



ENGLISH SAMPLE EXAMINATION

Section 7 of the *New WACE Manual: General Information 2006–2009* outlines the policy on WACE examinations.

Further information about the WACE Examinations policy can be accessed from the Curriculum Council website at http://newwace.curriculum.wa.edu.au/pages/about_wace_manual.asp.

The purpose for providing a sample examination is to provide teachers with an example of how the course will be examined. Further finetuning will be made to this sample in 2007 by the examination panel following consultation with teachers, measurement specialists and advice from the Assessment, Review and Moderation (ARM) panel.



Sample Examination
Question/Answer Booklet

ENGLISH

Please place your student identification label in this box

Student Number: In figures

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In words

Time allowed for this paper

Reading/planning time before commencing work: Ten minutes
Working time for paper: Three hours

Material required/recommended for this paper

To be provided by the supervisor
Question/Answer booklet

To be provided by the candidate

Standard items: Pens, eraser or correction fluid, highlighter, ruler.

Special items: Nil

Important note to candidates

No other items may be taken into the examination room. It is your responsibility to ensure that you do not have any unauthorised notes or other items of a non-personal nature in the examination room. If you have any unauthorised material with you, hand it to the supervisor before reading any further.

Structure of this paper

| Section | Outcome | Suggested working time | Number of questions available | Number of questions to be attempted |
|-----------------------|---------|------------------------|-------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Section 1: Reading | 3 | 60 mins | 1 | 1 |
| Section 2: Writing | 4 | 60 mins | 7 | 1 |
| Section 3: Viewing | 2 | 60 mins | 4 | 1 |

Instructions to candidates:

1. The rules for the conduct of Curriculum Council examinations are detailed in the *Student Information Handbook*. Sitting this examination implies that you agree to abide by these rules.
2. Write your answers to each section in the Standard Answer Booklet.
3. You must be careful to confine your responses to the specific questions asked and to follow any instructions that are specific to a particular question.

SECTION ONE - Reading

Allow approximately 60 minutes to complete this section [30 marks].

In this section there is **ONE** passage and **ONE** question. The question has two parts. Complete both parts of the question. Each part is worth 15 marks

- 1a. Explain how the conventions of this text influence the meanings you make from it.
- 1b. Briefly describe how your reading of at least one other print text helped you to identify and analyse the effects of one of the conventions you discussed in question 1a.

The following passage is an extract from a novel The White Earth by the Australian writer Andrew McGahan and published in 2004. The novel is set on the fictional Kuran Station in the Darling Downs of Southern Queensland in 1992.

His uncle left the next day, driving off in the utility. William had no idea where he was going – but at least some things were clear now. The way his uncle had appeared from nowhere after the fire, the hushed conversations with William’s mother, the doctor’s visit, the summons to watch the shooting stars. It was all for the one reason – the old man was alone in the world and needed someone to follow after him. And yet, again, William felt a suspicion that it wasn’t simple at all. His uncle had used the word *might*, so the station was not a gift that would be simply handed over. It was something that William had yet to earn, and he had until Christmas, it seemed, to do so. And if he failed ... What then? The more William thought about it, the more overwhelming it seemed. His mother had made it clear that it was all up to him – but it wasn’t his fault that his father had died and that they had nowhere else to go. Those were adult problems. And it was one thing to promise to stop being a child. How did you actually do it?

For the next few days William loitered about the House, gnawed by inadequacy. It didn’t help that he found himself under the watchful eyes of Mrs Griffith. Now that his uncle was gone, the housekeeper patrolled the hallways with a special vigilance, wrapped in her cardigans. There was nobody to contest her authority, it was *her* House again, just as it must have been years ago when the place was abandoned and only she remained, a forgotten caretaker – before William’s uncle arrived and stole it from her. And if she resented the old man’s presence, then what would she think of his new nephew, a mere boy, becoming her lord and master? No ... William could read it in her frowns and cold hostility. She wanted him to go away. She wanted his uncle to go away too, or to die. Even then, the House would never really be hers. But she would be alone once more.

Dinners were the worst times, when William and his mother confronted the old woman over the grimy tablecloth. The meals were eaten in heavy silence as always, but William could feel undercurrents in it now, the swirl of hidden motives and threats. And one night finally, he had to face Mrs Griffith alone. His mother was suffering one of her headaches and had no appetite. William wasn’t hungry either, but his mother, stretched upon the couch with a wet towel across her brow, waved away his objections. So he crept through the darkness and came to the table, where the housekeeper waited.

SEE NEXT PAGE

'Mum's sick,' he told her.

The old woman glared briefly at the third plate, where pale slices of roast beef waited with mashed potato and vegetables.

'And what about you?'

William sat down at his place, aware more acutely than ever of her gaze on him. They ate without speaking for a time. But for once Mrs Griffith could not keep silent.

'Your mother's often *sick*, isn't she?'

William stared at his food.

'Sickly, the both of you. What is it you're supposed to have?'

