

# SYDNEY BOYS HIGH SCHOOL



## ENGLISH ADVANCED (PRACTICE) PAPER 1 AREA OF STUDY DISCOVERY

### General Instructions

- Reading time –
- Working time –
- Write using blue or black pen
- Write your student number at the top of this page

**Total marks – 45**

### Section I

**15 marks**

Attempt Question 1

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

### Section II

**15 marks**

Attempt Question 2

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

### Section III

**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 in a SEPARATE writing booklet. Extra writing booklets are available.

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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 on page 7.

**Question 1 continues on page 3**

**Text One – Visual**



**Question 1 continues on page 4**

## Text Two – Poem

### Wilderness by Carl Sandburg

THERE is a wolf in me ... fangs pointed for tearing gashes ... a red tongue for raw meat ... and the hot lapping of blood-I keep this wolf because the wilderness gave it to me and the wilderness will not let it go.

There is a fox in me ... a silver-gray fox ... I sniff and guess ... I pick things out of the wind and air ... I nose in the dark night and take sleepers and eat them and hide the feathers ... I circle and loop and double-cross.

There is a hog in me ... a snout and a belly ... a machinery for eating and grunting ... a machinery for sleeping satisfied in the sun-I got this too from the wilderness and the wilderness will not let it go.

There is a fish in me ... I know I came from salt blue water-gates ... I scurried with shoals of herring ... I blew waterspouts with porpoises ... before land was ... before the water went down ... before Noah ... before the first chapter of Genesis.

There is a baboon in me ... clambering-clawed ... dog-faced ... yawping a galoot's hunger ... hairy under the armpits ... here are the hawk-eyed hankering men ... here are the blond and blue-eyed women ... here they hide curled asleep waiting ... ready to snarl and kill ... ready to sing and give milk ... waiting-I keep the baboon because the wilderness says so.

There is an eagle in me and a mockingbird ... and the eagle flies among the Rocky Mountains of my dreams and fights among the Sierra crags of what I want ... and the mockingbird warbles in the early forenoon before the dew is gone, warbles in the underbrush of my Chattanooga of hope, gushes over the blue Ozark foothills of my wishes-And I got the eagle and the mockingbird from the wilderness.

O, I got a zoo, I got a menagerie, inside my ribs, under my bony head, under my red-valve heart-and I got something else: it is a man-child heart, a woman-child heart: it is a father and mother and lover: it came from God-Knows-Where: it is going to God-Knows-Where-For I am the keeper of the zoo: I say yes and no: I sing and kill and work: I am a pal of the world: I came from the wilderness.

**Question 1 continues on page 6**

## Text Three –Non-fiction

### Introduction

#### The Art of the Interview

There are moments in an interview when you hold your breath, not sure if the next move will bring public humiliation or elated relief. Televised surgery comes to mind, where the surgeon's deft moves are exposed to the public gaze: will they gasp with delight at your skill, or will they watch your patient bleed to death? Perhaps the patient will even rise up from the operating table, wrestle the scalpel out of your hands, and cut your throat.

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There is a small group of writers who never give interviews, or who insist on rigid rules about correcting the transcript, or who only consent to written interviews by email. For example, Vladimir Nabokov objected to the 'bogus formality' of the interview, and J.M. Coetzee said that he objected to 'an exchange with a complete stranger, yet a stranger permitted by the conventions of the genre to cross the boundaries of what is proper in conversation between strangers'. You will find none of them here. These interviews, for broadcast and performance, are with writers who are happy to engage with a good reader, an intelligent audience, and the world at large

These are writers who enjoy coming out of the legendary solitary room and speaking about what it was that compelled them to stay there. Some consider the role of the writer to be that of a public intellectual, and enjoy discussing their ideas with others. For other writers, the interview might be one of the only ways they can make a direct statement about the world, or impart what they have learned to a large audience – or perhaps they simply enjoy the attention. Whatever the attitude to the interview, it can get under the skin of some writers, as evidenced by the parodies of the interview form by writers such as Norman Mailer, Gore Vidal, and Evelyn Waugh, who all wrote mock interviews, or even 'interviewed' themselves.

