



Western Australian Certificate of Education Examination, 2010

Question Paper

LITERATURE

Stage 2

Time allowed for this paper

Reading time before commencing work: ten minutes

Working time for paper: three hours

Materials required/recommended for this paper

To be provided by the supervisor

Question Paper

Standard Answer Book

To be provided by the candidate

Standard items: pens, pencils, eraser, correction fluid/tape, ruler, highlighters

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	Number of questions available	Number of questions to be answered	Suggested working time (minutes)	Marks available	Percentage of exam
Section One: Response – Close reading	1	1	60	30	30
Section Two: Extended response	7	2	120	70	70
Total					100

Instructions to candidates

1. The rules for the conduct of Western Australian external examinations are detailed in the *Year 12 Information Handbook 2010*. 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. This examination requires you to refer to literary texts you have studied this year. The text(s) discussed in Section Two as the primary reference(s) must be taken from the text list in the Literature syllabus.
4. This examination requires you to respond to three questions. Each response must make primary reference to a different genre (prose, poetry and drama). In Section One, if you make reference to:
 - (i) Text A (poem), then in Section Two you must respond to two questions, each question making reference to a different genre, i.e. prose and drama.
 - (ii) Text B (prose), then in Section Two you must respond to two questions, each question making reference to a different genre, i.e. poetry and drama.
 - (iii) Text C (drama), then in Section Two you must respond to two questions, each question making reference to a different genre, i.e. poetry and prose.
5. You must be careful to confine your response to the specific questions asked and to follow any instructions that are specific to a particular question.

Section One: Response – Close reading**30% (30 Marks)**

This section has **one (1)** question. You must answer this question.

Suggested working time: 60 minutes.

Question 1**(30 marks)**

Explain your reading of **one (1)** of the following texts:

- **Text A:** poem (page 4)
- **Text B:** extract from a short story (pages 5 and 6)
- **Text C:** extract from a play (pages 7 and 8)

In your interpretation you must address one or more of the following:

- the ideas put forward
- your reaction to those ideas based on your values and attitudes
- the use of language and generic conventions
- your reading of other texts
- the ways of reading that you have learned about and your context as a reader and/or
- the contextual information that you are given.

Text A

'For Heidi with Blue Hair' is a poem by New Zealand-born poet Fleur Adcock (1934 -). It comes from her collection *The Incident Book*, published in 1986. Adcock has published numerous collections of poetry and has been the recipient of many significant awards.

For Heidi With Blue Hair

When you dyed your hair blue
(or, at least ultramarine
for the clipped sides, with a crest
of jet-black spikes on top)
you were sent home from school

because, as the headmistress put it,
although dyed hair was not
specifically forbidden, yours
was, apart from anything else,
not done in the school colours.

Tears in the kitchen, telephone-calls
to school from your freedom-loving father:
'She's not a punk in her behaviour;
it's just a style.' (You wiped your eyes,
also not in a school colour.)

'She discussed it with me first -
we checked the rules. 'And anyway, Dad,
it cost twenty-five dollars.
Tell them it won't wash out -
not even if I wanted to try.'

It would have been unfair to mention
your mother's death, but that
shimmered behind the arguments.
The school had nothing else against you;
the teachers twittered and gave in.

Next day your black friend had hers done
in grey, white and flaxen yellow -
the school colours precisely:
an act of solidarity, a witty
tease. The battle was already won.

Text B

The passage is taken from the short story 'The Boat' from Nam Le's multi-award-winning first collection of short stories, also entitled *The Boat*, which was published in 2008 by Penguin. He was born in Vietnam in 1978 and raised in Australia.

The Boat

My father arrived on a rainy morning. I was dreaming about a poem, the dull *thluck thluck* of a typewriter's keys punching out the letters. It was a good poem - perhaps the best I'd ever written. When I woke up, he was standing outside my bedroom door, smiling ambiguously. He wore black trousers and a wet, wrinkled parachute jacket that looked like it had just been pulled out of a washing machine. Framed by the bedroom doorway, he appeared even smaller, gaunter, than I remembered. Still groggy with dream, I lifted my face toward the alarm clock.

'What time is it?'

'Hello, Son,' he said in Vietnamese. 'I knocked for a long time. Then the door just opened.'

The fields are glass, I thought. Then *tum-ti-ti*, a dactyl, end line, then the words excuse and alloy in the line after. Come on, I thought.*

'It's raining heavily,' he said.

I frowned. The clock read 11:44. 'I thought you weren't coming until this afternoon.' It felt strange, after all this time, to be speaking Vietnamese again. 'They changed my flight in Los Angeles.'

'Why didn't you ring?'

'I tried,' he said equably. 'No answer.'

I twisted over the side of the bed and cracked open the window. The sound of rain filled the room - rain fell on the streets, on the roofs, on the tin shed across the parking lot like the distant detonations of firecrackers. Everything smelled of wet leaves.

'I turn the ringer off when I sleep,' I said. 'Sorry.'

He continued smiling at me, significantly, as if waiting for an announcement.

