



## **LITERATURE SAMPLE EXAMINATION STAGE 3**

Section 7 of the *New WACE Manual: General Information 2006–2009* outlines the policy on WACE examinations.

Further information about the WACE Examinations policy can be accessed from the Curriculum Council website at

[http://newwace.curriculum.wa.edu.au/pages/about\\_wace\\_manual.asp](http://newwace.curriculum.wa.edu.au/pages/about_wace_manual.asp).

The purpose for providing a sample examination is to provide teachers with an example of how the course will be examined. Further finetuning will be made to this sample in 2008 by the examination panel following consultation with teachers, measurement specialists and advice from the Assessment, Review and Moderation (ARM) panel.





## Western Australian Certificate of Education, Sample External Examination Question Booklet

### LITERATURE WRITTEN PAPER STAGE 3

Please place your student identification label in this box

Student Number: In figures

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In words

#### ***Time allowed for this paper***

Reading/planning time before commencing work: Fifteen minutes  
Working time for paper: Three hours

#### ***Material required/recommended for this paper***

##### ***To be provided by the supervisor***

One Question Booklet and one Answer Booklet

During the 15 minutes reading time you may annotate the Question Booklet but you **MUST NOT** write in your Answer Booklet until working time commences.

##### ***To be provided by the candidate***

Standard items: Pens, pencils, eraser or correction fluid, ruler, and highlighter

#### ***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.

**SEE NEXT PAGE**

***Structure of this paper***

Section	Suggested working time	Number of questions available	Number of questions to be attempted	Marks Available
<b>Section One</b> Response (close reading)	60 minutes	1	1	30
<b>Section Two</b> Essay responses	120minutes	8	2	70 (2x35)
			[Total marks]	100

***Instructions to candidates***

1. The rules for the conduct of Curriculum Council examinations are detailed in the *Student Information Handbook*. Sitting this examination implies that you agree to abide by these rules.
2. Write your answers to each section in the Standard Answer Booklet.
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.
4. The exam requires you to refer to literary texts studied this year. The texts referred to in detail must be from the set text list in the Literature syllabus.
5. In Section Two, you are required to respond to TWO questions. Each response must address a different genre. Neither response may make primary reference to a text or genre used in Section One.

**SECTION ONE—RESPONSE/CLOSE READING**

This section has **ONE (1)** question. You must attempt this question.

Allow approximately 60 minutes for this section [30 marks].

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**Question 1**

Present a reading of **ONE (1)** of the following texts taking into account its language and generic conventions, the contextual information provided and your own context as a reader.

**Text A** is a poem called, 'july (24)' written by Deanne Leber and published in 2006 in *The Word is Out* Poetry Journal, a West Australian poetry anthology. The poem describes a character's reflections on her marriage.

**july (24)**

no confetti. glitter. rice. flies buzz round the veil. sweat trickles past eyes.  
looks like tears.  
faint  
clapping. celebrant says lets do that again.  
you can't hear it in the video.  
just a pause before the cheer.  
all in a row. flowers and sashes and flowers and lace. shoes and cravats and stiff roses in place.  
looks like my husband. through gauze.  
look like a bride on her wedding day.  
freeze dry flowers. hand out photos by the fistful. good china  
for guests. husbandwife poised on the piano.  
once upon a time.  
before dust moths yellow the page.  
we imagined  
confetti. glitter. rice. sprinkled in the cool air. crowd whistles cheers claps. stars husband  
(and wife.)  
silk thread. tied wrist to wrist. pulse to pulse.  
keeps us blush touch and discovering each other until  
silence do us part.  
a box in the shed labelled wedding.

Deanne Leber

**Text B** is an extract from the short story, 'Mrs Porter and the Rock' by David Malouf from an anthology called, Every Move You Make published in Australia in 2006. It is set in a hotel lobby and describes the interaction between mother and son.

"What now?"

Donald had lowered the novel he was reading and was watching her, over the top of his glasses, slide down, just an inch at a time, between the arms of the yielding silk-covered lounge chair. They were in one of the hotel's grand reception rooms after dinner.

"What now what?" she demanded.

"What are you doing?"

"Nothing," she told him. "Getting comfortable."

