



**KINCOPPAL – ROSE BAY**  
SCHOOL OF THE SACRED HEART

# **Paper 1**

## **Area of Study**

### **English**

### **Standard and Advanced**

#### **General Instructions**

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

#### **Total Marks - 45**

##### **Section I – Pages 2-8**

Total marks (15)

Attempt question 1

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

##### **Section II – Page 9**

Total marks (15)

Attempt question 2

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

##### **Section III – Page 10**

Total marks (15)

Attempt question 3

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

## Section I

**Total marks (15)**

**Attempt Question 1**

**Allow about 40 minutes for this section**

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

- demonstrate understanding of the way perceptions of discovery 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 and three** carefully and then answer the questions on page 8.

Text 1: Illustration - Ancient Map of the World



## **Text Two: Autobiography, *Heddy and Me* by Susan Varga**

We were not particularly happy children, despite the good fortune of our placid North Shore life. We resented having to appreciate everything. We had far too much to appreciate, far more than other children.

And Mother, in turn, resented the very trouble-free life she had created for us. We failed to see our life from her perspective.

I knew, in a confused way, that my parents had suffered during the War, and that there was some extra intensity and obsession in our relationships with each other that had to do with the past. I understood that what I had to do to make it up to them was to be a happy, well-behaved child. It was that simple.

It was also impossible, except on the surface. My self-concept was so bound up with the past that I had trouble distinguishing the heroine or coward on the school playground. Besides, a betrayal of a friend, failing a maths test, being rude to my parents, they weren't the real measure of anything. I had to prepare myself for when the real test came for my generation.

I had no idea that there were thousands like me, thinking the same obsessive thoughts, in the Americas, in Canada, in Australia, wherever the survivors and their children had gone. I didn't realise I was not the only child deeply ambivalent about my parents, guilty at causing them any further pain, not giving my own pain any legitimacy because I had never "really suffered" as they had. Even now, as I read the accounts of others of the second generation, I compare myself guiltily to those who were "good" children, who clove loyally to their scarred parents. Judy and I rebelled at the hidden agenda. We resented the obligation their suffering imposed on us, yet, fascinated, were drawn to it against our will.

Like many adolescents, I tried to distance myself from my parents' way of life, and, if not from Jewishness, from things Jewish. I was scared of getting stuck in the past. I was going to be a proper New Australian - forward looking, polyglot; and a new kind of Jew - proud of who I was, but cosmopolitan, picking my friends and my lifestyle by preference alone. Even the question of going out with Jewish Boys was loaded for me. Would there be any new worlds opening up if I went out with them? I'd be trapped in a world of obedient Jewish boys destined to become doctors.

Perhaps if I had not run away so hard, I might have worked out some things I am only now beginning to see.

One thing I could not understand was Mother's relationship to things, and her passion for order. I could not understand the intense anxiety my disordered life aroused in her. But I begin to see. What is one of the first signs of a disintegrating life? When your possessions, the objects of most familiarity in your life, are taken away, or sold off, or have to be hidden. What are the signs of your life reintegrating? When you get back the first stick of furniture and can put your own linen on your bed again. Or so it was for Heddy.

Only recently have I started to think of Heddy and myself as part of something bigger. I was struck by a story of a survivor whose parents perished in Auschwitz. To the last, this man's parents were obsessed that he, their only son, should locate and reclaim the family belongings in storage. Their obsession had nothing to do with the materialism in its ordinary meaning. It was more to do with the sense of self that people lose when on the run. Their identity, so rooted in the things that they have chosen, accumulated, inherited, is flung away. The fight to regain those things is correspondingly intense.

When I was growing up Heddy's anxiety about disorder induced only anxiety in me, followed by guilt and resentment. What did it matter, in the larger scheme of things, if your shoes hadn't been put away, or if you'd lost your belt, or if there was left-over food in your room? Especially to her, after what she'd been through? I knew other mothers nagged about these things but there was a special quality in her of strong emotion, almost a moral disgust.

I became her antithesis; impractical in the extreme. My personal life shunned an ordered future.

I knew my choices would not please her, but I had not counted on the intensity of her grief, rage and disappointment. There was a mad disproportion to it all that lent a surreal quality to our conflict. When I got married at twenty-five, we were still at each other hammer and tongs.

Mother brings up that day as an example of the bad influence of my friends. She reminds me bitterly that B, who was going through a madcap hippy phase, arrived three hours early, carrying her guitar and in bare feet. Hedy was beside herself.

"B was a really bad influence on you. She nearly ruined the wedding!"

"B?" I gasp. "But she's totally harmless. She didn't have any particular influence..."

"Oh, yes. The way she behaved...the way she dressed...So irresponsible." Her face is grim.

What really ruined the wedding was our conflict, both in general and about how the wedding should be staged, and about my own doubts about getting married at all. But that little incident was about threatening disorder. And disorder for Mother meant, still means, genuine distress, a threat to the way she's struggled to live her life.

