

# 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

## Section I

**15 marks**

**Attempt Question 1**

**Allow about 40 minutes for this section**

Answer the question on pages 2–6 of the Paper 1 Writing Booklet. Extra writing booklets are available.

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

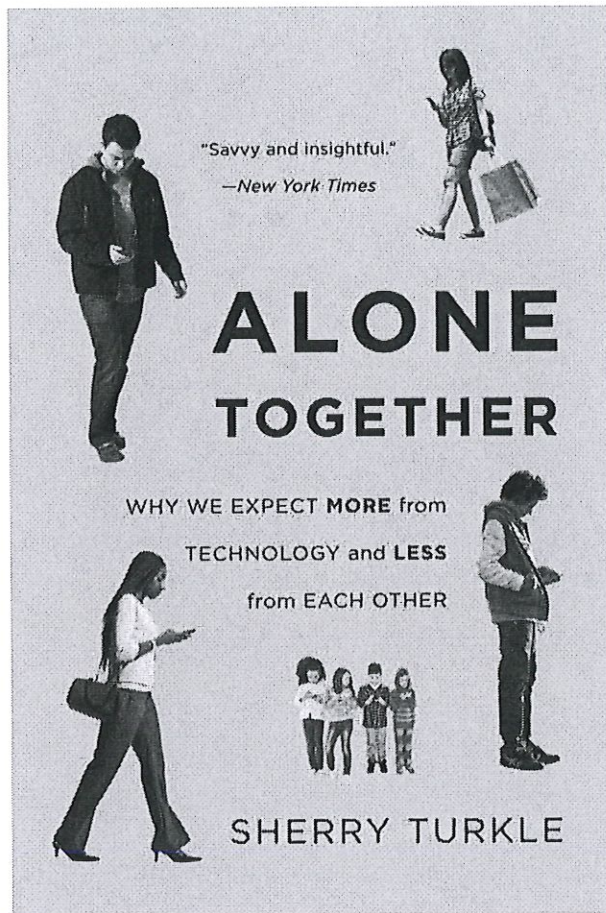
- demonstrate understanding of the way perceptions of belonging are shaped in and through texts
  - describe, explain and analyse the relationship between language, text and context
- 

**Question 1** (15 marks)

Examine **Texts one, two and three** carefully and then answer the questions on page 9.

**Question 1 continues on page 4**

**In Constant Digital  
Contact, We Feel  
'Alone Together'**  
17 October, 2012



**A**s soon as Sherry Turkle arrived at the studio for her interview, she realized she'd forgotten her phone. "I realized I'd left it behind, and I felt a moment of *Oh my god ...* and I felt it kind of in the pit of my stomach," she tells Terry Gross. That feeling of emotional dependence on digital devices is the focus of Turkle's research. Her book, *Alone Together*, explores how new technology is changing the way we communicate with one another.

"The pull of these devices is so strong, that we've become used to them faster than anyone would have suspected," says Turkle, a clinical psychologist and the founder of

MIT's Initiative on Technology and Self. Her research investigates how devices are changing the way parents relate to their children, how friends interact, and why many people – both young and old – keep their devices in-hand all the time – even as they sleep.

When Turkle asked teens and adults why they preferred text messaging over face-to-face conversation, they responded that when you're face to face, "you can't control what you are going to say, and you don't know how long it's going to take or where it could go." But Turkle believes that these perceived weaknesses of conversation

Text one continues on page 5

Text one (continued)

are actually conversation's strengths. Face-to-face interaction teaches "skills of negotiation, of reading each other's emotion, of having to face the complexity of confrontation, dealing with complex emotion," Turkle says. She thinks people who feel they are too busy to have conversations in person are not making the important emotional connections they otherwise would.

All this leads to Turkle's theory that it is possible to be in constant digital communication and yet still feel very much alone. In Turkle's interviews with adults and teenagers, she found people of all ages are drawn to their devices for a similar reason: "What is so seductive about texting, about keeping that phone on ... is you want to know who wants you," Turkle says.

### **Interview Highlights**

#### **On young children using digital devices**

"Children are getting these phones earlier and earlier. These are years when children need to develop this capacity for solitude, this capacity to feel complete playing alone. If you don't have a capacity for solitude, you will always be lonely, and my concern is that the tethered child never really feels that sense that they are sort of OK unto themselves; and I talk to college students who've grown up with the habit of being in touch with their parents five, 10, 15 times a day." ...

