ST CATHERINE'S 2015

TRIAL HIGHER SCHOOL

CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION

English (Standard)

and English (Advanced)

Paper 1 – Area of Study

General Instructions:

- Reading time - 10 minutes
- Working time – 2 hours
- Write using black or blue pen. Black pen is preferred.

Total Marks – 45

Section I – pages 2-9

15 marks

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

Section II – page 10

15 marks

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

Section III – pages 11-12

15 marks

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

Section I

15 marks
Attempt Question 1

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

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

In your answers you 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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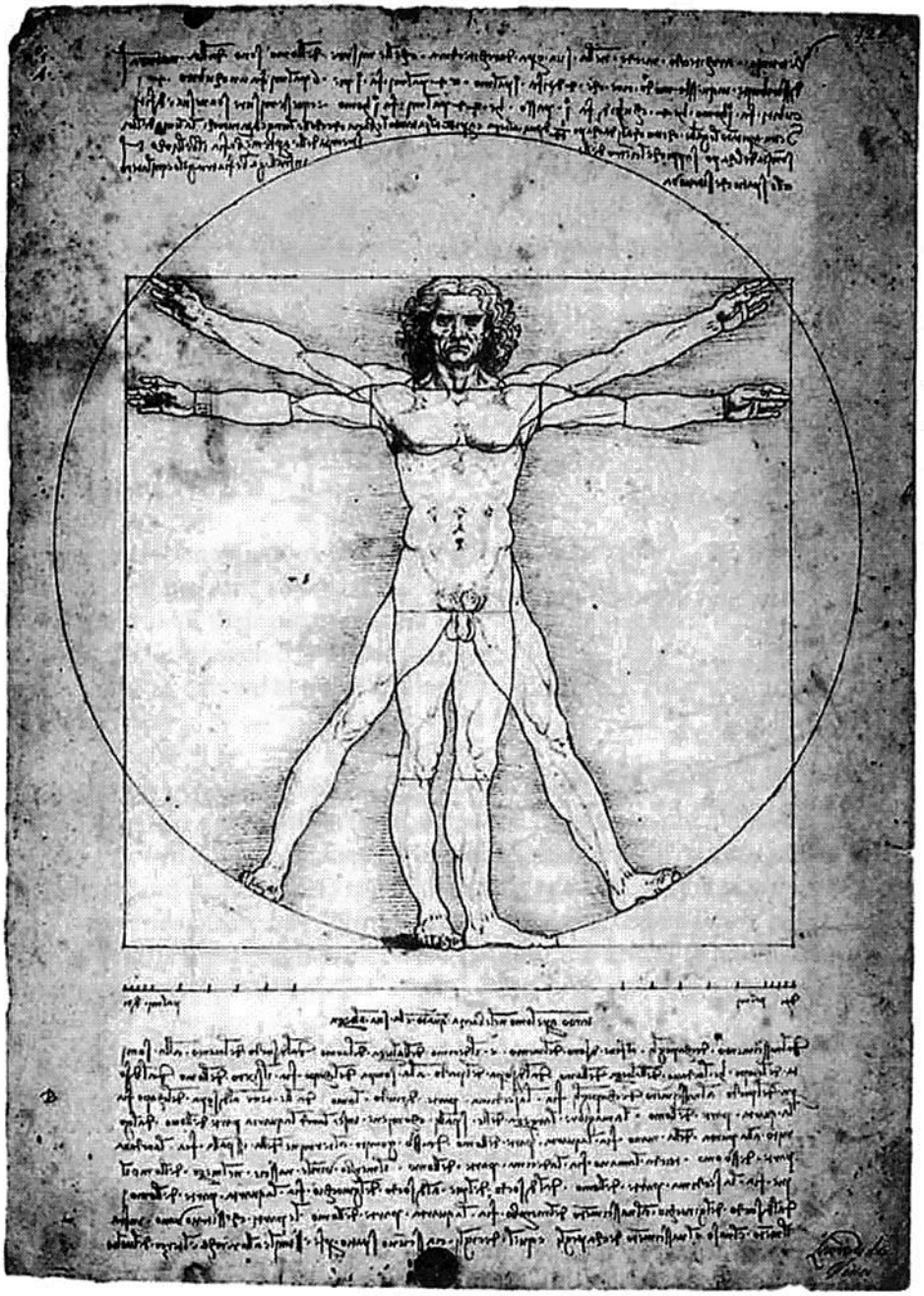
Question 1 (15 marks)

Examine **Texts one**, **two**, **three** and **four** carefully and then answer the questions on page 9.

Question 1 continues on page 3

Text one – image – The Vitruvian Man (The Ideal Man), Leonardo da Vinci

The Vitruvian Man is a drawing by Leonardo da Vinci around 1490. It is accompanied by notes based on the work of the architect Vitruvius. The drawing is based on the correlations of ideal human proportions with geometry described by the ancient Roman architect Vitruvius. Vitruvius determined that the ideal body should be eight heads high.



