

2012

**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 3–9

15 marks

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

Section II Page 10

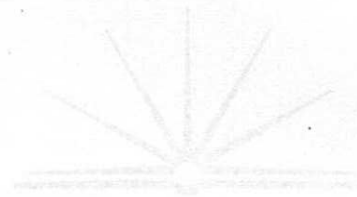
15 marks

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

Section III Pages 11–12

15 marks

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



DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
WESTERN CAPE
2012
HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE
EXAMINATION

BLANK PAGE

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.

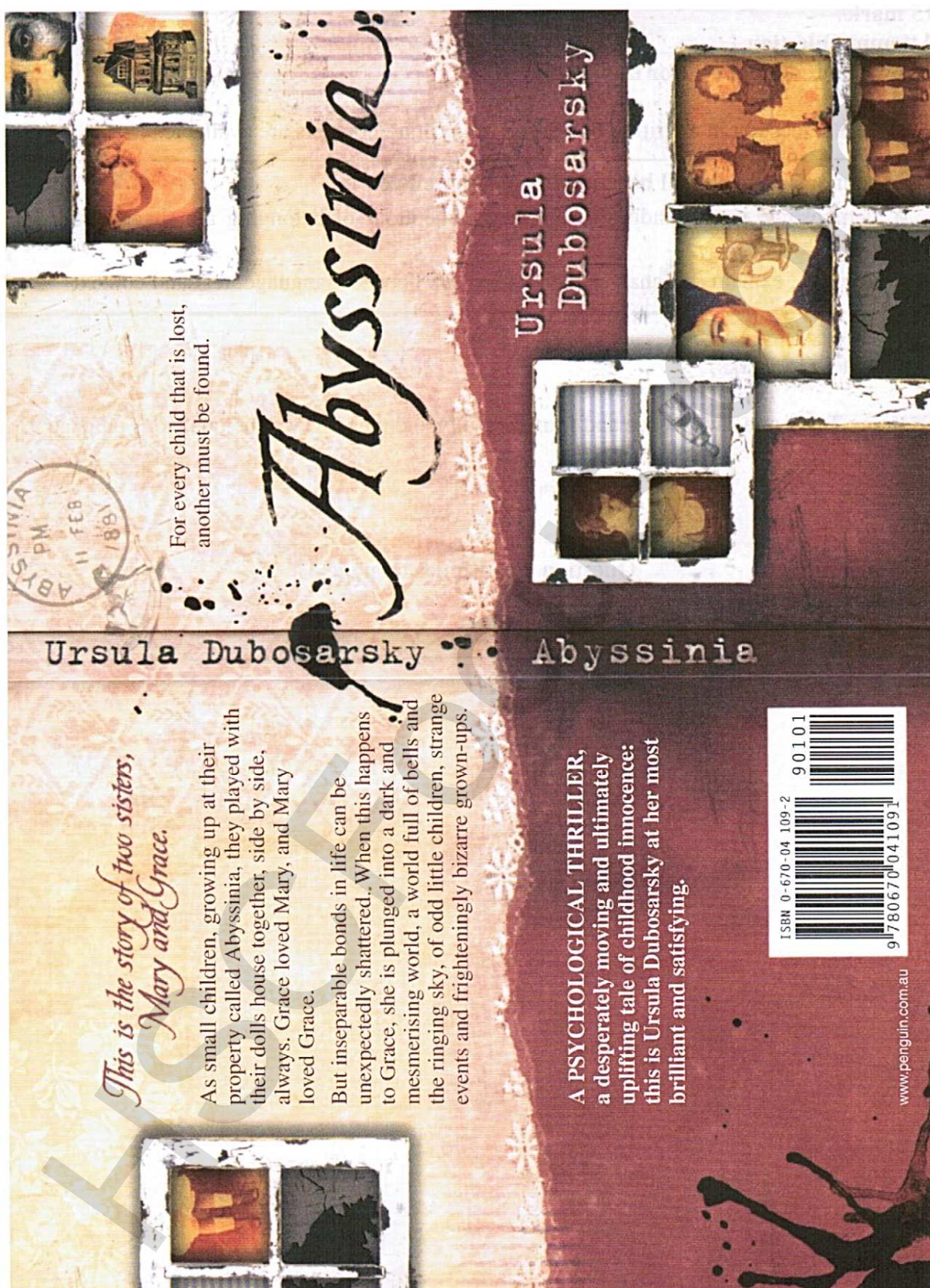
In your answers you will be assessed on how well you:

- 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 9.