'Glandular fever.'

'Ha!' She worked at the meat with her knife and fork. 'Don't think I don't know about it. Or about those pills Dr Moffat gave your mother. I know what they're for.'

William tasted cold potato like ash in his mouth.

'She was always that way, even as a girl.'

He glanced up in surprise, caught the malice in the old woman's smile.

'Oh yes. I knew your mother's family. Everyone in Powell knew them. White trash, down there in the caravan park. Not that I ever met your grandfather. A drinker, they said. And worse besides. The police knew him plenty, I'll tell you that.' Mrs Griffith was relishing some private memory. 'And Veronica – she was a dirty little thing. Thin as a scarecrow. Hungry, I suppose. Took after her father too. How she wanted those pretty dresses in the shops. No wonder there was trouble. Stealing! But anyone could tell there was something not right about her, even back then. She was always a little touched, a little...' The housekeeper searched for a word, and William was staring at his plate again, frozen. *Crazy*, she was going to say that his mother was *crazy*.

The old woman shrugged. 'God knows how she made a catch of your father. He could have done better. Either way, her type never changes. Now she's gone and found another man, hasn't she, with a big House, up on a hill.'

It was enough. William shoved back his plate.

'You haven't finished, boy.'

'I'm not hungry.'

'All right. Go on then.' But as William rose, she grabbed his arm and held him. 'It'll never happen, you know. You'll make a mistake. And your uncle will see what sort of child you are, and what sort of family you come from.'

William wrenched his arm free and fled outside, into the night.

Lies, it was all lies. The appalling old monster, she was trying to hurt him, that was all, to scare him away. He looked up to the sky, where the stars blazed, the air freezing on the red flush of his face. His anger cooled, and was replaced by a piercing loneliness. Lies or not, it didn't matter. Nothing was the same any more. His uncle's tantalising promise ... everything had become twisted by it. The memories of his father, the actions of his mother, and now the housekeeper's hatred unveiled. And there were months yet of the old man's probing and testing to come. Mrs Griffith might be right, he might make too many mistakes, his uncle might decide he was unworthy after all. It was all too much. It was unfair. He was only a boy.

Grow up, he heard again.

William turned to the House. It loomed grey beneath the stars. He stared up at the ivy-covered walls and the sagging line of the roof and the two great wings reaching out. He studied the deep archways of the doors, the wide sweep of the verandahs, the shadows of the windows on the second storey. And there in the darkness, amidst his fears and shame, it seemed that something did change and grow older inside him. His doubts faded away, and he felt an odd sensation of expansion. It was the House, calling to

him. And the House didn't lie. It was solid stone, it was permanent and unchanging. It had the sort of strength that he could never possess...

Except that he could.

The realisation shook him. He thought of the dark hallways within, and suddenly it was as if he could see through them, to panels of polished wood.

He thought of chandeliers sparkling from the ceilings. He thought of flames raging in great fireplaces. And dwelling on these visions, he could see an image of himself as an adult, a man, moving through those golden hallways. Tall and assured and invulnerable. Alone in the House. His own House.

The sense of expansion widened, thrilling in a deep, physical way, as if ownership was something that enlarged the veins and enriched the blood. For there was not only the House, there was Kuran Station as well, a sleeping giant of a thing, native and alive and half wild. His mother had said they could sell the property if they wanted. But she hadn't even seen it. William had. He had felt the reality of it, earth and rock swelling beneath his feet, he had smelled it, and listened to the silence of it. If it was his, he would be able to walk the hills just as his uncle did, knowing them, having learnt all the stories and secrets that there were to learn, a master of wisdom inaccessible to anyone else. The power of that! The certainty of that!

William suddenly felt a need to shout or laugh or run. It didn't matter what the housekeeper said. It didn't matter about his mother. It didn't matter that everything depended on him alone. For in that moment, he made up his mind. He *did* want the station. And whatever it took, he would show his uncle he was worthy.

END OF SECTION ONE

SEE NEXT PAGE

SECTION TWO - Writing

Allow approximately 60 minutes to complete this section [30 marks].

Answer **ONE** of the following questions

Use a form of writing or combination of forms to suit your chosen purpose and audience:

1. Present a case for a film version to be made of a fiction or a non-fiction text that you have read.
2. Identify an issue from your reading or viewing and write to convince an audience of an age group other than your own of the importance of this issue.
3. Present arguments for and against the proposition that technology will improve some aspects of society in the future.
4. Write a text that could accompany the image reproduced below:



Otto Lilienthal's biplane
(Neuhass, 1895)

5. Write a response to the idea that engaging with a text involves escaping from your contemporary experience and putting yourself into other people's stories and their place and time.
6. Write to convince an audience of the need for the inclusion or exclusion of Australian texts in the English course.

7. Write using the imaginative possibilities of the following:
“When war had finally become too dangerous, and more to the point, too expensive for everyone, the world leaders met informally to devise a substitute.” Margaret Atwood. *Good Bones*. Toronto: Coach House Press, 1992.