It has taken me a long time to work out that her distress doesn't necessarily mean that I've done something wrong.

These days, I watch myself accumulating ever more things, and taking great pleasure in them. I think they mean that my life is beginning to acquire a little more, dare I say it, stability and substance. Perhaps I am beginning to let the Hedy in me out.

### **Text 3: Speech Commencement Address by Nora Ephron to the graduating class of Wellesley College**

President Walsh, trustees, faculty, friends, noble parents...and dear class of 1996, I am so proud of you. Thank you for asking me to speak to you today.

I want to tell you a little bit about my class, the class of 1962. When we came to Wellesley in the fall of 1958, there was an article in the *Harvard Crimson* about the women's colleges, which said that Wellesley was a school for tunicata—tunicata apparently being small fish who spend the first part of their lives frantically swimming around the ocean floor exploring their environment, and the second part of their lives just lying there breeding. It was mean and snippy, but it had the horrible ring of truth, it was one of those do-not-ask-for-whom-the-bell-tolls things, and it burned itself into our brains. Years later, at my 25th reunion, one of my classmates mentioned it, and everyone remembered what tunacata were, word for word.

My class went to college in the era when you got a Masters degrees in teaching because it was "something to fall back on" in the worst case scenario, the worst case scenario being that no one married you and you actually had to go to work. As this same classmate said at our reunion, "Our education was a dress rehearsal for a life we never led." Isn't that the saddest line? We weren't meant to have futures, we were meant to marry them. We weren't meant to have politics, or careers that mattered, or opinions, or lives; we were meant to marry them.

Many of my classmates did exactly what they were supposed to when they graduated from Wellesley, and some of them, by the way, lived happily ever after. But many of them didn't. All sorts of things happened that no one expected. They needed money so they had to work. They got divorced so they had to work. They were bored witless so they had to work. The women's movement came along and made harsh value judgments about their lives—judgments that caught them by surprise, because they were doing what they were supposed to be doing, weren't they? The rules had changed, they were caught in some kind of strange time warp. They had never intended to be the heroines of their own lives, they'd intended to be—what?—First Ladies, I guess, first ladies in the lives of big men. They ended up feeling like victims. They ended up, and this is really sad, thinking that their years in college were the best years of their lives.

Why am I telling you this? It was a long time ago, right? Things have changed, haven't they? Yes, they have. But I mention it because I want to remind you of the undertow, of the specific gravity. American society has a remarkable ability to resist change, or to take whatever change has taken place and attempt to make it go away. Things are different for you than they were for us. Just the fact that you chose to come to a single-sex college makes you smarter than we were—we came because it's what you did in those days—and the college you are graduating from is a very different place. All sorts of things caused Wellesley to change, but it did change, and today it's a place that understands its obligations to women in today's world. The women's movement has made a huge difference, too, particularly for young women like you. There are women doctors and women lawyers. There are anchorwomen, although most of them are blonde. But at the same time, the pay differential between men and women has barely changed. In my business, the movie business, there are many more women directors, but it's just as hard to make a movie about women as it ever was, and look at the parts the Oscar-nominated actresses played this year: hooker, hooker, hooker, hooker, and nun. It's 1996, and you are graduating from Wellesley in the Year of the Wonderbra. The Wonderbra is not a step forward for women. Nothing that hurts that much is a step forward for women.

What I'm saying is, don't delude yourself that the powerful cultural values that wrecked the lives of so many of my classmates have vanished from the earth. Don't let the *New York Times* article about the brilliant success of Wellesley graduates in the business world fool you—there's still a glass ceiling. Don't let the

number of women in the work force trick you—there are still lots of magazines devoted almost exclusively to making perfect casseroles and turning various things into tents.

Don't underestimate how much antagonism there is toward women and how many people wish we could turn the clock back. One of the things people always say to you if you get upset is, don't take it personally, but listen hard to what's going on and, please, I beg you, take it personally. Underneath almost all those attacks are the words: Get back, get back to where you once belonged. Any move to limit abortion rights is an attack on you—whether or not you believe in abortion. Understand: Every attack on Hillary Clinton for not knowing her place is an attack on you.

Above all, be the heroine of your life, not the victim. Whatever you choose, however many roads you travel, I hope that you choose not to be a lady. I hope you will find some way to break the rules and make a little trouble out there. And I also hope that you will choose to make some of that trouble on behalf of women. Thank you. Good luck. The first act of your life is over. Welcome to the best years of your lives.

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

- demonstrate understanding of the way perceptions of discovery are shaped in and through texts
  - describe, explain and analyse the relationship between language, text and context
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Answer the questions in the Area of Study Writing Booklet. Extra writing booklets are available.