#### **On the effect of Facebook on teen identity**

"... I think there's another thing about the Facebook identity and adolescence, which is that many adolescents used to play with identity, play with multiple identities in adolescence, and that used to kind of be their fun, and now there's one identity that counts – it's the Facebook identity. And I think many adolescents are also feeling the pressure of that. So there are many things about the new technology that's changing the nature of adolescence, and I think that the complaints of adolescents about the new technology are – it's a long list, even as they're working with it."

#### **On why we text**

"It used to be that people had a way of dealing with the world that was basically, 'I have a feeling, I want to make a call.' Now I would capture a way of dealing with the world, which is: 'I want to have a feeling, I need to send a text.' That is, with this immediate ability to connect and almost pressure to ... because you're holding your phone, you're constantly with your phone, it's almost like you don't know your thoughts and feelings until you connect. And that again is something that I really didn't see until texting. You know, kids are sending out texts all the time. First it was every few minutes, now it's many times a minute."

Acknowledgement: Copyright © October 2, 2012 Sherry Turkle. Reprinted by permission of Basic Books, a member of the Perseus Books Group

**End of Text one**

## Text two — Non-fiction extract

This is an extract adapted from the introduction to the book *Stamping Ground: Stories of the Northern Suburbs of Melbourne*.

Sure I spent most of my first 20 years in Reservoir and moved to Fitzroy in 1989. But Fitzroy was where I really grew up. Where I landed in my skin. In the grubby incense-wafting share houses and the cutlery-clattering cafes on Brunswick Street. And sitting in front bars having a glass or two over a gossip, bitch or a laugh ...

My crush on Fitzroy started while driving through the inner-city on twinkling blue-sky days in the early 70s. I was intoxicated by the cobblestone lanes, the crumbling little houses packed tightly together and the brick walls painted with flaking advertisements for Robur tea. I used to screech with delight at the multi-coloured double-storey terraces on Nicholson Street with a fleet of orange Kombis parked out the front. We called them the Rainbow Houses. I remember telling my mother that I was going to live in one when I grew up. She replied, 'You wouldn't want to live in one of those old terraces. They're damp, dark and horrible – just ask your grandmother.'

But I loved living in them. The creaking boards, the outside dunny, and the windows and doors that either didn't open or didn't close. In the summer it was high-ceilinged refrigerated bliss, and in the winter we had to wear spencers, and eat soup to take our mind off the fact that our fingers and toes were so cold they could snap off any minute.

I lived in a handful of terraces while at uni, but the most important was a Rainbow House in Bell Street ... I lived with three guys and we were all penny-pinching, op-shop-dwelling, rabble-rousing students. We chained our bikes to the front fence and would have had a clapped-out brown loose-weave couch on the veranda if someone had given us one.

I have great memories of that time, a constant stream of drop-ins, the espresso machine never cold and the stereo never off. Having a break from essays and wandering down to The Black Cat to devour a plate of nachos washed down with a milkshake in a frosty steel beaker. The joy of the first warm day in September when the girls would head for the shops to buy a cheap floral dress made in India and the boys would pull out their jolly shirts to wear to the Brunswick Street festival.

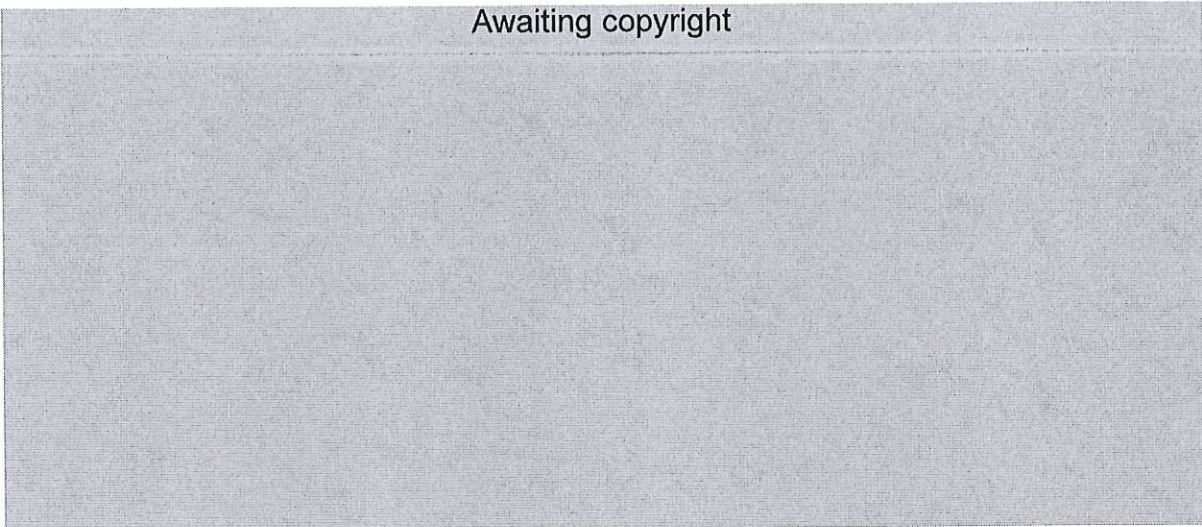
In the suburbs I felt poor, ripped-off and oppressed. But it was in Brunswick Street in the late 80s where I felt those feelings of freedom, confidence and liberation that blossom when you have your own money and are running your own race. With a pocket full of the night before's waitressing tips I would wander home on a caffeine high after a brunch at Rumbas. Picking up a bag of groceries from the Italian delicatessen that we called The Smelly Shop and lashing out on a bunch of orange marigolds from Flowers Vasette would make me feel like a queen.

