



MUDGEE HIGH SCHOOL

"Providing high quality education in a stimulating and caring environment"

English (Standard) and (Advanced)

Paper 1 — Area of Study

2010

TRIAL HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION

General Instructions

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Working time – 2 hours
- Write using blue or black pen
- Do not remove the examination paper from the room

Total marks – 45

Section I Pages 2 – 7

15 marks

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

Section II Page 8

15 marks

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

Section III Pages 9 – 10

15 marks

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

STUDENT NUMBER/NAME:

Section 1

15 marks

Attempt Question 1

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the question on a separate page or writing booklet, if provided.

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

- ☐ demonstrate 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 (15 marks)

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

Text one — Poem**In Northern Tasmania***James McAuley*

- Handwritten notes: Rhyme scheme, certain in 1st 1/2, ordered world, idyllic*
- 1 a Soft sodden fields. The new lambs cry.
 b And shorn ewes huddle from the cold.
 b Wattles are faintly tinged with gold.
 a A raven flies off silently.

Sensory imagery

- Handwritten notes: alliteration*
- 5 a Bare hawthorn thickets pearled with rain
 b Attract the thornbill and the wren.
 b Timber-trucks pass now and then,
 a And cows are moving in the lane.

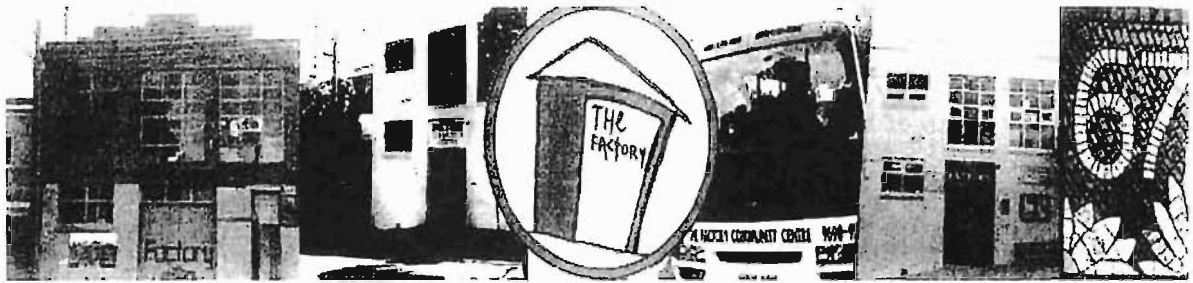
metaphor

- Handwritten notes: change in verse structure, references content, more certain*
- 9 a At dusk I look out through old elms
 b Where mud-pools at the gatepost shine.
 b A way of life is in decline.

*metaphor extended, belonging over time, place**antithesis*

- 12 a And only those who lived it know
 b What it is time overwhelms,
 b Which they must gradually let go.

Text two — Webpage



welcome

to the website of The Factory Community Centre Incorporated, or "The Factory" as everyone likes to call it. Welcome to the land of the Gadigal people of the Eora nation, the traditional custodians of the land we are on.

is a double-storied terrace owned by The NSW Dept of Housing and located at 67 Raglan Street, Redfern/Waterloo.

Reputed to once being an R.M. Williams hat factory, it has for the past 30 or so run a range of programs for the residents of the area, especially those who live in the surrounding public housing and high rise and precinct dwellings.

The Factory also acts as a meeting place for local organizations.

We have a bus which is a vital part of these programs for group excursions, picking children up from school in the afternoons, and for our vacation program.

is an area of inner Sydney of high-density public housing, with 4700 high rise and precinct dwellings

and is well known for its high indigenous and new settler population. to whom we not only provide program support, but also assistance with specific needs such as literacy, housing, employment, immigration, domestic violence, parenting, and drug & alcohol issues.

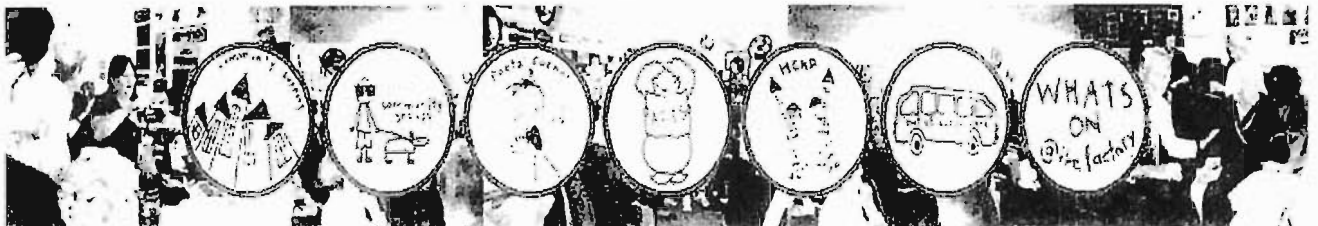
is managed by annually elected representatives of the local community, together with program representatives.

