



Government  
of South Australia

**SACE** | South Australian  
Board of SA | Certificate of Education

*The external assessment requirements of this subject are listed on page 7.*

# English Literary Studies

## 2017 Sample paper

### Question Booklet

- **Critical Reading** (Question 1)
- Answer *all* parts of Question 1
- Write your answers in the separate script book
- Attach your SACE registration number label to the separate script book

### Examination information

#### Materials

- one question booklet
- one 8-page script book
- one SACE registration number label

#### Reading time

- 10 minutes
- You may make notes on scribbling paper

#### Writing time

- 1½ hours
- Use black or blue pen

**Total marks 30**

Read the following texts carefully and answer Question 1 on page 5.

## TEXT 1

### Harry Ramsden's Express, Glasgow, by Victor Lewis-Smith

Few people realise that the inspiration for Jean-Paul Sartre's *Being And Nothingness* came to him in a Paris cafe, when he asked the waitress for a cup of coffee with no cream. "I'm sorry," she replied, "we're out of cream. How about with no milk?" And thus a philosophical masterpiece was born.

Similar paradoxical signals were emanating from the staff of the Harry Ramsden's franchise at Glasgow airport. Their "Happy to help" badges contrasted sharply with their "Don't dare ask me" expressions, and although they displayed a huge sign reading, "We don't have comment cards ... but it is our pledge to listen", they ignored my enquiries, being far too busy examining their complexions in the reflection from the deep-fat fryer.

"Do you use the same techniques and ingredients as the original Harry Ramsden's in Yorkshire?" was what I wished to ascertain, but it was clear that they neither knew nor cared about such ancient gastronomic history. Well, when you're 18, I suppose you're more concerned with a philosophical paradox of your own: why are the same hormones that make you desperate for a girlfriend also giving you a baked bean face, thereby making it impossible to find a partner? Life doesn't get much crueller than that.

During my own baked bean face years, I spent a lot of time queueing with other regulars (around the block, if need be) to get a table at the original Ramsden's in Guiseley.

On cold days, the aroma was better than any aperitif I've encountered, because Harry had cracked the secret of this classic British dish. The Belgians have perfected the art of double-fried chips, while the Japanese are expert at fish and tempura. But he'd combined the two techniques

to produce crisp, delicate food that was rich without being greasy, cooked in traditional, delicious, artery-hardening, ventricle-clogging beef dripping. Just as it should be.

So here I was in a rusty chain at Glasgow airport (a gastronomic necropolis within an aviational metropolis), which not only served as a grotesque parody of the original food, but even had the gall to mimic the original interior and to display photos of the Guiseley restaurant in its 1930s heyday. However, instead of ceramic tiles, we had melamine. Instead of marble, we had more melamine. And, by rights, the synthetic staff should all have been called Melamine, too.

As for my fish, it looked as though it was ill. The airless, brick-like batter didn't even cover the fillet (although protecting the flesh from excessive heat and grease is its primary function), and it shattered like theatrical glass when prodded with a knife. Within was something that smelt of the Aswan Dam and resembled the scabrous scrapings from the gut of a long-dead whale, and the only saving grace was that my "portion" was smaller than a child's — a sort of genetically-modified fish finger. The mushy peas were at least edible, but the chips were limp and pallid, and (something Harry would never have allowed) there wasn't even the chance to wash it down with a refreshing glass of Vimto — a drink that would have been appropriate here, because it anagrams into "vomit".

Soon afterwards, out of a sense of fairness, I visited another Harry Ramsden's "Express" at a Moto service station on the M6, in case the Glasgow fiasco had been a one-off aberration. But no, this one was equally atrocious, because that's the problem with fast food franchises: they're all using the same prefabricated ingredients and the same automatic equipment, so if the central concept is flawed, the results will be uniformly dreadful.

Source: Adapted from Victor Lewis-Smith, 'Harry Ramsden's Express, Glasgow', *The Guardian*, [www.theguardian.com](http://www.theguardian.com), viewed 29 March 2016

## An Unforgettable Tagine in Morocco by Laila Lalami

Moha, who wanted to be our guide, said it was an easy hike to the Bridge of God. But he looked about 15 and spoke in a timid voice that made me doubt how easy it would really be. We were at the trailhead in Akchour, a small village nestled in the Rif Mountains in northern Morocco. “How long will it take?” my daughter asked.

