

**ATAR LITERATURE EXAMINATION**

**Question Paper**

**LITERATURE (Year 12)**

**Semester One**

**Time allowed for this paper:**

Reading time before commencing work: Ten minutes

Working time for paper: Three hours

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

**To be provided by the supervisor:**

This Question Paper

Three Standard Answer Booklets

**To be provided by the candidate:**

Standard items: pens, pencils, eraser, correction fluid, ruler and highlighter

Special items: nil

**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.

**Structure of this paper**

|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Section** | **Number of questions available** | **Number of questions to be answered** | **Suggested Working Time (minutes)** | **Marks available** | **Percentage of Examination** |
| **Section One Response – Close Reading** | **1** | **1** | **60** | **25** | **30** |
| **Section Two**  **Extended Response** | **10** | **2** | **120** | **60** | **70** |
|  |  |  |  | **TOTAL** | **100** |

**Instructions to candidates**

1. The rules for the conduct of Western Australian external examinations are detailed in the WACE Manual. Sitting this examination implies that you agree to abide by these rules.

2. Write your responses in the THREE (3) Standard Answer Booklets supplied. YOU MUST WRITE EACH ANSWER IN A SEPARATE BOOKLET.

3. This examination requires you to refer to literary texts studied this year. The text(s) discussed in Section Two as the primary reference(s) must be from the text lists in the syllabus.

4. This examination requires you to respond to three questions. Each response must make primary reference to a different genre (prose, poetry and drama). In Section One, you must make reference to ONE of the (2) drama texts. Therefore, in Section Two you must make primary reference to PROSE in (1) response and POETRY in (1) response.

5. If you make primary reference to the same genre twice, then 15 percent will be deducted from your total raw examination mark for Literature.

6. If you choose one of the three questions that makes reference to a specific genre, you must write on that genre, otherwise 15 per cent will be deducted from your total raw examination mark for Literature.

7. For each response that you write in Section Two, indicate the question number and the genre (poetry or prose) that you are using as your primary reference. You must not write on the same question twice.

8. 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.

**See next page for Section One.**

**Section One: Response – Close Reading (25 Marks)**

This section has **one (1**) question. You must answer this question.

Suggested working time: 60 minutes.

**Question 1 (25 Marks)**

Present a reading of **one** of the following two texts.

**Text A**

*This is an extract from,* Ruined, *a play by Lynn Nottage, an African-American playwright. The play won the 2009 Pulitzer Prize for Drama and involves the plight of women in the civil war-torn Democratic Republic of Congo.*

**Scene 1**

*A small mining town. The sounds of the tropical Ituri[[1]](#footnote-1) rain forest. Democratic Republic of the Congo.*

*A bar with makeshift furniture and a rundown pool table. A lot of effort has gone into making the worn bar cheerful. A stack of plastic washtubs rests in the corner. An old car battery powers the lights and audio system, a covered bird cage conspicuously sits in the corner of the room.*

*Mama Nadi, early forties, an attractive woman with an arrogant stride and majestic air, watches Christian, early forties, a perpetually cheerful traveling salesman, knock back a Fanta. His good looks have been worn down by hard living on the road. He wears a suit that might have been considered stylish when new, but it’s now nearly ten years old and overly loved. He brushes travel dust from his clothing, and takes a generous sip of his soda.*

CHRISTIAN. Ah. Cold. The only cold Fanta in twenty-five kilometers. You don’t know how good this tastes. *(Mama flashes a warm, flirtatious smile, then pours herself a Primus beer.)*

MAMA. And where the hell have you been?

CHRISTIAN. It was no easy task getting here.

MAMA. I’ve been expecting you for the last three weeks. How am I supposed do business? No soap, no cigarettes, no condoms. Not even a half liter of petrol for the generator.

CHRISTIAN. Why are you picking a fight with me already? I didn’t create this damn chaos. Nobody, and I’m telling you, nobody could get through on the main road. Every two kilometers a boy with a Kalashnikov[[2]](#footnote-2) and pockets that need filling. Toll, tax, tariff. They invent reasons to lighten your load.

MAMA. Then why does Mr. Harari always manage to get through?

CHRISTIAN. Mr. Harari doesn’t bring you things you need, does he? Mr. Harari has interests that supercede his safety. Me, I still hope to have a family one day. *(Christian laughs, heartily.)*

MAMA. And my lipstick?

