



Asquith Girls High School
Trial HSC Examination

**2010 English (Standard)
and English (Advanced)**
Paper 1 – Area of Study

Total Marks – 45

Section I Pages 2 – 6
15 marks
* Attempt Question 1
* Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Section II Page 7
15 marks
* Attempt Question 2
* Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Section III Pages 8-9
15 marks
* Attempt Question 3
* Allow about 40 minutes for this section

General Instructions

- * Reading time – 10 minutes
- * Working time – 2 hours
- * Write using black or blue pen

Section 1

15 marks

Attempt Question 1

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the question in the booklet or paper provided.

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, three and four** carefully and then answer the questions on page 7.

Text 1 - Cartoon

WHAT IS THIS LIFE?

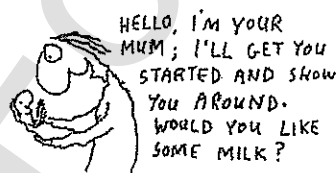
LIFE IS A HOLIDAY
ON EARTH.



YOU STUDY SOME MAPS, GO
FOR A BIT OF AN EXPLORE AND
SOON YOU'RE GETTING THE HANG
OF IT. THE PLACE IS FULL OF
HOLIDAY MAKERS AND BEFORE
TOO LONG YOU'RE HAVING A
HOLIDAY ROMANCE!
AND WHY NOT?!



You arrive at your holiday
destination and there, to meet you,
wearing a big smile, is your
host and guide.



LIFE IS AN INTERESTING PLACE
TO VISIT; QUITE ENJOYABLE
AND WELL WORTH THE EXPERIENCE
BUT YOU WOULDN'T WANT
TO BE THERE TOO LONG.
YOU WOULD ALWAYS FEEL
LIKE A BIT OF AN OUTSIDER



The accommodation is a bit
unusual but it's clean and
comfortable - it's your body;
quite a good base for an
existence



HOLIDAYS ON EARTH CAN BE
WONDERFUL AND HORRIBLE, BUT
REGARDLESS, IT'S ALWAYS A BIT SAD
WHEN THEY COME TO AN END.
AND ALWAYS A GOOD FEELING TO
KNOW THAT YOU'RE RETURNING
HOME TO WHERE YOU REALLY BELONG;
ALL REFRESHED AND WITH SOME
LOVELY HOLIDAY MEMORIES.



Leunig.

Text 2 - Song Lyrics - 'I'm coming home'

Mum
I'm coming home
So take my picture off the wall
I've had enough of being alone

Dad
I'll see you soon
Don't keep me talking on the phone
You're wasting time
I've gotta move
I'm going home

Since I've been away
It gets harder every day
I really have a lot to learn
She loved me at the start
Then she left and broke my heart
To my home I will return

Now I will come to you
Back to the only friends I know
You understand
Your love is true
I'm coming home

Since I've been away
It gets harder every day
I really have a lot to learn
She loved me at the start
Then she left and broke my heart
To my home I will return

Now I will come to you
So take my picture off the wall
You understand
I've had enough
I'm coming home

Had enough and so I'm coming home
I'm coming home

@ 1979 Warner / Chappell Music 'The Last Romance' - Birtles & Goble

Text three – Extract from autobiography

Age 13, 1976

The final weeks of the summer term are unbelievably hot. Britain is having a drought, with extraordinary and unbearable temperatures. *The Sun* newspaper headline, 'Phew, What a Scorcher!', sums it all up.

It's very hot, every single day. The headmaster requires us to come to school with our ties on, but in the afternoon we may discard them; this is unprecedented. I use plenty of Lifebuoy soap and, as an added precaution, big handfuls of Brut 33 lotion which I splash on all over.

My classmates and I have been together for nearly two years now. We've been through a lot and are now very close. All the earlier frictions, the insults, the abuse – it all forgotten. My nickname has been changed to 'Super Imran,' after a Sports headline about a similarly named cricketer.*

One lunchtime I am on library duty in the Lower library. All of my classmates, except me, are outside playing a really enjoyable version of 'It' that we have devised. Despite the heat they are running around frenetically and energetically, drenched in joyful sweat.

As a group, they suddenly appear at one of the windows of the library and call to me, 'Imran, come and join us! Come on out, mate!' 'Come on Imran!'

