



## NOTIFICATION OF ENGLISH ASSESSMENT

### YEAR 12 COMMON MODULE ASSESSMENT TASK 1

**ADVANCED: Term 4 2019 for 2020 assessment**

<b>Name of Task</b>	<b>Texts and Human Experiences</b> Short Text Exam with Comparative Related Text Question
<b>Number of Task</b>	One (Advanced)
<b>Weighting of Task</b>	30%
<b>Outcomes</b>	<b>ADVANCED: EA12-1, EAL12-3, EAL12-4, EAL12-6, EAL12-7, EAL12-8</b> <i>See full outcomes on following pages</i>
<b>Week Handed out</b>	Week 8, Term 4 2019 Students will also receive the short texts used in the examination but will not know the questions until the examination.
<b>Due Date</b>	<b>Week 3, Wednesday Term 1 2020</b> The actual day will be confirmed again once we know the timetable for 2020
<b>TASK PROCEDURES AND REQUIREMENTS</b>	<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 Advanced</b> must use a <b>related text which is a novel or novella</b>. It cannot:             <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- Be on the current HSC list or featured in Mod C (check with teacher – 10% penalty may apply)</li> <li>- Be in the short text exam booklet provided</li> <li>- Be a collection of short stories</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 ADVANCED**

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A student:

EAL12-1: independently responds to, composes and evaluates a range of complex texts for understanding, interpretation, critical analysis, imaginative expression and pleasure

EAL12-2: uses, evaluates and justifies processes, skills and knowledge required to effectively respond to and compose texts in different modes, media and technologies

EAL12-3: critically analyses and uses language forms, features and structures of texts justifying appropriateness for specific purposes, audiences and contexts and evaluates their effects on meaning

EAL12-4: strategically adapts and applies knowledge, skills and understanding of language concepts and literary devices in new and different contexts

EAL12-5: thinks imaginatively, creatively, interpretively, critically and discerningly to respond to, evaluate and compose texts that synthesise complex information, ideas and arguments

EAL12-6: investigates and evaluates the relationships between texts

EAL12-7: evaluates the diverse ways texts can represent personal and public worlds and recognises how they are valued

EAL12-8: explains and evaluates nuanced cultural assumptions and values in texts and their effects on meaning

EAL12-9: reflects on, evaluates and monitors own learning and refines individual and collaborative processes as an independent learner

### Text 1: Essay extract, David Malouf

Let me say right away that comedy seems to me to be the greatest of all forms of drama, and comedy of a serious kind – comedy that doesn't just fall about or send things up, but tries to make a full statement about life and its possibilities, that sort of comedy – is also the most difficult sort of drama to write.

What tragedy presents us with is what we know is true but cannot bear to live with – the facts of what it is to be human: that death is inevitable; that outrageous accidents and muddles upset the best laid plans of men; that time is the destroyer of all things; that fate or the gods are more powerful than the wisest and best of us. Tragedy explores what it means to be subject to the contradictions of existence. It pushes out towards the limits of human necessity to discover that there is no escape: once a choice has been made it cannot be reversed; every event has its inevitable consequence; the clock goes on ticking. Great tragedies like *Oedipus* or *Macbeth*, great tragic moments like the end of Faustus, have for us the fascination of

a nightmare – someone else's nightmare. The world closes in around us. We are trapped by our very nature as men. But comedy somehow – and this is the point I want to make about it – opens the trap and sets us free again. The world of comedy is one in which we are not ruled by necessity after all. Some other quite miraculous force is at work within it to sort out the muddles, to restore lost daughters and wives, to wipe out old terrors, rectify misunderstandings, sometimes even to raise the dead and prove that old crimes were never really committed. All the possibilities are opened again and we get what we never get in real life, a chance to begin our lives over again. And this happens not because it is the way things are but because the comic dramatist makes it so. Comedy is an act of faith about the way things might be rather than a picture of how they are.

Text 2: Poem by Merrill Glass

**BUT YOU DIDN'T**

Remember the time you lent me your car and I dented it?  
I thought you'd kill me . . .  
But you didn't.

Remember the time I forgot to tell you the dance was  
formal, and you came in jeans?  
I thought you'd hate me . . .  
But you didn't.

Remember the times I'd flirt with  
other boys just to make you jealous, and  
you were?  
I thought you'd drop me . . .  
But you didn't.

There were plenty of things you did to put up with me,  
to keep me happy, to love me, and there are  
so many things I wanted to tell  
you when you returned from  
Vietnam . . .  
But you didn't.

MERRILL GLASS

### Text 3: Novel Extract from *The God of Small Things* by Arundhati Roy

Chacko began to visit the café quite often.

He always came with his invisible companion and his friendly smile. Even when it wasn't Margaret Kochamma who served him, he sought her out with his eyes, and they exchanged secret smiles that invoked the joint memory of their Laugh.

Margaret Kochamma found herself looking forward to the Rumpled Porcupine's visits. Without anxiety, but with a sort of creeping affection. She learned that he was a Rhodes Scholar from India. That he read Classics. And rowed for Balliol.

Until the day she married him she never believed that she would ever consent to be his wife.

