

St George Girls High School

Trial HSC Exam 2012

English (Standard) and 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 Pages 3-7

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 9-10

15 marks

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

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

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, three and four** carefully and answer the questions on page 7.

Text 1 - Photograph

'The Flood' by Helen Riemers



Text 2 – Poem

Binaries

In my parents' lounge room, after Christmas lunch,
I am listening to my brother, the computer programmer,
explaining the principles of cyberspace.

'It's basically a system of binaries,' he says,
'permutations of zero and one. So the data
may be stored as, say, zero zero one one one, zero zero one.'

My mother sighs, next to us on the couch.
She is knitting a cable-knit cardigan.
'You kids,' she says.
'I'll never understand how you get your brains around it.
It's beyond me.'

And she turns back to her knitting,
purl purl plain plain plain, purl purl plain.

Cate Kennedy

Text 3 – Autobiography extract

The following extract is by a woman whose adoptive mother forced her to leave home at the age of sixteen. Throughout her childhood, she had often been locked out of the family home, even overnight, as a result of her mother's moods.

I never had a key to the house in Water Street, and so entry depended on being let in – or not. I don't know why I am still so fond of doorsteps – it seems perverse, given that I spent so much time sitting on one, but the two parts of home that mattered to me in Accrington are the parts I could least do without now.

They are the threshold and the hearth.

My friends joke that I won't shut the door unless it is officially bedtime or actually snowing into the kitchen. The first thing I do when I get up in the morning is to open the back door. The next thing I do, in winter, is to light the fire.

All those hours spent sitting on my bum on the doorstep have given me a feeling of liminal space. I love the way cats like to be half in half out, the wild and the tame, and I too am the wild and the tame. I am domestic, but only if the door is open.

And I guess that is the key – no one is ever going to lock me in or lock me out again. My door is open and I am the one who opens it.

Like most people, when I look back, the family house is held in time, or rather it is now outside of time, because it exists so clearly and it does not change, and it can only be entered through a door in the mind.

When I left home at sixteen I bought a small rug. It was my roll-up world. Whatever room, whatever temporary place I had, I unrolled the rug. It was a map of myself. Invisible to others, but held in the rug, were all the places I had stayed – for a few weeks, for a few months. On the first night anywhere new I liked to lie in bed and look at the rug to remind myself that I had what I needed, even though what I had was so little.

Sometimes you have to live in precarious and temporary places. Unsuitable places. Wrong places. Sometimes the safe place won't help you.

Why did I leave home when I was sixteen? It was one of those important choices that will change the rest of your life. When I look back it feels like I was at the borders of common sense, and the sensible thing to do would have been to keep quiet, keep going, learn to lie better and leave later.

I have noticed that doing the sensible thing is only a good idea when the decision is quite small. For the life-changing things, you must risk it.

(Adapted from *Why Be Happy When You Could Be Normal?* by Jeanette Winterson)

Text 4 – Extract from the introduction of *Alien Shores*, a collection of refugee stories.

'Everyone has the right to seek and to enjoy in other countries asylum from persecution.'

Universal Declaration of Human Rights Article 14

It's extraordinary that the very existence of refugees seems to bring out the most primal of reactions in many people – fear, prejudice, contempt and cruelty. It is not enough that these people, the most powerless on earth, are forced to leave their homes, their country and their identity behind in a desperate search for asylum; they are also subjected to constant insult by society. Refugees are routinely treated as criminals, their human rights trampled on, imprisoned indefinitely in detention centres and refugee camps without being shown compassion or given hope.

It seems so obvious. To be forced to leave your home and all the tender daily comforts of ordinary life, everything dear and familiar to you and set out on a dangerous journey to an unknown destination would be an ordeal beyond comprehension for most of us. Especially those of us who have never experienced war, dictatorship, famine or drought, and whose lives are built around our houses and material possessions, the areas we live in with our schools and shops and neighbourhoods. The intricate web of daily life is so closely and securely woven around us that we have no idea how much our identity is bound up with it until it's gone.

To be ripped away from all this, to leave everything behind, knowing that you will probably never return and that what lies ahead is only danger and unpredictability for you and your family is one of the most profoundly traumatizing experiences a human can endure.

Right now millions of people all over the world are experiencing this trauma and suffering: in fact it is estimated by the UNHCR that there are 42 million people on the march, 16 million of this asylum seekers, the rest displaced in their own countries. That all these people through a fog of hunger and pain and fear are dodging death at every turn trying to take their families to safety is almost impossible for us to imagine.

But it is this act of imagination that is required if the countries of the world are to face up to the crisis and to solve it with humanity and courage.

Rosie Scott

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 (continued)

Marks

Text one - Photograph

- (a) What aspects of this photo convey a sense of attachment? 2

Text two - Poem

- (b) Select ONE technique used in this poem and explain how it is used to convey an aspect of belonging. 2

Text three - Autobiography extract

- (c) 'I am domestic, but only if the door is open.'
- Discuss how the writer's early experiences have shaped her understanding of the concept of 'home'. 3

Text four - Introduction extract

- (d) 'To be forced to leave your home and all the tender daily comforts of ordinary life...'
- How does this text portray the sense of displacement and disempowerment that refugees feel? 3

Texts one, two, three and four

- (e) Analyse the ways unique perspectives of home and identity are conveyed in any TWO of these texts. 5

Section II

15 marks

Attempt Question 2

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

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)

Homecoming

Her hand rested on the latch of the front gate. She hesitated. Would it creak like it used to when she was a child when, if, she opened it? The smell of the seaside and the sun on her back were as familiar as the neatly kept front lawn and the newly-swept front porch. Coming home for some was easy, an embracing of the familiar domestic, but for her it meant straightening her spine, pulling back her shoulders and tensing her jaw. 'Right. Now or never', she thought as she firmly clicked the latch and swung open the gate.

This is the opening to a short story about belonging. Continue the story.

You should write about 800 words.

Section III

15 marks

Attempt Question 3

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

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)

“To belong is always a choice.”

To what extent is this your understanding of the concept of belonging?

In your response, refer to *The Joy Luck Club* OR TWO of your prescribed poems AND TWO other related texts of your own choosing.

The prescribed texts are:

- Prose Fiction - Amy Tan, *The Joy Luck Club*
 - Jhumpa Lahiri, *The Namesake*
 - Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*
 - Ruth Praver Jhabvala, *Heat and Dust*
 - Tara June Winch, *Swallow the Air*
- Nonfiction - Raimond Gaita, *Romulus, My Father*
- Drama - Arthur Miller, *The Crucible: A Play in Four Acts*
 - Jane Harrison, *Rainbow's End*
 - from Vivienne Cleven et al. (eds), *Contemporary Indigenous Plays*
- Film - Baz Luhrmann, *Strictly Ballroom*
 - Rolf De Heer, *Ten Canoes*
- Shakespeare - William Shakespeare, *As You Like It*

- Poetry
 - Peter Skrzynecki, *Immigrant Chronicle*
 - ❖ St Patrick's College
 - ❖ Feliks Skrzynecki
 - ❖ Ancestors
 - ❖ 10 Mary Street
 - ❖ Migrant Hostel
 - ❖ Post card
 - ❖ In the Folk Museum
 - Emily Dickinson, *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
 - Steven Herrick, *The Simple Gift*