'I was dreaming.'

He used to wake me, when I was young, by standing over me and smacking my cheeks lightly. I hated it - the wetness, the sourness of his hands.

'Come on,' he said, picking up a large Adidas duffle and a rolled bundle that looked like a sleeping bag. 'A day lived, a sea of knowledge earned.' He had a habit of speaking in Vietnamese proverbs. I had long since learned to ignore it.

I threw on a T-shirt and stretched my neck in front of the lone window. Through the rain, the sky was as grey and striated as graphite. *The fields are glass* ... Like a shape in smoke, the poem blurred, then dissolved into this new, cold, strange reality: a windblown, rain-strafed parking lot; a dark room almost entirely taken up by my bed; the small body of my father dripping water onto hardwood floors.

*** Here the narrator continues to think about the poem he was writing in his dream and refers to its dactylic metre and its patterns.**

See next page

I went to him, my legs goose-pimpled underneath my pyjamas. He watched with pleasant indifference as my hand reached for his, shook it, then relieved his other hand of the bags. 'You must be exhausted,' I said.

He had flown from Sydney. Thirty-three hours all up - transiting in Auckland, Los Angeles and Denver - before touching down in Iowa. I hadn't seen him in three years.

'You'll sleep in my room.'

'Very fancy,' he said as he led me through my own apartment. 'You even have a piano.' He gave me an almost rueful smile. 'I knew you'd never really quit.' Something moved behind his face and I found myself back on a heightened stool with my fingers chasing the metronome, ahead and behind, trying to shut out the tutor's repeated sighing, his heavy brass ruler. I realised I was massaging my knuckles. My father patted the futon in my living room. 'I'll sleep here.'

'You'll sleep in my room, Ba.' I watched him warily as he surveyed our surroundings, messy with books, papers, dirty plates, teacups, clothes - I'd intended to tidy up before going to the airport. 'I work in this room anyway, and I work at night.' As he moved into the kitchen, I grabbed the three-quarters-full bottle of Johnnie Walker from the second shelf of my bookcase and stashed it under the desk. I looked around. The desktop was gritty with cigarette ash. I threw some magazines over the roughest spots, then flipped one of them over because its cover bore a picture of Chairman Mao. I quickly gathered up the cigarette packs and sleeping pills and incense burners and dumped them all on a high shelf, behind my Kafka Vintage Classics.

At the kitchen swing door I remembered the photo of Linda beside the printer. Her glamour shot, I called it: hair windswept and eyes squinty, smiling at something out of frame. One of her ex-boyfriends had taken it at Lake MacBride. She looked happy. I snatched it and turned it facedown, covering it with scrap paper.

As I walked into the kitchen I thought, for a moment, that I'd left the fire escape open. I could hear rainwater gushing along gutters, down through the pipes. Then I saw my father at the sink, sleeves rolled up, sponge in hand, washing the month-old crusted mound of dishes. The smell was awful. 'Ba,' I frowned, 'you don't need to do that.'

His hands, hard and leathery, moved deftly in the sink. 'Ba,' I said, halfheartedly.

'I'm almost finished.' He looked up and smiled. 'Have you eaten? Do you want me to make some lunch?'

'*Thoi*,' I said, suddenly irritated. 'You're exhausted. I'll go out and get us something.'

I went back through the living room into my bedroom, picking up clothes and rubbish along the way.

'You don't have to worry about me,' he called out. 'You just do what you always do.'

Text C

This extract is from Act One, Scene One of *Dealing with Clair*, which was written in 1988 by British playwright, Martin Crimp. It was most recently performed by the Griffin Theatre Company in Sydney in 2009. The character Clair is a twenty-five year old woman currently working in real estate. The scene opens with Clair in her small studio apartment. The place is London, the month is August and the time is the end of the 1980s.

Dealing with Clair**Act One**

Scene One (Extract)

Darkness.

The sound of a high-speed train approaching. As it reaches maximum, the light comes up to reveal Clair talking on the phone at night in her tiny flat. The train passes right outside the window. Only as it recedes can we hear her speak.

Clair ... Simply that we are in the middle of it and so of course there's a certain amount of aggression which we must *deal* with. We must deal with it but

Aggression, aggression, aggression not

Aggression, *not violence*. Simply, simply

Please listen to me: *not violence*, simply that that that people's yes their feelings *are* aroused, their feelings are naturally aroused, and so it is a strain, it is a stress, yes, to deal, undeniably, to deal with people, *yes*. *But*

That

That

That is what I enjoy. That is what I am good at, OK?

Sound of a train approaching. She raises her voice.

I'm not *angry*. I'm not *angry*, I'm just trying to *explain*. OK, I *sound* angry, but I'm *not* angry, I'm just trying to explain one or two things, one or two things about

The train passes, making it momentarily impossible to speak.

One or two things about *what?* (*Laughs.*)

What young man? What young man? Come on, come on, there is no 'young man'.

Toby? (*Laughs.*) Toby is history. I will never forgive him for what happened in the restaurant.

