



CATHOLIC SECONDARY SCHOOLS
ASSOCIATION OF NSW

--	--	--	--	--

Centre Number

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

Student Number

2012
TRIAL HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE
EXAMINATION

English (Standard) and English (Advanced) Paper 1 – Area of Study

Morning Session
Monday, 30 July 2012

General Instructions

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Working time – 2 hours
- Write using blue or black pen
Black pen is preferred
- Write your Centre Number and
Student Number at the top of this
page

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

Page 9–10

15 marks

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

Disclaimer

Every effort has been made to prepare these 'Trial' Higher School Certificate Examinations in accordance with the Board of Studies documents, *Principles for Setting HSC Examinations in a Standards-Referenced Framework* (BOS Bulletin, Vol 8, No 9, Nov/Dec 1999), and *Principles for Developing Marking Guidelines Examinations in a Standards Referenced Framework* (BOS Bulletin, Vol 9, No 3, May 2000). No guarantee or warranty is made or implied that the 'Trial' Examination papers mirror in every respect the actual HSC Examination question paper in any or all courses to be examined. These papers do not constitute 'advice' nor can they be construed as authoritative interpretations of Board of Studies intentions. The CSSA accepts no liability for any reliance use or purpose related to these 'Trial' question papers. Advice on HSC examination issues is only to be obtained from the NSW Board of Studies.

5200-1

Section I

15 marks

Attempt Question 1

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the question in a SEPARATE 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 7.

Question 1 continues on page 3

Question 1 (continued)

Text One — Visual Text: Wall mural



Question 1 continues on page 4

Question 1 (continued)

Text Two — Poem

First Ice

A girl freezes in a telephone booth.
In her draughty overcoat she hides
A face all smeared
In tears and lipstick
She breathes on her thin palms.
Her fingers are icy. She wears earrings.

She'll have to go home alone, alone,
Along the icy street.

First ice. It is the first time.
The first ice of telephone phrases.

Frozen tears glitter on her cheeks —
The first ice of human hurt.

Andrei Voznesensky

Question 1 continues on page 5

Question 1 (continued)

Text Three — Short Story Extract from “The Freshest Boy” (F. Scott Fitzgerald)

Having made himself unpopular among people at school, Basil has tried adapting his behaviour, so far without marked success.

Basil was snubbed and slighted a good deal for his real and imaginary sins, and he was much alone. But on the other hand, there was Ted Fay, and Rose of the Night on the phonograph¹ – ‘All my life whenever I hear that waltz’ – and the remembered lights of New York, and the thought of what he was going to do in football next autumn and the glamorous image of Yale and the hope of spring in the air.

Fat Gaspar and a few others were nice to him now. Once when he and Fat walked home together by accident from down-town they had a long talk about actresses – a talk that Basil was wise enough not to presume upon afterwards. The smaller boys suddenly decided that they approved of him, and a master who had hitherto disliked him put his hand on his shoulder walking to a class one day. They would all forget eventually – maybe during the summer. There would be new fresh boys in September; he would have a clean start next year.

One afternoon in February, playing basketball, a great thing happened. He and Brick Wales were at forward on the second team and in the fury of the scrimmage the gymnasium echoed with sharp slapping contacts and shrill cries.

‘Here yar!’

‘Bill! Bill!’

Basil had dribbled the ball down the court and Brick Wales, free, was crying for it.

‘Here yar! Lee! Hey! Lee-y!’

Lee-y!

Basil flushed and made a poor pass. He had been called by a nickname. It was a poor makeshift, but it was something more than the stark bareness of his surname or a term of derision. Brick Wales went on playing, unconscious that he had done anything in particular or that he had contributed to the events by which another boy was saved from the army of the bitter, the selfish, the neurasthenic² and the unhappy. It isn’t given to us to know those rare moments when people are wide open and the lightest touch can wither or heal. A moment too late and we can never reach them any more in this world. They will not be cured by our most efficacious drugs or slain with our sharpest swords.

Lee-y! it could scarcely be pronounced. But Basil took it to bed with him that night, and thinking of it, holding it to him happily to the last, fell easily to sleep.

¹ **phonograph:** a device that plays recorded music

² **the neurasthenic:** those afflicted with a particular emotional disturbance

Text Four — Autobiography Extract

Extracts from *Relative Merits*, Chapter 10: 'Family Tree'

Yasmine Gooneratne

Relative Merits is the personal memoir of the writer's family and its history in Sri Lanka. Chapter 10, from which these extracts are taken, is the final chapter.

