Government of **Western Australia**
School Curriculum and Standards Authority

Western Australian Certificate of Education
Sample Examination, 2016

Question/Answer booklet

LITERATURE

Place one of your candidate identification labels in this box.

Ensure the label is straight and within the lines of this box.

Student number: In figures

In words

Number of additional answer booklets used (if applicable):

Time allowed for this paper

Reading time before commencing work: ten minutes
Working time: three hours

Materials required/recommended for this paper

To be provided by the supervisor
This Question/Answer booklet

To be provided by the candidate
Standard items: pens (blue/black preferred), pencils (including coloured), sharpener, correction fluid/tape, eraser, 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 materials. If you have any unauthorised materials with you, hand it to the supervisor **before** reading any further.

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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	25	30
Section Two: Extended response	10	2	120	50	70
				Total	100

Instructions to candidates

1. The rules for the conduct of the Western Australian Certificate of Education ATAR course examinations are detailed in the *Year 12 Information Handbook 2016*. Sitting this examination implies that you agree to abide by these rules.

2. Write your answers to each section in the Question/Answer booklet.

3. This examination requires you to refer to literary texts you have studied this year. The texts you choose as primary reference for questions in Section Two must be taken from the prescribed text lists in the Literature syllabus. If you make primary reference to a text not taken from these text lists, you will receive a penalty of 10 per cent of the total marks available for the examination.

4. This examination requires you to answer three questions in total, each making primary reference to a different genre so that you must choose one question to be on poetry, one on prose fiction and one on drama. If you choose the same genre more than once as a primary reference, you will receive a penalty of 15 per cent of the total marks available for the examination.

5. If you choose one of the three questions in Section Two that makes reference to a specific genre, you must write on that genre or receive a penalty.

6. For each answer that you write in Section Two, indicate the question number and the genre that you are using as your primary reference.

7. You must be careful to confine your answers to the specific questions asked and to follow any instructions that are specific to a particular question.

8. Additional pages for the use of planning your answer to a question or continuing your answer to a question have been provided at the end of this Question/Answer booklet. If you use the space to continue an answer, indicate in the original answer space where the answer is continued, i.e. give the page number.

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Section One: Response – Close reading **30% (25 Marks)**

This section has **one** question. You must answer this question.

Suggested working time: 60 minutes.

Question 1 **(25 marks)**

Present a close reading of **one** of the following three texts.

Text A
This is a poem called 'Aceh, December 2004,' written by the Western Australian poet, Fay Zwicky.

Aceh, December 2004[1]

Not a time for poems.
Leave fine abstractions, brass and cymbals
to the politicians, preachers furrowing
brows, parading their concern
across the archaeology of pain.
True grief is tongueless
at the site of desolation.

Better to attend the child,
dead eyes crying on the shore
for milk or comfort, frozen by the sound
of rushing water that won't leave his head.
Or catch the haunted teacher as she sits
waiting in the classroom day by day
but no one comes. Or follow the mother
scanning billboard photos:
'Looking for Asma Nabilah, aged 3½ years.'
'Have you seen Achmat Albi Jabullah, 2 years?'

Let silence speak for the fisherman
clinging to his empty net, adrift in
the poisoned air and water with the dead.
And don't forget the grandmother
wandering about, somewhere near a paddy field
she once worked … someone, maybe
someone will come home?

Examiners' note

1. The western coast of the Indonesian province of Aceh was devastated by a tsunami on 26 December 2004.

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Text B
This is an extract from the novel, *Cranford,* (published in 1853), by English novelist, Elizabeth Gaskell.

CHAPTER I — OUR SOCIETY.

