knew* by Peter Goldsworthy)

Question 1 (continued)

**Text four – Non-fiction Extract**

If we examine the causes of modern alienation in more detail, some of our sense of loneliness comes down to sheer numbers. The billions of people who live on the planet make the idea of talking to a stranger more threatening than it was in sparser days, because sociability seems to bear an inverse relationship to the density of the population. We generally talk gladly to people only once we also have the option of avoiding them altogether. Whereas the Bedouin whose tent surveys a hundred kilometres of desolate sand has the psychological wherewithal to offer each stranger a warm welcome, his urban contemporaries, though at heart no less well meaning or generous, must – in order to preserve a modicum of inner serenity – give no sign of even noticing the millions of humans who are eating, sleeping, arguing, copulating and dying only centimetres away from them on all sides.

Then, too, there is the matter of how we are introduced. The public spheres in which we typically encounter others – the commuter trains, the jostling pavements, the airport concourses – conspire to project a demeaning picture of our identities, which undermines our capacity to hold on to the that every person is necessarily the centre of a complex and precious individuality. It can be hard to stay hopeful about human nature after a walk down Oxford Street or a transfer at O’Hare.

We used to feel more connected to our neighbours in part because they were also often our colleagues. Home was not always an anonymous dormitory to be reached late and left early. Neighbours became well acquainted not so much because they were adept conversationalists, but because they had to bring in the hay or put up the school roof together, such projects naturally helping to foster communities. However capitalism has little patience for local production and cottage industry. It may even prefer it if we have no contact with our neighbours at all, lest they detain us on our way to the office or discourage us from completing an online purchase.

In the past we got to know others because we had no option but to ask them for help – and were ourselves asked for help in turn. Charity was an integral part of pre-modern life. It was impossible to avoid moments when we would have to request money from a near-stranger or to hand to out to a vagabond beggar in a world without a health-care system, unemployment insurance, public housing or consumer banking. The approach on the street of a sick, frail, confused or homeless person did not immediately inspire passers-by to look away and assume a government agency would take care of the problem.

...Locked away in our private cocoons, our chief way of imagining what other people are like has become the media, and as a consequence, we naturally expect that all strangers will be murderers, swindlers or paedophiles – which reinforces our impulse to trust only those few individuals who have been vetted for us by pre-existing family and class networks...Solitary though we may have become, we haven’t of course given up all hop of forming relationships. In the lonely canyons of the modern city, there is no more honoured emotion than love. However, this is not the love of which religions speak, not the expansive, universal brotherhood of mankind, it is more jealous, restricted and ultimately meaner variety. It is a romantic love which sends us on a maniacal quest for a single person with whom we hope to achieve life-long and complete communion, one person in particular who will spare us any need for people in general.

Extract from *Religion for Atheists* by Alain de Botton

**Question 1 continues on page 7**

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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
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**Marks**

Question 1 (continued)

**Text one - Poster**

- i) Discuss the ways in which an idea about belonging is represented in the poster. **2**

**Text two – Poem**

- ii) Identify and discuss ONE poetic device that the composer uses to represent an aspect of belonging? **2**

**Text three – Fiction Extract**

- iii) How does the composer use elements of narrative to represent ideas about belonging within a community? **3**

**Text four – Non-Fiction Extract**

- iv) How has the composer used language to explore the complexities of belonging in the modern world in this extract? **3**

**Texts one, two, three and four – Poster, Poem, Fiction Extract and Non-Fiction Extract**

- v) You have been asked to compile an anthology of writing for HSC students, entitled “Belonging: Community and the Individual”. You have to select TWO texts from those above that you consider most appropriate for this anthology. Justify the choices you make with close reference to each text. **5**

**End of Question 1**

## Section II

**15 Marks**

**Attempt Question 2**

**Allow 40 minutes for this section**

Answer this question in a SEPARATE 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 study
  - organise, develop and express ideas using language appropriate to audience, purpose and context.
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### Question 2 (15 marks)

Use the image below as inspiration for a piece of imaginative writing that explores the bonds of friendship.

Write in a form appropriate to your purpose.



**End of Question 2**



## Section III

15 marks

### Attempt Question 3

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the question in a SEPARATE 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)

*More often, rather than the primal bonds with family, it is the relationships we form with other people and places that have the most significant influence on our perspective of belonging.*

To what extent is this statement true in light of your study of the Area of Study: Belonging? In your response you should make detailed reference to your prescribed text and ONE related text.

The Prescribed Texts for Belonging are:

#### Prose Fiction or Nonfiction

- Tan, Amy, *The Joy Luck Club*, Vintage/Random House, 1994
- Lahiri, Jhumpa, *The Namesake*, HarperCollins, 2004
- Dickens, Charles, *Great Expectations*, Penguin Red Classics, 2006,
- Jhabvala, Ruth Praver, *Heat and Dust*, John Murray/Hachette, 2003
- Winch, Tara June, *Swallow the Air*, University of Queensland Press, 2006
- Gaita, Raimond, *Romulus, My Father*, Text Publishing, 1999

#### Drama or Film or Shakespeare

- Miller, Arthur, *The Crucible: A Play in Four Acts*, Penguin Modern Classics, 2000
- Harrison, Jane, 'Rainbow's End' from Cleven, Vivienne et al (eds), *Contemporary Indigenous Plays*, Currency Press, 2007
- Luhrmann, Baz, *Strictly Ballroom*, Fox, 1992
- De Heer, Rolf, *Ten Canoes*, 2006, AV Channel/Madman
- Shakespeare, William, *As You Like It*, New Cambridge Shakespeare, 2001

#### Poetry

- Skrzynecki, Peter, *Immigrant Chronicle*, University of Queensland Press, 2002  
'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, 1959  
'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*, University of Queensland Press, 2000

**End of paper**