

Year 10 ENGLISH EXAMINATION

Semester 1, 2016

Question Booklet



**KINROSS
COLLEGE**

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STUDENT NAME:
TEACHER NAME:
DATE:

TIME ALLOWED FOR THIS PAPER:

Reading time **before** commencing work: 10 minutes

Working time for this paper: 1 hour & 50 minutes

MATERIAL REQUIRED / RECOMMENDED FOR THIS PAPER:

To be provided by the supervisor

- Exam booklet

To be provided by the candidate

- Pens, pencils, eraser and / or correction fluid

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. All iPads and mobile phones must be turned off and in your bag along with any other devices and notes. Bags are to be closed and placed under the desk.

INSTRUCTION TO CANDIDATES

1. **Read** through the paper to familiarise yourself with all of the questions.
2. Use a **blue or black** ballpoint / ink pen. Do not answer in pencil.

AT THE END OF THE EXAMINATION

- Any planning sheets or other pieces of paper **MUST** be handed in with this booklet.
- At the end of the examination make sure that your name is on your booklet and any other pieces of paper used.

Structure of this paper

Section	Number of questions available	Number of questions to be attempted	Suggested working time (minutes)	Marks available
Section one: Writing	3	1	80	70
Section two: Reading	15	15	30	30
			Total Marks	100

Instructions to candidates

1. Make sure you write the number of the question being answered.
2. Write your answers to each section in this exam booklet.
 - a. Section 1: **Write** answers on lined pages in this booklet
 - b. Section 2: **Circle** the appropriate letter next to each question.
3. You must be careful to confine your responses to the specific questions asked and to follow any instructions that are specific to a particular question. If you fail to comply you will be penalised.

Please do not turn the page until you are asked to.

SECTION ONE: WRITING

Allow 80 mins for this section (70 marks)

There are 3 questions in this section. You only need to complete **ONE** question.

You have **70 minutes** to complete the task. You will need to ensure that you follow correct essay format.

You should leave yourself enough time to edit your work thoroughly. You can make as many changes as you would like to.

You will be marked on how effectively you:

- Follow essay structure
 - State and argue your **thesis**
 - Use examples in your body paragraphs that directly support your argument
 - Use formal language and extend your vocabulary
 - Demonstrate correct grammar, punctuation and spelling
-

