Attachments

Notified poems

Information about the 2012 examination

Study scope and task specifications

Teachers and candidates should be familiar with the study scope and task specifications directing the examination questions (Section 6.2 of the English Senior External Syllabus 2004).

**Paper One Part A**

**Question 1 — Novel: Imaginative response to literature**

Candidates are to analyse a range of characters and focus on the respective motivations of these characters. Candidates are to write in a prescribed role.

**Paper One Part B**

**Question 2 — Drama: Persuasive/reflective response to literature suitable for a public audience**

Candidates are to analyse a range of characters and focus on the things that are important to these characters. Candidates are to write in a prescribed role.

**Question 3 — Non-fiction prose: Persuasive/reflective response to literature suitable for the mass media or for speaking and/or presenting to an audience (specific or general)**

Candidates are to identify the possible readings (invited, alternative, resistant) of their text or texts and how these readings are achieved. Candidates are to write in a prescribed role.

**Paper Two Part A**

**Question 1 — Imaginative and reflective writing**

Candidates are to use narrative devices to promote particular values, assumptions, attitudes and beliefs relating to a given theme, and use the stimulus as a springboard for their imaginative and reflective writing. Candidates are to write in a prescribed role.

**Paper Two Part B**

**Question 2 — Media: Analytical exposition**

Candidates are to respond to a brief quotation about stereotypes in the media. Candidates are to provide examples of stereotypes in the media relating to one of these areas:
• gender
• age
• race
• culture.

Question 3 — Poetry: Analytical exposition

Either

Unseen poem — candidates are to identify the invited reading of the poem and explain how this reading is achieved.

or

Notified poems — candidates are to study 10–12 poems “including a range of poetic forms, selected from lyric, narrative and dramatic poetry, across cultures and time” (Section 4.3 of the syllabus). Candidates are to use the attached notified poems in response to this option. The notified poems will also be included in the examination paper.

Candidates are to compare any two of the notified poems. Attention should be given to:
• the treatment of values, assumptions, attitudes and beliefs, language devices and subject matter
• the representations of concepts and of the relationships and identities of individuals, groups, times and places.

Particular terminology

Candidates should be familiar with the following terminology:
• silenced characters
• marginalised characters
• alternative versions
• perspectives
• foreground
• textual features
• privilege
• readings
• invited readings
• values
• assumptions
• attitudes
• beliefs
• ideologies.

Word length guidelines

Responses should be between 500 and 600 words (excluding quotations).

Enquiries

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A Bush Christening
On the outer Barcoo where the churches are few,
And men of religion are scanty,
On a road never cross'd 'cept by folk that are lost,
One Michael Magee had a shanty.

Now this Mike was the dad of a ten-year-old lad,
Plump, healthy, and stoutly conditioned;
He was strong as the best, but poor Mike had no rest
For the youngster had never been christened,

And his wife used to cry, "If the darlin' should die
Saint Peter would not recognise him."
But by luck he survived till a preacher arrived,
Who agreed straightaway to baptise him.

Now the artful young rogue, while they held their colloque,
With his ear to the keyhole was listenin',
And he muttered in fright while his features turned white,
"What the divil and all is this christenin'?"

He was none of your dolts, he had seen them brand colts,
And it seemed to his small understanding,
If the man in the frock made him one of the flock,
It must mean something very like branding.

So away with a rush he set off for the bush,
While the tears in his eyelids they glistened —
"'Tis outrageous," says he, "to brand youngsters like me,
I'll be dashed if I'll stop to be christened!"

Like a young native dog he ran into a log,
And his father with language uncivil,
Never heeding the "praste" cried aloud in his haste,
"Come out and be christened, you divil!"

But he lay there as snug as a bug in a rug,
And his parents in vain might reprove him,
Till his reverence spoke (he was fond of a joke)
"I've a notion," says he, "That'll move him."

"Poke a stick up the log, give the spalpeen a prog;
Poke him asy — don't hurt him or maim him,
'Tis not long that he'll stand. I've the water at hand,
As he rushes out this end I'll name him.

"Here he comes, and for shame! ye've forgotten the name —
Is it Patsy or Michael or Dinnis?"
Here the youngster ran out, and the priest gave a shout —
"Take your chance, anyhow, wid 'Maginnis'?"

As the howling young cub ran away to the scrub
Where he knew that pursuit would be risky,
The priest, as he fled, flung a flask at his head
That was labelled "Maginnis's Whisky!"

And Maginnis Magee has been made a J.P.,
And the one thing he hates more than sin is
To be asked by the folk who have heard of the joke,
How he came to be christened "Maginnis"!

