

# NOTIFICATION OF ENGLISH ASSESSMENT

## YEAR 12 COMMON MODULE ASSESSMENT TASK 1

**STANDARD: Term 4 2019-2020**

Name of Task	<p align="center"><b>Texts and Human Experiences</b> Short Text Exam with Comparative Related Text Question</p>
Number of Task	One (for Standard)
Weighting of Task	30%
Outcomes	<p align="center"><b>STANDARD:</b> EN12-1, EN12-3, EN12-4, EN12-6, EN12-7, EN12-8 <i>See full outcomes on following pages</i></p>
Week Handed out	<p align="center">Week 8, Term 4 2019</p> <p align="center">Students will also receive the short texts used in the examination but will not know the questions until the examination.</p>
Due Date	<p align="center"><b>Week 3, Wednesday Term 1 2020</b></p> <p align="center">The actual day will be verified once we know the timetable for 2020</p>
<p><b>TASK PROCEDURES AND REQUIREMENTS</b></p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>○ Students will receive the short texts for examination with this notification. On the day of examination, students will use these texts to respond to an unseen question on each text. The questions will be of varying value. The last question is a comparative question and will require students to compare ONE of the texts in the exam booklet with a related text they have independently analysed (see below). This question will be worth the most. Students will not be told which short text they will be using for this comparative question.</li> <li>○ <b>Students in Standard</b> must use a <b>related text which is a short story</b>. It cannot:             <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- Be on the current HSC list or featured in Mod C short texts (check with teacher – 10% penalty may apply)</li> </ul> </li> <li>○ Students who are away must phone the school or email Ms Taoube on <a href="mailto:wafa.taoube@det.nsw.edu.au">wafa.taoube@det.nsw.edu.au</a>.</li> <li>○ Students who are absent <b>MUST</b> provide a medical certificate and see Ms Taoube immediately on their return to school for a new date and exam.</li> </ul>

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|  | <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>○ Please read Tempe High School's Assessment Policy on being late to school on assessment day and attending all periods on the day of the examination.</li></ul> |
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**You will be assessed on your ability to:**

- ★ Comprehend texts of increasing difficulty on the concept of Texts and Human Experiences
- ★ Select and deconstruct texts independently for the purposes of analysis and synthesis
- ★ Identify and explain the effects of techniques and evaluate how they shape meaning
- ★ Select discerning textual evidence that supports insightful statements and arguments
- ★ Compose responses of varying lengths to suit the requirements of questions
- ★ Compose sophisticated responses that reflect insight into concept
- ★ Compose responses that utilise competent and effective written expression, grammar and vocabulary

The above criteria will form the basis of the marking grid used to assess students so pay close attention to the expectations above.

## **OUTCOMES FOR STANDARD**

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A student:

EN12-1: independently responds to and composes complex texts for understanding, interpretation, critical analysis, imaginative expression and pleasure

EN12-2: uses, evaluates and justifies processes, skills and knowledge required to effectively respond to and compose texts in different modes, media and technologies

EN12-3: analyses and uses language forms, features and structures of texts and justifies their appropriateness for purpose, audience and context and explains effects on meaning

EN12-4: adapts and applies knowledge, skills and understanding of language concepts and literary devices into new and different contexts

EN12-5: thinks imaginatively, creatively, interpretively, analytically and discerningly to respond to and compose texts that include considered and detailed information, ideas and arguments

EN12-6: investigates and explains the relationships between texts

EN12-7: explains and evaluates the diverse ways texts can represent personal and public worlds

EN12-8: explains and assesses cultural assumptions in texts and their effects on meaning