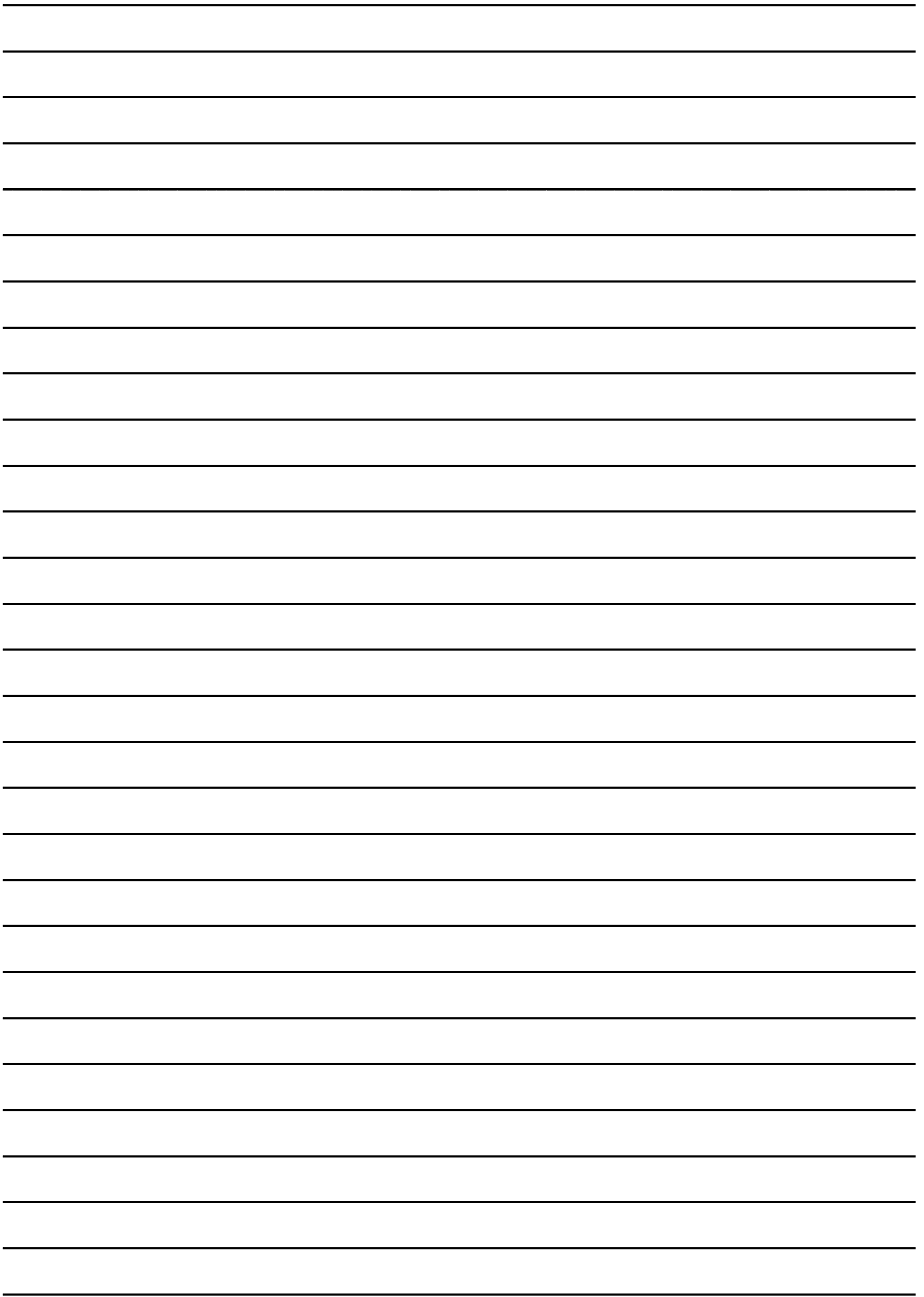
Choose ONE question to answer out of the three options below:

