



2015

# Trial Higher School Certificate Examination

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

**Date: Thursday 30 July**

### 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

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

**Total marks – 45**

CHECKLIST
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 discovery 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: Non-fiction (memoir)

### From Edward Saïd, *Out of Place: A Memoir* (1999)

All families invent their parents and children, give each of them a story, character, fate, and even a language. There was always something wrong with how I was invented and meant to fit in with the world of my parents and four sisters. Whether this was because I constantly misread my part or because of some deep flaw in my being I could not tell for most of my early life. Sometimes I was intransigent<sup>1</sup>, and proud of it. At other times I seemed to myself to be nearly devoid of any character at all, timid, uncertain, without will. Yet the overriding sensation I had was of always being out of place. Thus it took me about fifty years to become accustomed to, or, more exactly, to feel less uncomfortable with, Edward, a foolishly English name yoked forcibly to the unmistakably Arabic family name Saïd. True my mother told me that I had been named Edward after the Prince of Wales, who cut so fine a figure in 1935, the year of my birth, and Saïd was the name of various uncles and cousins. But the rationale of my name broke down both when I discovered no grandparents called Saïd and when I tried to connect my fancy English name with its Arabic partner. For years, and depending on the exact circumstances, I would rush past ‘Edward’ and emphasize ‘Saïd; at other times I would do the reverse, or connect these two to each other so quickly that neither would be clear. The one thing I could not tolerate, but very often would have to endure, was the disbelieving, and hence undermining, reaction: Edward? Saïd?

The travails<sup>2</sup> of bearing such a name were compounded by an equally unsettling quandary when it came to language. I have never known what language I spoke first, Arabic or English, or which one was really mine beyond any doubt. What I do know, however, is that the two have always been together in my life, one resonating in the other, sometimes ironically, sometimes nostalgically, most often each correcting, and commenting on, the other. Each can seem like my absolutely first language, but neither is. I trace this primal instability back to my mother, whom I remember speaking to me in both English and Arabic, although she always wrote to me in English—once a week, all her life, as did I, all of hers. Certain spoken phrases of hers like *tislamli* or *mish ‘arfa shu bididi ‘amal? or rouh’ha*—dozens of them—were Arabic, and I was never conscious of having to translate them or, even in cases like *tislamli*, knowing exactly what they meant. They were a part of her infinitely maternal atmosphere, which in moments of great stress I found myself yearning for in the softly uttered phrase ‘*ya mama*’, an atmosphere dreamily seductive then suddenly snatched away, promising something in the end never given.

But woven into her Arabic speech were English words like ‘naughty boy’ and of course my name, pronounced ‘Edwaad.’ I am still haunted by the memory of the sound, at exactly the same time and place, of her voice calling me ‘Edwaad,’ the word wafting through the dusk air at closing time of the Fish Garden (a small Zamalek<sup>3</sup> park with aquarium) and of myself, undecided whether to answer her back or to remain in hiding

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<sup>1</sup> refuses to come to terms or make any compromise; refuses to change attitude

<sup>2</sup> exertion; trouble; hardship; suffering

<sup>3</sup> an affluent district in western Cairo

for just awhile longer, enjoying the pleasure of being called, being wanted, the non-Edward part of myself taking luxurious respite by not answering until the silence of my being became unendurable. Her English deployed a rhetoric of statement and norms that has never left me. Once my mother left Arabic and spoke English there was a more objective and serious tone that mostly banished the forgiving and musical intimacy of her first language, Arabic. At age five or six I knew that I was irremediably 'naughty' and at school was all manner of comparably disapproved-of things like 'fibber' and 'loiterer.' By the time I was fully conscious of speaking English fluently, if not always correctly, I regularly referred to myself not as 'me' but as 'you.' 'Mummy doesn't love you, naughty boy,' she would say, and I would respond, in half-plaintive echoing, half-defiant assertion, 'Mummy doesn't love you, but Auntie Melia loves you.' Auntie Melia was her elderly maiden aunt, who doted on me when I was a very young child. 'No she doesn't,' my mother persisted. 'All right. Saleh [Auntie Melia's Sudanese driver] loves you,' I would conclude, rescuing something from the enveloping gloom.

I hadn't then any idea where my mother's English came from or who, in the national sense of the phrase, she was: this strange state of ignorance continued until relatively late in my life, when I was in graduate school. Much more than my father, whose linguistic ability was primitive compared to hers, my mother had an excellent command of classical Arabic as well as the demotic<sup>4</sup>. Not enough of the latter to disguise her as Egyptian, however, which of course she was not. Born in Nazareth, then sent to boarding school and junior college in Beirut, she was Palestinian, even though her mother, Munira, was Lebanese. I never knew her father, but he, I discovered, was the Baptist minister in Nazareth, although he originally came from Safad, via a sojourn in Texas.