In the first place, Cranford is in possession of the Amazons;[1] all the holders of houses above a certain rent are women. If a married couple come to settle in the town, somehow the gentleman disappears; he is either fairly frightened to death by being the only man in the Cranford evening parties, or he is accounted for by being with his regiment, his ship, or closely engaged in business all the week in the great neighbouring commercial town of Drumble, distant only twenty miles on a railroad. In short, whatever does become of the gentlemen, they are not at Cranford. What could they do if they were there? The surgeon has his round of thirty miles, and sleeps at Cranford; but every man cannot be a surgeon. For keeping the trim gardens full of choice flowers without a weed to speck them; for frightening away little boys who look wistfully at the said flowers through the railings; for rushing out at the geese that occasionally venture in to the gardens if the gates are left open; for deciding all questions of literature and politics without troubling themselves with unnecessary reasons or arguments; for obtaining clear and correct knowledge of everybody's affairs in the parish; for keeping their neat maid-servants in admirable order; for kindness (somewhat dictatorial) to the poor, and real tender good offices to each other whenever they are in distress, the ladies of Cranford are quite sufficient. 'A man,' as one of them observed to me once, 'is SO in the way in the house!' Although the ladies of Cranford know all each other's proceedings, they are exceedingly indifferent to each other's opinions. Indeed, as each has her own individuality, not to say eccentricity, pretty strongly developed, nothing is so easy as verbal retaliation; but, somehow, good-will reigns among them to a considerable degree.

The Cranford ladies have only an occasional little quarrel, spirited out in a few peppery words and angry jerks of the head; just enough to prevent the even tenor of their lives from becoming too flat. Their dress is very independent of fashion; as they observe, 'What does it signify how we dress here at Cranford, where everybody knows us?' And if they go from home, their reason is equally cogent, 'What does it signify how we dress here, where nobody knows us?' The materials of their clothes are, in general, good and plain, and most of them are nearly as scrupulous as Miss Tyler, of cleanly memory; but I will answer for it, the last gigot,[2] the last tight and scanty petticoat in wear in England, was seen in Cranford—and seen without a smile.

I can testify to a magnificent family red silk umbrella, under which a gentle little spinster, left alone of many brothers and sisters, used to patter to church on rainy days. Have you any red silk umbrellas in London? We had a tradition of the first that had ever been seen in Cranford; and the little boys mobbed it, and called it 'a stick in petticoats.' It might have been the very red silk one I have described, held by a strong father over a troop of little ones; the poor little lady—the survivor of all—could scarcely carry it.

Then there were rules and regulations for visiting and calls; and they were announced to any young people who might be staying in the town, with all the solemnity with which the old Manx[3] laws were read once a year on the Tinwald Mount.

'Our friends have sent to inquire how you are after your journey to-night, my dear' (fifteen miles in a gentleman's carriage); 'they will give you some rest to-morrow, but the next day, I have no doubt, they will call; so be at liberty after twelve—from twelve to three are our calling hours.'

Then, after they had called -

'It is the third day; I dare say your mamma has told you, my dear, never to let more than three days elapse between receiving a call and returning it; and also, that you are never to stay longer than a quarter of an hour.'

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‘But am I to look at my watch? How am I to find out when a quarter of an hour has passed?’

‘You must keep thinking about the time, my dear, and not allow yourself to forget it in conversation.’

As everybody had this rule in their minds, whether they received or paid a call, of course no absorbing subject was ever spoken about. We kept ourselves to short sentences of small talk, and were punctual to our time.

I imagine that a few of the gentlefolks of Cranford were poor, and had some difficulty in making both ends meet; but they were like the Spartans, and concealed their smart under a smiling face. We none of us spoke of money, because that subject savoured of commerce and trade, and though some might be poor, we were all aristocratic. The Cranfordians had that kindly esprit de corps[4] which made them overlook all deficiencies in success when some among them tried to conceal their poverty. When Mrs Forrester, for instance, gave a party in her baby-house of a dwelling, and the little maiden disturbed the ladies on the sofa by a request that she might get the tea-tray out from underneath, everyone took this novel proceeding as the most natural thing in the world, and talked on about household forms and ceremonies as if we all believed that our hostess had a regular servants’ hall, second table, with housekeeper and steward, instead of the one little charity-school maiden, whose short ruddy arms could never have been strong enough to carry the tray upstairs, if she had not been assisted in private by her mistress, who now sat in state, pretending not to know what cakes were sent up, though she knew, and we knew, and she knew that we knew, and we knew that she knew that we knew, she had been busy all the morning making tea-bread and sponge-cakes.

