KIRRAWEE HIGH SCHOOL
NEW SOUTH WALES

2010
HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE
MID COURSE EXAMINATION

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

General Instructions

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Working time – 80 minutes
- Write using blue or black pen

Total marks – 30

Section I Pages 2-7

15 marks
- Attempt Question 1
- Attempt ALL questions
- Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Section II Page 8

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

Section I

15 marks
Attempt Question 1
Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the question on the paper provided. Extra paper is available.

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

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Question 1 (15 marks)

Examine **Texts one, two** and **three** carefully and then answer the questions on page 7.

Question 1 continues on page 3

Text one – Print Advertisement

WebMail | Why BigPond? | Join BigPond | BigPond on Mobile | Telstra.com

BIGPOND | Sport | Movies | Music | Games | Kids | News | BigBlog | TV | 2ndLife | I-Pond | Office

net Plans | Mobile | Security | Email & Messaging | Hosting | My BigPond | Help | Offers

ch | The Web | BigPond | Go

Welcome to BigPond **Log In | Join Now**

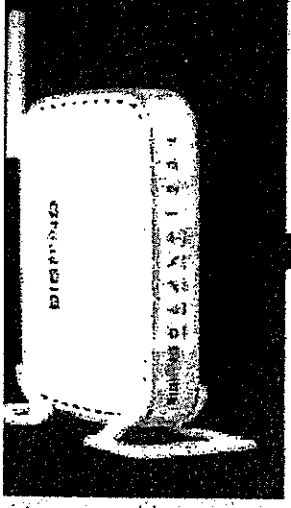


WHAT IS IT?

With a BigPond Home Network everyone in a typical home can be online at the same time. So there's no more waiting in-line to tget online.

View Demo | Join Now

NETWORK YOUR HOME



PC/MAC wirelessly connect all your desktop computers to the printer and scanner.

SET TOP BOX connect to your set top box and record your favourite TV series from your Online Programme Guide.

GAMING CONSOLES
X-Box®, PlayStation®, PSP® and Nintendo® DS or Wii® - multiplay simultaneously with anyone around the world.

LAPTOP work virtually anywhere you like in a typical home, even the garden or shed without the wires.[3]

DIGITAL ENTERTAINMENT
access photos, movies, home videos and music from any computer in the home and stream to your TV.[5]

WHY GET IT?

NLINE AT THE SAME TIME

veryone can now access the network at the same me from anywhere in a typical home. No more aiting in line to get online.

O WIRES

BigPond Home Network creates a network around our home without messy wires.

IMPLE TO SET UP

imply connect your BigPond Home Network Gateway nd you're off. This accesses your broadband onnection anywhere in a typical home.

UNMETERED ENTERTAINMENT

As a BigPond Broadband ADSL Member, our online entertainment is unmetered, so you can enjoy all the BigPond Movies, Music, Sport and Games without them counting towards your monthly usage allowance.

SAFE AS HOUSES 24/7

The BigPond Home Network Gateway has inbuilt security to prevent others tapping in and is supported by our award-winning service available 24 hours a day, 7 days a week.[4]

LATEST OFFER

CCESS FROM JUST $14.97 PER ONTH FOR 12 MONTHS[1]

ou can get half-price broadband access from just 14.97 per month for the first 12 months[1] when you

HOW DO I

Join now to Network your home and become a BigPond Broadband ADSL or Cable member.

Question 1 (continued)

Text two – Poem

Because by James McAuley

My father and my mother never quarrelled.
They were united in a kind of love
As daily as the Sydney Morning Herald,
Rather than like the eagle or the dove.

I never saw them casually touch,
Or show a moment's joy in one another.
Why should this matter to me now so much?
I think it bore more hardly on my mother,

Who had more generous feelings to express.
My father had dammed up his Irish blood
Against all drinking praying fecklessness,
And stiffened into stone and creaking wood.

