

Description

Time: 2½ hours.

You may take an additional ½ hour to complete the examination.

Plan your time carefully; the suggested time for each part is only a guideline.

Part A: Written Response contributes 50% of the total ELA 10-1 Final Examination mark and consists of two assignments:

Personal Response to Text Assignment

- *Suggested time:* 45 minutes
- *Value:* 40 marks

Critical/Analytical Response to Literary Text Assignment

- *Suggested time:* 1½ to 2 hours
- *Value:* 60 marks

Instructions

- Complete the Personal Response to Text Assignment first. The Personal Response to Text Assignment is designed to allow you time to think and reflect upon the ideas that you may also explore in the Critical/Analytical Response to Literary Text Assignment.
- Complete **both** assignments.
- You may use the following print references:
 - a dictionary
 - a thesaurus
- Format your work using an easy-to-read 12-point font such as Times or Calibri.
- **Recommendation:** Read and reflect upon the whole examination before you begin to write. Time spent in planning may result in better writing.

Save your exam as [ELA101FINALsurname](#)

Please enter this label in the subject box of your email as well.

Please print this document.

**Complete both written assignments of this exam
in the answer document open on your computer.**

PERSONAL RESPONSE TO TEXT ASSIGNMENT

Personal Response to Text Assignment

(suggested time: 45 minutes)

Carefully read and consider the texts on pages 2 to 8, and then complete the assignment that follows.

from HOPE WAS HERE

Life has not been easy for Hope. She's had to learn a lot about adjusting as she's traveled from town to town with her aunt Addie, who's raised her since birth. Now she and Addie have settled into jobs they like at the restaurant where they both work. One day, Hope gets an unwelcome blast from the past — a visit from her mother, Deena, whom Hope hasn't seen in years.

I saw my mother before she saw me.

Saw her walking up the welcome stairways, tossing her long, straight hair that was black like india ink. She was wearing tight jeans, heels, a beaded T-shirt, and sunglasses. She had a big canvas bag that read MIAMI MADNESS. Between her too-big earrings and the collection of bracelets on her left arm, she made quite a racket, which caused most people in the place to look at her as she made her way to the counter. She plopped on a counter stool, took off her sunglasses. Her eyes were heavily made up with the kind of mascara that "extends and magnifies." I stood off by the coffee urn feeling a primal pull to the woman who gave me life and no connection to her whatsoever.

From the kitchen, Addie raised a spatula — the cook's hello.

My mother waved excitedly.

My turn.

Remember, I told myself. The well is dry.

I grabbed a coffeepot so I'd have something to hold on to, walked to the counter, and wasn't sure how to get her attention because she was reading the menu like some people read a good mystery novel. So what do you do when your own mother, who you haven't seen for three and a half years, is sitting there at your counter not even looking for you?

She'd come for lunch, I guess, not me.

"Hi, Mom."

Her head cocked at the unfamiliar word — *Mom*, not *hi* — her eyes got big and excited, she grabbed my hand with her too-long ruby nails. "Now don't tell me this is really you!"

Deena Does Motherhood.

"It's really me," I said, smiling weakly.

"Tulip, I can't tell you —"

I put my hand over hers. "My name is Hope now, Mom."

"Oh well, I know, but I'll just never get used to —"

"I need you to get used to it."

Deena didn't like that.

Her light-blue eyes lost their sparkle.

She took her hand away.

She smiled fake. "I'll *try*."

You do that.

I'd read a book about anger once and how people can have it but deny they do, so it comes out in other ways. Passive-aggressive behaviour, the book called it.

Now Deena was back to reading the menu like I wasn't there. I wanted to start screaming, *Why did you bother coming back? Why don't you just go for good?*

She ordered a grilled-chicken sandwich (semolina roll, avocado, mango mayonnaise) with sweet-potato chips and iced tea. She ordered it like I wasn't her daughter. I walked to the galley, fighting tears. I had to pull myself together.

There's no crying allowed at lunchtime rush.

I called in her order to [the cooks] Braverman and Addie. As I said, "Mango mayo on the side," I almost keeled over in grief.

Addie leaned forward. "You want to take a break?"

I shook my head. I didn't want to be alone.

I just stood there holding on to a big refill jar of sweet pickle relish. Every time my mother moved, I could hear her clatter.

Braverman said, "You want to be a clown?"

"What?"

He took out a red sponge clown nose, put it over his nose, and raised one eyebrow.

He looked completely absurd.

I started giggling.

He took it off, handed it to me. "Wear it for awhile."

"Now?"

"Yeah."

I hit the counter, nose and all. And you should have seen those people's faces, including my mother's. Everyone was laughing and pointing and my mother started chuckling. I did a little twirl getting some ice water — you can do things like that in a red clown nose.

I felt my gestures getting broader and kids were pointing and laughing and all of a sudden I heard the two dings from the galley — my signal. I went to pick up my mother's order with the mango mayo on the side. I stood in front of her, first flicking off the counter before her with a towel, like she was really important. I placed the dish dramatically in front of her and bowed.

"That's my daughter," she said to the man next to her. "Her name is ..." She caught herself. "Hope."

"Good name," the man said.

Well, that got me flying.

I topped off coffee for the people at the counter, suggested dessert to a couple in the corner booth, blasted through some take-out orders, gave a teething baby an ice cube to suck on, which shut it right up. Mom was watching me and I was glad because I didn't drop anything, didn't spill, didn't get upset when Yuri cleared away plates before the people at table six had finished their lunch. And when I grabbed my heart and leaned into their booth begging for another chance, I'd bring them more food, they laughed and said sure, they weren't in a hurry.

