



Practice Paper 1

Area of Study

2015 Standard and Advanced English

Time Allowed 2 hours

Reading Time 10 minutes

Section 1

15 marks

Attempt Question 1

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

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.

Question 1

Text One (Film Poster)



Question 1 (continued)

Text Two (Poem)

Midway along our road of life I woke
to find myself in a secret dark wood,
for I had lost the narrow path. To evoke

what it was like – how hard, I barely could.
This wood was savage, dense and strange! The thought
of it renews those fears that I withstood,

a place so bitter, only to be caught
in death is worse. Yet there I found my share
of good, so now I'll tell what else it brought.

I cannot rightly say how I came there,
I was so drugged with sleep one moment when
I lost the true way, wandering unaware,

Yet when ... I looked up, saw the hill's wings with their clean
early light cast from the planet whose sight
leads men straightly on every road. The scene

diminished and I felt the force of fright
lessen in the lake of my heart, that fear
I felt so piteously throughout the night.

Dante Alighieri (1265-1321)

Question 1 (continued)

Text Three (Book Review)

Review by Mark Tredinnick

In a bleak landscape only one good man and his child remain – love survives when all hope is gone.

I wept at the end of Cormac McCarthy's *The Road* (Picador) as I've never wept over a book - as though I had come the whole hopeless way with a man and his boy, death at every corner and no birds singing, and knew with them that the whole world was over and never would be right.

Then I went outside and was shocked to find the world still living on out there, and I wept some more at the beauty and contingency of it – all of it lost in McCarthy's novel: the sun in the sky, birds at song, jacarandas in bloom, children in the street.

In *The Road* nature has stopped. The world has gone up in flames; the air is ash; cities stand empty; the earth has lost the gift of life; and one good man and his child walk through the end of time toward the coast, living off leftovers from the former world and evading the cannibals and death squads who haunt the failed earth and travel the road, too. There is nothing to hope for, but the man and the boy go on.

So, you might not believe me if I tell you I came away from this bleak book as from a cathedral or a canyon or the birth of a child. McCarthy has been critically acclaimed for his laconic violent novels such as *All the Pretty Horses* and *Blood Meridian*. This, his tenth novel, is a masterclass in writing, a thing of terrible beauty. It is a Divine Comedy for our times. Clearly, he is showing us what he thinks the world may be coming to. And yet, this may be his most hopeful novel; in this wrecked world, lyrically evoked around the nameless man and child, goodness carries on. But the novel engenders hope, joy even, for another reason.

The Road is a radical and sustained piece of indirection; what it's really about is everything that isn't in it. The miraculous world of women and men and what we create, and the natural world upon which it all depends – this is what, by its profound absence, McCarthy's novel celebrates and calls us to defend, with tenderness and ferocity, as a father defends his son, against all hope.

Question 1 (continued) **Text Four (Memoir) Traveller**

My fifteen-year-old son has just returned from abroad with a dozen rolls of exposed film and a hundred dollars in uncashed travellers' cheques, and is asleep at the moment, drifting slowly westward towards Central Time. His blue duffel bag lies on the hall floor where he dropped it, about four short strides into the house. Last night, he slept in Paris, and the twenty nights before that in various beds in England and Scotland, but evidently he postponed as much sleep as he could: when he walked in and we embraced and he said he'd missed home, his electrical system suddenly switched off, and he headed half-unconscious for the sack, where I imagine he may beat his old record of sixteen hours.

I don't think I'll sleep for a while, this household has been running a low fever over the trip since weeks before it began, when we said, 'In one month, you'll be in London! Imagine!' It was his first trip overseas, so we pressed travel books on him, and a tape cassette of useful French phrases; drew up a list of people to visit; advised him on clothing and other things. At the luggage store where we went to buy him a suitcase, he looked at a few suitcases and headed for the duffels and knapsacks. He said that suitcases were more for old people. I am only in my forties, however, and I pointed out that a suitcase keeps your clothes neater – a sports coat, for example. He said he wasn't taking a sports coat, the voice of my mother spoke though me, 'Don't you want to look nice?' I said. He winced in pain and turned away.

My mother and father and a nephew went with him on the trip, during which he called home three times; from London, from Paris, and from a village named Ullapool, he hiked through a crowd of Scottish sheep and climbed a mountain in a rainstorm that almost blew him off the summit. He took cover behind a boulder, and the sun came out. In the village, a man spoke to him in Gaelic, and, too polite to interrupt, my son listened to him for ten or fifteen minutes, trying to nod and murmur in the right places. The French he learned from the cassette didn't hold water in Paris – not even his fallback phrase, '*Parlez-vous Anglais?*' The French he said it to shrugged and walked on. In Paris he bought a hamburger at a tiny shop run by a Greek couple, who offered Thousand Island dressing in place of ketchup. He described Notre Dame to me, and the Eiffel Tower, as he had described Edinburgh, Blair Castle, hotel rooms, meals and people he saw on the streets.

'What is it like?' I asked over and over, I myself have never been outside the United States, except twice when I was in Canada. When I was eighteen, a friend and I made a list of experiences we intended to have before we reached twenty-one, which included hopping a freight to the West Coast, learning to play the guitar, and going to Europe. I've done none of them. When my son called, I sat down at the kitchen table and leaned forward and hung on every word. His voice came through clearly, though two of the calls were like ship-to-shore radio communication in which you have to switch from Receiver to Send, and when I interrupted him with a 'Great!' or a 'Really?' I knocked a little hole in the transmission. So I just sat and listened. I have never listened to a telephone so intently and with so much pleasure as I did those three times. It was wonderful and moving to hear news from him that was so new to me. In my book, he was the first man to land on the moon, and I knew that I had no advice to give him and that what I had already given was probably not much help.

The unused cheques that he's left on the hall table – almost half the wad I sent him off with – is certainly evidence of that. Youth travels light. No suitcase, no sports coat, not much language, and a slim expense account, and yet he went to the scene, got the story, and came back home

safely. I sit here amazed. The night when your child returns with dust on his shoes from a country you've never seen is a night you would gladly prolong into a week.

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

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- 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 – film poster

- a) How does the film poster foreshadow unexpected discovery? **1**

Text Two – Poem

- b) Explain the poet's attitude to discovery. **2**

Text Three – Book Review

- c) Comment on Tredinnick's use of language in conveying his response to McCarthy's book. **3**

Text Four – Memoir

- d) How is the narrator's attitude towards her son's adventures conveyed? **3**

Texts one, two, three or four

- e) Analyse the way composers represent the positive aspects of unexpected discoveries. **6**

Answer with reference to Text one, two, three or four.

Section 11

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)

Use the visual stimulus below to compose a narrative with the central concern of unexpected discovery.



Section 111

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 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)

‘Discoveries can be life-altering, changing the course and direction of an individual’s life.’

How is this view of discovery represented in *The Tempest* and ONE other related text of your own choosing?