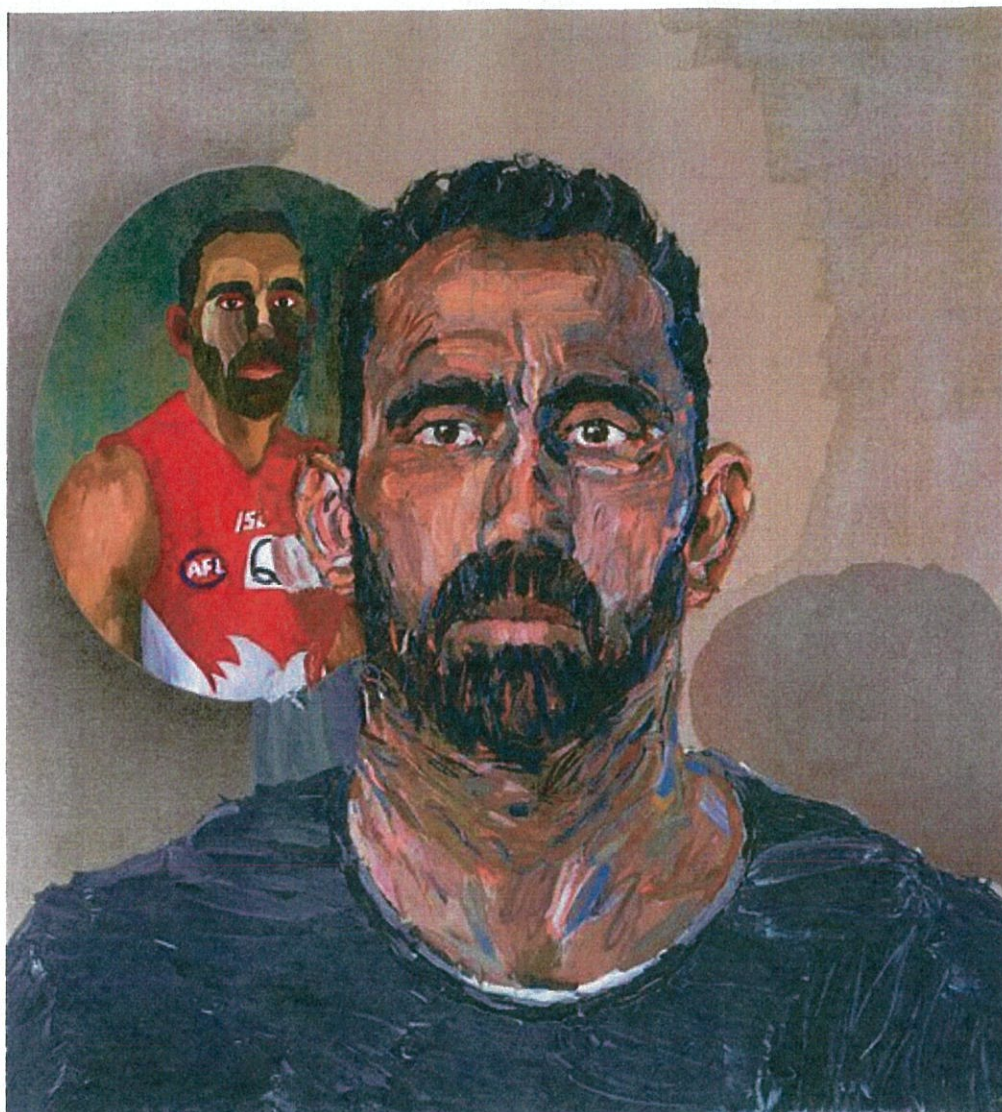
EN12-9: reflects on, assesses and monitors own learning and refines individual and collaborative processes as an independent learner

Text 1: Graphic Novel Extract: *The Alchemist* by Daniel Sampere and Derek Ruiz (based on the novel by Paulo Coelho)



## Text 2: Painting and associated commentary by Alan Jones (re Adam Goodes)

STANDARD [Prizes Archibald Prize 2014](#)



### Alan Jones

In 2014, Adam Goodes broke the record for most AFL games played by an Indigenous footballer. This honour was added to his long list of accolades as a dual Brownlow Medallist, dual premiership winner, four-time All-Australian, member of the Indigenous Team of the Century, and Australian representative in the International Rules Series. In 2014, he was named Australian of the Year for his community work through the GO Foundation and his advocacy against racism.

‘I have wanted to paint Adam’s portrait for years,’ says Alan Jones. ‘I’m a big Swans supporter and Adam is a champion of the game. I have enormous respect for the strength and integrity he shows both on and off the field.’

‘I chose to paint a dual portrait to convey the many facets of Adam’s life. I wanted to capture his warm, gentle nature quite separately to the footballer fans see each week. Adam is an amazing athlete but also so much more than that: he is a son, a brother, an extremely proud Indigenous Australian (Adnyamathanha and Narungga on his mother’s side), an active campaigner for constitutional recognition and a great role model in so many ways.’

## NATIONAL HERO

(An Asian girl, shown a postage stamp with the head of an Australian Aborigine, asked: 'Is he a national hero?')

Postage stamps  
Often show national heroes,  
But this chap didn't make the grade.  
Was never top of his class at school,  
Didn't finish his University degree  
And couldn't tell one end of a machine-gun  
From the other.  
All he could do was kill a kangaroo  
With a spear at two hundred yards,  
And how could Sir Anthony  
have captured the Canal  
If his army had been able  
Only to throw spears?

He had talent, mind you,  
Could have made a singer, painter,  
Might even have won the right  
To own a house or buy a beer  
Like a white man,  
But he seemed to lack initiative,  
Just roamed round the desert  
Getting in the way of  
Guided missiles  
And probably ended up  
Dying of consumption –  
These fellows go round half naked  
You know.

But we treat them very well,  
Missions and schools  
And that sort of thing,  
And we give them jobs and sometimes  
Pay them good wages,  
And it'll be a pity if they die out  
Because they're awfully decorative  
For Christmas cards  
And souvenirs  
And postage stamps.

LEN FOX

Omer LaBatt.

There on the corner of Fourth and Mechanic, waiting for me in front of the First National Store, his feet planted firmly on the sidewalk, hands on his hips, the visor of his green plaid cap tilted over his eyes.

Bad enough that I had probably lost my aunt Rosanna for ever, but now on the very next day I was confronting my enemy, my nemesis. Although he was across the street, I saw his dark scowl, and, as he pushed up his cap, the dull, lustre-less eyes without a flicker of mercy in them.

