



2018

TRIAL HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE

ENGLISH

(Standard) and (Advanced)

Paper 1 - Area of Study

General Instructions

- Reading Time – 10 minutes
- Working Time – 2 hours
- Write using blue or black pen
- Answer each section in a separate booklet

Section I

Total marks (15)

- Attempt Question 1
- Allow about 40 minutes for this section.

Section II

Total marks (15)

- Attempt Question 2
- Allow about 40 minutes for this section.

Section III

Total marks (15)

- Attempt Question 3
- Allow about 40 minutes for this section.

Write your student number at the top of each page of writing.

This paper must not be removed from the examination room.

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Section I

15 marks

Attempt Question 1

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

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

- Demonstrate understanding of the ways in which the concept of discovery is represented in and through texts
 - Describe, explain and analyse the relationship between language, text and context
-

Question 1 (15 marks)

Examine **texts one, two and three** carefully and then answer the questions on page 8

Text One: Prose Poem

By John Foulcher

Before the Storm

This afternoon there is a soft knocking at the door, it is the sound that leaves make when they brush against glass. A man is staring at me through the flyscreen. He has the manner of a flight attendant, or a nurse. The sunlight is mussing up his hair, which is grey and thinning but was once a deep black, one imagines. He is sewn over his bones. He knows my name and says it like a prayer that it repeated every morning, upon waking. I reach my hand into the black, damp past and feel about in it, among sightless things that glide on the ocean floor. *Dad?* I ask, but this is not a question. It has been fifty years since I called a man my father. On the windy surface of memory, my mother is tangled in her bed sheets, and the long cry of loss. He reaches his arms towards me, like a man who is fumbling in the dark. *Oh my boy*, he says, *my boy*. We are standing at a threshold, where there are lives to be known, and time lost. The afternoon has tired of itself, collects streetlights. Dusk is shuffling through the undergrowth of houses. A storm is coming over.

Text Two: Feature Article

By Ian Cuthbertson

Chuckling out old CDs? Remember, the soundtrack to your life can be precious

On a mission to declutter, an old nostalgic presses pause.

I am sitting cross-legged on the living room rug with teetering towers of CDs all around me. I imagine the scene looks like a miniature version of the Surfers Paradise skyline with King Kong plonked in the middle. The time has come, you see, to reclaim the space currently occupied in the drawers of our typically enormous entertainment unit by hundreds of CDs.

Mostly in bulky jewel cases, they date back to the inception of the format in 1982. I like to think I'm not sentimental. I had zero reluctance when it came to dumping cassettes, with their inevitable cascades of tape leakage that could only be painstakingly wound back with a pencil, and their complete inability to maintain pitch stability in hot cars. Out they went, and with them the distantly romantic notion of the "mixtape", now easily superseded by the digital playlist.

Same with vinyl, in spite of what is optimistically termed the revival. Too big, too easily damaged. Sure, they sound far better than CDs but only if you treat them like control rods in a nuclear power station, polish them before and after you play them, and return them to their sleeves with meticulous care. I gave some away. The ones so scratched that they offered the tell-tale clicks, pops and explosions of white noise that sound just like someone frying an egg over the music, went to the dump.

And now, the jig is all but up for CDs. Digital streaming services such as Spotify and Apple Music dish up almost any song or album title you can think of. Or simply speak into the magic ears of Siri, Google or Alexa, and your request will play instantly.

When entire music libraries can be carried on phones, what is the point of a vast CD collection? Besides, like most urban dwellers we need the drawer space for the more recent accoutrements of the digital age: power cables and adaptors of every sort, chargers for phones and tablets, and, thanks to the tech giants' collective obsession with making things ever thinner, external CD drives, external hard drives and, quite soon, surely, external brains. Time for King Kong to dismantle the waterfront. But it's really not so easy. There's too much history in these drawers. For every 10 discs consigned to the garbage pile there's at least one that tugs at the heart.



Surrounded by teetering towers of CDs, the scene looks like a skyline with King Kong in the middle.
Illustration by Simon Letch.

