



BOARD OF STUDIES  
NEW SOUTH WALES

**2010**

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

**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

## Section I

**15 marks**

**Attempt Question 1**

**Allow about 40 minutes for this section**

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

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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
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**Question 1** (15 marks)

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

**Question 1 continues on page 3**

Question 1 (continued)

**Text one — Image**



**'Family Sculpture' by John Searles**  
© John Searles

**Question 1 continues on page 4**

Question 1 (continued)

**Text two — Nonfiction extract from *Like My Father, My Brother***

. . . I have this dream sometimes, that I am small and standing at a door. The door is orange and has a window above it. Through this window, which is slanted open, I can hear my brother and my father. I am outside the door. They are playing a game on the other side. I am calling out, trying to get their attention, but the door remains closed.

My brother often sold me his old clothes. He would dangle them in front of me and offer them at a price. There was never any negotiation. If I refused to pay the price, he threw them out with a mocking, regretful expression. I bought many of his clothes but they never sat on me properly. I was taller than him, but skinnier, and his clothes were already worn by the time they got to me, so that I looked like a lost scarecrow. I rarely saw myself wearing them though. I made a point of not looking at myself. Instead I focused on the way I had seen my brother wear them, the ease with which he moved inside his skin. I was fascinated by his surface.

All of my brother's friends used to call me by his name. They added *junior* at the end as if I were his son, and so I was known, but apart from the history we shared, I was more aware of our difference. My brother has a broad Australian accent that he had acquired within a year or so of our arrival, and he blended in at school in every way. My own accent still carried the thick, stumbling textures of Holland. I was much taller than the people around me and solitary.

My brother could pick up any sort of sporting equipment and act like he had been using it for years and he had an easy contempt for those who didn't have that natural ability.

When he was eighteen he said to me, 'Have you ever actually stopped to *look* at yourself?'

There was such derision in his tone that I flew into a rage. I described in great detail how he had always put me down, how he had oppressed me, made my life hell despite the fact that I had only ever admired him. He turned white, as if all of this was news to him. After that, he'd sometimes find ways of praising me. He'd tell me that I was better with words than he was, that I was the clever one.

I was used to admiring my brother because it was all that I had ever seen other people do . . .

MICHAEL SALA

**Question 1 continues on page 5**

Question 1 (continued)

*In this extract, the speaker reflects on her relationships with her two sisters, May and Phoebe, and her friend, Beth.*

In families, is nothing private? Too much is private. Too much cannot be spoken. Too much hangs on whose version prevails . . .

In Sydney I have a friend . . . She has sky-blue eyes and the loveliest sun blessed hair. And although she looks nothing like me, there have been times when we've been asked if we're sisters . . . She is the same age as Phoebe, but while Phoebe remains for ever a little sister across an impenetrable rift of experience, Beth and I are of one skin; there's not a sliver of difference between us. When I consider that I've known her for less than ten years I feel a little faint . . . as if I can no longer imagine the life I lived before, a world without the most perfect of sisters.

Beth has a sister of her own but, as with May and Phoebe and me, their present is hobbled on childhood narratives, ancient rivalries and expulsions. With real sisters friendship must always be struggled for, and on those few occasions when the cog between us slips, I breathe with the shallowest of breaths and barely sleep until all is restored and the tiny lines around her eyes smooth out again and she tells me her secret jokes . . .

May and Phoebe say that while I felt expelled and exiled, they felt abandoned and bereft. They say I left them behind; they say they lost me, their big sister, gone without them. They were stuck at school with the fragments of our parents' marriage waiting for them in the holidays, while I crossed the world to a country where even the moon is upside down. I had a life brimming over with sparkling stories which I sent to them on the back of postcards of shining harbours and bright reefs. They had drizzle, and guinea pigs to bury, and dogs to drag out of the river. But I say they grew up to each other and with each other. They know their way around streets and lanes that are strange to me; and of the three of us it is they who come closest to being friends. I am an exotic traveller whose return is looked forward to and invariably disappoints.

