

**Section 1**

**20 marks**

**Attempt Question 1**

**Allow about 45 minutes for this section**

Answer the question in a SEPARATE writing booklet

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

- Demonstrate an understanding of the way perceptions of *human experience* are shaped in and through texts
  - Describe, explain and analyse the relationship between language, text and context
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**Question 1** (20 marks)

Examine **Texts One, Two, Three, Four and Five** carefully and then answer the questions on page 8.

**Text 1 – Visual**



**Text Two – Image**



**Text 3 – Poem**

**Warren Pryor**

When every pencil meant a sacrifice  
his parents boarded him at school in town,  
slaving to free him from the stony fields,  
the meagre acreage that bore them down.

They blushed with pride when, at his graduation,  
they watched him picking up the slender scroll,  
his passport from the years of brutal toil  
and lonely patience in a barren hole.

When he went in the Bank their cups ran over.  
They marvelled how he wore a milk-white shirt  
work days and jeans on Sundays. He was saved  
from their thistle strewn farm and its red dirt.

And he said nothing. Hard and serious  
like a young bear inside his teller's cage,  
his axe-hewn hands upon the paper bills  
aching with empty strength and throttled rage.

Alden Nowlan

**Text Four – Fiction extract****‘Shopping’ by Angelo Loukakis**

Life is cheap. Life is cheap in this country. My life is a tragedy here. An old woman whose life is a tragedy, that's what I am. They have left me here like a dead animal so they can enjoy themselves. Sin in that bed. Sin. That's all they do. I don't care anymore. I don't care. God will look after me.

Sophia Maritanis went over to her kitchen window and stared out. At nothing. Rooftops, corrugated iron fences, alleys, and the dull colours in the distance. What was there didn't matter. It didn't matter because it was nothing. She who had seen so much beauty must now look at this. The houses of Australia are ugly and the shops are stupid. You can't buy anything good because there is nothing to my. Soft bread, soft everything. And it was his doing.

Three years had passed since her husband's death, three years of despising the day he had convinced her to come to Australia, to begin again.

Still, it was the middle of the afternoon and the time of day she always went shopping. She would go, despite everything, down to Jim's to ask if he had anything. She was sick of his ricotta, but maybe he had something nice. She had a bunch of spinach and some Greek parsley. Maybe Costa had some fish. She would see.

She locked the door behind her and walked down the rickety steps from her top floor rooms to the back lane leading to Forlan Street. She would take the familiar route, turning right where Forlan Street joined Edward Street, on which were most of the shops.

Towards the end of Forlan Street she brushed past two little girls playing around a tidy bin. They stopped their game and held hands to look at Mrs Maritanis for a moment, then ran away together, as she turned the corner and trod deliberately into the breeze which blew today. Facing west, the shopping centre street of Marrickville was a tunnel for the dry winds of late August, now blowing the flaps of her black coat around. The wind was hurting her eyes with dust, she couldn't see the people bumping into her.

She came to Jim's Deli, but it was full of people. She didn't want to wait there with all the other customers. She kept going. Why should she have to stand around at her age? Costa was a better man, his fish was always fresh. He knew she expected to be served quickly and he always gave her the best he had.

She entered his shop with the- big sign saying "Refrigerated Window" in the front. She must ask him someday what it meant. He was standing in front of the frying vats, his back towards her. There was only one small boy before her. He wore no shoes. Australians are like gypsies. No shoes. She looked at Costa's profile behind the counter as he salted and wrapped some chips. He was definitely worried, and she knew that frown. He was frowning the way everybody does who has raised a family, just as she had done. He knew what it was like. Always a struggle for which no one said "thank you". Ungrateful. They used her and they were ungrateful.

*"Psari, Costa pethi mou. Bream."*

*"Yes, Kyra Sophia. For you the best. We who are old deserve the best."*

*"How is your wife, Costa? Your little girl?"*

"They are well, they give me plenty of trouble. *You* know, *Kyra* Sophia . *You* have lived, *you* know. The little girl is a big girl now. She has ideas."  
"I hope she doesn't have Australian ideas, like my little girl. Zoe is married now, Kyr Costa. She left me to get married. She is twenty-eight years old now. But everyone must marry. It is natural."  
"We must forgive them *Kyra* Sophia. They are our children."  
"Yes, Costa *mou*, *ach*. I must go now. God willing, I will see you again. Give my love to your family. It is cold. *Kalimera sas, kalimera*."

