

There's an easy litmus test of students' ability to express their understanding of the concept of journey. They simply need to answer the following 3 questions:

1. What is happening here?

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2. What techniques are used by the author/composer to influence our thinking/understanding/response?

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3. What do the first two questions do to my understanding of "journeys"?

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The woods are lovely, dark, and deep,  
But I have promises to keep,  
And miles to go before I sleep,  
And miles to go before I sleep.

**Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening**  
bv: Robert Frost

## ***HSC examination rubrics***

### ***English (Standard) and (Advanced)***

#### **Paper 1 – Area of Study**

##### **Section I**

In your answer you will be assessed on how well you:

- demonstrate understanding of the way perceptions of change are shaped in and through texts
- describe, explain and analyse the relationship between language, text and context.

##### **Section II**

In your answer you will be assessed on how well you:

- express understanding of change in the context of your studies
- organise, develop and express ideas using language appropriate to audience, purpose and context.

##### **Section III**

In your answer you will be assessed on how well you:

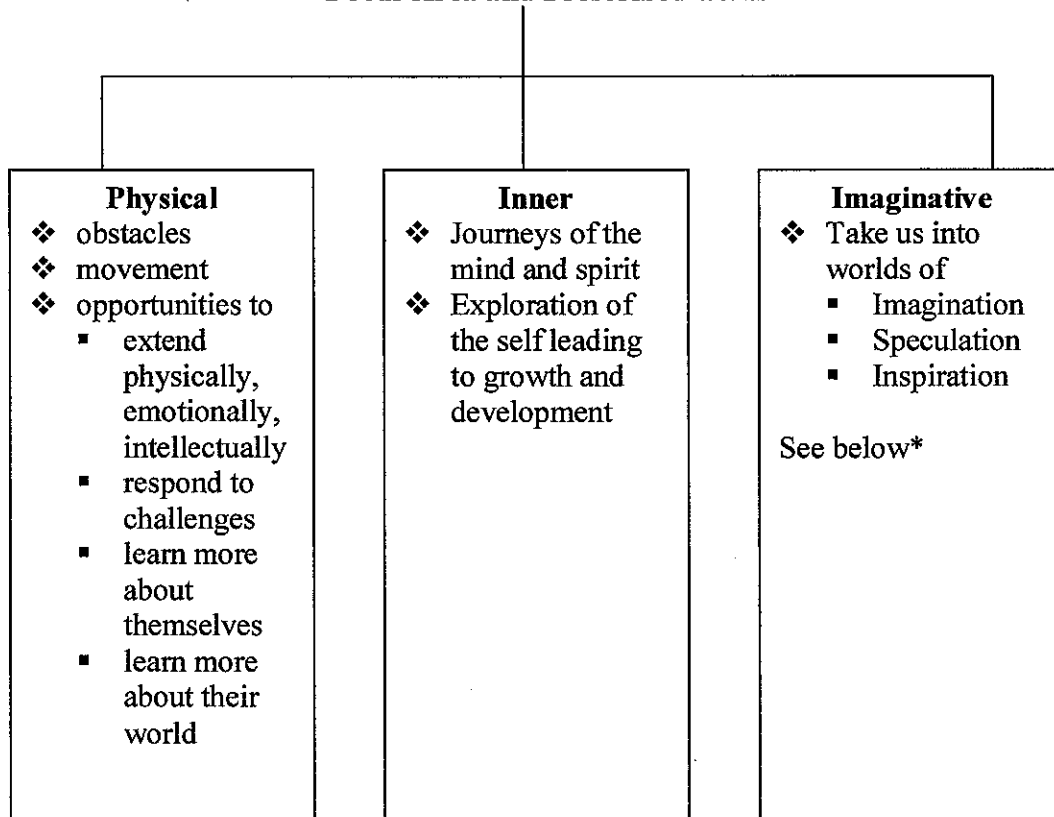
- demonstrate understanding of the concept of change in the context of your study
- analyse, explain and assess the ways change is represented in a variety of texts
- organise, develop and express ideas using language appropriate to audience, purpose and context.

