

2013

**Trial Higher School Certificate  
Examination**

**English (Standard and Advanced)  
Paper 1: Area of Study**

**Date: Thursday 1 August**

**General Instructions**

- Reading Time - *10 minutes*
- Writing Time - *2 hours*
- Write using black or blue pen.
- Write your candidate number on the front of each booklet.
- If you use more than one booklet, please make sure that it is clearly indicated and that the second booklet is placed inside the first.
- Submit all booklets and the examination paper as one bundle

**Structure of Paper &  
Instructions**

- The paper consists of THREE compulsory sections.
- Each section is of equal value. Allow 40 minutes for each section.

**Total marks – 45**

<b>CHECKLIST</b>
Each boy should have the following:
1 Examination Paper
4 Examination Booklets (4-page)

## Section 1 (Total Marks – 15)

Allow 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
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Examine **Texts one, two, three and four** carefully and then answer the questions which follow.

### **Text One: Memoir (extract)**

#### *Under the piano—above the sea—trans-sexuality—my conundrum*

I was three or perhaps four years old when I realized that I had been born into the wrong body, and should really be a girl. I remember the moment well, and it is the earliest memory of my life.

I was sitting beneath my mother's piano, and her music was falling around me like cataracts, enclosing me as in a cave. The round stumpy legs of the piano were like three black stalactites, and the sound-box was a high dark vault above my head. My mother was probably playing Sibelius, for she was enjoying a Finnish period then, and Sibelius from *underneath* a piano can be a very noisy composer: but I always liked it down there, sometimes drawing pictures on the piles of music stacked around me, or clutching my unfortunate cat for company.

What triggered so bizarre a thought I have long forgotten, but the conviction was unflinching from the start. On the face of things it was pure nonsense. I seemed to most people a very straightforward child, enjoying a happy childhood. I was loved and I was loving, brought up kindly and sensibly, spoiled to a comfortable degree, weaned at an early age on Huck Finn and *Alice in Wonderland*, taught to cherish my animals, say grace, think well of myself and wash my hands before tea. I was always sure of an audience. My security was absolute. Looking back at my infancy, as one might look back through a windswept avenue of trees, I see there only a cheerful glimpse of sunshine—for of course the weather was much better in those days, summers were really summers, and I seldom seem to remember it actually raining at all.

More to my point, by every standard of logic I was patently a boy. I was named Humphrey Morris, male child. I had a boy's body. I wore a boy's clothes. It is true that my mother had wished me to be a daughter, but I was never treated as one. It is true that gushing visitors sometimes assembled me into their fox furs and lavender sachets to

murmur that, with curly hair like mine, I should have been born a girl. As the youngest of three brothers, in a family very soon to be fatherless, I was doubtless indulged. I was not, however, generally thought effeminate. At kindergarten I was not derided. In the street I was not stared at. If I had announced my self-discovery beneath the piano, my family might not have been shocked (Virginia Woolf's androgynous *Orlando*<sup>1</sup> was already in the house), but would certainly have been astonished.

Not that I dreamed of revealing it. I cherished it as a secret, shared for twenty years with not a single soul. At first I did not regard it as an especially significant secret. I was as vague as the next child about the meaning of sex, and I assumed it to be simply another aspect of differentness. For different in some way I recognized myself to be. Nobody ever urged me to be like other children: conformity was not a quality coveted in our home. We sprang, we all knew, from a line of odd forebears and unusual unions. Welsh, Norman, Quaker, and I never supposed myself to be much like anyone else.

I was a solitary child in consequence, and I realize now that inner conflicts, only half formulated, made me more solitary still. When my brothers were away at school I wandered lonely as a cloud over the hills, among the rocks, sloshing through the mudbanks or prodding in the rockpools of the Bristol Channel, sometimes fishing for eels in the bleak dykes of the inland moors, or watching the ships sail up to Newport or Avonmouth through my telescope. If I looked to the east I could see the line of the Mendip Hills, in whose lee my mother's people, modest country squires, flourished in life and were brass-commemorated in death. If I looked to the west I could see the blue mass of the Welsh mountains, far more exciting to me, beneath whose flanks my father's people had always lived — 'decent proud people,' as a cousin once defined them for me, some of whom still spoke Welsh within living memory, and all of whom were bound together, generation after generation, by a common love of music.

## Jan Morris

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<sup>1</sup> *Orlando* is a novel by Virginia Woolf in which the protagonist's gender is fluid, changing from male to female during the course of the novel.

Text Two: Visual Image



### **Text Three: Poem**

#### **'Black Jackets'**

In the silence that prolongs the span  
Rawly of music when the record ends,  
The red-haired boy who drove a van  
In weekday overalls but, like his friends,

Wore cycle boots and jacket here  
To suit the Sunday hangout he was in,  
Heard, as he stretched back from his beer,  
Leather creak softly round his neck and chin.