Question 1 continues on page 4



Tractor and Father and Child

For Liam

In the front yard
of a farmhouse
by a cooling tractor
a man is hugging his child.
See, these things can be connected;
the tractor, red and powerful,
oversized wheels like a boy's toy,
one of those that overturn regularly
on the sloped lands
in moments of imagination,
and the man and the child hugging.

There has been no family tragedy
no accident has drawn the man
from his fields in sullen grief.
He is not hugging the child
out of guilt or regret or sadness,
unless it is the inevitable sadness of the future.
They hug each other for a long moment
no indecision or unease between them
then the child is placed on the grass
and the tractor is driven away.
Nothing out of the ordinary has occurred.
In the west the day is ending.
Now they will go inside and eat dinner together.

WARRICK WYNNE

Text three — Nonfiction extract from

A Map to the Door of No Return: Notes to Belonging

My grandfather said he knew what people we came from. I reeled off all the names I knew. Yoruba? Ibo? Ashanti? Mandingo?* He said no to all of them, saying that he would know it if he heard it. I was thirteen. I was anxious for him to remember.

I pestered him for days. He told me to stop bothering him and that he would remember. Or stop bothering or else he would not remember. I hovered about him in any room in which he rested. I followed him around asking him if he wanted me to do this or that for him, clean his glasses, polish his shoes, bring his tea. I studied him intently when he came home. I searched the grey bristles of his moustache for any flicker which might suggest he was about to speak. He raised his *Sunday Guardian* newspaper to block my view. He shooed me away, telling me to find some book to read or work to do. At times it seemed as if Papa was on the brink of remembering. I imagined pulling the word off his tongue if only I knew the first syllable.

I scoured the San Fernando library and found no other lists of names at the time. Having no way of finding other names, I could only repeat the ones I knew, asking him if he was sure it wasn't Yoruba, how about Ashanti? I couldn't help myself. I wanted to be either one. I had heard that they were noble people. But I could also be Ibo; I had heard that they were gentle. And I had followed the war in Biafra. I was on their side.

Papa never remembered. Each week he came I asked him had he remembered. Each week he told me no. Then I stopped asking. He was disappointed. I was disappointed. We lived after that in this mutual disappointment. It was a rift between us. It gathered into a kind of estrangement. After that he grew old. I grew young. A small space opened in me.

I carried this space with me. Over time it has changed shape and light as the question it evoked has changed in appearance and angle. The name of the people we came from has ceased to matter. A name would have comforted a thirteen-year-old. The question however was more complicated, more nuanced. That moment between my grandfather and I several decades ago revealed a tear in the world. A steady answer would have mended this fault line quickly. I would have proceeded happily with a simple name. I may have played with it for a few days and then stored it away. Forgotten. But the rupture this exchange with my grandfather revealed was greater than the need for familial bonds. It was a rupture in history, a rupture in the quality of being. It was also a physical rupture, a rupture of geography.

Text three continues on page 7

Text three (continued)

My grandfather and I recognised this, which is why we were mutually disappointed. And which is why he could not lie to me. It would have been very easy to confirm any of the names I'd proposed to him. But he could not do this because he too faced this moment of rupture. We were not from the place where we lived and we could not remember where we were from or who we were. My grandfather could not summon up a vision of landscape or a people which would add up to a name. And it was profoundly disturbing.

Having no name to call on was having no past; having no past pointed to the fissure between the past and the present. That fissure is represented in the Door of No Return: that place where our ancestors departed one world for another; the Old World for the New. The place where all names were forgotten and all beginnings recast. In some desolate sense it was the creation place of Blacks in the New World Diaspora** at the same time that it signified the end of traceable beginnings. Beginnings that can be noted through a name or a set of family stories that extend farther into the past than five hundred or so years, or the kinds of beginnings that can be expressed in a name which in turn marked out territory or occupation. I am interested in exploring this creation place – the Door of No Return, a place emptied of beginnings – as a site of belonging or unbelonging.

