



**Fort Street High School
2015**

**TRIAL HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE
EXAMINATION**

English (Advanced)

Paper 1 - Area of Study

General Instructions

Reading time - 10 minutes

Working time - 2 hours

Write using black or blue pen

Total marks - 45

Section I Pages 2 - 6

15 marks

Attempt Question 1

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Section II Page 7

15 marks

Attempt Question 2

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Section III Page 8

15 marks

Attempt Question 3

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

This is an assessment task worth 10%

Section I

15 marks

Attempt Question 1

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Start a new page for this question. Answer the question on the paper provided.

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 (15 marks)

Examine **Texts one, two, three and four** carefully and then answer the questions on page 9.

Text one — Visual text



Text two — Poem

The Deer Lay Down Their Bones

I followed the narrow cliffside trail half way up the mountain
Above the deep river-canyon.
There was a little cataract crossed the path,
flinging itself
Over tree roots and rocks, shaking the jeweled fern-fronds, bright bubbling water 5
Pure from the mountain, but a bad smell came up.
Wondering at it I clam-
bered down the steep stream
Some forty feet, and found in the midst of bush-oak and laurel, 10
Hung like a bird's nest on the precipice brink a small hidden clearing,
Grass and a shallow pool.
But all about there were bones lying in the grass,
clean bones and stinking bones,
Antlers and bones: I understood that the place was a refuge for wounded 15
deer; there are so many
Hurt ones escape the hunters and limp away to lie hidden; here they have
water for the awful thirst
And peace to die in; dense green laurel and grim cliff

Make sanctuary, and a sweet wind blows upward from the deep gorge. —I 20
wish my bones were with theirs.
But that's a foolish thing to confess, and a little cowardly. We know that life
Is on the whole quite equally good and bad, mostly gray neutral, and can
be endured
To the dim end, no matter what magic of grass, water and precipice, and 25
pain of wounds,
Makes death look dear. We have been given life and have used it--not a
great gift perhaps--but in honesty
Should use it all.
Mine's empty since my love died--Empty? The flame- 30
haired grandchild with great blue eyes
That look like hers?--What can I do for the child? I gaze at her and wonder
what sort of man
In the fall of the world ... I am growing old, that is the trouble.
My chil- 35
dren and little grandchildren
Will find their way, and why should I wait ten years yet, having lived sixty-
seven, ten years more or less,
Before I crawl out on a ledge of rock and die snapping, like a wolf
Who has lost his mate?--I am bound by my own thirty-year-old decision: 40
who drinks the wine
Should take the dregs; even in the bitter lees and sediment
New discovery may lie. The deer in that beautiful place lay down their
bones: I must wear mine.

Robinson Jeffers

Text three – Nonfiction text – webpage extract

The Voyage of the Beagle

Sailing across the Pacific, the Beagle caught sight of the Heads of Sydney Harbour in January of the new year.

JANUARY 12th, 1836. -- Early in the morning a light air carried us towards the entrance of Port Jackson. Instead of beholding a verdant country, interspersed with fine houses, a straight line of yellowish cliff brought to our minds the coast of Patagonia. A solitary lighthouse, built of white stone, alone told us that we were near a great and populous city. Having entered the harbour, it appears fine and spacious, with cliff-formed shores of horizontally stratified sandstone. The nearly level country is covered with thin scrubby trees, bespeaking the curse of sterility. Proceeding further inland, the country improves: beautiful villas and nice cottages are here and there scattered along the beach. In the distance stone houses, two and three stories high, and windmills standing on the edge of a bank, pointed out to us the neighbourhood of the capital of Australia.

At last we anchored within Sydney Cove. We found the little basin occupied by many large ships, and surrounded by warehouses. In the evening I walked through the town, and returned full of admiration at the whole scene. It is a most magnificent testimony to the power of the British nation. My first feeling was to congratulate myself that I was born an Englishman. Upon seeing more of the town afterwards, perhaps my admiration fell a little; but yet it is a fine town.

The number of large houses and other buildings just finished was truly surprising; nevertheless, every one complained of the high rents and difficulty in procuring a house.

In all respects there was a close resemblance to England: perhaps the alehouses here were more numerous.

The extreme uniformity of the vegetation is the most remarkable feature in the landscape of the greater part of New South Wales. Everywhere we have an open woodland, the ground being partially covered with a very thin pasture, with little appearance of verdure.