She shuffled out of the shop and began her fight with the wind again. Past the Community Hall where they all gather on Wednesday nights. What did they do there? There were always a lot of cars on Wednesdays about seven o'clock, and old Australian women would get out of them. Maybe it was an Australian church. They didn't have any religion, she had been told. Who knows?

The estate agent. He was a demon. He took an old woman's money, her money, when he should have given her a house for nothing. He surely didn't know who she was, who she had been. She came to the shop where they sold materials and cushions, things for the home. She looked in the window, examining everything. The curtain material. She had no need for curtains. The cushion covers. Boxes of handkerchiefs. She saw two doilies. Beautiful lace doilies they were, one overlapping the other. She had a small table, it was true. Her own mother had made just such beautiful lace, for the weddings, her friends in the village, so many years ago. She looked in her purse. There was enough money left from her pension cheque. She would buy them. She went into the shop and made sign language at the woman who was serving. The lady wrapped the doilies and smiled at her. They were not all bad, these people. But just the same, they were not friendly like the Greeks. She walked out of the shop, trying to think. She was tired.

That's what she would do. Next year, when she would certainly return to Greece, to Larnia, she would present them to her mother. It had been a wise purchase. Her mother will be pleased with her. Her only daughter who is a woman now, and soon to be married, and going to Australia. She didn't know where it was, although she was told it was far away.

Not too far, just a few suburbs away, so that we can come and visit you. Brian has a car, a Jaguar, Mama. I do still love you.

It isn't true. My own daughter is a liar who wants to live with an Australian man and have bastard children. Didn't she understand that Sophia Maritanis had come from a good family and wasn't common dirt? She can do what she likes, she will pay for it in the end, God will see to that. Why doesn't she kill herself? Evil people should kill themselves and not be a burden to good people.

She turned back into Forlan Street and headed towards the lane. She would never give herself to a man the way her daughter had, her own mother wouldn't let her. They would send someone from the village to kill Sophia Maritanis, she knew they would. So she had to be careful.

Clutching her shopping bag, her scarf in disarray from the wind, she opened the back gate of her small terrace in Marrickville. She climbed the stairs leading to the kitchen and unlocked the door. Entering that room, she pulled the wrapped fish out of her bag and put it on the table. She was slightly dizzy, but took out her other parcel and held it closely to her chest with both hands. She carried it carefully to her bedroom.

There was an old veneer wardrobe, some cotton mats on the lino, a single bed. On the wall an icon of Aghia Sophia, beneath which stood an old fashioned brown trunk with leather straps. She undid the fastenings and lifted the lid. She placed the parcel inside, closed the lid and relocked the trunk. She felt very tired and went over to the bed to sit on the edge. She closed her eyes for a short time, then lay down.

**Text Five – Non-fiction extract****From *Almost French*, by Sarah Turnbull, published in 1996.**

*Sarah Turnbull is an Australian journalist who travelled to Europe for work. While there she met a French man, Frédéric, who invited her to stay and live in France. In this extract adapted from her memoir, 'Almost French', Sarah reflects on her experiences.*

When people ask how long I've been in France now I can scarcely believe my own reply. Six years. Has it really been that long? In many ways the time seems to have passed at lightning speed; it's a kaleidoscopic blur. Yet when I think back to arriving in Paris in my camel-coloured shorts, my mind plays another trick and that day seems more like twenty years ago than six. It's like a snapshot from a past life although in reality it was the beginning of a new one. Remembering makes me wonder whether the girl in the image is really me. How much has France changed me?

For a brief moment the other day I thought I'd changed radically—at least in appearance. Walking down Rue Montorgueil an American tourist startled me by taking my photo. 'She's so Pareesyenne,' he exclaimed to his wife, loudly, apparently assuming I couldn't understand English. And then, click! Immortalised in someone's holiday album as the ultimate *parisienne*\*!