END OF SECTION TWO

SEE NEXT PAGE

SECTION THREE - Viewing

Allow approximately 60 minutes to complete this section [30 marks].

In this section there are two sets of images: Set One and Set Two.

Answer **ONE** of the following questions.

In your response refer to visual text/s you have viewed. You must also include reference to **ONE** of the two sets of images given below:

1. Discuss ways in which visual texts may serve to shape cultural values.
 2. Consider ways that visual texts may serve social purposes or power relationships.
 3. Explain how the generic features of visual texts are used to construct representations of our world.
 4. Explain how your context and your knowledge of genre influence your response to visual texts.
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Set One:

Jamie Oliver and Housewife in the Kitchen circa 1940



Image 1

Jamie Oliver — Celebrity Chef
(David Loftus)

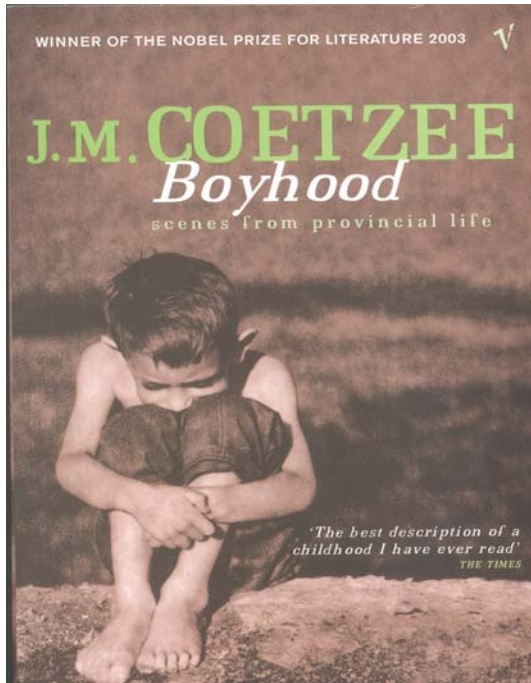


Image 2

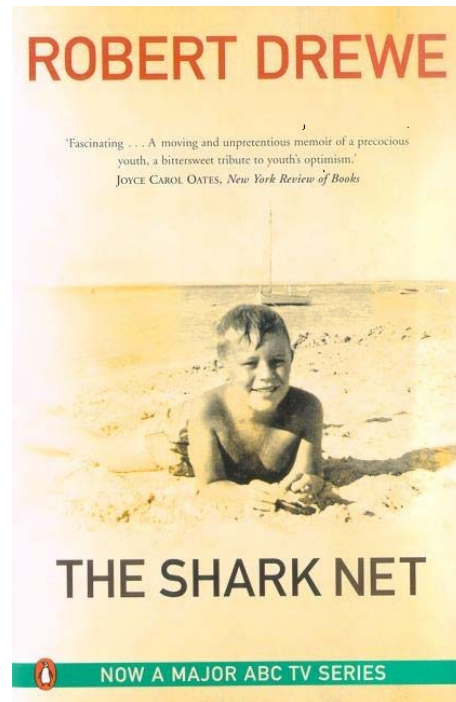
“Housewife in Kitchen”
(Keppler, circa 1940)

Set Two:

Covers of books that draw from the childhood of the writers J.M. Coetzee *Boyhood* Vintage 1998, and Robert Drewe *The Shark Net* Penguin 2000

**Image 3**

(Coetzee, 1998)

**Image 4**

(Drewe, 2000)

END OF PAPER**SEE NEXT PAGE**

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

SECTION ONE

McGahan, A. *The White Earth*. St Leonards, NSW: Allen & Unwin, pp. 114-117.

SECTION TWO

Neuhass, R. (1895). [Photograph of Otto Lilienthal's biplane]. Retrieved October, 2006, from Deutsches Technikmuseum Berlin website:
http://www.dtmb.de/Rundgang/Neubau/Picts/luft/presseLuft/Obse3-03_Lilienthal_72dpi.jpg.

SECTION THREE

- Image 1:** Loftus, D. (n.d.). [Photograph of Jamie Oliver]. Retrieved September, 2006 from Photobucket website:
http://i45.photobucket.com/albums/f92/ch0k3h0ld/h0tt13s/Jamie_Oliver.jpg.
- Image 2:** Keppler, V. (2005). Housewife in kitchen [Photograph]. In T. Mulligan & D. Wooters (Eds), *A History of Photography: From 1839 to the Present*. Köln: Taschen. (Original photograph taken c1940)
- Image 3:** Coetzee, J.M. (1998). *Boyhood: Scenes from Provincial Life* [Front cover]. London: Vintage.
Reprinted by permission of the Random House Group Ltd.
- Image 4:** Drewe, R. (2000). *The Shark Net* [Front cover]. Camberwell, Vic.: Penguin Books.