CHRISTIAN. Your lipstick? Aye! Did you ask me for lipstick?

MAMA. Of course, I did, you idiot!

CHRISTIAN. Look at the way you speak to me, Chérie. Comment est-ce possible? You should be happy I made it here in one piece*. (Christian produces a tube of lipstick from his pocket.)* Play nice or I’ll give this to Josephine. She knows how to show her appreciation.

MAMA. Yes, but you always take home a little more than you ask for with Josephine. I hope you know how to use a condom. *(Christian laughs.)*

CHRISTIAN. Are you jealous?

MAMA. Leave me alone, you’re too predictable. *(Mama turns away, dismissive.)*

CHRISTIAN. Where are you going? Hey, hey what are you doing? *(Teasingly.)* Chérie, I know you wanted me to forget, so you could yell at me, but you won’t get the pleasure this time. *(Christian taunts her with the lipstick. Mama resists the urge to smile.)*

MAMA. Oh shut up and give it to me. *(He passes her the lipstick*.) Thank you, Christian.

CHRISTIAN. I didn’t hear you —

MAMA. Don’t press your luck. And it better be red. *(Mama grabs a sliver of a broken mirror from behind the rough-hewn bar, and gracefully applies the lipstick.)*

CHRISTIAN. You don’t have to say it. I know you want a husband.

MAMA. Like a hole in my head.

CHRISTIAN. *(Reciting.)*

What, is this love?

An unexpected wind,

A fluctuation, fronting the coming of a storm.

Resolve, a thorny bush

Blown asunder and swept away

There, Chérie. I give you a poem in lieu of the kiss you won’t allow me. *(Christian laughs, warmly. Mama puts out a bowl of peanuts.)*

MAMA. Here. I saved you some groundnuts, Professor.

CHRISTIAN. That’s all you saved for me?

MAMA. Be smart, and I’ll show you the door in one second. *(Mama scolds him with her eyes.)*

CHRISTIAN. Ach, ach … why are you wearing my Grandmama’s face? *(Christian mocks her expression. Mama laughs and downs her beer.)*

MAMA. You sure you don’t want a beer?

CHRISTIAN. You know me better than that, Chérie, I haven’t had a drop of liquor in four years.

MAMA. *(Teasing.)* It’s cold.

CHRISTIAN. Tst! *(Christian cracks open a few peanuts, and playfully pops them into his mouth. The parrot squawks.)* What’s there? In the cage?

MAMA. Oh, that, a grey parrot. Old Papa Batunga passed.

CHRISTIAN. When?

MAMA. Last Thursday. No one wanted the damn bird. It complains too much.

CHRISTIAN. *(Amused.)* Yeah, what does it say? *(Christian walks to the birdcage, and peers under the covering.)*

MAMA. Who the hell knows? It speaks pygmy. He … Old Papa was the last of his tribe. That stupid bird was the only thing he had left to talk to.

CHRISTIAN. *(To bird.)* Hello?

MAMA. He believed as long as the words of the forest people were spoken the spirits would stay alive.

CHRISTIAN. For true? *(Christian pokes his finger into the cage. To Mama.)* What are you going to do with him?

MAMA. Sell it. I don’t want it. It stinks. *(Christian pokes at the birdcage.)*

CHRISTIAN. *(To bird.)* Hello.

MAMA. Hey, hey don’t put your fingers in there.

CHRISTIAN. Look. He likes me. So Mama, you haven’t asked me what else I’ve brought for you? Go see. *(Christian quickly withdraws his finger.)* Ow. Shit. He bit me.

MAMA. Well, you shouldn’t be messing with it. *(Mama laughs.)*

**Text B**

This is an extract from Act 1 of *The Burial,* by Australian playwright Julia Osborne, written in 1988. It was first performed as a radio play, before being adapted for the stage in 1989.

**THE BURIAL**

*Afternoon. The stage setting is minimalist using a freestanding door frame set at an angle from Upstage to Left to indicate division between Interior and Exterior.*

*There is a table with three chairs placed in the Interior. On it is a pile of yellowing newspapers and letters and a tray with teapot and two mugs. A small table at back has a telephone. A rifle leans by the door.*

*All clothing and props are plain, muted colours without patterns. Voice should wear mainly black.*

**SCENE 1**

*FADE IN MUSIC: stage is in darkness. SPOTLIGHT slowly UP to reveal VOICE, far Right. MUSIC FADES UNDER as VOICE SPEAKS*

VOICE: It came like a river rising quietly across the plain, trickling into dry cracks in the ground, lapping against farm buildings, washing the steps of shops in country towns. And like the scudding rain, it prickled people’s eyes, penetrated their clothes, their fingers encountered it on everything they touched....

