

Pond.

Clive gripped the end of his makeshift fishing rod. His frail hands tremored, creating ripples in the water. The clear spot on the bank was as comfortable as any rocking chair, worn bare by decades of quiet contemplation and laughs. It was awfully mild for a winter's day. The saplings at the water's edge that he knew as a boy, now sheltered him with their vast canopies. The tall grass speckled the bank with their faded green and hazy yellow blades, the hum of cicadas permeating the warm air.

He scrunched the cloth, dabbing it excessively on his rapidly receding hairline. Clive knew he shouldn't have come today, the weather was sickly suffocating; the swampy tang from the stagnant pools of creeping slime created an unsettling lump in his throat. He could still feel the magic of the place, but it had changed, moved on to something more complex and mature, after his grandfather passed. The lake had aged along with him, a constant confidant and companion in his life. As he casted his line, he casted his mind too, back to the beginning, back to the wonders of the pond for a boy.

"Come on, slowpoke" teased a young Clive, his feet squelched in the mud and for the first time he saw the bank, which had blossomed like an oasis; like the great oasis in his grandfather's stories. His grandfather followed behind, his straw hat tattered like his will. But he would never show that to Clive, instead he flashed him a toothy grin.

It was the first lesson his grandfather taught him out of the many to come. And it would tie them together for the rest of their lives. Knot tied, Clive tossed the reel, the sharp rays of the sun pierced his vision.

Only minutes passed but young Clive's adolescent impatience saw nothing but hours ticking by, his patience stretched thin.

“Gramps when are we actually going to catch anything?” questioned Clive, scratching at a mosquito bite.

Gramps simply chuckled. He skilfully worked his lines with the tips of his fingers, patiently, squinting towards his red and white bobber for the small ripples in the water he knew would come. And there, after a mere half an hour the bobber sunk deep into the nonchalant waters and Clive gasped at the sudden ripples of waters whilst he drew the line in.

“It’s ..so.. fat” struggled Clive, pulling the reel towards his chest as if clinging onto his life. Gramps dropped his own rod, cupping Clive’s tiny hands. He drove the fish to the surface its muscular tail smacked against the water, droplets glittered onto their bare faces; which caused them to chortle in unison.

“You’ve got quite the catch” Gamps observed, the yellow glint of the bass’s tail, its limp tail flopped against the grass patch. It was in that moment Clive’s mousy eyes shone in admiration for his grandfather. His patience. His Wisdom. His strength. An illumination of who he wanted to be.

Clive fished and pestered his grandfather for hours that day. But he would nod in agreement or chuckle at Clive whilst he waffled on about utter nonsense. They sat on the bank and ate the lunch that they had brought in the old cooler. Hearty slices of roast pork slathered with slabs of yellow butter and sandwiched between layers of cheese and ham with lettuce and tomato. Throwing the crusts out to the ducks- crumbs sticking on their mud stained t-shirts. world.

* * *

A rough tug pulled Clive out of his trance, the bobber clearly had clearly sunk to the bottom, causing him to strain forward.

Year 12 English Examination for Module C 2019



STANDARD

5 mins reading time

30 mins writing time

Question 1: 3 MARKS

What is the purpose of your 500 word composition? How do you represent this purpose in your writing?

The purpose of my composition is to show that by holding onto past memories and experiences we can't ~~move on to~~ ^{enjoy} our present experiences because of the high expectations from our previous ones. I have represented this through the ~~the~~ characterisation of Dave, an individual who holds his dwells on his pleasant past experiences of a lake. And therefore his high expectations of the present leaving him with feelings of disappointment & yearning

Question 2: 5 MARKS

How has your exploration of Ray Bradbury's short story 'The Pedestrian' influenced the creative choices you made in your 500 word composition?

Ray Bradbury's simplistic writing style, apt use of visual imagery and effective ~~use of~~ development of characters ~~has~~ has influenced my creative choices in my composition.

Even though my story is not of a dystopic nature, I have mimicked his simplistic writing style. This involves using effective grammar choices (ie the use of ~~teased~~ 'sheltered' instead of 'covered ~~him~~) in my story. ^{Bradbury} ~~the author~~

^{Pro} ~~des~~ portrays this through the description of a 'moon-white house' which ~~provides~~ is an unconventional adjective to describe this house

Bradbury develops the ^{protagonist} ~~character~~ in his story by his ^{characterisation through} actions, thoughts and appearance. The accumulation "he would walk. Stop. and proceed again" I have also explored the accumulation through ~~the way~~ "His patience, his wisdom. His strength". The repetition of his provides ~~me~~ a sense of admiration ~~for~~ that the protagonist has for his grandfather.

Question 3: 10 MARKS

What criteria would you use to judge an effective piece of writing? Evaluate your 500 word composition, exploring how effectively your composition meets such criteria.