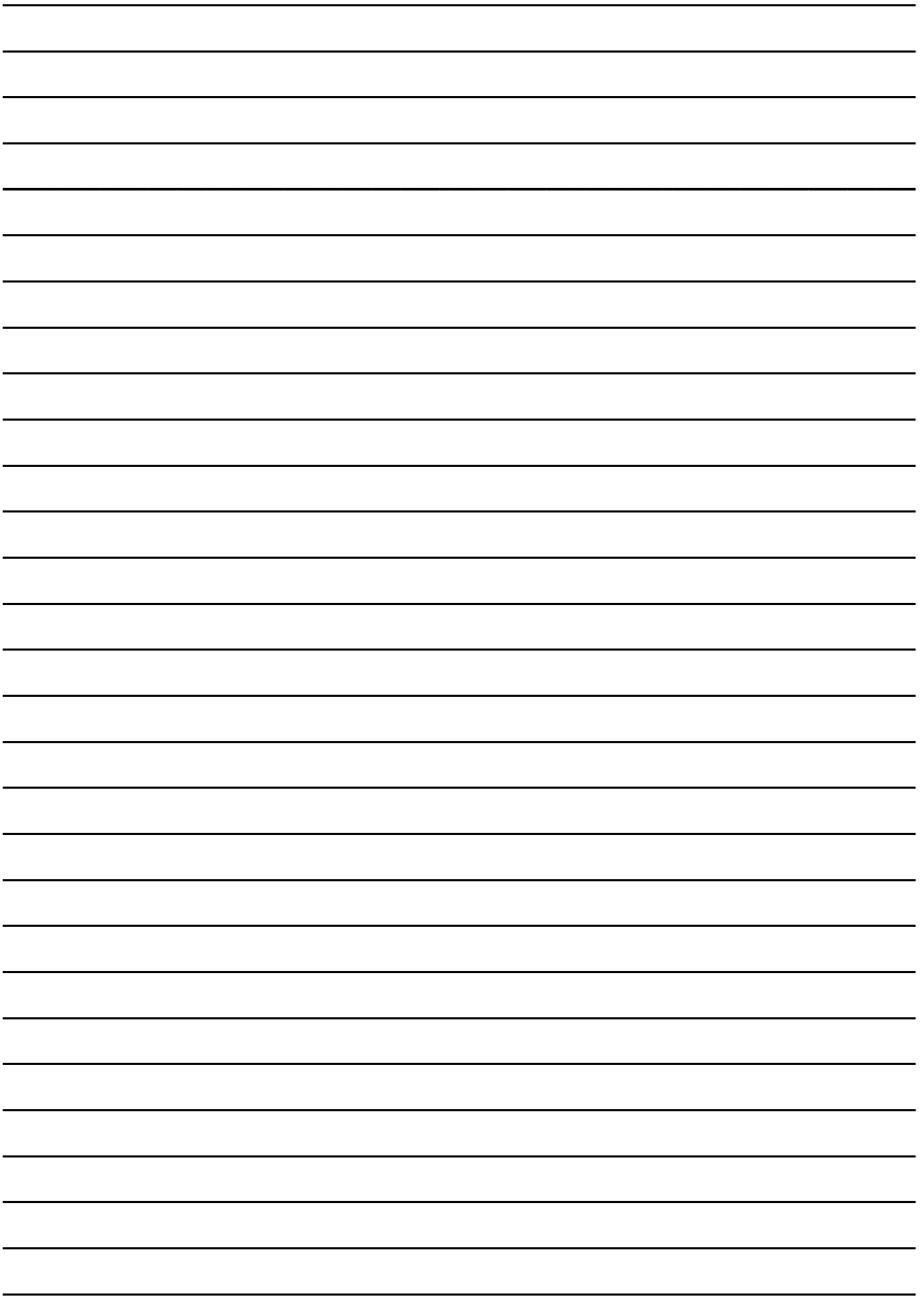
1. The setting of a text can do much more than provide a backdrop to events. It can reflect the development of the main character, and more. Discuss how setting has been used to signify a change in character/s in one text you have studied this semester.

