



WILLETTON SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL

Literature ATAR Examination,

Semester One, 2021

Question Paper

YEAR 12

LITERATURE

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 Paper

Standard Answer Book

To be provided by the candidate

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

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 examination
Section One: Response – Close reading	1	1	60	30	30
Section Two: Extended response	9	2	120	70	70
Total					100

Instructions to candidates

1. The rules for the conduct of the Western Australian external examinations are detailed in the *Year 12 Information Handbook*. Sitting this examination implies that you agree to abide by these rules.
2. Write your responses in the Standard Answer Book or paper supplied.
3. This examination requires you to refer to literary texts studied this year. The text(s) discussed in Section Two as the primary reference(s) must be from the text lists in the 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 (prose), then in Section Two you must respond to two questions, one response making primary reference to poetry and the other to drama.
 - (ii) Text B (drama), then in Section Two you must respond to two questions, one response making reference to prose and the other to poetry.
 - (iii) Text C (poetry), then in Section Two you must respond to two questions, one response making reference to drama and the other to prose.
5. If you make primary reference to the same genre twice, then 15 percent will be deducted from your total raw examination mark for Literature.
6. If you choose one of the three questions that makes reference to a specific genre, you must write on that genre, otherwise 15 percent will be deducted from your total raw examination mark for Literature.
7. For each response that you write in Section Two, indicate the question number and the genre (poetry, prose or drama) that you are using as your primary reference. You must not write on the same question twice.
8. You must be careful to confirm your responses to the specific questions asked and to follow any instructions that are specific to a particular question.

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Section One: Response – Close Reading

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

Suggested working time: 60 minutes

Question 1**(30 Marks)**

Present a reading of one of the following three texts.

Text A

This is the opening of the Australian novel *The Dry*, by Jane Harper, published in 2017. Aaron Faulk, originally from the country town Kiewarra is now a policeman working in Melbourne.

Prologue

It wasn't as though the farm hadn't seen death before, and the blowflies didn't discriminate. To them there was little difference between a carcass and a corpse.

The drought had left the flies spoiled for choice that summer. They sought out unblinking eyes and sticky wounds as the farmers of Kiewarra levelled their rifles at skinny livestock. No rain meant no feed. And no feed made for difficult decisions, as the tiny town shimmered under another day of burning blue sky.

'It'll break,' the farmers said as the months ticked over into a second year. They repeated the words out loud to each other like a mantra, and under their breath to themselves like a prayer.

But the weathermen in Melbourne disagreed. Besuited and sympathetic in air conditioned studios, they made passing reference most nights at six. Officially the worst conditions in a century.

At least the blowflies were happy. The fresh finds that day were unusual, though. Smaller and with a smoothness to the flesh. Not that it mattered. They were the same where it counted. The glassy eyes. The wet wounds.

The body in the clearing was the freshest. It took the flies slightly longer to find the two in the farmhouse, despite the front door swinging open like an invitation. Those that ventured beyond the initial offer in the hallway were rewarded with the second find, in the bedroom. This one was smaller, but less engulfed by competition.

First on the scene, the flies swarmed contentedly in the heat as the blood pooled black over tiles and carpet.

Outside, washing hung still on the rotary line, bone dry and stiff from the sun. A child's scooter lay abandoned on the stepping stone path. Just one human heart beat within a kilometre radius of the farm.

So nothing reacted when deep inside the house, the baby started crying.

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Chapter One

Even those who didn't darken the door of the church from one Christmas to the next could tell there would be more mourners than seats. A bottleneck of black and grey was already forming at the entrance as Aaron Falk drove up, trailing a cloud of dust and cracked leaves.

Neighbours, determined but trying not to appear so, jostled each other for the advantage as the scrum trickled through the doors. Across the road the media circled.

Falk parked his sedan next to a pickup truck that had also seen better days and killed the engine. The air conditioner rattled into silence, and the interior began to warm immediately. He allowed himself a moment to scan the crowd, although he didn't really have time. He'd dragged his heels the whole way from Melbourne, blowing out the five-hour drive to more than six. Satisfied no one looked familiar, he stepped out of the car.

The late-afternoon heat draped itself around him like a blanket. He snatched open the backseat door to get his jacket, searing his hand in the process. After the briefest hesitation, he grabbed his hat from the seat. Wide-brimmed in stiff brown canvas, it didn't go with his funeral suit. But with skin the blue hue of skim milk for half the year and a cancerous-looking cluster of freckles the rest, Falk was prepared to risk the fashion faux pas.

Pale from birth with close-cropped, white-blond hair and invisible eyelashes, he'd often felt during his thirty-six years that the Australian sun was trying to tell him something. It was a message easier to ignore in the tall shadows of Melbourne than in Kiewarra, where shade was a fleeting commodity.

