

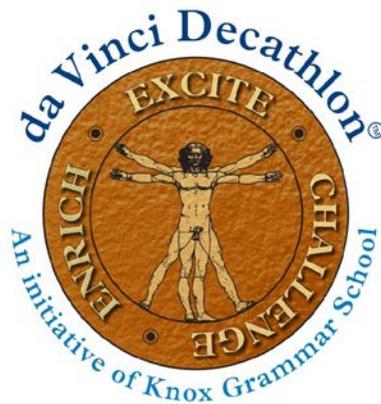


KNOX
GRAMMAR
SCHOOL

STATE

DA VINCI DECATHLON 2019

CELEBRATING THE ACADEMIC GIFTS OF STUDENTS
IN YEARS 7 & 8



ENGLISH SOLUTIONS

TEAM NUMBER _____

1	2	3	4	5	Total	Rank
/10	/10	/22	/23	/21	/86	

Complete the above table with question numbers and marks as required.

QUESTION 1

LANDSCAPE SPELLINGS

TEN WORDS RELATING TO LANDSCAPE WILL BE READ OUT TO YOU. PLEASE WRITE THE CORRECT SPELLING BELOW. (10 MARKS)

1. Swale	6. Steppe
2. Spinney	7. Isthmus
3. Promontory	8. Archipelago
4. Crevasse	9. Terraqueous
5. Prairie	10. Vertiginous

MARKS

Swale	“between the two low ridges there was a marshy swale”
Spinney	“the trees formed a little spinney”
Promontory	“the promontory jutted out into the ocean”
Crevasse	“the way forward was barred by a deep crevasse”
Prairie	“buffaloes roam on the prairie”
Steppe	“The Russian steppe is home to the Cossacks”
Isthmus	“the isthmus separated the two seas”
Archipelago	“the islands formed an archipelago”
Terraqueous	“Venice is a terraqueous city”
Vertiginous	“the cliff face had a vertiginous quality”

QUESTION 2

FICTIONAL LANDSCAPES

IN EACH OF THE NOVELS LISTED BELOW, IDENTIFY THE PLACE OR LANDFORM. (10 MARKS)

NOVEL	QUESTION	ANSWER
<i>Tomorrow when the war began</i> John Marsden	Where do Ellie and her friends go camping?	Hell
<i>Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone</i> J.K. Rowling	Where is Harry when he finally receives his letter from Hogwarts?	An island. Generous bonus mark for: "The Floor, The Hut-on-the-Rock, The Sea"
<i>Swallows and Amazons</i> Arthur Ransome	Where do the Swallows and Amazons like to camp?	Wildcat island or Swallowdale
<i>Wuthering Heights</i> Emily Brontë	Where do Cathy and Heathcliff love to escape to?	The Moors or Pennistone Crag
<i>The Lord of the Rings</i> J.R.R. Tolkien	Where does Tom Bombadil live?	The Old Forest
<i>The Tempest</i> William Shakespeare	Where does the action take place in <i>The Tempest</i> ?	Island
<i>Northern Lights</i> Philip Pullman	What are you likely to find on the ground at Svalbard?	Snow or Ice
<i>The Wind in the Willows?</i> Kenneth Graham	Where does Ratty live?	Riverbank
<i>Danny the champion of the world</i> Roald Dahl	What lives in Hazell's wood?	Pheasants or Poachers
<i>The Horse and his Boy</i> C.S. Lewis	What do Shasta, Aravis, Bree and Hwin have to cross to get from Tashbaan to Archenland?	A desert

QUESTION 3

POETRY ANALYSIS

'MY COUNTRY'. BY DOROTHEA MACKELLAR

Read the poem below and answer the questions on the next page.

'MY COUNTRY'. BY DOROTHEA MACKELLAR

The love of field and coppice
Of green and shaded lanes,
Of ordered woods and gardens
Is running in your veins.
Strong love of grey-blue distance,
Brown streams and soft, dim skies
I know, but cannot share it,
My love is otherwise.

I love a sunburnt country,
A land of sweeping plains,
Of ragged mountain ranges,
Of droughts and flooding rains.
I love her far horizons,
I love her jewel-sea,
Her beauty and her terror
The wide brown land for me!