Acknowledgement: © Catherine Deveney

**Text two continues on page 7**

Text two (continued)

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CATHERINE DEVENY

**End of Text two**

### Text three — Fiction extract

This blue, indolent town. Its cats. Its pale sky. The empty sky of morning, drained and pure. Its deep, cloven streets. Its narrow courts, the faint, rotten odour within, orange peels lying in the corners. The uneven curbstones, their edges worn away. A town of doctors, all with large houses. Cousson, Proby, Gilot. Even the streets are named for them. Passageways through the Roman Wall. The Porte de Breuil, its iron railings sunk into the stone like climbers' spikes. The women come up the steep grade out of breath, their lungs creaking. A town still rich with bicycles. In the mornings they flow softly past. In the streets there's the smell of bread.

I am awake before dawn, 0545, the bells striking three times, far off and then a moment later very near. The most devout moments of my life have been spent in bed at night listening to those bells. They flood over me, drawing me out of myself. I know where I am suddenly: part of this town and happy. I lean out of the window and am washed by the cool air, air it seems no one has yet breathed. Three boys on motorbikes going by. And then the pure, melancholy, first blue of morning begins. The air one can bathe in. The electric shriek of a train. Heels on the sidewalk. The first birds. I cannot sleep.

I stand in line in the shops, no one notices. The girls are moving back and forth behind the counters, girls with white faces, with ankles white as soap, worn shoes going at the outside toe, dresses showing beneath the white smocks. Their fingernails are short. In the winter their cheeks will be splotted with red.

*"Monsieur?"*\*

They wait for me to speak, and of course it all vanishes then. They know I'm a foreigner. It makes me a little uneasy. I'd like to be able to talk without the slightest trace of accent – I have the ear for it, I'm told. I'd like, impossible, to understand everything that's said on the radio, the words of the songs. I would like to pass unseen. The little bell hung inside the door rings as I go out, that's all.

I come back to the house, open the gate, close it again behind me. The click is a pleasing sound. The gravel, small as peas, moves beneath my feet and from it a faint dust rises, the perfume of the town. I breathe it in. I'm beginning to know it, and the neighborhoods as well. A geography of favoured streets is forming itself for me while I sleep. This intricate town is unfolding, detail by detail, piece by piece. I walk along the river on the bank between two bridges. I stroll through the cemetery that glitters like jewellery in the last, slanting light. It seems I am seeing an estate, passing among properties that will someday be mine.

\* *Monsieur*: French word for Mr or Sir

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

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Question 1 (continued)

**Text one — Media release extract**

- (a) Explain how the book cover reinforces the main issue being raised by Sherry Turkle. **3**

**Text two — Non-fiction extract**

- (b) How does the author depict her connection to Fitzroy's Rainbow Houses? **3**

**Text three — Fiction extract**

- (c) Explore how a strong sense of place is created in the extract. **3**

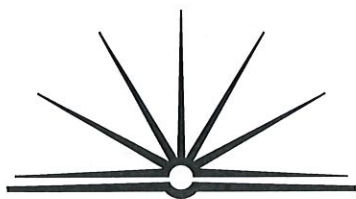
**Text one, Text two or Text three — Media release extract, Non-fiction extract or Fiction extract**

- (d) Analyse how the complex relationship between people and communities is portrayed effectively in ONE of these texts. **6**

Answer with reference to Text one OR Text two OR Text three.

**End of Question 1**





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**2013**

HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE  
EXAMINATION

# English (Standard) and English (Advanced)

## Paper 1 — Area of Study

### General Instructions

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**Total marks – 45**

**Section I** Pages 3–8

**15 marks**

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

**Section II** Page 9

**15 marks**

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

**Section III** Pages 10–11

**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 the Section I Writing Booklet. Extra writing booklets are available.