An effective composition should be cohesive, structured and be able to portray a story in which an individual overcomes a narrative arc to reach a sense of enlightenment. Effective writing should provide ^{effective characterization of a} ~~the~~ protagonist individual so that readers feel a sense of ^{connection.} ~~relation~~, empathy or emotional

In my creative appearing, I have structured it in ~~an~~ a way where the setting is established first and ~~then~~ followed by

the use of a flashback. ^{By} ~~The~~ establishing the setting first, the reader is compelled to paint an overall picture of the PRESENT day. ~~that~~ The ~~can then then~~ ~~be compared with~~ ~~one of the~~ ~~use of flash~~ use of ~~anymore~~ in "The dear spot on the bank was as comfortable as any rocking chair, worn by decades of quiet contemplation and laughs" provides human qualities to the bank, evoking that there were past ~~experiences~~ ^{concrete experiences} which the protagonist (Clive) has had on the bank. The established setting can then be related back to the ~~the~~ flashback.

I have ~~used~~ ^{used} characterisation of Clive ^{to} portray his calm, mature personality. ~~the~~ Through the alliteration of "rapidly remedying hardship" ~~it~~ it evokes ~~a sense~~ that Clive is ~~not~~ an ~~old~~ aged character. Through the flashback, I characterised Clive in his youth as ~~as~~ a mischievous character through dialogue "Come on, slowpoke" and ~~the~~ use of personification "adolescent impatience". This juxtaposition of young and old Clive has provided character development in this ~~story~~ opening. This development of characterisation.

Lined writing area consisting of 25 horizontal lines.

The Gift

Graham watched the clock on the wall, one hand tapping to the seconds in double time, the other fingering at E. H. Carr's *What is History*, a gift his son had given him three days earlier upon reluctant arrival at the isolated farmhouse. It had been gifted with insistence that the book was an easy read and had been received with certainty of disinterest in the topic. Three nights later and the broad spine remained uncracked, comfortably carrying innumerable pages of scholarly assertions and historical jargon.

The door sounded behind him as Henry moved into the room, dropping his own book onto the coffee table. Since unceremoniously moving out of home, Henry had had the permanent look of someone who should always have either a book or a briefcase in their hand, someone who looked profoundly wrong in anything other than a tweed jacket. Even the flannel and jeans he now donned he wore like a uniform, something to dress up in for the right occasion or the right person.

"Enjoying the book, then?" Henry was watching Graham's hand where it lingered on the gold-embossed book cover, one of a series of gifts that forced Graham to keep a dictionary by his bed, an exercise he found both demeaning and irksome.

The scrutiny tightened his stomach, the childish fear of reprimand and disappointment quickening his heartbeat and the threat of perceived ineptitude weighing on his tongue. Henry's eyes were on him now, waiting and wanting further proof, Graham suspected, of his inadequacy as a father and an educated man.

"Ah, yes, very good."

"How far through are you?" Henry watched him from the armchair across the room, his hands folded neatly in his lap.

"A few pages."

"A few pages?"

Heat rolled up the back of Graham's neck and he tugged at the collar of his shirt, each limb squirming to remove itself from his body. His toes curled; his foot bounced; he craved being what he felt like – an animal, screeching and clawing at its cage.

"I'm just getting an idea of the overview before I dive in."

"That shouldn't be too hard."

Graham looked at him. Looked at his charitable smile. Looked at the glossy leather shoes under his farm-boy uniform. Looked at Henry's book, spine cracked to the point of disintegration, half as thick as it was wide. Looked at the shine of Henry's modest eyes. Looked at his own book across the kitchen. Smooth and unblemished – a picture book by comparison, and yet so undoable.

He stood.

Picked up the book.

Moved to the bedroom.

The room was dark and cool and unconcerned with the extent of Graham's education. Without Henry, the entire farmhouse was empty and quiet and indifferent to which books he

read. Intellect was not something he'd considered important before Henry was born. Not something he'd ever needed. Not something he'd considered attaining.

The book sat closed in his lap. The clock ticked above his head. The wrinkles of his hands created valleys in the darkness. His brain whirred until there was nothing to go through it, coming to a slow, familiar stand-still.

He picked up the book; placed it on the bedside table. Reached across to turn on the radio.

He sat back as Alan Jones' invective filled the room.

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ADVANCED

5 mins reading time

30 mins writing time

Question 1: 3 MARKS

What is the purpose of your 500 word composition? How do you represent this purpose in your writing?

Conceptually my text serves to explore and illuminate the causation of power dynamics between father and child, and the resulting values. I employ a central symbol of a book of historiography ~~being~~ connotative of intelligence and academia to focus of power imbalances that occur in familial relations due to disparity in academic opportunity, reflecting an increase in the value of education as well as a dispute of common occurrence following a century of each generation being ~~not~~ better educated than the last.

Question 2: 5 MARKS

How has your exploration of Gwen Harwood's poem 'Father and Child' influenced the creative choices you made in your 500 word composition?

Gwen Harwood's romanticist diptych *Father and Child* influenced my work both thematically and through use of linguistic devices. Conceptually, I wished to both emulate and reverse the familial power dynamic she portrays, however I chose to subvert her symbol of power — a gun — to a book, reflecting the change in cultural ~~value~~ value of physical and intellectual power between her poem's 1969 publication and my own 21st century context. I further imitate her manipulation of symbols by replicating her use of a symbolically opulent analogy to describe her central symbol. Her use of 'prize' and my use of 'gift' to portray these symbols reinforce the significance and power of these items to my characters' values. However my character Graham's use of ~~prize~~^{gift} is also ironic, as his distrust of the seemingly well-meant present is a classical allusion to the Trojan Horse of Homer's *Odyssey*. This choice was inspired by Harwood's intertextual allusion of 'old king', referencing King Lear to further characterise her persona. Additionally, I replicate Harwood's experimentation with language conventions

in sentence structure and poetic licence. She uses varying sentence structure to portray changes in psychological state, such as her use of a simple sentence, "The first shot struck;" to create a tonal shift. I emulate this with the staccato rhythm of the phrase "his toes curled; his foot bounced;" to ~~also~~ highlight his anxiety. Harwood's subversion of the colloquialism "nay-sayer" to "No-Sayer" I replicate in my choice to use the incorrect phrase "I dive in" rather than "I delve in," similarly representing my characters' education level.