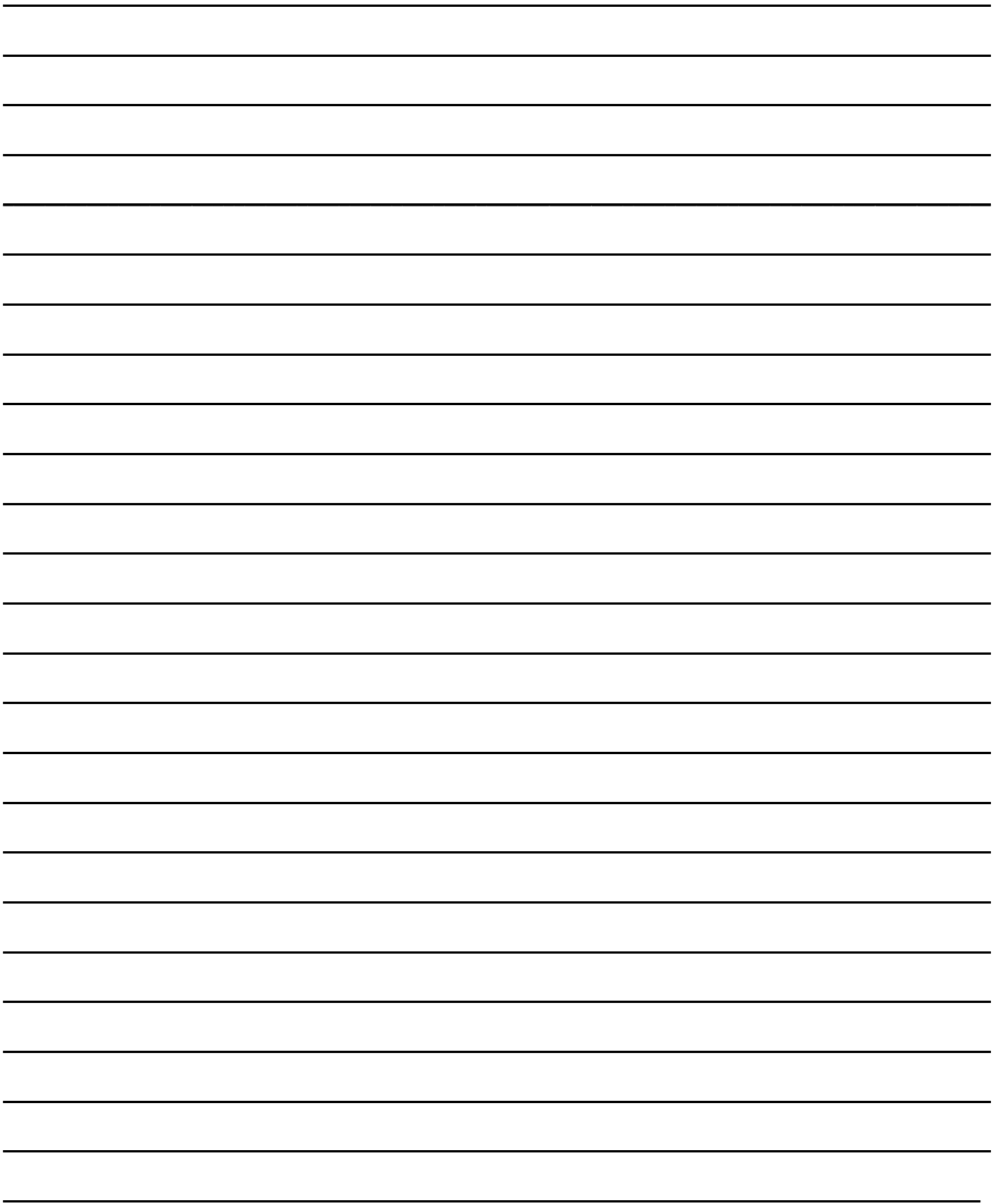
2. Authors use a range of narrative techniques to construct characters, including stereotypical representations that add depth to seemingly brief descriptions. Discuss how authors have constructed characters using the eight methods of characterisation in one short story you have read this term.

[Note: You may not need to discuss all eight, choose the methods of characterisation that are most applicable to your short story.]

3. Explain how at least one main idea or theme is explored in a text you have studied this semester, with reference to the use of narrative conventions.







SECTION TWO: READING

Allow 30 mins for this section (30marks)

Read "Growing Up" by Anthony Hill and answer questions 1 – 15.

Growing Up *By Anthony Hill*

My best mate was a white kid when I was growing up. We were about your age, a bit older maybe – 11 or 12, something like that, and we was in the sixth grade together at the Balgalal State School. Evan Davis, that was his name this white kid, sat next to me that year in Mrs Bick's class. mean he *wanted* to, he wasn't just told by Mrs Bick, because we was mates.

Our desk was up the back of the room. We were both pretty tall for our age. The shorties were always down the front where Mrs Bick could keep an eye on them. Sometimes we would roll bits of paper and soak them in the ink-wells and flick them at the girls with our rulers.

They don't have desks like that no more with ink-wells. No, well one day this girl Veronica copped two ink-balls fair in the smacker one after the other and she started to cry. Mrs Bick gave us the cuts for that, Evan Davis and me, and we got even closer after it. Sharing like.

I don't know why we got on. In them days it was pretty unusual for a black kid and a white kid to have anything much to do with each other. Still is, I know, but then it was even more, especially in a place like Balgalal.