It is Beth, not May or Phoebe, who understands my exile. It's not that my sisters don't understand being squeezed out; that's the problem, we all understand it far too well . . . But I say I was the one who crossed the world and must cross it again to be with them. Was that what I wanted? I am the one for whom return is repeated but never complete, so that the grief of exile is felt not in absence, but in the presence of those to whom I cannot be restored. Is that what I wanted?

All this Beth knows, and knowing it we need barely speak of it, though it is to her that I turn when the ground slips, just as she turns to me when it happens to her and blood sisters confront each other in their mismatched memories. But at the time, when May, Phoebe and I face each other across the flood plain of our incomprehension, I turn away wounded. It's only to Beth I can say that we represent to each other the paths, taken and not taken; no wonder it's difficult.

DRUSILLA MODJESKA

Extract from 'The Cuckoo Clock', Drusilla Modjeska from  
Sisters - An Anthology, reproduced by permission of Harper  
Collins Publishers Australia

Question 1 (continued)

**Text four — Poem**

**Looking in the Album**

Here the formal times are surrendered  
to the camera's indifferent gaze: weddings,  
graduations, births and official portraits taken  
every ten years to falsify appearances.  
Even snapshots meant to gather afternoons  
with casual ease are rigid. Smiles  
are too buoyant. Tinny laughter echoes  
from the staged scene on an artificial  
beach. And yet we want to believe  
this is how it was: The children's hair  
always bore the recent marks of combs;  
that trousers, even at picnics, were always  
creased and we travelled years with the light  
but earnest intimacy of linked hands or arms  
arranged over shoulders. This is the record  
of our desired life: Pleasant, leisurely on vacations,  
wryly comic before local landmarks, competent  
auditors of commencement speakers, showing  
in our poses that we believed what we were told.  
But this history contains no evidence  
of aimless nights when the wilderness of ourselves  
sprang up to swallow the outposts of what  
we thought we were. Nowhere can we see  
tears provoked by anything but joy. There  
are no pictures of our brittle, lost intentions.  
We burned the negatives\* that we felt did not give a true  
account and with others made this abridgement of our lives.

VERN RUTSALA

© Vern Rutsala

\* 'We burned the negatives' = *destroyed the original images*

**Question 1 continues on page 7**

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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 the image depicts the idea of belonging or not belonging to a family. 2

**Text two — Nonfiction extract**

- (b) ‘... I was more aware of our difference.’ 2

Explain the speaker’s relationship with his brother.

**Text three — Nonfiction extract**

- (c) ‘It is Beth, not May or Phoebe, who understands my exile.’ 3

How does this text portray friendship as an alternative source of belonging?

**Text four — Poem**

- (d) ‘This is the record of our desired life.’ 3

Explore the speaker’s attitude to the family photo album as a record of belonging.

**Texts one, two, three and four — Image, Nonfiction extracts and Poem**

- (e) Analyse the ways distinctive perspectives of family and belonging are conveyed in at least TWO of these texts. 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.

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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)

Select ONE of the quotations as the opening for a piece of imaginative writing that explores the challenges of belonging and not belonging.

- 'I am outside the door.'

**OR**

- 'We want to believe this is how it was . . .'

**OR**

- 'I felt expelled and exiled . . .'



## 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.

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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 interaction with others and the world around them can enrich or limit their experience of belonging.’

Discuss this view with detailed reference to 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 10**

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*
  - \* *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*
    - \* *66 This is my letter to the world*
    - \* *67 I died for beauty but was scarce*
    - \* *82 I had been hungry all the year s*
    - \* *83 I gave myself to him*
    - \* *127 A narrow fellow in the grass*
    - \* *154 A word dropped careless on the page*
    - \* *161 What mystery pervades a well!*
    - \* *181 Saddest noise, the sweetest noise*
  - Steven Herrick, *The Simple Gift*

**End of paper**

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