Before him, on a coal-black sleeve  
Remote exertion had lined, scratched, and burned  
Insignia that could not revive  
The heroic fall or climb where they were earned.

On the other drinkers bent together,  
Concocting selves for their impervious kit,  
He saw it as no more than leather  
Which, taut across the shoulders grown to it,

Sent through the dimness of a bar  
As sudden and anonymous hints of light  
As those that shipping give, that are  
Now flickers in the Bay, now lost in sight.

He stretched out like a cat, and rolled  
The bitterish taste of beer upon his tongue,  
And listened to a joke being told:  
The present was the things he stayed among.

If it was only loss he wore,  
He wore it to assert, with fierce devotion,  
Complicity and nothing more.  
He recollected his initiation,

And one especially of the rites.  
For on his shoulders they had put tattoos:  
The group's name on the left, The Knights,  
And on the right the slogan Born to Lose.

**Thom Gunn**



## Text Four: Non-fiction extracts

### *The Architecture of Happiness*

Extract 1:

A few years ago, caught out by a heavy downpour, with a couple of hours to kill after being stood up for lunch by a friend, I took shelter in a smoked glass and granite block on London's Victoria Street, home to the Westminster branch of McDonald's. The mood inside the restaurant was solemn and concentrated. Customers were eating alone, reading papers or staring at the brown tiles, masticating with a sternness and brusqueness beside which the atmosphere of a feeding shed would have appeared convivial and mannered.

The setting served to render all kinds of ideas absurd: that human beings might sometimes be generous to one another without hope of reward; that relationships can on occasion be sincere; that life may be worth enduring...The restaurant's true talent lay in the generation of anxiety. The harsh lighting, the intermittent sounds of frozen fries being sunk into vats of oil and the frenzied behaviour of the counter staff invited thoughts of the loneliness and meaninglessness of existence in a random and violent universe. The only solution was to continue to eat in an attempt to compensate for the discomfort brought on by the location in which one was doing so.

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Extract 2:

I once spent a summer in a small hotel in the second arrondissement in Paris, a stone's throw from the chilly seriousness of the Bibliothèque Nationale, where I repaired every morning in a vain attempt to research a book I hoped to write (but never did). It was a lively part of town, and when I was bored with my work, which was most of the time, I would often sit in a café adjacent to my hotel named, as if out of a tourist guide, Chez Antoine. Antoine was dead, but his brother-in-law, Bertrand, had taken over the café and ran it with unusual conviviality and charisma. Everyone, it seemed, dropped by Chez Antoine at some point in the day. Elegant women would have coffee and a cigarette at the counter in the morning. Policemen lunched there, students whiled away the afternoons on the covered terrace, and by evening there'd be a mixture of scholars, politicians, prostitutes, divorcees and tourists, flirting, arguing, having dinner, smoking and playing pinball. As a result, although I was alone in Paris, and went for days hardly speaking to anyone, I felt none of the alienation with which I was familiar in other cities – in Los Angeles, for example, where I had once lived for a few weeks in a block between freeways. That summer, like many people before and since, I imagined no greater happiness than to be able to live in Paris for ever, pursuing a routine of going to the library, ambling the streets and watching the world from a corner table at Chez Antoine.

**Alain de Botton**

## Questions:

### Text One – Memoir

- a) In what way are language features used by Jan Morris to describe her quest for identity? (3 marks)

### Text Two – Visual Image

- b) How does the visual image convey an aspect of belonging? (2 marks)

### Text Three – Poem

- c) He stretched out like a cat, and rolled  
The bitterish taste of beer upon his tongue,  
And listened to a joke being told;  
The present was the things he stayed among.

Explain what these lines reveal about the red-haired boy's relationship with the group of bikers. (2 marks)

### Text Four – Non-fiction extracts

- d) Through comparing the two extracts, explain how place and atmosphere are central to de Botton's sense of belonging? (3 marks)

### Texts One, Two, Three and Four –

- e) In your view, which TWO texts most effectively convey a powerful sense of connection or disconnection? (5 marks)



## Section 2 (Total Marks – 15)

Please begin a new booklet for this section.

Allow 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

Compose a piece of original imaginative writing that explores connection or disconnection, in which **a key** features as an important element.



### Section 3 (Total Marks – 15)

Please begin a new booklet for this section.

Allow 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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‘An understanding of belonging hinges on an unlikely connection or disconnection.’

To what extent is this view of belonging represented in your prescribed text and **texts** of your own choosing?

The prescribed texts are:

Dickinson, Emily (from *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’

Luhrmann, Baz: *Strictly Ballroom*

Miller, Arthur: *The Crucible*

Shakespeare, William: *As You Like It*

Skrzynecki, Peter (from *Immigrant Chronicle*): ‘Feliks Skrzynecki’, ‘St Patrick’s College’, ‘Ancestors’, ‘10 Mary Street’, ‘Migrant hostel’, ‘Post card’, ‘In the folk museum’

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END OF PAPER