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Student Number

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CRANBROOK
SCHOOL

2016

HSC Trial Examination
Assessment Task 5

English

(Advanced and Standard)

Paper 1 – Area of Study

Reading time 10 minutes
Writing time 2 hours
Total Marks 45
Task weighting 15%

General Instructions

- Write using blue or black pen

Additional Materials Needed

- 6 writing booklets

Structure & Suggested Time Spent

Section I (Reading Task) - 15 marks

- Attempt all questions
- Allow about 40 minutes for this part

Section II (Composing Task) - 15 marks

- Attempt Question 2
- Allow about 40 minutes for this section
- Start a new booklet for each section.

Section III (Area of Study response) - 15 marks

- Attempt Question 3
- Allow about 40 minutes for this section
- Start a new booklet for each section.

This paper must not be removed from the examination room

Disclaimer

The content and format of this paper does not necessarily reflect the content and format of the HSC examination paper.

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Section I

15 marks

Attempt Question 1

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

All source texts are printed in the accompanying Stimulus Booklet
Answer the question in a writing booklet. Extra writing booklets are available.

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
-

Question 1 (continued)

Text one – Advertisement

- (a) How does the advertisement represent the discovery of new worlds? 1

Text two – Poem

- (b) How does the speaker reveal how a discovery can prompt new values? 2

Text three – Prose Extract from *The Secret River* by Kate Grenville

- (c) Explain how the author represents how discovery can stimulate new ideas. 3

Text four – Non Fiction Interview: “*Beirut is a different place now but I still feel the same fear*”; John McCarthy revisits the scene of his hostage ordeal.

- (d) How does the interview suggest that rediscovery can lead to a renewed perspective of place? 3

Texts one, two, three and four

- (e) Compare how TWO of the texts represent how discoveries can lead us to new values. 6

End of Question 1

Section II

15 marks

Attempt Question 2

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

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
-

Question 2

Future Possibilities is a collection of different pieces of writing about individuals whose discoveries have led them to new worlds and values.

Compose a piece of writing which would be suitable for inclusion in this writing.

Use ONE of the sentences below as an integral part of your imaginative writing OR use the image as a stimulus for your writing.

Stimulus A



Stimulus B

Never stop exploring.

Stimulus C

No words could help her.

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.

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
-

Question 3 (15 marks)

Discoveries can lead to new worlds and values, and stimulate new ideas.

How accurately does this statement reflect the ideas represented in your prescribed text and ONE other related text of your own choosing?

Question 3 continues on Page 13

Question 3 (continued)

The prescribed texts are:

- **Prose Fiction**
 - James Bradley, *Wrack*
 - Kate Chopin, *The Awakening*
 - Tara June Winch, *Swallow the Air*

- **Nonfiction**
 - Bill Bryson, *A Short History of Nearly Everything*
 - Ernesto ‘Che’ Guevara, *The Motorcycle Diaries*

- **Drama**
 - Michael Gow, *Away*
 - Jane Harrison, *Rainbow’s End*
from Vivienne Cleven et al. (eds), *Contemporary Indigenous Plays*

- **Film**
 - Ang Lee, *Life of Pi*

- **Shakespeare**
 - William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*

- **Poetry**
 - Rosemary Dobson
The prescribed poems are:
 - * *Young Girl at a Window*
 - * *Wonder*
 - * *Painter of Antwerp*
 - * *Traveller’s Tale*
 - * *The Tiger*
 - * *Cock Crow*
 - * *Ghost Town: New England*

 - Robert Frost
The prescribed poems are:
 - * *The Tuft of Flowers*
 - * *Mending Wall*
 - * *Home Burial*
 - * *After Apple-Picking*
 - * *Fire and Ice*
 - * *Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening*

 - Robert Gray
The prescribed poems are:
 - * *Journey: the North Coast*
 - * *The Meatworks*
 - * *North Coast Town*
 - * *Late Ferry*
 - * *Flames and Dangling Wire*
 - * *Diptych*

- **Media**
 - Simon Nasht, *Frank Hurley – The Man Who Made History*
 - Ivan O’Mahoney, *Go Back to Where you Came From – Series 1*,
Episodes 1,2 and 3 and *The Response*

