

## ***Practice paper, prepared by Michael Murray***

N.B. While every attempt has been made by the author to compose an authentic version of Paper 1 of the HSC English Examination (Area of Study: Discovery), students should note that the format of this examination is subject to variation from year to year and they should consult their teachers and the Board of Studies website to find the latest relevant information.

### **ENGLISH (STANDARD) AND ENGLISH (ADVANCED)**

#### **Paper 1 – Area of Study: Discovery**

##### **General Instructions**

- Reading time-10 minutes
- Working time-2 hours
- Write using black or blue pen

##### **Total Marks – 45**

##### **Section 1 15 marks**

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

##### **Section 11 15 marks**

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

##### **Section 111 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**

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In your answer 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 that follow.

**Text one – Illustration**

*Charles Sturt was a European explorer who embarked on voyages of discovery in the early years of Australian colonial history. This illustration from an account of Sturt's expeditions at the time shows Sturt's party 'threatened by blacks (sic) at the junction of the Murray and Darling, 1830.'*



## Text two – Nonfiction

*Howard Carter made an important archaeological discovery in 1922 when he found the tomb of the legendary King Tutankhamen. This extract is from Carter's book, published a year after his discovery, entitled The Tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen.*

This was to be our final season in the valley. Six full seasons we had excavated there, and season after season had drawn a blank; we had worked for months at a stretch and found nothing, and only an excavator knows how desperately depressing that can be; we had almost made up our minds that we were beaten, and were preparing to leave the valley and try our luck elsewhere; and then—hardly had we set hoe to ground in our last despairing effort than we made a discovery that far exceeded our wildest dreams. Surely, never before in the whole history of excavation has a full digging season been compressed within the space of five days.

Let me try and tell the story of it all. It will not be easy, for the dramatic suddenness of the initial discovery left me in a dazed condition, and the months that have followed have been so crowded with incident that I have hardly had time to think. Setting it down on paper will perhaps give me a chance to realize what has happened and all that it means.

I arrived in Luxor on October 28, and by November 1 I had enrolled my workmen and was ready to begin. Our former excavations had stopped short at the northeast corner of the tomb of Rameses VI, and from this point I started trenching southwards. It will be remembered that in this area there were a number of roughly constructed workmen's huts, used probably by the labourers in the tomb of Rameses. ... By the evening of November 3 we had laid bare a sufficient number of these huts for experimental purposes, so, after we had planned and noted them, they were removed, and we were ready to clear away the three feet of soil that lay beneath them.

Hardly had I arrived on the work next morning (November 4) than the unusual silence, due to the stoppage of the work, made me realize that something out of the ordinary had happened, and I was greeted by the announcement that a step cut in the rock had been discovered underneath the very first hut to be attacked. This seemed too good to be true, but a short amount of extra clearing revealed the fact that we were actually in the entrance of a steep cut in the rock, some thirteen feet below the entrance to the tomb of Rameses VI, and a similar depth from the present bed level of the valley. The manner of cutting was that of the sunken stairway entrance so common in the valley, and I almost dared to hope that we had found our tomb at last. Work continued feverishly throughout the whole of that day and the morning of the next, but it was not until the afternoon of November 5 that we succeeded in clearing away the masses of rubbish that overlay the cut, and were able to demarcate the upper edges of the stairway on all its four sides.

It was clear by now beyond any question that we actually had before us the entrance to a tomb, but doubts, born of previous disappointments, persisted in creeping in. There was always the horrible possibility, suggested by our experience in the Thothmes III valley, that the tomb was an unfinished one, never completed and never used: if it had been finished there was the depressing probability that it had been completely plundered in ancient times. On the other hand, there was just the chance of an untouched or only partially plundered tomb, and it was with ill-suppressed excitement that I watched the descending steps of the staircase, as one by one they came to light. The cutting was excavated in the side of a small hillock, and, as the work progressed, its western edge receded under the

slope of the rock until it was, first partially, and then completely, roofed in, and became a passage, ten feet high by six feet wide. Work progressed more rapidly now; step succeeded step, and at the level of the twelfth, towards sunset, there was disclosed the upper part of a doorway, blocked, plastered, and sealed.