Dim lighting, the lampshades glowing gold. Outside the beginnings of night, blue-luminous. The long room suspended out there in reflection so that the lounge chairs and gold-legged glass-topped tables floated above a carpet of lawn, among shrubs that might simply have sprouted through the floorboards, and they too, she and Donald and some people who were standing in a group behind them also floating and transparent, in double exposure like ghosts.

Meanwhile, shoes off, stockinged feet extended, slumped sideways in the welcoming softness, she was getting her right hand down between the arm of the chair and the cushion, almost to the elbow now, right down in the crease there, feeling for coins, or a biro or lost earring. You could find all sorts of things in such places if you got deep enough, as she knew from cleaning at home. Not just dustballs.

Once, in a big hotel at Eaglehawk Neck in Tasmania, where she had gone to play in a bridge tournament, Tess Hyland had found a used condom. Really! They must have been doing it right there in the lounge, whoever it was, late at night, in the dark. She hoped her fingers, as she felt about now, didn't come across anything like that! But she was ready, you had to be. For *whatever*.

The tips of her fingers encountered metal. She slipped lower in the chair, settling in a lopsided position, very nearly horizontal, like a drunk, and closed her fist on one, two, three coins, more – and a pen, but only plastic.

"For heaven's sake," Donald exploded.

Maybe she looked as if she was having an attack. She abandoned the pen. With some difficulty she wiggled her fist free and, pushing upright, smoothed her skirt and sat up, very straight now and defiant. Donald, with a puzzled look, went back to his novel but continued to throw her glances.

She snapped her handbag open, met his gaze and, very adroitly she thought, slipped the coins in. Two one-dollar pieces, a twenty cents and some fives. Not bad. She estimated there were about thirty such armchairs in the lounge, plus another half-dozen three-seaters. Up to a hundred dollars that would make, lurking about as buried treasure in the near vicinity. Quite a haul if you got in before the staff.

She wondered if she could risk moving to the third of the armchairs round their table, but decided she'd better not. Donald was already on watch.

What pleased her, amid all these ghostly reflections, was that the coins down there in their hidden places, like the ones she had just slipped into her purse, maybe because they had slipped deep down and smuggled themselves out of sight, had retained their lovely solidity and weight. That was a good trick.

What she had to do was work out how *she* might manage it.

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**Text C** is an extract from a play called, 'Minefields and Miniskirts' adapted by Terence O'Connell from Siobhan McHugh's book of the same name written in 1993. The play and the book detail the experiences of Australian women in the Vietnam War.

*The pre-show music is themes from Vietnam War era movies. As the audience enters, they see a silk curtain. Written on it in bleached-out handwriting, is the following: 'During the 1960s and early 1970s, close to a thousand Australian women were in wartime Vietnam. Nurses, entertainers, secretaries, volunteers and consular staff. Though their backgrounds varied as much as their experiences, they had one thing in common. Vietnam transformed their lives and haunted their memories...'*

### **SCENE ONE: PROLOGUE**

*MARGARET appears in front of the curtain. She is dressed for a wintry day in the 1980s. In the distance, military drums are heard and 'The Colonel Bogie March' plays.*

MARGARET: I never came to the March, or hadn't for a few years, but I saw on the news that the women who'd been in the war were marching for the first time, so I thought I'd go. I hadn't been there, to that war; in a country on the South China Sea. I hadn't been out of Australia. But I'd been married to a Vet, so I felt like I'd had my own Vietnam. And I was watching these women grouping up before the March. And the conversation was quite loud and I felt like I wanted to go up to them and talk too.

*The silk curtain is lit from behind and we see the silhouettes of four women as they speak.*

SANDY: Helicopters took us up to a bald hill. There was a steel girder, a generator and a tent. While the boys in the band set up the equipment, we got in the tent, got dressed, painted on the glamour. The band started playing 'Proud Mary', and when we came out, go-going in our pink feathers, there were thousands of screaming GIs on tanks and trucks and the bald hill was covered with a mass of men in uniform. They said that we stopped the war, that even the Viet Cong were watching at the bottom of the hill in the trees.