Not only could I not absorb, much less master, all the meanderings and interruptions of these details as they broke up a simple dynastic sequence, but I could not grasp why she was not a straight English mummy. I have retained this unsettled sense of many identities—mostly in conflict with each other—all of my life, together with an acute memory of the despairing feeling that I wish we could have been all-Arab, or all-European and American, or all-Orthodox Christian, or all-Muslim, or all-Egyptian, and so on.

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<sup>4</sup> the everyday language of ordinary people

**Text Two: Painting**

**John Longstaff, *Arrival of Burke, Wills and King at the deserted camp at Cooper's Creek, Sunday evening, 21<sup>st</sup> April 1861.***



### Text Three: Speech

**‘The Burnum Burnum Declaration’, Dover Beach, England, 26th January, 1988<sup>5</sup>**



I, Burnum Burnum, being a nobleman of ancient Australia, do hereby take possession of England on behalf of the Aboriginal people. In claiming this colonial outpost, we wish no harm to you natives, but assure you that we are here to bring you good manners, refinement and an opportunity to make a Koompartoo - ‘a fresh start’. Henceforth, an Aboriginal face shall appear on your coins and stamps to signify our sovereignty over this domain. For the more advanced, bring the complex language of the Pitjantjajara; we will teach you how to have a spiritual relationship with the Earth and show you how to get bush tucker.

We do not intend to souvenir, pickle and preserve the heads of 2000 of your people, nor to publicly display the skeletal remains of your Royal Highness, as was done to our Queen Truganninni for 80 years. Neither do we intend to poison your water holes, lace your flour with strychnine<sup>6</sup> or introduce you to highly toxic drugs. Based on our 50,000 year heritage, we acknowledge the need to preserve the Caucasian race as of interest to antiquity, although we may be inclined to conduct experiments by measuring the size of your skulls for levels of intelligence. We pledge not to sterilise your women, nor to separate your children from their families. We give an absolute undertaking that you shall not be placed onto the mentality of government handouts for the next five generations but you will enjoy the full benefits of Aboriginal equality. At the end of two hundred years, we will make a treaty to validate occupation by peaceful means and not by conquest.

Finally, we solemnly promise not to make a quarry of England and export your valuable minerals back to the old country, Australia, and we vow never to destroy three-quarters of your trees, but to encourage Earth Repair Action to unite people, communities, religions and nations in a common, productive, peaceful purpose.

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<sup>5</sup> 1988 was the year of Australian Bicentennial celebrations, recognising the British arrival and subsequent settlement

<sup>6</sup> a poison

## **Text Four: Poem**

### **‘The Garden of Love’ (1794) by William Blake\***

I went to the Garden of Love,  
And saw what I never had seen:  
A Chapel was built in the midst,  
Where I used to play on the green.

And the gates of this Chapel were shut,  
And “Thou shalt not” writ over the door;  
So I turn’d to the Garden of Love,  
That so many sweet flowers bore.

And I saw it was filled with graves,  
And tomb-stones where flowers should be:  
And Priests in black gowns, were walking their rounds,  
And binding with briars<sup>7</sup>, my joys and desires.

*(\*Blake was a devout Christian but was often critical of Church teaching/ religious orthodoxy.)*

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<sup>7</sup> a prickly, thorny, woody shrub

## Questions:

### Text One - Non-fiction

1. What does Edward Saïd discover about cultural identity in this extract? Ensure your support your answer with appropriate quotation. (2 marks)

### Text Two – Painting

2. How does this text critique the ‘myth’ of adventure? (2 marks)

### Text Three – Speech

3. Closely analyse how Burnum Burnum’s speech invites the English, and Australians, to reassess the discovery of Australia. You are **not** expected to address the visual. (3 marks)

### Text Four – Poem

4. Blake’s ‘Garden of Love’ is a metaphor for an idyllic society governed by love. How is this society oppressed by religion as conveyed in the poem? (3 marks)

### Texts One, Two, Three and Four – Non-fiction, Painting, Speech, Poem

5. Evaluate the effectiveness of TWO texts in showing that discoveries are often thought provoking or provocative. (5 marks)



## Section 2 (Total Marks – 15)

**Please begin a new booklet for this section.**

**Allow 40 minutes for this section.**

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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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Compose a piece of imaginative writing in which a discovery leads to the questioning of a previously held belief. A **window** must play an important role in your writing.

### Section 3 (Total Marks – 15)

Please begin a new booklet for this section.

Allow 40 minutes for this section.

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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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‘Discovery is a **process** of questions and potential answers.’

To what extent has this process been represented in your prescribed text and texts of your own choosing?

The prescribed texts are:

Chopin, Kate: *The Awakening*

Frost, Robert: ‘The Tuft of Flowers’, ‘Mending Wall’, ‘Home Burial’, ‘After Apple-Picking’, ‘Fire and Ice’, ‘Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening’

Gow, Michael: *Away*

Lee, Ang: *Life of Pi*

Nasht, Simon: *Frank Hurley – The Man Who Made History*

Shakespeare, William: *The Tempest*

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**END OF PAPER**

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