

SYDNEY BOYS HIGH SCHOOL 2012



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

Text One – Visual text: Book Cover



Question 1 continues on page 4

Question One (continued)

Text Two –Reflection

A STORM AND A TEACUP

Mark Tredinnick

During a lull in the fiercest weather event the south-east of the continent has seen in thirty years – we call them 'events' these days, as though someone's putting them on – I went out on a Sunday morning and bought myself a book.

I should tell you that we live on an acre in the country one hundred and twenty-five kilometres south-west of the city. We moved here two months ago after another unsuccessful attempt to love – and afford – the city. We used to live in the mountains. Then children came, and I needed to find the kind of regular work that feeds a mortgage and a family, and which one find more of in a city. We moved to a terrace house in the inner city and tried to like it. But I'm not much good at the kind of work you have to do to afford the kind of over-subscribed and over-lit life the city wants you to lead, and every day in town was another day I couldn't see out to any kind of country, and every day, I seemed to become less like the man I thought I was.

So here- to keep it trim- we are in the landscape again. The house we found was built for the man who ran the dairy for the big property from which our acre has since been cut. The house has grown in the hundred years since it was the first dairyman's home. It has four bedrooms now, and its weatherboards are a nice dusty yellow, and its roof is clad in corrugated iron. It's a plain house, but pretty, and it's set about with rose bushes and mature trees, and it's more than enough for us.

But the real reason we bought the place, apart from the paddocks over the fence and the space around us and the cool air above, apart from the fact we could afford it, sits down the back between the silver poplars and the oak. We moved here because of a cowshed. The cowshed's a little older than the house, and it's the reason the house is here. It's made of brick, rendered now and painted the same kind of yellow as the house. According to Ross, who came the other day to dig a trench to bring the telephone wire down from the house, the cowshed is a four-stand walkthrough, and it would have milked sixty head twice a day a hundred years ago, but now it's where I sit and work. As I write this it's early June and across the lane the elms have stopped being yellow and stand bare against an acid-clear winter blue sky. The ground smells of poplar leaves and the aftermath of rain. The light is failing, and I must go soon to lock the hens in their coop, and down in the paddocks some heifers bawl. Soon the frogs will start up along the Wingecarribee, which snakes through the pastures and the willows and the birches down there four hundred metres from where I sit.

Question One (continued)

Text Three- Poem

Those Winter Sundays

Robert Hayden

Sundays too my father got up early
And put his clothes on in the blueback cold,
Then with cracked hands that ached
From labour in the weekday weather made
Banked fires blaze. No one ever thanked him.

I'd wake and hear the cold splintering, breaking
When the rooms were warm, he'd call,
And slowly I would rise and dress,
Fearing the chronic angers of that house,

Speaking indifferently to him,
Who had driven out the cold
And polished my good shoes as well.
What did I know, what did I know
Of love's austere and lonely offices.

Question 1 continues on page 6

Question One (continued)

Text Four- Feature Article

Write end of the stick

LONG ago, at a little primary school near Dorking, Surrey, my form three teacher, Miss Potter, believed that good handwriting was a transporting virtue. She reckoned it could take you out of the coalmines and the sculleries and elevate you somewhere dead posh.

Which meant, I suspect, as a personal secretary to a fine lord or lady who might need their correspondence attended to.

I doubt Miss Potter saw her young charges as secretaries, as that meant shorthand, which was the work of the devil. The syllabus said "running writing" but Miss Potter was having none of that; it suggested dash and hurry, and what she wanted for us was proper penmanship and a big chance at life.

I loved every second spent forming the bulbous lower loops, like droplets of dew, and the shapely upper swoops. My cursive script looked like embroidery on the page. I won the penmanship prize two years in a row; my head swelled and tilted with mock humility like a capital P. I thanked my parents profusely for my name, as a double-bulb S was my favourite letter.

Then came our family's move to Canberra and the advent of the Marion Richardson style of handwriting, which meant all my lovely curves and coils were banished in favour of forms that looked more like lower-case printing with a few fly-aways allowed, such as on the Rs, which were silly twigs instead of Miss Potter's curly-topped beauties.

I sulked for, oh, about 30 years, until electronic greeting cards arrived and did my head in completely.

How many of us have time or inclination any more to put pen to paper and take care with our handwriting? Our fingers are all but welded to computer keyboards or tip-tapping on iPhone and iPad screens. Banking is done electronically; who even signs a cheque?

I looked at my signature recently after I'd filled out a

legal document and barely recognised it. Miss Potter would turn in her well-laid grave.

I am cheered, however, that in an unexpected reclamation of the past, stationery shops have made a comeback. The kikki.K chain seems to be everywhere, awash with journals, notelets and matching envelopes and all manner of cards.

Miss Potter was a leading supporter of gratitude and we were taught how to compose a thank-you note for all conceivable occasions; when we addressed the envelope, we used a ruler to make sure all was pin-neat and precise.

I still like to write thank-you cards but apparently I am a dinosaur, as then I receive emails or phone calls from friends to express surprise and to tell me I am just so terribly quaint.

The Moleskine notebook, with its ribbon marker and elastickeeper, has had a revival, too. Aside from the original black oilskin cover (how Hemingway), there are pastels and bright primary colours, and dozens of imitators with vivid patterns or even Penguin Classics covers so you can take, say, a *Traveller from Tokyo* by John Morris notebook to Japan and feel very smug indeed.

I always journey with a Moleskine, the sort with unlined pages so I have to concentrate on neatness, and there is nothing better than opening it up on day one, those blank pages so full of promise.

At such moments, I always decide things are OK with the world after all, despite the cartoon one of my sons has stuck to the fridge. It shows a little boy peering at an unwrapped gift with a puzzled frown. It's a book. Grandma looks on encouragingly. He asks her, "Where's the switch? How do I turn it on?"

kurosawas@fueaustralian.com.au

Question One (continued)

Text one – Visual Text - Book Cover

- (a) Explain why this is an effective cover for a book of stories on belonging. 2

Text two – Reflection

- (b) Identify and explain two ways in which the writer conveys the significance of his family's move to the country. 2

Text three – Poem

- (c) How has the poet represented the relationship between the persona and his father? 2

Text Four – Feature Article

- (d) Explain how the writer has used language to explore the connection between hand writing and identity. 3

Texts One, Two, Three and Four

- (e) Compare and contrast the ways in which distinctive perspectives on belonging are conveyed in AT LEAST TWO of these texts. 6

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)

Use ONE of the following as the OPENING or CLOSING STATEMENT for a piece of creative writing on belonging.

You must write your response in the first person.

It calms me down straight away, the quiet stillness of it.

OR

Here, I am no longer my own secret.

OR

I want to stand inside the circle of other people and be noticed for the right things.

OR

I see things differently.

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

‘Finding a state of belonging involves an intense internal struggle’

Through a consideration of THIS STATEMENT, consider the representation of belonging in your core 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’

End of section 111