Falk glanced once at the road leading back out of town, then at his watch. The funeral, the wake, one night and he was gone. Eighteen hours, he calculated. No more. Keeping that firmly in mind, he loped toward the crowd, one hand on his hat as a sudden hot gust sent hems flying.

Inside, the church was even smaller than he'd remembered. Shoulder to shoulder with strangers, Falk allowed himself to be ferried deeper into the congregation. He noticed a free spot along the wall and darted in, carving out a space next to a farmer whose cotton shirt strained taut across his belly. The man gave him a nod and went back to staring straight ahead. Falk could see creases at his elbows where the shirtsleeves had until recently been rolled up.

Falk removed his hat and discreetly fanned himself. He couldn't help glancing around. Faces that at first had seemed unfamiliar came more sharply into focus, and he felt an illogical rush of surprise at some of the crow's-feet, silver-streaked hair, and gained kilos sprinkled throughout the crowd.

An older man two rows back caught Falk's eye with a nod, and they exchanged a sad smile of recognition. What was his name? Falk tried to remember. He couldn't focus. The man had been a teacher. Falk could just about picture him at the front of a classroom, gamely attempting to bring geography or woodwork or something else alive for bored teenagers, but the memory kept flitting away.

The man nodded at the bench beside him, indicating he would make space, but Falk shook his head politely and turned back to the front. He avoided small talk at the best of times, and this, unquestionably, was a million horrific miles from the best of times.

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Text B

This is a poem written by Simon Armitage, Poet Laureate of the United Kingdom, written in 2020.

Lockdown

And I couldn't escape the waking dream
of infected fleas

in the warp and weft of soggy cloth
by the tailor's hearth

in ye olde Eyam¹.
Then couldn't un-see

the Boundary Stone²,
that cock-eyed dice with its six dark holes,

thimbles brimming with vinegar wine
purging the plagued coins.

Which brought to mind the sorry story
of Emmott Syddall and Rowland Torre,

star-crossed lovers on either side
of the quarantine line

whose wordless courtship spanned the river
till she came no longer.

But slept again,
and dreamt this time

of the exiled *yaksha* sending word
to his lost wife on a passing cloud³,

a cloud that followed an earthly map
of camel trails and cattle tracks,

streams like necklaces,
fan-tailed peacocks, painted elephants,

embroidered bedspreads
of meadows and hedges,

bamboo forests and snow-hatted peaks,
waterfalls, creeks,

the hieroglyphs of wide-winged cranes
and the glistening lotus flower after rain,

the air
hypnotically see-through, rare,

the journey a ponderous one at times, long and slow
but necessarily so.

Examiner's note for Text B "Lockdown" by Simon Armitage

1. In September 1665 a collection of patterns was sent to the local tailor of Eyam, Derbyshire (England). His assistant dried the wet bundle in front of a hearth. In this way, it is believed, the plague spread rapidly through the village as the heat activated the plague carrying fleas from disease ridden London.
2. Eyam's boundary stone contained holes that the quarantined villagers would put their money in to pay for provisions from outside, and then fill with vinegar in the hope it would cleanse the coins.
3. In the epic love poem "Meghadūta" (by Sanscrit poet Kalidasa, 5th century) an exile sends reassuring words to his wife in the Himalayas via a passing cloud. The cloud is convinced to take the message because the yaksha, a benevolent nature spirit to a god of wealth, tells him what amazing landscapes and scenery he's going to pass across.

Text C

This is the opening excerpt from the play *Diving for Pearls* by Australian playwright Katherine Thomson, published in 1992

ACT ONE

BARBARA *has been running. She arrives up on the hill. She stumbles, it is uneven and rocky. She takes off her shoe and examines it. There is a hole right through to the cardboard inner-sole. She takes a cigarette out of a packet, but after three or four attempts, it is obvious that the lighter is not going to work. She throws it behind her and finds a book of matches in her bag. Only one match is left however, and she almost burns her finger, then it disintegrates without lighting the cigarette. The funeral which she has just attended is the final straw in a long line of events. Still no luck with the cigarette. She wears a uniform dress with a cardigan over it.*

BARBARA: Unbelievable ... honestly to god ...

[She continues to fumble with the shoe.]

Don't tell me funerals aren't a waste of time. Felt like seeing two people in the entire church and one of them was in a box.

[She searches again for a match, then looks down towards the church.]

And don't put yourself out. Don't bother getting a person's name right – bloody priests, probably didn't slip him enough. John this. John that. Jacko. Jacko. I didn't know who he was talking about. Not a mention that he hung himself, of course. Start up a trend.

[Sound of a coal truck going by. Later we hear it returning.]

You live next door to someone eighteen years, you'd know if anyone ever called him John. Which they didn't.

[DEN arrives. He has followed her up the hill, unsure as to whether he should have come.

She acknowledges him; she thought he would probably show up.]

Well, you won't have a light.

[There is the sound of a coal truck and they wait for it to pass.]

