

Section I

15 marks

Attempt Question 1

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

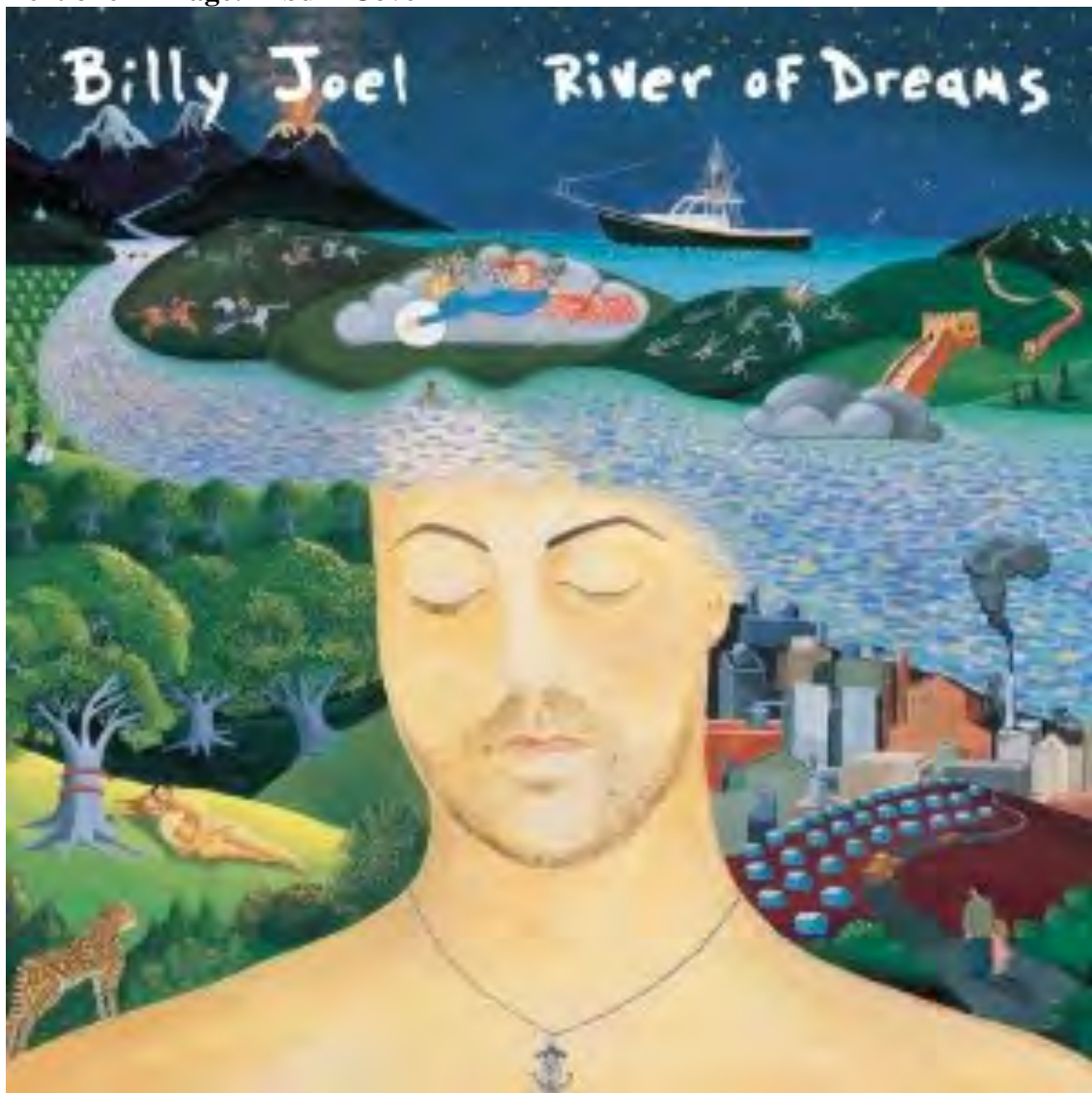
Answer the question in the Section I Writing Booklet. Extra writing booklets are available.