Question 3: 10 MARKS

What criteria would you use to judge an effective piece of writing? Evaluate your 500 word composition, exploring how effectively your composition meets such criteria.

The craft and process of writing must work to meet several criteria in order to achieve an effective piece of writing. These criteria are authentic characterisation, structure that enhances understanding, language devices to accurately portray ideas, and a ~~own~~ meaning relevant to its audience. ~~My~~ Structurally, I initially engaged the reader in the opening line through use of vignette, the body language of "tapping --- in double time" and visual imagery of "isolated farmhouse" setting the scene for my audience. My orien-

tation engages in further world-building through the early foregrounding of my central symbol of a book, academically connotative through the use of visual imagery of "broad spine" and "historical jargon", denoting the significance of perceived intelligence in my story. Finally I practice experimentation with paragraph layout, isolating dialogue from paragraphs of internal dialogue such as with "Ah yes, very good." to emphasize the dissociation between his thoughts and words, as well as the physical distance between sentences, "He stood. Picked up the book. Moved to the bedroom." to display the mental as well as physical removal from the situation.

I characterise with a variety of ~~imagery~~ language conventions, successfully achieving an image of ~~the~~ my characters' values and the dispute they cause. I initially use ~~the~~ ~~contrast~~ imagery of "tweed jacket" and "briefcase" denoting status and academic nature, contrasting it with the analogy of a "farmboy uniform" to highlight the son's inability to assimilate into his father's world. I use colour association such as in my description of the "gold-embossed" cover to

demonstrate my character's awareness of the perceived value and opulence of this book and therefore intelligence. Finally, I utilize etymology as an onomastic function to consolidate the differences between father and son, as father's name Graham originates from an old-English word meaning 'small-town' while the son's name Henry is derived from a Germanic word meaning 'home-ruler', denoting power and ultimately characterising further the disparity in their nature, values, and power.

Finally, I employ micro-techniques to portray the characters' state of mind and thoughts throughout the story. The repetition of the dialogue "a few pages," ~~both~~ as ^{both} question and answer emphasises the difference in their values and understanding of academia, further shown through tension building dialogue, "that shouldn't be too hard." I use anaphora additionally as Graham "looked at" several elements and symbols of Henry and their differences, reinforcing his anxiety and over-analysing tendencies, as well as the source of them.

Ultimately, my use of language conventions, structure, and characterisation contribute to

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the meaning and purpose of my story —
an assessment of the power dynamics between
family members, and how that manifests in
behaviour and character when it is rooted ~~in~~ in
a ~~different~~ different values of intelligence and
its pursuit.

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ADVANCED

5 mins reading time

30 mins writing time

Question 1: 3 MARKS

What is the purpose of your 500 word composition? How do you represent this purpose in your writing?

My short composition argues the philosophy that in order to reach a new beginning, or transform one's character, a loss of innocence must occur. By writing in a bildungsroman style similar to Gwen Harwood's diptych "Father and Child", I demonstrated this loss of innocence through the protagonist's literal loss of her sister who ~~represents~~ represents innocence. The salient symbol is the allegorical fire, representing grief and distress, but a deeper meaning of a desire for the afore-mentioned new beginning is revealed through the deliberate arsony. I have used this ~~the~~ central and secondary symbol of fire and the sister to demonstrate that a loss of innocence is necessary to reach a new beginning for a character.

Question 2: 5 MARKS

How has your exploration of Gwen Harwood's poem 'Father and Child' influenced the creative choices you made in your 500 word composition?

I have incorporated several techniques inspired by those in Harwood's Father and Child, particularly the first section of the diptych 'Barn Owl'. One technique I mimicked from Harwood's poem is the hyperbolic exaggeration of innocence used to increase the impact of a later loss of innocence. Harwood presents in the first stanza "I rose, blessed by the sun", which portrays an exaggerated purity and ~~the~~ young innocence by directly alluding angels and heaven to further contrast a later shattering of childhood innocence. In my composition I incorporated modern allusions such as "Tropical-flavoured Tic Tacs" and a "Chester cat gin" to convey imagery of a happy childhood to the audience. The exaggeration of this carefree immaturity significantly increases the impact of the later pivot in characterisation when it is revealed that the ~~pro~~ persona set the fire. Harwood also used the technique of gradually shortened syntax in "My first shot struck" to build tension and increase impact of this sudden loss of innocence which is the climax of the first section. I used this to build a similar climactic tension at the end of my composition in "I don't want to cry anymore." and "After all, that's why I did it." to convey a significant character revelation to the reader and emphasise the purpose of the composition. A third

incorporation from the poem was the secondary symbol of "Daybreak:" in the first line of 'Barn Owl'. I manipulated this initial caesura representation of a significant transformation or new beginning to become the central symbol of my composition: fire.

