HURLSTONE AGRICULTURAL HIGH SCHOOL

2016 HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE
TRIAL EXAMINATION

English (Standard) and English (Advanced)

Paper 1 — Area of Study

General Instructions

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Working time – 2 hours
- Write using black pen
- A stimulus booklet is provided SEPARATE to this paper

Total marks – 45

Section I Page 2

15 marks

- Attempt Question 1
- Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Section II Page 3

15 marks

- Attempt Question 2
- Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Section III Page 4

15 marks

- Attempt Question 3
- Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Section I

15 marks
Attempt Question 1
Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the questions in a writing booklet. Extra writing booklets are available.

Your answers will be assessed on how well you:

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

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Question 1 (15 marks)

Examine **Texts 1**, **2**, **3** and **4** on pages 2–6 of the Stimulus Booklet carefully and then answer the questions below.

Text 1 — Image

(a) How does the image support the idea that discovery can be unexpected? **2**

Text 2 — Poem

(b) How does the poet persuade the audience to see the pigeon from a different viewpoint? **2**

Text 3 — Short Story

(c) "The story was inside me now."
What effect did the narrator's discovery have on herself and her view of the world? **3**

Text 4 — Nonfiction extract (Adapted)

(d) In what way were the composer's discoveries transformative? **3**

Text 1, Text 2, Text 3 and Text 4 — Image, Poem, Short Story, Nonfiction extract (Adapted)

(e) Choose TWO of the above texts and explore how the questioning of assumptions has an important impact on making discoveries. **5**

please do not feed

the rhetorical qu

2

please do not feed on me

direct quote

and cynicm.

rhetorical questio

Section II

15 marks
Attempt Question 2
Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the question in a SEPARATE writing booklet. Extra writing booklets are available.

Your answer will be assessed on how well you:

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

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Question 2 (15 marks)

Compose a creative piece of writing in which a discovery is confronting and/or provocative.

Use ONE of the images on page 7 of the Stimulus Booklet as the central idea in your writing.

Please indicate the number of the image you used as a stimulus at the TOP of your response.

Please turn over

Section III

15 marks
Attempt Question 3
Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the question in a SEPARATE writing booklet. Extra writing booklets are available.

Your answer will be assessed on how well you:

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

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Question 3 (15 marks)

The real voyage of discovery consists not in seeking new landscapes, but in having new eyes.[1]

Do you agree with this statement in relation to your set text and ONE other related text of you own choosing?

In your response you should refer to your prescribed text and at least ONE other related text of your own choosing.

The prescribed texts are listed on page 8 of the Stimulus Booklet.

Discoveries consist of new worlds that allow an individual

[1] Quote from Marcel Proust

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TRIAL EXAMINATION

English (Standard) and English (Advanced)

Paper 1 — Area of Study Stimulus Booklet

General Instructions

- The list of prescribed texts for Section III is provided on page 8

Section I

Text 1 — Image



Text 2 — Poem

Rats with Wings – *by Miles Merrill*

How did the pigeon become
the new urban parasite
feeding from our bins?
"Please do not feed!"

What if chickens,
yeah man chickens,
what if chickens
were tick-tock bobbing
scratching red feet through central station?
We'd be surprised huh?

Peacocks would be foul undesirables,
that colourful feather span rollicking with fleas
carrying some rancid ass meat disease.

Vultures?
What about vultures?
I'd like to see a frenzy of vultures over one dropped chip.
Soaring! Gliding! Diving!
Grabbing meat pies out of the hands
of wide eyed lock-jawed commuters.

You see – a twenty-foot wingspan
Does not wait for you to drop breadcrumbs man.
If you're not hiding beneath the bus stop bench,
this rat with wings will
grab you by the face
pop your mouth open
stick a talon down your throat
and pull a hot-dog out of your stomach
taking your oesophagus
along the way.
All before you can say
"Please do not feed . . . on me."

Rats with wings.

They could have been beautiful majestic creatures,
that iridescent shoulder like oil on water,
if there weren't so many of us – they fly you know –
and so many of them
squeezed into the same damn place.
(make pigeon cooing sound here)
pidge eons.

Acknowledgement: *"Rats with Wings"* by Miles Merrill
Used by permission of Miles Merrill

Text 3 — Short Story

LEBANON - *by Favel Parrett*

My brother and I were watching TV after school. I had a lot of homework to do – to get done – and it was worrying me like it always did, but I did not want to start. Not yet. I just wanted some time to not have to do anything.