In your answers, you will be assessed on how well you:

- Demonstrate understanding on 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)

Text one – Image: Album Cover



Text two – Short Story Extract from ‘No Other Country’ by Shaun Tan

The green painted concrete out in front of the house, which at first seemed like a novel way to save money on lawn mowing, was now just plain depressing. The hot water came reluctantly to the kitchen sink as if from miles away, and even then without conviction, and sometimes a pale brownish colour. Many of the windows wouldn't open properly to let flies out. Others wouldn't shut properly to stop them getting in. The newly planted fruit trees died in the sandy soil of a too bright backyard and were left like grave markers under the slack laundry lines, a small cemetery of disappointment. It appeared to be impossible to find the right kinds of food, or learn the right way to say even simple things. The children said very little that wasn't a complaint.

No other country is worse than this one, their mother announced loudly and often, and nobody felt the need to challenge her. After paying the mortgage, there was no money left to fix anything. You kids have to do more to help your mother, their father kept saying, and this included going out to find the cheapest plastic Christmas tree available and storing it temporarily in the roof space. Here was something to look forward to at least.

But when they went to get the tree down, they found it was stuck to the ceiling beams – it had been so hot up there that the plastic had actually *melted*. No other country like this one! muttered their mother. There was enough tree left to be worth salvaging, though, so the children set about scraping it free with butter knives. This was when the youngest stood on the weakest part of the ceiling, and his foot went straight through. *What a disaster!* Everyone was shouting and waving their hands: they all rushed down the ladder to inspect the damage from below – a hole that would undoubtedly cost a fortune to fix. But they couldn't find it. Confused they rushed from room to room. Everywhere the ceiling was fine, no holes.

They went back up to check again where the foot had gone through – surely either in the laundry or the kitchen? It was then that they were struck by a scent of grass, cool stone, and tree sap that breezed through the attic. They all inspected the hole closely ... It opened into another room altogether, one they didn't know about – an impossible room, somewhere between the others. Furthermore, it appeared to be outside the house.

This was house the family first discovered the place they later came to call the inner courtyard. It was actually more like an old palace garden, with tall trees much older than any they had ever seen. There were ancient walls decorated with frescoes: the more they looked at them, the more the family recognised aspects of their own lives within these strange, faded allegories.

The seasons in their inner courtyard were reversed: here it was winter in summer, and later they would come to soak up the summer sun during the coldest, wettest part of the year. It was like being back in the home country, but also somewhere else, somewhere altogether different ... And they would ponder this when unusual blossoms floated through the air on still evenings.

It became their special sanctuary. They visited at least twice a week for picnics, bringing everything they needed through the attic and down a permanently installed ladder. They felt no need to question the logic of it, and simply accepted its presence gratefully.

It was decided to keep the inner courtyard a private family secret, although nobody said this explicitly – it just seemed the right thing to do. There was also a feeling that it was not possible to tell anyone else about it.

Text three – Poetry

I was ready for a new experience.
All the old ones had burned out.

They lay in little ashy heaps along the roadside
And blew in drifts across the fairgrounds and fields.

From a distance some appeared to be smouldering
But when I approached with my hat in my hands

They let out small puffs of smoke and expired.
Through the windows of houses I saw lives lit up

With the otherworldly glow of TV
And these were smoking a little bit too.

I flew to Rome. I flew to Greece.
I sat on a rock in the shade of the Acropolis

And conjured dusky columns in the clouds.
I watched waves lap the crumbling coast.

I heard wind strip the woods.
I saw the last living snow leopard

Pacing in the dirt. Experience taught me
That nothing worth doing is worth doing

For the sake of experience alone.
I bit into an apple that tasted sweetly of time.

The sun came out. It was the old sun
With only a few billion years left to shine.

Suzanne Buffam, 'The New Experience' from the Irrationalist

Text four – Speech

One of the greatest formative experiences of my life preceded Harry Potter, though it informed much of what I subsequently wrote in those books. This revelation came in the form of one of my earliest day jobs. Though I was sloping off to write stories during my lunch hours, I paid the rent in my early 20s by working at the African research department at Amnesty International's headquarters in London.

There in my little office I read hastily scribbled letters smuggled out of totalitarian regimes by men and women who were risking imprisonment to inform the outside world of what was happening to them. I saw photographs of those who had disappeared without trace, sent to Amnesty by their desperate families and friends. I read the testimony of torture victims and saw pictures of their injuries. I opened handwritten, eye-witness accounts of summary trials and executions, of kidnappings and rapes.