The ancient *nuga* tree so dominated the scene that when our private road came after the war to require an official name for the purpose of maps and street directories, my father suggested that of 'Maha Nuge Gardens' (The Gardens of the Great Banyan) for the property on which the three family houses stood. The older servants said that a treasure lay hidden beneath our *nuga* tree that was protected by a demon who lived in its branches. We children knew nothing of any demon, and treated the tree as an old friend and a companion in our games.

Sonia taught me to swing on the roots that dangled in long, thick bunches from its spreading boughs. Beneath them at one time stood a great heap of fine white river sand. Sonia and I would make castles of the sand, patting it firmly into a tall, solid mound, and then scooping out sand very gently with our fingers to fashion passages, tunnels and inner chambers. We would begin at opposite sides of the circular mound, and scrape delicately away, working steadily towards each other. No sand-falls, no caving-in of the thin walls of our tunnels could be permitted, or our fingers couldn't meet in the middle of the castle. The tree shared our delight, it held our messages to each other from time to time. Sometimes our cousins came over to spend an afternoon with us, and between the great ground roots of the *nuga* tree we would play 'Hide and Seek' and 'Sardines'.

My father photographed us once while we were playing such a game. The eleven children of the three houses stand smiling out of the picture with their arms around one another, crammed into the hollow chamber between the roots of that enormous tree, united in play, in kinship, and in love. We are scattered now, of course I see myself, the youngest of the tribe, hemmed in by a thicket of long legs and knobbly adolescent knees, fated to move furthest away in spirit and body from the rest, from the security offered by the sisterly forefinger I am just tall enough to reach in the photograph, to new interests and a way of life that has nothing to do with the family tree, its roots and its branches.

I confess the pleasure I find in discovering that the atmosphere of places once beloved can re-establish itself somewhere else without warning, so that quite unexpectedly a trick of light, a flash of water on a stone wall, the shadow of a branch moving on the grass, or the rustle of dry leaves can make one say '*That's it! That is how it was!*'

'*All human things are subject to decay,*' wrote Dryden some three centuries ago. None, as I know well, are more in peril than ancient family lines ... Only the written and spoken word, the richness of which is my only inheritance, holds the creative imagination and transmits it unhurt. Set adrift, like a nut fallen from the palms under which I played as a child with my sisters and my cousins, it floats on. The bark and branches of future growth furled secretly within, it travels on the waves of the years and the tides of oceans to root itself in other times, on other shores.

Question 1 continues on page 7

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 — Visual Text

- (a) How does **ONE** aspect of the visual text represent a positive view of belonging? **2**

Text Two — Poem

- (b) Explain how the poem conveys the idea of rejection. **2**

Text Three — Short Story Extract

- (c) Explore how the extract represents the contrast between belonging and not belonging. **3**

Text Four — Autobiography Extract

- (d) Comment on the way Gooneratne uses imagery to communicate a sense of belonging. **3**

Texts One, Two, Three and Four — Visual Text, Poem, Short Story Extract and Autobiography Extract

- (e) Choose **TWO** texts. **5**

Compare how your selected texts represent the impact of particular experiences on an individual's sense of belonging.

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)

(a) *In her draughty overcoat she hides ...*

OR

(b) *... the lightest touch can wither or heal.*

OR

(c) *We are scattered now of course ...*

Use ONE of the above quotations as the basis of your own piece of imaginative writing that considers how a sense of belonging is shaped by particular experiences.

End of Question 2

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)

Significant moments in time shape an understanding of belonging.

Explore how this is evident in your prescribed text and at least ONE other related text 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*
 - Raimond Gaita, *Romulus, My Father*
- **Drama or Film or Shakespeare**
 - Arthur Miller, *The Crucible: A Play in Four Acts*
 - Jane Harrison, *Rainbow's End*
 - Baz Luhrmann, *Strictly Ballroom*
 - Rolf De Heer, *Ten Canoes*
 - William Shakespeare, *As You Like It*

Question 3 continues on page 10

Question 3 (continued)

- **Poetry**

- Peter Skrzynecki, *Immigrant Chronicle*
 - * *Feliks Skrzynecki*
 - * *St Patrick's College*
 - * *Ancestors*
 - * *10 Mary Street*
 - * *Migrant Hostel*
 - * *Postcard*
 - * *In the Folk Museum*
- 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*
- Steven Herrick, *The Simple Gift*

End of paper

Sources

Wall Mural, <http://theplaytimemom.wordpress.com/>

Andrei Voznesensky, 'First Ice', <http://www3.abc.edu.sv/seniors/English>

F. Scott Fitzgerald, 'The Freshest Boy',

<http://gutenberg.net.au/fst/BASIL-THE-FRESHEST-BOY.html>

Yasmine Gooneratne, *Relative Merits*, C. Hurst & Co, 1986