Text two – Poem. 'Five Ways to Kill a Man' by Edwin Brock

There are many cumbersome ways to kill a man.
You can make him carry a plank of wood
to the top of a hill and nail him to it. To do this
properly you require a crowd of people
wearing sandals, a cock that crows, a cloak
to dissect, a sponge, some vinegar and one
man to hammer the nails home.

Or you can take a length of steel,
shaped and chased in a traditional way,
and attempt to pierce the metal cage he wears.
But for this you need white horses,
English trees, men with bows and arrows,
at least two flags, a prince, and a
castle to hold your banquet in.

Dispensing with nobility, you may, if the wind
allows, blow gas at him. But then you need
a mile of mud sliced through with ditches,
not to mention black boots, bomb craters,
more mud, a plague of rats, a dozen songs
and some round hats made of steel.

In an age of aeroplanes, you may fly
miles above your victim and dispose of him by
pressing one small switch. All you then
require is an ocean to separate you, two
systems of government, a nation's scientists,
several factories, a psychopath and
land that no-one needs for several years.

These are, as I began, cumbersome ways
to kill a man. Simpler, direct, and much more neat
is to see that he is living somewhere in the middle
of the twentieth century, and leave him there.

Text three – Non Fiction – Extract from, *Silent Spring* by Rachel Carson, 1962

We stand now where two roads diverge. But unlike the roads in Robert Frost's familiar poem, they are not equally fair. The road we have long been traveling is deceptively easy, a smooth superhighway on which we progress with great speed, but at its end lies disaster. The other fork of the road the one "less traveled by" offers our last, our only chance to reach a destination that assures the preservation of our earth.

The choice, after all, is ours to make. If, having endured much, we have at last asserted our "right to know," and if, knowing, we have concluded that we are being asked to take senseless and frightening risks, then we should no longer accept the counsel of those who tell us that we must fill our world with poisonous chemicals; we should look about and see what other course is open to us.

A truly extraordinary variety of alternatives to the chemical control of insects is available. Some are already in use and have achieved brilliant success. Others are in the stage of laboratory testing. Still others are little more than ideas in the minds of imaginative scientists, waiting for the opportunity to put them to the test. All have this in common: they are biological solutions, based on understanding of the living organisms they seek to control, and of the whole fabric of life to which these organisms belong. Specialists representing various areas of the vast field of biology are contributing entomologists, pathologists, geneticists, physiologists, biochemists, ecologists all pouring their knowledge and their creative inspirations into the formation of a new science of biotic controls. . .

Through all these new, imaginative, and creative approaches to the problem of sharing our earth with other creatures there runs a constant theme, the awareness that we are dealing with life with living populations and all their pressures and counter pressures, their surges and recessions. Only by taking account of such life forces and by cautiously seeking to guide them into channels favourable to ourselves can we hope to achieve a reasonable accommodation between the insect hordes and ourselves.

The current vogue for poisons has failed utterly to take into account these most fundamental considerations. As crude a weapon as the cave man's club, the chemical barrage has been hurled against the fabric of life a fabric on the one hand delicate and destructible, on the other miraculously tough and resilient, and capable of striking back in unexpected ways. These extraordinary capacities of life have been ignored by the practitioners of chemical control who have brought to their task no "high-minded orientation," no humility before the vast forces with which they tamper.

The "control of nature" is a phrase conceived in arrogance, born of the Neanderthal age of biology and philosophy, when it was supposed that nature exists for the convenience of man. The concepts and practices of applied entomology for the most part date from that Stone Age of science. It is our alarming misfortune that so primitive a science has armed itself with the most modem and terrible weapons, and that in turning them against the insects it has also turned them against the earth.

Text four – novel extract - *The Signature of All Things*, Copyright © 2013 by Elizabeth Gilbert. Used by permission of Viking Press, a division of Penguin Group (USA) Inc.

Alma Whittaker is the only child of Henry and Beatrix Whittaker born on 5th January 1800. Her father, Henry Whittaker, is a bold and charismatic botanical explorer whose vast fortune belies his lowly beginnings as a vagrant in Sir Joseph Banks' Kew Gardens and as a deck hand on Captain Cook's HMS Resolution. Alma's mother, a strict woman from an esteemed Dutch family, is conversant in five living languages (and two dead ones). Alma is a woman of the Enlightened Age who stands defiantly on the cusp of the modern. Alma's father, teaches her that there are no limits to life with the right amount of ambition. As Alma grows, she becomes highly educated, developing a love in botany that will shape her entire life.