My fingers brush George Michael's 1996 smash *Older* and I'm at a score of dinner parties in the 1990s. The slinky evening-wear jazz sound of Michael's heartbreaking tribute to his lover, Anselmo Feleppa, somehow defined the era. I think of my guests, some no longer with us, the daft conversations, the ribald laughter. Then I'm at an open-air George Michael concert in 2010 with my older sister and 45,000 other besotted fans. Elizabeth and I hadn't been to a concert together, well, since forever. But there we were right down the front, screaming out our appreciation and dancing in the aisle like two teenagers. We wept down the phone together when Michael died so unexpectedly in 2016.

Likewise, David Bowie. I cradle, for a moment, an artfully put together remaster of his 1974 William Burroughs-inspired sci-fi masterpiece *Diamond Dogs* and place it carefully in the keeper pile.

I'm not a great fan of Michael Bublé but I had his utterly gorgeous version of Willie Nelson's *Always On My Mind*, from his 2007 album *Call Me Irresponsible*, played at my mother's funeral. Slowed down compared to hit versions by Elvis Presley and Willie Nelson, the song perfectly echoes the heart of a recalcitrant son, who could have done so much more, could have been there more often than he was. "*Little things I should have said and done, I just never took the time,*" Bublé croons. "*But you were always on my mind.*"

Right next to Bublé I find former Genesis guitarist Steve Hackett's 1983 album *Bay of Kings*. The album's reissue contains a stunning solo guitar interpretation of *The Skye Boat Song*. A proud Scot, who never lost her accent even after 45 years in Australia, Mum loved this song. The track was played at the funeral as images of Mum as a child and as a beautiful young woman before "we" happened to her were shown on the chapel's video screen.

So, clean up, wise up and chuck the dross from your life. But don't kill your darlings. Life is too short to throw the truly beautiful things away.

Text Three: Memoir extract

From *My Life on the Road* by Gloria Steinem

I board a plane for Rapid City, South Dakota, and see a lot of people in black leather, chains, and tattoos. Airline passengers usually look like where they're going – business suits to Washington, D.C, jeans to L.A. – but I can't imagine a convention of such unconventional visitors in Rapid City. It's the kind of town where people still angle-park their cars in front of the movie palace. My bearded seatmate is asleep in his studded jacket and nose ring, so I just accept one more mystery of the road.

At the airport, I meet five friends from different parts of the country. We are a diverse group of women - a Cherokee activist and her grown-up daughter, two African American writers and one musician, and me. We've been invited to a Lakota Sioux powwow celebrating the powerful place that women held before patriarchy arrived from Europe, and efforts now to restore that place.

As we drive towards the Badlands*, we see an acre of motorcycles around each isolated diner and motel. This solves the mystery of the leather and chains, but creates another. When we stop for coffee, our waitress can't believe we don't know. Every August since 1938, bikers from all over the world have come here for a rally named after Sturgis, a town that's just a wide place in the road. They are drawn by this sparsely populated space of forests, mountains, and a grid of highways so straight that is recognizable from outer space. Right now about 250,000 bikers are filling every motel and campground within five hundred miles.

Our band of six strong women takes note. The truth is we are a little afraid of so many bikers in one place. How could we not be? We have all learned from movies that bikers travel in packs, treat their women like possessions, and may see other women as a sexual fair game.

But we don't run into the bikers because we spend our days travelling down unmarked roads, past the last stand of trees, in Indian Country. We eat home-cooked food brought in trucks, sit on blankets around powwow grounds where dancers follow the heartbeat of drums, and watch Indian ponies as decorated as the dancers. When it rains, a rainbow stretches from can't-see to can't see, and fields of wet sweet grass become as fragrant as gigantic flowers.

Only when we return late each night to our cabins do we see motorcycles in the parking lot. While walking in Rapid City, I hear a biker say to his tattooed woman partner, "Honey, shop as long as you want – I'll meet you at the cappuccino place." I assume this is an aberration.

On our last morning, I enter the lodge alone for an early breakfast, trying to remain both inconspicuous and open-minded. Still, I'm hyperconscious of a room full of knife sheaths, jackboots, and very few women. In the booth next to me, a man with chains around his muscles and a woman in leather pants and improbable hairdo are taking note of my presence. Finally, the woman comes over to talk.

"I just want to tell you," she says cheerfully, "how much Ms. Magazine has meant to me over the years – and my husband, too. He reads some now that he's retired. But what I wanted to ask – isn't one of the women you're traveling with Alice Walker? I love her poetry."

