



VICTORIAN ASSOCIATION FOR THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH

VATE Publications

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## UNIT 3 ENGLISH

### Written examination sample paper

The scenario in Section C has been prepared for the sole purpose of providing sample material for the VATE Unit 3 English Written examination sample paper. Names of individuals and the characters are fictional, with no comparison with, or comment on, any living individual intended. The views expressed in the scenario are not necessarily those of the writer or publisher.

**Reading time: 15 minutes**

**Writing time: 2 hours**

### TASK BOOK

<i>Section</i>	<i>Number of questions</i>	<i>Number of questions to be answered</i>	<i>Marks</i>
C — Argument and persuasive language	1	1	20
			Total 40

- Students are to write in blue or black pen.
- Students are permitted to bring into the examination room: pens, pencils, highlighters, erasers, sharpeners, rulers and an English and/or bilingual printed dictionary.
- Students are NOT permitted to bring into the examination room: blank sheets of paper and/or correction fluid/tape.
- No calculator is allowed in this examination.

#### Material supplied

- Task book of 6 pages.

#### Instructions

- Complete each section of the examination paper.
- All written responses must be in English.

**Students are NOT permitted to bring mobile phones and/or any other unauthorised electronic devices into the examination room.**

**Disclaimer:** Examination Instructions and the Examination Assessment criteria are taken from the Victorian Curriculum and Assessment Authority (VCAA) 2019 English Written examination (October 2019). The VCAA does not endorse the content of this exam. VCE® is a registered trademark of the VCAA.

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## SECTION C — Argument and persuasive language

### Instructions for Section C

Section C requires students to write an analysis of the ways in which argument and language are used to persuade others to share a point(s) of view.

Read the background information on this page and the material on pages 10 and 11, and write an analytical response to the task below.

For the purposes of this task, the term ‘language’ refers to written, spoken and visual language.

Your response will be assessed according to the assessment criteria set out on page 12 of this book.

Section C is worth one-half of the total marks for this **Unit 3** examination.

### Task

Write an analysis of the ways in which argument and written and visual language are used in the material on pages 10 and 11 to try to persuade others to share the point of view presented.

### Background information

Noah Aaronson is a freelance journalist, working for an international news organisation. On his return to Australia in November 2019, he wrote his opinion piece, ‘The Life and Death of Kindness’, which was published in a number of major newspapers across Australia and in some international publications. It appears here in the Melbourne daily newspaper *The Custodian*.

6 THE CUSTODIAN THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 2019

OPINION

# The Life and Death of Kindness

By Noah Aaronson

For some time now, I have lived my life in the hustle and bustle of a city. Some will be jealous to know I have spent the last six years in some of the world's great cities, including New York, Bangkok and Paris. Melbourne is my permanent residence, but arriving back here was not enough to make me feel that I had come home.

Last weekend, I decided to head back to my birthplace – the country Victorian town of Parishville. I was filled with nostalgic longing to revisit my past – to feel the space around me, to breathe the clean country air and to bathe in the clear blue light of my true home. It was comforting to drive down the Avenue of Honour. Hundred-year-old elm trees form a canopy over the road and the same dappled light flickered as I travelled the kilometre to the town's entrance. It felt like nothing had changed.

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***Societies around the world are suffering from social and moral dislocation. I don't exactly know how it got to Parishville, but seeing it there has made me feel how desperate the situation is.***



But changed, it had.

The war memorial that stands at the town's entrance had been defaced by graffiti – garish, fatuous scribble. Meaningless, senseless, careless. The act I was witnessing triggered memories of the worst parts of the cities I have been to. The unvisited suburbs, the back alleys, the underbelly of urban life.

In the town of my childhood, people cared. About things. About one another. Our monument is a reminder of the ultimate sacrifice men and women paid for the privileged life we all enjoy. This

sacrifice is something we *should* care about. For me, the monument has always stood like a sentinel, guarding my memory of a more innocent time – one not filled with carelessness, but kindness. Where people would come by to ask how your sick uncle was. Or stop at an intersection to let an elderly pedestrian cross the road. Or feed your pets when you went on holiday.

The creature who desecrated this monument clearly did not care about any of this, or perhaps anything. Over the last few years

I have witnessed people living in extreme hardship. Some people have good reason to be angry at the world. But Parishville is a thriving regional town. The citizens of Parishville, like me, have every chance to leave their mark on the world. Why it would need to be a grubby smudge on the history of our nation, I don't know. This desecration was the act of a mediocre mind, looking for some kind of weird pleasure out of temporary and trifling celebrity. These selfish scribbles were the act of a person with no shame.

After hours of seething, I did pause to wonder if I was overreacting. Perhaps it was just an uncustomary, isolated incident? But over the weekend, I witnessed other forms of carelessness. They were less extreme, but no less disturbing. I saw people at the supermarket deli nudge and bustle to be the first to get a ticket. I saw two boys in front of a fish and chip shop idly toss their rubbish to the ground when they had finished. I saw a dog excrete on the footpath as its owner looked the other way before walking on. The list grew as my weekend visit wore on.

Later that evening, I stood with my elderly parents out the front of the cinema. A group of teenagers, cigarette butts at their feet, conversed so loudly that it was difficult for us to hear one another in our tight circle.

"They're young," my mother remarked.

But then the language and tone degenerated. Verbal graffiti.

I finally approached them and said, "Excuse me. Is it necessary for you to use that kind of language in

public?" They seemed shocked that someone had challenged their behaviour. Eyes blinked. Feet shuffled. Then one young man chirped up, "It's a free country, isn't it?"

I gave them a brief outline of the rights and responsibilities of democratic nations and pointed out that their behaviour was interfering with our right to have a pleasant evening. They moved on. I had to endure their wry smirks and muffled giggles as they sauntered off. Loud laughs in the distance, like I was the one with the problem.

It is true that this kind of carelessness is not a new thing. But it is also true that it is increasingly more common. The daily news is full of it. People manipulating, coercing, bullying, assaulting and killing. Social media has become a breeding ground for mean-spirited nastiness. Many have forgotten that real people are on the receiving end of their comments, sent through the cold, hard, anonymous face of a screen. And the tentacles of this

insidious beast are reaching into regular life, all the way to my sleepy little town, strangling the kindness out of the community.

Societies around the world are suffering from social and moral dislocation. I don't exactly know how it got to Parishville, but seeing it there has made me feel how desperate the situation is. We could talk about who or what is to blame, but that won't help. What *will* help is people taking a stand. The responsibility lies with each of us who knows the corrosive effects of interpersonal indifference and the restorative effect of kindness and consideration. Not only should we call out people for their carelessness, we should *show them* the way by committing random acts of kindness. Maybe people are forgetting to be kind because they can't remember what it feels like to have someone give without expecting anything in return.

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**Noah Aaronson is a freelance journalist**



**END OF TASK BOOK**



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