Everyone was watching me and leaving big tips. A little boy said, "I didn't know there were *girl* clowns."

Stick around kid, you might learn something.

[After the rush, Hope and her mom sit together in the corner booth until it's time for her mom to leave.]

The best part was when she gave me waitressing tips. I wrote them down on the back of my order book. I'd write them in the Best of Mom book later.

Keep cut lemon wedges under the counter so you don't have to go back in the kitchen for them — saves time.

Keep a bottle of Tylenol in your pocket in case a customer has a headache. You get rid of that headache for them, you'll see it in your tip.

Don't just ask people what kind of dressing they want. Tell them what you've got — they might try something new and be grateful.

She gave me a quick, flimsy hug that people give when they're not sure about themselves or you. She hugged Addie the same way.

Then she said to me, "You're quite a waitress now." And she left in a cloud of too much perfume.

I wish like anything my mom would treat me as well as she treats her customers.

Ask me what I need.

Joan Bauer

PERFECT

Sometimes is never quite enough
If you're flawless, then you'll win my love
Don't forget to win first place
Don't forget to keep that smile on your face

Be a good boy
Try a little harder
You've got to measure up
And make me prouder

How long before you screw it up
How many times do I have to tell you to hurry up
With everything I do for you
The least you can do is keep quiet

Be a good girl
You've gotta try a little harder
That simply wasn't good enough
To make us proud

I'll live through you
I'll make you what I never was
If you're the best, then maybe so am I
Compared to him compared to her
I'm doing this for your own damn good
You'll make up for what I blew
What's the problem ... why are you crying

Be a good boy
Push a little farther now
That wasn't fast enough
To make us happy
We'll love you just the way you are if you're perfect

Alanis Morissette

I ONLY NEEDED TO TALK

Standing there, with doubt in my eyes, the mirror reflecting the
Disappointment coursing through my veins
I realize that I only needed to talk.

When my grandfather died,
I did not need you telling me I was going to be ok.
I only needed to talk

When I suffered my first heartbreak,
I did not need your advice.
I only needed a hug

When I wanted to follow in my hero's footsteps,
I did not need you to be unsupportive.
I only needed to believe in my self

When I tried to decide where I want to go to school,
I did not want your input.
I only needed your support

When I was staring at the world with a look as cold as ice,
I did not need to see you judging me.
I only needed to find my self

When I stood there with a contented smile on my face,
I did not need your cutting remark.
I only needed to revel in the joy of the moment

When I felt as if the wonderful world was slipping away,
I did not want you to try and interfere,
I only needed to make my own decisions

When I cried out in the middle of the night,
I did not need your counsel,
I only needed to be held in your arms

When ever you need me to be there for you,
I will be there because I know that
You only need to talk

Anonymous

**All pumped up**

Bodybuilders flex their muscles backstage before performing at the IFBB

International Fitness Cup in Budapest, Hungary. More than 250 contestants competed in several fitness and bodybuilding categories.

Bela Szandelszky / AP

**Family without a home**

Sayed Abdul Karim, 80, sits with his 9-year-old granddaughter, Camina, left, in a camp for displaced Afghans three hours from their village which was bombed in a US military raid on militants. The military operation destroyed 270 homes, driving hundreds of families out of their villages. Afghan officials said 16 civilians were among those killed.

Paula Bronstein / Getty Images

Personal Response to Text Assignment

(Suggested time: approximately 45 minutes)

You have been provided with five texts on pages 2 to 8. In the excerpt from the novel, *Hope Was Here*, Hope reacts to an unwelcome visit from her mother. Alanis Morissette’s song lyrics describe the pressures put on children when their parents attempt to live through them. The anonymous poet in “I Only Needed to Talk” expresses what was needed—and unwanted—in a variety of situations. The bodybuilders in Szandelszky’s photograph, “All pumped up”, appear somewhat nervous before their competition. Bronstein’s photograph, “Family without a home” portrays multiple generations of a family displaced by war.

The Assignment

**What do these texts suggest to you about
the importance of an individual’s perspective?**

**Support your ideas with reference to ONE of the texts presented
and to your previous knowledge and/or experience.**

Instructions

- You must **use a prose form**. **Do NOT** use a poetic form.
- You must **connect ONE of the texts provided in this examination to your own ideas and impressions**.
- You may respond from a personal, critical, and/or creative perspective.

Complete your assignment in the answer document.

Critical / Analytical Response to Literary Text Assignment

(Suggested time: approximately 1½ to 2 hours)

Reflect on the ideas and impressions that you discussed in the Personal Response to Text Assignment regarding the importance of an individual's perspective.

The Assignment

Consider how the importance of an individual's perspective has been reflected and developed in a literary text you have studied.

What idea does the author develop regarding the importance of an individual's perspective?

Write a literary essay of at least five paragraphs.

Reminders for planning and writing

- **Do NOT use the texts provided in this booklet for the Critical/Analytical Response to Literary Text Assignment. Select ONE literary example that is relevant to this assignment and interesting to you from the short stories, novel, non-fiction, plays, poetry, and other texts that you have studied in ELA 10-1 this semester. You should be very familiar with the literary text you choose to discuss.**
- Carefully consider your *controlling idea* or how you will create a strong *unifying effect* in your essay. **Organize** your essay so that your ideas are clearly, effectively, and coherently presented.
- As you **develop** your ideas, **support** them with appropriate, relevant, and meaningful examples from your choice of literary text.

Complete your assignment in the answer document.