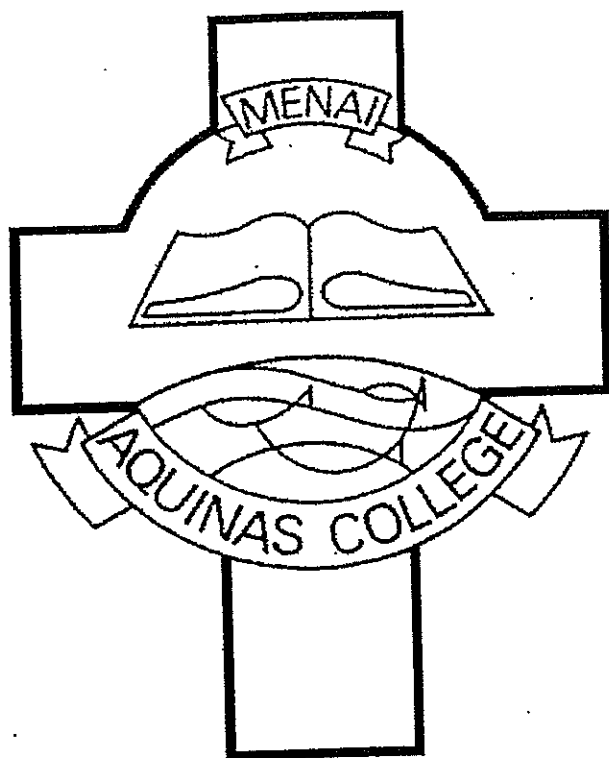




**HSC English
2010**

**Advanced
& Standard**

**HALF-YEARLY
EXAMINATION**

PAPER 1: AREA OF STUDY: BELONGING

Total marks	45	
Section I	15 marks	Attempt Question 1 Allow about 40 minutes for this section
Section II	15 marks	Attempt Question 2 Allow about 40 minutes for this section
Section III	15 marks	Attempt Question 3 Allow about 40 minutes for this section

General Instructions:

- You have 10 minutes of reading time. You must not write during this time.
- You have 2 hours (120 minutes) to plan and write your responses.
- You will attempt all THREE (3) sections.
- Write on ONE side of the provided paper only. Leave a margin.
- Ensure that your student number is on every page of your response, and that you number the pages correctly.

ction I: Attempt all questions

ad the following texts and answer the questions which follow.

xt 1: Song *Homeward Bound*, Simon and Garfunkel

Aspect of belonging =

Homeward Bound

underlines contrast between being "home" and "away" from home =

I'm sitting in the railway station.
Got a ticket to my destination.
On a tour of one-night stands my suitcase and guitar in hand.
And every stop is neatly planned for a poet and a one-man band.

Homeward bound,
I wish I was,
Homeward bound,
Home where my thought's escaping,
Home where my music's playing,
Home where my love lies waiting
Silently for me.
Every day's an endless stream
Of cigarettes and magazines.

And each town looks the same to me, the movies and the factories
And every stranger's face I see reminds me that I long to be,
Homeward bound,
I wish I was,
Homeward bound,
Home where my thought's escaping,
Home where my music's playing,
Home where my love lies waiting
Silently for me.

Tonight I'll sing my songs again,
I'll play the game and pretend.
But all my words come back to me in shades of mediocrity
Like emptiness in harmony I need someone to comfort me.
Homeward bound,
I wish I was,
Homeward bound,
Home where my thought's escaping,
Home where my music's playing,
Home where my love lies waiting
Silently for me.
Silently for me.

xt 2: Image *Return to Berlin* Please refer to the A3 sheet

MELTON LEADER

News 04 Nov 08

The Sound of Belonging

Merlene Fawdry



Georgia remembers when Melton was merely a dustbowl, now it is a thriving community

Approaching Melton, she thought how, to the newcomer, the shire had very little to show of its past, leading to occasional media misrepresentation of the suburb as a delinquent child of its parent city, Melbourne; a place of affordable housing, low incomes and a general underclass of single mothers, career criminals in hiding and battlers going nowhere. It was an unfair misconception that rankled as she considered the growth of the shire in the last one hundred and sixty years since the displacement of the traditional owners of the vast plains to the west of Melbourne, the people of the Wurundjeri. What an insult to these first Australians and to the early settlers who had forgone the promise of gold in the west to establish the coach stop and rural settlement that stood the test of time, lasting long after the last flakes of glitter were lifted from the earth.

