



**Sydney Technical High School  
2011  
Trial Higher School Certificate  
Examination**

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

**General Instructions**

- Reading time-10minutes
- Working time-2 hours
- Write using black or blue pen

**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

In your answer you will be assessed on how well you:

- Demonstrate your understanding of the way perceptions of belonging are shaped in and through texts
- Describe, explain and analyse the relationship between language, text and context

### Question 1

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

#### Text One – *Dead Swagman* by Nancy Cato

His rusted billy left beside the tree  
Under a root, most carefully tucked away,  
His steel-rimmed glasses folded in their case  
Of mildewed purple velvet; there he lies  
In the sunny afternoon, and takes his ease,  
Curled like a possum within the hollow trunk.

He came one winter evening when the tree  
Hunched its broad back against the rain, and made  
His camp, and slept, and did not wake again.  
Now white ants make a home within his skull:  
His old friend Fire has walked across the hill  
And blackened the old tree and the old man  
And buried him half in ashes where he lay.

It might be called a lonely death. The tree  
Led its own alien life beneath the sun,  
Yet both belonged to the Bush, and now are one:  
The roots and bones lie close among the soil,  
And he ascends in leaves towards the sky.

**Question 1 (continued)**  
**Text Two – Article by Peter Hunt**

**Oi, dear...Chant loses its charm**

AUSSIE, Aussie, Aussie, No, No, No! Let's get one thing clear from the outset: I love Australia and I wouldn't dream of living anywhere else.

I adore our sense of equality, I revere our tolerance and there's nothing more inspiring than seeing Australians line up to help mates in need of a helping hand.

But there's something which needs to end. Now. A sentence of six letters – just nine syllables. The chant of "Aussie, Aussie, Aussie, oi, oi, oi!". These insipid, banal and boorish words first blighted the Australian cultural landscape before the Sydney Games. It was fun back then. I think I might even have joined in.

But, really. That ridiculous chant has echoed around the stadiums of Australia and – most embarrassingly – around the streets of the world for too long.

It's got to stop.

When walking the narrow valleys of Venice, climbing the Great Wall of China or sunbaking on the beach at Ipanema, you never know when the magic of the moment will be shattered by a merry band of cashed-up bogans proclaiming to all and sundry their accord of ockerism by putting their boneheads together and yelling that childish chorus.

I understand the desire to belong. I comprehend the love of country. I get it. I feel those things too. But seriously. What would drive a person to take time out from admiring the wonders of a foreign land in order to do the "oi, oi, oi" thing.

Rome has the Spanish Steps, but we have a chant. Peru has Machu Picchu, but it doesn't have a chant like ours.

It's an abomination.

It's not as though anybody else cares where you come from or that you're travelling with some like-minded countrymen. They just want to enjoy their holidays. They don't need some true-blue, fair-dinkum, click-go-the-shears, dinky-di Aussies screaming an infantile chant that doesn't actually mean anything.

Think about it. What does "oi" mean? It's not a direction. It's not a call to arms. It's not even a word of praise. It's a sound. In the same aural family as a grunt. The kind of noise a farm animal might make. "Oi!"

So, let's move on. Surely our citizens can travel the globe without engaging in the uneducated behaviour of a Neanderthal. Surely we can do better. Australia is a mature nation. There is so much about it of which we can be genuinely proud. That silly chant of ours, however, is something which has to go. Please.

## Question 1 (continued)

### Text Three – Extract from *Foragers*, a short story by Lee Harding

It is bleak and lonely up here on the roof tops.

I've been crouched here all afternoon, waiting for the rain to stop and wondering if maybe I should call it a day...when suddenly Brenda comes tumbling into my thoughts, disturbing them like a faded leaf falling into a stream, and for a while I forget the rain and the ache in my limbs and let my mind drift into the past...

