



# ORANGE HIGH SCHOOL

## ASSESSMENT TASK NOTIFICATION

Task no.	Task 1- Imaginative Composition
Subject	English Extension 1
Topic	Literary Worlds
Class Teacher	Mrs Carrusca
Head Teacher	Miss Peasley
Year	12
Date Given	Wed Dec 4th 2024
Date Due	Wed Term 1, Week 3 2025 (first in-class lesson back from term break)
Weighting	30%

### Assessment Outline

Students will be provided with a stimulus which will offer a foundation for responses to the following questions:

- a) Use **ONE** image in the extract to inspire a composition in which you construct a literary world that offers a window into diverse personal journeys, cultures and ways of thinking. (600-700 words) 20 marks
- b) Analyse how you constructed a literary world in part (a) to reveal a window into diverse personal journeys, cultures and ways of thinking. (400-500 words) 10 marks

### On the day of the task students will:

- have 5 minutes reading time AND 60 minutes to write their responses
- be provided with a copy of the above questions
- be provided with ONE of the possible stimuli in the Appendix attached to this notification.
- not be allowed to bring preparation notes
- use their student number to identify their work

### Task preparation:

In preparation for this task, students are encouraged to:

- Read the stimuli carefully and identify the main ideas explored.
- Analyse the use of language in each stimulus and annotate representations relating to the questions.
- Research the work and style of the composer to better understand their purpose, form and use of imagery and language features.
- Draft possible responses to the questions for each stimulus.
- Review, edit and refine practice responses.
- Practise completing responses under time constraints.
- DRAFTS:** A plan of your composition for each question may be submitted by 31st January 2025. This may include a short section of a possible composition with a note outlining targeted questions for focused feedback.

**Non-completion of Task:**

If you know you are going to be away on the day that the task is due, you must make alternative arrangements with your teacher beforehand. If you are suddenly away on the day that the task is due, you must contact your teacher or Head Teacher on your return to school. Documentation will be required in both cases.

**Plagiarism:**

Plagiarism - the using of the work of others without acknowledgement - will incur serious penalties and may result in a zero award. Any cheating will also incur penalties. Refer to NESAs All My Own Work for information about academic integrity.

**Failure to follow the above procedures may result in a zero award.**

**The policies and procedures that are outlined in the assessment booklet will be followed regarding the non-completion of assessment tasks.**

**Outcomes Assessed**

EE12- 2 analyses and experiments with language forms, features and structures of complex texts, discerningly evaluating their effects on meaning for different purposes, audiences and contexts.

EE12- 4 critically evaluates how perspectives, including the cultural assumptions and values that underpin those perspectives, are represented in texts.

EE12- 5 reflects on and evaluates the development of their conceptual understanding and the independent and collaborative writing and creative processes

### Marking Criteria

<b>Imaginative Composition</b>	<b>Marks</b>
<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>▪ Composes a sophisticated and original imaginative composition that reflects a literary world that offers a window into diverse personal journeys, cultures and ways of thinking.</li><li>▪ Successfully implements deliberately chosen literary features to engage the reader's imagination and immerse them in the world of the composition.</li><li>▪ Communicates ideas cohesively and with precision through skilful use of form, structure and control of language appropriate to the audience and purpose.</li></ul>	17-20
<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>▪ Composes a successful imaginative composition that reflects a literary world that offers a window into diverse personal journeys, cultures and ways of thinking.</li><li>▪ Effectively utilises a variety of literary features to engage the reader's imagination and immerse them in the world of the composition.</li><li>▪ Communicates ideas with clarity through effective use of form, structure and control of language appropriate to the audience and purpose.</li></ul>	13-16
<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>▪ Composes a sound imaginative composition that reflects a literary world that offers a window into diverse personal journeys, cultures and ways of thinking.</li><li>▪ Clearly experiments with, and implements, some literary features to engage the reader's imagination and immerse them in the world of the composition.</li><li>▪ Communicates ideas through sound use of form, structure and control of language appropriate to the audience and purpose.</li></ul>	9-12
<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>▪ Composes an imaginative composition that attempts to reflect a literary world that offers a window into diverse personal journeys, cultures and ways of thinking.</li><li>▪ Attempts to implement literary features or techniques to engage the reader's imagination.</li><li>▪ Attempts to communicate ideas with basic control of language appropriate to the audience and purpose.</li></ul>	5-8
<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>▪ Composes a limited imaginative composition with minimal relevance to the question.</li><li>▪ Limited inclusion of literary features or techniques to engage the reader's imagination.</li><li>▪ Demonstrates minimal ability to communicate ideas appropriate to audience and purpose.</li></ul>	0-4