End of paper

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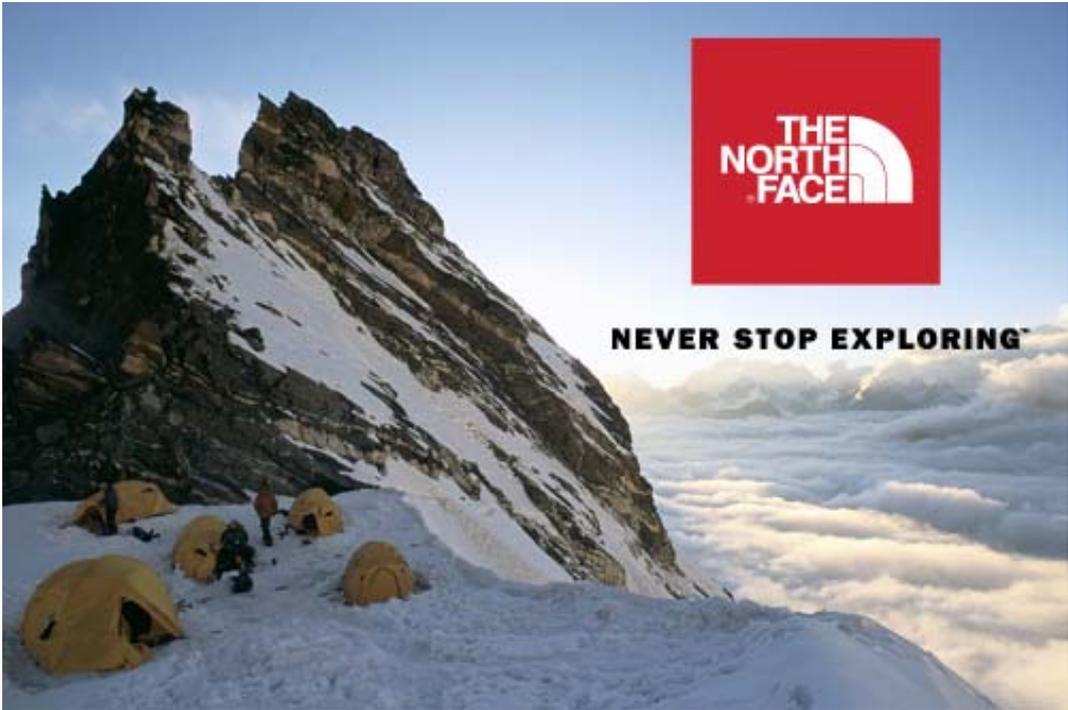
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STIMULUS BOOKLET

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Text one – Advertisement



Question 1 (continued)

Text two – Poem

‘The Right Word’ by Imtiaz Dharker

Outside the door,
lurking in the shadows,
is a terrorist.

Is that the wrong description?
Outside that door,
taking shelter in the shadows,
is a freedom fighter.

I haven’t got this right.
Outside, waiting in the shadows,
is a hostile militant.

Are words no more
than waving, wavering flags?
Outside your door,
watchful in the shadows,
is a guerrilla warrior.

God help me.
Outside, defying every shadow,
stands a martyr.
I saw his face.

No words can help me now.
Just outside the door,
lost in shadows,
is a child who looks like mine.

One word for you.
Outside my door,
his hand too steady,
his eyes too hard
is a boy who looks like your son, too.

I open the door.
Come in, I say.
Come in and eat with us.

The child steps in
and carefully, at my door,
takes off his shoes.

Question 1 (continued)

Text three – Prose extract from *The Secret River* by Kate Grenville

Thornhill made his way up to the shelf of flat rock and around towards the camp. He wanted to be unseen, but he knew how his shirt, dingy though it was, must stand out bright against the trees. His skin, that inescapable envelope, glowed white and dangerous. He tried to move without making a sound, but by moonlight his familiar place had become somewhere else. Rocks came at him unexpectedly, trees were not where they were by day. He stumbled along against the grain of the place until, from behind the powdery flank of a paperbark, he could see the camp. No one turned or pointed. If the blacks knew the white man was there, they were not concerned.

They had a huge blaze going at the centre of their camp. He could see the firelight illuminating the trees from beneath, flickering on the skin of the trunks, making a cave of light. Figures passed in front of the fire so it winked on and off.

A circle of men stamped and jumped around the fire, and one sat at the side with his legs crossed and his face tilted up, singing in that way that made everything urgent. They were striped with white, their faces masks in which their eyes moved. The firelight made them insubstantial, webs of light dancing.

Women and children sat around them clapping sticks together to make that brittle pulse underlying the song. Their faces, like those of the men, were barred with white. It was only a bit of pipeclay, but it gave them the look of the very earth made human.

War paint, he thought. They're doing a bleeding war dance. He was surprised by the calmness he felt at the idea, and realised he had been expecting this moment for a long time.

After a moment Thornhill recognised Long Jack. He crouched with the others, his spears in his hand, then leaped with a powerful spring and came down again stamping his feet and scuffing the dust up into the air. Jack was no longer a man, but a kangaroo made human.

