Information about the 2014 examination

The examination will be based on the *English Senior External Syllabus 2004*. It will consist of two papers.

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<th>Perusal/planning time</th>
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<tr>
<td>One</td>
<td>10 minutes</td>
<td>3 hours</td>
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<tr>
<td>Two</td>
<td>10 minutes</td>
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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 2014 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 2014 are on pages 4 to 16.

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 — Novel: 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
- Epistolary narrative.

Candidates are required to:
- demonstrate understanding of the text
- provide evidence from the text
- apply the conventions of the stipulated genre and exploit the roles and relationships of this genre.

Part B

Question 2 — Drama: Persuasive/reflective response to literature suitable for a public audience
Candidates are to write in role and respond in one of the following forms:
- Persuasive speech
- Opinion column.

Candidates are required to:
- demonstrate understanding of the text
- provide evidence from 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 role and respond in one of the following forms:
- Written explanation
- Letter to the editor.
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 non-fiction 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 role and respond in one of the following forms:

- Narrative/short story
- Speech transcript.

Candidates are required to:

- employ narrative devices to promote particular values, assumptions, attitudes and beliefs
- use the 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 write in role and analyse a documentary of their choosing in order to evaluate the treatment of its subject matter.

**Question 3 — Poetry: Analytical exposition**
Candidates select one of the following topics:

- Topic 3A: Unseen poem
- Topic 3B: Notified poems.

Candidates are to write in role and 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.

**Topic 3A: Unseen poem**
Candidates are to identify the invited reading of the poem and explain how this reading is achieved.
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@qcaa.qld.edu.au.

Jo-Anne Cooper
Manager
Assessment Operations
Notified poems

**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 vowelly 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)*
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,
dreeps 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)
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)
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)
Old Botany Bay

I’m old
Botany Bay;
Stiff in the joints,
Little to say.

I am he
Who paved the way,
That you might walk
At your ease today;

I was the conscript
Sent to hell
To make in the desert
The living well;

I bore the heat,
I blazed the track —
Furrowed and bloody
Upon my back.

I split the rock;
I felled the tree:
The nation was —
Because of me!

Old Botany Bay
Taking the sun
From day to day …
Shame on the mouth
That would deny
The knotted hands
That set us high!

Mary Gilmore (1865–1962)
My Country

The love of field and coppice,
    Of green and shaded lanes,
Of ordered woods and gardens
    Is running in your veins.
Strong love of grey-blue distance
    Brown streams and soft, dim skies —
I know but cannot share it,
    My love is otherwise.

I love a sunburnt country,
    A land of sweeping plains,
Of ragged mountain ranges,
    Of droughts and flooding rains.
I love her far horizons,
    I love her jewel-sea,
Her beauty and her terror —
    The wide brown land for me!

The stark white ring-barked forests,
    All tragic to the moon,
The sapphire-misted mountains,
    The hot gold hush of noon.
Green tangle of the brushes,
    Where lithe lianas coil,
And orchids deck the tree tops
    And ferns the warm dark soil.

Core of my heart, my country!
    Her pitiless blue sky,
When sick at heart, around us,
    We see the cattle die —
But then the grey clouds gather,
    And we can bless again
The drumming of an army,
    The steady, soaking rain.

Core of my heart, my country!
    Land of the Rainbow Gold,
For flood and fire and famine,
    She pays us back three-fold.
Over the thirsty paddocks,
    Watch, after many days,
The filmy veil of greenness
    That thickens as we gaze …

An opal-hearted country,
    A wilful, lavish land —
All of you who have not loved her,
    You will not understand —
Though earth holds many splendours,
    Wherever I may die,
I know to what brown country
    My homing thoughts will fly.

Dorothea Mackellar (1885–1968)
Why we didn’t go away on the long weekend

Let us go away for the weekend he said
out of the city
into the high country
after all we went to England to see the snow
and didn’t — you arrange it
rang up trains — waited 6 hours for some one
to say hullo — rang up again to enquire times/
bookings etc. meanwhile
governments rose/fell there were 2 coups, 1½
rebellions, a revolution — nearly — the
president died — long live the king.