#### **Marker's Feedback:**

Critical Evaluation	Marks
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>▪ Successfully demonstrates an insightful understanding of how they have constructed a literary world that offers a window into diverse personal journeys, cultures and ways of thinking.</li> <li>▪ Provides a fluent and cohesive explanation of their implementation of deliberately chosen literary features to immerse the reader in the world of their composition.</li> <li>▪ Insightfully evaluates the writing process within the context of the Literary Worlds module</li> </ul>	9-10
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>▪ Effectively demonstrates a clear understanding of how they have constructed a literary world that offers a window into diverse personal journeys, cultures and ways of thinking.</li> <li>▪ Provides an effective explanation of their implementation of a variety of literary features to immerse the reader in the world of their composition.</li> <li>▪ Thoughtfully evaluates the writing process within the context of the Literary Worlds module</li> </ul>	7-8
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>▪ Demonstrates a sound understanding of how they have constructed a literary world that offers a window into diverse personal journeys, cultures and ways of thinking.</li> <li>▪ Provides a sound explanation of their implementation of some literary features and language techniques to shape meaning</li> <li>▪ Attempts to evaluate the writing process within the context of the Literary Worlds module</li> </ul>	5-6
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>▪ Demonstrates a limited understanding of how they have presented ideas relevant to the question</li> <li>▪ Provides basic description of features implemented to shape meaning</li> <li>▪ Describes aspects of the writing process</li> </ul>	3-4
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>▪ Demonstrates little or no understanding of how they have presented ideas</li> <li>▪ Provides minimal reference to the features implemented to shape meaning</li> <li>▪ Demonstrates little or no consideration of the writing process</li> </ul>	1-2

**Marker's Feedback:**

## APPENDIX

### Possible Stimulus 1: Novel extract from 'The Road' by Cormac McCarthy

With the first gray light he rose and left the boy sleeping and walked out to the road and squatted and studied the country to the south. Barren, silent, godless. He thought the month was October but he wasn't sure. He hadn't kept a calendar for years. They were moving south. There'd be no surviving another winter here.

When it was light enough to use the binoculars he glassed the valley below. Everything paling away into the murk. The soft ash blowing in loose swirls over the blacktop. He studied what he could see. The segments of road down there among the dead trees. Looking for anything of color. Any movement. Any trace of standing smoke. He lowered the glasses and pulled down the cotton mask from his face and wiped his nose on the back of his wrist and then glassed the country again. Then he just sat there holding the binoculars and watching the ashen daylight congeal over the land. He knew only that the child was his warrant. He said: If he is not the word of God God never spoke.

When he got back the boy was still asleep. He pulled the blue plastic tarp off of him and folded it and carried it out to the grocery cart and packed it and came back with their plates and some cornmeal cakes in a plastic bag and a plastic bottle of syrup. He spread the small tarp they used for a table on the ground and laid everything out and he took the pistol from his belt and laid it on the cloth and then he just sat watching the boy sleep. He'd pulled away his mask in the night and it was buried somewhere in the blankets. He watched the boy and he looked out through the trees toward the road. This was not a safe place. They could be seen from the road now it was day. The boy turned in the blankets. Then he opened his eyes.

Hi, Papa, he said.

I'm right here.

I know.

**Possible Stimulus 2:** Novel extract from 'The Ministry of Utmost Happiness' by Arundhati Roy

She lived in the graveyard like a tree. At dawn she saw the crows off and welcomed the bats home. At dusk she did the opposite. Between shifts she conferred with the ghosts of vultures that loomed in her high branches. She felt the gentle grip of their talons like an ache in an amputated limb. She gathered they weren't altogether unhappy at having excused themselves and exited from the story.

When she first moved in, she endured months of casual cruelty like a tree would – without flinching. She didn't turn to see which small boy had thrown a stone at her, didn't crane her neck to read the insults scratched into her bark. When people called her names – clown without a circus, queen without a palace – she let the hurt blow through her branches like a breeze and used the music of her rustling leaves as balm to ease the pain.

It was only after Ziauddin, the blind imam who had once led the prayers in the Fatehpuri Masjid, befriended her and began to visit her that the neighbourhood decided it was time to leave her in peace.

Long ago a man who knew English told her that her name written backwards (in English) spelled Majnu. In the English version of the story of Laila and Majnu, he said, Majnu was called Romeo and Laila was Juliet. She found that hilarious. "You mean I've made a *khichdi* of their story?" she asked. "What will they do when they find that Laila may actually be Majnu and Romi was really Juli?" The next time he saw her, the Man Who Knew English said he'd made a mistake. Her name spelled backwards would be Mujna, which wasn't a name and meant nothing at all. To this she said, "It doesn't matter. I'm all of them, I'm Romi and Juli, I'm Laila and Majnu. *And* Mujna, why not? Who says my name is Anjum? I'm not Anjum, I'm Anjuman. I'm a *mehfil*, I'm a gathering. Of everybody and nobody, of everything and nothing. Is there anyone else you would like to invite? Everyone's invited."

The Man Who Knew English said it was clever of her to come up with that one. He said he'd never have thought of it himself. She said, "How could you have, with your standard of Urdu? What d'you think? English makes you clever automatically?"

