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BRITISH
COLUMBIA

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English 12

JANUARY 2003

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

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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								
Prose								
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Question 3								
Essay								
Marker 1								
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ENGLISH 12

JANUARY 2003

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).

Spinning Spider’s Silk from Goat’s Milk

1. After many years of thorough research, a team of Canadian and U.S. scientists
(A)
have finally discovered how to spin silk as fine as that of a garden spider. (D) no error
(B) (C)

2. “It’s just beautiful,” says Jeffrey Turner, the Montreal scientist and entrepreneur who
(A) (B)
speaks for the team and dreams of spinning a fortune out of the remarkable fibres. (D) no error
(C)

3. Spider silk is stronger than steel, finer than delicate lace, and more tough
(A) (B)
than a bullet-proof vest. Until now, however, no one has been able to exploit this
(C)
engineering marvel. (D) no error

4. Unlike silkworms, which have been providing fibres to the textile industry for
(A)
centuries, spiders are difficult to domesticate. “Furthermore, a spider’s silk is
(B)
hard to duplicate, says Turner.” (D) no error
(C)

5. First, scientists must splice spider genes with goat cells. These new cells produce
 (A) (B)
 the exact proteins that spider's use to spin their incredibly strong silk. (D) no error
 (C)
6. The scientists harvesting these water-soluble proteins have for the first time,
 (A)
 managed to spin them into the light, strong fibres that spiders
 (B)
need to hang from ceilings and walls. (D) no error
 (C)
7. The scientists gently squeeze the proteins through a small opening at the end of
 (A)
a syringe; to mimic the way the spiders produce the silk. These protein droplets
 (B)
are then manipulated into fibre fragments. (D) no error
 (C)
8. Turner says that the scientists were astonished to see the fibres spontaneously assemble, they
 (A) (B)
 found that the filaments became thinner and more resilient as they were stretched. (D) no error
 (C)
9. While not an exact replica of spider silk, these manufactured fibres are similar to it. In the
 (A) (B)
 near future, this process may be the begining of a new biotechnological revolution. (D) no error
 (C)
10. To this end, the company has created genetically engineered goats
 (A)
who have spider silk genes and will soon be producing silk protein in their milk.
 (B) (C)
 The plan is to harvest it and spin it into silk. (D) no error

OVER

PART B: POETRY

Total Value: 20 marks

Suggested Time: 25 minutes

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

11. “...puff, puff, like summer / cumulus above her bed” (lines 2 and 3) is an example of
- A. simile.
 - B. metaphor.
 - C. oxymoron.
 - D. apostrophe.
12. In this poem, the daughter is
- A. leaving forever.
 - B. departing for college.
 - C. moving down the river.
 - D. gazing across the street.
13. The phrase, “her pure / depth of feeling,” (lines 14 and 15) implies that the daughter is
- A. intense.
 - B. indifferent.
 - C. imaginative.
 - D. impressionable.
14. “I could not imagine / my life with her” (lines 20 and 21) suggests that the speaker was
- A. agitated by her life.
 - B. uncertain about life as a mother.
 - C. depressed by the onset of winter.
 - D. worried about her daughter leaving.
15. “[A] column of steam” (line 23) is an example of
- A. an image.
 - B. a paradox.
 - C. a hyperbole.
 - D. an understatement.

16. Lines 24 to 27 suggest that the speaker understands
- A. some children don't like their parents.
 - B. some children never want to leave home.
 - C. some parents force their children to leave.
 - D. some parents are not as fortunate as she is.
17. Lines 29 and 30 contain examples of
- A. rhyme.
 - B. assonance.
 - C. dissonance.
 - D. onomatopoeia.
18. The main conflict in the poem is
- A. external.
 - B. physical.
 - C. emotional.
 - D. intellectual.

PART C: PROSE

Total Value: 33 marks

Suggested Time: 45 minutes

INSTRUCTIONS: Read the story entitled “Rite of Passage” on pages 2 and 3 in the **Readings Booklet**. Select the **best** answer for each question and record your choice on the Response Form provided.