Her thoughts forwarded one hundred years to her mother's time, when the mid-twentieth century pioneering spirit began another wave of migration from the inner suburbs to the outer west. Lured this time by the promised modernity of a satellite city

concept, that offered affordable housing within a rural aspect. Couples and young families ventured forth, leaving behind the comfort of extended families and community networks. Like their counterparts of a century before, they travelled in search of a future; their gold, a realisation of the great Australian dream of home ownership, and their drays*, Ford and Holden station wagons. Georgia had a vague memory of seeing these, packed to the roofline inside with soft furnishings and children, while outside, roof racks were stacked high with miscellaneous pieces furniture. Behind these motorised beasts of burden followed an assortment of trailers, horse floats and U Hires, packed to impossible heights with beds and armchairs, tables and chairs, children toys and bikes and the ubiquitous Victa lawnmower. The latter a symbol of hope that the red dirt of their new home might one day be tamed into respectability, a neat lawn in front of the brick veneer. And her mother had been at the forefront of this movement, arriving in the early nineteen sixties to occupy her own little slice of heaven, a cream coloured brick veneer on a quarter acre block.

When thinking about this phase of her mother's life, Georgia wondered if she had ever fully appreciated the contribution she, and others of her time, had made to the establishment of the Melton future generations would take for granted. This prompted deeper thought about the place and its people and her mother's journey in a time almost lost to progress.

Casting her mind back forty years, Georgia had a vague memory of turning off the bitumen Western Highway that ran through the fledgling suburb,

* drays = a cart to carry heavy loads

Over the years, other houses sprouted up around them and other children came into their lives to play and bicker and make up again. Her mother made new friends from amongst the other hard-working women who walked the paddocks, until fences cut their access. By the time this stage of progress had been reached, friendships had been forged beyond the limitations of these five feet high paling barriers.

Social networking was promoted through party plan sales of Bessener and Tupperware, which broke the sameness of each day, while adding the orange and green colour tones to their décor that showed they were a part of the seventies; each purchase economical and carefully budgeted within the household allowance. Housewives turned salespeople, trudging the fields selling beauty products, while dispensing advice on issues ranging from potty training to errant husbands. Like their counterparts of the previous century, itinerant hawkers, these vendors carried community and neighbourhood news into the crevices of isolation to create a sense of participation and belonging. In the absence of civic services, the women of Melton formed their own support network, looking after their more fragile sisters and acting as extended family.

Georgia had never quite understood why her mother, for all her intelligence and inventiveness, chose to bury herself in an undeveloped backwater that lacked broader stimulation. Tears stung the back of her eyes as she recalled, in her teenage years, being almost embarrassed by her mother's housewifeliness and acceptance of her position in life. How little she had known and understood.

Leaving the highway to enter Melton, Georgia saw evidence everywhere of how the combined effort of early residents formed the nucleus of resourcefulness, energy, ideas and community services residents of Melton Shire enjoys today. Driving past the well tended parks and the shopping centre that had grown with the years, she felt a sense of pride and a debt of gratitude to the twentieth century pioneers. The tree-lined avenue, leading to her substantial home, was a far cry from the unmade roads of forty years ago. The houses were larger, families were smaller, but, whatever the changes, caroling of magpies in nearby gum trees still carried the sound of belonging.

effectively cutting it in half and determining an early north south social order. The long road then narrowed appreciably, trenched on each side with tufted fringes of grass, before giving way to the rutted unmade side roads. These early infrastructural markings became justbowls in summer and muddy streams in winter; when storm water ran freely into gullies that were the footpaths of the future, septic pits adding a rectangle of lushness to otherwise barren back yards.