I was all right at sports, football and that. Evan wasn't, he was a bit of a weak kid that way even if he was lanky like me. But then I was hopeless at learning sums, and he used to help me with long division and the seven times table. We give each other a hand. Once this black kid picked on Evan for a sissy behind the dunnies and I said I would knock his block off if he wanted to make something of it, and I did too. He left Evan alone after that.

Some of the white kids used to poke a bit of fun at him because we got around together, you know him and a boong. They didn't say much because they knew I would knock their blocks off as well – not to his face anyway, not during school. But they didn't have to, there was just this feeling, white people only have to *look*. You know what it's like.

I don't know what happened after school because we didn't see each other then, except sometimes of a Saturday at the footie and a few times at the pictures but Evan sat upstairs with his mum and dad. They seemed nice sort of people, they bought us an ice-cream one night, I remember. Evan and me was talking during the interval and they said, 'You must come out and visit us one day.' But I never did because Evan's people had a property, 'Balgowlah'. It was about 15 mile out, too far to walk and he travelled on in the school bus.

I never asked him to our place because ... well because we lived in a run-down sort of shack on the edge of town, it was pretty awful I can tell you and I didn't want him to see. There was only one cold tap inside and the boards was rotten and it stank a bit in summer. Mum did her best with us five kids, there was only two bedrooms the youngest slept in with them, but we was luckier than most. My dad had a steady job as a porter on the railways. He wanted to become an assistant station master, but he never did. Couldn't pass the exams.

Still, we was better off than those kids who lived in the camp two mile out beside the river. If you thought our place was a dump, you should've seen that camp near the tip, the humpies made out of old tin and sacking, the flies and the mangy dogs and the pong made you want to be sick sometimes. People getting drunk all the time, at least my dad never done that. The kids had to walk to school, two mile there and two mile back without shoes some of them, they couldn't afford it and the school bus didn't stop at the blackfeller's camp.

They pulled it down a few years ago, good thing too. The council said it was a disgrace and so it was. They built some new houses in Balgalal so I heard, but there was a bit of stink over that as well, people objecting and saying they didn't want their kids living next door.

Yes, well I was telling you about Evan Davis, wasn't I, and how we got on pretty good. He brought some fags to school once, Turf cork-tipped, he pinched them from his old man and we lit up behind the dunnies in the lunch hour. We coughed a bit and I felt sick in the gut, but I didn't let on nothing. The kid who called Evan a sissy asked for one too and he tried to do the draw-bakc, but he nearly choked, that kid, and his eyes watered. We laughed at him and he said, 'fags are no bloody good for you' and threw it away. I reckon that paid him back good and proper.

'Anyway, one day towards the end of the last term just before Christmas break-up, Evan asked me what I was going to do next year. I said I reckoned I'd be going to high school – they had a high school in Balgalal. I asked him if he was going there too, but he said, 'No, I'm going to boarding school.' Some college in the city, a lot of kids from the properties went there after State school.

'What are you doing for Christmas?' I asked him, and he said his family was taking him to the beach – his sister who was a model or something had a place down by the water – for six weeks. Six weeks! I'd never seen the beach then, not like you. Sounds funny, doesn't it? But Balgalal is a long way out west and my dad could never get his holidays with us kids. Besides, with five of us I don't suppose they could afford, not on his wage.

So I said to Evan Davis, 'I reckon it will be a while before I see you again after we get out.' And he said yes he thought so too. But the next day – it was a Wednesday I remember that clearly – sitting in the desk at the back of the class with the lid up, Evan said to me: 'I've been talking to my mother. She said would you like to come out to "Balgowlah" for the weekend?'

'Would I!' I said.

'Well my mother said to ask your parents, and if it's okay you can come home on the school bus on Friday and back in on Monday morning.'

All that day we talked about what we was going to do that weekend. There was a spare room and a bed with shiny brass knobs where I would sleep – a room by myself for the first time ever that I could remember in that run-down shack with the five kids. And a pony, a little grey mare that Evan rode, she was called Sally, and there was a quiet old bay gelding named Ringo that his dad said would be just the thing for me, because I hadn't hardly ridden a horse before that.

