CHERRYBROOK TECHNOLOGY HIGH SCHOOL

2019 AP4 Exam

English Advanced

Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

General Instructions

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Working time – 1 hour and 30 minutes
- Write using black pen
- A Stimulus Booklet is provided with this paper

Total marks: 40

Section 1 - 20 marks

- Attempt Questions 1 – 4
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section 2 – 20 marks

- Attempt Question 1
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section I

20 marks
Attempt Questions 1-4
Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Your answers will be assessed on how well you:

- demonstrate understanding of human experiences in texts
- analyse, explain and assess the ways human experiences are represented in texts

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Examine **Texts 1, 2 3, and 4** in the Stimulus Booklet carefully and then answer the questions below.

Text 1 – Image (3 marks)

1. How are differences in human motivation represented in the photograph?

Text 2 – Poem (5 marks)

2. "*My father handed me the story, a small recovered legacy, glinting bright".*
In what ways does the poem portray the value of storytelling?

Text 3 – Prose Fiction (6 marks)

3. How does the extract from Cormac McCarthy's dystopic text emphasise the importance of human connection?

Text 4 – Article (6 marks)

4. In what ways does Abby Rosmarin prove her thesis (or view) that "you will not gain meaning by travelling the world"?

Section II

20 marks
Attempt Question 1
Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Your answers will be assessed on how well you:

- demonstrate understanding of human experiences in texts
- analyse, explain and assess the ways human experiences are represented in texts
- organise, develop and express ideas using language appropriate to audience, purpose and context

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Question 1

Through literature, we deepen our understanding of human behaviour and motivations.

To what extent is this reflected in your prescribed text and ONE of the texts from the stimulus booklet for this paper.

English Advanced

Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

Stimulus Booklet for Section 1

and

List of prescribed texts for Section 11

Section 1

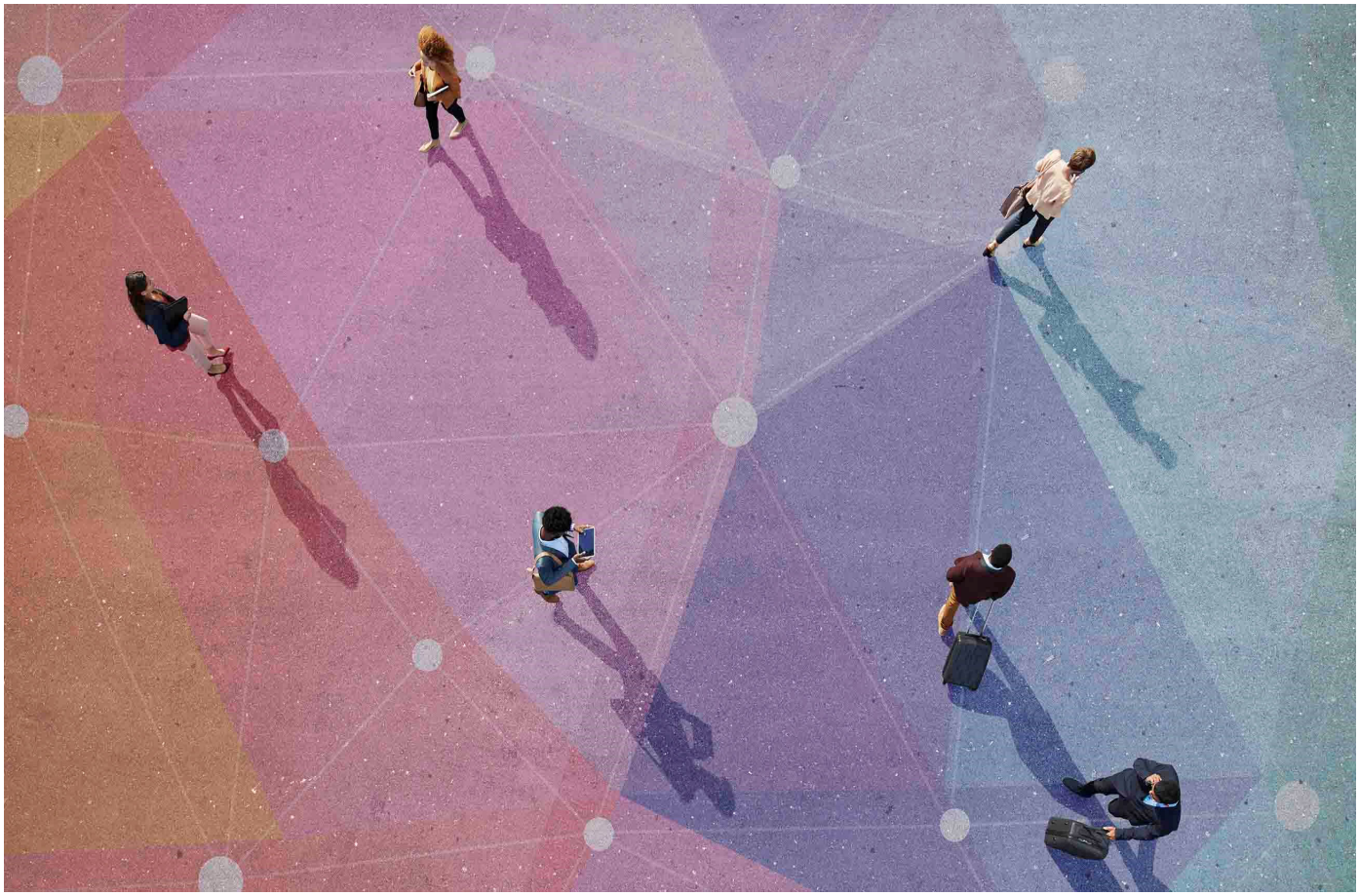
- Text 1 – Image …….
- Text 2 – Poem …….
- Text 3 – Prose Fiction …….
- Text 4 – Feature Article ……..