Question 3: 10 MARKS

What criteria would you use to judge an effective piece of writing? Evaluate your 500 word composition, exploring how effectively your composition meets such criteria.

Some factors which significantly affect the quality of a creative composition are authenticity and characterisation.

Authenticity is the ability of a writer to convey their story in a real way so that an audience can relate to it and be engaged.

I attempted to increase the authenticity of my piece by using allusions from my own childhood, such as the protagonist's ^{memory of her} ~~knowing these~~ sisters and the characterisation of the father, even though these aspects are not thoroughly explored.

I believe that the continuation of the story would have allowed me to emphasise this authenticity, but the small elements included in my 500-word composition have effectively allowed the audience to see that the descriptions of character and setting are accurate for the storyline. ~~However~~, however, I have not experienced a comparable loss to the death presented in my story, ~~which may~~ and my limited knowledge of this may have negatively affected authenticity.

Another major criteria is characterisation. It is important for the audience to empathise and want to predict a character's reactions to stimuli. I have manipulated this characterisation to dramatically contradict itself when the seemingly innocent protagonist appears to have dramatically transformed despite no time passing from beginning to end of opening. This may have limited the audience's ability to predict or empathise with the character.

Lined writing area with 20 horizontal lines.

A Blazing of Orange

A single flicker of flame licked up the leg of my desk chair, like a deranged child in a candy store. One blink and it was at the tabletop, spreading triumphantly across long-forgotten exam papers, last week's to be exact. I watched blankly, unsure how to react as it absorbed a box of tropical-flavoured Tic Tacs that had been there since last Christmas. I knew a box of photos, seventeen years of awkward no-teeth smiles and sweaty soccer memories, sat in the cupboard next to the desk. One minute there, the next surrounded by dancing light, and that's when the door burst open.

"What the hell are you doing?!", my sister Jo screeched. "We need to go!"

I nodded absently and let her drag me back into the hallway, feeling a bead of sweat set off on its voyage over the plane of my cheekbone. I pivoted my focus back to the stairs obstructing our escape, only for something to snag it at the upper corner of my vision. The jaded carpet in the study was a field of flames, shooting up like blades of grass, and when I blinked there were three little girls there, having handstand competitions and laughing until they were red in the face.

"Cheater!" the tallest one yelled, and the Cheshire-cat grin on her face was such a punch to the gut that I literally doubled over, catching myself on the banister and wincing as it seared my palm.

Jo's voice struggled to infiltrate the water besieging my head, but she managed to hook a fist into my nightshirt, and tug me down the last few steps. We heaved out the door and ran halfway up the driveway before stopping to look back, a blazing of orange demanding the attention of anyone in a five kilometre radius.

"I thought we told you *not* to burn the house down?", my dad half-heartedly joked an hour later, but his wrinkled eyes were definitely thanking the gods with flowers and fruit baskets. Our mum arrived moments later, hugging us both quickly before bustling over to the itching police officers. I followed out of a comparable restlessness, a twisted fraction of me wishing I'd thought to grab my phone on the way out.

"Now ma'am we have here that there are five residents at this address? Yourself, your husband and three daughters? If your child moves out of home, you need to make sure you update the records."

I felt a slimy, black tar inch up my throat, probably the same one my mother just swallowed back down with a huge bob of her neck. She recovered faster, as always, and with a wipe of that enviable, invisible cloth her features smoothed back over, mouth reanimated.

"Ahem, yes sorry, our eldest... passed away," Another swallow. "Just a few months ago."

"Oh ma'am, I'm so sorry for your loss, I can't imagine."

He shot a weak, apologetic smile my way, and I could feel the pity rolling off him in tangible waves. I lifted my mouth up into an exaggerated smile-grimace and turned back to the charred bones of where our home had once been, willing my eyes not to flood with tears.

I don't want to cry anymore.

After all, that's why I did it.

Paralysing Paranoia

In my room's dense darkness, the clock's ticking was the only lullaby. Swaddled in a soft blanket of feather, I was there, all snuggled in my comforter's warmth, nostalgic for the very first years of being a child.

I got my knuckles cracked, restless. Every click of my joint echoed in the dark, the cracks in an abandoned house resembling the click clack of shoes. Except, an abandoned house has no steady snoring sound flowing through a thin wall. I turned, putting my cheek on the pillow, envied by the deep slumber of my little brother. No matter how I shouted and grabbed my tired body, sleep would not respond.

It was unusual.

Usually, I was out for the night as soon as my body hit the sheets. But my mind appeared to have other ideas. My brain replayed the events of today on fast forward in an endless cycle. I squeezed my eyes tight, hoping that the vivid image that decided to keep me up tonight would somehow disappear. I relaxed my muscles in the hopes of dwelling. It didn't matter how long it took, it just needed to happen.

The door squeak to my room and the pitter patter of paws on my hardwood floor was enough evidence that my dog has strolled in. The light that flooded the room, silenced from my closed eyes and immediately melted into the darkness as the door slammed by the wind.

A sigh of relief slipped between my lips as my bed was approached by the tiny tipping of claws. It's like having some kind of connection with my dog. My dog would always rush to my side to comfort me whenever I feel the slightest anxiety or a spark of fear. It was now the perfect time.

