

B O A R D O F S T U D I E S
NEW SOUTH WALES

2013

**HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE
EXAMINATION**

English (Standard) and English (Advanced)

Paper 1 — Area of Study

General Instructions

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Working time – 2 hours
- Write using black or blue pen
Black pen is preferred

Total marks – 45

Section I Pages 3–8

15 marks

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

Section II Page 9

15 marks

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

Section III Pages 10–11

15 marks

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

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Section I

15 marks

Attempt Question 1

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the question in the Section I Writing Booklet. Extra writing booklets are available.

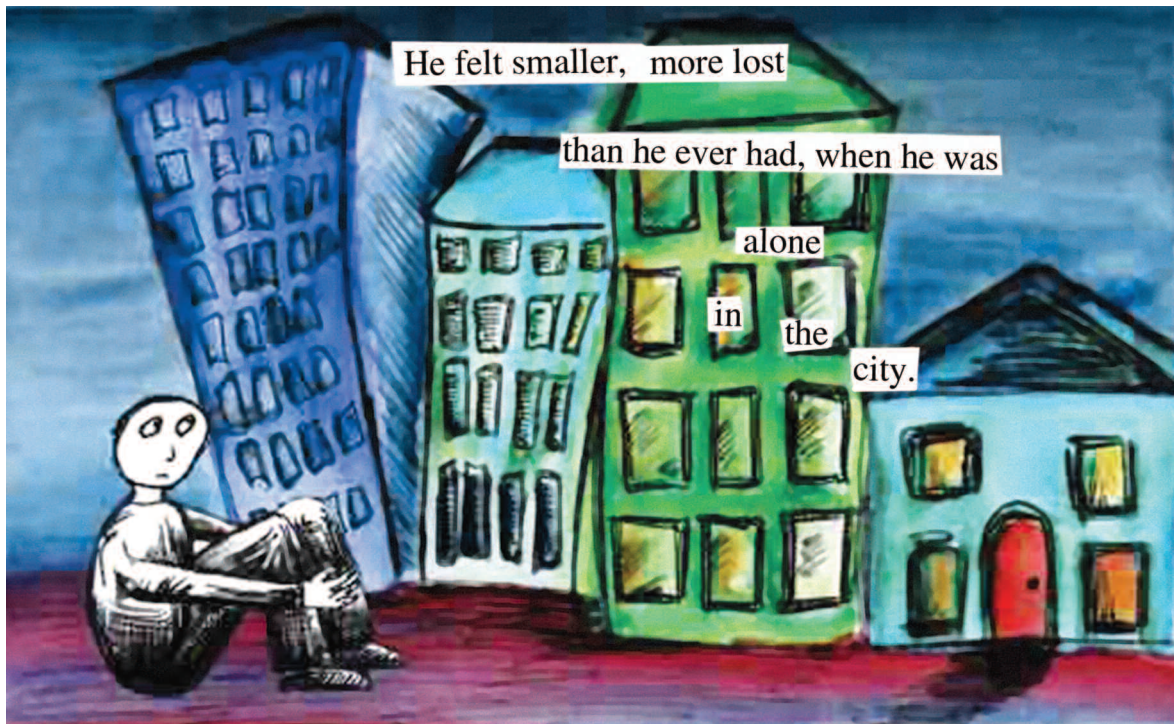
In your answers you will be assessed on how well you:

- 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 8.

Text one — Image: Lost and Alone in the City



JULIA MARK

Acknowledgement: Courtesy of Julia Dennis

Text two — Poem

Blood Links

If you were still alive
what would you say
to your child and grandchildren
and great-grandchildren?
I see my face's shapes in yours,
my genes freighted
with feelings and features.
You're standing there
in black & white,
a jacket
buttoned tight across your fatness,
smiling my lopsided smile
back at me.
Nothing emits.
Sure, you were kind,
there is evidence for that,
but what did you stand for
or stand up to
in your time?
I must make do
with memory's distortions
and creased photographs;
their pithy silence.

MARK MAHEMOFF

Acknowledgement: "Traps and Sanctuaries", Glebe – Puncher and Wattmann, 2008

Text three — Memoir extract adapted from *The Floral Mother*

Any woman or girl who has brothers is likely to tell you they are vexed things. In fact, I felt so strangely affected by my relationship with my three brothers that for some time after I left home, I kept their existence a secret. Several of my friends who had known me since I left would not believe I had brothers, when years later I airily mentioned these three hidden men in my life. Some of these friends had known me for a decade! I had, in the end, to produce photographs as evidence. What was it that made me keep such a strange secret? Even now I am puzzled and surprised that I kept these three so hidden. Why did I? Did I feel I would have some responsibility for them? Certainly I was the eldest child and had helped care for them when I was young. But why flee and deny them? It was not as if they were some gruff creatures hunched in a cave. Quite the opposite. Tall, bearded, they looked like handsome bushrangers.

