

Name:

28.8.23

Teacher:

**English 11 ATAR**  
**Task 2 Composition**  
**Semester Two 2023 (Weighting 15%)**

Writing completed in class during Week 7 (2 hours only – one response per hour)

**Instructions to students:**

- You are to select two characters and an incident/episode from The Longest Memory. You can select an existing character or give voice to a character who is not named or mentioned in the text, but who would have been present.
- Your composition must show an understanding of point of view, voice and perspective, as well as strong text and context knowledge.
- You must take particular care to use the generic conventions relevant to your chosen forms.
- You must write your composition in blue or black pen on the official answer booklet.
- You will be permitted to bring one A4 page of dot-point notes into each assessment (one-sided only)

Please note: You are permitted to write a **context statement** at the beginning of each piece in which you state the character and the form you have chosen. For example:

*This is an internal monologue from the perspective of a slave on the Whitechapel plantation following Chapel's whipping.*

<b>Engagement with the question (quality of ideas/integration of relevant aspects of the novel)</b>	
<b>This composition demonstrates:</b>	<b>7 /10</b>
a perceptive and innovative engagement with all parts of the question	9-10
a relevant and meaningful engagement with all parts of the question	7-8
a general and appropriate engagement with most parts of the question	5-6
a simplistic or inconsistent engagement with some parts of the question	3-4
limited engagement with the question	1-2
no evidence of this criterion	0
<b>TOTAL</b>	
<b>Creative control of language, expression and style to convey voice and perspective</b>	
<b>This composition demonstrates:</b>	<b>8 /10</b>
precise, fluent and cohesive control of language and expression which develops voice and perspective	9-10
clear, logical and sustained control of language and expression to develop voice and perspective	7-8
appropriate and general control of language and expression to develop voice and perspective	5-6
inconsistent control of language and/or expression; undeveloped voice and perspective	3-4
limited and/or insufficiently developed language and expression; voice and perspective not developed	1-2
no evidence of this criterion	0
<b>TOTAL</b>	
<b>Control of generic conventions and form</b>	
<b>This composition demonstrates:</b>	<b>8 /10</b>
deliberate and specific manipulation of conventions of chosen form for selected context, audience and purpose.	9-10
clear and sustained control of conventions of chosen form for selected context, audience and purpose.	7-8
appropriate and general control of conventions of chosen form for selected context, audience and purpose.	5-6
inconsistent control of conventions of chosen form	3-4
limited and/or insufficiently developed control of chosen form	1-2
no evidence of this criterion	0
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>TOTAL</b>
	<b>23 /30</b>

## FEEDBACK

You sustain Mr Whitechapel's voice well here, Kenneth and show strong understanding of his character, and that of Lydia's.

The only real inconsistency is that he did not want Chapel killed - it was a miscommunication - and he would've been angry and frustrated about that.

Good use of paragraphs, sentence lengths and syntax to reveal voice. Some slightly awkward expression in places.



Write your context statement here:

Internal monologue from Mr. Whitechapel several days after Chapel's death, reflecting on the moment Lydia learned of his death.

God, how have my beliefs led me this astray? Tell me this was only the best for her - there was simply no way she could be with a nigger. I could not allow my Lydia to fraternise with Chapel, even if he was a good man.

When news broke out that he escaped, I had to reel him in no matter the cost, including his own execution. If he were allowed to remain breathing, it would cost me my reputation as a slave owner - the Club would surely think I was a fool if they had not ~~already~~ already.

I may as well end up as cold as a damn wagon tire if it came to that.

At the time, I convinced myself that what I did was right - what my predecessors would have done after all. That is, to quell such foolish notions of miscegenation. It was an opportune time I had thought - to use Chapel's running away as equitable grounds for his execution and prevent Lydia from further fraternising with him.

although Mr. W.C. didn't desire this initially

he ordered that Chapel be 'held'

what is this word?

wagon tyre?