The stark white ring-barked forests,
All tragic to the moon,
The sapphire-misted mountains,
The hot gold hush of noon,
Green tangle of the brushes
Where lithe lianas coil,
And orchids deck the tree-tops,
And ferns the warm dark soil.

Core of my heart, my country!
Her pitiless blue sky,
When, sick at heart, around us
We see the cattle die
But then the grey clouds gather,
And we can bless again
The drumming of an army,
The steady soaking rain.

Core of my heart, my country!
Land of the rainbow gold,
For flood and fire and famine
She pays us back threefold.
Over the thirsty paddocks,
Watch, after many days,
The filmy veil of greenness
That thickens as we gaze.

An opal-hearted country,
A wilful, lavish land
All you who have not loved her,
You will not understand
though Earth holds many splendours,
Wherever I may die,
I know to what brown country
My homing thoughts will fly.

1904

QUESTION 3

POETRY ANALYSIS

A. POETIC DEVICES. IDENTIFY AN EXAMPLE OF EACH OF THE POETIC DEVICES.

NOTE: YOU CAN ONLY USE AN EXAMPLE ONCE. (5 MARKS)

LITERARY DEVICE	EXAMPLE FROM THE POEM
Metaphor	The drumming of an army. Core of my heart
Personification	She pays us. Wilful land. Pitiless blue sky.
Alliteration	Lithe lianas. Lavish land. Etc.
Imagery	Sapphire-misted. Jewel-sea. Sunburnt country. Etc.
Anaphora	I love her.... Core of my heart.
Tricolon	Flood and fire and famine.

MARKS

B. JUXTAPOSITION (3 MARKS)

‘Juxtaposition’ is where two things are placed side-by-side for the purpose of comparison. Find an example of juxtaposition in the poem, and analyse how it contributes to the poem’s meaning.

EXAMPLE OF	ANALYSIS OF EFFECT
Droughts and flooding rains. Plains and ranges Beauty and terror	Award answers that explore how Mackellar contrasts Australia to the England described in the first stanza. Strangeness, variety and harshness in comparison to England.

MARKS

C. PATHETIC FALLACY (2 MARKS)

In Literary Analysis, the term “pathetic fallacy” is used to describe a particular type of personification, where human thoughts or feelings are given to something in nature. For example, “The trees stood proudly in a row”, or “The wind cried out in pain at their loss”.

Find an example of pathetic fallacy in the poem, and analyse how it contributes to the poem’s meaning.

EXAMPLE	ANALYSIS OF EFFECT
Pitiless blue sky Wilful, lavish land	Award answers that analyse how the use of the pathetic fallacy gives extra dimension to the idea of Australia as a character, with almost a personality that one can love.

MARKS

QUESTION 3

POETRY WRITING

D. ADD ANOTHER STANZA OF 8 LINES TO DOROTHEA MACKELLAR'S POEM (12 MARKS)

You should try to use the same poetic metre (rhythm and rhyme scheme) as the original.

Use the phrase "I love her...", and include some images of Australian landscape.

MARKING CRITERION	SOUND	EFFECTIVE	SKILFUL	TOTAL
Overall quality of the writing	1	2	3	
Use of imagery	1	2	3	
Contribution to the themes of 'My Country'	1	2	3	
Accurate use of the same rhythm and rhyme	1	2	3	
TOTAL				12

Award responses that:

- Are sympathetic to Mackellar's poem
- Demonstrate strong visual imagery
- Develop an original idea
- Accurately use iambic tetrameter alternating with iambic trimeter, with catalexis on the tetrameter lines. That is, seven syllables, grouped in 4 sets of iambs, missing the final syllable.

MARKS

QUESTION 4

FICTION ANALYSIS

“THE MANAGERESS AND THE MIRAGE” BY ROBERT DREWE

Note: This story is set in Perth, Western Australia. Rottnest island lies 18km off the coast of Perth.

