



KNOX GRAMMAR SCHOOL

English (Standard) and English (Advanced) Paper 1 – Area of Study

General Instructions

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Writing time – 2 hours
- Write using dark blue or black pen

Total marks – 45

Section I Pages 3-7

15 marks

- Attempt Question 1

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Section II Page 8

15 marks

- Attempt Question 2

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Section III Page 9

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 question on the writing paper provided. Extra paper is 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 – Novel excerpt *The Sense of an Ending* by Julian Barnes

I remember, in no particular order:

- a shiny inner wrist;
- steam rising from a wet sink as a hot frying pan is laughingly tossed into it;
- a river rushing nonsensically upstream, its wave and wash lit by half a dozen chasing torchbeams;
- another river, broad and grey, the direction of its flow disguised by a stiff wind exciting the surface;
- bathwater long gone cold behind a locked door. This last isn't something I actually saw, but what you end up remembering isn't always the same as what you have witnessed.

We live in time – it holds us and moulds us – but I've never felt I understood it very well. And I'm not referring to theories about how it bends and doubles back, or may exist elsewhere in parallel versions. No, I mean ordinary, everyday time, which clocks and watches assure us passes regularly: tick-tock, click-clock. Is there anything more plausible than a second hand? And yet it takes only the smallest pleasure or pain to teach us time's malleability. Some emotions speed it up, others slow it down; occasionally, it seems to go missing – until the eventual point when it really does go missing, never to return.

* * *

I'm not very interested in my schooldays, and don't feel any nostalgia for them. But school is where it all began, so I need to return briefly to a few incidents that have grown into anecdotes, to some approximate memories which time has deformed into certainty. If I can't be sure of the actual events any more, I can at least be true to the impressions those facts left. That's the best I can manage.

There were three of us, and he now made the fourth. We hadn't expected to add to our tight number: cliques and pairings had happened long before, and we were already beginning to imagine our escape from school into life. His name was Adrian Finn, a tall, shy boy who initially kept his eyes down and his mind to himself. For the first day or two, we took little notice of him: at our school there was no welcoming ceremony, let alone its opposite, the punitive induction. We just registered his presence and waited.

Text two –poem ‘The Ocher Road’ by Kim Chiha

I follow you, father,
Your translucent trail of blood
On the Ocher Road.
You are dead
And now the sun burns black.
I follow you into the summer heat of guns and swords
With handcuffs on both wrists
Where the searing sun
Burns away sweat, tears, and fields of rye.
I follow you, father
To Puzu Cape where gray fish leap,
Where you died wrapped in a burlap sack.
I follow after you, father

When Opo Mountain brightens at night with fire,
When sun shines on the yellow road
Making the tender orange leaves of the trifoliate hedge as sharp
And stiff as the fully-grown leaves,
Shall I shout
Or sing a song?

Every ten years blood bubbles up in the wells
Of Hwadang village, where bamboo fences decay. 2
Born in an impoverished colony,
Father, you too have fallen down under guns and swords.
How could the water drops welling in the bamboo shoots
Not know that crystal-dear May is coming?

In the long, hot summer
Of cruel tyranny, in which small cockles
Were starved to death and heaven hid its face
All the days and hope
Of my country
Were forced in the end onto the dusty yellow road

Across the slime in which an old
Boat lies broken by age and sun,
The blue sky hangs high
Over white-furrowed fields of rye.
Despite ten long years,
The shouting that shook the sky that day
Revives in my breath
And in my body, steel wires tense.

Sensing your voice
I follow you with tears, father,
To where you died,
To Puzu Cape where gray fish leap,
Where you died wrapped in a burlap sack.

- *Kim Chiha was imprisoned by the Korean government in 1972*

Text three – Non-fiction excerpt from *Istanbul: Memories of a City* by Omar Pamuk

Here we come to the heart of the matter: I've never left Istanbul - never left the houses, streets and neighbourhoods of my childhood. Although I've lived in other districts from time to time, fifty years on I find myself back in the Pamuk Apartments, where my first photographs were taken and where my mother first held me in her arms to show me the world. I know this persistence owes something to my imaginary friend, and to the solace I took from the bond between us. But we live in an age defined by mass migration and creative immigrants, and so I am sometimes hard-pressed to explain why I've stayed not only in the same place, but the same building. My mother's sorrowful voice comes back to me, 'Why don't you go outside for a while, why don't you try a change of scene, do some travelling ...?'

Conrad, Nabokov, Naipaul - these are writers known for having managed to migrate between languages, cultures, countries, continents, even civilisations. Their imaginations were fed by exile, a nourishment drawn not through roots but through rootlessness; mine, however, requires that I stay in the same city, on the same street, in the same house, gazing at the same view. Istanbul's fate is my fate: I am attached to this city because it has made me who I am.

Flaubert, who visited Istanbul a hundred and two years before my birth, was struck by the variety of life in its teeming streets; in one of his letters he predicted that in a century's time it would be the capital of the world. The reverse came true: after the Ottoman Empire collapsed, the world almost forgot that Istanbul existed. The city into which I was born was poorer, shabbier, and more isolated than it had ever been in its two-thousand-year history. For me it has always been a city of ruins and of end-of-empire melancholy. I've spent my life either battling with this melancholy, or (like all Istanbulus) making it my own.

At least once in a lifetime, self-reflection leads us to examine the circumstances of our birth. Why were we born in this particular corner of the world, on this particular date? These families into which we were born, these countries and cities to which the lottery of life has assigned us - they expect love from us, and in the end, we do love them, from the bottom of our hearts - but did we perhaps deserve better? I sometimes think myself unlucky to have been born in an ageing and impoverished city buried under the ashes of a ruined empire. But a voice inside me always insists this was really a piece of luck. If it were a matter of wealth, then I could certainly count myself fortunate to have been born into an affluent family at a time when the city was at its lowest ebb (though some have ably argued the contrary). Mostly I am disinclined to complain: I've accepted the city into which I was born in the same way I've accepted my body (much as I would have preferred to be more handsome and better built) and my gender (even though I still ask myself, naively, whether I might have been better off had I been born a woman). This is my fate, and there's sense arguing with it. This book is about fate ...

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 (continued)

Text one – Novel excerpt

- (a) Describe how the author has used language to capture the experiences of discovery. (3)

Text two – Poem

- (b) Discuss how the persona's emotional response to his rediscovery of the past is evident? (3)

Text three – Non-fiction extract

- (c) How has the author conveyed his discovery that he cannot escape his birth place? (3)

Texts one, two and three

- (d) Analyse how TWO of these texts convey the impact of rediscovery. (6)

End of Question 1

Section II

15 marks

Attempt Question 2

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

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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Question 2 (15 marks)

Compose a piece of imaginative writing that is centred on one of the following sentences.

“He wished that he had never rediscovered what his memory had so carefully concealed.”

OR

“How could I have forgotten what had happened?”

OR

“The photograph triggered so many memories that had been lost.”

End of Question 2

Section III

15 marks

Attempt Question 3

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

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
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Question 3 (15 marks)

“Rediscovery can be confronting, painful and at times, empowering.”

How have your prescribed text and at least ONE other related text of your own choosing presented the impact of rediscovery?

The prescribed texts are:

- William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*

OR

- Jane Harrison, *Rainbow's End*

End of paper