Information about the 2013 examination

The examination will be based on the *English Senior External Syllabus 2004*. It will consist of two papers. Each paper will have 3 hours working time and 10 minutes perusal/planning time.

Each paper will consist of three questions requiring extended written responses. All six responses will contribute equally to the candidate’s level of achievement.

Task specifications and study scope

Task specifications for the 2013 examination are on pages 2 and 3. Teachers and candidates should also be familiar with the syllabus requirements directing the examination questions (Section 6.2 of the syllabus).

Notified poems

The notified poems for 2013 are on pages 4 to 17.

Particular terminology

Candidates should be familiar with the following terminology:

- silenced characters
- marginalised characters
- alternative versions
- perspectives
- foreground
- textual features
- privilege
- representations
- readings
- invited readings
- values
- assumptions
- attitudes
- beliefs
- ideologies.

Word length guidelines

Responses should be about 500 words in length (excluding quotations).

Level of achievement

Each candidate’s level of achievement will be determined by applying the syllabus standards to an overall assessment of responses across both Paper One and Paper Two.
Task specifications: Paper One

Part A

Question 1 — Drama: Imaginative response to literature
Candidates are to write in role as a character from the text and respond in one of the following forms:

Interior monologue or Toast.

Candidates are required to:

• demonstrate understanding of the text
• provide evidence from the text
• provide insights into the characters of the text
• apply the conventions of the stipulated genre and exploit the roles and relationships of this genre.

Part B

Question 2 — Novel: Persuasive/reflective response to literature suitable for a public audience
Candidates are to write in role as a character from the text and respond in one of the following forms:

Persuasive speech or Spoken address.

Candidates are required to:

• demonstrate understanding of the text
• provide evidence from the text
• provide insights into the characters of the text
• apply the conventions of the stipulated genre and exploit the roles and relationships of this genre.

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 write in a prescribed role and respond in one of the following forms:

Opinion column or Book club speech.

Candidates are required to:

• demonstrate understanding of the text/s
• provide evidence through the use of paraphrasing and by making reference to key events and passages from the text/s
• apply terminology specific to the deconstruction of nonfiction prose
• apply the conventions of the stipulated genre and exploit the roles and relationships of this genre.
Task specifications: Paper Two

Part A

Question 1 — Imaginative and reflective writing
Candidates are to write in response to one of the following forms:
Narrative/short story or Description.
Candidates are required to:
• employ narrative devices to promote particular values, assumptions, attitudes and beliefs
• use the written stimulus and theme provided as springboards for writing
• apply the conventions of the stipulated genre and exploit the roles and relationships (provided in the stimulus) of this genre.

Part B

Question 2 — Media: Analytical exposition
Candidates are to respond to a brief quotation about the manner in which the media constructs representations.

Question 3 — Poetry: Analytical exposition
Candidates are required to:
• demonstrate understanding of the provided poem/s
• apply terminology specific to the deconstruction of poetry
• apply the conventions of analytical exposition and exploit the roles and relationships of this genre.

Either
Topic 3A: Unseen poem — candidates are to identify the invited reading of the poem and explain how this reading is achieved.

or

Topic 3B: Notified poems — 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.
Candidates are to use the attached notified poems in response to this option. The notified poems will also be included in the examination paper.

Enquiries

Telephone (07) 3864 0211 or email externalexams@qsa.qld.edu.au.

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Manager, Assessment Operations
Notified poems

Far and Near
in australia
i am as far from any australians
as china is from australia

and i am as near them
as a cloud
near the sky

Ouyang Yu (1955–)
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,
than 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)
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–)
Australia
A Nation of trees, drab green and desolate grey
In the field uniform of modern wars,
Darkens her hills, those endless, outstretched paws
Of sphinx demolished or stone lion worn away.

They call her a young country, but they lie:
She is the last of lands, the emptiest,
A woman beyond her change of life, a breast
Still tender but within the womb is dry.

Without songs, architecture, history:
The emotions and superstitions of younger lands,
Her rivers of water drown among inland sands,
The river of her immense stupidity

Floods her monotonous tribes from Cairns to Perth.
In them at last the ultimate men arrive
Whose boast is not “we live” but “we survive”,
A type who will inhabit the dying earth.

And her five cities, like five teeming sores,
Each drains her: a vast parasite robber-state
Where second-hand Europeans pullulate
Timidly on the edge of alien shores.