Examiners’ notes

1. In Greek mythology, members of a legendary nation of female warriors.
2. A type of sleeve.
3. Having to do with the language, people or culture of the Isle of Man.
4. Group spirit.

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Text C

This is the opening passage of the play, *The Share Club*, by New Zealand playwright, Roger Hall.

Characters

Zena: Married to Miles. Thirties.
Victor: Mid thirties to fifty.
Maureen: Late twenties to thirties.
Warren: Husband of Maureen. Taxi driver.
Charles: Forty to sixty. Bachelor. University Lecturer in Economics.
Agnes: Teacher of Junior classes — on verge of retirement. Single.
Miles: Thirties. Up and coming executive of finance company.
Garth: Forty to fifty. Works in a bank. Treasurer of the Share Club.[1]

Scene One

Sitting room of Miles *and* Zena*'s house. Seats arranged for a meeting. Bottles of wine opened on a table.*

Zena *is showing* Victor *into the room.*

Zena: Make yourself at home. (*Indicating the wine*) Drinks.
Victor: Am I the first?
Zena: The others won't be long. Miles rang from the airport. He's on his way. (*About to leave*) I won't be long.
Victor: Don't rush off, Zena.
Zena: I'm half way through a story with the boys. (*But she stays*)
Victor: How are they?
Zena: Tiring. They're fine. I can't wait to get a job, though.
Victor: Come and be my nurse. Denise is leaving soon.
Zena: Victor, I'd hate it. I don't know how you can bear it, fixing up people's rotten gums all the time.
Victor: It has its rewards. I tell my patients to lie back and think of England;[2] and then I lean forward and think of Tahiti.
Zena: Miles won't hear of it anyway.
Victor: That's not necessarily a good enough reason. (*Pause*) This must seem all very small fry to him.
Zena: And for you.
Victor: I look on it purely as social.
Zena: Miles likes to get information from whatever source he can. He just loves the financial world.
Victor: (*Looking at a chair*) This is nice.
Zena: Yes.
Victor: You should let me restore it some time. It's a hobby.
Zena: I know.
Victor: Miles leads you a dull life, doesn't he?
Zena: Well …
Victor: He doesn't appreciate you properly. I can tell. He's a fool, that's all I can say.

(*Slight pause. Door bell rings)*

Ring me if you ever want anything restored.
Zena *goes.* Victor *pours himself a drink.* Zena *returns a moment later with* Maureen

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and Warren.

Zena: Help yourself. Won't be long. How do you get a four-year-old to sleep?
Maureen: Lashings of drugs. For the mother.

Zena *goes out*.