I thought that was you. Thought that was you at the back of the church.

DEN: Yes. *[Nervous smile]* So ...

BARBARA: Then I thought it wasn't.

[Pause]

I mean I didn't come up here expecting you to follow me.

I'm not thirteen. I have been up on this hill without you you know.

DEN: Just to see how you were. Just to see how you're getting on.

BARBARA: Oh, well brilliant of course. Getting on brilliant.

DEN: Bit of a shock. *[Looking back down towards the church]*

All very sudden. Heart I thought someone said ... You wouldn't think ...

[BARBARA is silent, and DEN produces a lighter in a leather case. He gives it to her and she hangs it around her neck. Pause.]

Didn't know if you realised you left it.

[Pause]

I came back from getting the chips and it was where you'd been sitting, on that bench. And of course you were ... Quite a few months old, might be dried out by now ...

[BARBARA lights a cigarette.]

You look nice.

BARBARA: Well, how was I supposed to know you'd be there. And all of them. Everyone I've ever known practically, all having a gawk. God, funerals are stupid.

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[Pause]

You wouldn't have been mates with Jacko.

DEN: Well, work – I used to see him.

BARBARA: But you wouldn't have known him. You wouldn't have played cards with him at lunch for instance.

DEN: I told you what I'm like – a quiet corner with a cowboy novel and a couple of devon sandwiches.

BARBARA: No, you'd steer clear of any trouble-makers.

DEN: Kept him pretty busy, shaking things up.

BARBARA: Someone has to.

DEN: Fills in the time.

BARBARA: Someone has to. People rely on people like him to give things a shake-up. You probably never spoke to him.

DEN; There's a lot of men in that plant.

BARBARA: Used to be.

DEN: Yes.

BARBARA: Opposite of you, he was. He didn't let that place get to him. He got to it.

[Pause. DEN longs to talk to her and doesn't know what to say. BARBARA looks down the hill.]

DEN: His old man knew mine. Minder's Federation. Why I came.

[Pause]

I was hoping I'd see you. I remembered once that you said you knew him.

BARBARA: Why that church? Very woggy if you ask me. Couldn't be woggier if they tried.

[Looking] And that bloody mob from the Northern Beaches. [To them] Sorry you had to drag yourselves south of the steelworks. Still hanging round. Yap yap yap yap. All kissing each other.

[She draws a line in the air]

You could divide this city in half, I reckon. They're getting everything up there. [To DEN] We used to feel sorry for them stuck out on bloody cliffs, living in their poky little shacks. 'Oh, BARBARA, people are coming down and paying a quarter of a million dollars for our little miners' cottages!' They used to be bloody communists.

DEN: I've been thinking about you – quite a bit.

BARBARA: Shocking bloody view – look at that.

DEN: Oh well.

BARBARA: Oh well what?

DEN: No smoke from the steelworks and we'd all be in trouble.

[Slight pause] And our joint ... always looks bigger from up here – out there on the point ... Never minded those roofs. That shape.

[BARBARA looks at him.]

Jagged like that. You know what I mean.

BARBARA: They want to find a way to cover it all up.

DEN: Just look over it and you can see the sea. I wondered if – [A coal truck. She looks down to the church.]

BARBARA: Fifty, he was. Bugger of an age.

DEN: Same as me.

BARBARA: Bugger of an age to be retrenched.¹

Examiners' note – 1. Retrench: to sack an employee (or employees) in order to reduce costs, because of a downturn in profits.

Section Two: Extended response**(70 marks)**

This section has **nine (9)** 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.

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

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

Questions 8, 9 and 10 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 one or more literary texts explain how the representation of people, places and/or institutions can critique the dominant views of a particular time and place.

Question 3**(35 marks)**

With detailed reference to one or more literary texts explain how reading intertextually helps readers to understand and critique representations of identity.

Question 4**(35 marks)**

With detailed reference to one or more literary texts discuss how choice of language is related to ideological and aesthetic considerations.

Question 5**(35 Marks)**

Literary texts are often concerned with the personal and private, but their meanings can be culturally and historically significant. Discuss this statement with detailed reference to one or more literary texts.

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Question 6**(35marks)**

With detailed reference to one or more literary texts discuss the ways in which language and stylistic choices communicate values and attitudes.

Question 7**(35 marks)**

With detailed reference to one or more literary texts explain how reading practices prioritise particular elements of a text, enabling different interpretations.

Question 8**(35 marks)**

Poets often use established forms in a particular way for personal and ideological reasons. Discuss with detailed reference to one or more **poems**.

Question 9**(35 marks)**

With detailed reference to **one play**, explain how the conflict between personal desire and social constraints is made evident in the way at least three dramatic conventions are used.

Question 10**(35 marks)**

The construction of setting in a narrative is more than just a backdrop to events. It often reflects cultural change and difference. Discuss this proposition with detailed reference to one or more **short stories**.

End of Paper

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