Evan said we might ride up into the hills for a picnic, he knew a good swimming hole in the creek, and there was his dog that followed you everywhere and ... oh, and everything. You know what it was like the first time you went to stay. I was that excited.

When I got home that night, though, to ask my mum, she wasn't all that sure. She cast a bit of a damper on it.

'You know what it's like son' she said to me. 'There are some things ... I don't want you getting upset.'

'What do you mean?' I asked her.

'Oh,' she said, 'things like pyjamas. I never slept in pyjamas, we never had none, just my singlet and underpants. 'And there are those too,' she said. 'Your underpants are worn through and I haven't a decent pair of shorts for you to take and your boots are old and all sorts of things. To stay on a property.'

I told her not to be silly. Them things didn't matter, who cared? But she said some people like Mrs Davis would care and she didn't want me to feel embarrassed because I didn't measure up, being a black kid and all.

She could see I was real unhappy, wouldn't you be? So when dad got home from the railway I could hear her talking it over with him. And in the morning she said all right I could go if I really wanted, but she didn't want me getting hurt.

'Who's going to hurt me?' I asked her, 'except you if you stop me from going to stay with Evan Davis?'

She stopped nagging me then, and that day she went into town and drew some money out of the savings bank. When I got home, there on my bed (which I shared with my younger brother Uncle Lou), were a pair of new striped pyjamas and two pairs of shorts and tops, new underpants and a singlet and a toothbrush and a pair of sandals and two or three clean handkerchiefs. All new. All brand new for me to take away to stay with Evan Davis. I'd never had so many new clothes before, not all at once, I couldn't believe it. It must have cost Mum a packet, more than two pounds which was a lot then.

Well, we packed them up in a suitcase, a little port that mum had on top of the wardrobe. I could hardly go to sleep that night, going to stay with my best mate a white kid, and your Uncle Lou kept saying to me to remember everything and tell him what it was like when I got back.

In the morning, mum made me have a good scrub out in the wash-house and put on my new clothes.

'Don't you forget to say "please" and "thank you", she said as I went out of the house with my suitcase, 'an wash your hands and face before meals.'

When I got to school that day I said to Evan Davis: 'Well, I'm all ready.'

But Evan said: 'I've got something to tell you.'

He looked real upset and wouldn't stare me in the face, and I said

'What is it? What's wrong?'

And he said 'I'm awfully sorry but you can't come after all, not this weekend.'

'Why?' I asked him. 'What happened?'

'It's my sister,' Evan said. 'She's coming up from the city for the weekend. She only rang last night and she's bringing a model friend with her. My mother said you were coming but she said "I don't want no black kid in the house when I bring my friend up to stay." And so my mother said to ask ... if you didn't mind ... another weekend, perhaps.'

I though I was going to cry right there and then. But I wouldn't. I wouldn't let him see. It was like when we was smoking those fags and I felt sick, my stomach turning, but I wasn't going to let on. Not in front of a white kid. Not Evan Davis.

I just said 'Okay, Evan' as though it didn't matter, not one bit. With my port in the corridor outside, all packed and ready.

But I didn't know what I was going to say when I got home. I thought Mum would rouse me out and say 'I told you so,' though she didn't. She just cuddled me a bit and said, 'Well that sometimes happens, son, it's part of growing up.'

And I knew there would never be another weekend.

Well it wasn't his fault, not really. Not Evan's I mean. I expect he was having a hard time of it at home being mates with me, and he couldn't help his sister. People don't always think.

Yet it wasn't the same after that between Evan and me, not for the last few weeks before school broke up for Christmas. Mrs Bick asked us what happened, but I never said. I think she knew something was wrong. I started knocking around with the other kids, the black kid who called Evan a sissy. And then Evan went away to the beach for his holidays and afterwards to college, and I went to high school.

We used to say 'hello' in the street the few times we met when he was back in Balgalal, but things had changed for us. Other people came between, and the barriers went up.