A sealed doorway—it was actually true, then! Our years of patient labor were to be rewarded after all, and I think my first feeling was one of congratulation that my faith in the valley had not been unjustified. With excitement growing to fever heat I searched the seal impressions on the door for evidence of the identity of the owner, but could find no name: the only decipherable ones were those of the well-known royal necropolis seal, the jackal and nine captives. Two facts, however, were clear: first, the employment of this royal seal was certain evidence that the tomb had been constructed for a person of a very high standing; and second, that the sealed door was entirely screened from above by workmen's huts of the Twentieth Dynasty was sufficiently clear proof that at least from that date it had never been entered. With that for the moment I had to be content.

While examining the seals I noticed, at the top of the doorway, where some of the plaster had fallen away, a heavy wooden lintel. Under this, to assure myself of the method by which the doorway had been blocked, I made a small peephole, just large enough to insert an electric torch, and discovered that the passage beyond the door was filled completely from floor to ceiling with stones and rubble—additional proof this of the care with which the tomb had been protected.

It was a thrilling moment for an excavator. Alone, save for my native workmen, I found myself, after years of comparatively unproductive labor, on the threshold of what might prove to be a magnificent discovery. Anything, literally anything, might lie beyond that passage, and it needed all my self-control to keep from breaking down the doorway, and investigating then and there.

### Text three – Poetry

*This poem, Ozymandias, was written by Percy B Shelly in 1817. It was probably inspired by a statue of the Egyptian pharaoh, Ramses the Great, sculpted by Memnon in the first century BC and acquired for the British Museum by an Italian adventurer in 1816.*

I met a traveller from an antique land  
Who said: `Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,  
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,  
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,  
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,  
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed.  
And on the pedestal these words appear --  
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:  
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"  
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare  
The lone and level sands stretch far away.'

## Text four - Fiction

*John Steinbeck's novella, The Pearl, is the story of a Mexican pearl-diver, Kino, who fortuitously discovers a huge pearl soon after his child is bitten by a scorpion. This extract is set just after this discovery.*

A town is a thing like a colonial animal. A town has a nervous system and a head and shoulders and feet. A town is a thing separate from all other towns, so that there are no two towns alike. And a town has a whole emotion. How news travels through a town is a mystery not easily to be solved. News seems to move faster than small boys can scramble and dart to tell it, faster than women can call it over the fences.

Before Kino and Juana and the other fishers had come to Kino's brush house, the nerves of the town were pulsing and vibrating with the news – Kino had found the Pearl of the World. Before panting little boys could strangle out the words, their mothers knew it. The news swept on past the brush houses and it washed in a foaming wave into the town of stone and plaster. It came to the priest walking in his garden, and it put a thoughtful look in his eyes and a memory of certain repairs necessary to the church. He wondered what the pearl would be worth. And he wondered if he had baptized Kino's baby, or married him for that matter. The news came to the shopkeepers, and they looked at men's clothes that had not sold so well.

The news came to the doctor where he sat with a woman whose illness was age, though neither she nor the doctor would admit it. And when it was made plain who Kino was, the doctor grew stern and judicious at the same time. 'He is a client of mine,' the doctor said. 'I am treating his child for a scorpion sting.' And the doctor's eyes rolled up a little in their fat hammocks and he thought of Paris. He remembered the room he had lived in there as a great and luxurious place, and he remembered the hard-faced woman who had lived with him as a beautiful and kind girl, although she had been none of these three. The doctor looked past his aged patient and saw himself sitting in a restaurant in Paris and a waiter was just opening a bottle of wine.

The news came early to the beggars in front of the church, and it made them giggle a little with pleasure, for they knew that there is no almsgiver in the world like a poor man who is suddenly lucky.

Kino had found the Pearl of the World. In the town, in little offices, sat the men who bought pearls from the fishers. They waited in their chairs until the pearls came in, and then they cackled and fought and shouted and threatened until they reached the lowest price the fisherman would stand. But there was a price below which they dared not go, for it had happened that a fisherman in despair had given his pearl to the church. And when the buying was over, these buyers sat alone and their fingers played restlessly with the pearls, and they wished they owned the pearls. For there were not many buyers really – there was only one, and he kept these agents in separate offices to give a semblance of competition. The news came to these men, and their eyes squinted and their fingertips burned a little, and each one thought how the patron could not live forever, and someone had to take his place. And each one thought how with some capital he could get a new start.

