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BRITISH
COLUMBIA

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English 12

JANUARY 2004

Course Code = EN

Student Instructions

1. Place the stickers with your Personal Education Number (PEN) in the allotted spaces above. **Under no circumstance is your name or identification, other than your Personal Education Number, to appear on this booklet.**
2. Ensure that in addition to this examination booklet, you have a **Readings Booklet** and an **Examination Response Form**. Follow the directions on the front of the Response Form.
3. **Disqualification** from the examination will result if you bring books, paper, notes or unauthorized electronic devices into the examination room.
4. When instructed to open this booklet, **check the numbering of the pages** to ensure that they are numbered in sequence from page one to the last page, which is identified by

END OF EXAMINATION

.
5. At the end of the examination, place your Response Form inside the front cover of this booklet and return the booklet and your Response Form to the supervisor.
6. Before you respond to the question on page 11, **circle** the number corresponding to the topic you have chosen:
2a or 2b.

Question 1								
Poetry								
Marker 1								
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Question 2a								
Prose								
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Question 2b								
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Question 3								
Essay								
Marker 1								
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ENGLISH 12

JANUARY 2004

COURSE CODE = EN

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS

1. Electronic devices, including dictionaries and pagers, are **not** permitted in the examination room.
2. All multiple-choice answers must be entered on the Response Form using an **HB pencil**. Multiple-choice answers entered in this examination booklet will **not** be marked.
3. For each of the written-response questions, write your answer in **ink** in the space provided in this booklet.

Adequate writing space has been provided for average-sized writing. Do **not** attempt to determine the length of your answers by the amount of writing space available. You may not need to use all the allotted space for your answers.

4. Ensure that you use language and content appropriate to the purpose and audience of this examination. Failure to comply may result in your paper being awarded a zero.
5. This examination is designed to be completed in **two hours**. *Students may, however, take up to 30 minutes of additional time to finish.*

ENGLISH 12 PROVINCIAL EXAMINATION

	Value	Suggested Time
1. This examination consists of four parts:		
PART A: Editing and Proofreading Skills	10	10
PART B: Interpretation of Literature: Poetry	20	25
PART C: Interpretation of Literature: Prose	33	45
PART D: Original Composition	24	40
	Total:	
	87 marks	120 minutes
2. The Readings Booklet contains the prose and poetry passages you will need to answer certain questions on this examination.		

PART A: EDITING AND PROOFREADING SKILLS

Total Value: 10 marks

Suggested Time: 10 minutes

INSTRUCTIONS: The following passage has been divided into numbered sentences which may contain problems in grammar, usage, word choice, spelling, or punctuation. One or more sentences may be correct. No sentence contains more than one error.

If you find an error, select the underlined part that must be changed in order to make the sentence correct and record your choice on the Response Form provided. Using an HB pencil, completely fill in the circle that corresponds to your answer. If there is no error, completely fill in circle D (no error).

When Lightning Strikes

1. Stupendous bolts of electricity come hurtling from the sky roughly five million
(A)
times per day, considering that there are roughly 2000 storms at any one time, it's remarkable
(B) (C)
more people aren't killed or injured. (D) no error
2. Detection systems in Canada and around the world are now helping to reduce the risk by sensing
(A) (B)
every bolt, logging its location, and recording their timing. (D) no error
(C)
3. Although we have drastically improved our ability to forecast severe storms, we have by no means
(A)
tamed this primal and powerful force, one of nature's most gravest hazards. (D) no error
(B) (C)
4. With electrical charges of over a million volts and the explosive affects of intense heat reaching
(A) (B)
30 000 degrees, lightning can blow apart trees or blast the bricks off buildings. (D) no error
(C)
5. Fortunately, most skyscrapers, bridges, and industrial plants today have lightning rods built
(A)
into their designs. These rods are designed to "catch" bolts and direct their
(B)
currents safely to the ground. (D) no error
(C)

6. For example, even the steel reinforcing rods in Toronto’s CN Tower — which is
(A)
struck by lightning some 200 times a year — are thoroughly grounded. Causing
(B) (C)
little structural damage. (D) no error
7. “Some things, however, can’t be protected.” says Neville Ohm, a leading expert
(A)
in the field. “Lightning ignites approximately 4000 forest fires a year in
(B)
Canada, burning more than two million hectares.” (D) no error
(C)
8. Obviously, trees, towers, and high places are likely targets, but even the
flattest prairie will attract bolts. It is clear that no place is absolutely safe from
(A)
lightning; large enclosed areas being safer than the outdoors. (D) no error
(B) (C)
9. Lightning poses a considerable risk to humans, and although most people are
(A)
knowledgeable about protecting themselves, the consequences of lightning injuries on the
(B)
human body remains a complex medical challenge. (D) no error
(C)
10. When lightning strikes a person, the current passes over the skin, which may or may not burn.
(A)
It then travels throughout the nervous system, causing cardiac arrest, blindness,
(B)
coma, and can create lasting emotional problems. (D) no error
(C)

OVER

PART B: POETRY

Total Value: 20 marks

Suggested Time: 25 minutes

INSTRUCTIONS: Read the poem “Railway Club Blues” on page 1 in the **Readings Booklet**. Select the **best** answer for each question and record your choice on the Response Form provided.