She had remembered correctly. Just at that border of rock and wood, Alma came to the first boulder in the outcropping. The stone was larger than a sleeping ox. As she had suspected and hoped, it was blanketed in moss. Alma knelt in the tall grass and brought her face as near as she could to the stone. And there, rising no more than an inch above the surface of the boulder, she saw a great and tiny forest. Nothing moved within this mossy world. She peered at it so closely that she could smell it – dank and rich and old. Gently, Alma pressed her hand into this tight little timberland. It compacted itself under her palm and then sprang back to form without complaint. There was something stirring about its response to her. The moss felt warm and spongy, several degrees warmer than the air around it, and far more damp than she had expected. It appeared to have its own weather.

Alma put the magnifying lens to her eye and looked again. Now the miniature forest below her gaze sprang into majestic detail. She felt her breath catch. This was a stupefying kingdom. This was the amazon jungle as seen from the back of a harpy eagle. She rode her eye above the surprising landscape, following its paths in every direction. Here were rich, abundant valleys filled with tiny trees of braided mermaid hair and miniscule, tangled vines. Here were barely visible tributaries running through the jungle, and here was a miniature ocean in a depression in the center of the boulder, where all the water pooled.

Just across the ocean - which was half the size of Alma's shawl - she found another continent of moss altogether. On this new continent, everything was different. This corner of the boulder must receive more sunlight than the other, she surmised. Or slightly less rain? In any case, this was a new climate entirely. Here, the moss grew in mountain ranges the length of Alma's arms, in elegant, pine tree-shaped clusters of darker, more somber green. On another quadrant of the same boulder still, she found patches of infinitesimally small deserts, inhabited by some kind of sturdy, dry, flaking moss that had the appearance of cactus. Elsewhere, she found deep, diminutive fjords – so deep that, incredibly, even now in the month of June – the mosses within were still chilled by lingering traces of winter ice. But she also found warm estuaries, miniature cathedrals, and limestone caves the size of her thumb.

Then Alma lifted her face and saw what was before her – dozens more such boulders, more than she could count, each one similarly carpeted, each one subtly different. She felt herself growing breathless. *This was the entire world.* This was bigger than the entire world. This was the firmament of the universe, as seen through one William Herschel's mighty telescopes. This was planetary and vast. These were ancient, unexplored galaxies, rolling forth in front of her – and it was all right here! She could still see her house from here. She could see the familiar old boats

Text four continues on page 8

on the Schuylkill River. She could hear the distant voices of her father's orchardmen working in the peach grove. If Hanneke had rung the bell for mealtime at that very instant, she would have heard it.

Alma's world and the moss world had been knitted together this whole time, lying on top of each other, crawling over each other. But one of these worlds was loud and large and fast, where the other was quiet and tiny and slow – and only one of these worlds seemed immeasurable.

Alma sank her fingers into the shallow green fur and felt a surge of joyful anticipation. This could belong to her! No botanist before her had ever committed himself uniquely to the study of this undervalued phylum, but Alma could do it. She had the time for it, as well as the patience. She had the competence. She most certainly had the microscopes for it.

In your answers you 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

Question 1 (continued)

Text one — Image

(a) Describe how the image introduces aspects of discovery. **2**

Text two — Poem

In an age of aeroplanes, you may fly
miles above your victim and dispose of him by
pressing one small switch. All you then
require is an ocean to separate you, two
systems of government, a nation's scientists,
several factories, a psychopath and
land that no-one needs for several years.

(b) Explain what these lines reveal about the dangers of discovery? **2**

Text three — Nonfiction extract

(c) In what ways does the text highlight the effects of discovery? **3**

Text four — Novel extract

(d) Analyse how language is used to capture the experience of discovery. **3**

Texts one, two, three and **four — Image, Poem, Newspaper article** and **Novel extract**

(e) In your view, which TWO of these texts most effectively explore the effects of discovery? **5**

Justify your view with reference to TWO texts.

End of Question 1

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.

In your answer you 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)

Use the following lines as the central element in a piece of imaginative writing exploring the effects of discovery.

She felt herself growing breathless. *This was the entire world.* This was bigger than the entire world.

End of Question 2

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.

In your answer you 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)

Discovery does not always lead to progress.

In what ways is this view of discovery represented in your prescribed text and at least ONE other related text of your own choosing?

The prescribed texts are listed on the next page.

Question 3 continues on page 12

Question 3 (continued)

The prescribed texts are:

- **Prose Fiction**
  - James Bradley, *Wrack*
  - Kate Chopin, *The Awakening*
  - Tara Jane 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 Vivienne Cleven et al. (eds), *Contemporary Indigenous Plays*
- **Film**
  - Ang Lee, *Life of Pi*
- **Shakespeare**
  - William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*
- **Poetry**
  - Rosemary Dobson
    Young Girl at a Window
    Wonder
    Painter of Antwerp
    Traveller's Tale
    The Tiger
    Cock Crow
    Ghost Town: New England
  - 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
    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