Hallo Victor.
Victor: What are you doing here, Maureen? You never come.
Maureen: Warren's mother's staying with us.
Warren: Don't often get a free baby sitter.
Maureen: Warren signed me up but I don't think he ever wanted me to come to a meeting. I gather I pay over[3] my twenty dollars a month like everyone else.
Victor: And the $200 initial deposit.
Maureen: You didn't tell me we were into high finance, Warren. (*Pretending to be impressed*) Two hundred dollars!
Victor: That gave us two thousand to start with. Ten members in the club — that gives us another $200 each month added to the kitty. This is our ninth meeting, so we've put in $3,800. What are you drinking, Warren?
Warren: I'll have a beer.
Maureen: And what are our shares worth?
Victor: Garth will tell us that. At the end of the year, we wind up unless there is a majority vote to continue. But we're doing all right.
Maureen: Warren doesn't even show me the minutes.
Victor: I wouldn't complain. They're deadly dull.
Warren: Maureen doesn't know anything about shares.
Victor: You'll be in good company here.
Maureen: I brought the paper.
Victor: And rightly so. How's the transport industry, Warren?
Warren: Lay off, Victor.
Victor: Any celebrities as passengers this week?
Warren: No.
Victor: Fancy having Ron Brierley[4] in your cab and not asking him for any tips.
Warren: He was reading. He read the whole trip. It was years ago. I've told you that a hundred times.
Maureen: Ask him how the renovations are going.
Victor: How are the renovations —
Warren: Tie a knot in it, Maureen.
Victor: Fair enough.
Maureen: If you want something done at your own place, don't marry Warren.
Victor: I won't.
Maureen: He's not even doing it one room at a time! Bathroom, kitchen, and two bedrooms all in a state of chaos.
Warren: I'm waiting for the materials.
Maureen: Waiting to get them at bargain price, you mean. Taxi drivers always claim they know someone in the trade.
Warren: One of the guys has promised me most of it.
Victor: Waiting for it to fall off the back of a building site, is he?
Maureen: How about paying the right price and getting it finished!
Warren: How about getting off your backside and giving me a hand?
Victor: They do say that renovating a house is one of the great stress factors in marriage.
Warren: That why your wife left you?
Victor: Something like that. It was a very long time and a lot of money ago.

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Pause.

Warren: Where's the …?
Victor, (*Pointing)* Second on the right.

Warren *goes out.*

Maureen: Well! Nice to have a night out!
Victor: You'll enjoy the meeting. They're fun.
Maureen: Not if Warren's at them.
Victor: He leads you a dull life, doesn't he?
Maureen: Yes.
Victor: He doesn't appreciate you properly. He's a fool. That's all I can say. (*Pause)* I've often thought of popping in to your place during the day …
Maureen: Lunch Thursday. Granny's taking them shopping.
Victor: Right.
Maureen: Think of some pretext.
Victor: Fair enough.
Maureen: Ring first to check.
Victor: I always do.

Victor *stands over* Maureen *to kiss her.* Warren *enters.* Victor *opens* Maureen*'s mouth to inspect her gums.*

No problems there. You're not likely to need my services for years. Gums don't start dropping till your forties. (*To Warren*) Tell her to keep using the floss. Terrible job, gums.
Warren: Good money.
Victor: And rightly so.

Maureen *is about to light a cigarette.*

Warren: Maureen. Agnes doesn't like us to smoke.
Maureen: She's not here.
Warren: She'll smell it. Charles objects, too.
Maureen: (*Putting her cigarettes away with a bad grace)* Is that the Charles from forty-two?
Warren: Yes.
Maureen: I didn't think he'd come to a thing like this.
Victor: He looked after his mother until she died. He's just stayed on in the place, that's all.
Maureen: He's not … is he? Whenever I've said 'Good Morning' to him he seems to veer away.
Victor: I don't think that would pass as definitive evidence of homosexuality, Maureen. I think he's just very shy of women. Much prefers his garden.
Maureen: What does he do?
Victor: Lectures at the university. Economics.
Maureen: So why isn't he rich?
Victor: Economists know where other people's money should be put but not their own. Ah! Speak of the devil.

Zena *is bringing* Charles *in. She is holding a bunch of flowers.*

Others: Evening, Charles.
Zena: Aren't they lovely! From Charles's garden.
Charles: For the meeting.
Victor: Isn't he sweet? Pop them in water, Zena, before something drops off.

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Zena *goes out with the flowers.*

Better not let Miles know.
Charles: What?
Victor: Could be, you know, just a tiny bit jealous.
Charles: No no no. They needed picking.
Victor: You know Maureen?
Charles: I've … er seen you around.
Victor: How's life at the ivory tower? Enjoying the holidays?
Charles: We do not have holidays. Only times when students are not present.
Victor: Beg your pardon. All those lecturers with skis on their roof racks — off to examiners' meetings are they?