Brenda goes back a long way. We were born in the heart of a depressed area, an inner city suburb that in Olden Times was classified as a slum. This was before Redevelopment forced the unemployed to migrate to the environs and the old buildings had not yet been torn down to make way for high-rise tenements. We were close friends as youngsters, then something dreadful happened that changed our lives. Brenda and her family were involved in a grisly freeway pile-up, and when the accident squad finished scraping everything else off the bitumen she was the only one left alive. They hooked her to a life-support system, rushed her straight to hospital – in those days nearly everyone could expect prompt medical treatment in an emergency – and into surgery. The operations were successful, but for the rest of her life she was lame in one leg and while doctors did what they could to restore her ruined face, the right side remained permanently scarred.

Brenda was absent from school for many months and a stranger to us when she returned, resigned to her disfigurement and knowing that her searing ugliness guaranteed her a lifetime of loneliness. But there was nothing gloomy or self-pitying about her, only a grim determination to survive, and she endured our taunts with stoic indifference, as though words had lost their power to harm her.

Even now I feel a stab of shame when I recall how cruelly we tormented her. We degraded her with schoolboy fantasies, casting her as the tart who would do anything for a dollar – and with a face like hers, why not? But none of this was true: we fashioned an image out of ignorance and I laughed with my friends at her expense. Brenda bore the brunt of our insults with an air of pity and perhaps even found something of value in our malice.

In second form I was transferred to another school – along with other malcontents – and for a while lost track of Brenda. I knew she lived with an aged aunt in an old weatherboard house not far from my old haunts and I glimpsed her occasionally, leaning disconsolately on the wooden gate of the house or shuffling down a side street intent upon some errand. If she noticed me she might occasionally reward me with her hideous smile, but other times my presence went unnoticed.

My new school was known to inmates as The Bastille, a gloomy old building with high bolted gates, barred windows and barbed wire strung along fencetops to discourage truants. In this all-male environment our fantasies were intensified and Brenda acquired a sinister reputation. Some of the boys maintained she was a witch, that she indulged in Dark Practices and had forged a pact with the Devil. This was fanciful nonsense, but in Olden Times people were easily beguiled by ancient superstitions and our imaginings fed upon a desperate longing.

**Question 1 (continued)**  
**Answer the following questions.**

**Text one – Poem - *Dead Swagman***

- (a) Identify and explain the impact of one technique used to emphasise belonging. 2 marks
- (b) Explain “And he ascends in leaves towards the sky”. 1 mark

**Text two – Article - *Oi, dear.. Chant loses its charm***

- (c) How does Peter Hunt feel about Australia? 1 mark
- (d) What negative aspect of belonging has the composer identified and how does he emphasise its impact? 3 marks

**Text three – Extract – Short Story: *Foragers***

- (e) How does the composer represent Brenda’s isolation? 3 marks

**Texts one, two and three**

- (f) Imagine that you are helping to compile a guide for Year 12 students titled “Belonging: Useful Related Texts”. Choose **two** of the above texts and explain why you would select these texts as most suitable for inclusion. 5 marks

**End of Question 1.**

## **Section II**

**15 marks**

**Attempt Question 2**

**Allow about 40 minutes for this section**

**Answer the question in a separate writing booklet.**

**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**

### **Question 2**

Use one of the following statements to begin a piece of imaginative writing representing your understanding of an individual's experience of belonging or isolation.

“He came one winter evening.”

Or

“I feel those things, too.”

Or

“It is bleak and lonely up here on the rooftops.”

### **Section III**

**15 marks**

**Attempt Question 3**

**Allow about 40 minutes for this section**

**Answer the question in a separate writing booklet.**

**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**

### **Question 3 – Belonging**

**Feelings of strength evolve from belonging but exclusion generates vulnerability.**

To what extent is this statement supported by your study of Belonging?

In your response you must refer to your core text (at least two poems if you have studied poetry) and to ONE related text of your own choosing.

Prescribed texts: **Poetry** - Skrzynecki, **Non-Fiction** – *Romulus My Father*