BOSTES | BOARD OF STUDIES TEACHING & EDUCATIONAL STANDARDS NSW

2015 HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION

IMPORTANT:
This resource was developed to support a previous version of the syllabus.
It may contain content that differs from the current syllabus.

English (Standard) and English (Advanced)

Paper 1 — Area of Study

General Instructions

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

Total marks – 45

Section I Pages 2–7

15 marks

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

Section II Pages 8–9

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 on pages 2–7 of the Paper 1 Writing Booklet. Extra writing booklets are available.

Your answers will be assessed on how well you:

- demonstrate understanding of the way perceptions of discovery 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 1**, **2**, **3** and **4** carefully and then answer the questions on page 7.

Text 1 — Short story extract

FRIDAY MORNING. GREENWICH VILLAGE.

The industrial dumbwaiter*, jam-packed with a two-day accumulation of tenants' rubbish, made three trips from the basement of the elegant apartment block to the street.

A team of janitors removed a pile of dark plastic rubbish bags to a corner wall of a raised garden bed that ran along the north face of the building and shaped a mound from them there. The plastic glinted in the pale winter sun.

On the fourth trip, a different type of rubbish: a battered wooden wardrobe tied around the middle with thick yellow string, a stroller, a child's car seat, a wooden chest of drawers covered with plaited white plastic and topped with a bright-blue lid, one double and two single bed bases, a single mattress, three crocheted cushions in perfect condition …

Minutes after the rubbish was placed on the street, a young couple who had been walking by lunged at it. What treasures might they find here? How much of it might be worth selling?

'Oh, *man*, look at *this*!'

'Don't take those trunks,' the woman called to him. 'Leave them.'

He tried to argue with her, but she was resolute, so he filled his arms with books. When he could hold no more, he placed them in piles on the footpath. He looked around. How to carry all this? …

Frenzied, he dumped the books into drawers, then moved to examine the next trunk.

Text 1 continues on page 3

In the meantime, his girlfriend kicked and prodded, then rummaged through the fabric-tied bags.

'Books here!' she cried out.

'Whoa! Look at this,' she whooped as she displayed a voluminous pair of white rayon bloomers against her chest. He was too preoccupied to look up but that didn't dampen her delight.

Next, she found a multicoloured raffia beach bag with long red leather straps.

'This!' She waved the bag in circles, lasso-style, high in the air.

Into the beach bag she stuffed a many-coloured skirt, a pair of shoes, two rayon singlets (dresses for her), two scarves, more bloomers. Discarded clothes lay scattered wherever she threw them, their colours gaudy against the dark rubbish bags …

Now the couple approached the wardrobe. Unable to break the yellow string, they carried the wardrobe – from the ease with which they hoisted it, it seemed empty – to the footpath, stood it upright and rolled down the string. As the door swung open, a hibachi** tumbled out. It looked new. He went to claim it.

'*No*,' she shouted. 'No! I don't *want* that. I don't *want* any junk in the apartment.'

He hesitated, but only for an instant; defiant, he claimed it.

There was a bonus for the couple: the chest of drawers was furnished with a set of wheels. That would take some weight off. She closed the book-filled drawers; he secured them with the yellow string. They stacked bags filled with clothes and books on top of the chest. Each slung a bag over one shoulder, hoisted another under their arms, clutched others in their fingers. Packed to the gills, they departed briskly, the sound of metal wheels on concrete clacking in their wake.

Two English tourists, who had been watching, disgusted, turned to each other.

'What do you think they do with it?'

'I can't imagine.'

He shuddered, offered his companion his arm and they walked off in the direction of 5th Avenue, heads shaking in wonder at the likes of what goes on in New York.

On the street, the pile of dark plastic bags glinted in the pale winter sun.

SANDRA GOLDBLOOM ZURBO
Adapted from 'Scene from a Window'

Sandra Goldbloom Zurbo is a Melbourne author, editor and proofreader. Her novel, *The Book of Rachel*, was published by Allen & Unwin. Her short stories and poems, several of which can be found online, have been published in literary journals and anthologies

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* dumbwaiter *lift, elevator*
** hibachi *small Japanese cooking stove*

End of Text 1

Text 2 — Image



Painting of Albertus Seba
by Jacob Houbraken, 1730

Text 3 — Poem

Butterfly

My father, ninety years ago,
at the age of – my guess – ten,
walked three miles through the forest
on his way to school

along the sedgy wetfoot shore
of the brimming eel-filled rush-fringed
peat-brown river,
leaving a trail of jittering blackflies,
his hands already broad and deft
at the ends of his fraying sleeves.

Along this path he noticed
everything: mushroom and scat, wildbloom,
snail and iris, clubmoss, fern and cone.

It must have been an endless
breathing in: between
the wish to know and the need to praise
there was no seam.

One day he saw a drenched log floating
heavily downstream,
and on it a butterfly, blue as eyes.
This was the moment (I later heard)
that shot him off on his tangent

into the abstruse* world
of microscopes and numbers,
lapel pins, cars, and wanderings,

away from the ten square miles
of logged-out bushlots
he never named as poverty,
and the brown meandering river
he was always in some way after that
trying in vain to get back to.

