

External assessment 2022

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Question book

# English SEE

## SEE 2 Paper 1

### General instruction

- Work in this book will not be marked.



Queensland  
Government

**QCAA**

Queensland Curriculum  
& Assessment Authority

## Section 1

### Instructions

- There is one question for each of the three prescribed texts.
  - Respond to the question for your selected text.
  - Respond in 500–700 words in the response book.
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### *The Letters I Won't Write* by Ali Alizadeh

The letters I won't write  
murmur mostly inaudibly  
through the signs  
of something like this  
sometimes find the cracks  
to transmit their noise. I've  
no intention to write  
to my father (about it all) but  
it's a parallel epistle  
fear and disappointment  
inscribed in between  
lines of a poem, say, or lines  
spoken by a novel's hero  
who (of course) has nothing  
to do with a father. Cunning  
and assiduous as I am  
I can't always trap  
the unknowable facts  
in a cage constructed  
of calculated artifice. Sooner  
or later, hellish growls  
of past hurts vibrate  
the basis of an elaborate  
indirect simulation. Not  
of an absolute, undocumented  
list of accusations  
that only insinuates  
and never truly represents  
the letters I can't write.

## **QUESTION**

Create a short story around the concept of **unsaid**, to be read aloud for a storytelling podcast.

Your short story should express or challenge ideas, attitudes, values and/or beliefs that underpin the original poem in order to shape representations and perspectives.

Your short story may be set in the same time and place as the poem, or a different time and place.

**OR**

## ***Sports Field* by Judith Wright**

Naked all night the field  
breathed its dew until  
the great gold ball of day  
sprang up from the dark hill.

Now as the children come  
the field and they are met.  
Their day is measured and marked,  
its lanes and tapes are set;

and the children gilt by the sun  
shoulder one another;  
crouch at the marks to run,  
and spring, and run together —

the children pledged and matched,  
and built to win or lose,  
who grow, while no one watches,  
the selves in their sidelong eyes.

The watchers love them in vain.  
What's real here is the field,  
the starter's gun, the lane,  
the ball dropped or held;

and set towards the future,  
they run like running water,  
for only the pride of winning,  
the pain the losers suffer,

till the day's great golden ball  
that no one ever catches,  
drops; and at its fall  
runners and watchers

pick up their pride and pain  
won out of the measured field  
and turn away again  
while the star-dewed night comes cold.

So pride and pain are fastened  
into the heart's future,  
while naked and perilous  
the night and the field glitter.

## **QUESTION**

Create a short story around the concept of **success**, to be read aloud for a storytelling podcast.

Your short story should express or challenge ideas, attitudes, values and/or beliefs that underpin the original poem in order to shape representations and perspectives.

Your short story may be set in the same time and place as the poem, or a different time and place.

**OR**

## ***Mending Wall* by Robert Frost**

Something there is that doesn't love a wall,  
That sends the frozen-ground-swell under it,  
And spills the upper boulders in the sun;  
And makes gaps even two can pass abreast.  
The work of hunters is another thing:  
I have come after them and made repair  
Where they have left not one stone on a stone,  
But they would have the rabbit out of hiding,  
To please the yelping dogs. The gaps I mean,  
No one has seen them made or heard them made,  
But at spring mending-time we find them there.  
I let my neighbor know beyond the hill;  
And on a day we meet to walk the line  
And set the wall between us once again.  
We keep the wall between us as we go.  
To each the boulders that have fallen to each.  
And some are loaves and some so nearly balls  
We have to use a spell to make them balance:  
'Stay where you are until our backs are turned!'  
We wear our fingers rough with handling them.  
Oh, just another kind of out-door game,  
One on a side. It comes to little more:  
There where it is we do not need the wall:  
He is all pine and I am apple orchard.  
My apple trees will never get across  
And eat the cones under his pines, I tell him.  
He only says, 'Good fences make good neighbors.'  
Spring is the mischief in me, and I wonder  
If I could put a notion in his head:  
'Why do they make good neighbors? Isn't it  
Where there are cows? But here there are  
no cows.  
Before I built a wall I'd ask to know  
What I was walling in or walling out,  
And to whom I was like to give offense.  
Something there is that doesn't love a wall,  
That wants it down.' I could say 'Elves' to him,  
But it's not elves exactly, and I'd rather  
He said it for himself. I see him there  
Bringing a stone grasped firmly by the top  
In each hand, like an old-stone savage armed.  
He moves in darkness as it seems to me,  
Not of woods only and the shade of trees.  
He will not go behind his father's saying,  
And he likes having thought of it so well  
He says again, 'Good fences make good neighbors.'

## QUESTION

Create a short story around the concept of **borders**, to be read aloud for a storytelling podcast.

Your short story should express or challenge ideas, attitudes, values and/or beliefs that underpin the original poem in order to shape representations and perspectives.

Your short story may be set in the same time and place as the poem, or a different time and place.



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