11. Which stylistic device is used in lines 1, 10 and 19?
- A. rhyme
 - B. repetition
 - C. parallelism
 - D. euphemism
12. Line 2, “the reborn club becomes a lazy train,” contains an example of
- A. simile.
 - B. paradox.
 - C. metaphor.
 - D. hyperbole.
13. Lines 5 and 6, “the whitewashed girls the boys like cockatoos / with shaven heads and crests of orange hair,” contain examples of
- A. conflict.
 - B. imagery.
 - C. apostrophe.
 - D. personification.
14. The words “*de rigueur*” (line 8) are italicized to indicate
- A. emphasis.
 - B. a technical term.
 - C. a foreign language.
 - D. inappropriate language.

15. What does the phrase “in limbo” (line 11) suggest?
- A. a railway term
 - B. a type of dance
 - C. a suspended state
 - D. a specific location
16. Line 12, “and now meets then in tipsy stalemate,” implies that the past and the present are
- A. always separated.
 - B. permanently fused.
 - C. temporarily unbalanced.
 - D. momentarily connected.
17. Which of the following best describes the “ancient dance” in line 17 ?
- A. A form of jazz
 - B. Musical chords
 - C. Timeless ritual
 - D. Forgotten traditions
18. The “boundaries” in line 27 are described as “cardboard” to indicate that they are
- A. non-existent.
 - B. cheaply made.
 - C. firmly established.
 - D. of no real consequence.

PART C: PROSE

Total Value: 33 marks

Suggested Time: 45 minutes

INSTRUCTIONS: Read the story entitled “And Summer Is Gone” on pages 2 to 4 in the **Readings Booklet**. Select the **best** answer for each question and record your choice on the Response Form provided.

19. In the context of the story, the title indicates
- A. the aging process.
 - B. a loss of friendship.
 - C. the end of a season.
 - D. the title of a painting.
20. Which literary device is contained in the phrase “tumbling, tangled blond-brown hair”? (paragraph 2)
- A. allusion
 - B. oxymoron
 - C. alliteration
 - D. onomatopoeia
21. In paragraph 7, what does the word “irate” mean?
- A. angry
 - B. deranged
 - C. impatient
 - D. unfriendly
22. Paragraph 12 suggests that David is
- A. attracted to Amy.
 - B. paralyzed by fear.
 - C. becoming popular.
 - D. moving differently.

23. Why does Amy not associate with David at school?
- A. He is artistic.
 - B. He is more mature.
 - C. She has a boyfriend.
 - D. She wants to be popular.
24. In paragraph 23, Amy recognizes that David's picture is
- A. ironic.
 - B. stupid.
 - C. hideous.
 - D. symbolic.
25. In paragraph 27, David realizes that Amy
- A. is jealous.
 - B. never existed.
 - C. is no longer his.
 - D. had never been his.
26. What point of view is used in this story?
- A. objective
 - B. omniscient
 - C. first person
 - D. limited omniscient
27. The tone of the story is primarily
- A. gloomy.
 - B. uplifting.
 - C. resentful.
 - D. bittersweet.

Organization and Planning

Organization and Planning

PART D: ORIGINAL COMPOSITION

Value: 24 marks

Suggested Time: 40 minutes

INSTRUCTIONS: Using standard English, write a coherent, unified, multi-paragraph (**3 or more paragraphs**) composition of approximately **300** words on the **topic** below. In your composition, you may apply any effective and appropriate method of development which includes **any combination** of exposition, persuasion, description, and narration.

Use the page headed **Organization and Planning** for your rough work. Write your composition in **ink** on the pages headed **Finished Work**.

3. Write a multi-paragraph composition on the **topic** below. In addressing the **topic**, consider all possibilities. You may draw support from the experiences of others or from any aspect of your life: your reading and your experiences. Remember, you do not have to accept the basic premise of the statement.

Topic:

Our views of the past change as we mature.

FINISHED WORK

END OF EXAMINATION

1st

2nd

ENGLISH 12
READINGS BOOKLET
JANUARY 2004

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PART B: POETRY

INSTRUCTIONS: Read the following passage and answer the questions on pages 4 to 7 of the written-response booklet.