‘Will you children ever stop fighting?’ was the cry our mother made her litany* throughout our childhood. Bashed and battered we staggered through our early years. Bloodied noses and pulled plaits were my torments. In return, lacking their strength, I simply bit. I must ask these men next time I see them to show me their arms. Did I leave scars? The curious thing is that the boys rarely fought with each other. It was usually them against me . . . Yet for all this fighting, I knew I was meant to take care of the boys. If they were ill, it was I who brought them breakfast on a tray. And I did not mind doing it. Not at all – I loved it. Doling out Vegemite or cold mutton sandwiches at lunch-time, as we sat on the bench built right round the pepper tree in the school yard, seemed perfectly natural to me. Yet the school master commented on this ritual to my mother, adding, ‘She always serves herself last.’ Well, what did he expect? In spite of the fighting, I hadn’t been reared to be brutish . . .

The fable of ‘The Three Ravens’ tells of a mother with, again, three sons and a daughter. Annoyed by the boys one day, the mother sighed: ‘You unnatural boys, you useless lot, where did all your wickedness come from? Not from me. I would rather have borne a flock of ravens than you.’ And so it was that they became ravens at once. In this story too, the sister came to the rescue of her brothers, this time with a golden ring, a gold spoon and so forth. We are told that she saved them even though ‘her brothers had hit her and ragged her all the time. Once they even put tadpoles in her lemon squash.’

Now although we have had some tremendous fights, not all our childhood was spent that way. Far from it. For years we ran half naked on a cream yawn of sand round a beautiful deserted bay on the edge of a desert. All our weekends and our holidays, except when we visited our grandparents, were spent playing on the beach or in the sea. There we leapt and swam and grew tall . . .

The boys and I are grown now. We went to each other’s weddings, danced and threw confetti. My hair is no longer pulled and I no longer bite them. Tomorrow I’m off to stay on my eldest brother’s station** to see the wildflowers.

KATE LLEWELLYN

* litany *frequently repeated statement*

** station *a large country property for cattle or sheep*

Text four — Prose extract adapted from *The Shark Net*

People of the Dunes*

We moved into a house in the dunes. Everyone lived in the dunes. From King's Park, on top of the highest dune, you could look down and see the whole city spread along the coastal dunes and around the sandy river flats, from the ocean to the ranges . . .

Some people lived in the loose white sand near the ocean. Even though everyone in Perth lived in the dunes I thought of them as the Sand People. Every afternoon the fierce sea wind, which they dismissed as The Breeze, blew their sand into the air and scalloped and corrugated their properties.

Sun and wind had rearranged the appearance of the Sand People, too – tanned, freckled, scabbed and bleached them. With their darker skins, red eyes, raw noses and permanent deep cracks in their bottom lips, they looked nothing like Melbourne people. Some were as eroded as the cliffs, their noses and ears worn and peeled away, so that grown men had the snubbed features of boys. Around their edges – noses, ear tips, cheeks, shoulders – they were pink and fraying. Shreds of skin poked up from their general outline and fluttered in the sea breeze. Boys bled if they smiled too fast.

From a distance most of the adults seemed stained a smooth reddish-brown – my paintbox burnt sienna – but close-up at the beach, walking behind them down the wooden ramp to the sand, you saw they were stippled like people in newspaper photographs, spotted with hundreds of jammed-together freckles and moles – brown and black on a pink background. There were women with chests and backs like leopards.

The men and boys all looked tough but relaxed, even sleepy. My mother said they were half-dazed from the sun. They were indeed slow smilers, but I could see it was because they were being careful of their split bottom lips.

I was impressed that all the males and some of the younger girls were bare-legged and barefoot most of the year. From my sandalled perspective it seemed clear that life in all of Western Australia, not just near the sea, revolved around bare feet.

Text four continues on page 7

Text four (continued)

Foot knowhow seemed the key to belonging. Feet were an instant giveaway for a newcomer. Only mothers' boys and English kids – or Melbourne boys – wore sandals in summer. Or, worse, shoes and socks. So said Miss Langridge, my new second-grade teacher, when I relayed to her my mother's message that despite Miss Langridge's advice to the contrary she would be continuing to send me to school with 'covered feet'.