Section 11

- List of prescribed texts ……

Section 1

Text 1 - Image



Photograph: National Geographic

Text 2 – Poem

Joy Flight by Cate Kennedy

My father's stories must be provoked from him by some
landslide of sorrow;

a lost city's foundations revealed by shifting earth.

Only after the death of two brothers does he relate
some childhood moment

of a Sunday after Mass, when a Tiger Moth touched
down on a patch of ground offering joy flights.

I see them, those three blond boys taught with longing, that silver
machine, the sky.

My father remembers the sum of money required for the three
boys to go up

and his own father's face, closed and abashed, after he
asked the pilot.

He turned away,

and my father steeled himself for the walk home to lunch. Yet
somehow his father was carrying the money,

and somehow he decided. They flew.

Disaster could have struck,

and sent my grandmother mad with grief. My
grandfather would have been condemned to watch that,
from the ground, forever.

But nothing went wrong.

(continued on next page)

They flew, and returned safely to the earth, transformed, an awestruck moment in a poor childhood,

desire made real, a stern father hiding his smile on the run home.

Everyone who witnessed that event is dead now.
My father handed me the story, a small recovered legacy, glinting bright with disuse.

Now I carry those three buffeted, grinning children in their Sunday clothes,

hardly able to believe their luck,
astonished by joy and flight.

I hold this, and yearn to write fiction in the
face of these deaths and losses, in the face of
all that is forgotten

and revealed by the stark shift of pain and surprise.
I want to carry this talisman carved like a rune for my father, for my uncles, for my grandfather, and for that pilot;

for that pure torn-open moment where they
slipped free of the earth.

Fiction, which is the ribbon pulled from a trembling mouth, which tells its truth with such defiance

that everything forgotten will blaze, every joy burnished, every recollection of unexpected flight shared

and passed from hand to cupped hand, carried
warm next to the skin,

recited for courage.

Text 3 – Prose Fiction From *The Road* by Cormac McCarthy

When he woke in the words in the dark and the cold of the night he'd reach out to touch the child sleeping beside him. Nights dark beyond darkness and the days more gray each one than what had gone before. Like the onset of some old glaucoma dimming away the world. His hand rose and fell softly with each precious breath. He pushed away the plastic tarpaulin and raised himself in the stinking robes and blankets and looked toward the east for any light but there was none. In the dream from which he'd wakened he had wandered in a cave where the child led him by the hand. Their light playing over the wet flowstone walls. Like pilgrims in a fable swallowed up and lost among the inward parts of some granitic beast. Deep stone flues where the water dripped and sang. Tolling in the silence the minutes of the earth and the hours and the days of it and the years without cease. Until they stood in a great stone room where lay a black and ancient lake. And on the far shore a creature that raised its dripping mouth from the rimstone pool and stared into the light with eyes dead white and sightless as the eggs of spiders. It swung its head low over the water as if to take the scent of what it could not see. Crouching there pale and naked and translucent, its alabaster bones cast up in shadow on the rocks behind it. Its bowels, its beating heart. The brain that pulsed in a dull glass bell. It swung its head from side to side and then gave out a low moan and turned and lurched away and loped soundlessly into the dark.

With the first gray light he rose and left the boy sleeping and walked out to the road and squatted and studied the country to the south. Barren, silent, godless. He thought the month was October but he wasn't sure. He hadn't kept a calendar for years. They were moving south. There'd be no surviving here.

When it was light enough to use the binoculars he glassed the valley below. Everything paling away into the murk. The soft ash blowing in loose swirls over the blacktop. He studied what he could see. The segments of road down there among the dead trees. Looking for anything of colour. Any movement. Any trace of standing smoke. He lowered the glasses and pulled down the cotton mask from his face and wiped his nose on the back of his wrist and then glassed the country again. Then he just sat there holding the binoculars and watching the ashen daylight congeal over the land. He knew only that the child was his warrant. He said: If he is not the work of God God never spoke.