My brother turned to me and asked me where Lebanon was. He was in year four and I was in my first year of high school. I told him I didn't know.

'A man came to talk to us about Peace,' he said. 'He was from Lebanon.'

There were often talks about Peace at our school. All I knew about being a Quaker was that there were minutes of silence when we were meant to think about Peace, and there was grey. Grey uniforms and grey walls.

I got up off the couch and walked over to the small bookcase that was really just a shelf squeezed in between the chimney and the wall. We had a two-volume edition of the World Book Encyclopaedia. They were brown and black, maybe they were leather, and WORLD BOOK was written in gold letters down the spine. Mum had won them in a raffle and that was lucky because I often needed to use them for homework.

I took down the L-Z volume and carried it back to the couch. I opened it up to the beginning of L.

LEB.
Lebanon is a small independent republic at the eastern end of the Mediterranean Sea. The name of the country comes from the snow-capped Lebanon Mountains. In the Arabic language it is called LUB-NAN. Lebanon's capital and largest city is Beirut.

I read it out loud and my brother nodded like he knew, like he was being reminded of something that had just slipped his mind. There was a map of Lebanon – long and thin and by the sea. There were also a few black and white pictures. One of a giant cypress tree, and one of some ancient ruins with Roman-like columns standing tall without a roof. There was a photo of a smart-looking city with lots of cars and people walking in the streets and bright white art-deco buildings against the sky. One building had a sign on the rooftop that said RIVOLI in huge curly writing.

The caption read – *Place des Canons, Beirut – 1969.*

On the next page there was another picture of the city, only there were no cars and no people walking and the art-deco buildings were gone or so altered that there was nothing there to recognize. Smoke rose from missing rooftops and everything was blackened or grey. Everything different. The city had been smashed to pieces.

The caption read – *Beirut 1982: Operation Peace for Galilee.*

My eyes scrolled down the page then, down all the columns about all the wars in Lebanon. The Civil War and the War with Israel and the War with the PLO. My brother had stopped looking at the pictures; he stopped looking at the book altogether and rested back against the couch.

'No one wins a war,' he said, and he breathed in heavily. 'That's what the man said he had come

to tell us. No one wins a war, we just all lose. He showed us some photos of his family and he passed them around and told us they were all gone.'

I closed the book and sat with it heavy on my lap. The TV was still on but we were not watching it. Eventually I got up and walked over to the bookcase. I stood there in the corner with the World Book in my hands and the room was very still.

'Is the man going to stay here now?' I asked, and I meant forever. I meant was the man going to stay here in Hobart forever.

But my brother just shrugged. His eyes were back on the TV and he wasn't thinking about the man from Lebanon anymore.

Only I was.

The story was inside me now. I knew I would remember the man even though I had never even seen him or heard him speak. I didn't know if he was old or if he was young, but I would think about him, here, living on this island without any of the people he loved or even knew at all. Here, so far away from home, knowing that he could never return to the place he remembered because it was gone.

Acknowledgement: "*Lebanon*" by Favel Parrett
Used by permission of Favel Parrett

Text 4 — Nonfiction extract (Adapted)

On Self-Knowledge: A Ring and its Keeper - *by Andrew Sant*

On my left index finger is a ring that fits snugly. It's been there for a decade. I began to wear it several years after my father died. Then, a few days ago, I was washing my oily hands in hot water and the ring slipped off. The ring shot straight down the plughole. I am the third member of my family to wear it: first my grandfather, then my father, now me.

What struck me was that I accepted the loss. I'd inherited the ring, worn it for a while, now it was gone. History. What happens. At most, I felt a bit forlorn. This is not what I would have imagined feeling had the incident been hypothetical. I'd surely have conceived then that my mind would start racing, as fast as the ring, towards upset, distress. A flood of feeling. Who was this person, six decades alive, endeavouring to be commonly wise, a representative believer in self-examination, for myself and for the sake of others – who was this cool, civilised stranger staring dumbly down a dark plughole where something significant had dropped?

When very young I could not have conceived that I'd never want to wear it; that after my father died, in 1996, I'd reject its weight on my finger, having tried the ring on, as a thing I'd have to shake off. The weight of decades, of mutual impatience and blame, erosion of respect, words not said, kindnesses not built upon – mutually tough dependence, like the tongue of a belt in its buckle.