KATHY: The Americans would invite us to a dance and then build a dance-floor for us! We were 'round eyes' as they called us. They'd send a chopper and we'd be drinking champagne flying up-country to a party. And while you were jiving away to the sound of falling rockets, you'd mention casually that we were short of blood at the hospital. And as that chopper flew you home, you'd be thinking of the hundred GIs who'd be lined up the next morning, ready to give blood. And they'd be armed with cigarettes, chewing gum and Hershey Bars. Bloody bliss.

EVE: Up in a helicopter, I watched a fireflight across a paddy field. The choppers hovering above and there's this old man with his water buffalo, ploughing his rice paddy. As if it wasn't happening. It's all going on just above his head, the tracers flying through the air, explosions everywhere. And he's working on, keeping on going, even the buffalo wasn't letting all this carnage stop them ploughing the rice. As they must have done forever. And somehow, I knew this war would never be 'won', that they had the history of the ages on their side.

RUTH: I was there. I was so young. And it was wondrous, like a big Luna Park every day of the week. Let's try a new ride. Let's jump out of a chopper and walk through a paddy field. I was traveling in a jeep with two American soldiers when we came under heavy fire. We were three people up against what we thought was a battalion and we were convinced we were all going to die anyway. We dived for cover and a soldier tossed me an M16. I said, 'I don't know how to fire this!' And he said, 'Just pull the goddamn trigger, ma'am'.

*They all talk in a babble as they repeat their opening speeches. The sound of helicopters. They stop instantly.*



MARGARET: And I worked up the courage and went to cross the road to speak to them, but as I did there was a ceremonial fly-over of helicopters above us. The talk stopped instantly. You could have heard a pin drop, apart from the whirr of the choppers above us. All those women were lost in their déjà vu and I was lost in it with them...

*The silhouettes disappear, the helicopters get louder and then are replaced by the major musical theme. As she exits, MARGARET pulls back the silk curtain. It reveals a 'french colonial' wrought-iron gate, flanked by silk prayer ribbons. A bamboo and wooden-slatted set. An aged, planked floor on stilts floating above a lush, green paddy field. There are five chairs, five small tables and a small bar. The style of the furniture ranges from beautiful, classic Vietnamese pieces through to red plastic 'Coca Cola' street furniture. Vietnamese silk and basket lanterns hang over the set and out into the auditorium. Bamboo 'legs' at the side of the set feature aged, watermarked portraits of the women, as they were in Vietnam thirty years ago. Props such as fans, umbrellas, zippo lighters and teacups will be used.*

**END OF SECTION ONE**

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## SECTION TWO—ESSAY RESPONSES

You are required to respond to **TWO (2)** questions.

Each response must address a different genre. Neither response may make primary reference to a text or genre used in Section One *[70 marks]*.

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### Question 2

Discuss how language can be imaginative, sensuous, persuasive, stimulating and/or pleasurable. Refer to at least one text.

*[35 marks]*

### Question 3

Discuss how a culture may come to recognise itself through literary texts, with reference to at least one text.

*[35 marks]*

### Question 4

Analyse how a particular reading strategy can shape a reading of the text.

*[35 marks]*

### Question 5

Discuss why a reader may either accept or reject the representation of types or groups of people in a text.

*[35 marks]*

### Question 6

To what extent has your understanding of social position influenced your reading of a text?

*[35 marks]*

### Question 7

Discuss how your reading of a literary text this year has been enriched by the connections you have made between it and other texts.

*[35 marks]*

### Question 8

Discuss how a text reflects the historical and social context in which it was produced?

*[35 marks]*

### Question 9

Analyse how identity is shaped by the tension between personal desires and social constraints. Refer to at least one text.

*[35 marks]*

**END OF PAPER**

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**YOU MAY USE IT FOR PLANNING**

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

### SECTION ONE

**Text A:** Leber, D. (2006). July (24). *The Word Is Out Poetry Magazine*.  
[Leber, D. (2006). *Book of Days*. Bayswater, WA: Author]

**Text B:** Malouf, D. (2006). *Every Move You Make*. London: Chatto & Windus.  
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Coleridge & White Ltd., 20 Powis Mews, London W11 1JN.

**Text C:** O'Connell, T. (2005). *Minefields and Miniskirts*. Strawberry Hills, NSW: Currency  
Press.