



Literature ATAR Examination, Semester Two, 2021

Question booklet

YEAR 11 LITERATURE

Name _____

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 booklet

Three Answer booklets

Number of additional
answer booklets used
(if applicable)

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 material. 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 examination
Section One Response – Close reading	1	1	60	30	30
Section Two Extended response	8	2	120	35	70
				Total	100

Instructions to candidates

Instructions to candidates

1. The rules for the conduct of the Western Australian external examinations are detailed in the *Year 11 Information Handbook 2021*. Sitting this examination implies that you agree to abide by these rules.
2. Write your answers in the Answer booklets preferably using blue/black pen. Do not use erasable or gel pens.
3. For each answer that you write in Section Two, indicate the question number and the genre that you are using as your primary reference.
4. 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.
5. The examination requires you to answer three different questions in total, each question 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.
6. The texts you choose as primary reference for questions in Section Two must be taken from the prescribed text lists in the Literature syllabus
7. IF YOU USE AN EXTRA BOOKLET please indicate on the front of each booklet what section it belongs to.

Penalties

If you do not comply with the requirements of instructions 5 and/or 6 listed above, you will receive a penalty for each, of 15 percent of the total marks available for the examination.

Section One: Response – close reading

30% (30 Marks)

This section has **one** question and three texts (A, B and C), provided in the Text booklet. You must answer the one question in response to Text A, B **or** C.

Suggested working time: 60 minutes.

Question 1

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

Text A – Poetry

'Caged Bird' by Maya Angelou, was first published in *Shaker, Why Don't You Sing?* 1983

Caged Bird

A free bird leaps
on the back of the wind
and floats downstream
till the current ends
and dips his wing
in the orange sun rays
and dares to claim the sky.

But a bird that stalks
down his narrow cage
can seldom see through
his bars of rage
his wings are clipped and
his feet are tied
so he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings
with a fearful trill
of things unknown
but longed for still
and his tune is heard
on the distant hill
for the caged bird
sings of freedom.

The free bird thinks of another breeze
and the trade winds soft through the sighing trees
and the fat worms waiting on a dawn bright lawn
and he names the sky his own

But a caged bird stands on the grave of dreams
his shadow shouts on a nightmare scream
his wings are clipped and his feet are tied
so he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings
with a fearful trill
of things unknown
but longed for still
and his tune is heard
on the distant hill
for the caged bird
sings of freedom.

Text B – Prose

This is an edited extract from the novel *Machines Like Me* (2019) by Ian McEwan.

It was religious yearning granted hope, it was the holy grail of science. Our ambitions ran high and low – for a creation myth made real, for a monstrous act of self-love. As soon as it was feasible, we had no choice but to follow our desires and hang the consequences. In loftiest terms, we aimed to escape our mortality, confront or even replace the Godhead with a perfect self. More practically, we intended to devise an improved, more modern version of ourselves and exult in the joy of invention, the thrill of mastery. In the autumn of the twentieth century, it came about at last, the first step towards the fulfilment of an ancient dream, the beginning of the long lesson we would teach ourselves that however complicated we were, however faulty and difficult to describe in even our simplest actions and modes of being, we could be imitated and bettered. And I was there as a young man, an early eager adopter in the chilly dawn.

But artificial humans were a cliché long before they arrived, so when they did, they seemed to some a disappointment. The imagination, fleeter than history, then technological advance, had already rehearsed this future in books, then films and TV dramas, as if human actors, walking with a certain glazed look, phony head movements, some stiffness in the lower back, could prepare us for life with our cousins from the future. I was among the optimists, blessed by unexpected funds following my mother's death and the sale of the family home, which turned out to be on a valuable development site. The first truly viable manufactured human with plausible intelligence and looks, believable motion and shifts of expression went on sale the week before the Falklands Task Force set off on its hopeless mission. Adam cost £86,000. I brought him home in a hired van to my unpleasant flat in north Clapham. I'd made a reckless decision, but I was encouraged by reports that Sir Alan Turing, war hero and presiding genius of the digital age, had taken delivery of the same model. He probably wanted to have his lab take it apart to examine its workings fully.