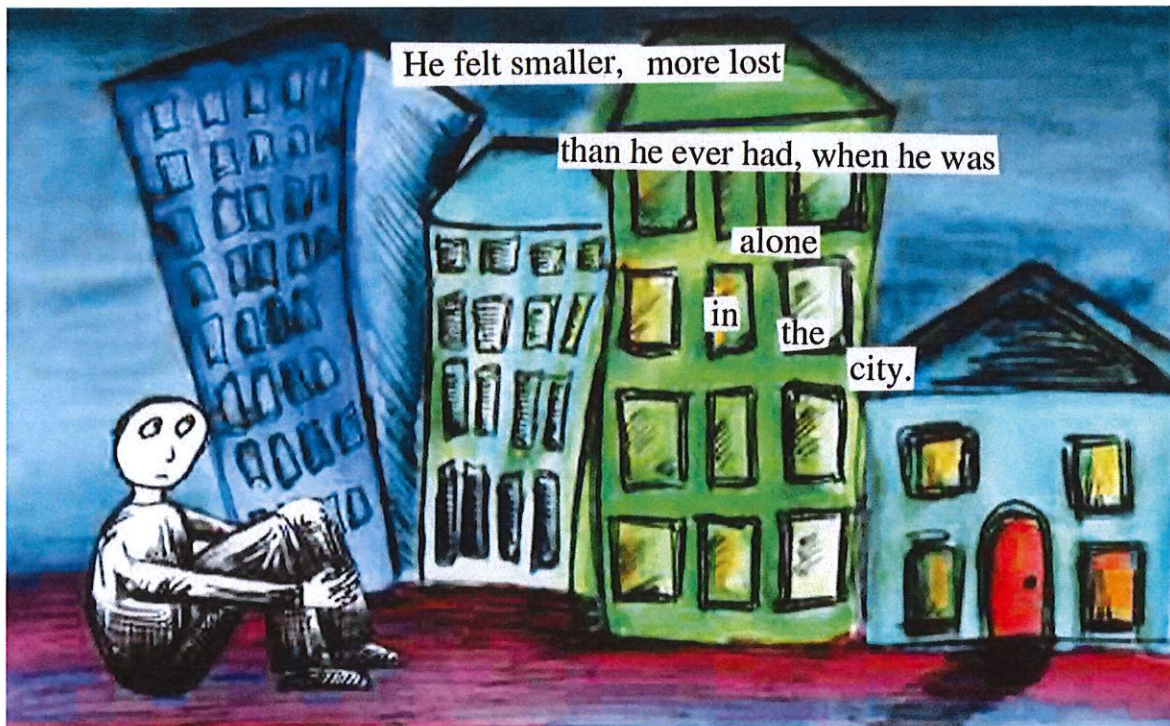
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### Question 1 (15 marks)

Examine **Texts one, two, three and four** carefully and then answer the questions on page 8.

**Text one — Image: Lost and Alone in the City**



JULIA MARK

Acknowledgement: Courtesy of Julia Dennis

## Text two — Poem

### Blood Links

If you were still alive  
what would you say  
to your child and grandchildren  
and great-grandchildren?  
I see my face's shapes in yours,  
my genes freighted  
with feelings and features.  
You're standing there  
in black & white,  
a jacket  
buttoned tight across your fatness,  
smiling my lopsided smile  
back at me.  
Nothing emits.  
Sure, you were kind,  
there is evidence for that,  
but what did you stand for  
or stand up to  
in your time?  
I must make do  
with memory's distortions  
and creased photographs;  
their pithy silence.

MARK MAHEMOFF

Acknowledgement: "Traps and Sanctuaries", Glebe – Puncher and Wattmann, 2008

**Text three — Memoir extract adapted from *The Floral Mother***

Any woman or girl who has brothers is likely to tell you they are vexed things. In fact, I felt so strangely affected by my relationship with my three brothers that for some time after I left home, I kept their existence a secret. Several of my friends who had known me since I left would not believe I had brothers, when years later I airily mentioned these three hidden men in my life. Some of these friends had known me for a decade! I had, in the end, to produce photographs as evidence. What was it that made me keep such a strange secret? Even now I am puzzled and surprised that I kept these three so hidden. Why did I? Did I feel I would have some responsibility for them? Certainly I was the eldest child and had helped care for them when I was young. But why flee and deny them? It was not as if they were some gruff creatures hunched in a cave. Quite the opposite. Tall, bearded, they looked like handsome bushrangers.