As a small but effective, local, welfare organization, The Factory identifies with the local community, including the provision of support for people of high social and economic disadvantage.

We achieve this with the support of our partners Barnardos Australia, Centacare, JewishCare, and Sydney Day Nursery.

67 Raglan Street Waterloo NSW Telephone +61 2 9698 9569 Fax +61 2 9310 4141

General enquiries email - Webmaster email
Open Monday to Thursday from 9 am till 4 pm



CELEBRATING 30 YEARS WORKING FOR WATERLOO!!!

Please turn over
Question 1 continues on page 4

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

- ☐ demonstrate 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 (continued)

Text three — Personal opinion

Plague of non-locals

Sylvia Levi

December 4, 2009

SUMMERTIME. Heat rises from the footpath. Glittery light dazzles the eye. Blistery kisses fall from the sun and the humidity is like a sauna. I smell the salt breeze and barbecues. I observe the leisurely atmosphere at the neighbourhood shopping centre and the enviable lifestyle it reflects.

The holiday season has scarce begun but already the bane of summer has descended. No, not flies, mosquitoes or cicadas; nothing as dangerous or threatening as bushfires and drought. But backpackers. They multiply like flies here at Coogee.

Love 'em or hate 'em, you can't ignore them because they are so inconsiderate. If you have the misfortune to have a youth hostel in the neighbourhood you will know they are noisy by night and litterers by day.

Packed into rented rooms like sardines, they fill the coffers of avaricious landlords but show little respect for the environment. Our lovely beachside suburb takes on the appearance of a garbage dump as junk is strewn on nature strips and footpaths with wild abandon.

Woe to bus commuters, who the backpackers browbeat from their path. We're assailed by the stink of sweaty bodies and damp bathers when they squeeze up close, and that's not the worst of it. They clamber aboard with humungous backpacks that take up the seating and they move them only on demand, and with bad grace.

Gone are the pleasant journeys of wintertime, when reading en route was possible and nothing worse than the hum of friendly chatter disturbed the peace. Now, slurping water with a mobile phone glued to one ear, they shatter the peace with intrusive conversations while avoiding eye contact with the hostile, tight-lipped locals.

Don't get me wrong. I don't want to be a killjoy. I'm not against backpackers per se. Some of my nearest and dearest have joined that peripatetic breed overseas. No. My objection is to their indifference.

I wish them well exploring this wonderful country and all that it offers, but I don't want to hear where they've been or where they're going. I just want them to shut up, to move over on the bus and to show some respect for the neighbourhood.

Text four — Autobiography extract**Extract from *Dreams of My Father* by Barack Obama**

At the time of his death when I was 21, my father remained a myth to me. He had left back in 1963, when I was only two years old, so that as a child I knew him only through the stories that my mother and grandparents told. He was an African, a Kenyan of the Luo tribe, born on the shores of Lake Victoria.

In 1959, at the age of 23, he arrived at the University of Hawaii as that institution's first African student. He studied econometrics, and graduated in three years at the top of his class. In a Russian language course, he met my mother, an awkward, shy American girl, only 18, and they fell in love. The young couple married, and she bore them a son, to whom he bequeathed his name. He won another scholarship – this time to pursue his PhD at Harvard – but not the money to take his new family with him. A separation occurred, and he returned to Africa to fulfil his promise to the continent. My mother and I stayed behind, but the bond of love survived the distance.

As I grew older, I was engaged in a fitful interior struggle. I was trying to raise myself to be a black man in America, and beyond the given of my appearance, no one around me seemed to know exactly what that meant.

I learned to slip back and forth between my black and white worlds, understanding that each possessed its own language and customs and structures of meaning, convinced that with a bit of translation on my part the two worlds would eventually cohere. Still, the feeling that something wasn't quite right stayed with me.

Eventually, after his father's death, Obama visits his father's family in Kenya.

Auma, my half sister, was waiting for me at Kenyatta International Airport. I rushed over to her, and we laughed and hugged. A tall, brown-skinned woman was smiling beside us, and Auma turned and said: "Barack, this is our Auntie Zeituni. Our father's sister."

"Welcome home," Zeituni said, kissing me on both cheeks.

The next evening, we drove east to Kariako, a sprawling apartment complex surrounded by dirt lots.

"Barry! You've finally come!" A short, stocky woman with a cheerful brown face gave me a tight squeeze around the waist. Behind her were 15 or so people, all of them smiling and waving like a crowd at a parade. She smiled and took me by the hand. "Come. You must meet everybody here. Zeituni you have already met. This ..." she said, leading me to a handsome older woman in a green patterned dress, "this is my sister, Kezia. She is mother to Auma and to Roy Obama."