But it was not rain.... It was red dust.

*As Voice finishes speaking, MUSIC FADES UP and crossfades with rising WIND. SPOT FADES OFF. LIGHTS slowly UP. The set is softly lit. MARG is seated at the table. Her hair hangs lank. She looks shabby and sad wearing a dropping cardigan and skirt. She fiddles with the cloth of a duster.*

*ENTER TED from stage L. He wears an old felt hat, flapping coat, cloth ‘bells’ tied around his ankles. A long scarf is wound around his neck and mouth. He hasn’t shaved for a while. he stands a moment, looks behind him, then he ENTERS, miming opening the door, swiftly closing it. The wind becomes quieter with the closing door and the lights brighten on the Interior.*

MARG Oh, Ted, thank goodness you’re home!

TED Home! If you can call it that! *(coughs)*

MARG It’s all we’ve got *(tiny laugh).* It’s all we’ve got *(collects herself).* Your eyes look so sore. Let me bathe them....

TED *(wearily sits)* Later. Later will do.

*She fusses around, taking jacket, scarf from him. He drops his hat on the table and she picks it up, carefully dusts it, hangs it on the back on a chair.*

MARG How’re things?

TED Much the same *(coughs).* I got rid of the last sheep today (takes off his boots).

MARG But... you didn’t take the rifle...

TED I cut their throats.

MARG Ooh, love....

TED They’d had it, Marg. It’s been weeks since we opened the gates. There’s no water left for them and the fodder’s gone. I put one in the meat house. No use keeping any more without electricity. We could dry it, I suppose.

MARG Like jerked meat? Jerky?

TED Yeah.

MARG Timmy wouldn’t eat that. He’s only three!

TED He might if he’s hungry! He’s got to learn. Times are hard. It’s never been so hard. *(Pauses)* I hunted the horse, too.

MARG Oh no. At least we could’ve kept the horse!

TED What’s he going to eat? Veranda boards?

MARG Poor Flash. He’s used to us. We’ve had him so long...

TED He didn’t want to go. I showed him the gate and said ‘There you are! You’ve always wanted to go for a gallop all by yourself. Now’s your chance!’ I had to belt him before he’d leave.

MARG *(sadly)* I liked having him around. It made me feel like we hadn’t quite given up.

TED We haven’t given up, Marg. Flash will trot off down the road and someone who’s better off than us’ll pick him up. Jeez, there’ll be a mess to sort out when this dry spell’s over. There’ll be strays from one end of the country to the other.

MARG *(half to herself)* We should’ve kept the horse.

TED Come on, love. We’ve still got the chickens. How’s the vegie garden?

MARG Struggling. There’s a few poor cabbages, *(bemused)* but I can’t find my carrots. I know they’re there, but their tops’ve all wilted... I’ve searched and searched.... And every scrap of waste water goes on it! I never knew how much you could save by catching every little drip and not washing up!

TED I don’t suppose we smell as sweet as we used to.

MARG We don’t! And my poor face... I feel my skin, my whole body drying out like a piece of string. Look at my hair!

TED You’re still beautiful, Margie. *(He hugs her but she pulls away).*

MARG It’s Timmy I feel sorry for. What’s here for him? He’s lonely. A little kid can’t understand.

TED What is there to understand? It’s dry! There’s nothing left out west. No trees, no scrub, no stock and no people. White or black. The wild things went long ago. No TV so he doesn’t see the riots or the violence. He doesn’t need to understand, as long as he sees you and me happy.

MARG Maybe. It’s not so easy. Here, have some tea *(pause for tea action)...* I didn’t tell you... the Evans have gone.

TED Aaaah, shit! What’d they do that for? I told them to hang on! *(he goes to door, opens it, calls)* You bloody silly idiot, Evans! What you go for? I told you Hang on! I told you (coughs) Bloody fool*... (trails off, coughing)*

MARG We’ve got to keep the doors shut. Have your tea, I’ll fix it. *(jams papers under ‘door’)*

TED Idiots... idiots.... Maybe just a few more days...