19. Based on this story, a “rite of passage” is best described as
- A. an accident.
 - B. an initiation.
 - C. something unique.
 - D. something shocking.
20. In paragraph 5, the author uses the technique of
- A. flashback.
 - B. foreshadowing.
 - C. direct presentation.
 - D. indirect presentation.
21. Paragraph 9 suggests that the boys were
- A. hoping to hurt Mr. Ratchford.
 - B. excited to see Mr. Ratchford score.
 - C. helping Mr. Ratchford enjoy himself.
 - D. powerless to stop Mr. Ratchford from scoring.
22. In paragraph 11, the word “umpteenth” is an example of
- A. a pun.
 - B. jargon.
 - C. a euphemism.
 - D. colloquialism.
23. When Mr. Ratchford becomes “one with the force of the blow” (paragraph 12), he has
- A. absorbed the hit.
 - B. enjoyed taking the hit.
 - C. been injured by the hit.
 - D. been emotionally upset by the hit.

24. "Chopped up the near-empty ice on my ankles" (paragraph 13) suggests the boy is
- A. falling over.
 - B. a poor skater.
 - C. cutting the ice.
 - D. a smooth skater.
25. "[S]coring was a mere formality" (paragraph 15) means it was
- A. easy.
 - B. pleasant.
 - C. necessary.
 - D. challenging.
26. The protagonist's major triumph in the game is
- A. scoring a goal.
 - B. hitting Mr. Ratchford.
 - C. speaking in a lower voice.
 - D. outmanoeuvring his brother.
27. The point of view used in this story is
- A. objective.
 - B. omniscient.
 - C. first person.
 - D. limited omniscient.

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 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, you may draw support from the experiences of others or from any aspect of your life, for example, your reading and your experiences.

Topic:

Certain experiences can mark the beginnings of maturity.

OVER

FINISHED WORK

END OF EXAMINATION

1st

2nd

ENGLISH 12
READINGS BOOKLET
JANUARY 2003

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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.

High School Senior

by Sharon Olds

1 For seventeen years, her breath in the house
at night, puff, puff, like summer
cumulus above her bed,
and her scalp smelling of apricots
5 —this being who had formed within me,
squatted like a bright tree-frog in the dark,
like an eohippus¹ she had come out of history
slowly, through me, into the daylight,
I had the daily sight of her,
10 like food or air she was there, like a mother.
I say “college,” but I feel as if I cannot tell
the difference between her leaving for college
and our parting forever—I try to see
this house without her, without her pure
15 depth of feeling, without her creek-brown
hair, her daedal² hands with their tapered
fingers, her pupils dark as the mourning cloak’s
wing,³ but I can’t. Seventeen years
ago, in this room, she moved inside me,
20 I looked at the river, I could not imagine
my life with her. I gazed across the street,
and saw, in the icy winter sun,
a column of steam rush up away from the earth.
There are creatures whose children float away
25 at birth, and those who throat-feed their young
for weeks and never see them again. My daughter
is free and she is in me—no, my love
of her is in me, moving in my heart,
changing chambers, like something poured
30 from hand to hand, to be weighed and then reweighed.

¹ eohippus: *a small, extinct horse, an ancestor of the modern horse*

² daedal: *skillful; ingenious*

³ mourning cloak’s wing: *the purplish brown wing of a type of butterfly*

OVER

PART C: PROSE

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

Rite of Passage

by Doug Beardsley

- 1 All sports have a rite of passage; hockey is no exception. Things can happen on the ice that rank as the most significant events in a young man's life before he reaches the age of first love.
- 2 Such an initiation occurs around the time of puberty. By then many of us have spent thousands of hours playing shinny in the street, on the neighbourhood rink, or donning the blades for pick-up games where we could improve our skills. It was during one of these games that I found myself on the opposite team from my older brother. We arrived at the rink together, and common sense and hard numbers dictated that each of us went to a different team.
- 3 It was during that same game on a Sunday afternoon when the snow was too bright to look at that Dave Ratchford and his father appeared. Were they really there, or am I simply fusing these two incidents for convenience? I don't know if my mind has joined these rites of passage, or whether they really did occur at the same time, but I hold them together now, in my imagination.
- 4 Dave Ratchford — "Scratch," as we called him, because he was constantly scratching himself — was an excellent hockey player, a strong fierce-checking defenceman who used his butt as a block or bumper to stop the swiftest skater cold in his tracks. I watched him play on many occasions and knew that he was both tough and fair, what all good hockey players are to fourteen-year-olds, and, perhaps, what they were before the age of windmill hockey sticks and cheap shots. No one had ever seen Scratch's father on skates.
- 5 Mr. Ratchford was a slight, frail-looking man of average height built like a goalpost. Most of us had all of our equipment on but Mr. Ratchford came on ice with a pair of battered CCM skates and dress pants — well-pressed grey flannels that barely covered his lace tops. He sported a small brown windbreaker and the kind of English cap that my grandfather wore at soccer matches in the old country. We were too polite to laugh but it was hard not to grin from behind our gauntlets as we stood at either end of the ice waiting for the game to begin. Someone tossed a puck into our corner and we were off!
- 6 There were 15 guys a side, maybe 20 or even more on each team; the ice was swarming with players, all skating after one tiny puck and hacking away at it whenever we got the opportunity.
- 7 Scratch and I were on the same team. We saw a lot of each other; he wheeling back toward me after I'd missed yet another check and was busy fishing the puck out of our net. The only time we saw Ratchford Senior was when he slowed down after scoring and glided smoothly by us, expressionless, up the ice.
- 8 My brother was an excellent skater and playmaker and there were many fine hockey players in our part of town but I'd never seen anyone skate as fast or handle the puck as well as Mr. Ratchford. His acceleration was amazing. When he was moving at top speed — he seemed to know no other — it was as if his skates never touched the ice. He went by in a blur.
- 9 He had all the moves. No matter how you came at him he had the uncanny knack of forcing you to make the first move. He simply waited forever, dangling the puck on his stick, sucked you in, then