**NOW**, put these 3 simple questions into a paragraph and begin with the very last point above.

*A journey is rarely without obstacle and these obstacles test you. Sometimes it takes courage to continue when a break in the journey is the easier option. The persona in Frost's "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening" is tempted to break his journey by the shelter and refuge that the woods, "lovely, dark, and deep", offer him. The alliteration of the 'd' and the use of the commas in this phrase reflect the seductive power of the woods and his hesitancy in choosing. It is the need to keep faith with the "promises" made that brings about a decision and he continues his journey. The repetition of the last two lines suggests that there is a degree of reluctance and some regret at an opportunity lost.*

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### Focus Area and Prescribed Texts



**\* If you are doing Imaginative Journeys, it might be worthwhile to look at various theories of the imagination eg**

**Blake** believed that the world of imagination is the world of eternity. It is the divine bosom into which we shall all go after the death of the vegetated [*i.e.* mortal] body. This

world of imagination is infinite and eternal, whereas the world of generation is finite and temporal.

**Aristotle** held that perception entails a faculty, the "common sense"/imagination, that transforms the deliverances of the material sense organs into coherent and meaningful mental representations. Its role in creative thinking is derivative from this basic function. How such a faculty might operate has never been satisfactorily explained. Associative mechanisms have been seen to be insufficient, and this has led to either a mystification of the faculty (Kant, Coleridge), or to its marginalization within scientific psychologies (Behaviorism, Cognitive Science), which thus fail to confront the problem it encapsulates.

**Ruskin** simplifies imagination as a picture-making tool.

**Coleridge** indexes words not to "images", for they are passive empiricist entities, but to the imaging process, a process which is active – thought can only be communicated by words or language but this does not make thought and language synonymous. Form and imagination are at the heart of knowledge.

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**An excerpt from "The Man from Snowy River"**

So he went — they found the horses by the big mimosa clump —  
They raced away towards the mountain's brow,  
And the old man gave his orders, 'Boys, go at them from the jump,  
No use to try for fancy riding now.  
And, Clancy, you must wheel them, try and wheel them to the right.  
Ride boldly, lad, and never fear the spills,  
For never yet was rider that could keep the mob in sight,  
If once they gain the shelter of those hills.'

Then fast the horsemen followed, where the gorges deep and black  
Resounded to the thunder of their tread,  
And the stockwhips woke the echoes, and they fiercely answered back  
From cliffs and crags that beetled overhead.  
And upward, ever upward, the wild horses held their way,  
Where mountain ash and kurrajong grew wide;  
And the old man muttered fiercely, "We may bid the mob good day,  
*No man can hold them down the other side.*"

When they reached the mountain's summit, even Clancy took a pull,  
It well might make the boldest hold their breath,  
The wild hop scrub grew thickly, and the hidden ground was full  
Of wombat holes, and any slip was death.  
But the man from Snowy River let the pony have his head,  
And he swung his stockwhip round and gave a cheer,

And he raced him down the mountain like a torrent down its bed,  
While the others stood and watched in very fear.

He sent the flint stones flying, but the pony kept his feet,  
He cleared the fallen timber in his stride,  
And the man from Snowy River never shifted in his seat—  
It was grand to see that mountain horseman ride.  
Through the stringy barks and saplings, on the rough and broken ground,  
Down the hillside at a racing pace he went;  
And he never drew the bridle till he landed safe and sound,  
At the bottom of that terrible descent.

He was right among the horses as they climbed the further hill,  
And the watchers on the mountain standing mute,  
Saw him ply the stockwhip fiercely, he was right among them still,  
As he raced across the clearing in pursuit.  
Then they lost him for a moment, where two mountain gullies met  
In the ranges, but a final glimpse reveals  
On a dim and distant hillside the wild horses racing yet,  
With the man from Snowy River at their heels.

And he ran them single-handed till their sides were white with foam.  
He followed like a bloodhound on their track,  
Till they halted cowed and beaten, then he turned their heads for home,  
And alone and unassisted brought them back.  
But his hardy mountain pony he could scarcely raise a trot,  
He was blood from hip to shoulder from the spur;  
But his pluck was still undaunted, and his courage fiery hot,  
For never yet was mountain horse a cur.

**Text Overview**

<b>Title of text</b>	
<b>What journeys occur?</b>	
<b>Who takes these journeys?</b>	
<b>Imaginative</b> ❖ Take us into worlds of <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>▪ Imagination</li><li>▪ Speculation</li><li>▪ Inspiration</li></ul>	
<b>How does the composer construct these journeys? (form and features)</b>	