As my dog jumped onto the bed and snuck under the sheets, I finally felt my mind starting to relax, taking a long-deserved break from the busy day of events. My dog's warmth moving under the sheets and next to my tired body was enough to help me slip into dreamland in slow motion.

Unexpectedly, I felt a weight on my chest. The sound of claws scratching at my door turned my blood to ice. I froze, hearing the familiar whimpers and helps from my beloved dog, Buddy. On the other side of the door.

It was only me and a mysterious creature in this heavy atmosphere of bleak darkness.

I couldn't see anything in that night's blanket. Yet I could see my own body rip to shreds even with my vision impaired. Every muscle in my body, like a gunfire, screamed to move. And I did move. I thrashed and squirmed, a scream erupting into the air.

Then, everything began to melt away.

I couldn't hear my younger brother's rhythmic snores anymore. I couldn't hear my dog's anxious barks anymore. I can't hear the clock's tick tocks anymore. One by one, sound by sound, all stolen by the darkness.

Even my own heart was beating out of my chest, beginning to fade away.

I stopped fighting the creature. I've been so tired. Sleep, sleep ... That's everything I needed right now. Yes, it's sleeping time. That's all I was trying to do, anyways.

And in the darkness the light melted.

Year 12 English Examination for Module C 2019



STANDARD

5 mins reading time

30 mins writing time

Question 1: 3 MARKS

What is the purpose of your 500 word composition? How do you represent this purpose in your writing?

The purpose of my 500 word composition is to show that the character is different from everyone. He is different due to his paranormal sightings of creatures. He is the only one experiencing this issue when all he needs is rest. Due to him being tired and sleepy, he has trouble falling asleep. Rest and sleep was the cure to his problem but just kept experiencing things that aren't even there. The more he fights against the darkness, the more paranormal activity he experiences.

Question 2: 5 MARKS

How has your exploration of Ray Bradbury's short story 'The Pedestrian' influenced the creative choices you made in your 500 word composition?

My exploration of Ray Bradbury's short story 'The Pedestrian' influenced the creative choices I made in my 500 word composition was shown through the loneliness between both characters. In 'The Pedestrian', Ray Bradbury makes ~~Leonard~~ Leonard very different from everyone else. In a world where every does the same thing from technology to lifestyle. Leonard doesn't like how society is. He does like how technology is used to get from one place to another. Leonard ~~is~~ is contrasted from society and walks instead. Due to his differences, cops pull him over and disagree with his actions. ~~Leonard~~ Leonard was different ~~from~~ which influenced me to make my character different. My character was different from everyone in the household. He was the only one experiencing and going through stuff everyone else wasn't.

Question 3: 10 MARKS

What criteria would you use to judge an effective piece of writing? Evaluate your 500 word composition, exploring how effectively your composition meets such criteria.

In my 500 word composition, techniques were used throughout the story. A lot of visualising was used to get the reader to think and picture certain things in their head. For example, "I felt a weight on my chest." It makes the reader feel that too. Personification was used in the story too. This can be seen in the lines, "The light that flooded my room" and also "I actually felt my mind starting to relax!"

Techniques like that creates a readers mind
to be vastly explored to visualize images.

Onomatopoeia ~~word~~ is used in with "click clack"
"squeak" and "ric rock". All these visual techniques
allow a reader to feel connected on what's
going on.

Stolen and Polished

It was dark, I was cold and scared, the smell of the straw bag over my head burnt my nostrils as the truck threw us around like rag dolls. There were more of them as I heard the whispers between brothers and sisters, though my sibling's voices were far, far away from me. I heard the cries of scared children calling out for their mothers and fathers in their native tongue, my feet stretched out to the surprise of a body in my way. I couldn't feel the breath leave the figure's body, my feet lay in a pool of wetness too thick to be water and too thin to be solid - my mind assumed the worst.

My mind began to race and I began to scream, though instantly silence by the false shotgun into the sky followed by the deep and foreign voice of the pale skinned. Fear ran through my body and I tried to calm myself down but nothing worked. Usually, the soothing sounds of my mother's voice were able to guide me through my darkest tunnels as she told stories of my father, the tribe's master warrior, though I knew from the bumpy path the vehicle took and the toss and turns of the truck that I was far away from my home.

That was five years ago and I am now fifteen. I missed out on a lot growing up, including my right to a mother who knew how to love. I was separated from her and eleven brothers and sisters. They, too, were stolen and I don't know where they are. I sit in a room, body at a 90-degree angle with several other girls lined beside me. "Only English, Only Dresses, Only Christianity and none of this Monkey Business". "Yes sister," I say as I place my hand out and head down, staring at the reflection in the recently polished floors. The room, dark and grim, not a window insight or the slightest ray of sunshine... "fitting," I think to myself, as the Sister leaned her body back, her arm charging up with the grip of the ruler in her hand becoming tighter and tighter. She unleashes and slaps the ruler on my hand, stinging all up my arm which contains the scars of my previous beatings. I didn't flinch, didn't even blink, nothing but an empty mind and another scar to my collection.