So that's what I mean when I say to you to be careful, and not to get hurt like my Mum said. No, I'm not saying you mustn't be friends with the white kids, but just watch your step like I had to and not to expect too much. It's hard growing up and learning things like the seven times table and picking your mates.

But we've all got to do it. Some things don't change very much.

[Source: Hill, A. (1985) "Growing up" in Forrestal, P. and Reid, J. (eds) **Time to tell: English Workshop Three** Melbourne: Nelson, pp. 6-10.]

Circle the correct answer:

1. The title 'Growing Up' relates to:
 - a. the harsh lessons that you learn as you grow older
 - b. the narrator's story of growing up
 - c. the transition from primary to high school
 - d. learning to be less childlike

2. Who is telling the story?
 - a. A father is telling his kids his story.
 - b. Uncle Lou is telling the children the story.
 - c. Evan Davies is telling the story.
 - d. Mrs Davies is telling the story.

3. The setting of this story, Balgalal, is most likely based on
 - a. an American town
 - b. an Australian city
 - c. a rural Australian town
 - d. a rural American town

4. Which of the following words from the story give you clues about the setting:
 - a. *sissy, smacker*
 - b. *cork-tipped, football*
 - c. *blackfeller, dunnies*
 - d. *shack, humpies*

5. The setting is significant to the meaning of the story because:
 - a. It represents a time and place in which racism towards indigenous people was common
 - b. It represents a time and a place in which rich people looked down on poorer people
 - c. It represents a time and a place where people moved around too much for friendships to last
 - d. It represents a time and a place in which it was common for teenagers to go to boarding school

6. The narrator describes both himself and Evan Davies as 'lanky', which means;
- ill-tempered
 - well-built
 - long-limbed
 - good-natured
7. Which word best describes the narrator's childhood friendship with Evan Davies?
- superficial
 - unprejudiced
 - unfaltering
 - unremarkable
8. The Short Story is written in
- third-person point of view
 - first-person point of view
 - second-person point of view
 - third-person omniscient point of view
9. The story is told from this point of view to
- give a vivid, real impression
 - encourage readers to see both sides of the story
 - make it easier to understand the plot
 - encourage readers to sympathise with the narrator
10. Which statement best describes what this story is about:
- The sad consequence of society (other people) ruining an innocent friendship.
 - A story of different backgrounds preventing the continuation of a close friendship.
 - A story about only making friends with people from your own culture.
 - A story of two friends who grow apart because they are headed in different directions.

- 11.** What does the narrator mean when he says, "People don't always think."
- a. People don't realise how their words hurt others
 - b. People don't always understand.
 - c. Evan wasn't thinking about the narrator.
 - d. Evan's sister didn't realise how mean she was being.
- 12.** Which of the following options best describes the main theme of the story:
- a. Some things don't change.
 - b. Growing up is not easy; you get hurt.
 - c. People are thoughtless.
 - d. Choose your friends carefully.
- 13.** When Evan Davies had given him the bad news the narrator states, "I felt sick, my stomach turning, but I wasn't going to let on. Not in front of a white kid. Not Evan Davies." Which of the following options best explains the narrator's reaction?
- a. He was angry that a white kid had disappointed him.
 - b. He was embarrassed and hurt by his best friend's words.
 - c. The disappointment was made worst because Evan was a rich, white kid.
 - d. He was too proud to show his disappointment.
- 14.** The narrator's final statement 'Some things don't change very much' suggests that;
- a. time may change but people don't.
 - b. people always disappoint you.
 - c. growing up and making friends is always a challenge.
 - d. racial prejudices are often ingrained in society.
- 15.** What suggests most that the narrator's parents loved him and wanted to protect him from being hurt?
- a. His mother "cast a bit of a damper" on his excitement.
 - b. They talked it over and drew money from the savings bank to buy him new clothes.
 - c. When he came home his mother did not "rouse me out and say "I told you so" but just cuddled him
 - d. All of the above.

--- END OF EXAM ---