All manner of people grew interested in Kino – people with things to sell and people with favours to ask. Kino had found the Pearl of the World. The essence of the pearl mixed with the essence of men and a curious dark residue was precipitated. Every man suddenly

became related to Kino's pearl, and Kino's pearl went into the dreams, the speculations, the schemes, the plans, the futures, the wishes, the needs, the lusts, the hungers, of everyone, and only one person stood in the way and that was Kino, so that he became curiously every man's enemy. The news stirred up something infinitely black and evil in the town; the black distillate was like the scorpion, or like hunger in the smell of food, or like loneliness when love is withheld. The poison sacs of the town began to manufacture venom, and the town swelled and puffed with the pressure of it.

Examine **Texts one, two, three and four** carefully and then answer the following questions:

**Text one – Illustration**

- (a) Explain how TWO visual features are used to depict a particular perspective on European discovery and exploration in Australia's colonial history. **2**

**Text two – Nonfiction**

- (b) How does Carter engage the reader in his tale of discovery? Discuss and evaluate TWO techniques. **2**

**Text three – Poetry**

- (c) (i) What discovery did you make in reading this poem? Quote from the poem to support your response. **1**
- (ii) How does Shelley shape this experience of discovery? Identify and discuss the effectiveness of TWO techniques. **2**

**Text four - Fiction**

- (d) (i) What effect does Kino's discovery have on the town's people? **1**
- (ii) How does Steinbeck suggest the impending disaster that will result from the discovery? Identify and discuss the effectiveness of TWO techniques. **2**

**Texts one, two, three and four**

- (e) In your opinion, which TWO texts represent the concept of discovery in the most thoughtful ways? Justify your response with close reference to these two texts. **5**

## Section II

15 marks

Attempt Question 2

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

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

- express understanding of discovery in the context of your studies
  - use language appropriate to audience, purpose and context
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### Question 2 (15 marks)

Imagine you are a person who has experienced discovery in a significant and surprising way.

Write a thoughtful and engaging article for *Connections*, a magazine for young adults, in which you reflect on your experience and pass on some of the valuable insights you have gained through this experience.

Edrolo

## Section III

**15 marks**

**Attempt Questions 3**

**Allow about 40 minutes for this section**

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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 and through 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)

How do composers show us different perspectives towards discovery through their texts?

In your response, refer to your prescribed text and TWO other texts of your own choosing.

The prescribed texts are listed on the following page.

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<p>The prescribed texts are:</p>
<p><b>Prose fiction (pf) or nonfiction (nf)</b>  Bradley, James, <i>Wrack</i> (pf)  Chopin, Kate, <i>The Awakening</i> (pf)  Winch, Tara June, <i>Swallow the Air</i> (pf)  Bryson, Bill, <i>A Short History of Nearly Everything</i> (nf)  Guevara, Ernesto 'Che', <i>The Motorcycle Diaries</i> (nf)</p>
<p><b>Drama (d) or film (f) or Shakespearean drama (S)</b>  Gow, Michael, <i>Away</i> (d)  Harrison, Jane, <i>Rainbow's End</i> from Cleven, Vivienne et al, <i>Contemporary Indigenous Plays</i> (d)  Lee, Ang, <i>Life of Pi</i> (f)  Shakespeare, William, <i>The Tempest</i> (d/S*)</p> <p>* In order to satisfy the text requirements of the different English courses, <i>The Tempest</i> is classified as a drama text for the Standard course and as a Shakespearean drama text for the Advanced course.</p>
<p><b>Poetry</b>  Dobson, Rosemary  'Young Girl at a Window', 'Wonder', 'Painter of Antwerp', 'Traveller's Tale', 'The Tiger', 'Cock Crow', 'Ghost Town: New England'  Frost, Robert  'The Tuft of Flowers', 'Mending Wall', 'Home Burial', 'After Apple-Picking', 'Fire and Ice', 'Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening'  Gray, Robert  'Journey: the North Coast', 'The Meatworks', 'North Coast Town', 'Late Ferry', 'Flames and Dangling Wire', 'Diptych'</p>
<p><b>Media</b>  Nasht, Simon, <i>Frank Hurley – The Man Who Made History</i>  O'Mahoney, Ivan, <i>Go Back to Where You Came From</i> – Series 1, Episodes 1, 2 and 3 and <i>The Response</i></p>