MARGARET ATWOOD

From THE DOOR, by Margaret Atwood, Virago Press, 2007. Copyright © Margaret Atwood 2007. Used with permission of the author.

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* abstruse *hard to understand, obscure*

Text 4 — Nonfiction extract

First came her stories like webs across the world. They crisscrossed the Atlantic on steamers and the Rockies by train. They made their way down dirt tracks where the scrub met overhead. They flew from Ben Lomond in the Tasmanian Highlands, which we could see from her verandah, to Welsh farmhouses of dark stone. The air would shiver slightly each time she began.

Once upon a time, when pigs were swine and monkeys chewed tobacco, there was a little girl who lived at the foot of the mountains in the centre of the universe at the bottom of the world …

The story-teller was my grandmother and the child was me. We came to her for stories … Her stories were vivid and shapely and we heard them again and again. In the night under the pine trees, her house creaked and her stories invaded our dreams. Later I would catch something of their rhythms and word play in ballads and sagas and know what a talented story-teller she was. Then we took her for granted …

She was born in 1894, a beloved only child in a family with a little money or the myth of money from her great-great-grandfather, a clergyman, who had invested during the early nineteenth century, surely somewhat dubiously, in Welsh coalmines. Family portraits survive and hang in a Tasmanian dining-room.

I know I should check the facts. There is evidence to be weighed, archives to be searched, family members still alive who knew her differently. There will be shipping lists and parish records, deeds and wills lodged in three countries. The men I will find easily, labelled by their work and their bank balances, the buying and selling of land, and of houses returned to at night. The women will have left less clear a mark on the record but more of a mark on me, perhaps, and on all the children in between. There are some family papers, recipes, photographs and a sampler in black cross-stitch done, my grandmother told me, by a child, my great-great-great-great-grandmother, during the Napoleonic wars when children were forbidden to use coloured silks. Or so she said.

There were stories of unfeeling trustees and money withheld and unsuitable marriages when good-looking rogues took advantage of well-to-do widows – one of whom was my great-grandmother. She seems to have married an American twenty years her junior after my great-grandfather died. This young man went into the city of London every morning at ten *but never told his wife what he did there*. Perhaps she never asked. When it was discovered that he'd been through all her money, he returned to America, never to be seen again. Or so the story goes …

The historian at the back of my brain says I should discover what is true and what is false, make a properly considered account before it's too late. The rest of me, the part that was shaped by the sense of myself *at the centre of the universe at the bottom of the world*, still sees, as if through certain cloud formations above paddocks pale with tussocks, the shapes and shadows of other places she made my own.

I want to leave her and her stories be.

HILARY MCPHEE
Adapted from *Other People's Words*

Other's People's Words by Hilary McPhee (Picador 2001)
www.hilarymcphee.com

Text 1 — Short story extract

(a) In what ways is dialogue used to capture the young couple's reactions to the items they find? **2**

Text 2 — Image

(b) How does the image represent an individual who values discovered objects? **2**

Text 3 — Poem

(c) Explain how the poem conveys the personal response of the father to his discoveries. **3**

Text 4 — Nonfiction extract

(d) Analyse how the text portrays the difficulties of discovering 'what is true and what is false'. **3**

Text 1, **Text 2**, **Text 3** and **Text 4 — Short story extract**, **Image**, **Poem** and **Nonfiction extract**

(e) Compare how TWO of the texts represent the significance of curiosity in the process of discovering. **5**

End of Question 1

Section II

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

Answer the question on pages 8–15 of the Paper 1 Writing Booklet. Extra writing booklets are available.

Your answer will be assessed on how well you:

