

SYDNEY BOYS HIGH SCHOOL 2011



TRIAL EXAMINATION

ENGLISH (ADVANCED) PAPER 1 – AREA OF STUDY

General Instructions

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Working time – 2 hours
- Write using blue or black pen
- Write your student number at the top of this page

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 a SEPARATE writing booklet. Extra writing booklets are available.

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 then answer the questions on page 7.

Question 1 continues on page 3



Former asylum seeker 17-year-old Farida Dad with her mum Maryam, dad Hussain and younger sister Zohal outside their Sydney home. © Hamish Gregory/Al

Question 1 continues on page 4

Going it alone

JUDITH IRELAND discovers that one isn't always the loneliest number.

So much of our time and so many of our gadgets are devoted to keeping in touch with friends, colleagues and even complete strangers. But should we be spending some of that time making efforts to stay out of touch – to be by ourselves?

In a new book, *Alone Together*, Sherry Turkle argues that our hyper-connectedness is threatening our ability to be by ourselves. "The network is on. But if we are always on, we may deny ourselves the rewards of solitude," the MIT professor of social studies of science and technology says.

A Canada-based songwriter and poet, Tanya Davis, agrees being alone has become a rare commodity. "You see so many people these days hanging at the bus station or out walking and they're on their cell phone, they're still physically, technically alone but not facing it."

Davis has become something of a solitude guru after her instructional poem *How to Be Alone* was made into a video and posted on YouTube last year. Since then, the four-minute clip directed by Andrea Dorfman has amassed almost 2.7 million hits.

While digital technology makes solitude difficult, Davis suggests we also worry too much about what people think. "If you're alone, it must be because you are not likeable, you're not desirable," she says. "It kind of goes back to when we were children and we just wanted to have friends so we didn't have to be alone at recess, because that would be mortifying."

For the author of *Party of One: The Loners' Manifesto*, Anneli Rufus, it doesn't help that society is generally suspicious of people who enjoy spending time alone. "Society has preconceived notions about solitary persons, about those who walk

and sit and dine and celebrate holidays solo," she says. "Non-loners call loners crazy, cold, stuck-up, stand-offish, selfish, sad, bad, secretive."

We may also fear our own company, too. "[People] might say they dread being bored but what that means is that they dread having to think their own thoughts all the way through," Rufus says.

The need to socialise has some powerful roots. As anthropologist Robert Sussman argues, keeping company with others was once integral to warding off dangers in our environment. But given the rarity of woolly mammoths these days, perhaps we should rethink our requirements.

With the hectic pace of modern interactions, Rufus believes time alone is necessary to recharge our social batteries. "It's a great clarifier," she says. "For some people, solitude spurs artistic impulses, spiritual feelings and important ideas." Wordsworth didn't write of the "bliss of solitude" for nothing.

In their new book, *Academically Adrift: Limited Learning on College Campuses*, authors Richard Arum and Josipa Roksa similarly advocate more solitude in academic life. While extracurricular activities and group work are fine,

students who spend time with their own thoughts are more likely to retain knowledge and succeed in their studies.

It's a skill many of us will need to master by necessity. The Australian Bureau of Statistics predicts that over the next two decades, about 16 per cent of the population (3.1 million Australians) will live alone. In 2009, 2 million people over the age of 15 lived by themselves.

According to Davis there's no great trick to flying solo. "It's just something that we're not used to doing and the more we practise it, the easier it gets," she says. In *How to Be Alone* she advocates a gradual, easy-does-it approach.

"You could start with the acceptable places: the bathroom, the coffee shop, the library. Where you can stall and read the paper, where you can get your caffeine fix and sit and stay there. Where you can browse the stacks and smell the books. You're not supposed to talk much anyway, so it's safe there."

After mastering the slightly larger hurdles of the gym, the movies and the lunch counter alone, Davis instructs readers to attempt the big one – taking yourself out to dinner.

She suggests: "A restaurant with linen and silverware. You're no less intriguing when you're eating solo dessert and cleaning the whipped cream from the dish with your finger. In fact, some people at full tables will wish they were where you were."

Then Davis suggests getting out into nature, catching public transport, meditating or walking the streets of an unfamiliar city.

Even the wimpy should not be deterred. "Being alone need not be dreadful and need not be permanent," Rufus says. "See what happens."

