



JAMES RUSE AGRICULTURAL HIGH SCHOOL

2010

**TRIAL HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE
EXAMINATION**

English (Advanced)

Paper 1: Area of Study

General Instructions

- Reading Time – 10 minutes
- Working Time – 2 hours
- Write using black or blue pen
- Hand up EACH SECTION in a SEPARATE BOOKLET
- Write your candidate number on each page
- Attempt ALL QUESTIONS
- Write the question number at the top of your page

Total marks – 45

SECTION I

Pages 2-6

15 marks

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

SECTION II

Page 7

15 marks

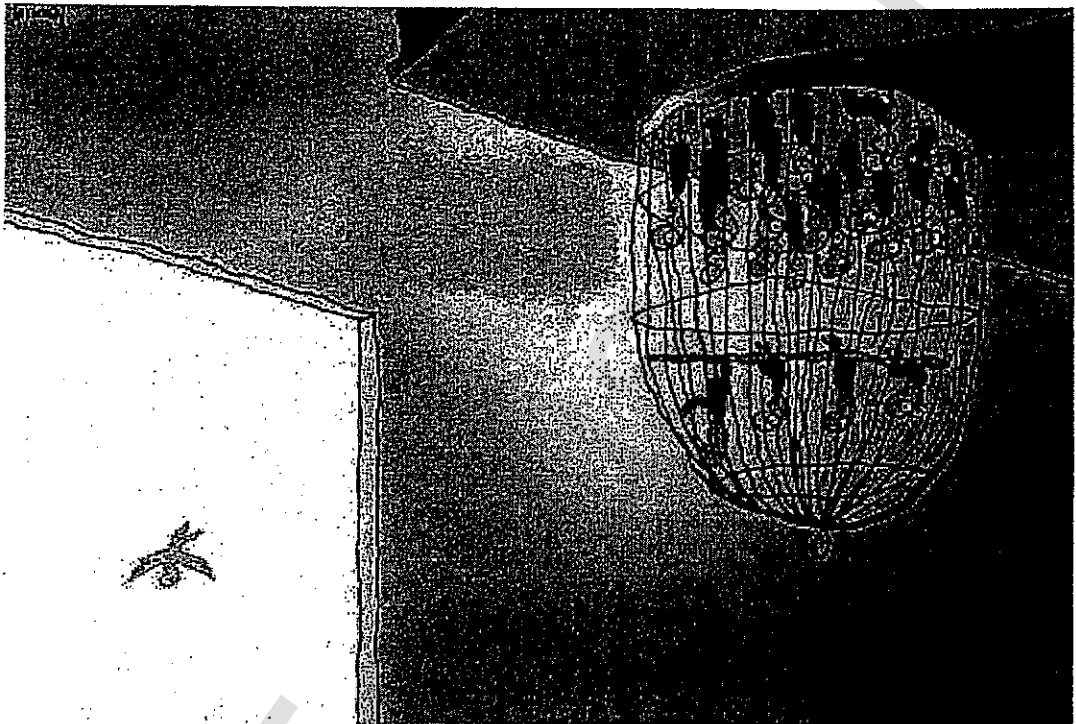
- Attempt Question 2
- Allow about 40 minutes for this section

SECTION III

Pages 8-9

15 marks

- Attempt Question 3
- Allow about 40 minutes for this section
- 'Prescribed text' refers to the text studied by your class



Text one – Cartoon

Examine Texts one, two and three carefully and then answer the questions on page 6.

Question 1 (15 marks)

-
- In your answer, you will be assessed on how well you:
- Demonstrate understanding of the way the concept of belonging is shaped in and through texts
 - Describe, explain and analyse the relationship between language, text and context
-

Attempt Question 1
Allow about 40 minutes for this section

15 marks

SECTION I

Question 1 (continued)

Text Two - Poem

'Seeing Elle Macpherson' by Lauren Williams

After 18 hours of unsuccessful meditation
in one position (Western, 'The Traveller')
L.A. International Airport is a polite giant
high security detention and transfer centre
and a relief

My face in the ladies' room mirror
is an aerial view of a finely shattered desert
with small pink ranges of incipient volcanic activity
My hair is seaweed abandoned on a rock
My ankles could be hooked up
in a delicatessen window

I return to the transit lounge
smiling from the chariot of her perfection
She draws nigh somewhere
between too fast and too slow
between forced and natural radiance
between modesty and false modesty
between cool and chill

She gets away with it
Luck is being born with the means of production
Capitalism is making it earn -
hair like one glossy animal
the honeyed skin of her face
matching the honeyed skin of her neck
matching the honeyed skin of her hands
matching the honeyed skin of her ankles
the cut of the cream jacket and matching
mid-calf pants hugging her
like beautiful insurance
Elle! Elle! I almost call
I'm Australian too!