To the man listening behind the tree, there was no more sense to the sound than there was to an insect's drone, no sense of it having a beginning or an end. But then the sticks all stopped on the same instant, the voice of the singer gave a final flick and was silent. He realised it was the same as the way everyone in church stopped singing at once, because they knew that they had got to the end of the hymn. Watching from behind the paperbark, Thornhill was the only one who did not.

They started up again, with a different beat this time. Now there was one old man dancing alone, his feet stamping into the ground, so that the dust flew up around him, glowing with light. His body was sinewy with muscle, turning into the dance like a fish in a current. The pounding of his feet seemed the pulse of the earth itself. When he began to sing, he threw the song up into the air, its long crooked line the sound of the blood in the veins of the place.

The others watched, clapping one stick against another. He saw that they were not simply watching a man dance, as people might sit at the Cherry Gardens and watch folk do a jig. There was drama alive on their faces. There was a tale that they all knew being told in the language of this dance.

This old fellow is a book, Thornhill thought, and they are reading him.

The steady clapping of the sticks and the rise and fall of the wailing voice beat back from the cliffs, muddled and multiplied, a river of sound bending over its stones. Thornhill stood behind the tree, feeling drawn deep into the sound, the beat of the sticks like the pumping of his own heart.

Question 1 (continued)

Text four – Interview with John McCarthy

Contextualising this extract:

John McCarthy is a British journalist who was kidnapped by Islamic Jihad terrorists while working in Lebanon in 1986. He was held in captivity until his release in August, 1991. In this interview, McCarthy discusses his experience of returning to Lebanon 13 years after his hostage ordeal.

“Beirut is a different place now but I still feel the same fear”; John McCarthy revisits the scene of his hostage ordeal.

It was the smell that got him: musky, pungent and completely unexpected.

It took a while for John McCarthy to realise what he was smelling was the distinctive aroma of freshly-mixed cement. By then, memories were jostling for attention in his head.

"It was the weirdest thing," he says. "It was the smell of Beirut to me. I hadn't considered it before. Why cement? Maybe there was just a lot of building work going on back then. I don't know. Whatever it was, I'd carried it with me for all this time.

"When I experienced it again, a lot of things came flooding back."

It had been 13 years since John McCarthy had stood on a Beirut street and breathed in the air of the city where he once thought he would die.

Earlier this year, he made an emotional journey back to Lebanon, his first since he was captured by Islamic extremists in 1986 and held for five years.

It was a remarkable trip. The last time he had travelled these roads, it had been in utter terror, wrapped up in masking tape like a mummy, and sealed in a metal box beneath a truck.

Now he was free - to wander the streets, to sit in pavement cafes watching men play cards and smoke hubble-bubble pipes. And to wonder if he had met any of these men before. Under less relaxed circumstances.

"I never saw their faces, you see," he explains, referring to the armed and masked guards who inflicted such pain. "I hadn't had to confront that until I went back. Then I spent the whole

time looking at people, thinking: 'Were you one of my captors?' 'Were you involved in hiding me?' 'Did you know what they were doing to me?'"

The return to Beirut was always going to be an emotional experience. Yet he was surprised at how little gut-wrenching fear there was, at least in the early stages. "I looked out of the plane and saw the whole city lit up beneath me," he says. "The place was a mass of bright, twinkling lights. Last time I'd flown into Beirut during the civil war it had been pretty much in darkness because of the power cuts.

But soon there were more disturbing memories. John and his crew travelled to the southern suburbs of Beirut, the Shia heartland. This was where he had been held in captivity, moved from location to location, never knowing where he was.

"The minute I stepped out of the car I got this feeling of anxiety, these sharp memories of the claustrophobic environment," he says.

Free to wander, he found himself in a strange place. In his five years in this area, he had been blindfolded the entire time.

He says: "I found myself thinking: 'Do I know this place? Was I kept here? Did the neighbours know? Did any of these people participate in what happened?'"

With all this encroaching on his journalistic responsibilities, McCarthy was torn.

"It became much more personal than I'd ever intended it to. I thought that returning would just be the 'peg' for the documentary, but as the days went on I realised that it was about me, too."

In the main his trip was uneventful enough. "The whole political situation has changed," he explains. "People in Beirut aren't frightened any more. There aren't any no-go areas. They can sit and smoke in cafes and seem not to have a care in the world.

"It just took me a while to realise I could do the same. The Lebanese have come out of the shadows. And now so can I. Life has moved on for the people there, just as it has for me. It's a very different place, just as I am a different person." McCarthy once described his younger self as "such a selfish waster". Now, with a string of books and television projects under his belt, he has gained a maturity and contentment.

"It's taken a long time for everything to come together, but I finally feel that it has," he says.

"Going back to Beirut was just the final piece of the jigsaw. I can look forward now."

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