Agnes *and* Zena *enter,* Zena *carrying a vase with* Charles*'s flowers in it.*

Agnes: How are you? How are the kiddiwinks?
Agnes: Loathsome.
Victor: Fair enough.
Agnes: As are the staff. And the parents.
Victor: Sorry I asked now.
Agnes: Thank God, I don't live near the school. It's a breeding ground for vandals.
Charles: I keep meaning to suggest we should set up a neighbourhood watch scheme. Burglaries are increasing all the time.
Agnes: My sister in Hamilton[5] says their street set up Neighbourhood Watch.
Charles: Did it work?
Agnes: Very well. Burglaries are about the same but adultery's been almost completely eradicated.

Agnes *gets herself a drink.* Charles *gets himself a fruit juice.* Agnes *removes her shoes to rub her feet, but puts them on again later.*

Examiners' notes

1. A share club is an informal group of people who pool their money to make financial investments.
2. To 'lie back and think of England' is an expression meaning to endure something unpleasant or to perform an undesirable duty. It refers to Victorian times when a wife was expected to submit, seemingly without pleasure, to her husband's sexual demands.
3. To 'pay over' means simply to 'pay'.
4. Sir Ronald ('Ron') Brierley is a wealthy New Zealand company director and investor, with shares in hundreds of companies.
5. Hamilton is a major city located in the North Island of New Zealand.

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Question 1

I am answering on

Text	✓
A	
B	
C	

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End of Section One

See next page

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Section Two: Extended response **70% (50 Marks)**

This section has **ten** questions. You are required to respond to **two** 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 texts discussed as primary references **must** be from the prescribed text lists in the syllabus.

Questions 9, 10 and 11 are genre-specific.

Suggested working time: 120 minutes.

Question 2 **(25 marks)**

Different reading practices or strategies can deepen our appreciation of a text. Discuss, with reference to **one** or more texts you have studied.

Question 3 **(25 marks)**

How do textual representations position readers to respond to social groups and ideas? Discuss, with reference to **one** or more texts you have studied.

Question 4 **(25 marks)**

Discuss how literary texts reflect, reinforce or challenge ideas, beliefs and attitudes. Refer to **one** or more texts you have studied.

Question 5 **(25 marks)**

How do readers' knowledge and expectations of generic conventions influence their responses to works of literature? Discuss, with reference to **one** or more texts you have studied.

Question 6 **(25 marks)**

Literary meanings are not timeless and universal, but vary across times, places and other contexts. Discuss, with reference to **one** or more texts you have studied.

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Question 7 **(25 marks)**

How do works of literature challenge or naturalise ideas about Australia? Discuss, with reference to **one** or more texts you have studied.

Question 8 **(25 marks)**

The following three questions are genre specific. If you choose one of these questions, you **must** write on the genre specified by the question.

Question 9 **(25 marks)**

The use of figurative language in poetry provides the reader with the challenge of having to decide what that language might mean. Discuss how the use of figurative language in **poetry** you have studied has challenged or reinforced your views.

Question 10 **(25 marks)**

The experience and meaning of novels/short stories is influenced by a reader's response to the narrative point of view. Discuss, with reference to **one** or more **novels/short stories** you have studied.

Question 11 **(25 marks)**

Discuss the relative influences of visual devices and dialogue in affecting your reading of **one** or more **plays** you have studied.

End of questions

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Question number: _____ Genre: _____

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Section One

Question 1

Text A Excerpts from: Zwicky, F. (2006). Aceh, December 2004. In Fay Zwicky, *Picnic*. Artarmon, NSW: Giramondo Press. p. 9.

Text B Gaskell, E. (2007). *Cranford*. London: Bloomsbury, pp. 3–4. (Original work published 1851–1853).

Text C Adapted extract from: Hall, R. (1988). *The Share Club*. Wellington NZ, Victoria University Press.

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