



ENGLISH LANGUAGE ARTS 10– 1

June 2008

Mrs. Adolf

Description

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

Time: 2½ hours.

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

Instructions

Read the whole examination carefully before you begin to write.

- Follow instructions carefully.
- Complete both assignments.
- You may use the following print references:
 - a dictionary
 - a thesaurus
- Budget your time carefully; the suggested time for each part is only a guideline for you.
- **Format your work using Times New Roman 12-point font.**

Overview of the Examination

Read and reflect upon the whole examination before you begin to write.

Time spent in planning may result in better writing.

The Personal Response to Text Assignment is designed to allow you time to think and reflect upon the ideas you will explore in greater depth in the Literary Essay Assignment.

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

(suggested time: 45 minutes)

Carefully read and consider the texts on pages 2 to 5, and then complete the assignment that follows.

***from* THE SECRET LIVES OF BEES**

The story so far . . . The year is 1964. The place is a small town in South Carolina. 14-year-old Lily Owens, her father, T. Ray, and her beloved stand-in mother, Rosaleen, live on the precipice of incredible change. The civil rights movement has just begun to pick up momentum, and Lily is trying to come to terms with the truth amid her sketchy memories of the afternoon her mother died . . .

After my morning of capturing bees, I spent the afternoon in the peach stand out on the highway, selling T. Ray's peaches. It was the loneliest summer job a girl could have, stuck in a roadside hut with three walls and a flat tin roof.

I sat on a Coke crate and watched pickups zoom by till I was nearly poisoned with exhaust fumes and boredom. Thursday afternoons were usually a big peach day, with women getting ready for Sunday cobblers, but not a soul stopped.

T. Ray refused to let me bring books out here and read, and if I smuggled one out, say, *Lost Horizon*, stuck under my shirt, somebody, like Mrs. Watson from the next farm, would see him at church and say, "Saw your girl in the peach stand reading up a storm. You must be proud." And he would half kill me.

What kind of person is against *reading*? I think he believed it would stir up ideas of college, which he thought a waste of money for girls, even if they did, like me, score the highest number a human being can get on their verbal aptitude test. Math aptitude is another thing, but people aren't meant to be overly bright in everything.

I was the only student who didn't groan and carry on when Mrs. Henry assigned us another Shakespeare play. Well actually, I did *pretend* to groan, but inside I was as thrilled as if I'd been crowned Sylvan's Peach Queen.

Up until Mrs. Henry came along, I'd believed beauty college would be the upper limit of my career. Once, studying her face, I told her if she was my customer, I would give her a French twist that would do wonders for her, and she said—and I quote—"Please, Lily, you are insulting your fine intelligence. Do you have any idea how smart you are? You could be a professor or a writer with actual books to your credit. Beauty school. *Please*."

It took me a month to get over the shock of having life possibilities. You know how adults love to ask, "So . . . What are you going to be when you grow up?" I can't tell you how much I'd hated that question, but suddenly I was going around volunteering to people who didn't even want to know, that I planned to be a professor and a writer of actual books.

I kept a collection of my writings. For a while everything I wrote had a horse in it. After we read Ralph Waldo Emerson in class, I wrote “My Philosophy of Life”, which I intended for the start of a book but could get only three pages out of it. Mrs. Henry said I needed to live past fourteen years old before I would have a philosophy.

She said a scholarship was my only hope for a future and lent me her private books for the summer. Whenever I opened one, T. Ray said, “Who do you think you are, Julius Shakespeare?” The man sincerely thought that was Shakespeare’s first name, and if you think I should have corrected him, you are ignorant about the art of survival. He also refereed to me as Miss Brown-Nose-in-a-Book and occasionally as Miss Emily-Big-Head-*Diction*. He meant Dickinson, but again, there are things you let go by.

Without books in the peach stand, I often passed the time making up poems, but that slow afternoon I didn’t have the patience for rhyming words. I just sat out there and thought about how much I hated the peach stand, how completely and absolutely I hated it.