MARG I suppose they couldn’t stand waiting. Lots of people have gone to the city. There’s so many empty farms.

TED Just hang on, mate, I told him. This has got to break. Even today I felt the wind shift. One day the government will enforce the Sand Drift Act and we’ll be able to claim any of these farms they’ve declared wilderness. Just like in the old days, Margaret!!! Like my great-grandfather. We’ll be the New Age squatters!

MARG But what about the owners? What if the seasons change and they come back?

TED They’ll never find their places under tons of red sand. It will be like salvage rights at sea. So we’ll stay. We’ll keep our house and our yard free of drift. We’ll get fresh water from town. We’ve got enough food *(coughs).* We’ll ride it out, Marg. It’s just a big dust storm.

MARG An endless dust storm.

TED When did you hear about Evans?

MARG This morning. They came to say goodbye.

TED If only they’d stayed. With the right care, the right management, this land will bloom again.

MARG You’ve been saying that for so long.

TED *(ignoring the interruption)* There’ll be spinifex and kangaroo grass and Mitchell right up to your waist. The gums’ll regenerate... red river gums all along deep, clear streams. The birds’ll come back. And this time, people will have a care! Aaah, Paradise blown away.

MARG It’s been blowing away for years, but everyone waited...

TED That’s right! They wait until the drifting soil pollutes their reservoirs. Until the water’s stinking and rotten with pesticides and fertilizers and heavy metals - you name it! They wait til the power stations are choking and all their pretty lights go out... til there’s no more bread. Then what happens? The poor old farmers cop it again. Damage Taxes and inspectors with guns touring the countryside....

MARG Because of the attacks and looting!

TED Hell, I know that! Just another reason Evans left, I suppose. They couldn’t get a grant, couldn’t pay the taxes, couldn’t pay the Bank. What can you do except go? Ah, there’s no pity.

MARG We’ve been luckier than some, perhaps.

**End of Section One.**

**Section Two: Extended response (50 Marks)**

This section has **ten (10)** questions. You are required to respond to **two (2)** questions. Each response must make primary reference to PROSE in (1) response and POETRY in (1) response.

The text(s) discussed as the primary reference(s) **must** be from the text list in the syllabus.

Suggested working time: 120 minutes.

**Question 2 (30 marks)**

A text cannot confront important issues without also confronting its reader. Discuss to what extent you agree with this statement referring to AT LEAST ONE TEXT you have studied.

**Question 3 (30 marks)**

Analyse the importance of deconstructing a text’s style and/or structure. In your response, refer to ONE TEXT in detail.

**Question 4 (30 marks)**

Many modern texts are ambiguous or oblique for a reason. Analyse why an author might provoke this confusion in you as a reader. Refer to ONE TEXT in your response.

**Question 5 (30 marks)**

Analyse how an author has explored the common theme of an individual’s will in contention with a society. Refer to AT LEAST ONE TEXT in your response.

**Question 6 (30 marks)**

Justify how a text from a particular time and place can affect a cultural group of readers. Refer to AT LEAST ONE TEXT in your response.

**Question 7 (30 marks)**

Discuss how AT LEAST ONE TEXT has allowed you gain a more nuanced understanding of human emotions and experiences.

**Question 8 (30 marks)**

*‘Poetry matters little to the modern world.’* – F.R. Leavis. Considering AT LEAST ONE POEM of a poet, discuss the value of poetry today.

**Question 9 (30 marks)**

Aural and visual patterns are integral to the meaning of many poems. Comment on the way these patterns contribute to meaning in ONE OR MORE POEMS you have studied.

**Question 10 (30 marks)**

Prose texts purposely offer similarities and differences to the real world. Explore how an author has done this in ONE TEXT as an attempt to change our future.

**Question 11 (30 marks)**

Analyse the ways in which AT LEAST ONE AUSTRALIAN PROSE TEXT asks us to consider our flaws.

**End of questions.**

**Acknowledgements**

**Section One**

**Text A**

Nottage, L., 2009., Ruined, Theatre Communications Group Inc.,U.S.

**Text B**

Osborne, J., 1989., The Burial., Australian Script Centre., Tasmania.

1. Ituri is a province in the Democratic Republic of Congo. [↑](#footnote-ref-1)
2. A Kalashnikov is a type of automatic rifle. [↑](#footnote-ref-2)