My father wasn't in his element in party hats. His head was too big; the mauve crepe-paper crown stretched around his wide forehead looked neither festive nor humorous, just faintly ridiculous. Annie and David and I sat embarrassed in silly hats as well. They were compulsory fun, Dad was definite about them. We'd always worn them at home and the normal Christmas dinner routine was being followed wherever possible. There was one major difference this Christmas: because our mother had died in July we were having dinner at the Seaview Hotel instead of at home. Consequently, we were observing several other minor variations on our traditional dinner: we ate roast turkey instead of the usual chicken and ham, and we children were allowed glasses of pink champagne alongside our glasses of lemonade.

When Dad suggested that we eat dinner at the hotel we agreed readily enough. Since July we'd had a middle-aged woman housekeeping for us. Her cooking was unexceptional, a depressing prospect for Christmas dinner, and anyway, without anyone spelling it out, this Christmas we wanted to keep the family unit tight and self-contained.

I caught Annie's and David's eyes from time to time, but they showed only a vague self-consciousness as we sat in the hotel dining room in our party hats and school uniforms, picking at our meals, gingerly sipping pink champagne and pulling crackers. Dad was becoming increasingly amiable, however, even hearty. It was clear to us that he was making an effort. He made 'Dad jokes' and we laughed at them, for him rather than with him, out of mutual support. He was trying hard for all our sakes. It had not dawned on me before that I loved him and the realisation was slightly embarrassing.

Soon he became the dining room's focus of attention. Selecting a plastic whistle from the cracker debris, he blew it gamely. Other nearby guests, observing us and seeing the lie of the land, smiled encouragingly at us and followed suit. An old fellow gave Annie his cracker toy. A fat man tickled his wife's nose with a feathered whistle; she balanced a champagne cork on his sunburnt head. Crackers popped and horns tooted. Above these antics a fan slowly revolved.

Beyond the high expanse of windows the ocean glistened into the west, where atmospheric conditions had magically turned Rottnest Island into three distinct islands. Annie was struck by the mysterious asymmetry of this illusion.

'It's gone wrong,' she said loudly, pointing out to sea. The other guests began murmuring about the phenomenon. Annie's plaits looked irregular; one was thicker than the other; Dad still hadn't mastered them. 'The lighthouse has gone,' she said.

'No, it's still there,' Dad insisted, and tried to explain mirages, mentioning deserts and oases. I knew the horizon was always twenty kilometres away, but I couldn't grasp the idea of shifting islands or the creation of non-existent ones. So thirsty people in deserts saw visions of water – why would people bursting with food and drink see visions of land?

As our plates were being removed our table drew special attention from the hotel manageress. A handsome dark-haired woman in her thirties, she clapped her hands authoritatively for more champagne, and more crackers for us to pull, and joined us for a drink, inquiring about our presents with oddly curious eyes. Dad introduced us.

She announced to me, 'You do look like your father, Max.' She remarked on Annie's pretty hair and on the importance of David looking after his new watch. Sportively, she donned a blue paper crown and looked at us over the rim of her champagne glass. As the plum pudding was being served she left the table and returned with gifts for us wrapped in gold paper – fountain pens for David and me, a doll for Annie. Surprised, we looked to Dad for confirmation.

He showed little surprise at the gifts, however, only polite gratitude, mentioning several times, 'Very, very kind of you.'

'Rex, it gave me pleasure,' the manageress said. 'They're a credit to you.' She called him Rex, not Mr Lang. His eyes were moist at her compliment. He lit a cigar and leaned back in his seat, crown askew, like Old King Cole. After desert (he and the manageress had brandies instead) and another cracker pulling we thanked her again for our presents, on his instructions, and he sent us outside while he paid the bill.

'Get some fresh air, kids,' he said.

We trooped out to the car park. Outside, the mirage persisted. Rottnest was still three oddly attenuated islands which seemed to be sailing south. The afternoon sea breeze was late and the temperature lingered in the nineties. The heat haze smudged the definition of the horizon and the Indian Ocean stretched out flat and slick before curving into the sky.

David said, 'Did you smell her perfume?' and made a face. Annie poked at her doll's eyes. 'I've got one like this called Amanda,' she said. We presumed who had given her the other doll, yet by unspoken agreement no one mentioned her. I knew the others were thinking that normally at this time we'd be unwrapping presents from the tree. She would play cheery Christmas records on the radiogram and run from the kitchen bringing us mints and nuts and little mince pies.