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

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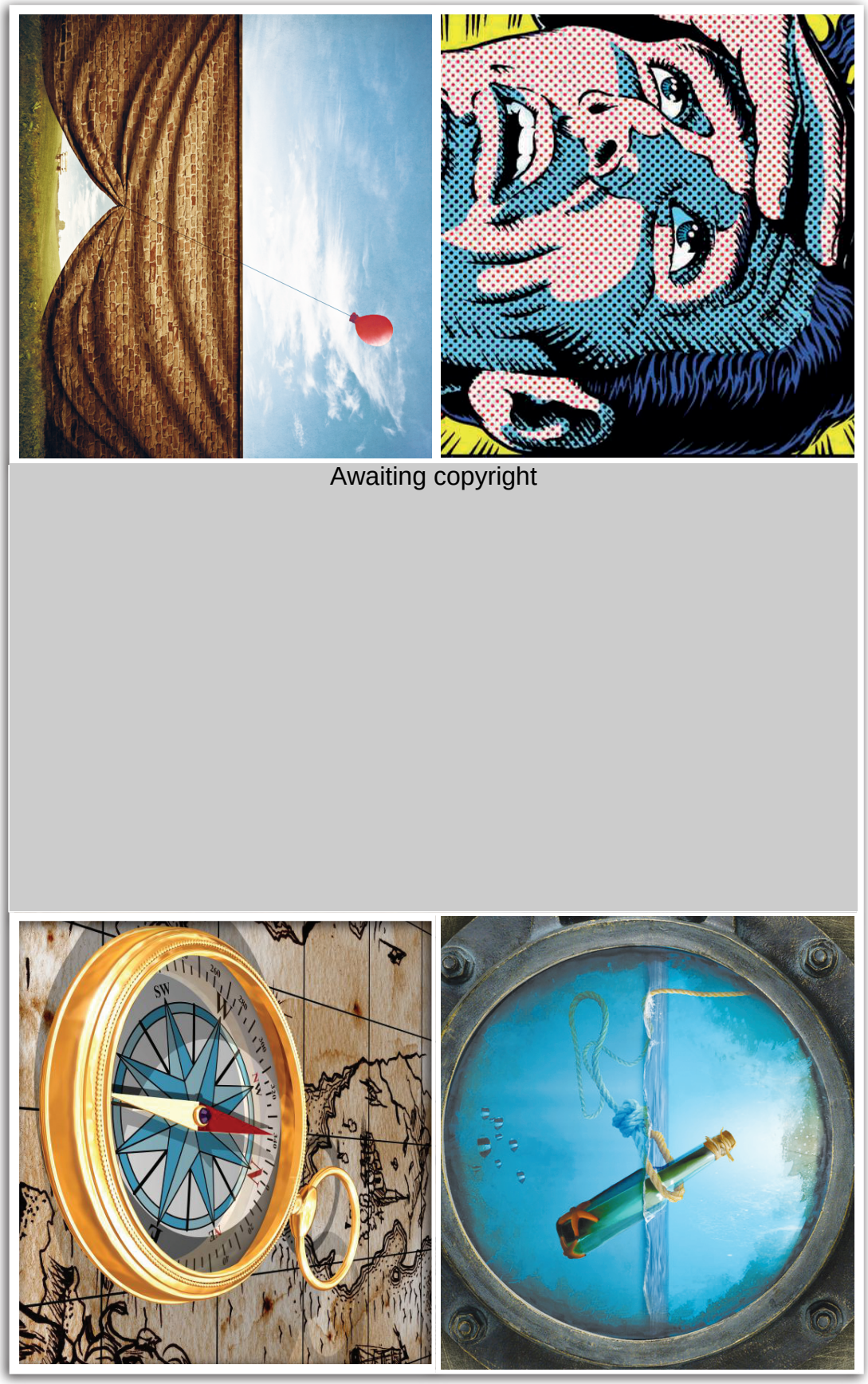
Question 2 (15 marks)

Compose a piece of imaginative writing which explores the unexpected impact of discovery.

Use ONE of the images on the next page as the central element of your writing.

Question 2 continues on page 9

Question 2 (continued)



End of Question 2

Section III

15 marks
Attempt Question 3
Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the question on pages 16–24 of the Paper 1 Writing Booklet. Extra writing booklets are available.

Your answer will be assessed on how well you:

- demonstrate understanding of the concept of discovery in the context of your study
- analyse, explain and assess the ways discovery is represented in a variety of texts
- organise, develop and express ideas using language appropriate to audience, purpose and context

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Question 3 (15 marks)

The process of discovery involves uncovering what is hidden and reconsidering what is known.

How is this perspective on discovery explored in your prescribed text and ONE other related text of your own choosing?

The prescribed texts are listed on the next page.

Question 3 continues on page 11

Question 3 (continued)

The prescribed texts are:

- **Prose Fiction**
  - James Bradley, *Wrack*
  - Kate Chopin, *The Awakening*
  - Tara June Winch, *Swallow the Air*
- **Nonfiction**
  - Bill Bryson, *A Short History of Nearly Everything*
  - Ernesto 'Che' Guevara, *The Motorcycle Diaries*
- **Drama**
  - Michael Gow, *Away*
  - Jane Harrison, *Rainbow's End* from Vivienne Cleven et al., *Contemporary Indigenous Plays*
- **Shakespearean Drama**
  - William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*
- **Film**
  - Ang Lee, *Life of Pi*
- **Poetry**
  - Rosemary Dobson, *Rosemary Dobson Collected*

    The prescribed poems are:
    * *Young Girl at a Window*
    * *Wonder*
    * *Painter of Antwerp*
    * *Traveller's Tale*
    * *The Tiger*
    * *Cock Crow*
    * *Ghost Town: New England*
  - Robert Frost, *The Poetry of Robert Frost*

    The prescribed poems are:
    * *The Tuft of Flowers*
    * *Mending Wall*
    * *Home Burial*
    * *After Apple-Picking*
    * *Fire and Ice*
    * *Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening*
  - Robert Gray, *Coast Road*

    The prescribed poems are:
    * *Journey: the North Coast*
    * *The Meatworks*
    * *North Coast Town*
    * *Late Ferry*
    * *Flames and Dangling Wire*
    * *Diptych*
- **Media**
  - Simon Nasht, *Frank Hurley – The Man Who Made History*
  - Ivan O'Mahoney
    * *Go Back to Where You Came From – Series 1: Episodes 1, 2 and 3*

      and
    * *The Response*

End of paper

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