I translated her question into Arabic for Moha. “It depends how fast we walk,” he replied. “With small children, three or four hours.” The adults in our party were eager to do the hike; the children, not so much. Something is always lost in translation, but as Salman Rushdie once put it, something can also be gained. “Only a couple of hours,” I said in English.

We followed Moha down the trail toward the river. Its banks were so narrow that we had to hold onto tree limbs and scramble over mossy rocks to make our way. In places, we waded into the water, which was chilly, even in August.

After we’d labored for several miles, after the children had asked for the 10th time whether we were there yet, we finally saw, rising 80 feet above the river, a red rock formation that resembled an arch. This was Qantarat Sidi-Rabbi, the Bridge of God. A breathtaking sight.

Then I noticed a blue sign hanging from a tree branch. “Welcome to Bridge of God,” it said. Behind it was a wooden shack, with an open terrace. A cafe, here! There were no tables or chairs or menus or waiters, just a cook with earthenware dishes and a barbecue pit.

While the children changed into their swimsuits and went back into the river, he made us a kefta tagine, a simple dish I had had many times when I was growing up. Traditionally it is made with lamb, but that day he used beef, which he rolled into meatballs and left to simmer in a red tomato sauce. When the meat was ready, he removed the tagine from the fire and cracked three eggs over it, letting the remaining heat bake them.

After the children came back from their swim, the cook brought us a pitcher of water to wash our hands. Moha joined us as we sat in a circle around the tagine, which we ate in the old way — with our fingers. Eating from a communal dish was a habit I had lost when I left home, but now I could once again share my meal with others beside me, touch the food that I was about to eat, feel the heat of a piece of a meat long before I brought it to my mouth.

I couldn’t help thinking about my eating habits in Los Angeles, where I live now. Everything is organic or 100 percent this or that. At restaurants, waiters clear our plates the minute we’re finished eating. We’re always rushing, removing ourselves from the experience of food. A meal can turn into a task. But on that summer afternoon, it seemed to me that with each bite I was returning to a time when food was shared, with family and strangers alike.

The cook was out of mint, so he made us rosemary tea, which we drank after the tagine was cleared. As we made our way back to the trailhead, neither of the children asked how long it would take. There, on the banks of the Oued Farda, it was as if we had all the time in the world.

Source: Laila Lalami, ‘An Unforgettable Tagine in Morocco’, *New York Times Magazine*,  
www.nytimes.com, viewed 29 March 2016

## Moby Dick Chapter 15, Chowder by Herman Melville

It was quite late in the evening when the little Moss came snugly to anchor, and Queequeg and I went ashore; so we could attend to no business that day, at least none but a supper and a bed. The landlord of the Spouter-Inn had recommended us to his cousin Hosea Hussey of the Try Pots, whom he asserted to be the proprietor of one of the best kept hotels in all Nantucket, and moreover he had assured us that Cousin Hosea, as he called him, was famous for his chowders. In short, he plainly hinted that we could not possibly do better than try pot-luck at the Try Pots.

I was called from these reflections by the sight of a freckled woman with yellow hair and a yellow gown, standing in the porch of the inn, under a dull red lamp swinging there, that looked much like an injured eye, and carrying on a brisk scolding with a man in a purple woollen shirt.

“Get along with ye,” said she to the man, “or I’ll be combing ye!”

“Come on, Queequeg,” said I, “all right. There’s Mrs. Hussey.”

And so it turned out; Mr. Hosea Hussey being from home, but leaving Mrs. Hussey entirely competent to attend to all his affairs. Upon making known our desires for a supper and a bed, Mrs. Hussey, postponing further scolding for the present, ushered us into a little room, and seating us at a table spread with the relics of a recently concluded repast, turned round to us and said- “Clam or Cod?”

“What’s that about Cods, ma’am?” said I, with much politeness.

“Clam or Cod?” she repeated.

“A clam for supper? a cold clam; is that what you mean, Mrs. Hussey?” says I, “but that’s a rather cold and clammy reception in the winter time, ain’t it, Mrs. Hussey?”

