



**2011**

**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  
Black pen is preferred

**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.

---

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: *Many ways to belong*



Question 1 continues on page 4



Question 1 (continued)

**Text two — Transcript from a panel discussion on *Belonging to Places***

***Speaker 1***

It seems that there is a strong link between our modern humanity's disconnect from belonging to the land and our inability to truly feel a sense of belonging. I have moved around my entire life. I love to move and experience different places, but I never truly feel like I belong in any one place. I envy people I meet who know their neighbourhoods inside and out, have friends they have seen on a daily basis for decades, and who would never even consider leaving their hometown because it's their family...

***Speaker 2***

I think about my own life that was spent on the move, never really being 'from anywhere'. I spent such a short time in most places, especially as a child. My Dad's job kept us moving. There was always something new to explore and encounter. Always something beautiful and special to appreciate in each area that we moved to. I do not really have a sense of place though. Not a place that I am 'from'...I do understand the idea that people associate themselves with place and it becomes who they are.

I guess, even though I can't say I belong to one certain place, I can still acknowledge that while I'm here, I belong on this earth, and if I am to belong somewhere, I must do everything in my power to contribute positively...

***Speaker 3***

I definitely feel that there is something missing from my understanding of the world because I don't have an anchoring sense of place in a specific location that has been where my people belonged for centuries...Without knowing where you come from, it is very difficult to know who you are.

***Speaker 4***

I find myself shifting between values that grow out of belonging to the land by living on it, and not being 'from' that place...I, too, have moved a great deal and have sometimes longed for a place where I can touch the soil and say, 'I belong to it, and it to me'. The reality is so often that jobs whose payment sustains us, also keep us moving between landscapes. But in doing so myself, I have learned so much from the different cultures in which I have lived, and I am glad for that personal experience. Experiencing the world from multiple perspectives can be healthy.

***Speaker 1***

I agree...I also think a sense of adventure can come from a key place which brings an understanding of the meaning of belonging...yet I wonder if today, we somehow measure ourselves by what belongs to us, instead of what we belong to.

Question 1 (continued)

**Text three — Nonfiction extract from *From Here to There***

*JACK WRITES...*

Somewhere to my right is the Eiffel Tower.

Somewhere to my left is Melbourne. Many things are running through my head. My thoughts flash across a satellite perspective of the earth and then zoom along the path of our journey: Australia, Asia, Central Asia, Turkey, Europe. Snippets of memory flash in and out of my head. Again I see the peaks of Tiger Leaping Gorge disappearing into the heavens and the rush of water below. Again my insides soar as my mind's eye scans the emptiness of the Gobi Desert. The world towers above me, so massive and intricate, and again I get a glimpse of the belittling bittersweet perspective of myself as a person in a world of people. Just another squirming, thinking, speaking body in the history of humanity.

And I shared all this with my old man. I guess it is pretty strange to spend so much time with my dad. Hours upon hours talking to each other to ward off boredom. Exploring anything that came to mind. His past, mine, the future. Everything. It wasn't always good fun but the tensions and frustrations have made us closer. We know each other's breaking point. We know each other. And in all of these memories there'll be my dad's wild greying hair and his awkward grin, a stable normality in the exoticism.

Yet, clinging to each of my memories is a dash of disappointment that we never had enough time to really soak up a place and get past the superficial layer of a society. There's also a discomfort gnawing at me over the unequal relationship between the tourists and the locals. Then there's a tinge of confusion about what it means to be a tourist.

I suppose that's what the distance from home and the introduction to new places does to you. It confuses you and throws up new questions about where you stand in the world. Apparently we're meant to find ourselves when we travel, but it's made me realise just how lost I am in this huge hungry planet.

Finally I arrive at the strange conclusion that it's a pretty stupid idea to cross the world in six months. It's not a wrong idea, just stupid. We didn't have enough time in each place to get a solid base and see much more than the nearest tourist sight. We hardly got past the shallow exterior of a society, and that's what we were really searching for. But that takes years and we only had months. And at nineteen years of age I wasn't going to head off and spend half a year in one place, learn a language and study a society. Maybe that'll come later.

JACK FAINE

**Question 1 continues on page 6**

Question 1 (continued)

**Text four — Fiction extract adapted from *Brooklyn***

*This is an extract from a novel that tells the story of a young woman, Eilis, who emigrates from a small Irish town to Brooklyn, America. She leaves behind her entire life to begin a new life in an unfamiliar place. In this extract, Eilis is in her rented room in Brooklyn, reading letters from her mother, sister and brother.*

The letters told Eilis little; there was hardly anything personal in them and nothing that sounded like anyone's own voice. Nonetheless, as she read them over and over, she forgot for a moment where she was and she could picture her mother in the kitchen taking her notepad and envelopes and setting out to write a proper letter with nothing crossed out. Rose, she thought, might have gone into the dining room to write on paper she had taken home from work, using a longer, more elegant white envelope than her mother had. Eilis imagined that Rose, when she had finished, might have left hers on the hall table, and her mother would have gone with both letters in the morning to the post office, having to get special stamps for America. She could not imagine where Jack had written his letter, which was briefer than the other two, almost shy in its tone, as though he did not want to put too much in writing.

She lay on the bed with her letters beside her. For the past few weeks, she realised, she had not really thought of home. The town had come to her in flashing pictures...and she had thought, of course, of her mother and Rose, but her own life in Enniscorthy, the life she had lost and would never have again, she had kept out of her mind. Every day she had come back to this room in this house full of sounds and gone over everything new that had happened. Now, all that seemed like nothing compared to the picture she had of home, of her own room, the house in Friary Street, the food she had eaten there, the clothes she wore, how quiet everything was.

All this came back to her like a terrible weight...It was as though an ache in her chest was trying to force tears down her cheeks, despite her enormous effort to keep them back...

She was nobody here in Brooklyn. It was not just that she had no friends and family; it was rather that she was a ghost in this room, in the streets of Brooklyn on the way to work, on the shop floor. Nothing meant anything. The rooms in the house at Friary Street belonged to her, she thought; when she moved in them she was really there. In the town, if she walked to the shop, the air, the light, the ground, it was all solid and part of her even if she met no-one familiar. Nothing here in Brooklyn was part of her. It was false, empty, she thought. She closed her eyes and tried to think, as she had done so many times in her life, of something she was looking forward to, but there was nothing. Not the slightest thing. Nothing maybe except sleep...there was nothing she could do. It was as though she had been locked away.

COLM TÓIBÍN

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) Select one aspect of the visual text and explain how it offers a perspective on belonging. 2

**Text two — Transcript**

- (b) How are personal insights into belonging to places conveyed in the transcript? 2

**Text three — Nonfiction extract**

- (c) From his experience of new places, what does Jack come to understand about belonging? 3

**Text four — Fiction extract**

- (d) “Nothing here in Brooklyn was part of her.”  
Discuss the importance of memories to Eilis’s sense of belonging. 3

**Texts one, two, three and four — Visual text, Transcript, Nonfiction extract and Fiction extract**

- (e) Analyse the relationship between places and identity in 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.

---

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)



Compose a creative piece that captures the significance of remembered places to the experience of belonging.

You may use the visual image as stimulus for your creative writing.



### 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)**

Explore how perceptions of belonging and not belonging can be influenced by connections to places.

In your response, refer to your prescribed text and at least 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 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 *The saddest noise, the sweetest noise*
  - Steven Herrick, *The Simple Gift*

End of paper

BLANK PAGE

HSCFocus.com



BLANK PAGE