Omer LaBatt always appeared before me this way, like a phantom, without warning, out of nowhere. Sometimes I'd burst out of the alley between the two five-deckers on Second Street—the tallest buildings in Frenchtown after St Jude's Church—and find him waiting for me, hands on his hips. Other times he stationed himself near places he knew I would visit sooner or later—Dondier's Market or Lakier's Drug Store—and confront me as I came out of the door.

Like at this moment.

I gulped, preparing to make my getaway.

He was older than I was, yet seemed to have no age at all—was he fifteen or nineteen or twenty? He was not tall, which accentuated his wide shoulders and broad chest. His legs were stumps and he wasn't a good runner. I could easily outrun him and that was my saving grace. But I had nightmares about tripping, falling down and lying helpless on the ground as he approached.

Because I was so miserable about the loss of my aunt Rosanna and figured I had nothing more to lose in the terrible place my world had become, I called out:

"Hey, LaBatt, why don't you pick on somebody your own size?"

I had never spoken to him before. He didn't answer, but continued to glare at me. Then he grinned, a vicious grin that revealed jagged teeth.

I pondered my chances. My chances, of course, depended on what he did. Omer LaBatt didn't always chase me. Sometimes he was satisfied if he merely forced me to change directions, to cross the street, giving him wide berth, letting him dominate whatever piece of the planet he stood on. Other times we engaged in a wild chase through streets and alleys and backyards.

Made a bit bolder by having spoken to him and not having the earth crumble at my feet, I yelled: "Why me, LaBatt? Why pick on me?"

This was a mystery I had long pondered and never solved. He had been the bully in my life for at least three years and I couldn't figure out the reason. He was a stranger to me. I had never done him harm. I didn't know his family or friends, if he had any. He had simply appeared in my life one day, in front of Lakier's, our eyes meeting in a fatal deadlock, and I knew in that instant, looking into those pale yellow eyes, that here was my enemy, someone who had the power and the desire to hurt me, maim me, to destroy me, maybe.

I never talked to anyone about this, not even Pete Lagniard. But shortly after that first encounter, I pointed him out to Pete one day and asked: "Who is that guy, anyway?"

As usual, Pete had the answer.

"That's Omer LaBatt," he said. "A tough guy. He just moved here from Boston. He does things for Rudolph Toubert."

This information was enough to cause me shivers because I had an idea what he meant by "does things." Pete wasn't finished, however.

"He quit school," he continued.

"Everybody quits school," I said, pointing out the truth. Most of the boys and girls of Frenchtown ended their education at fourteen, the legal age for going to work in the shops.

"Yeah, but he quit in the fifth grade," Pete said. "Fourteen and still in fifth grade."

This knowledge sealed my doom. You could reason with someone who was halfway educated and appeal to his intelligence, but I felt helpless in the face of utter stupidity. Trying to approach Omer LaBatt to make some kind of peace would be like coming face-to-face with an animal.

I was face-to-face with him now as he called out:

'You're a dead man, Moreaux.'

He came after me.

Hurtling himself towards me, leaping over the kerb and into the street, legs pumping away, huge shoulders looking even broader and bigger as he came closer.

Off I went, as if shot out of a cannon, my feet barely touching the pavement, proud of my single athletic accomplishment, running. Something else in my favour: the ability to hide, to find places in doorways or on piazzas, behind bushes and fences and banisters.

I cut through Pee Alley between Bouchard's Hardware and Joe Spagnola's Barber Shop, hustling over the ground that was littered with broken bottles left by drinkers who gathered there for quick gulps of booze or to pee against the brick wall. In Mr Beaudreau's tomato garden, I crouched behind the plants, the smell of the tomatoes making my nostrils itch. Peering through branches heavy with tomatoes, I saw Omer LaBatt standing indecisively near some rubbish barrels. He looked my way, squinting, and I ducked my head.

But not quickly enough.

"Dead man," he raged as he galloped towards me.

## Text 5: Essay Extract by David Malouf

A child learns early how to pick up the facts he needs to make sense of the world and make a 'story' of it – *his* story. In the word-of-mouth world that is a family, storytelling is still part of the complex give and take of daily intercourse, a means of weaving the past into the present to create continuity, of holding the adult storyteller and the little wide-eyed listener in a single moment and on a single breath. Here children keep touch, through story, with their own past lives, and get living glimpses, as much through what a voice carries of feeling as through word-pictures or facts, into the lives of their parents and grandparents. Such formulae as 'Tell me the time when' renew a child's contact with the reassuringly familiar, but always in the hope that this time round some new detail will emerge and give the story a different colour or dimension, or that he himself will catch something in it that he missed in other tellings and will this time take him 'beyond'.

Entering a story – a fairytale or folk-tale or riddle: being taken out of ourselves into the skin of another; having adventures there that are both our own and not our own – is an experience of a particular kind. Release from the constrictions, whatever they may be, of our own life and body into a dimension where reality is not limited to dailiness and the laws of nature, and all sorts of occasions, richer and more fantastic, more exciting, more harrowing, can be imaged forth – *imagined* – and made real. There is a regenerative and healing quality here that makes such experiences something more than entertainment or simply a way of passing the time; though the passing of time is also essential to it.