Eventually, I did wear it. It happened this way, unexpectedly. Do we best discover knowledge of ourselves when caught unawares? I'd returned the keeper ring to the small blue pull-top bag supplied by the funeral director, stored it in a drawer, and mostly forgot about it. Five or six years after the funeral I spotted the little cloth bag. I opened it, inspected the ring, tried it on, idly, index finger, left hand. It felt right. I left it there. Why? What had happened? I slowly realised that I'd changed but hadn't kept up with the pace. The change was subterranean, faster flowing than I could have conceived. Proof the self can be ever transforming – shadows capable of changing to shine. It struck me: I had become reconciled to my father without really knowing it. Now it was my index finger that burnished the inside of the ring.

It was gone. I thought the upset must surely come later. The loss. I looked down the plughole again, then realised that in my pocket was a keyring torch. To my astonishment, I spotted the glinting rim of the ring – saved from a freefall by an obstruction, a nail or something. I was no longer fatalistic or forlorn. I'd been fooling myself when I accepted the loss: shocked. Now, should any witness have been about, I was a novice plumber, crouching, engaged in frantic dismantling, heavy breathing. The ring! Soon I had it in my hand, and a lot of water on the tiled floor – had what the ring represents, and a reassertion of the importance of it. In the future I hope one of my grandsons will choose to wear the gold keeper and, hey, even flash it.

Acknowledgement: *"On Self-Knowledge: A Ring and its Keeper"* by Andrew Sant
Used by permission of Andrew Sant

Section II Writing stimulus

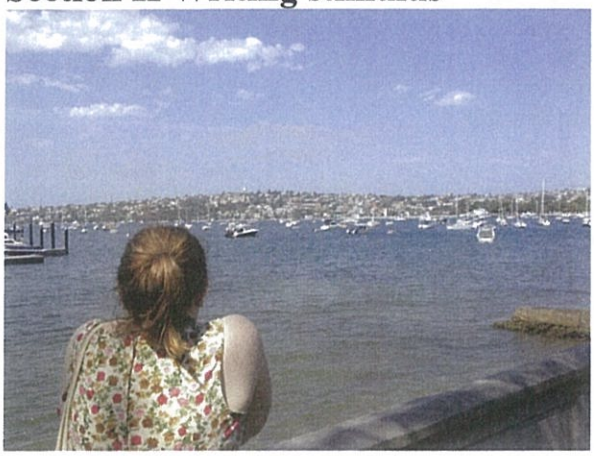


Image 1



Image 2



Image 3



Image 4

Section III The prescribed texts for Section III are listed below:

- **Prose Fiction**
  - James Bradley, *Wrack*
  - Kate Chopin, *The Awakening*
  - Tara June Winch, *Swallow the Air*
- **Nonfiction**
  - Bill Bryson, *A Short History of Nearly Everything*
  - Ernesto 'Che' Guevara, *The Motorcycle Diaries*
- **Drama**
  - Michael Gow, *Away*
  - Jane Harrison, *Rainbow's End*
    from Cleven, Vivienne et al, *Contemporary Indigenous Plays*
- **Film**
  - Ang Lee, *Life of Pi*
- **Shakespeare**
  - William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*
- **Poetry**
  - Rosemary Dobson, *Rosemary Dobson Collected*
    * *Young Girl at a Window*
    * *Wonder*
    * *Painter of Antwerp*
    * *Traveller's Tale*
    * *The Tiger*
    * *Cock Crow*
    * *Ghost Town: New England*
  - Robert Frost, *The Poetry of Robert Frost*
    * *The Tuft of Flowers*
    * *Mending Wall*
    * *Home Burial*
    * *After Apple-Picking*
    * *Fire and Ice*
    * *Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening*
  - Robert Gray, *Coast Road*
    * *Journey: the North Coast*
    * *The Meatworks*
    * *North Coast Town*
    * *Late Ferry*
    * *Flames and Dangling Wire*
    * *Diptych*
- **Media**
  - Simon Nasht, *Frank Hurley – The Man Who Made History*
  - Ivan O'Mahoney, *Go Back to Where You Came From* - Series 1, Episodes 1, 2 and 3 and *The Response*

End of paper