Their house had three bedrooms, one bathroom, and a triquette hot water heater that plagued her mother's days, as the header tank grumbled in overheated hispleasure, before spewing its steaming contents onto the passage ceiling. At the first rumble she ran for the nearest hot water tap and turned it full on, drawing her hand back quickly to escape the geyser of steam that sought escape from the build-up of pressure in the pipes. The steam gave way to a hissing and sputtering of boiling water that spat in all directions, before eaching a more moderate temperature. We crossed our fingers in superstitious hope that the passage would escape another drenching.

Her mother's days were long and lonely, her father asking the family car to commute to work in the industrial suburb they had been so keen to escape from, leaving for work before they woke in the morning and returning each night as the evening meal was served. Georgia roamed the surrounding paddocks with her sister and brothers, in a freedom known only to children of that generation, while her mother struggled across the same terrain, pushing the rickety pram through thistles and bog holes to the corner store and back. Although she never complained, Georgia occasionally saw her mother staring at some distant target only she could see, a misty sadness in her eyes, before straightening her shoulders and moving on to the next task.

In no time at all her parents had set a gravel driveway and paths around the house, sown a lawn and planted a garden of native plants that enticed birds in for a nibble and a chat. Her younger brothers breathed in the country air and grew in statue and self-confidence, finding their own place amongst other young boys in the area, roaming far and wide on their bikes and treating their own gang to belong to. Georgia was happy just to be, to feel grass under her feet and listen to the birdsong at the beginning and end of each day.

It was the sound of her belonging.

ATTEMPT QUESTION 1

TOTAL MARKS: 15

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

Text one – Song *Homeward Bound* Simon and Garfunkel

- (a) Identify the aspect of belonging addressed in the song. 1 mark
- (b) How does the writer create a contrast between being *home* and *away* from home? 2 marks

Text two – Image *Return to Berlin* (see separate A3 sheet)

- (c) Explain how this composer employs visual features to express ideas about belonging. 3 marks

Text three – Feature Article *The Sound of Belonging*

- (d) Comment on the language features employed by the composer to convey ideas about isolation or 'alone-ness'. 3 marks

Texts one, two and three – Song, Image and Feature Article

- (e) In each of these texts, perceptions of belonging involve connections between people and places. Select any TWO of these texts and compare their portrayal of the connections between people and places. 6 marks

SECTION II

ATTEMPT QUESTION 2

15 marks

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 2

In the feature article '*The Sound of Belonging*' in Section one of this exam, the composer depicts Georgia's changing attitudes to her hometown.
Write a narrative in which the protagonist experiences a shift in attitude to his/her hometown.

END OF SECTION II

SECTION III

ATTEMPT QUESTION 3

15 marks

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 3

“A study of *belonging* is always also a study of the ‘outsider’ ”

How is this supported by your prescribed text and at least one related text?

The prescribed text is: *Immigrant Chronicle* by Peter Skrzynecki

Feliks Skrzynecki

10 Mary Street

In the folk museum

Ancestors

St. Patrick's College –

Migrant hostel

Post card

END OF SECTION III

END OF EXAMINATION PAPER

BEIRLIN

Return to

Haunted history:
(below) the author and
her mother Ruth view
Kathe Kollwitz's *Mother
With Her Dead Son*, in
Berlin's Neue Vache
("New Churchhouse")
war memorial.

As a seven-year-old in
1938, Ruth Adler was
forced with her parents
to flee Nazi Germany.
Seventy years later,
she reluctantly makes
a trip "home." Her
daughter, Louise Adler,
who accompanied
her, details an
emotional journey.

Photography Penny Bradfield

September 27, 2008 Good Weekend 57