She sails past in a small cage
of recognition and freakdom watched
by the life forms of a brutish planet
She carries nothing
Her companion pushes a luggage trolley
His grey suit exudes wealth
extrudes a small grey skull with thin grey lips
Elle bends down
to catch their murmured comment

I find my planet again
in the humid industry of the ladies' room -
the hoarse moan of hand dryers
the universal amoeba of wet tissues
the busy mirror of ordinary women
colouring-in the human.

My grandmother was best friends with the woman down the road who was her age. She had a grandson she had brought up from birth. He was very clever and was going to university. When I was about sixteen, my grandmother decided to look around for a likely husband. One day she went to see her friend and they spent hours talking about their families and their grandchildren. I'm not sure what they decided, if they decided anything at all, but his name used to come up in conversation a lot after that until he moved away. I was reminded of my grandmother's efforts in Cairo, going through the museum with an elderly guide. He did not know a lot about the exhibits but knew how much I should pay him for misinformation. It was worth the money for the memory alone.

Not unlike the Arab guide who took me across the Nile to the Valley of the Kings, into the tombs of the Pharaohs, to gaze upwards at the painted stories of all that the ancients had worshipped. There in the house of his ancestors, I could hear the singing. Then when I was standing admitting it all, he turned to his young fledgling and talked in a quiet stream of Arabic of the real secrets of the tombs and temples.

And suddenly I'd be sitting on the verandah of my grandparents' home, listening to them move slowly about the house as I waited for the school bus to arrive. They'd make me a cup of hot chocolate on winter mornings and occasionally press a five dollar note into my hands. The meeting house was next door, and if there were visitors my grandfather would put on a hat and tie and show them around, telling them the history of the meeting house, the meaning of each panel, the story of pa. He knew every turn and curve of the land, but only ever told visitors what they wanted to hear. He would stop and listen to them admire the house.

'Kotiro Maori e, taku ripene pai.'

When they died, the photo came to me and I became interested in Egypt. I started reading books about the country, and eventually I decided to go. It felt like being home in a way. Some of the older ones knew where New Zealand was, probably as a result of the war. The younger ones thought I was Egyptian until I spoke, and then they thought I was an Australian. I tried to explain about how two races live in New Zealand, one fair and one dark. I don't know if they understood but it didn't matter. It was an adventure, the fact that no-one knew where I came from.

My grandparents had a photo in their house of my grandfather in his uniform and the pyramids in the background. He never really talked much about the war but now and then I saw his withered leg. It had had shrapnel through it.

'The Singing' by Shona Jones

Text Three – Short Story

Question 1 (continued)

'You are married?'

This seemed to be the first question asked of a woman in a Muslim country. I had learnt to lie. Yes, but my husband was not well. He was back at the hotel resting. Then came the inevitable next question.

'How many babies?'

I couldn't bring myself to lie about this and so just said, 'No babies.'

A look of pity moved across his face and he took me to a statue of the ancient god of fertility.

'Maybe she can help,' he said with sympathy.

I found a family in Cairo and went to stay with them for a few days.

It was New Year's Eve and we bought a cake and got dressed up. They had guessed that this was an important day in the country where I came from. After the evening meal, the girls put on some music and tried to teach me to belly dance, but I couldn't stop laughing for long enough. The eldest daughter was about my age and tried hard to speak English to me. She made her favourite dessert and fed me titbits from a plate. At the end of the meal she put down her knife and said slowly, 'You are handsome and we all love you.'

Afterwards, we all sat on the verandah. Across from the houses was a mosque and the call to prayers came – that long low humming chant that made me stop and be still.

And I could hear the singing that I took with me from home. It had the same sound, the same effect on me. It seemed then, in the house thousands of miles from the photo on my grandparents' wall, that it was only the words that were different.