His lips would make a switching sound, as though
Spontaneous impulse must be kept at bay.
That it was mainly weakness I see now,
But then my feelings curled back in dismay.

Small things can pit the memory like a cyst:
Having seen other fathers greet their sons,
I put my childish face up to be kissed
After an absence. The rebuff still stuns

My blood. The poor man's curt embarrassment
At such a delicate proffer of affection
Cut like a saw. But home the lesson went:
My tenderness thenceforth escaped detection

My mother sang 'Because', and 'Annie Laurie',
'White Wings', and other songs; her voice was sweet.
I never gave enough, and I am sorry;
But we were all closed in the same defeat.

People do what they can; they were good people,
They cared for us and loved us. Once they stood
Tall in my childhood as the school, the steeple.
How can I judge without ingratitude?

Judgment is simply trying to reject
A part of what we are because it hurts
The living cannot call the dead collect:
They won't accept the charge, and it reverts.

It's my own judgment day that I draw near,
Descending in the past, without a clue,
Down to that central deadness: the despair
Older than any hope I ever knew.

Glossary Fecklessness: worthlessness

Question 1 continues on page 5

Question 1 (continued)

Text three – Autobiography

A FOREIGN WIFE
Gillian Bouras

School starts today and here I am, once more doing something new. Alexander is our only Greek-born child and our only child to start kindergarten in Greece. The day starts in the schoolyard and Alexander clutches my hand and entreats me not to leave him. Part of him is still in Melbourne, and he still prefers to speak English.

It is now five years since I took Dimitrios and Nikolaos to the village primary school for the first time. Then, they were only eight and six and they trembled_ with nerves at the thought of something new and different. But nobody trembled more than I. What would it be like? How would they cope?

Five years ago, tensions began even before school started. For a fortnight I stood firm against the family, who demanded that the boys' heads be shaved for the start of school. Silent, miserable boys are hauled off to the barber's where the mikanaki or razor is often wielded with more enthusiasm than skill. They slink out, white skulls shining through fine black stubble; often they wipe their eyes on brown arms and stare defiantly, daring their more fortunate peers to make a comment. I was horrified at the prospect. `Short back and sides,' I told the barber, stiffly, and I meant it.

Then, too, I insisted that they wear their Australian school uniforms, which were almost new. As we moved along the street my relief at noticing several other uncropped heads mingled with concern at the uniform's ostentation. Both boys stuck out like sore toes, there was no doubt about it. The uniform was of good quality material, and quite formal: it looked very odd among the proliferation of Travolta and Snoopy shirts making their way schoolwards. U.S. pop cults were, and still are, alive and well in Greece. It took one day for Nikolaos to decide that he wanted a set of `ordinary' clothes. I soon solved the problem by mixing and matching the uniform with other shirts and trousers - anything to make them feel part of the crowd.

Now there are fewer shaven heads, but the opening day ritual remains the same. Children arrive first and yahoo happily about the yard until the arrival of authority in the shape of their teachers and the local Orthodox priest. The children's exuberance is not diminished by the appearance of teachers; they yell cheerfully at them and the teachers yell back. Little girls present ragged bunches of flowers and receive hugs in return.

That very first day was grim, the rest of the week scarcely less so. After three hours of first day organisation, Dimitrios staggered home under a load of textbooks. He was totally intimidated, for although he could speak Greek, he could write the alphabet and not much more. The idea of formal texts for each subject, and they looked awfully thick, scared him. He was upset because one of his class-mates had tormented him for being only half-Greek, for coming from Australia, and for not knowing `proper' Greek. At least, I thought, a token act of revenge for all those migrant children who have suffered at the tongues of little Ockers. Little did I know that a major problem was looming.

The boys suffered from educational culture shock for months, and I'm still suffering from it, although slowly, slowly, changes are beginning to take place in Greek education. The schools we had known in Melbourne provided a pleasant, stimulating environment, were reasonably informal and naturally rather child-centred.