AB ("Banjo") Paterson (1864–1941)
The Poor, Poor Country

Oh 'twas a poor country, in Autumn it was bare,
The only green was the cutting grass and the sheep found little there.
Oh, the thin wheat and the brown oats were never two foot high,
But down in the poor country no pauper was I.

My wealth it was the glow that lives forever in the young,
'Twas on the brown water, in the green leaves it hung.
The blue cranes fed their young all day — how far in a tall tree!
And the poor, poor country made no pauper of me.

I waded out to the swan's nest — at night I heard them sing,
I stood amazed at the Pelican, and crowned him for a king;
I saw the black duck in the reeds, and the spoonbill on the sky,
And in that poor country no pauper was I.

The mountain-ducks down in the dark made many a hollow sound,
I saw in sleep the Bunyip creep from the waters underground.
I found the plovers' island home, and they fought right valiantly,
Poor was the country, but it made no pauper of me.

John Shaw Neilson (1872–1942)
Shooting the Dogs
There wasn’t much else we could do that final day on the farm.
We couldn’t take them with us into town, no one round the district needed them and the new people had their own.
It was one of those things.

You sometimes hear of dogs who know they’re about to be put down and who look up along the barrel of the rifle into responsible eyes that never forget that look and so on, but our dogs didn’t seem to have a clue.

They only stopped for a short while to look at the Bedford stacked with furniture not hay and then cleared off towards the swamp, plunging through the thick paspalum noses up, like speedboats.

They weren’t without their faults. The young one liked to terrorise the chooks and eat the eggs. Whenever he started doing this we’d let him have an egg full of chilli paste and then the chooks would get some peace.

The old one’s weakness was rolling in dead sheep.
Sometimes after this he’d sit outside the kitchen window at dinner time.
The stink would hit us all at once and we’d grimace like the young dog discovering what was in the egg.

But basically they were pretty good. They worked well and added life to the place.
I called them back enthusiastically and got the old one as he bounded up and then the young one as he shot off for his life.

I buried them behind the tool shed. It was one of the last things I did before we left.
Each time the gravel slid off the shovel it sounded like something trying to hang on by its nails.

Philip Hodgins (1959–1995)
Last of His Tribe
Change is the law. The new must oust the old.
I look at you and am back in the long ago,
Old pinnaroo lonely and lost here,
Last of your clan.
Left only with your memories, you sit
And think of the gay throng, the happy people,
The voices and the laughter
All gone, all gone,
And you remain alone.
I asked and you let me hear
The soft vowelily tongue to be heard now
No more for ever.
For me
You enact old scenes, old ways, you who have used
Boomerang and spear.
You singer of ancient tribal songs,
You leader once in the corroboree,
You twice in fierce tribal fights
With wild enemy blacks from over the river,
All gone, all gone. And I feel
The sudden sting of tears, Willie Mackenzie
In the Salvation Army Home.
Displaced person in your own country,
Lonely in teeming city crowds,
Last of your tribe.

Oodgeroo Noonuccal (1920–1993)
To the others
You once smiled a friendly smile,
Said we were kin to one another,
Thus with guile for a short while
Became to me a brother.
Then you swamped my way of gladness,
Took my children from my side,
Snapped shut the lawbook, oh my sadness
At Yirrkala’s plea denied.
So, I remember Lake George hills,
The thin stick bones of people,
Sudden death and greed that kills,
That gave you church and steeple.
I cry again for Worrara men,
Gone from kith and kind,
And I wondered when I would find a pen
To probe your freckled mind.
I mourned again for the Murray Tribe,
Gone too without a trace,
I thought of the soldier’s diatribe,
The smile on the Governor’s face.
You murdered me with rope, with gun,
The massacre my enclave,
You buried me deep on McLarty’s run
Flung into a common grave.
You propped me up with Christ, red tape,
Tobacco, grog and fears,
Then disease and lordly rape
Through the brutish years.
Now you primly say you’re justified,
And sing of a nation’s glory,
But I think of a people crucified —
The real Australian story.

Jack Davis (1917–2000)
The Land Itself

Beyond all arguments there is the land itself, drying out and cracking at the end of summer like a vast badly-made ceramic, uneven and powdery, losing its topsoil and its insect-bodied grass seeds to the wind’s dusty perfumes, that sense of the land, then soaking up soil-darkening rains and filling out with the force of renewal at the savoured winter break. Sheep and cattle are there with their hard split feet. They loosen topsoils that will wash away or blow away, punishing the land for being so old and delicate, and they make walking tracks that run like scars across the bitten-down paddocks stitched with fences while the farmers in their cracked and dried-out boots wait for one good season to make their money green again.

In places where the land has begun to heal itself there are the younger old cuisines, softer footed, the emu farms and kangaroo farms, both high-fenced and nurtured by smart restaurants and tax write-offs. Further out where the colours are all sun-damaged and the land is sparse and barely held together you find the future waiting for its many names.