What is a literary interview? It is not a casual conversation, nor is it a simple exposition of notable features of the author's books. It is a theatre piece, a public accounting, a surgical probing, and a highly dangerous act with all kinds of difficult possibilities. How dare the interviewer ask such personal questions? But what does the writer expect, having laid the soul bare in the very essence of the work? And, after all, many of the following interviews were done in staged settings --- broadcast studios, in front of audiences at literary festivals, or in the writer's own homes -- so they were hardly ambushes. Consent is implied the moment the writer sits in the chair and faces the interviewer.

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These interviews are not like those in the *Paris Review* where authors correct and revise their answers and sign off on the final product. Those interviews can be fascinating; but these are more spontaneous, the product of the alchemy of the moment, of intense preparation and a natural and compulsive curiosity, of voracious reading and delight in being completely immersed in the world and the work of the writer.

Reading through these interviews once more, I see that I am drawn again and again to questions of how one evaluates a life, the getting of wisdom, facing death, the meaning of love, whether a book ever changed the course of history, all mediated through the brilliant use of language.

Big questions. To which these great writers give, for our delight, the best of answers.

Extract from Speaking Volumes by Ramona Koval

**Question 1 continues on page 5**

## Question 1 (continued)

### Text Four-Narrative extract

Broome

1938

‘That’s Broome there, three miles southeast.’

I looked to where the deckhand was pointing. A pink spur of land crested with green rose out of the milky blue water. My pulse quickened in my throat. For days, I had been aching to disembark. Ever since we’d set sail from Singapore and navigated the tropical waters of Java, the air thick with humidity, I’d dreamed about stepping off the undulating deck onto the islands we passed. As we had travelled further south, we left the archipelago and all around us there was nothing but sea, only increasing my yearning to set foot on land. But now that I’d reached my destination, the prospect of alighting in this alien place – what would be my home – sent a wave of panic through me.

The ship turned into the bay, revealing a curve of rich red sand that bled into the azure sea. The strange clash of colours was like nothing I’d ever seen, beautiful and unsettling in equal measures. As we neared the shore, I could make out the township. It looked tiny: a couple of dozen buildings, many as dilapidated as some of the shacks we’d seen in the provincial villages in Java. The jetty snaked half a mile out from the shore, the tops of its wooden stilts exposed to the sun. A two-carriage train sat at the end. I heard the clang of the anchor being lowered when we were still more than a hundred yards from the jetty.

‘Are we stopping here?’ I asked the crewman.

‘Low tide soon. Captain thinks it’s too dangerous to get any closer. Passengers getting off here will be sent over in a lifeboat.’

I bade farewell to the people I’d befriended on the trip – two brothers from Singapore and a gentleman from Ceylon – and joined the eight others disembarking in Broome. We squeezed onto one boat, our luggage stacked next to our feet between the benches. One of the crewmen started the motor and we pattered towards the jetty.

As we navigated the rolling sea, my trepidation grew. What would the hospital be like? Who would my friends be?

Extract from After Darkness by Christine Piper

**Question 1 continues on page 7**

**Question 1 (continued)**

**Text one – Visual Text**

- (a) How does the photo provoke thoughts about discovery? 2

**Text two – Poem**

- (b) Explain how the poet uses two techniques to explore discovery of the inner self. 2

**Text three – Non-fiction**

- (c) Explain how the writer has used language features to capture the power of literary interviews. 3

**Text Four - Prose Extract**

- (d) How does this passage convey the narrator’s feelings at arriving in a new place? 3

**Texts One, Two, Three and Four**

- (e) Each text offers a unique idea about discovery. 5

Compare and contrast the ideas offered in **two** of these texts.

**End of Section I**



**Section II**  
**15 marks**

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

Answer the question in a SEPARATE writing booklet. Extra writing booklets are available.

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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
  - organise, develop and express ideas using language appropriate to audience, purpose and context
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**Question 2 (15 marks)**

Use one of the following phrases as a catalyst for a creative composition about discovery.

**The strange clash of colours was like nothing he'd ever seen**

**OR**

**I am drawn again and again to questions of how one evaluates a life**

**OR**

**A natural and compulsive curiosity**

**End of Section II**

## **Section III**

**15 marks**

### **Attempt question 3**

**Allow about 40 minutes for this section**

Answer the question in a SEPARATE writing booklet. Extra writing booklets are available.

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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 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)**

#### **Discovery**

#### **Essay Question**

‘We are often faced with powerful discoveries that make us re-evaluate life.’

Do you agree? Answer this question through an analysis of your prescribed text and one related text of your own choosing.

**End of section**