Eyes remained dry as we walked to the car. The car park was almost empty because of the bars being closed for Christmas. Asphalt bubbled, a broken beer glass from Christmas Eve sat on the verandah rail and the smell of stale beer settled over the beer garden. Around the garden's dusty, worn lawn, red and yellow hibiscuses wilted in the heat. Christmas was running short of breath. One after another, David, Annie and I snatched off our party hats, crumpled them and threw them on the ground.

The imaginary islands, showing smoky silhouettes of hills and tall trees, kept sailing south. From the car you could see into the hotel office. She was combing his hair where his party hat had ruffled it. He came out whistling 'Jingle Bells' and the stench of his cigar filled the car.

QUESTION 4

FICTION ANALYSIS

A. MATCH THE LITERARY DEVICES BELOW WITH THE EXAMPLES. (5 MARKS)

Oxymoron. Analogy. Simile. Personification. Idiom.

TEXTUAL EXAMPLE	LITERARY DEVICE
Lie of the land	Idiom
Like Old King Cole	Simile
Christmas was running short of breath	Personification
“The lighthouse has gone”	Analogy (i.e. mother)
They were compulsory fun	Oxymoron

MARKS

B. SHORT ANSWERS. (7 MARKS)

QUESTION	RESPONSE	MARKS
Who is telling the story?	Max	1
Find six examples of how life has changed for the children (½ mark each)	Mother has died. Christmas lunch at the Hotel. Turkey. Champagne. Annie’s plaits. Presents. The manageress.	3
What is symbolic of the children throwing their party hats on the ground?	The children are disappointed with Christmas. Lunch at the Seaview Hotel is not like Christmas at home with their mother. They sense abandonment or betrayal of memory by their father. They reject the new arrangements.	3

MARKS

C. INTERPRETATION (12 MARKS)

HOW DOES THE AUTHOR ROBERT DREWE USE LANDSCAPE AS A METAPHOR TO DEVELOP CONNEXIONS BETWEEN THE MANAGERESS AND THE MIRAGE? DISCUSS THIS IN APPROXIMATELY 200-WORDS.

MARKING CRITERION	SOUND	EFFECTIVE	SKILFUL	TOTAL
Overall quality of the writing	1	2	3	
Use of textual examples as evidence	1	2	3	
Textual analysis	1	2	3	
Overarching understanding of the use of the metaphor	1	2	3	
TOTAL				12

MARKS

The key idea to look for here is that the distortion of landscape is indicative of the distortion in their family life. Drewe refers to the mirage at least three times, particularly from the perspective of the children, who sense that something is not right.

The disappearing lighthouse is likewise an analogy for the absence of their mother. Their father, however, “insists” that Rotnest Island is still there, that all is fine.

The reader is expected to note that the children’s father has too quickly formed a connection to the Manageress (“She called him Rex, not Mr Lang”). By giving them presents she is essentially usurping the memory of their mother.

QUESTION 5

CREATIVE WRITING

WRITE A SHORT STORY WITH LANDSCAPE AT ITS CORE (21 MARKS)

Think of a piece of easily identifiable landscape: it could be a hill, a river, a cave, a valley, a plain, the beach...whatever you like. Create an excerpt from a short story that uses this landscape as a centrepiece. Your extract should focus on evoking the setting and using the setting symbolically through extended metaphor and/or pathetic fallacy to convey the message of your story.

You should try to write between 250-300 words. Make sure you include a Title that contributes to the effect of the story and conveys the central message or focus of the story.

MARKING CRITERION	SOUND	EFFECTIVE	SKILFUL	MARK
Effectiveness of title	1	2	3	
Expression and structure (spelling, punctuation, sentence structure)	0-2	3-4	5	
Use of Landscape as a central focus	1	2	3	
Use of language and imagery to evoke setting	0-2	3-4	5	
Symbolic use of setting through extended metaphor and/or pathetic fallacy to convey the message	0-2	3-4	5	
TOTAL				21

MARKS

END OF PAPER