moved around you, leaving you whacking away at the air of his wake. I don't remember how many goals he scored that day before, mercifully, it began to grow dark and we all wound our way home for supper, but it must have been several dozen. Our goalie finally gave up going for the moves that Mr. Ratchford put on him and simply stood there, hoping the puck would hit him by mistake. But it never did. And Mr. Ratchford never got tired of skating and scoring.

- 10 The only thing that was on our side was the law of averages and, late in the afternoon, both Scratch and I experienced our rite of passage in the dying moments of the day.
- 11 We'd been spectators for so long that some things were beginning to add up. Also, we were trying so many things that something had to work. Mr. Ratchford came at us for the umpteenth time that afternoon, fed at centre by a pinpoint pass from my brother, the kind of pass that appears impossible to reach and yet — taking into account the potential speed of the recipient — hits him full stride, extended wholly.
- 12 The elder Ratchford flew toward his son and I and a half dozen others gathered at the blueline. We approached him as if we were curlers frantically sweeping the ice in front of a potential game-winning shot. We looked like a small army of irritated ants. Mr. Ratchford veered close to the right boards and was about to zip around me when I noticed Scratch coming at his father from the other side of the unruly mass we made — sight unseen and set low to the ice. Scratch turned his butt into his father's speed and lifted the elder Ratchford, sending him spilling high and headfirst into the huge snowbank by the blueline boards. I couldn't help noticing that, though he had not seen the check coming, Mr. Ratchford had become one with the force of the blow at the initial moment of impact. He seemed to glide into the snowbank, a soft smile covering his face.
- 13 We all stood about, our mouths hanging open breathing smoke. I grabbed the puck and chopped up the near-empty ice on my ankles. It was all open ice to the net until I saw my brother weaving a familiar pattern from the other side of the rink, backskating in that wonderfully fluid style of his, skate over skate, his legs rolling over and over until he'd picked up speed to such an extent he'd gotten between me and the net. He looked like he was sitting there, body open and poised stick forward in a wide arc waiting.
- 14 I could no longer see the goaltender, my brother took up so much space. I thought of all he'd taught me and what he might forget. I thought of letting the puck drop off my stick as if by accident, luring him in, then cradling it like a lacrosse ball back and forth between my skates 'til I swept it back up to my stick.
- 15 I don't know what I did but it worked. He played the puck and I went harmlessly around him only to see the thing come through his legs and settle on my stick. Having played nets on many occasions, scoring was a mere formality.
- 16 To claim both Scratch and I "did it again" in the last rush of twilight is to ice the cake and eat it too. But we did. I don't know what went on around the Ratchford dinner table that evening but I suspect something was changed. I do know that as my brother and I trudged home for supper over the town bridge that spanned the railway tracks something had changed. Carrying my kit bag in one hand and my skates strung on my stick in the other my voice was a good octave lower. My body felt transformed, my blood altered. I received a new, quiet respect from my brother. It was in the air, not asked for, simply understood, and given. From such small beginnings other things grow. I was a part of a larger world. The journey had begun. I felt I could go forward. I had come of age on the ice.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Beardsley, Doug. "Rite of Passage." from *Country on Ice*. by Doug Beardsley, published in 1987 by Polestar, an imprint of Raincoast Books.

Olds, Sharon. "High School Senior." from *The Wellspring* by Sharon Olds, copyright © 1996 by Sharon Olds. Used by permission of Alfred A. Knopf, a division of Random House, Inc.