Miss Langridge attempted to mask the bitter plump redness of her face with overlapping layers of powder which subdued her colour to pink. She bent down and hissed at me, 'Does your mother think her little darling will get a cold in the tootsies?' The force of her words dislodged tiny clumps of powder from her cheeks and they floated in the air between us.

The heat was just part of the daily contest for feet. Boys merely wandering home along the road felt bound to compete at withstanding the searing sand, melting bitumen, rocky road verges, bottle shards and grass prickles with their bare soles. The darker the surface the hotter, but it hardly mattered; everything underfoot was either sizzling, prickly or sharp. Feet, generally, took a thrashing. Those grazed ankles and blackened toenails, the blood-blistered heels, the festering reef-cuts criss-crossing their soles, showed a boy's familiarity with reef, surf and cliff-face. Their feet were painted so boldly with Mercurochrome and flavine antiseptic** they looked like they were wearing red and yellow socks.

Their brave bare toes gripping their verandas, the Sand People were forever squinting into the summer sun and wind, the winter rain and gales. Whenever we drove along the coast road I'd follow their gaze out to sea and wonder what they were looking at. There was nothing out there. They seemed so proud of their views but all I could see were straight lines of sand, water and sky, the speck of Rottneest Island on the horizon and the wind forever chopping the ocean ...

ROBERT DREWE

- * dunes *sand hills*
- ** Mercurochrome and *red and yellow coloured medical liquids used to avoid infection*
flavine antiseptic

Acknowledgement: © Robert Drewe

End of Text four

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 one — Image

- (a) Describe how a sense of disconnection is created in the image. **2**

Text two — Poem

- (b) Why is the ‘creased photograph’ important to the speaker and his sense of identity? **2**

Text three — Memoir extract

- (c) How do the writer’s memories of childhood reveal the challenges of family life? **3**

Text four — Prose extract

- (d) Explain how the author creates a strong sense of inclusion and exclusion in the extract. **3**

Texts one, two, three and four — Image, Poem, Memoir extract and Prose extract

- (e) Analyse how TWO of these texts portray the complex emotions resulting from a desire for connection. **5**

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. Extra writing booklets are available.

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)

Compose a piece of imaginative writing that explores a decision to embrace or reject a connection with others.

Use ONE of the items below as the central element of your writing.

1

The room is shaded and cool, the afternoon sun is bright. The silent scene outside may as well belong to another world.

Acknowledgment: *The Gift of Speed* by Steven Carroll.
Reproduced by permission of HarperCollins Publishers Pty Ltd

2



Acknowledgement: © Michelle Cheikin

3

Maybe it wasn't the right hour for setting out, the sun too blazing or too uncertain. Maybe it was a road that belonged to another, never really yours ...

Acknowledgement: © Peter Boyle, *Museum of Space*, Queensland University Press, 2004, page 39

Section III

15 marks

Attempt Question 3

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

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

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)

An individual's sense of belonging is determined not only by their own choices but also by the attitudes of others.

How accurately does this statement reflect the ideas represented in your prescribed text and ONE other related text of your own choosing?

The prescribed texts are listed on the next page.

Question 3 continues on page 11

Question 3 (continued)

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*
- **Nonfiction** – Raimond Gaita, *Romulus, My Father*
- **Drama** – Arthur Miller, *The Crucible: A Play in Four Acts*
 - Jane Harrison, *Rainbow's End*
from Vivienne Cleven et al. (eds), *Contemporary Indigenous Plays*
- **Film** – Baz Luhrmann, *Strictly Ballroom*
 - Rolf De Heer, *Ten Canoes*
- **Shakespeare** – William Shakespeare, *As You Like It*
- **Poetry** – Peter Skrzynecki, *Immigrant Chronicle*
 - The prescribed poems are:
 - * *Feliks Skrzynecki*
 - * *St Patrick's College*
 - * *Ancestors*
 - * *10 Mary Street*
 - * *Migrant hostel*
 - * *Post card*
 - * *In the folk museum*
 - Emily Dickinson, *Selected Poems of Emily Dickinson*
 - The prescribed poems are:
 - * *66 This is my letter to the world*
 - * *67 I died for beauty, but was scarce*
 - * *82 I had been hungry all the years*
 - * *83 I gave myself to him*
 - * *127 A narrow fellow in the grass*
 - * *154 A word dropped careless on a page*
 - * *161 What mystery pervades a well!*
 - * *181 The saddest noise, the sweetest noise*
 - Steven Herrick, *The Simple Gift*

End of paper

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