It turns out that she and her husband have been coming to this motorcycle rally every year since they were first married. She loves the freedom of the road and also the mysterious moonscape of the Badlands. She urges me to walk there, but to follow the paths marked by

ropes. During the war over the sacred Black Hills, she explains, Lakota warriors found refuge there because the cavalry got lost every time.

Her husband stops by on his way to the cashier and suggests I see the huge statue of Crazy Horse that's being dynamited out of the Black Hills. "Crazy Horse riding his pony," he says, "is going to make all those Indian-killing presidents on Mount Rushmore look like nothing. "He walks away, a gentle, lumbering man, tattoos, chains, and all.

Before she leaves, my new friend tells me to look out of the big picture window at the parking lot.

"See that purple Harley out there - the big gorgeous one? That's mine. I used to ride behind my husband, and never took the road on my own. Then after the kids were grown, I put my foot down. It was hard, but we finally got to be partners. Now he says he likes it better this way. He doesn't even have to worry about his bike breaking down or getting a heart attack and totalling us both. I even put 'Ms' on my license plate – and you should see my grandkids' faces when Grandma rides up on her purple Harley!"

On my own again, I look out at the barren sand and tortured rocks of the Badlands, stretching for miles. I've walked there, and I know that, close up, the barren sand reveals layers of pale rose and beige and cream, and the rocks turn out to have intricate womblike openings. Even in the distant cliffs, caves of rescue appear.

What seems to be one thing from a distance is very different close up.

I tell you this story because it's the kind of lesson that can be learned only on the road. And also because I've come to believe that, inside, each of us has a purple motorcycle.

We have only to discover it – and ride.

* **Badlands** National Park is an American national park located in southwestern South Dakota

Section I

15 marks

Attempt Question 1

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

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
-

Question 1 (continued)

MARKS

Text One: Prose poem

- a) What type of discovery is evident in the poem? **1**
- b) How does the poet convey the persona's emotional response to the discovery? **2**

Text Two: Feature Article

- c) Explain the significance Cuthbertson sees in his rediscovered CDs. **3**

Text Three: Memoir Extract

- d) Evaluate Steinem's use of juxtaposition to show the impact of discoveries on preconceived ideas. **4**

Texts One, Two and Three

- e) Compare how TWO of the texts convey the power of discovery. **5**

Section II

15 marks

Attempt Question 2

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

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
-

Question 2 (15 marks)

Compose a piece of imaginative writing in which a character must confront a fear in order to make a discovery.

Section III

15 marks

Attempt Question 3

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

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

- Demonstrate understanding of the concept of discovery in the context of your studies
 - 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
-

Question 3 (15 marks)

It is in our response to challenging ideas and experiences that our most meaningful discoveries can occur.

To what extent have you found this to be true through your study of your prescribed text and ONE related text of your own choosing?

The prescribed texts are listed on page 11

The prescribed texts are:

- **Prose Fiction or Nonfiction**

Bradley, James, *Wrack* (pf)

Chopin, Kate, *The Awakening* (pf)

Winch, Tara June, *Swallow the Air* (pf)

Bryson, Bill, *A Short History of Nearly Everything* (nf)

Guevara, Ernesto 'Che', *The Motorcycle Diaries* (nf)

- **Drama or Film or Shakespeare**

Gow, Michael, *Away* (d)

Harrison, Jane, *Rainbow's End* from Cleven, Vivienne et al, *Contemporary Indigenous Plays* (d)

Lee, Ang, *Life of Pi* (f)

Shakespeare, William, *The Tempest*

- **Poetry**

Dobson, Rosemary

'*Young Girl at a Window*', '*Wonder*', '*Painter of Antwerp*', '*Traveller's Tale*', '*The Tiger*', '*Cock Crow*', '*Ghost Town: New England*'

Frost, Robert

'*The Tuft of Flowers*', '*Mending Wall*', '*Home Burial*', '*After Apple-Picking*', '*Fire and Ice*', '*Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening*'

Gray, Robert

'*Journey: the North Coast*', '*The Meatworks*', '*North Coast Town*', '*Late Ferry*', '*Flames and Dangling Wire*', '*Diptych*'

END OF EXAM