All by myself

Famous lovers of solitude:

- Joe DiMaggio
- Isaac Newton
- Beatrix Potter
- William Wordsworth
- Albert Einstein
- Stanley Kubrick
- Henry David Thoreau

Question 1 continues on page 5

LES MURRAY

Widower in the Country

I'll get up soon, and leave my bed unmade.
I'll go outside and split off kindling wood
from the yellow-box log that lies beside the gate,
and the sun will be high, for I get up late now.

I'll drive my axe in the log and come back in
with my armful of wood, and pause to look across
the Christmas paddocks aching in the heat,
the windless trees, the nettles in the yard . . .
and then I'll go in, boil water and make tea.

This afternoon, I'll stand out on the hill
and watch my house away below, and how
the roof reflects the sun and makes my eyes
water and close on bright webbed visions smeared
on the dark of my thoughts to dance and fade away.
Then the sun will move on, and I will simply watch,
or work, or sleep. And evening will come on.

Getting near dark, I'll go home, light the lamp
and eat my corned-beef supper, sitting there
at the head of the table. Then I'll go to bed.
Last night I thought I dreamed – but when I woke
the screaming was only a possum ski-ing down
the iron roof on little moonlit claws.

Question 1 continues on page 6

Question 1 (continued)

Text Four- Prose extract from Olive Kitteridge

For many years Henry Kitteridge was a pharmacist in the next town over, driving every morning on snowy roads, or rainy roads, or summer time roads, when the wild raspberries shot their new growth in brambles along the last section of town before he turned off to where the wider road led to the pharmacy. Retired now, he still wakes early and remembers how mornings used to be his favorite, as though the world were his secret, tires rumbling softly beneath him and the light emerging through the early fog, the brief sight of the bay off to his right, then the pines, tall and slender, and almost always he rode with the window partly open because he loved the smell of the pines and the heavy salt air, and in the winter he loved the smell of the cold.

The pharmacy was a small two story building attached to another building that housed separately a hardware store and a small grocery. Each morning Henry parked in the back by the large metal bins, and then entered the pharmacy's back door, and went about switching on the lights, turning up the thermostat, or, if it was summer, getting the fans going. He would open the safe, put money in the register, unlock the front door, wash his hands, put on his white lab coat. The ritual was pleasing, as though the old store-with its shelves of toothpaste, vitamins, cosmetics, hair adornments, even sewing needles and greeting cards, as well as red rubber hot water bottles, enema pumps-was a person altogether steady and steadfast. And any unpleasantness that may have occurred back in his home, any uneasiness at the way his wife often left their bed to wander through their home in the night's dark hours-all this receded like a shoreline as he walked through the safety of the pharmacy. Standing in the back, with the drawers and rows of pills, Henry was cheerful when the phone began to ring, cheerful when Mrs. Merriman came for her blood pressure medicine, or old Cliff Mott arrived for his digitalis, cheerful when he prepared the Valium for Rachel Jones, whose husband ran off the night their baby was born. It was Henry's nature to listen, and many times during the week he would say, "Gosh, I'm awful sorry to hear that," or "Say, isn't that something?"

Elizabeth Strout

Question 1 continues on page 7

Question 1 (continued)

Text one – Visual Text

- (a) How does the visual convey a view of belonging? 2

Text two – Feature Article

- (b) Identify and explain two techniques used by the writer to convey a perspective on solitude. 2

Text three – Poem

- (c) How has the poet established the narrator’s isolation? 3

Text Four - Prose Extract

- (d) Explain how the writer has used language to explore Henry Kitteridge’s connection to people and place? 3

Texts One, Two, Three and Four

- (e) Each text offers a unique perspective on belonging.
Compare and contrast the perspectives offered in **two** of these texts. 5

End of Section I

Section II

15 marks

Attempt Question 2

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the question in a SEPARATE writing booklet. Extra 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
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Question 2 (15 marks)

Using one of the following statements as the title, compose an imaginative piece of writing that explores an aspect of belonging.

(a) Flying Solo

OR

(b) The Head of the Table

OR

(c) The Ritual

End of Section II

Section III

15 marks

Attempt question 3

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the question in a SEPARATE writing booklet. Extra 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 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

Essay Question

‘The experience of belonging stems from understanding and accepting our place in the world.’

How is this view of belonging explored in your prescribed text and at least one related text of your own choosing?

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, Raimond, *Romulus, My Father*

Drama or Film or Shakespeare

- Miller, Arthur, *The Crucible*:
- 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’, ‘Post card’, ‘In the Folk Museum’
- Dickinson, Emily, *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’