‘Will you children ever stop fighting?’ was the cry our mother made her litany\* throughout our childhood. Bashed and battered we staggered through our early years. Bloodied noses and pulled plaits were my torments. In return, lacking their strength, I simply bit. I must ask these men next time I see them to show me their arms. Did I leave scars? The curious thing is that the boys rarely fought with each other. It was usually them against me ... Yet for all this fighting, I knew I was meant to take care of the boys. If they were ill, it was I who brought them breakfast on a tray. And I did not mind doing it. Not at all – I loved it. Doling out Vegemite or cold mutton sandwiches at lunch-time, as we sat on the bench built right round the pepper tree in the school yard, seemed perfectly natural to me. Yet the school master commented on this ritual to my mother, adding, ‘She always serves herself last.’ Well, what did he expect? In spite of the fighting, I hadn’t been reared to be brutish ...

The fable of ‘The Three Ravens’ tells of a mother with, again, three sons and a daughter. Annoyed by the boys one day, the mother sighed: ‘You unnatural boys, you useless lot, where did all your wickedness come from? Not from me. I would rather have borne a flock of ravens than you.’ And so it was that they became ravens at once. In this story too, the sister came to the rescue of her brothers, this time with a golden ring, a gold spoon and so forth. We are told that she saved them even though ‘her brothers had hit her and ragged her all the time. Once they even put tadpoles in her lemon squash.’

Now although we have had some tremendous fights, not all our childhood was spent that way. Far from it. For years we ran half naked on a cream yawn of sand round a beautiful deserted bay on the edge of a desert. All our weekends and our holidays, except when we visited our grandparents, were spent playing on the beach or in the sea. There we leapt and swam and grew tall ...

The boys and I are grown now. We went to each other’s weddings, danced and threw confetti. My hair is no longer pulled and I no longer bite them. Tomorrow I’m off to stay on my eldest brother’s station\*\* to see the wildflowers.

KATE LLEWELLYN

\* litany *frequently repeated statement*

\*\* station *a large country property for cattle or sheep*

### **People of the Dunes\***

**W**e moved into a house in the dunes. Everyone lived in the dunes. From King's Park, on top of the highest dune, you could look down and see the whole city spread along the coastal dunes and around the sandy river flats, from the ocean to the ranges ...

Some people lived in the loose white sand near the ocean. Even though everyone in Perth lived in the dunes I thought of them as the Sand People. Every afternoon the fierce sea wind, which they dismissed as The Breeze, blew their sand into the air and scalloped and corrugated their properties.

Sun and wind had rearranged the appearance of the Sand People, too – tanned, freckled, scabbed and bleached them. With their darker skins, red eyes, raw noses and permanent deep cracks in their bottom lips, they looked nothing like Melbourne people. Some were as eroded as the cliffs, their noses and ears worn and peeled away, so that grown men had the snubbed features of boys. Around their edges – noses, ear tips, cheeks, shoulders – they were pink and fraying. Shreds of skin poked up from their general outline and fluttered in the sea breeze. Boys bled if they smiled too fast.

From a distance most of the adults seemed stained a smooth reddish-brown – my paintbox burnt sienna – but close-up at the beach, walking behind them down the wooden ramp to the sand, you saw they were stippled like people in newspaper photographs, spotted with hundreds of jammed-together freckles and moles – brown and black on a pink background. There were women with chests and backs like leopards.

The men and boys all looked tough but relaxed, even sleepy. My mother said they were half-dazed from the sun. They were indeed slow smilers, but I could see it was because they were being careful of their split bottom lips.

I was impressed that all the males and some of the younger girls were bare-legged and barefoot most of the year. From my sandalled perspective it seemed clear that life in all of Western Australia, not just near the sea, revolved around bare feet.

**Text four continues on page 7**

Text four (continued)

Foot knowhow seemed the key to belonging. Feet were an instant giveaway for a newcomer. Only mothers' boys and English kids – or Melbourne boys – wore sandals in summer. Or, worse, shoes and socks. So said Miss Langridge, my new second-grade teacher, when I relayed to her my mother's message that despite Miss Langridge's advice to the contrary she would be continuing to send me to school with 'covered feet'.

Miss Langridge attempted to mask the bitter plump redness of her face with overlapping layers of powder which subdued her colour to pink. She bent down and hissed at me, 'Does your mother think her little darling will get a cold in the tootsies?' The force of her words dislodged tiny clumps of powder from her cheeks and they floated in the air between us.