Twelve of this first edition were called Adam, thirteen were called Eve. Corny, everyone agreed, but commercial. Notions of biological race being scientifically discredited, the twenty-five were designed to cover a range of ethnicities. There were rumours, then complaints, that the Arab could not be told apart from the Jew. Random programming as well as life experience would grant to all complete latitude in sexual preference. By the end of the first week, all the Eves sold out. At a careless glance, I might have taken my Adam for a Turk or a Greek. He weighed 170 pounds, so I had to ask my upstairs neighbour, Miranda, to help me carry him in from the street on the disposable stretcher that came with the purchase.

While his batteries began to charge, I made us coffee then scrolled through the 470-page online handbook. Its language was mostly clear and precise. But Adam was created across different agencies and in places the

instructions had the charm of a nonsense poem. 'Unreveal upside of B347k vest to gain carefree emoticon with motherboard output to attenuate mood-swing penumbra.'¹

At last, with cardboard and polystyrene wrapping strewn around his ankles, he sat naked at my tiny dining table, eyes closed, a black power line trailing from the entry point in his umbilicus to a thirteen-amp socket in the wall. It would take sixteen hours to fire him up. Then sessions of download updates and personal preferences. I wanted him now, and so did Miranda. Like eager young parents, we were avid for his first words. There was no loudspeaker cheaply buried in his chest. We knew from the excited publicity that he formed sounds with breath, tongue, teeth and palate. Already, his lifelike skin was warm to the touch and as smooth as a child's. Miranda claimed to see his eyelashes flicker. I was certain she was seeing vibrations from the Tube trains rolling a hundred feet below us, but I said nothing.

He was advertised as a companion, an intellectual sparring partner, friend and factotum² who could wash dishes, make beds and 'think'. Every moment of his existence, everything he heard and saw, he recorded and could retrieve. He couldn't drive as yet and was not allowed to swim or shower or go out in the rain without an umbrella, or operate a chainsaw unsupervised. As for range, thanks to breakthroughs in electrical storage, he could run seventeen kilometres in two hours without a charge or, its energy equivalent, converse non-stop for twelve days. He had a working life of twenty years. He was compactly built, square-shouldered, dark-skinned, with thick black hair swept back; narrow in the face, with a hint of hooked nose suggestive of fierce intelligence, pensively³ hooded eyes, tight lips that, even as we watched, were draining of their deathly yellowish-white tint and acquiring rich human colour, perhaps even relaxing a little at the corners.

Examiner's note:

1. Penumbra = gloom
2. Factotum = an employee who does all kinds of work
3. Pensively = thinking deeply

Text C – Drama

This extract is from the play *The Perfectionist* - A play by David Williamson, produced in 1981.

Act One

Barbara walks onstage. She is in her mid-thirties.

Barbara: In the late seventies I read a book called Open Marriage written by an American husband and wife team called Nena and George O'Neill. The book preached communication, trust, flexibility, non-possessiveness and openness, as opposed to the rigid role behaviour, possessiveness and jealousy of the so-called closed marriage. Their book rejuvenated me and gave me a vision of what marriage might be. I tried to introduce the O'Neills' ideas to my marriage and you're about to see the result. There are three possible explanations for the failure of Nena and George's philosophy to transform my marriage. Either I'm a monster, Stuart is a monster, or Nena and George don't know what they're talking about.

STUART: [off] Barbara!

1978

BARBARA: Denmark, February nineteen seventy eight.

[STUART enters looking agitated. He carries two large paper bags full of groceries. He is in his mid thirties.]

STUART: Shaun dropped the wine!

BARBARA: Smashed?

STUART: When they fall onto concrete they usually do.

BARBARA: Why did you let him carry it?