When he got back the boy was still asleep. He pulled the blue plastic tarp off of him and folded it and carried it out to the grocery cart and packed and came back with their plates and some cornmeal cakes in a plastic bag and a plastic bottle of syrup. He spread the small tarp they used for a table on the ground and laid everything out and he took the pistol from his belt and laid it on the cloth and then he just sat watching the boy sleep. He'd pulled away his mask in the night and it was buried somewhere in the blankets. He watched the boy and he looked out through the trees toward the road. This was not a safe place. They could be seen from the road now it was day. The boy

turned in the blankets. Then he opened his eyes. Hi, Pap, he said. I'm right here. I know

An hour later they were on the road. He pushed the cart and both he and the boy carried knapsacks. In the knapsacks were essential things. IN case they had to abandon the cart and make a run for it. Clamped to the handle of the cart was a chrome motorcycle mirror that he used to watch the road behind them. He shifted the pack higher on his shoulders and looked out over the wasted country. The road was empty. Below in the little valley the still gray serpentine of a river. Motionless and precise. Along the shore a burden of dead reeds. Are you okay? He said. The boy nodded. Then they set out along the blacktop in the gunmetal light, shuffling through the ash, each the others' world entire.

Text 4 – Feature Article

You Will Not Gain Meaning By Traveling The World

By Abby Rosmarin, April 22nd 2014



Shutterstock

“I don’t know what I want to do with my life,” he said with a startling flippancy. “I think I’m going to sign up for a work-abroad program and hope for the best.”

The late twenties have proven complicated for us Generation Y kiddos. What we were told, what we expected, and what we got all turned out to be completely different things. And — just in time for that quarter-life crisis — a lot of us aren’t sure where to find meaning anymore.

We wanted to find meaning in our careers, but after a string of free internships and a round of layoffs, the majority of us are just making do with whatever will pay the bills. We want to find meaning in deep, powerful relationships, but 21st century technology has made it too easy to keep every type of relationship — from the platonic to the romantic — at a pretty superficial level. We read about those who have given up the nine-to-five to start traveling the world and we can’t help but go, “That’s it. This is how I will get meaning in my life. I will travel the world.”

I hate to break it to you, but you will not gain meaning by traveling the world.

Please keep in mind that this is coming from a woman with a severe case of wanderlust. Since the moment I left my hometown, I seized every opportunity I could to visit the world. My frequent-flyer points are like gold to me. I thrive on travel plans and road trips, new cities and new experiences. I'm that type of person who sees those very articles online and checks her bank account, bemoaning the fact that she can't just cancel everything and take a sporadic trip to Peru.

Travel is in my blood. But it doesn't give me meaning.

It breaks my heart when I see someone I care for jet off to South Korea, or England, or Brazil — purely because they are unhappy with their lives and want to find meaning — only to meander around in their new country and return home essentially the same person, albeit with a few souvenirs. They travel to new places, but remain confined in their old way of thinking. They'll return to their old jobs — or find a position in the exact same field — and count the days until they can "find meaning" again.

We cannot go to any new place expecting it to give us meaning. The same way we cannot go into a church and expect to feel a spiritual awakening from entering alone. The same way we cannot go into the dating world and assume that simply "finding a man/woman" will give us clarity and purpose. It would be nice if everything had this intrinsic quality, but it doesn't.

Here is the nasty, gnarly, unfortunate truth: at the end of the day, cities are cities. Towns are towns. Countrysides are countrysides. In all places, there are roads, buildings, and a plethora of jobs that need to be done in order to keep the community going. These places will vary greatly in shape, size, and texture, but at the end of the day, it is still just ground beneath your feet. The cars might be on the opposite side of the road, but that doesn't mean the asphalt will provide you anything on its own accord.

So what does traveling give you, if not meaning? The answer: perspective.

Go onto those roads and into those buildings. Experience the shapes, sizes, and textures. Walk down Times Square — not because there is something inherently special about Times Square, but because it differs so greatly from Cheyenne, Wyoming, or Montreal, Quebec, or Brisbane, Queensland — and take it all in. Don't gobble up these moments like a manic collector, fervently praying to complete a set or finish a series. Take in these experiences gently, let them swirl around organically; see what resonates and what passes you by. Take in the nuances and the overt contrasts.

Take it all in and recognize that perspective is not meaning, but it can help you shape it.

Meaning in our lives will not come from outside sources, even if those sources are from far outside our house. Travel can open your eyes, but it doesn't make you better able to see. The same way a career for career's sake, a romance for romance's sake, a religion for religion's sake, will not give you meaning. Meaning cannot be given, shared, sold, or traded. It is created from within. It is created from deep intro- and retrospection, understanding what makes you tick and what shuts you off, and learning all the little aspects that make you "you". It is created when we see how we interact with the world and take a moment to contemplate why.

And, furthermore, it is created with the understanding that anything can be a catalyst for that deeper understanding. You don't need to backpack through Europe, or do a string of work-abroad jobs, or volunteer for the Peace Corps. You don't need to do anything that doesn't resonate with you. You just need to step out into life with an open mind and a fearlessness to accept whatever emotions and experiences come your way. Whether that step is off of an airplane or onto a backyard porch you know by heart is irrelevant.

In short: you will not gain meaning by traveling the world. But you will gain meaning by traveling your mind.

End of Section 1

Section II

The prescribed texts for Section 11 are:

- Prose Fiction - Anthony Doerr, *All The Light We Cannot See*
  - George Orwell, *Nineteen Eighty-Four*
- Shakespearean Drama - William Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice*

End of Section 11