DIONNE BRAND

* Yoruba, Ibo, Ashanti, Mandingo: *West African cultural groupings*

** New World Diaspora: *Movement of African peoples mainly to America as part of the slave trade (1500s–1800s)*

End of Text three

Text four — Memoir extract adapted from *Myself/Passing By: A Memoir in Moments*

Wearily I ascended the stairs from the underworld of the Underground; from a cacophony of hissing and rumbling, echoing announcements and the shuffling of hasty feet, I climbed into the light of a hot August forenoon, on a day later declared the hottest Berlin had known in this century. On this morning I felt a complete stranger in my hometown, tired and listless after a sleepless night. How the last 20 years in a quiet suburban cul-de-sac in Dublin had alienated me from the noisy reality of Berlin's city centre! Only the insomniac knows the terror even a single motor-car can induce in the early morning hours! First, from a vague distance, like a wasp closing in, the slow, threatening, relentless approach, culminating in the entire body of air out there in the canyon of the street reverberating with excessive energy, and then the gradual withdrawal of the metal beast, leaving behind the wreckage of sleep. There had been many cars outside my bedroom last night, and now I found myself, limp and in a foul humour, on a traffic island, and I didn't like what I was confronted with; a tempest of vehicles encircling the island, a barrage of noise, glaring light, fumes and heat... Bad signals all around, I felt.

But there was also something else in the air, a friendlier message, though it took me a moment or two before I heard it – a pleasant, soothing sound, sweet and refreshing like skeins of spray from a waterfall or high fountain. Yes, it was music, but from where did it emanate? The island seemed to be full of it; it hovered above the roar of the traffic like larksong. Where was the musician? If, indeed, there was one at all? Ah yes, now I got a glimpse of him, half-hidden he stood among shrubs and flowering roses, a tall, skinny young man, playing a xylophone. Or was it the other way round – was it playing him? For he seemed to be completely possessed by and surrendered to it, his body bent over the keyboard like a cat about to leap, his arms flailing the air, his hands only a blur, like hummingbird wings. The tunes he played, though still recognisable, were wrapped in or, rather, dissolved in showers of trills and glissandi, every note disintegrating into sub-particles like a drop of water into a multitude of tiny droplets, creating a mist of sound you could almost breathe.

Swept along by the throng of pedestrians I crossed the road, but once safely on the other side, on the mainland as it were, I stopped again and looked back. The musician was invisible now, having disappeared in the shifting jigsaw of flowers, crowds and cars, in the hectic rush and general madness of the place. And rightly so, I felt, as if the charged atmosphere of this environment had expressed and purified itself through him, entering into every pore of his body and making it the medium, the instrument of transformation...

PETER JANKOWSKY

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 — Book cover

- (a) Describe how the book cover introduces aspects of belonging. 2

Text two — Poem

‘He is not hugging the child
out of guilt or regret or sadness,
unless it is the inevitable sadness of the future.
They hug each other for a long moment
no indecision or unease between them’

- (b) Explain what these lines reveal about the relationship between the father and the child. 2

Text three — Nonfiction extract

- (c) In what ways does the text highlight an individual’s search for belonging? 3

Text four — Memoir extract

- (d) Analyse how imagery is used to capture the author’s intense experience of returning to his hometown. 3

Texts one, two, three and four — Book cover, Poem, Nonfiction extract and Memoir extract

- (e) In your view, which TWO of these texts most effectively explore how feelings of belonging and not belonging may shift with time? 5

Justify your view with reference to TWO texts.

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)

Select ONE image and use it as the central element in a piece of imaginative writing exploring the effects of time on an individual's sense of belonging.

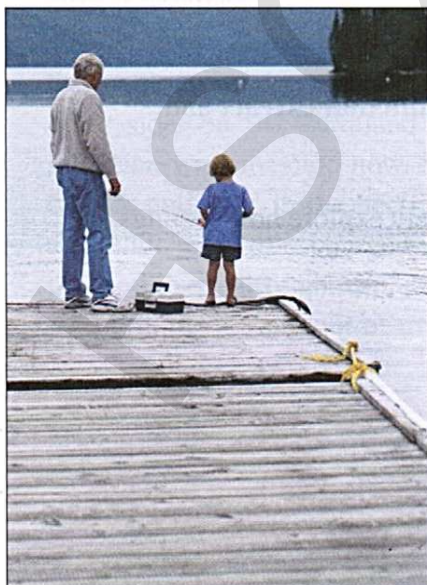
1



3



2



4



5



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)

An individual's perceptions of belonging evolve in response to the passage of time and interaction with their world.

In what ways is this view of belonging represented in 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 12

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*

The prescribed poems are:

- * *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*

The prescribed poems are:

- * 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 a page*
- * 161 *What mystery pervades a well!*
- * 181 *The saddest noise, the sweetest noise*

- Steven Herrick, *The Simple Gift*

End of paper