Why should I have been so delighted by the idea of looking quintessentially Parisian in the first place? It's not as though I'm hung up on wanting to look French. Yet believing for one brief moment that the tourist was talking about me was an undeniable thrill. No-one has ever said I looked French before. In France I'm used to standing out as foreign. The worst is when a shopkeeper or passer-by addresses me in English *even before I've opened my mouth*. Quite apart from my accent, my appearance seems to give me away.

'How do people know I'm not French if I haven't even said anything?' I quiz Frédéric later.

'Because you look Anglo-Saxon.'

'What do you mean?' I ask. He considers me for a second, choosing his words.

'Well, er, it's just that you could never be mistaken for French. I mean, you look less Anglo-Saxon than before. But you don't *look* French.'

'Why, though? Is it my clothes? My walk? My hair?'

'It's everything.'

I am an Australian living in France and the reality is my foreign status is almost permanent. I could stay here thirty years, even take out French nationality, but that won't change how people perceive me. My identity in my new homeland is defined by my country of origin.

In some ways, living in France has made me feel more Australian. Separation heightens your sentimentality. Lately I've taken to buying big bunches of gum leaves from the florist. Occasionally, I'll pick off a leaf and scrunch it up to smell the eucalyptus oil, just like I used to do passing trees back home.

But the girl who got off the plane from Bucharest all those years ago *has* changed. I might not look the archetypal *parisienne* but living in France with a Frenchman, osmosis has occurred without even noticing it. That fight with Frédéric over what to

wear to the bakery was more than four years ago. And I haven't worn tracksuit pants since.

It's an experience that has left me fundamentally the same—and profoundly changed. Which makes me wonder sometimes what it would be like to return to live in Australia now. Would life seem a bit dull without the tickle of tension? Would Frédéric be happy there? Would it seem like home? One day we might make the move, not in the near future but maybe later.

Being so far away from home means you necessarily miss out on some things. You're not always there to celebrate weddings, milestone birthdays, you barely know your friends' children. I'm very lucky in that my parents come frequently to France and so do some of my close friends. And these holidays together are wonderful. But the physical distance separating us is insoluble and regular contact through phone calls and emails can't quite bridge it. You are no longer familiar with the intricacies of their daily lives, and neither do they know yours.

Whether or not we ever live in Australia my heart will always be tied to two places, now. Meeting Frédéric means my future is irrevocably linked to France.

Our decision to get married gives a new clarity to my life and future in Paris. *I might only ever be 'almost' French but France for now is home.* It is not just a matter of marrying the man I love, it is also a commitment to a new country. It deepens my sense of belonging. Silly though it may sound, it makes me feel that my place in this country is more legitimate. This is reinforced by the subtle but tangible shift in attitude towards me from Frédéric's family. They are thrilled by the news and I realise they had probably all but given up hope on us. It's as though a door, which had been ajar, has suddenly flung wide open.

\**parisienne*: French word for a woman who lives in Paris

Question 1 (continued)

**Question 1 - Visual images 1 and 2**

Compare how both texts represent the shared human experience.

**6 marks**

**Question 2 – Poem**

Explain how the poem gives insight into the anomalies or paradoxes or inconsistencies in human behaviour and motivations

**4 marks**

**Question 3 – Fiction Extract**

How does the extract represent the protagonist’s human qualities and emotions associated with, or arising from her experiences?

**5 marks**

**Question 4- Non Fiction Extract**

*It’s an experience that has left me fundamentally the same—and profoundly changed.*

How does the composer represent the paradoxical nature of the individual human experience?

**5 marks**

**Section II**

**20 marks**

**Attempt Question 1**

**Allow about 45 minutes for this section**

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Your answer will be assessed on how well you:

- demonstrate understanding of human experiences in texts
  - analyse, explain and assess the ways human experiences are represented in texts
  - organise, develop and express ideas using language appropriate to audience, purpose and context
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**Extended response 20 marks**

The Crucible provides an enduring critique of human nature, exposing audiences to the uglier side of our shared experiences.

To what extent have you found this to be evident in your study of Miller's play?