The heat was just part of the daily contest for feet. Boys merely wandering home along the road felt bound to compete at withstanding the searing sand, melting bitumen, rocky road verges, bottle shards and grass prickles with their bare soles. The darker the surface the hotter, but it hardly mattered; everything underfoot was either sizzling, prickly or sharp. Feet, generally, took a thrashing. Those grazed ankles and blackened toenails, the blood-blistered heels, the festering reef-cuts criss-crossing their soles, showed a boy's familiarity with reef, surf and cliff-face. Their feet were painted so boldly with Mercurochrome and flavine antiseptic\*\* they looked like they were wearing red and yellow socks.

Their brave bare toes gripping their verandas, the Sand People were forever squinting into the summer sun and wind, the winter rain and gales. Whenever we drove along the coast road I'd follow their gaze out to sea and wonder what they were looking at. There was nothing out there. They seemed so proud of their views but all I could see were straight lines of sand, water and sky, the speck of Rottnest Island on the horizon and the wind forever chopping the ocean ...

ROBERT DREWE

\* dunes

*sand hills*

\*\* Mercurochrome and  
flavine antiseptic

*red and yellow coloured medical liquids used to avoid infection*

Acknowledgement: © Robert Drewe

**End of Text four**

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

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Question 1 (continued)

**Text one — Image**

- (a) Describe how a sense of disconnection is created in the image. 2

**Text two — Poem**

- (b) Why is the 'creased photograph' important to the speaker and his sense of identity? 2

**Text three — Memoir extract**

- (c) How do the writer's memories of childhood reveal the challenges of family life? 3

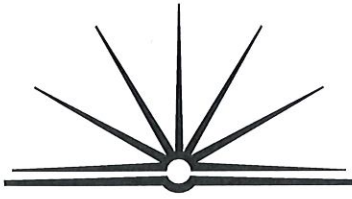
**Text four — Prose extract**

- (d) Explain how the author creates a strong sense of inclusion and exclusion in the extract. 3

**Texts one, two, three and four — Image, Poem, Memoir extract and Prose extract**

- (e) Analyse how TWO of these texts portray the complex emotions resulting from a desire for connection. 5

**End of Question 1**



BOARD OF STUDIES  
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**2011**

HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE  
EXAMINATION

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**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.

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

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**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***

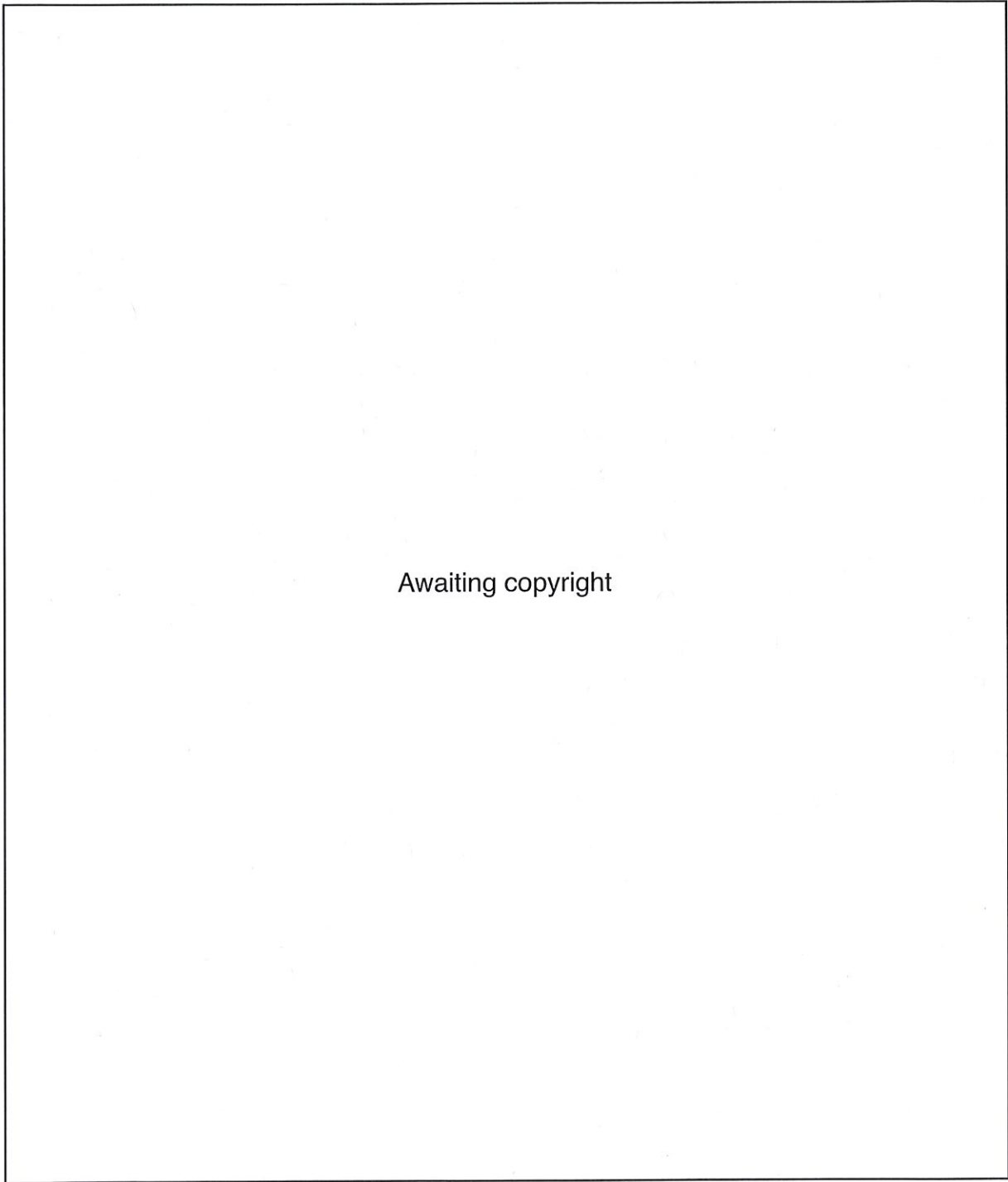
I agree...I also think a sense of adventure can come from a key place which brings an understanding of the meaning of belonging...yet I wonder if today, we somehow measure ourselves by what belongs to us, instead of what we belong to.