Railway Club Blues

by Pete Trower

1 On jazz-lost afternoons
 the reborn club becomes a lazy train
 I journey through the past along the pints
 among the punks who propagate the game
5 the whitewashed girls the boys like cockatoos
 with shaven heads and crests of orange hair
 strange children of the simple punks we were
 when drapes¹ and duck-ass hair were *de rigueur*
 and we were heroes of another year

10 On jazz-lost afternoons
 in limbo where the time has gone awry
 and now meets then in tipsy stalemate
 I quiver on the brink of something else
 their clothes are odd their attitudes obscure
15 and yet their faces stir
 a kindred memory a common chord
 how deftly they repeat the ancient dance
 how surely do the cadences recur

 On jazz-lost afternoons
20 Fraser McPherson ambles to his seat
 Oliver Gannon takes his chosen place
 the golden saxophone the fleet guitar
 create an incandescent interface
 they play *Rosetta* *JaDa* *Easy Street*
25 the club swings softly to the gentle beat
 even aloof punk rockers tap their feet
 and all the cardboard boundaries are erased.

¹drapes: *baggy clothes fashionable in the 1940s*

OVER

PART C: PROSE

INSTRUCTIONS: Read the following selection and answer the questions on pages 8 to 13 of the written-response booklet.

adapted from **And Summer Is Gone**

by Susie Kretschmer

- 1 We're both sophomores¹ in high school now. I'm fifteen; she'll be sixteen in a week. I know when her birthday is, of course, just as she knows mine. Birthdays don't change.
- 2 Almost sixteen, yeah, but I can still see her the summer I turned twelve; the day we first met, the day I moved into the newly built house at the end of her street. I was standing half-asleep in the sunlight, looking in despair at the expanse of bare dirt that purported to be our lawn. And suddenly she was there in front of me, all buck teeth and gangling legs and tumbling, tangled blond-brown hair, tall as I was and unafraid to claim every inch² of it.
- 3 "Hi, I'm Amy," she said, jumping agilely over the exposed water meter and looking right into my face.
- 4 "I'm David," I mumbled, but I couldn't help smiling, answering her frankly appraising stare with my own.
- 5 Two hours later we were covered with mud, in the midst of a great canal-digging project in the bare gravelly dirt of my "lawn." She landscaped it with wildflowers from the drainage ditch behind our houses and asked if I'd ever been to the creek. I said no, and she showed it to me.
- 6 We were friends from then on, best friends that summer. She lived three houses down from me: If I knelt on the edge of the sink in the upstairs bathroom and craned my neck, I could see the lights of her house. I knew how far it was exactly, because with two tin cans and three balls of string we had once run a message line from her house to mine.
- 7 The phones hadn't worked, of course, and the irate lady who lived in the house in between ordered it dismantled at once—pieces of it are still probably tangled in the weeds of the drainage ditch—but I remember how it felt to have that line stretching between us, connecting us even though we were apart, for that was how I always felt with her.
- 8 She showed me the creek and we spent most of our summers there, wading in the current, catching crawdads and minnows with my parents' abducted spaghetti colander, building dams and then pushing out the one stone that would send the water flooding through. We dug up creek clay and made pots, and painted ourselves wildly with its blue streaks, pretending to be...Aztecs, or Mayas. I remember her standing in the algae-green water that first summer, her long, tanned legs half wet and shiny, half dry with the cracking clay stripes and dots of an Aztec king.
- 9 We took out every book in the library on Aztecs and Mayas. I was an artist, always had been, and I would paint in their style—in reds, oranges, and rusts, on the rocks by the creek—geometric designs

¹sophomores: *American equivalent of grade 10*

²inch: *2.5 cm*

and the Nine Lords of the Night. Amy would build little pyramids of clay. My tempera³ always washed away with the next rain, and Amy's pyramids would dissolve when the water rose, but we were content to make them new each time.