STUART: My first ever bottle of Chateau Lafite.

BARBARA: Why did you let him carry it?

STUART: Because you're always telling me to give him responsibility.

BARBARA: I'll go and get another one.

STUART: We can't afford it.

BARBARA: It's your birthday.

STUART: And what a great birthday it's been so far. I got my first pay packet this morning and the Danish Government have helped themselves to over half of it.

BARBARA: We've got another bottle of red somewhere.

STUART: The Portuguese stuff? Lay it on its side and it eats away the cork.

BARBARA: No. Beaujolais¹.

STUART: Barbara, I've got fillet steak in here. People queue just to look at it in this country. How can you have fillet steak with Beaujolais?

BARBARA: OK. You go back down and get something we can afford.

STUART: I'm not fighting my way back through that snow-storm. We'll just have to have the Beaujolais*. Look at the mess. What's been going on here?

BARBARA: Creative play.

STUART: Couldn't you have cleaned it up?

BARBARA: Nick's just gone to sleep.

STUART: It's after five. Barbara, he'll be up all night. I've got to do some work.

BARBARA: On your birthday?

STUART: I've spent six weeks organising this bloody shift to Denmark and I've got to get started. Why didn't Nick have his afternoon sleep?

BARBARA: Because Tom fell down the stairs and gashed his forehead.

STUART: [*sharply*] His forehead?

BARBARA: It's OK. He's in bed. Just as I'd pacified him Shaun came home from school and demanded I go out and buy him a plastic sled. Did you promise him a plastic sled?

STUART: [*defensively*] He didn't have to get it today.

BARBARA: I thought I'd better. He's having a miserable time at school.

STUART: Why?

BARBARA: Why? Because he's got no friends, doesn't speak Danish and his Marxist teacher keeps asking him if we still shoot our Aboriginals.

STUART: Some clown in the English department has a course called 'Shakespeare – chauvinist apologist to the Tudor hierarchy'.

BARBARA: You're kidding. That's like saying the Communist Manifesto² is weak on plot. Happy birthday!

STUART: Thanks. The students control the University. Fifty per cent representation on every committee – academic appointments and all. Young tutors have to suck up to the students to get tenure. The whole place is a Marxist feminist seminary. Why did we ever come to this polar purgatory?

BARBARA: Cultural enrichment.

STUART: We've let ourselves in for six months of ideological and meteorological hell. Do you know what they told me at the University today? If you sleep in on the twentieth of June you miss summer. And they laughed. Great sense of humour, these Danes.

BARBARA: Stuart. I've got to have a break from those kids or I'll go mad.

STUART: One of the reasons I agreed to come here was that I thought that the children might get six months of care and attention. If we don't give those kids enough love now, we're going to have to accept the responsibility if they're all screwed up later.

BARBARA: *You* give them more love!

STUART: How *can* I? The Danes have given me a full teaching load and I *have* to work on *my* thesis.

BARBARA: Darling, how much longer is this thesis going to take?

STUART: Until I get it right. What do you want to do with all this spare time, anyway? Trudge around in the snow.

BARBARA: Anything. I'm sick of trying to stop Nick eating the goldfish.

STUART: Jesus. Did he get another one?

BARBARA: It's OK. He didn't swallow it this time.

STUART: Barbara. He could choke!

BARBARA: *You* stay home and spend all day tracking him through this bloody indoor jungle. I did a head count yesterday. Ten fish tanks and one hundred and eleven exotic plants. It takes me half the day to keep them alive.

STUART: We were lucky to find a flat at all.

BARBARA: Professor Rasmussen has to be some sort of nut. For the money he spent on the stuff he could have *lived* in the tropics for ten years. Stuart, we *must* have that babysitter whether we can afford it or not. The kids are wonderful, I love them, but after I've spent one day with them I feel as if I've lost twenty sophisticated words from my vocabulary forever.

STUART: What do you want to do?

BARBARA: Read, think, anything! Maybe even work on my thesis.