Please turn over
Question 1 continues on page 6

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

- ☐ demonstrate 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 (continued)

Text four — Autobiography extract (continued)

Kezia took my hand and said my name together with a few words of Swahili. "She says her other son has finally come home," Jane said.

"My son," Kezia repeated in English, nodding and pulling me into a hug. "My son has come home."

I went out into the backyard to stand before two graves – those of my grandfather and my father. I felt everything around me – the cornfields, the mango tree, the sky – closing in, until I was left with only a series of mental images, Granny's stories come to life. How lucky my father must have felt! He must have known, when that letter came from Hawaii, that he had been chosen after all; that he possessed the grace of his name, the baraka, the blessings of God. With the degree, the American wife, the car, the words, the figures, the wallet, the proper proportion of tonic to gin, the polish, the panache, the entire thing seamless and natural, without the cobbled-together, haphazard quality of an earlier time – what could stand in his way? *Rhetorical question - persuade*

He had almost succeeded, in a way his own father could never have hoped for. And then, after seeming to travel so far, to discover that he had not escaped after all!

For a long time I sat between the two graves and wept. When my tears were finally spent, I felt a calmness wash over me. I felt the circle finally close. I realised that who I was, what I cared about, was no longer just a matter of intellect or obligation, no longer a construct of words. I saw that my life in America – the black life, the white life, the sense of abandonment I'd felt as a boy – all of it was connected with this small plot of earth an ocean away, connected by more than the accident of a name or the colour of my skin. The pain I felt was my father's pain. My questions were my brothers' questions. Their struggle, my birthright.

	Marks
Text one — Poem	
(a) Explain how the sense of belonging expressed in the last six lines of the poem connects with the first eight lines.	2
Text two — Webpage	
(b) Identify and discuss language forms or other features which highlight a sense of belonging to a community.	2
Text three — Personal opinion	
(c) Explain the purpose of this piece of writing and evaluate how successful Sylvia Levi's use of language features has been in achieving this.	3
Text four — Autobiography extract	
(d) Discuss how different concepts of belonging and not belonging are explored in this extract.	3
Texts one and four — Poem and Autobiography extract	
(e) Texts one (Poem) and four (Autobiography extract) show belonging in relation to particular locations.	5
Evaluate the ways the composers of these TWO texts use language forms and features to show these relations.	
Support your answer by close reference to the language forms and features used by the composers of these TWO texts, as well as brief examples to support your points.	

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 (15 marks)



Belonging is up to you is a new collection of prose fiction that challenges teenagers to consider their attitudes to belonging.

You have been asked to submit a short story for this collection.

Using some of the ideas in the stimulus above, compose your story.

You should write about 400-600 words.

Section III**15 marks****Attempt Question 3****Allow about 40 minutes for this section.**

Answer the question on a separate page or writing booklet, if provided.

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 (15 marks)**Focus — Belonging**

To what extent is an individual's sense of belonging determined by external forces?

Support your response by close reference to how ideas about belonging are represented in your prescribed text, and at least **ONE** other related text of your own choosing.

The prescribed texts are:

- **Prose Fiction**
 - Amy Tan, *The Joy Luck Club*
 - Jhumpa Lahiri, *The Namesake*
 - Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*
 - Ruth Praver Jhabvala, *Heat and Dust*
 - Tara June Winch, *Swallow the Air*
- **Drama/Shakespeare**
 - Arthur Miller, *The Crucible: A Play in Four Acts*
 - Jane Harrison, *Rainbow's End* from Vivienne Cleven et al. (eds), *Contemporary Indigenous Plays*
 - William Shakespeare, *As You Like It*
- **Poetry**
 - Steven Herrick, *The Simple Gift*
 - Peter Skrzynecki, *Immigrant Chronicle*
 - * *Feliks Skrzynecki*
 - * *St Patrick's College*
 - * *Ancestors*
 - * *10 Mary Street*
 - * *Migrant Hostel*
 - * *Post card*
 - * *In the Folk Museum*

Question 3 continues on page 10

Question 3 (continued)

◦ **Poetry** (continued)

- Emily Dickinson, *Selected Poems of Emily Dickinson*
 - * *This is my letter to the world*
 - * *I died for beauty but was scarce*
 - * *I had been hungry all the years*
 - * *I gave myself to him*
 - * *A narrow fellow in the grass*
 - * *A word dropped careless on the page*
 - * *What mystery pervades a well!*
 - * *Saddest noise, the sweetest noise*

◦ **Film**

- Baz Luhrmann, *Strictly Ballroom*
- Rolf De Heer, *Ten Canoes*

◦ **Nonfiction**

- Raimond Gaita, *Romulus, My Father*

END OF PAPER