Company personnel in mobile labs are already there, taking readings and bouncing lumps of jargon off satellites. A field geologist sits in an air-conditioned caravan. She sees in front of her a computer screen of numbers then through a dust-filtered window the land itself. She looks back and forth. Something here is unrealised. It might be an asset. It might be an idea.

Philip Hodgins (1959–1995)
Australia

Ania Walwicz (1951– )
Bird in the classroom

The students drowsed and drowned
In the teacher’s ponderous monotone —
Limp bodies looping in the wordy heat,
Melted and run together, desks and flesh as one,
Swooning and swimming in a sea of drone.

Each one asleep, swayed and vaguely drifted
With lidding eyes and lolling, weighted heads,
Was caught on heavy waves and dimly lifted,
Sunk slowly, ears ringing, in the syrup of his sound,
Or borne from the room on a heaving wilderness of beds.

And then, on a sudden, a bird’s cool voice
Punched out song. Crisp and spare
On the startled air,
Beak-beamed
or idly tossed,
Each note gleamed
Like a bead of frost.

A bird’s cool voice from a neighbour tree
With five clear calls — mere grains of sound
Rare and neat
Repeated twice …
But they sprang the heat
Like drops of ice.

Ears cocked, before the comment ran
Fading and chuckling where a wattle stirred,
The students wondered how they could have heard
Such dreary monotones from man,
Such wisdom from a bird.

Colin Thiele (1920–2006)
Terra nullius
An empty land, a vacant land, unpeopled, uninhabited;
No fox, no sparrow, goat or horse, uncamelied and unrabbed!
And then the white man came and stayed, and lived their meagre history,
Not recognising those before, whose origin is mystery.
The aboriginal, the black, was not considered one of us,
And so the land was thus declared unpeopled — "Terra Nullius".

The aboriginal is lost when they are dispossessed of land;
For their existence, heart and soul, is bound in rock and earth and sand.
Two centuries on, their Dreaming fades, their fire of hope now but a spark;
But then a judgment handed down revives the flame and sheds the dark.

For court of law has now proclaimed that "Terra Nullius" is wrong;
The aboriginal has rights to where he's dwelt for ages long:
"To use, possess and occupy, to once again enjoy the land,"
From which for twenty decades long he has been so unjustly banned.

Philip Rush (1939– )
In the park
She sits in the park. Her clothes are out of date.
Two children whine and bicker, tug her skirt.
A third draws aimless patterns in the dirt.
In the Park

Someone she loved once passes by — too late
to feign indifference to that casual nod.
From his neat head unquestionably rises
a small balloon ... “but for the grace of God ...”

They stand a while in flickering light, rehearsing
the children's names and birthdays. “It's so sweet
to hear their chatter, watch them grow and thrive,”
she says to his departing smile. Then, nursing
the youngest child, sits staring at her feet.
To the wind she says, “They have eaten me alive.”

Gwen Harwood (1920–1995)
On the Death of a Late Famous Cricketer
What gap in our collective soul
Would make us want to deify
One decent, private sort of bloke
Who could have boasted to the sky

But never once was less than modest,
A man who kept all things to scale,
Who stayed within his expertise
And always answered all his mail?

Why is it we would make a god
For being merely twice as good
As all the world before or since
At hitting balls with bits of wood?

Perhaps it's an Australian truth,
A local trophy on the shelf.
Get all the runs in life you can …
But, thank you, don't big-note yourself.

Geoff Page (1940—)
Suburban
Safe behind shady carports, sleeping under
the stars of the commonwealth and nylon gauze …

Asia is far-off, its sheer white mountain-peaks, its millions
of hands; and shy bush-creatures in our headlamps

prop and swerve small grass under the sprinklers
dreams itself ten feet tall as bull-ants lumber

between its stems — pushing
towards Sunday morning and the motor-blades …

Safe behind lawns and blondwood doors, in houses
of glass. No one throws stones. The moon dredges

a window square. Chrome faucets in the bathroom
hold back the tadpole-life that swarm in dams, a Kelvinator

preserves us from hook-worm. But there are days,
after drinks at the Marina, when dull headaches

like harbour fog roll in, black cats give off
blackness, children writhe out of our grip;

and only the cotton-wool in medicine bottles stands between us
and the capsules whose cool metallic colours

lift us to the stars. In sleep we drift
barefoot to the edge of town, pale moondust flares between our toes,

ghosts on a rotary-hoist fly in the wind …
under cold white snow-peaks tucked to the chin, we stare

at an empty shoe like Monday …
Sunlight arranges itself beyond our hands.

David Malouf (1934— )
Acknowledgments


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