The sisters left as I fall to my knees, weeping. My tears slowly roll down my face, creating salty streams along my dark skin reminding me of the muddy water rivers; my sadness reminded me of my birthplace and the tribe's children's origin of fun. No clear memories, just muffled static like visions, though this place had obvious significance as it's all I remembered of a lost constant. It frustrated me, all I wanted was my home back but I was now different. I wasn't me, but now I was one of them... Stripped of my identity, I was now acceptable.

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STANDARD

5 mins reading time

30 mins writing time

Question 1: 3 MARKS

What is the purpose of your 500 word composition? How do you represent this purpose in your writing?

My story is set in Australia at the time of Colonisation and through historical events and research of the trauma of those taken from their families at a young age, I developed a story that delves into the trauma and loss of self that most at the time would've felt. My character bridges a gap between those who have lost their voice, family and identity and allows the character to voice what hasn't been said. My story starts out "It was dark, I was cold and scared", already creating that sense of loss.

Question 2: 5 MARKS

How has your exploration of Ray Bradbury's short story 'The Pedestrian' influenced the creative choices you made in your 500 word composition?

"To enter out into that silence that was the city of eight o'clock of a misty evening in November, to put your feet upon that buckling concrete (...) that was what Mr Mead most dearly loved to do", Bradbury opens his story with this quote, a long sentence that lists all the features of walking that enhanced Mr Mead's tranquil mood, he explores Mead's extreme pleasure in such a simple act of walking creating Mr Mead his own identity and further developing him as an individual.

Within my story "Stolen and Polished" I wanted to use similar techniques to describe the culture and the character's identity ^{and how it was} left as she was taken by colonisers, through this readers view a ^{scene} ~~scene~~ where the character is in panic as she tries to reflect on her culture blindfolded in ~~an~~ ~~escape~~ truck full of children thinking back to her "mother's voice" and her father "the tribe's master". To further create alienation my character is never given a name throughout the story and is very unfamiliar with those around her as she describes them as "foreign".

and "pale skinned". Resemblance of alienation can be seen in the last scene within The Redestman where Mr Mead is taken away to be "fixed" and further conforms to societal change just like Stolen and Polished where at the last scene she says "stripped of my identity I was now acceptable" depicting herself as "one of them".

Question 3: 10 MARKS

What criteria would you use to judge an effective piece of writing? Evaluate your 500 word composition, exploring how effectively your composition meets such criteria.

Through ~~Criteria~~ Criteria "Stolen and Polished" can be depicted as both a take on true historical events and the effects of alienation and trauma of loss of self. As it is based on true events for this piece to be accurate research needs to be done and real accounts for those who actually experienced the living history of the stolen generation need to be accounted for. My work displays that to a tee, whilst

I spoke with some Indigenous elders to ensure my story was correct and was in no way disrespectful. I used imagery to my advantage as well as ~~speaking~~ narrating in the third person as I felt it was best to convey a stronger story much like "The Pedestrian" which was also written in third person.

In terms of themes it explores a vast variety of through the loss of culture taken place in the truck, emotional abuse and blackmail taken place within the sister's home and realisation of conforming to societal roles which can be seen as the end of the short story. Through these themes readers are able to connect, sympathise or even just understand the trauma and hardship the character has gone through.

Criteria can be completely subjective to those who read books, leaving their

our interpretation of a story to be
neither ~~was~~ right or wrong, I believe
through my criteria of legitimacy
and emotion determines and excels
my story "Stolen and Polished".

Year 12 English Examination for Module C 2019



ADVANCED

5 mins reading time

30 mins writing time

Question 1: 3 MARKS

What is the purpose of your 500 word composition? How do you represent this purpose in your writing?

The purpose of my composition is to explore the ^{manifestation and} ~~the~~ ¹ mutation of an individual's ontological ^{framework} ~~background~~ and unrelenting pursuit for materialistic ~~ambition~~ ^{possession} ~~due to upholding hedonistic values in society~~ in a ^{upholding hedonistic values} ~~contemporary~~ society. The symbol of the ring ~~symbol~~ embodies the unfulfilled expectation of love understood ~~by~~ ^{seen} by the protagonist in which she dismisses the true qualities of the ring being a symbol of love and compassion ~~and~~ ^{and} instead focuses on the materialistic value of it, which in it self highlights the ^{lack} ~~shortage~~ of meaningful human connection and the ~~aspect~~ ^{incongruence} in individual beliefs ^{between individuals} ~~due to contemporary~~ cultural failure in contemporary ^{society} ~~contemporary~~ society.

Question 2: 5 MARKS

How has your exploration of Gwen Harwood's poem 'Father and Child' influenced the creative choices you made in your 500 word composition?

Gwen Harwood utilizes satire and juxtaposition to ~~reflect~~ ^{explore} the multifaceted ~~human nature and~~ ^{one-dimensionally} ~~defy~~ ^{simultaneously} the ~~stereotype~~ ^{stereotype} of a child to be innocent and explores the multifaceted nature of humanity being complex and multifaceted. The juxtaposition of the child being both 'blessed and 'a horny fiend' highlights the fact that the child has the nature of being innocent yet has the potential to become evil. This commentary that the individual self is complex and our ~~identity~~ ^{contingent and} ~~cannot~~ ^{do not} correlate with our appearance. In my story I ~~for~~ ^{use} have crafted my character in a way that shows the multi-dimensional quality of the individual, where ~~the~~ ^{the} protagonist although seemingly lives a life of an aristocrat and luxurious routine, it is built on a mere facade that was ~~exaggerated~~ ^{carefully} ~~carefully~~ ^{exaggerated} and does not truly reflect her actual life. ~~As~~ ^{seen} in the act of her going ~~to~~ ^{building a facade} ~~to~~ ^{pretending} to be an aristocrat but in reality does not afford the lifestyle.