I am torn between my sense of duty and this overwhelming feeling of camaraderie, of being accepted and wanted by my classmates – my friends. It is an excruciating decision, to choose between the solemn responsibility entrusted to me – and represented by my Librarian badge – or leaping into the abyss of reckless, selfish personal pleasure. After a few moments at the edge, my sense of duty prevails, although it almost does not. I feel terrible about it, but I decline my friends' invitations to join them outside. But I have been greatly touched by this. They wanted me to be with them; I *belong*.

Unimagined – A Muslim Boy Meets the West by Imran Ahmed

* Imran Khan was Captain of the Pakistan Cricket team and a fast bowler with an international reputation.

Eyes scan the playground.

Beep. Beep. Beep.

A stretch of cold tar, pasted with a faded white hopscotch and a giant technicoloured snake. A basketball hoop with no net hangs on the horizon. It's early. There aren't many about. Two girls dance to silent music next to the toilet block. A teacher struts across to the staff room. The junior cricket team swish and swat in the nets. None of your friends are here.

Beep. Beep. Beep.
Target sighted.

New kid in year 6, your grade. Smallish guy. He trots in from the car park, square school bag bouncing on his back. He's an easy option, probably hasn't made any friends yet. He didn't say much in class yesterday, maybe he's stupid? Oh well, if he's not you can call him a geek.

The new kid stalls, drops his bag against a wall. Now's your chance; go, GO! Three girls in your grade flounce up. An audience, perfect. Make your move, a few steps forward and...

Damn, he's getting away. Follow at a distance, you don't want to look desperate.

Towards the cricket nets he shuffles uncertainly. Try to look cool as you pursue your victim, watch from afar—not too interested, remember!—as he asks for a go. He's going to bowl... this could be really good or really bad. Prepare your line; sarcasm? No, it's the cricket team, the sporty kids aren't smart enough. Go for the simple aim and fire, wait for the mistake and then... BAM! Hit it with all you the ammo you've got. An imitation might be in order...

He takes a run up. Arm curls, then straightens and the ball shoots down the pitch and shatters the wicket. The cricket team claps and pats him on the back. Maybe he wasn't such a great target after all. Retreat, before they notice you. Back to the drawing board.

Beep. Beep. Beep.

The tar fills up. Laughter drifts from the play equipment behind the sports storeroom. Year 1 kids dash in zigzags in a hectic game with no real rules. Year 2 girls congregate around their young teacher, offering to carry keys or books. Year 5 guys try to flirt coolly with the short-skirted girls of their grade. He steals a bag and she gives chase, feigning anger but loving the attention. Keep watching, keep scanning. None of your friends are here.

Beep. Beep. Beep.
Target sighted.

Smallest girl in your grade. She stumbles into your ambush. Perfect set up. You have to move quick, the moment won't last long. Her pigtailed fly as she hits the ground, bag tumbles and books fly. Quickly! A delayed response is usually worse than none at all. Flip through your mental thesaurus; clumsy? Doesn't quite do it. Lumbering? Nah, she beat you in the cross country, remember? Uncoordinated? She probably doesn't even know what it means. Best to go simple, just laugh and point out the obvious. Steal her folder. Come get it... or are you afraid you'll trip again? And laugh. It's perfect.

Quick scan. The year 5 kids are curious. A mother glances, then disregards as your prey restrains

the tears. The coast is clear, move in for the kill.

She climbs to her feet, quick, grab the folder! She throws a look. Not you; it says. Snatch the folder! It's a few steps away...

Large hands lift it from the ground. Large hands, much stronger than yours, back off. Now. He's tall and slim and tough. He's stolen the opportunity from you. He hands the folder to her and she blushes and smiles. He gives you a glare. Don't just stand there like an idiot! Withdraw! Immediately!

Beep. Beep. Beep.
Target sighted.

There he is. He trudges through the gates, school cap pulled over his flabby face. That's a good line, make sure you use that later. This one's easy, there's no way you can miss this one. He's a big enough target, that's for sure. He slogs across the playground...towards the...library! Move in, move in! Cut him off, quick. Your defences don't hold in the library, and there's no one to watch and laugh at your wit and charisma and intelligence as you open fire on him. No wait... he changes course slightly... the canteen? It's a good sign; Eating already, fatty? It's looking hopeful... but what if he hits the library?

Hold your nerve... wait until you're sure...yes! Missing the library stairs he shifts his excess of weight towards the canteen window.