What? Didn't I tell you? Didn't I tell you what happened in the restaurant? The *bill*? OK, there's what? six of us? eight of us? in this smart Italian place (are you sure I didn't tell you about this?)

OK, and we're celebrating opening the new office (because suddenly we've got new offices opening *everywhere* - it's insane) and anyway

Anyway, when the bill comes the assumption quite naturally is that we will divide it, we will divide it by six or eight or by however many of us there are.

See next page

Exactly. But then Toby, Toby, Toby starts this business where he says that the two of *us* (as if we're some kind of married couple) that the two of *us* have less than the others.

Exactly. Of course it is not appropriate. But he asks for the menu back and he makes (can you believe this?) makes everyone calculate their own separate totals at which point I want to

Well exactly: die. And of course the separate totals no way do they add up to the exact amount on the bill. But he won't let it rest, he just goes on and on about who drank this, and who ate that

Sound of train approaching. She raises her voice.

who had coffee, who *didn't* have coffee. And the worst thing is that I am drawn into this, I am sucked into this, because Toby is implicating me in this mad mad mad, this mad... *thing*.

The train passes. Clair rummages in her bag.

Yup, yup, yup, of course I'm listening. I'm just looking for I'm just looking for

No I am not 'looking for a cigarette'. You know I've given up. (*She produces a cigarette.*) Yes, I *promise* you I've given up. I'm just – one moment – ... (*She turns away and lights the cigarette.*) ... I'm just looking for ... my diary. I thought I'd lost my diary. But it is right here ... in my bag.

I am not lying. I know it kills you. And that's why I've stopped, OK? (*brightly*) Listen, did I tell you I've decorated?

That's right. Bank holiday Monday. I've done the whole place in a kind of ... (*looks round the room*) a kind of ... well I suppose it's what you'd call neutral, it's not really a colour, it's a kind of nothing, just a kind of nothing sort of *what?*

Live with it? I won't be living with it.

Yes I *know* I've only just bought it, but I didn't buy it to *live* in it, I bought it to *sell* it, as you well know. And anyway, what's wrong with neutral?

A pause. Clair seems to withdraw from the phone call.

A train passes, but faintly in the distance.

Sorry. I was dreaming. What?

Well I *know* you and Dad wouldn't've thought that way. I *know* you were grateful just to have a home. I *know* you had to economise. I *know* you had to make sacrifices but the world's not like that anymore. Why *should* we make sacrifices? Sacrifices for what? I don't have anyone to make sacrifices *for*, and I certainly don't intend to sacrifice *myself* thank you very much. *And* I happen to be very happy with my life.

Well I'm sorry. I'm sorry if I don't sound happy. Just tell me what 'happy' sounds like – OK? (*She laughs – and has clearly made Mum laugh.*) Well exactly. And besides, it's not for ever.

Selling houses. It's not for ever. Who knows *what* I'll do? Maybe make a killing ... disappear.

(*Laughs*) That's right. Vanish.

End of Section One

See next page

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Section Two: Extended response**70% (70 Marks)**

This section has **seven (7)** questions. You are required to respond to **two (2)** questions. Each response must make primary reference to a different genre from that used in Section One. If you make reference in Section One to:

- (i) Text A (poetry), then in this section one response must make primary reference to prose and one response must make primary reference to drama.
- (ii) Text B (prose), then in this section one response must make primary reference to poetry and one response must make primary reference to drama.
- (iii) Text C (drama), then in this section one response must make primary reference to prose and one response must make primary reference to poetry.

The text(s) discussed as the primary reference(s) must be from the text list in the syllabus.

Suggested working time: 120 minutes.

Question 2**(35 marks)**

How do literary texts use or adapt generic conventions to influence readers' expectations?

Question 3**(35 marks)**

Have the literary texts you have studied challenged or changed your own values and/or attitudes? Justify your response with reference to one or more texts.

Question 4**(35 marks)**

Discuss how the meanings you made from a text you have studied were influenced by your exposure to, and knowledge of, other texts.

Question 5**(35 marks)**

Writers use language to make a big impact. With reference to at least one text you have studied, discuss how its language has made a big impact on you.

Question 6**(35 marks)**

How has the study of literature contributed to your education so far? In your response you should make close reference to at least one text you have studied.

Question 7**(35 marks)**

With reference to one or more texts you have studied, discuss the idea that the meanings generated in texts may change over time.

Question 8

(35 marks)

By referring to at least one text you have studied, comment on how your own experience of the creative writing process has enhanced your understanding of literature.

End of questions

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Section One

- Text A** Adcock, F. (2000). "For Heidi with Blue Hair". In Fleur Adcock, *Poems 1960-2000*. Northumberland, UK: Bloodaxe Books. p. 79.
- Text B** Le, N. (2008). *The Boat*. Camberwell, Vic.: Penguin.
- Text C** Crimp, M. (2000). "Dealing with Clair". In *Martin Crimp: Plays One: Dealing with Clair, Getting Attention, Play with Repeats, The Treatment*. London: Faber and Faber. pp. 7–11.

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