Knowing we had to get up early
we stayed up late arguing.
Sleeped
beyond the alarm into morning the train
went without us full of imagination he
booked a plane.

Rang taxis to take
us to airport — no answer — they (the taxis)
probably defected to Russia/china.

Above
the city heard the plane singing into the
high country and the sound of tourists trudging
into the snow with cars

o Kosciusko
for you they come walking
At home with wet feet sludgy
hearts we sat around a radiator
hating each other slowly

Colleen Z. Burke (1943—)
There is a Place in Distant Seas

There is a place in distant seas
Full of contrarieties:
There, beasts have mallards’ bills and legs,
Have spurs like cocks, like hens lay eggs.
There parrots walk upon the ground,
And grass upon the trees is found;
On other trees, another wonder!
Leaves without upper sides or under.
There pears you’ll scare with hatchet cut;
Stones are outside the cherries put;
Swans are not white, but black as soot.
There neither leaf, nor root, nor fruit
Will any Christian palate suit,
Unless in desperate need you’d fill ye
With root of fern and stalk of lily.
There missiles to far distance sent
Come whizzing back from whence they went;
There quadrupeds go on two feet,
And yet few quadrupeds so fleet;
There birds, although they cannot fly,
In swiftness with your greyhound vie.
With equal wonder you may see
The foxes fly from tree to tree;
And what they value most, so wary,
These foxes in their pockets carry.
There the voracious ewe-sheep crams
Her paunch with flesh of tender lambs,
Instead of beef, and bread, and broth,
Men feast on many a roasted moth.
The north winds scorch, but when the breeze is
Full from the south, why then it freezes;
The sun when you face to him turn ye,
From right to left performs his journey.
Now of what place could such strange tales
Be told with truth save New South Wales? —

Richard Whately (1787–1863)
A Mid-Summer Noon in the Australian Forest

Not a bird disturbs the air,
There is quiet everywhere;
Over plains and over woods
What a mighty stillness broods.

    Even the grasshoppers keep
Where the coolest shadows sleep;
Even the busy ants are found
Resting in their pebbled mound;
Even the locust clingeth now
In silence to the barky bough:
And over hills and over plains
Quiet, vast and slumbrous, reigns.

    Only there's a drowsy humming
From yon warm lagoon slow coming:
'Tis the dragon-hornet — see!
All bedaubed resplendently
With yellow on a tawny ground —
Each rich spot nor square nor round,
But rudely heart-shaped, as it were
The blurred and hasty impress there,

    Of a vermeil-crusted seal
Dusted o'er with golden meal:
Only there's a droning where
Yon bright beetle gleams the air —
Gleams it in its droning flight
With a slanting track of light,
Till rising in the sunshine higher,
Its shards flame out like gems on fire.

    Every other thing is still,
Save the ever wakeful rill,
Whose cool murmur only throws
A cooler comfort round Repose;
Or some ripple in the sea
Of leafy boughs, where, lazily,
Tired Summer, in her forest bower
Turning with the noontide hour,
Heaves a slumbrous breath, ere she
Once more slumbers peacefully.

    O' tis easeful here to lie
Hidden from Noon's scorching eye,
In this grassy cool recess
Musing thus of Quietness.

Charles Harpur (1813–1868)
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)
The Past

Let no one say the past is dead.
The past is all about us and within.
Haunted by tribal memories, I know
This little now, this accidental present
Is not the all of me, whose long making
Is so much in the past.

Tonight here in suburbia as I sit
In easy chair before electric heater,
Warmed by the red glow. I fall into dream:
I am away
At the camp fire in the bush, among
My own people, sitting on the ground,
No walls about me,
The stars over me,
The tall surrounding trees that stir in the wind
Making their own music,
Soft cries of the night coming to us, there
Where we are one with all old Nature’s lives
Known and unknown,
In scenes where we belong but have now forsaken.
Deep chair and electric radiator
Are but since yesterday,
But a thousand thousand camp fires in the forest
Are in my blood.
Let none tell me the past is wholly gone.
Now is so small a part of time, so small a part
Of all the race years that have moulded me.

Oodgeroo Noonuccal (1920–1993)
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– )
Aboriginal Australia

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 Worrarra 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)
Acknowledgments


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