<http://holdenma.wordpress.com/2008/11/26/belonging-to-the-land-some-historical-perspective/essay>.  
Reproduced with permission of Dr Madronna Holden.

**Question 1 continues on page 5**

Question 1 (continued)

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



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**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

Extract from *Brooklyn* by Colm Toibin reprinted by permission of Pan Macmillan Australia Pty Ltd. Copyright © Colm Toibin 2009.

**Question 1 continues on page 7**

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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

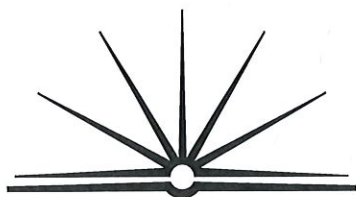
**Text four — Fiction extract**

- (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**



**B O A R D O F S T U D I E S**  
NEW SOUTH WALES

**2010**

**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

**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.

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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 — Image



'Family Sculpture' by John Searles  
© John Searles

Question 1 continues on page 4

Question 1 (continued)

**Text two — Nonfiction extract from *Like My Father, My Brother***

... I have this dream sometimes, that I am small and standing at a door. The door is orange and has a window above it. Through this window, which is slanted open, I can hear my brother and my father. I am outside the door. They are playing a game on the other side. I am calling out, trying to get their attention, but the door remains closed.

My brother often sold me his old clothes. He would dangle them in front of me and offer them at a price. There was never any negotiation. If I refused to pay the price, he threw them out with a mocking, regretful expression. I bought many of his clothes but they never sat on me properly. I was taller than him, but skinnier, and his clothes were already worn by the time they got to me, so that I looked like a lost scarecrow. I rarely saw myself wearing them though. I made a point of not looking at myself. Instead I focused on the way I had seen my brother wear them, the ease with which he moved inside his skin. I was fascinated by his surface.

All of my brother's friends used to call me by his name. They added *junior* at the end as if I were his son, and so I was known, but apart from the history we shared, I was more aware of our difference. My brother has a broad Australian accent that he had acquired within a year or so of our arrival, and he blended in at school in every way. My own accent still carried the thick, stumbling textures of Holland. I was much taller than the people around me and solitary.

My brother could pick up any sort of sporting equipment and act like he had been using it for years and he had an easy contempt for those who didn't have that natural ability.

When he was eighteen he said to me, 'Have you ever actually stopped to *look* at yourself?'

There was such derision in his tone that I flew into a rage. I described in great detail how he had always put me down, how he had oppressed me, made my life hell despite the fact that I had only ever admired him. He turned white, as if all of this was news to him. After that, he'd sometimes find ways of praising me. He'd tell me that I was better with words than he was, that I was the clever one.

I was used to admiring my brother because it was all that I had ever seen other people do ...

MICHAEL SALA

**Question 1 continues on page 5**

Question 1 (continued)

*In this extract, the speaker reflects on her relationships with her two sisters, May and Phoebe, and her friend, Beth.*

In families, is nothing private? Too much is private. Too much cannot be spoken. Too much hangs on whose version prevails . . .