	<b>Marks</b>
<b>Text One: Illustration</b>	<b>3</b>
(a) In what ways does the illustration inspire speculation about the world?	
<b>Text Two: Autobiography</b>	<b>3</b>
(b) How does the writer convey that discoveries can offer new understandings of ourselves and others?	
<b>Text Three: Speech</b>	<b>3</b>
(c) How does the speaker communicate her own discoveries in order to challenge the audience to reassess their perspectives?	
<b>Texts One, Two and Three</b>	<b>6</b>
(d) Discuss which of the three texts has most deepened your understanding of the concept of discovery?	

**End of Question 1**



## Section II

Total marks (15)

Attempt Question 2

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the question in a separate writing booklet. Extra writing booklets are available.

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

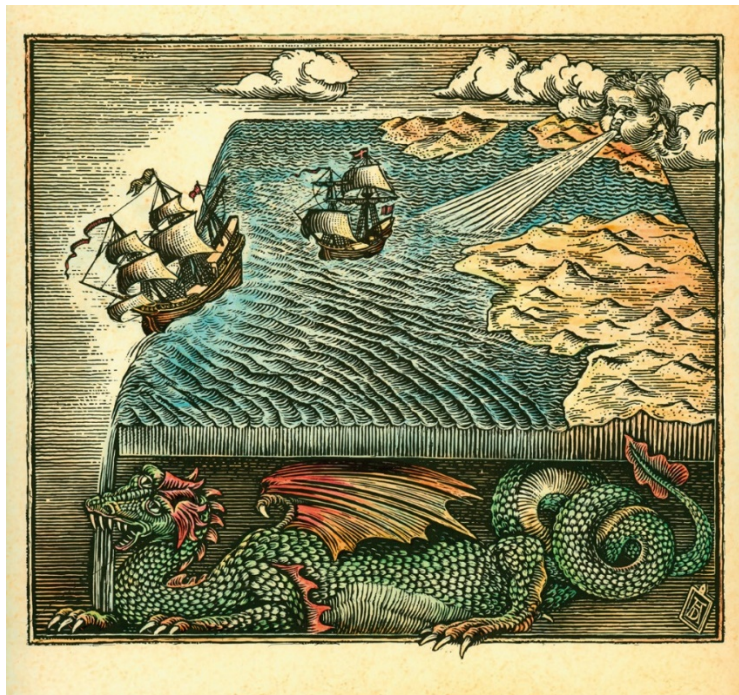
- express understanding of discovery in the context of your studies
  - organise, develop and express ideas using language appropriate to audience, purpose and context
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**WRITE THE NUMBER OF THE STIMULUS YOU CHOOSE AT THE TOP OF YOUR RESPONSE**

**Question 2** (15 marks)

Using the ideas from one of the stimuli below, write an imaginative piece that explores how discoveries can lead to new understandings and/or renewed perceptions of ourselves and others.

a)



b) 'We resented the obligation their suffering imposed on us, yet, fascinated, were drawn to it against our will.'

c) 'I hope you will find some way to break the rules and make a little trouble out there.'

## Section III

**Total marks (15)**

**Attempt Question 3**

**Allow about 40 minutes for this section**

Answer the question in a separate writing booklet. Extra writing booklets are available.

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

- demonstrate understanding of the concept of discovery in the context of your study
  - analyse, explain and assess the ways discovery 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)

Texts have the potential to affirm or challenge assumptions and beliefs about human experience and the world.

Discuss this statement with reference to your prescribed text and at least ONE other related text of your own choosing?

The prescribed texts are:

- **Prose Fiction** - James Bradley, *Wrack*
  - Kate Chopin, *The Awakening*
  - Tara June Winch, *Swallow the Air*
- **Nonfiction** - Bill Bryson, *A Short History of Nearly Everything*
  - Ernesto 'Che' Guevara, *The Motorcycle Diaries*
- **Drama** - Michae Gow, *Away*
  - Jane Harrison, *Rainbow's End* from Vivienne Cleven et al. (eds), *Contemporary Indigenous Plays*
- **Film** - Ang Lee, *Life of Pi*
- **Shakespeare** - William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*

- **Poetry**
  - Rosemary Dobson
    - \* *Young Girl at a Window*
    - \* *Wonder*
    - \* *Painter at Antwerp*
    - \* *Traveller's Tale*
    - \* *The Tiger*
    - \* *Cock Crow*
    - \* *Ghost Town: New England*
  - Robert Frost
    - \* *The Tuft of Flowers*
    - \* *Mending Wall*
    - \* *Home Burial*
    - \* *After Apple-Picking*
    - \* *Fir and Ice*
    - \* *Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening*
  - Robert Gray
    - \* *Journey: The North Coast*
    - \* *The Meatworks*
    - \* *North Coast Town*
    - \* *Late Ferry*
    - \* *Flames and Dangling Wire*
    - \* *Diptych*

**End of paper**