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

- Demonstrate understanding of the way the concept of belonging is shaped in and through texts
- Describe, explain and analyse the relationship between language, text and context

Question 1 (15 marks)

Marks

Text One – Cartoon

- a) Explain how the composer has used ONE visual feature to convey an aspect of belonging. **2**

Text Two – Poem

- b) What connections are made between belonging and identity in 'Seeing Elle Macpherson'? **2**

- c) How is contrast used by Williams to explore ideas about belonging? **3**

Text Three – Short Story

- d) Analyse how Shona Jones establishes the narrator's relationship between place and his sense of belonging. **3**

All Texts – Cartoon, Poem and Short Story

- e) Choose TWO texts and discuss how these texts effectively represent the multifaceted nature of belonging. **5**

SECTION II

15 marks

Attempt Question 2

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

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

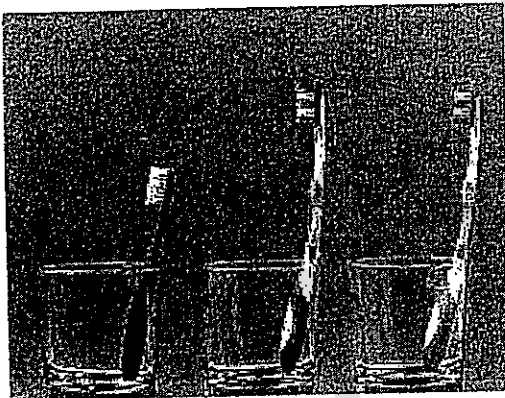
- Express understanding of belonging in the context of your studies
- Organise, develop and express ideas using language appropriate to audience, purpose and context

Question 2 (15 Marks)

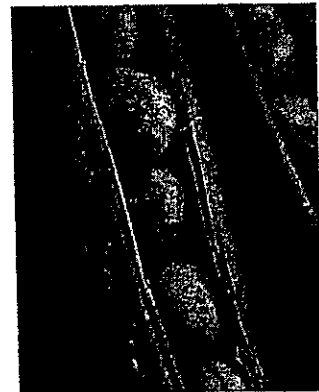
Use ONE of the texts below as a stimulus to reflect imaginatively on the significance of belonging.

Indicate at the top of your first page which text you have selected. You may write in any form.

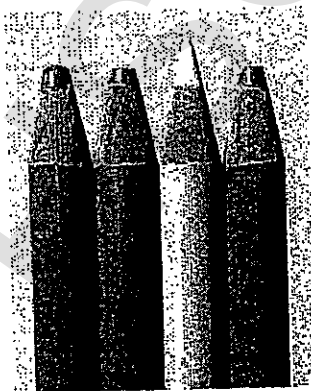
Stimulus A



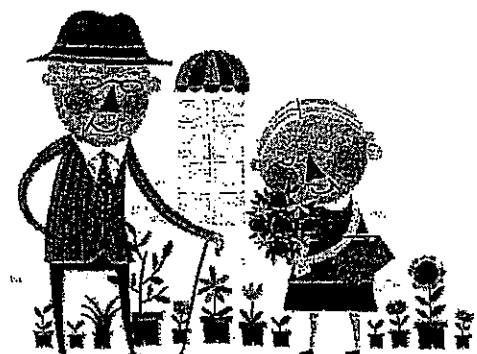
Stimulus B



Stimulus C



Stimulus D



SECTION III

15 Marks

Attempt Question 3

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the question in the booklet provided. Clearly mark this response Section III. Include your student number.

- 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 the concept of 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

What do you think are the most powerful influences on an individual's sense of belonging?

In your answer, refer closely to your prescribed text and at least TWO texts of your own choosing.

The prescribed texts are:

- **Prose Fiction or Non Fiction**
 - Amy Tan, *The Joy Luck Club*
 - Thumapa Lahiri, *The Namesake*
 - Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*
 - Ruth Praver Jhabvala, *Heat and Dust*
 - Tara June Winch, *Swallow The Air*
 - Raymond Gaita, *Romulus My Father*
- **Drama or Film or Shakespeare**
 - Arthur Miller, *The Crucible*
 - William Shakespeare, *As You Like It*
 - Jane Harrison, *Rainbow's End*
 - Baz Luhrmann, *Strictly Ballroom*
 - Rolf De Heer, *Ten Canoes*
- **Poetry**
 - Peter Skrzynecki, *Immigrant Chronicle*
 - *Feliks Skrzynecki*
 - *St Patrick's College*
 - *Ancestors*

- * *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 dies 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 world dropped careless on the page'
- * 161 'What mystery pervades a well!'
- * 181 'Saddest noise, the sweetest noise'

- Stephen Herrick, *The Simple Gift*

End Of Paper