Many of my co-workers were ex-political prisoners, people who had been displaced from their homes, or fled into exile, because they had the temerity to speak against their governments. Visitors to our offices included those who had come to give information, or to try and find out what had happened to those they had left behind.

I shall never forget the African torture victim, a young man no older than I was at the time, who had become mentally ill after all he had endured in his homeland. He trembled uncontrollably as he spoke into a video camera about the brutality inflicted upon him. He was a foot taller than I was, and seemed as fragile as a child. I was given the job of escorting him back to the Underground Station afterwards, and this man whose life had been shattered by cruelty took my hand with exquisite courtesy, and wished me future happiness.

And as long as I live I shall remember walking along an empty corridor and suddenly hearing, from behind a closed door, a scream of pain and horror such as I have never heard since. The door opened, and the researcher poked out her head and told me to run and make a hot drink for the young man sitting with her. She had just had to give him the news that in retaliation for his own outspokenness against his country's regime, his mother had been seized and executed.

Every day of my working week in my early 20s I was reminded how incredibly fortunate I was, to live in a country with a democratically elected government, where legal representation and a public trial were the rights of everyone.

Every day, I saw more evidence about the evils humankind will inflict on their fellow humans, to gain or maintain power. I began to have nightmares, literal nightmares, about some of the things I saw, heard, and read.

And yet I also learned more about human goodness at Amnesty International than I had ever known before.

Amnesty mobilises thousands of people who have never been tortured or imprisoned for their beliefs to act on behalf of those who have. The power of human empathy, leading to collective action, saves lives, and frees prisoners. Ordinary people, whose personal well-being and security are assured, join together in huge numbers to save people they do not know, and will never meet. My small participation in that process was one of the most humbling and inspiring experiences of my life.

Unlike any other creature on this planet, humans can learn and understand, without having experienced. They can think themselves into other people's places.

Of course, this is a power, like my brand of fictional magic, that is morally neutral. One might use such an ability to manipulate, or control, just as much as to understand or sympathise.

And many prefer not to exercise their imaginations at all. They choose to remain comfortably within the bounds of their own experience, never troubling to wonder how it would feel to have been born other than they are. They can refuse to hear screams or to peer inside cages; they can close their minds and hearts to any suffering that does not touch them personally; they can refuse to know.

I might be tempted to envy people who can live that way, except that I do not think they have any fewer nightmares than I do. Choosing to live in narrow spaces leads to a form of mental agoraphobia, and that brings its own terrors. I think the wilfully unimaginative see more monsters. They are often more afraid.

What is more, those who choose not to empathise enable real monsters. For without ever committing an act of outright evil ourselves, we collude with it, through our own apathy.

Rowling, J.K. 'The Fringe Benefits of Failure and the Importance of Imagination', 5 June 2008

Question 1 (Continued)

In your answers, you will be assessed on how well you:

- Demonstrate understanding on 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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Text one – Image: Album Cover

a. Explain the connection between the album's title and its images (2 marks)

Text two – Short Story Extract

b. How does the writer use sensory imagery to evoke the concept of discovery in the extract? (3 marks)

Text three – Poetry

c. How do verbs and use of personal voice evoke a strong sense of the persona's quest to discover new possibilities? (2 marks)

Text four – Speech

d. This speech suggests that discovery of new and alternate ways of life is essential. Explain how this notion is conveyed. (3 marks)

Texts one, two, three and four – Image, short story extract, poetry and speech

e. Analyse how TWO of these texts portray the importance of discovery for personal growth. (5 marks)

Question 2 (15 marks)

Allow about 40 minutes for this section. Answer the question in a SEPARATE writing booklet. Extra writing booklets are available.

In your answers, 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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Compose a piece of imaginative writing that explores how a personal discovery leads to personal growth. Use one of the sentences below as the first sentence of your imaginative writing.

- It's the hardest of moments that shape the course of years.
- Waiting was both the worst and best thing I had to do.
- The harder I tried the less I achieved. Only when I let things happen did I ever accomplish anything of true worth.

Question 3 (15 marks)

In your answers, you will be assessed on how well you:

- Demonstrate understanding of the concept of discovery in the context of your studies
 - 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
-

The discoveries we allow ourselves to make determine how we interact with the world around us. To what extent do you agree with the statement above?

In your response, refer in detail to your prescribed text and ONE other related text of your own choosing.