STUART: You said you wouldn't.

BARBARA: What harm would it do?

STUART: Barbara, you promised. We agreed to come here on the clear understanding that you wouldn't work on your thesis for the six months we were away.

BARBARA: I've thought that one through and I don't think it was a reasonable thing to ask.

STUART: So you make a bargain back home and try to wriggle out of it as soon as you get here.

BARBARA: I don't think it was a reasonable thing to ask.

STUART: Then why didn't you say so at the time?

BARBARA: I wasn't sure at the time, but since we've got here I've had time to think.

STUART: About what?

BARBARA: About our marriage, and I'm worried.

STUART: There's nothing wrong with our marriage. Save all that psychological bullshit for your clients.

BARBARA: Stuart, just because I was a marriage counsellor doesn't mean I can't have grave misgivings about my own. Ever since I stopped work you've been trying to control me.

STUART: You're paranoid. Give me one example.

BARBARA: Trying to stop me working on my thesis. Criticising me because a few toys are on the floor. Calling my profession bullshit – you're trying to turn me into a pliant little homemaker.

STUART: I thought while we were over here I might get a bit of support.

BARBARA: I wouldn't mind so much if you were working on your thesis, but so far you've spent the whole of the first month preparing lectures for the Danes.

STUART: If I'm going to do something, I'm going to do it properly.

BARBARA: I can't sacrifice my work for you for ever.

STUART: I thought a little bit of sacrifice was what marriages were about.

BARBARA: Stuart, the sacrifice has all been one way.

STUART: Barbara, this isn't just an ordinary PhD³. There's every chance it will be a major breakthrough; I'll be able to pick my chair at any university in the world.

BARBARA: What would that do for me? I get to be the great man's wife – never taken seriously by anyone.

STUART: My achievements are for all of us.

BARBARA: Your achievements are for you, Stuart. I want my own.

Examiner's note:

1. Beaujolais= wine
2. Communist Manifesto= an 1848 pamphlet by German philosophers Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels. A manifesto is a public declaration of policy and aims.
3. A Doctorate

End of Section One**Section Two: Extended response****70% (70 Marks)**

This section has **eight** questions. You are required to respond to **two different** questions. The EIGHT questions are listed on page 11.

Your **second** response **must** make primary reference to a **different** genre from that used in Section One and a **different** genre and question from that used in your first extended response.

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

A text discussed as a primary reference **must** be from the prescribed text lists in the syllabus.

Questions 7, 8, 9 and require you to make reference to the genre specified in the question.

Suggested working time: 120 minutes

Question 2**(35 marks)**

With detailed reference to a text studied this year, explain the ways it is thematically and/or stylistically connected to other literary works.

Question 3**(35 marks)**

With detailed reference to a text studied this year, discuss the way language features shape meaning.

Question 4**(35 marks)**

With detailed reference to a text studied this year, discuss how knowledge of its production context influences a reading.

Question 5**(35 marks)**

With detailed reference to a text studied this year, explain how intertextual connections highlight the text's main idea/s.

Question 6**(35 marks)**

With detailed reference to a text studied this year, explain how one reading practice or strategy has supported or challenged the ideology or ideologies promoted.

Question 7**(35 marks)**

Discuss how one **prose** fiction text challenges readers' expectations of a conventional protagonist and antagonist.

Question 8**(35 marks)**

Evaluate the ways verbal and non-verbal dramatic conventions are used in one **drama** text to frame an audience's understanding of its central ideas.

Question 9**(35 marks)**

Discuss the ways different types of imagery work in at least one **poem** to represent a human experience/s.

End of Section Two

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Question 1

Text A 'Caged Bird' is a poem by Maya Angelou, first published in *Shaker, Why Don't You Sing?* (1983).

Text B Extract from the novel *Machines Like Me* (2019) by Ian McEwan.

Text C Extract from the play *The Perfectionist* (1981) by David Williamson.

End of Paper