I guess I became this way because of the warnings father instilled in me when training me. That they could be clever when they wanted to be. Yet, because of their skin; because we were clear as day and they <sup>were</sup> dark as night, it was sufficient evidence to prove their inferiority and suitability for the trade of slavery. To even consider miscegenation when we had perfectly fine white women to procreate with instead of our lesser counterparts - grotesque beastiality, he called it.

And at the time, and up until recently, I surely thought it to be true. To soil one's precious white blood at the altar of lust equates to setting up one's offspring to fail. To be birthed as neither a slave nor a master of their own destiny is what I would have called the gravest injustice.

But what if my predecessors were wrong?

I had justified slavery on the basis that even if Africans may look like humans, <sup>they were</sup> however blessed with less faculties than us.

Though I cannot stand the notion of them being our equals in intelligence - I had definitely heard the manner in which Chapel orated Shakespeare's works. It was not simply an imitation: that is the greatest praise I can offer him posthumously without sacrificing my dignity.



Am I really able to continue to pretend to myself that blacks are inferior due to their skin when even I realize that if they are granted similar opportunities of education as us in their upbringing - they are able to become ~~as~~ <sup>as</sup> intelligent as my Lydia, as demonstrated by Chagel? *you are sustaining the voice well here.*

Sometimes I wish that pickaninny was never blessed by God the way he was. That way I would not need <sup>to feel to feel</sup> this way, let alone Lydia - God bless her misguided soul. When she arrived home from the North in a veiled frenzy - she began <sup>questioning?</sup> inquiring all the slaves on the plantation. <sup>about Chagel's whereabouts</sup> Not one had the gall to tell her - they told her to speak to her father. ✓

So she came to me in my study, all sombre and solemn, sauntered across the room, creaking floorboards as she went, before coming to a stop before my table, which was acting as a barrier between me and her <sup>barely constrained</sup> anger. *is this the right verb?*

Yet, despite her anger, I recall her being infinite <sup>? exp</sup> small while posing the question. My Lydia always faced me with a posture befitting of her strong conviction even when blatantly defying me.

She whispered almost inaudibly, so much so that her voice may have been swept ~~or~~ away by the wind if not for the confines of the room.

'Where <sup>is</sup> Chapel?' That was her question.

The very question I had braced myself to hear, still pierced me ever so sharply and at that moment I could not bear to answer her, just like the slaves.

At that moment,

I was equally as cowardly as them.

At that moment,

I detested ~~not~~ <sup>you play with repetition and sentence lengths well here.</sup> slavery for the first time in my life.

At that moment,

my silence spoke louder than words.

Everything I had constructed to hide myself from the sheer cruelty of my actions had led to this moment.

~~As I was~~ As a master, I had failed Chapel. ✓  
And as a father, I had failed my Lydia. ✓

She told me something I feared long ago. Not a whisper this time, but a scream of anguish that, if my heart was already previously pierced - it was now shattered.

'I hate you'. ✓

Two days have elapsed since then.



The first day, she was in various hysterics. I was simply too awkward for anyone to be in the home, barring me and her mother. Both William and Thomas took their ~~love~~ leave, citing that they had 'business elsewhere to attend to'.

On the second day, the sobbing and screaming ceased and in its place was dead silence. I put my ear to her door and could hear faint writing. Must be her diary. After all, whenever we had arguments in the past, she always chose to write in her diary to better articulate her emotions.

is this plausible?

scratching of a quill  
put-up?

I also attempted to open the door, not even to talk to her - but just to give her food and drink but to no avail. She has barricaded herself inside, blocking the door with a heavy weight. I just left it outside her door.

I fear she does not have the capacity to forgive me. She sees me as a monster instead of her father.