Yet there are some like me turn gladly home
From the lush jungle of modern thought, to find
The Arabian desert of the human mind,
Hoping, if still from the deserts the prophets come,

Such savage and scarlet as no green hills dare
Springs in that waste, some spirit which escapes
The learned doubt, the chatter of cultured apes
Which is called civilization over there.

AD Hope (1907–2000)
Australia

Ania Walwicz (1951– )
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 vovelly 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)
At Cooloola
The blue crane fishing in Cooloola’s twilight
has fished there longer than our centuries.
He is the certain heir of lake and evening,
and he will wear their colour till he dies,

but I’m a stranger, come of a conquering people.
I cannot share his calm, who watch his lake,
being unloved by all my eyes delight in,
and made uneasy, for an old murder’s sake.

Those dark-skinned people who once named Cooloola
knew that no land is lost or won by wars,
for earth is spirit, the invader’s feet will tangle
in nets there and his blood be thinned by fears.

Riding at noon and ninety years ago,
my grandfather was beckoned by a ghost —
a black accoutred warrior armed for fighting,
who sank into bare plain, as now into time past.

White shores of sand, plumed reed and paperbark,
clear heavenly levels frequented by crane and swan —
I know that we are justified only by love,
but oppressed by arrogant guilt, have room for none.

And walking on clean sand among the prints
of bird and animal, I am challenged by a driftwood spear
thrust from the water, and, like my grandfather,
must quiet a heart accused by its own fear.

Judith Wright (1915–2000)
Metho Drinker
Under the death of winter’s leaves he lies
who cried to Nothing and the terrible night
to be his home and bread. “O take from me
the weight and waterfall of ceaseless Time
that batters down my weakness; the knives of light
whose thrust I cannot turn; the cruelty
of human eyes that dare not touch nor pity.”
Under the worn leaves of the winter city
safe in the house of Nothing now he lies.

His white and burning girl, his woman of fire,
creeps to his heart and sets a candle there
to melt away the flesh that hides the bone,
to eat the nerve that tethers him in Time.
He will lie warm until the bone is bare
and on a dead dark moon he wakes alone.
It was for Death he took her; death is but this
and yet he is uneasy under her kiss
and winces from that acid of her desire.

Judith Wright (1915–2000)
Backyard
The God of Smoke listens idly in the heat
to the barbecue sausages
speaking the language of rain deceitfully
as their fat dances.

Azure, hazed, the huge drifting sky shelters
its threatening weather.
A screen door slams, and the kids come tumbling
out of their arguments,

and the barrage of shouting begins, concerning
young Sandra and Scott
and the broken badminton racquet and net
and the burning meat.

Is that a fifties home movie, or the real
thing? Heavens, how
a child and a beach ball in natural colour
can break your heart.

And the brown dog worries the khaki grass
to stop it from growing
in place of his worship, the burying bone.
The bone that stinks.

Turn now to the God of this tattered arena
watching over the rites
of passage — marriage, separation; adolescence
and troubled maturity:

having served under that bright sky you may look up
but don’t ask too much:
some cold beer, a few old friends in the afternoon,
a Southerly Buster at dusk.

John Tranter (1943—)
The Song of Australia
There is a land where summer skies
Are gleaming with a thousand dyes,
Blending in witching harmonies;
And grassy knoll, and forest height,
Is flushing in the rosy light,
And all above is azure bright —
Australia!

There is a land where honey flows,
Where laughing corn luxuriant grows,
Land of the myrtle and the rose,
On hill and plain the clust'ring vine,
Is gushing out with purple wine,
And cups are quaffed to thee and thine —
Australia!

There is a land where treasures shine
Deep in the dark unfathom'd mine,
For worshippers at Mammon's shrine,
Where gold lies hid, and rubies gleam,
And fabled wealth no more doth seem
The idle fancy of a dream —
Australia!

Caroline Carleton (1820–1874)
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)
Return
The ruthless bush is grown along the track,
The rude and ruthless bush —
So that I come again at last,
Through winding weed and willow push.

How busy has the pungent dog-wood been,
The purple peppermint!
The upstart ferns on loamy floor
Show many a spoor and padded print.

I stumble on a little burrowed home,
And chuckles overhead
Bring back my yesterdays until
Nothing of all the past is dead.

All here again, the beast, the bird, the bush,
Expelled for many a year …
If I return, then why not they?
We are all native here.

“E” (Mary Fullerton) (1868–1946)
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.
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)
Terra Nullius
An empty land, a vacant land, unpeopled, uninhabited;
No fox, no sparrow, goat or horse, uncamelled and unrabbitted!
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– )
Acknowledgments


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