

English Standard and Advanced – Paper 1

General Instructions

- Reading Time – 10 minutes
- Working Time – 2 hours
- Write using blue or black pen
- Write your student number at the bottom of this page

Total Marks - 45

Section I

Pages 2 - 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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This paper is used with the understanding that it has a Security Period.

Student Name / Number:

Section I

15 marks

Attempt Question 1

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the question in a writing booklet.

In your answer 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 and three carefully and then answer the questions on page 8

Question 1 continues on page 3

Text one – Advertisement

Cry baby. Can't you read yet? Nobody likes me. Where are your school books? You can't play with us. Stupid. Easily distracted in class. Bother somebody else. It's not my fault. Where's your homework? Struggling. Get away from us. You don't know anything. Look at the poor kid. Dummy. Her grades are slipping. Don't you have a computer? Leave me alone. You wore that yesterday. Can I have your sandwich? Repeat a year. Those shoes are falling apart. Always late. She can't afford the excursion. What did I do wrong? Joke. She's always so quiet. That's the wrong uniform. Detention. You're not invited. Well below average. Why should I care? Truant. You don't have any friends. Disruptive in class. We have no money for that. There's no-one to talk to. Suspended. Needs to apply herself more. I hate this place. She'll amount to nothing. Angry. Isolated from her peers. You'll be a loser for life. Not taking her exams seriously. Is there trouble at home? Fail.



Financial disadvantage is about more than just money.

There are 680,000 disadvantaged kids in Australia. Kids who haven't had the benefit of early childhood learning opportunities, kids who can't afford books, kids who don't even have a complete uniform or the basics they need when they do start school. This not only makes it extremely difficult for them to participate with other kids, but they're also often shunned and excluded. For some, this sets up a pattern of underachievement and social isolation that last throughout their school years, and worse, for life. You can help prevent this for less than \$1 a day.

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Question 1 continues on page 3

Question 1 (continued)

Text two – Opinion Article

Staking a claim on the street with no name

Lately I've been haggling over money with Terry. I tell him I'm quite prepared to give him one payment a week instead of spreading my money over four or five nights. He shakes his head. "I don't know, Louis," he says. "I'd like to think about it."

Terry is a beggar, and has been for some years. He has staked a claim a few metres from my apartment, strategically placed between the liquor shop and the junction that gives Kings Cross its name. He is not the only beggar in the area.

There are many. If you are to give a rough summary, then the most common are the temporary beggars who, grimacing with severe hangovers, crop up of a Sunday or on Monday mornings, wanting money for extra drinks or just enough money to flee back home from their disastrous weekend.

Then there are the importune men who hover around the station pleading for money to buy a train ticket. Their familiar cry is for "spare change", in the hope the impatient commuter will palm them a 50 cent coin just to get rid of them.

There are the severe alcoholics, of course, who need just enough change to dash off to the hardware shop to buy their metho. They slump in alcoves or on the doorsteps of apartment blocks and shops, their faces looking like giant bruises, holding out trembling hands to ask for money. Most do not stay long. They either die or vanish into a drying-out facility with disturbing frequency.

Then there are the crazies. The past 20 or so years have seen an influx of madmen. Thrown out of asylums because of government cutbacks and society indifference, they wander through the streets muttering to themselves, cursing God, or suddenly loom in front of you with wild grins demanding money.

The worst are the ice addicts. If there is a common topic of conversation among long-standing Cross residents discussing drugs, it's that heroin addicts are excellent people to deal with compared with ice addicts, who are aggressive and unpredictable.

Question 1 continues on page 5

Text two – Opinion Article (continued)

I have been physically attacked a couple of times by agitated men at the mercy of the chemical. They make the worst beggars, because by the time they get up enough courage to beg they are simmering with hostility, having been up for two or three days without sleep, and any knock-back they get is an affront to their self-esteem. They yell and hurl abuse at the frightened man or woman whom a few seconds before they were addressing with a brittle charm that barely concealed their impulse to attack them.

One late afternoon I saw Terry in his regular place, drinking a can of beer – which was unusual. He patted the space next to him and asked me to join him. I told him I didn't drink beer. "That's OK, Louis, just sit here." So I sat with him and talked. It was fascinating to see the world from his perspective. It was amazing how many businessmen looked down at him (maybe us) with expressions of absolute contempt. Others passed by, pretending indifference. A few locals greeted him by name, which pleased him no end. I asked him if he was ever beaten up. "Once or twice by hoons, but you gotta accept that." I questioned him as to why he didn't stay at the hostel where he slept and get the dole. "That's a living death. A real living death," he replied. After an hour, I stood up. "That's my world, Louis," he remarked cheerfully.

We've been haggling for a long time. I tell him I'm quite prepared to give him \$10 or \$15 at the beginning of the week, rather than doling out coins every time I see him. I used to think he had calculated the loose change I give him adds up to more than that. Now I'm not too sure. I think he's afraid I won't have to talk to him on the other nights of the week.

And that's the thing about Terry and two other beggars I speak with. If they wanted to, they could shift into a hostel and collect welfare payments and not have to be outside – sometimes in appalling weather – but there is something else that is common to the three of them.