Name:

20/8/23

Teacher:

**English 11 ATAR  
Task 2 Composition  
Semester Two 2023 (Weighting 15%)**

Writing completed in class during Week 7 (2 hours only – one response per hour)

**Instructions to students:**

- You are to select two characters and an incident/episode from The Longest Memory. You can select an existing character or give voice to a character who is not named or mentioned in the text, but who would have been present.
- Your composition must show an understanding of point of view, voice and perspective, as well as strong text and context knowledge.
- You must take particular care to use the generic conventions relevant to your chosen forms.
- You must write your composition in blue or black pen on the official answer booklet.
- You will be permitted to bring one A4 page of dot-point notes into each assessment (one-sided only)

Please note: You are permitted to write a **context statement** at the beginning of each piece in which you state the character and the form you have chosen. For example:

*This is an internal monologue from the perspective of a slave on the Whitechapel plantation following Chapel's whipping.*

<b>Engagement with the question (quality of ideas/integration of relevant aspects of the novel)</b>	
<b>This composition demonstrates:</b>	9 /10
a perceptive and innovative engagement with all parts of the question	9-10
a relevant and meaningful engagement with all parts of the question	7-8
a general and appropriate engagement with most parts of the question	5-6
a simplistic or inconsistent engagement with some parts of the question	3-4
limited engagement with the question	1-2
no evidence of this criterion	0
<b>TOTAL</b>	
<b>Creative control of language, expression and style to convey voice and perspective</b>	
<b>This composition demonstrates:</b>	9 /10
precise, fluent and cohesive control of language and expression which develops voice and perspective	9-10
clear, logical and sustained control of language and expression to develop voice and perspective	7-8
appropriate and general control of language and expression to develop voice and perspective	5-6
inconsistent control of language and/or expression; undeveloped voice and perspective	3-4
limited and/or insufficiently developed language and expression; voice and perspective not developed	1-2
no evidence of this criterion	0
<b>TOTAL</b>	
<b>Control of generic conventions and form</b>	
<b>This composition demonstrates:</b>	9 /10
deliberate and specific manipulation of conventions of chosen form for selected context, audience and purpose.	9-10
clear and sustained control of conventions of chosen form for selected context, audience and purpose.	7-8
appropriate and general control of conventions of chosen form for selected context, audience and purpose.	5-6
inconsistent control of conventions of chosen form	3-4
limited and/or insufficiently developed control of chosen form	1-2
no evidence of this criterion	0
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>TOTAL</b> 27/30



## FEEDBACK

Whilst I really enjoyed reading the final part of the diary - once Lydia's granddaughters passed it on - I think your piece may have been more impactful without it.

The way you convey Lydia's grief is palpable, and deverly conveyed in the language choices.

Another great job, [REDACTED]

Write your context statement here:

Lydia returns home from the North and realises Chapel has been killed and writes diary entries as an outlet for <sup>her</sup> ~~her~~ emotions. ✓

June 10<sup>th</sup> ¶

I worry about Chapel's whereabouts. I fear he may have been caught and returned to the plantation. Regrettably, there is naught I can do as I still am in the process of returning home from New York and there is ~~still~~ much explaining I must do when I tell mother and father I have been unsuccessful in my 'endeavours' to meet a man of suitable calibre - as I went with the intention to rendezvous with Chapel but I never saw him. ✓ She would write more about this failure.

June 14

I returned home a few hours ago and Chapel is nowhere to be seen here either. I also sense an extremely heavy atmosphere veiling everyone working. Something is amiss here. Something has happened to Chapel - I am only praying it is not what I am thinking. Surely that would not happen, right?   
 } you could slow this part down.

June 15

I woke up this morning earlier than usual to the surprise of my mother. She said something about me waking up earlier being wise - but I paid her no heed. I went onto the fields to ask them about Chapel's whereabouts - though I got no reply. My suspicions are only growing as they averted eye contact with me. One of them



fold me to speak to my father. I think I should do that tomorrow.

June 17 / your father? Chapel?

He is gone. He did not answer me at all, but his silence told me everything I needed to know.

Ok. Got it! This connects to first piece.