- 10 And sometimes we would just sit by the creek in the sun. When she grinned, her newly acquired braces would gleam; she'd sit patiently with her mouth open while I peered into it with clinical interest, and we'd shoot her rubber bands at each other. In the summer, she was mine alone, and I was hers.
- 11 But she hardly spoke to me at school, ever. I thought a million times that I understood why. Her female friends were the sort that are almost popular, those who get invited to every party but never give any, those who carry gossip but never provoke it, extras surrounding the popular ones for atmosphere and dramatic staging. All of them had names that ended in *-i*, and they all dotted their *i*'s with circles: Kelli, Lori, Shelli, Tammi, Lani, Terri—and Ami. Though Amy wore cutoffs and grungy T-shirts in the summer, during the school year her clothes were the same as theirs.
- 12 She moved differently, when she came back to me that summer between seventh and eighth grade. She'd always been more agile than I was, scrambling up on the bluffs far ahead of me, but the way she moved was different now. No buck-toothed, lanky colt-girl now, but curvy and lithe, proportioned as a woman, not a child. And it disturbed me, upset my world—and I liked it. So I would follow her on the bluffs despite my paralyzing fear of heights, and when she took my hand to pull me up over the edge I liked her touch. It was no longer merely the pleasant, reassuring touch of a friend, but something electric as well.
- 13 Yet as her body changed, she herself changed. No longer would she wade with me, or wrestle on the couch, and she refused to play pretend games any more. She got rid of her dress-up clothes some time in seventh grade, and by this, the third summer, they were gone. Well, I hid mine, too; and I hid away my wooden swords since she'd no longer duel with me. She stopped eating around me, too. We had both been famous for the amount of food we could consume and had demolished entire bags of chocolate chips and monstrous salads together. But now she complained she was fat and affected to eat little. She didn't look fat to me, but she said she was. Increasingly, the popular names crept into her conversation. She always wanted to talk about the people in our grade, but only the ones she knew—and I hardly knew any of them. She stopped listening to her Simon and Garfunkel records, replacing them with Duran Duran.
- 14 So we lay on her living room floor and watched old movies, and I learned to curb my satirical remarks, for what she would once have laughed at had become serious to her now. We went less and less often to the creek.
- 15 I spent more time on my art, alone, and didn't show it to her, for she didn't want to see it anymore. And in August she went away to camp. She came back the day before school started and never did call me. And I was alone.
- 16 I'd always been alone at school, with a few acquaintances good enough to talk to between classes, or to get assignments from. But for friendship, I had looked to her. And I saw that she had not spoken to me at school, or dared to associate with me in public. I thought, that eighth-grade year, that it was because Amy had grown up, had left behind childhood while I was still immature.

³tempera: *a kind of paint*

- 17 So the first Christmas went by that I didn't give her a present, and soon after, her fourteenth birthday went by, too. I lived in the worlds that I drew.
- 18 Amy's grades slipped. We had both been bright, straight-A's, but now she was getting B's and C's. I didn't keep close track, for I never saw her except when we passed on the way to school in the morning. I'd see her leave her house every evening—there seemed no night when she didn't go out. After a while, I stopped watching.
- 19 The less said about the summer before high school, the better. I was alone. But when it was over, we went to high school, Amy and I. She joined the flag corps—I joined the newspaper. She was in my top-level English class but dropped down after a week, and I never had her in a class again. I hung around with some guys from the swim team—I'd joined my freshman⁴ year—and went through the motions of studying, dreaming of college.
- 20 So we lived, separate. I didn't date at all—she dated ten guys a month. I hid alone—she went to every party, every football game, every prestigious event at school. I was pretty surprised to see her, then, sophomore year, at the local art exhibit where I'd won for the second year in a row. Masquerading as a museum, the local library was filled with people milling about with juice and cookies at the reception for the winners.
- 21 Why she was there, I don't really know. I think perhaps some friends of hers had gotten an honorable mention, and they had stopped by to pick her up. But she was there, and she was with her friends.
- 22 I was standing next to Danny, otherwise known as fourth honorable mention for his loving depiction of a souped-up red Maserati, when she came to my picture. I had painted a great Aztec pyramid under oily black storm clouds, with nine masque-hideous faces upon it, one face for each tier. The lighting was angry and hellish and red, and an uneasy orange fire burned in each masque-face's eyes. The picture was called "The Nine Lords of the Night."
- 23 Amy saw it. One slender hand to her feathered blond hair, the nails polished in coral, a boy's class ring on one finger, she saw it. As she turned around, I met her blue eyes with a level calm stare. Electric our glance, for she knew. She remembered. I had not thought she would forget. And I saw in her eyes that she knew that I saw.
- 24 We held it but a moment, for her friend broke in with a mocking harsh laugh. "What a [stupid] picture...."
- 25 "Yeah," replied the other one, bored...
- 26 Amy turned her back on me, but not before I heard her assenting "Yeah, I know." And they left laughing.
- 27 And I stood in silence, and I knew I had lost her. She had been more truly mine than I had ever known, for the person she'd been for me had not existed for anyone else. I watched her go, and I cried within, for I understood that it was I who had grown up and she who had gotten lost. For I have kept who I am, and it is what I will always be. And Amy is gone.

⁴freshman: *American equivalent to grade 9*

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Kretschmer, Susie. "And Summer Is Gone." National Textbook Company. Originally published as "And Summer Is Gone" by Susie Kretschmer. 1994.

Trower, Pete. "Railway Club Blues." *Hitting the Bricks: Urban Jazz Poems*. Reprinted by permission of Ekstasis Editions Canada, Ltd. 1997.