- Sue Monk Kidd



Waiting for aid

This young survivor of Cyclone Nargis was among those waiting for aid on Tuesday, May 13, a day when the United Nations warned that Myanmar faced a “second catastrophe” unless the military junta immediately allowed massive air and sea deliveries and distribution of aid. The military instead, has restricted distribution, saying it can handle relief efforts.

Khin Maung Win / AFP—Getty Images

Advice to the Young

Keep bees and
grow asparagus,
watch the tides
and listen to the
wind instead of
the politicians
make up your own
stories and believe
them if you want to
live the good life.

All rituals
are instincts
never fully
trust them but
study to
improve biology
with reasons.

Digging trenches
for asparagus
is good for the
muscles and
waiting for the
plants to settle
teaches patience
to those who are
usually in too
much of a hurry.

There is a
morality in bee-keeping
it teaches how
not to be afraid
of the bee swarm
it teaches how
not to be afraid of
finding new places
and building in them
all over again.

- *Miriam Waddington*

Childhood Is the Kingdom Where Nobody Dies

Childhood is not from birth to a certain age and at a certain age
The child is grown, and puts away childish things.
Childhood is the kingdom where nobody dies.

Nobody that matters, that is. Distant relatives of course
Die, whom one never has seen or has seen for an hour,
And they gave one candy in a pink-and-green striped bag, or a jack-knife,
And went away, and cannot really be said to have lived at all.

And cats die. They lie on the floor and lash their tails,
And their reticent fur is suddenly all in motion
With fleas that one never knew were there,
Polished and brown, knowing all there is to know,
Trekking off into the living world.
You fetch a shoe-box, but it's much too small, because she won't curl up now:
So you find a bigger box, and bury her in the yard, and weep.
But you do not wake up a month from then, two months
A year from then, two years, in the middle of the night
And weep, with your knuckles in your mouth, and say Oh, God! Oh, God!
Childhood is the kingdom where nobody dies that matters,
—mothers and fathers don't die.

And if you have said, "For heaven's sake, must you always be kissing a person?"
Or, "I do wish to gracious you'd stop tapping on the window with your thimble!"
Tomorrow, or even the day after tomorrow if you're busy having fun,
Is plenty of time to say, "I'm sorry, Mother."

To be grown up is to sit at the table with people who have died, who neither listen nor speak;
Who do not drink their tea, though they always said
Tea was such a comfort.

Run down into the cellar and bring up the last jar of raspberries;
they are not tempted.
Flatter them, ask them what was it they said exactly
That time, to the bishop, or to the overseer, or to Mrs. Mason;
They are not taken in.
Shout at them, get red in the face, rise,
Drag them up out of their chairs by their stiff shoulders and shake them and yell at them;
They are not startled, they are not even embarrassed; they slide back into their chairs.

Your tea is cold now.
You drink it standing up,
And leave the house.

- Edna St. Vincent Millay (1937)

Section I: Personal Response to Texts Assignment

(Suggested time: approximately 45 minutes)

The Assignment

As the four previous texts depict, coming of age—that passage from childhood to adulthood—is something that everyone will experience, but at vastly differing times in their lives.

**What do these texts suggest to you about
the experience of coming of age?**

**Support your idea(s) with reference to ONE of the texts presented
and to your previous knowledge and/or experience.**

Instructions

- You must **use a prose 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.

Section II: 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 experience of coming of age.

The Assignment

Consider how the experience of coming of age has been reflected and developed in a literary text you have studied.

What idea does the author develop regarding coming of age?

Write a literary essay of at least five paragraphs.

Reminders for planning and writing

- **Do NOT use the text provided in this booklet for the Critical/Analytical Response to Literary Texts 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 literature you choose to discuss.**
- Carefully consider your *controlling idea* or how you will create a strong *unifying effect* in your composition. **Organize** your composition 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.