A few months after they began to go out together, he began to smuggle her into his rooms, where he lived like a helpless, exiled prince. Despite the best efforts of his scout and cleaning lady, his room was always filthy. Books, empty wine bottles, dirty underwear and cigarette butts littered the floor. Cupboards were dangerous to open because clothes and books and shoes would cascade down and some of his books were heavy enough

to inflict real damage. Margaret Kochamma's tiny, ordered life relinquished itself to this truly baroque bedlam with the quiet gasp of a warm body entering a chilly sea.

She discovered that underneath the aspect of the Rumpled Porcupine, a tortured Marxist was at war with an impossible, incurable Romantic – who forgot the candles, who broke the wine glasses, who lost the ring. Who made love to her with a passion that took her breath away. She had always thought of herself as a somewhat uninteresting, thick-waisted, thick-ankled girl. Not bad-looking. Not special. But when she was with Chacko, old limits were pushed back. Horizons expanded.

She had never before met a man who spoke of the world – of what it was, and how it came to be, or what he thought would become of it – in the way in which other men she knew discussed their jobs, their friends or their weekends at the beach.

Being with Chacko made Margaret Kochamma feel as though her soul had escaped from the narrow confines of her island country into the vast, extravagant spaces of his. He made her feel as though the world belonged to them – as though it lay before them like an opened frog on a dissecting table, begging to be examined.

In the year she knew him, before they were married, she discovered a little magic in herself, and for a while felt like a blithe genie released from her lamp. She was perhaps too young to realize that what she assumed was her love for Chacko was actually a tentative, timorous acceptance of herself.

## Samson and Delilah

By Sandra Hall and reviewer

May 7, 2009 — 8.28pm

OVERLAID with the jaunty sounds of Charley Pride singing *Sunshiny Day*, the opening scene of the indigenous filmmaker Warwick Thornton's *Samson And Delilah* has a lambent beauty.

As 15-year-old Samson (Rowan McNamara) wakes, the morning light strikes his bed as if bestowing a benediction.

Then he sits up and with a groggy air of purpose, he fractures the image by picking up a can from the floor and holding it to his nose to take a long, deep breath. He's a petrol sniffer, and for the next few minutes we're taken through the hazy patterns of his day, which is spent languidly kicking the dust around the tiny Aboriginal settlement where he lives in the Central Australian desert.

In this place of magnificent skies and endless red plains, Samson and most of the others in his community behave as if trapped in a belljar and starved of the oxygen necessary to make things happen. Only 16-year-old Delilah (Marissa Gibson) and her grandmother, Nana (Mitjili Gibson), seem content. Nana is the community's painter and her work is spirited away to the city by a dubious character who snaps up each painting as soon as it's finished. And as her grandmother paints, Delilah watches and sometimes helps, entranced both by the purity of the pigment and her grandmother's pleasure in the work she does. Nana's happiness is infectious and as Samson silently studies these two from the sidelines, he decides that he loves Delilah and wants her for his girlfriend.

It's a demanding film, so determined to replicate the listless rhythm which governs the community's routines that you feel a need to slow your pulse beat to adapt to it. Thornton, who shot the film himself, has the action unfold in long takes which give you plenty of time to dwell on the desert vastness. But there are bursts of restless energy, too. Samson's brother has a garage band which Samson is banned from joining because of his fondness for snatching up the guitar and thrashing it tunelessly at full volume. So he resorts to his boom box, while Delilah finds her refuge in the car, where she sits at night, listening to Latin music.

Samson doesn't speak, for reasons which are revealed much later in the film, and nobody else says much either. His courtship of Delilah is conducted in gently humorous pantomime. He carries his bed roll from his brother's house and lays it beside hers. She tosses it back at him, and so it goes until he eventually wins her trust. It's a beguiling sequence but at other times you long for the release of tension to be had from simple conversation. Despite the dusty realism of the

setting, the story's tongue-tied nature gives it the deliberate feel of a fable, as if stillness were being used as a blunt instrument to impose meaning.

The pace quickens after Nana dies in her sleep. Despite the conscientiousness with which Delilah has cared for her, she's accused of negligence and beaten brutally with sticks by the other women in the community. Profoundly stirred by her injuries, Samson steals a van and takes her off to Alice Springs, where things inevitably get a lot worse before they get any better.

The few moments of cheerfulness come courtesy of Gonzo, a homeless man the teenagers meet while sleeping rough under a bridge on the town's edge. He's played by Thornton's brother, Scott, and his breezy if bumbling attempts to make friends with the couple add a bracing shot of spontaneity.

Thornton has said that he sees the film primarily as a love story and he's certainly endowed the relationship between the teenagers with great poignancy. McNamara, 14 when the film was shot, has a coltish grace and Gibson projects a remarkably mature sense of resilience. As well, Thornton has a real gift for the transcendent image. The film's opening is one example. Another has Delilah helping the spaced-out Samson to bathe himself - a scene filled with intimations of baptism and regeneration.

Yet like all stories about addiction, this one is ultimately dispiriting. Despite the flash of hope that Thornton gives you at the end, he isn't in the business of providing the kind of cathartic release you get from more conventional storytellers. He takes you into another world, but finds no obligation to make you comfortable there. He's made a tender film, and an honest one, but it's tough going.