He laughed. She laughed at his laugh. They shared a filter cigarette. He complained that Wills Navy Cut cigarettes were short and stumpy and simply not worth the price. She said she preferred them any day to Four Square or the very manly Red & White.

She didn't remember his name now. Perhaps she never knew it. He was long gone, the Man Who Knew English, to wherever he had to go. And she was living in the graveyard behind the government hospital. For company she had her steel Godrej almirah in which she kept her music – scratched records and tapes – an old harmonium, her clothes, jewellery, her father's poetry books, her photo albums and a few press clippings that had survived the fire at the Khwabgah. She hung the key around her neck on a black thread along with her bent silver toothpick. She slept on a threadbare Persian carpet that she locked up in the day and unrolled between two graves at night (as a private joke, never the same two on consecutive nights). She still smoked. Still Navy Cut.

One morning, while she read the newspaper aloud to him, the old imam, who clearly hadn't been listening, asked – affecting a casual air – "Is it true that even the Hindus among you are buried, not cremated?"

Sensing trouble, she prevaricated. "True? Is what true? What is Truth?"

Unwilling to be deflected from his line of inquiry, the imam muttered a mechanical response. "Sach Khuda hai. Khuda hi Sach hai." Truth is God. God is Truth. The sort of wisdom that was available on the backs of the painted trucks that roared down the highways. Then he narrowed his blindgreen eyes and asked in a slygreen whisper: "Tell me, you people, when you die, where do they bury you? Who bathes the bodies? Who says the prayers?"

Anjum said nothing for a long time. Then she leaned across and whispered back, untree-like, "Imam Sahib, when people speak of colour – red, blue, orange, when they describe the sky at sunset, or moonrise during Ramzaan – what goes through your mind?"

Having wounded each other thus, deeply, almost mortally, the two sat quietly side by side on someone's sunny grave, haemorrhaging. Eventually it was Anjum who broke the silence.

"You tell me," she said.

That day the imam's visit ended earlier than usual. Anjum watched him leave, tap-tap-tapping his way through the graves, his seeing-eye cane making music as it encountered the empty booze bottles and discarded syringes that littered his path. She didn't stop him. She knew he'd be back. No matter how elaborate its charade, she recognised loneliness when she saw it. She sensed that in some strange tangential way, he needed her shade as much as she needed his.

**Possible Stimulus 3:** Poem extract from 'Howl' by Allen Ginsberg

II

What sphinx of cement and aluminum bashed open their skulls  
and ate up their brains and imagination?  
Moloch! Solitude! Filth! Ugliness! Ashcans and unobtainable  
dollars! Children screaming under the stairways! Boys sobbing  
in armies! Old men weeping in the parks!  
Moloch! Moloch! Nightmare of Moloch! Moloch the loveless!  
Mental Moloch! Moloch the heavy judger of men!  
Moloch the incomprehensible prison! Moloch the crossbone  
soulless jailhouse and Congress of sorrows! Moloch whose  
buildings are judgment! Moloch the vast stone of war! Moloch  
the stunned governments!  
Moloch whose mind is pure machinery! Moloch whose blood is  
running money! Moloch whose fingers are ten armies! Moloch  
whose breast is a cannibal dynamo! Moloch whose ear is a  
smoking tomb!  
Moloch whose eyes are a thousand blind windows! Moloch whose  
skyscrapers stand in the long streets like endless Jehovahs!  
Moloch whose factories dream and croak in the fog! Moloch  
whose smoke-stacks and antennae crown the cities!  
Moloch whose love is endless oil and stone! Moloch whose soul is  
electricity and banks! Moloch whose poverty is the specter of  
genius! Moloch whose fate is a cloud of sexless hydrogen!  
Moloch whose name is the Mind!  
Moloch in whom I sit lonely! Moloch in whom I dream Angels!  
Crazy in Moloch! Cocksucker in Moloch! Lacklove and  
manless in Moloch!  
Moloch who entered my soul early! Moloch in whom I am a  
consciousness without a body! Moloch who frightened me out  
of my natural ecstasy! Moloch whom I abandon! Wake up in  
Moloch! Light streaming out of the sky!  
Moloch! Moloch! Robot apartments! invisible suburbs! skeleton  
treasuries! blind capitals! demonic industries! spectral nations!  
invincible madhouses! granite cocks! monstrous bombs!  
They broke their backs lifting Moloch to Heaven! Pavements,  
trees, radios, tons! lifting the city to Heaven which exists and  
is everywhere about us!  
Visions! omens! hallucinations! miracles! ecstasies! gone down  
the American river!  
Dreams! adorations! illuminations! religions! the whole boatload  
of sensitive bullshit!  
Breakthroughs! over the river! flips and crucifixions! gone down  
the flood! Highs! Epiphanies! Despairs! Ten years' animal  
screams and suicides! Minds! New loves! Mad generation!  
down on the rocks of Time!  
Real holy laughter in the river! They saw it all! the wild eyes! the  
holy yells! They bade farewell! They jumped off the roof! to  
solitude! waving! carrying flowers! Down to the river! into the  
street!