June 20

My stomach longs for food. My throat is beyond parched. Father knocks on my door, asks me to eat and drink - even tries to open it.

Useless. I blocked it with my bed. Go to Hell. Let me die alone if not with Chapel. ✓✓

I would laugh at his sardid attempts to curry my favour back if I was not in so much anguish.

June 22

I think the lack of food and drink is slowly driving me delirious. I keep seeing Chapel in my visions and I try calling out to him - but the ~~is~~ instant I do, he disappears just as easily as he appeared. He keeps sitting on my desk chair, where we used to read Shakespeare together - once a happy memory now ~~and~~ only dredges anger and grief. Shakespeare is ruined for me. ✓✓

June 25

No father, ~~It~~ I am doing just fine. As fine as one could be losing the love of their life. Please just go away.

June 28

Even though I am aware it is an illusion my mind is constructing to compensate for my grief - Chapel's presence feels so real. It has gotten to the point where even he is telling me to eat and drink lest I perish to myself. Him introducing on my mind is what I <sup>can</sup> describe as 'comforting torture', if that <sup>makes any sense.</sup>

July 1

I could not take it anymore. <sup>Chapel</sup> ~~has~~ convinced me ~~to~~ I cracked the door ajar just slightly and I felt the weight of all the supplies piled up at my door.

The bread was stale, but I wolfed it down all the same.

Stupid old man. I would almost rather you did not inconvenience yourself with worrying about me. Let I know <sup>how much of a hypocrite I am</sup> ~~being~~.

July 4

Since I decided to accept food and drink, Chapel has <sup>disappeared</sup> from my vision. Yet the pain of his absence still lingers, nay, ~~it~~ it still burns me from the inside. I can't stay here much longer. <sup>I feel trapped.</sup>

July 7

I ventured out of my room for the first time in almost a month but did not utter a word to my family. They may be elated to see me, but I am not. I can barely bear to see the face of the one responsible for Chapel's death. - my father.

I do not think I can stay here <sup>any</sup> ~~much~~ longer. As long as my family knows I fell in love with a slave



and they continue to profit off of slave labour. I do not belong here. Our views diverge too much. I am tired of remaining complacent. I think I shall run for the North no matter the cost but whether I will find another Chapel - I am unsure. ✓

I will leave my diary here for my family to read. And ~~once they have~~ goodbye!

I love you father but please understand that I do not wish to see you again. I am underserving of your care and attention.

.....

1875, January 11

Putting it very lightly, I was surprised to be handed this childhood diary from my granddaughter. I asked where she had obtained this - she said someone called William. He stopped her as she was running errands to get meat from the 'butchers'. Told her it was 'about damn time I got it back'. I wonder how he knew ✓ I lived in New York. *interesting.*

To think you would still be alive, you old bastard. Of course, I mean that in a ~~very~~ lighthearted manner as with the years, my hatred for my family <sup>has</sup> subsided <sup>and</sup> was gradually replaced with tacit acceptance. Seems that as I got older, I stopped feeling much of anything besides peace.

Contrary to what the sixteen-year old me had written, I ended up counting a man just as magnificent as my Chapel was. He has however, long passed into the other world - God bless his soul. He died before my

granddaughter was conceived. Such a shame. I really see myself more in my ~~grand~~ ~~granddaughter~~ granddaughter than my daughter. No malice intended, I love her all the same - I just just wish she were not so submissive to the point where it took her and her daughter being kicked out of the home on a cold winter night after an argument over her husband's fidelity before she finally came to me for help.

Whatever happens to my family, I wish them <sup>all</sup> the best. After all, I am only waiting to pass over into the other world now - to reunite with my loves. Nothing can bother me any more.

If there is anything I learnt from my tumultuous adolescence and love life, it is that ~~memories~~ <sup>memory</sup> <sup>is</sup> pain trying to resurrect itself. I let go of my hatred and became at peace with my life, despite the grief that still whispers to me.

!! never!