They may be loners but begging gives them an identity. Wealthy newcomers may despise them but long-term residents know them by name and stop and chat to them, sometimes giving them money. I think the important things is that they feel they are known and accepted, not as beggars, not as faceless names in some bureaucratic hostel that seems like death's waiting room, but as people. There is something wonderful about that.

Louis Nowra
The Sydney Morning Herald

Question 1 continues on page 6

Question 1 (continued)

Text three – Narrative Extract

There was nothing to alarm him at first entry. Twigs crackled under his feet, logs tripped him, funguses on stumps resembled caricatures, and startled him for the moment by their likeness to something familiar and far away; but that was all fun, and exciting. It led him on, and he penetrated to where the light was less, and trees crouched nearer and nearer, and holes made ugly mouths at him on either side.

Everything was very still now. The dusk advanced on him steadily, rapidly, gathering in behind and before; and the light seemed to be draining away like flood-water.

Then the faces began.

It was over his shoulder, and indistinctly, that he first thought he saw a face; a little evil wedge-shaped face, looking out at him from a hole. When he turned and confronted it, the thing had vanished.

He quickened his pace, telling himself cheerfully not to begin imagining things, or there would be simply no end to it. He passed another hole, and another, and another; and then--yes!--no!--yes! certainly a little narrow face, with hard eyes, had flashed up for an instant from a hole, and was gone. He hesitated--braced himself up for an effort and strode on. Then suddenly, and as if it had been so all the time, every hole, far and near, and there were hundreds of them, seemed to possess its face, coming and going rapidly, all fixing on him glances of malice and hatred: all hard-eyed and evil and sharp.

If he could only get away from the holes in the banks, he thought, there would be no more faces. He swung off the path and plunged into the untrodden places of the wood.

Then the whistling began.

Very faint and shrill it was, and far behind him, when first he heard it; but somehow it made him hurry forward. Then, still very faint and shrill, it sounded far ahead of him, and made him hesitate and want to go back ... They were up and alert and ready, evidently, whoever they were! And he--he was alone, and unarmed, and far from any help; and the night was closing in.

Then the pattering began.

Question 1 continues on page 7

Text three – Narrative Extract (continued)

He thought it was only falling leaves at first, so slight and delicate was the sound of it. Then as it grew it took a regular rhythm, and he knew it for nothing else but the pat-pat-pat of little feet still a very long way off. Was it in front or behind? It seemed to be first one, and then the other, then both. It grew and it multiplied, till from every quarter as he listened anxiously, leaning this way and that, it seemed to be closing in on him...

The pattering increased till it sounded like sudden hail on the dry leaf-carpet spread around him. The whole wood seemed running now, running hard, hunting, chasing, closing in round something or--somebody? In panic, he began to run too, aimlessly, he knew not whither. He ran up against things, he fell over things and into things, he darted under things and dodged round things. At last he took refuge in the deep dark hollow of an old beech tree, which offered shelter, concealment--perhaps even safety, but who could tell? Anyhow, he was too tired to run any further, and could only snuggle down into the dry leaves which had drifted into the hollow and hope he was safe for a time.

Kenneth Grahame
From *Wind in the Willows*

Question 1 continues on page 8

In your answer 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 – Advertisement

Marks

- | | | |
|-----|--|---|
| (a) | What attitude towards belonging is represented in the advertisement? | 1 |
| (b) | Explain briefly how the visual image supports the ideas expressed in the written text. | 2 |

Text two – Opinion Article

- | | | |
|-----|--|---|
| (c) | Identify one way in which Terry tries to belong. | 1 |
| (d) | How does the writer show different perceptions of belonging? | 3 |

Text three – Narrative Extract

- | | | |
|-----|---|---|
| (e) | Analyse the language techniques used to represent the character's unease at being out of place. | 3 |
|-----|---|---|

Texts one, two and three – Advertisement, Opinion Article and Narrative Extract

- | | | |
|-----|--|---|
| (f) | Each of these texts explores the implications of not belonging. Compare and contrast how TWO of the texts represent their ideas. | 5 |
|-----|--|---|

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)

Select ONE of the following quotations. Use this quotation as a central idea in your own piece of writing that explores the difficulties associated with belonging.

- (a) “She’ll amount to nothing...”

OR

- (b) “He patted the space next to him and asked me to join him.”

OR

- (c) “...all fixing on him glances of malice and hatred...”

Section III**15 marks****Attempt Question 3****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:

- ◆ 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)

‘Connecting with others is the cornerstone of personal contentment.’

To what extent do you agree with this statement?

In your response, refer to your prescribed text and TWO other related texts of your own choosing.

The prescribed texts are:

- **Prose Fiction or Nonfiction**
 - 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*
 - Raymond Gaita, *Romulus My Father*
- **Drama or Film or Shakespeare**
 - Arthur Miller, *The Crucible*
 - Jane Harrison, ‘*Rainbow’s End*’
 - Baz Luhrmann, *Strictly Ballroom*
 - Rolf De Heer, *Ten Canoes*
 - 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*

The prescribed texts continue on page 11

- 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 years'
 - ❖ 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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