But being in a great hurry to resume scolding the man in the purple shirt who was waiting for it in the entry, and seeming to hear nothing but the word “clam,” Mrs. Hussey hurried towards an open door leading to the kitchen, and bawling out “clam for two,” disappeared.

“Queequeg,” said I, “do you think that we can make a supper for us both on one clam?”

However, a warm savoury steam from the kitchen served to belie the apparently cheerless prospect before us. But when that smoking chowder came in, the mystery was delightfully explained. Oh! sweet friends, hearken to me. It was made of small juicy clams, scarcely bigger than hazel nuts, mixed with pounded ship biscuits, and salted pork cut up into little flakes! the whole enriched with butter, and plentifully seasoned with pepper and salt. Our appetites being sharpened by the frosty voyage, and in particular, Queequeg seeing his favourite fishing food before him, and the chowder being surpassingly excellent, we despatched it with great expedition: when leaning back a moment and bethinking me of Mrs. Hussey’s clam and cod announcement, I thought I would try a little experiment. Stepping to the kitchen door, I uttered the word “cod” with great emphasis, and resumed my seat. In a few moments the savoury steam came forth again, but with a different flavour, and in good time a fine cod-chowder was placed before us.

We resumed business; and while plying our spoons in the bowl, thinks I to myself, I wonder now if this here has any effect on the head? What’s that stultifying saying about chowder-headed people? “But look, Queequeg, ain’t that a live eel in your bowl? Where’s your harpoon?”

Fishest of all fishy places was the Try Pots, which well-deserved its name; for the pots there were always boiling chowders. Chowder for breakfast, and chowder for dinner, and chowder for supper, till you began to look for fish-bones coming through your clothes.

Source: Excerpts from Herman Melville, *Moby Dick*, Chapter 15,  
www.online-literature.com/melville/mobydick, viewed 29 March 2016

### Question 1

*Your answers must refer to the texts as indicated. You must answer **all** parts of the question.*

- (a) Choose one of the texts and show how the author uses the setting to reinforce ideas. (one paragraph)
- (b) Choose one of the texts and show how the author creates tone. (one paragraph)
- (c) What is the significance of food in two of the texts? (two or more paragraphs)
- (d) Compare the ways in which the authors of the three texts explore ideas other than food. (two or more paragraphs)

SACE  
BOARD  
OF SOUTH  
AUSTRALIA

## **2017 SAMPLE ENGLISH LITERARY STUDIES PAPER**

The purpose of this sample paper is to show the structure of the English Literary Studies examination and the style of questions that may be used. The following extract is from the 2017 subject outline for English Literary Studies:

### **EXTERNAL ASSESSMENT**

#### **Assessment Type 3: Text Study (30%)**

The external assessment is divided into two sections, Part A and Part B.

##### **Part A: Comparative Text Study (15%)**

A comparative text study that compares one of the texts studied in the shared studies with another text individually chosen by the student, in a response of a maximum of 1500 words. This response is a critical essay, in which the two texts are discussed in relation to each other. Students frame their own question and develop their response during the year, and submit the completed response for external assessment.

Teachers and external assessors appointed by the SACE Board assess the comparative text study, with reference to the performance standards.

The following specific features of the assessment design criteria for this subject are assessed in the comparative text study.

- knowledge and understanding — KU1, KU2, and KU3
- analysis — An1, An2, and An3
- application — Ap2 and Ap3

##### **Part B: Critical Reading (15%)**

A critical reading of one or more short texts. The short texts may be in a variety of forms (e.g. prose, fiction, non-fiction, poetry, texts with graphic or visual elements, or excerpts from film or soundtracks).

The critical reading is a 90-minute examination developed by the SACE Board.

The following specific features of the assessment design criteria for this subject may be assessed in the examination:

- knowledge and understanding — KU1, KU2, and KU3
- analysis — An1, An2, and An3
- application — Ap2 and Ap3.

It is anticipated that from 2018 students will submit the comparative text study electronically. It is anticipated that from 2018 students will use word processors to complete the 90-minute examination.

*Source: English Literary Studies 2017 Subject Outline Stage 2, pp 14–5, on the SACE website, [www.sace.sa.edu.au](http://www.sace.sa.edu.au)*