Question 3: 10 MARKS

What criteria would you use to judge an effective piece of writing? Evaluate your 500 word composition, exploring how effectively your composition meets such criteria.

In order to show characters

^ I have incorporated extensive use of techniques. In the opening paragraph the vivid ^{visual} imagery showcases

the protagonist interacting with the possessions in the room. ^{visually} highlights ~~her~~ ^{she} ~~develops~~ ^{develops} her interaction with these materialistic things. ~~and~~ The person reflects of her

saying 'I dreaded these birds for feeding up my leather shoes'

Shows exemplifies that she is someone who took great care with her appearance and thus highlights her superficiality.

I order to ~~further~~ ~~develop~~ ~~the~~ ~~character~~ ~~to~~ ~~show~~ ~~an~~

Question 3: 10 MARKS

What criteria would you use to judge an effective piece of writing? Evaluate your 500 word composition, exploring how effectively your composition meets such criteria.

In order to show characters etc

[^] I have incorporated extensive use of techniques. In the opening paragraph the vivid ^{visual} imagery showcases the protagonist interacting with the possessions in the room. ^{Mitnick} highlights ~~the~~ ^{an understated} the characterisation [^] her interaction with these materialistic things. ~~and~~ the personal reflects of her saying 'I dreaded these birds for feeding up my leather shoes' shows exemplifies that she is someone who took great care with her appearance and thus highlights her superficiality.

I ~~order~~ to further develop the character ~~to show~~ in

In the second paragraph, the story explores the past experiences of the protagonist and the context that have ^{influence} led to her to ~~become~~ ^{became} change her current ~~State~~ ^{State} character. Exemplifying her as ~~one~~ a individual from the lower tier of the class system ^{and her animosity of it have} which become the sentiment for her to ~~the~~ admire ~~those~~ ^{the} a luxurious lifestyle. The metaphorical funeral of her burying her past ~~is~~ ^{is} being a relief and a rebirth of ~~her new lifestyle~~. Represents the hedonistic values she begins to uphold.

The description of the protagonist ~~starts~~ ^{starts} fixing her gaze onto the ~~woman~~ ^{woman} next to her ^{with jealousy} highlights her desire and pursuit for jewellery and possessions and she ~~equates~~ her understanding of love equates with the value of possession that she receives. The personal reflection ^{they would cost more than what I make in months!} showcases the true economic status of the protagonist which ironically opposes the facade she ~~has~~ ^{has} put and physical manifestations that she has endured herself with, a lifestyle of wearing luxury brands and eating in expensive restaurants.

The last paragraph shows her disillusioned and anxious self when ~~expresses~~ her expectation of love is not fulfilled, and misinterpreting the ~~tree's~~ true value of the ring to reflect love and trust, instead ~~see~~ only seeing the materialistic value of it.

The Ring

I entered the Le Meurice and Jose had already sat at the table. The sound of soft jazz filled the air of the dining room. It was a grand space, to say the least. My gaze was absorbed by the walls covered with shimmering gold paper, and I glided my hands over the runner at the center of the table with Celtic designs woven in gold and green. The polished silver cutlery was heavy to the hand and shone brightly in the early evening light. At each table stood a tall empty wine glass and there were beautifully folded napkins to match the runner which made my heart tingle.

Outside the restaurant stood another world. Crows scavenged for food and pigeons fought aggressively for a speck of grain. I dreaded these birds for fouling up my Italian leather shoes on the way here. Seeing them awakened memories long forgotten, echoes of those ramshackle houses worn down to colours of copper and dirt I once lived in jarred my mind. Reminding me of those chisels and pans my parents gifted me as a birthday presents, I always wanted something beautiful but instead all I ever received as presents were practical items, ugly and dull. To forget them I take my past memories and place them in a box; I put them there with old photographs, copper wires and the chisels. The box is their coffin and I set them to rest with the same reverence as a foe passed on. The funeral came with a relief that made it seem like a birth instead.

There was another couple that sat next to us. The neighboring woman looked marvelous - dangling from her perfect lobes were diamonds set in white gold. They were exquisite, accentuating the length of her neck. Her husband must have love her very much to buy her that. They would cost more than what I make in months. Realizing that I have held my gaze too long, the woman's face is one of triumph and I quickly glanced away and pretended to nonchalantly observe the room.

Jose stood up from his chair and kneeled down on one knee. He pulled a small red box from his pocket. The crowd gasped and claps filled the room, buzzing with excited chatter. Adrenaline flooded through my system, pumping and beating like it's trying to escape. My heart feels like it's erupting and my eyes widen with anticipation.

My mind immediately went to the ring in the jewelry shop I told Jose that I liked yesterday. It had been decorated with an array of polished diamonds that shone as bright as the sun lighting the ocean at dawn.