Target sighted.
Target locked.

"Eating already, fatty?"

He blinks. Says nothing. Laugh at him.

"This is what, your fourth breakfast?"

Heads turn, congratulations! They've noticed you! Now say something smart, show them how quick you are...

They drift away. Why aren't they watching? I'm about to take this kid down. Again. A chip packet rolls tumble-weed style across the playground. Turn as the other kids in your grade head off together.

The bell goes. Fatty walks away.
Eyes scan the playground.

Beep. Beep. Beep.

A stretch of cold tar, pasted with a faded white hopscotch and a giant technicoloured snake. A basketball hoop with no net hangs on the horizon. School's started. The last few students waft towards classrooms on a breeze of words and whims. The groundsman strides across your field of view with a garbage can.

Beep. Beep. Beep.
You may as well stop scanning. None of your friends are here.

by Manifesto from <http://storywrite.com/story/114491>

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

Marks

Text 1 – Cartoon

- (a) Identify one visual element from the text which indicates a sense of belonging.

1

Text 2 – Song lyrics

- (b) What ideas about belonging are presented in this song? Explain TWO examples from the lyrics.

2

Text 3 – Autobiography

- (c) How are language techniques used to communicate the speaker's feelings about belonging in this passage?

3

Text 4 – Extract from short story

- (d) Analyse TWO language techniques used to establish the person's feelings of not belonging. Provide specific examples from the extract to support your answer.

4

All texts

- (e) Which TWO texts do you think are most successful in demonstrating the personal nature of belonging? Explain.

5

Section II

15 marks

Attempt Question 2

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the question on a new booklet clearly labeled Section II.

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

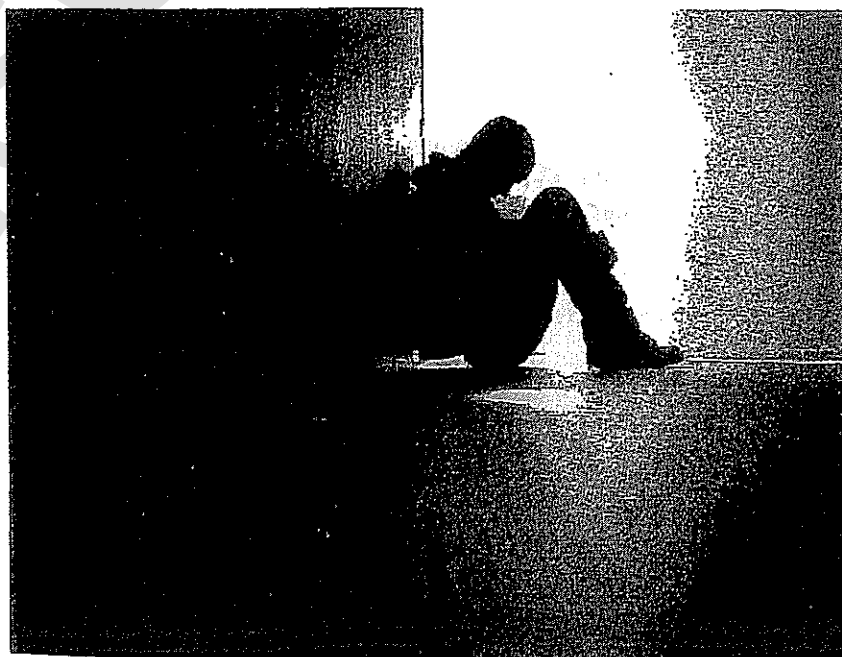
- express understanding of belonging in the context of your study
- organise, develop and express ideas using language appropriate to audience, purpose and context

Write an original short story which explores the personal challenges associated with belonging. Use ONE of the stimuli below as a significant focus in your story.

Visual stimulus 1



Visual stimulus 2



Section III

15 marks

Attempt Question 3

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the question on a new booklet clearly labelled Section III.

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

- demonstrate understanding of the concept of the 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)

Belonging

"We have to understand ourselves before we can truly belong"

Has your investigation of the nature of belonging supported this view?

In your answer you must refer to your prescribed text as well as TWO texts of your own choosing.

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*
 - Raymond Galia, *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
 - * Migrant Hostel
 - * St Patrick's College
 - * Postcard
 - * Ancestors
 - * 10 Mary Street
 - * In the Folk Museum

Texts continued on next page

- 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