In Sydney I have a friend . . . She has sky-blue eyes and the loveliest sun blessed hair. And although she looks nothing like me, there have been times when we've been asked if we're sisters . . . She is the same age as Phoebe, but while Phoebe remains for ever a little sister across an impenetrable rift of experience, Beth and I are of one skin; there's not a sliver of difference between us. When I consider that I've known her for less than ten years I feel a little faint . . . as if I can no longer imagine the life I lived before, a world without the most perfect of sisters.

Beth has a sister of her own but, as with May and Phoebe and me, their present is hobbled on childhood narratives, ancient rivalries and expulsions. With real sisters friendship must always be struggled for, and on those few occasions when the cog between us slips, I breathe with the shallowest of breaths and barely sleep until all is restored and the tiny lines around her eyes smooth out again and she tells me her secret jokes . . .

May and Phoebe say that while I felt expelled and exiled, they felt abandoned and bereft. They say I left them behind; they say they lost me, their big sister, gone without them. They were stuck at school with the fragments of our parents' marriage waiting for them in the holidays, while I crossed the world to a country where even the moon is upside down. I had a life brimming over with sparkling stories which I sent to them on the back of postcards of shining harbours and bright reefs. They had drizzle, and guinea pigs to bury, and dogs to drag out of the river. But I say they grew up to each other and with each other. They know their way around streets and lanes that are strange to me; and of the three of us it is they who come closest to being friends. I am an exotic traveller whose return is looked forward to and invariably disappoints.

It is Beth, not May or Phoebe, who understands my exile. It's not that my sisters don't understand being squeezed out; that's the problem, we all understand it far too well . . . But I say I was the one who crossed the world and must cross it again to be with them. Was that what I wanted? I am the one for whom return is repeated but never complete, so that the grief of exile is felt not in absence, but in the presence of those to whom I cannot be restored. Is that what I wanted?

All this Beth knows, and knowing it we need barely speak of it, though it is to her that I turn when the ground slips, just as she turns to me when it happens to her and blood sisters confront each other in their mismatched memories. But at the time, when May, Phoebe and I face each other across the flood plain of our incomprehension, I turn away wounded. It's only to Beth I can say that we represent to each other the paths, taken and not taken; no wonder it's difficult.

DRUSILLA MODJESKA

Extract from 'The Cuckoo Clock', Drusilla Modjeska from  
Sisters - An Anthology, reproduced by permission of Harper  
Collins Publishers Australia

Question 1 (continued)

**Text four — Poem**

**Looking in the Album**

Here the formal times are surrendered  
to the camera's indifferent gaze: weddings,  
graduations, births and official portraits taken  
every ten years to falsify appearances.  
Even snapshots meant to gather afternoons  
with casual ease are rigid. Smiles  
are too buoyant. Tinny laughter echoes  
from the staged scene on an artificial  
beach. And yet we want to believe  
this is how it was: The children's hair  
always bore the recent marks of combs;  
that trousers, even at picnics, were always  
creased and we travelled years with the light  
but earnest intimacy of linked hands or arms  
arranged over shoulders. This is the record  
of our desired life: Pleasant, leisurely on vacations,  
wryly comic before local landmarks, competent  
auditors of commencement speakers, showing  
in our poses that we believed what we were told.  
But this history contains no evidence  
of aimless nights when the wilderness of ourselves  
sprang up to swallow the outposts of what  
we thought we were. Nowhere can we see  
tears provoked by anything but joy. There  
are no pictures of our brittle, lost intentions.  
We burned the negatives\* that we felt did not give a true  
account and with others made this abridgement of our lives.

VERN RUTSALA

© Vern Rutsala

\* 'We burned the negatives' = *destroyed the original images*

**Question 1 continues on page 7**

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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
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- 

Question 1 (continued)

**Text one — Image**

- (a) Describe how the image depicts the idea of belonging or not belonging to a family. 2

**Text two — Nonfiction extract**

- (b) ‘... I was more aware of our difference.’ 2
- Explain the speaker’s relationship with his brother.

**Text three — Nonfiction extract**

- (c) ‘It is Beth, not May or Phoebe, who understands my exile.’ 3
- How does this text portray friendship as an alternative source of belonging?

**Text four — Poem**

- (d) ‘This is the record of our desired life.’ 3
- Explore the speaker’s attitude to the family photo album as a record of belonging.

**Texts one, two, three and four — Image, Nonfiction extracts and Poem**

- (e) Analyse the ways distinctive perspectives of family and belonging are conveyed in at least TWO of these texts. 5

**End of Question 1**