He opened the box and inside there was a thin plain copper ring, with not a single decoration or jewel. Seeing its ugliness made me felt like my guts just got cement pumped into them. I could feel a seed of embarrassment wedged inside me ready to blossom red upon my cheeks. No-one could have missed it. But there was no rescue from this embarrassment. It was absolute. Utter humiliation. It felt like someone had suddenly turned on an internal heater inside my system, and the heat crept up my neck where the warmth now bloomed into a full blown sweltering heat wave bursting through my pores, triggering drops of sweat to fall from my forehead.

This couldn't be right. He didn't love me after all. I knew what love looked like, and this wasn't it.

Year 12 English Examination for Module C 2019



13

ADVANCED

5 mins reading time

30 mins writing time

Question 1: 3 MARKS

What is the purpose of your 500 word composition? How do you represent this purpose in your writing?

The ~~purpose~~ purpose of my 500 word composition is to explore the power and impact a wild life encounter can have. The main protagonist goes through transformations, realising how his actions impact others. The deers are a symbol of sensitivity and gentleness, something we see to slowly come to see through the protagonist.

Question 2: 5 MARKS

How has your exploration of Gwen Harwood's poem 'Father and Child' influenced the creative choices you made in your 500 word composition?

Gwen Harwood's poem 'Father and Child' uses the symbolism of an owl to represent knowledge and ~~wisdom~~ ^{maturity}, something the main character wants to have. After ~~however, the main~~ the main character shoots the owl, they can't even articulate ~~what they~~ the cruel ~~the~~ thing they have done. Tears from the character are also used to represent the bitterness of 'growing up'. Harwood's poem influenced my story by through the use of an animal as a symbol and the ~~loss of~~ innocence one loses after an animal's death. My character, like in Harwood's poem, feels great remorse after the death ~~but cannot~~ ~~see~~ and also cannot put ~~it~~ ~~into~~ ~~words~~ the death. The main character like in the poem is also ignorant at the start of the story.

Question 3: 10 MARKS

What criteria would you use to judge an effective piece of writing? Evaluate your 500 word composition, exploring how effectively your composition meets such criteria.

For a piece of writing to be effective, it must share an idea that is unique and give be able to give this experience to the reader even though they may have never been through it themselves. ~~The IT~~ ~~about the~~ My story to a degree does somewhat effectively do this, giving the experience of hunting and the beauty of nature and wildlife. ~~However~~ Through the story we see first in real time the change in the

main character's ~~beliefs~~ beliefs, and the guilt that comes with it. The farm scene is when the reader truly has a unique experience of one to one with wildlife. However at times in the story it not very well conveyed experience either from ~~the~~ not being elaborated on ~~the~~ or effective creative writing was not used. A solution to this could of been cutting short ~~more~~ more the beginning to middle of the story and expanding on the farm experience.

Another criteria is how well the piece of writing keeps the audience wanting to read more. My story does this quite ~~effect~~ well as the end of the introduction is left with ended with a cliff hanger, leaving many directions for the ~~read~~ reader to think the story could go and therefore, make them curious.

'I'm fine James.' I bring a stop to the alluding questions. Dozens of new arrows were scribbled into the national park map, I knew he was lying.

We extinguish our campfire before heading off deeper into the forest.

Rain begins to pummel the earth's crust, ricocheting off my rifle's barrel. We trek through the soggy ground beside a roaring river, struggling to keep it from swallowing us. I make sure to keep my hunting society hat clean from mud, oh how I'm so proud to be wearing this deer logo!

James hurls his fist in the air. I sharpen my sight and hearing. The light treads from a hind; it moves gracefully; nature's perfect little hunting creation. It jumps from river rock to river rock, soft grunting with glee every odd jump when it did not skid.

I line my rifle up, the scope swaying with the hind's each jump, it stops and puts its head up right to look around, a textbook quartering away heart shot. I hesitate to take the shot. My heart pounds in my chest as I breathe out.

He wraps his arm around its neck and heaves upwards. "I-I did it Arthur! Just wait until the hunting society finds out about me." I line my camera up, trying to make light of the murder, almost impossible if I'm being honest. His mouth hinges open revealing a big, eerie grin. "That's enough for one day, it'll take another two hours to even find the tracks of another- I'm not so sure about that." James scoops his fingers along a hoof print. "It appears the deer was not alone."

We head further into the forest, the heart wrenching experience still clouding my mind.

Hunting is supposedly fun for the joy of tracking nature and is adrenaline inducing, but why is it that all I got out of it was a tight and heavy chest feeling? I fall behind James, I'll catch up to him after a break.

I sit down and lean against a young oak tree, opening a packet of crackers mindlessly. The staleness of them lessens my appetite so I shove them back in. I playfully tap the tree's crab leg like roots, taking in the environment.

I go to grab water from my bag; a soft, moist sensation touches my arm. I freeze, it's a fawn.

It pulls away from my rucksack while crumbs fall from its lips. We exchange gazes for what seems like minutes. The tight feeling in my chest heightens. I keep my thoughts to myself, one mention of it and at a moments notice it would have a bullet through its head. It brushes itself against my shoulder, its thick reddish brown fur feels warm and fuzzy. I could never make amends. However I wouldn't have to, it doesn't know.

Time comes to a stand still as we stay there. I know what the right thing is to do.

I slowly get up from the tree, the bolt of a gun breaks the silence.