Schools in Greece are still teacher-dominated and competitive in spirit. Beginners start work with pencils and conventional exercise-books, as distinct from crayons and paper. At the village

school there is no art room, no music room, no school hall, no library, no playground equipment. But classes are small and the teachers are interested in, and genuinely affectionate towards, each child.

Now it is Alexander's second day at kindergarten. Other parents, most of whom look absurdly young and relaxed, beam brightly and kiss their offspring a fond farewell, but I am firmly anchored by Alexander's hand clinging desperately to my skirts. While other mothers are mere specks in the distance, hurrying home to their babies and mothers-in-law, I am stuck fast on a tiny chair, fiddling inexpertly with construction toys, feeling, as usual, with my innate lack of fine co-ordination, all fingers and thumbs. In between producing an aeroplane that looks like an alligator and a motorbike that looks like a chair, I make a valiant attempt to speak Greek to Alexander, something I rarely do, and which seems strange. The building is a depressing place, the ground floor of an old house right on the street. Greek villages are not necessarily quiet: the glass-paned doors shake at the roar of motor bikes, the grind of cement-mixers and the clatter of donkeys. An oil stove stands in one corner, but there is no yard, no possibility of water-play and no space for a `dollies' corner' or a pretend house. But there is, hooray! a puppet theatre. This is one of the wonders that *Kyria Jenny,* a bright young teacher from Kalamata, has wrought. Jenny is an asset to this village in more ways than one. Every morning she zips down the street in her Daihatsu, and leaves again in the afternoon, an independent career woman whose horizons stretch rather further than the mountains behind the church and schoolyard. She has even modernised her name: no *Evgenia* for her.

She has decorated her uninspiring workplace to within an inch of its life and has done much to compensate for its dreariness. Clowns grin from the walls, paper butterflies flap on strings, stars and parrots flash from windows and ceiling. Homemade rugs are tacked along the wall and a carpet square has been laid to provide a space for cushions and story-listening. There are charts of a consciousness-raising nature on the wall: one urges parents to have their children tested for thalassaemia*. Before we leave, Alexander and I are presented with his book-list. Still conditioned by memories of affluent Australia, I am staggered at the length of the list, and by the items on it. We have to buy half a kilo of blank drawing paper, a quantity of cardboard and coloured paper, two tubes of glue, a pair of scissors, two containers of plastic paint, two rolls of crepe paper, a set of texta-colours and coloured pencils, a manila file, two story-books and an `educational' toy.

By the end of the session Alexander is tugging at Jenny's skirt rather than at mine. We saunter home and are soon joined by Dimitrios and Nikolaos, now old hands in years eight and six. They are far more interested in Alexander's doings than in their own.

`You're a big kindergarten boy.'

`Yes,' he agrees, a little uncertainly wondering what he is letting himself in for.

`What was it like?'

'Good,' he admits, `like Sesame Street.'

`Next week you'll stay there by yourself. Right?'

I hold my breath.

`Right.'

** a medical condition*

Marks

Text one – Print Advertisement

(a) (i) What features of this advertisement explore the idea of separation? **1**

(ii) Explain how this advertisement offers conflicting perspectives on belonging. **2**

Text two – Poem

(b) (i) Describe the father figure in the poem. **1**

(ii) How is the persona's attitude to him conveyed in the poem? **2**

Text three – Autobiography

(c) How has the author established the tension between belonging and not belonging in her text? **4**

Texts One, Two and Three

(d) Choose TWO texts and discuss how these texts support or challenge ideas about belonging. **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.

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

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Question 2 (15 marks)

Select ONE of the following quotations and use it as the first sentence for a piece of writing that explores the concept of belonging or not belonging.

Please indicate at the top of the first page which quotation you have selected.

(a) "She stopped at the top of the hill; she knew she was at home..."

OR

(b) "It took courage to believe that I could belong now... "

OR

(c) "He felt as if the shadows were closing around him ....."

End of paper