Charles Darwin

Text Four -- Fiction extract

Night and Day

Chapter 10

Late one afternoon Ralph stepped along the Strand to an interview with a lawyer upon business. The afternoon light was almost over, and already streams of greenish and yellowish artificial light were being poured into an atmosphere which, in country lanes, would now have been soft with the smoke of wood fires; and on both sides of the road the shop windows were full of sparkling chains and highly polished leather cases, which stood upon shelves made of thick plate-glass. None of these different objects was seen separately by Denham, but from all of them he drew an impression of stir and cheerfulness. Thus it came about that he saw Katharine Hilbery coming towards him, and looked straight at her, as if she were only an illustration of the argument that was going forward in his mind. In this spirit he noticed the rather set expression in her eyes, and the slight, half-conscious movement of her lips, which, together with her height and the distinction of her dress, made her look as if the scurrying crowd impeded her, and her direction were different from theirs. He noticed this calmly; but suddenly, as he passed her, his hands and knees began to tremble, and his heart beat painfully. She did not see him, and went on repeating to herself some lines which had stuck to her memory: "It's life that matters, nothing but life—the process of discovering—the everlasting and perpetual process, not the discovery itself at all." Thus occupied, she did not see Denham, and he had not the courage to stop her. But immediately the whole scene in the Strand wore that curious look of order and purpose which is imparted to the most heterogeneous things when music sounds; and so pleasant was this impression that he was very glad that he had not stopped her, after all. It grew slowly fainter, but lasted until he stood outside the barrister's chambers.

...

"What are you thinking of, Katharine?" he asked suspiciously, noticing her tone of dreaminess and the inapt words.

"I was thinking of you--yes, I swear it. Always of you, but you take such strange shapes in my mind. You've destroyed my loneliness. Am I to tell you how I see you? No, tell me--tell me from the beginning."

Beginning with spasmodic words, he went on to speak more and more fluently, more and more passionately, feeling her leaning towards him, listening with wonder like a child, with gratitude like a woman. She interrupted him gravely now and then.

"But it was foolish to stand outside and look at the windows. Suppose William hadn't seen you. Would you have gone to bed?"

He capped her reproof with wonderment that a woman of her age could have stood in Kingsway looking at the traffic until she forgot.

"But it was then I first knew I loved you!" she exclaimed.

"Tell me from the beginning," he begged her.

"No, I'm a person who can't tell things," she pleaded. "I shall say something ridiculous--something about flames--fires. No, I can't tell you."

But he persuaded her into a broken statement, beautiful to him, charged with extreme excitement as she spoke of the dark red fire, and the smoke twined round it, making him feel that he had stepped over the threshold into the faintly lit vastness of another mind, stirring with shapes, so large, so dim, unveiling themselves only in flashes, and moving away again into the darkness, engulfed by it."

Virginia Woolf (1919)

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
-

Question 1 (continued)

Text one -- Visual text

Marks

- a) Explain how the idea of discovery is conveyed by the image. **2**

Text two -- Poem

- b) How does the poet use the natural world to suggest the idea of self-discovery? **2**

Text three -- Nonfiction extract

- c) What does the discovery reveal about the composer of this text? **3**

Text four -- Fiction extract

- d) Analyse the ways in which the writer conveys a sense of the process of discovering and its significance. **3**

Texts one, two, three and four

- e) Evaluate how at least TWO texts from texts one, two, three or four explore the concept of the complexity of discovery. **5**

End of Question 1

Section II

15 marks

Attempt Question 2

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Start a new page for this question. Answer the question on the paper provided.

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 as the basis for a piece of writing about discovery

EITHER

(a)

She did not see him, and went on repeating to herself some lines which had stuck to her memory: "It's life that matters, nothing but life—the process of discovering—the everlasting and perpetual process, not the discovery itself at all."

OR

(b)

... and a sweet wind blows upward from the deep gorge.

OR

(c)

In the evening I walked through the town, and returned full of admiration at the whole scene.

Section III

15 marks

Attempt Question 3

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Start a new page for this question. Answer the question on the paper provided.

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

- demonstrate understanding of the concept of belonging in the context of your study
 - analyse, explain and assess the ways belonging 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)

Focus - Discovery

“Discoveries can be confronting and provocative.”

Analyse how your texts support or challenge this view with reference to your prescribed text and TWO texts of your own choosing.

The prescribed texts are:

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

Shakespeare - Shakespeare, William, *The Tempest*

Media – Nasht, Simon, *Frank Hurley – The Man Who Made History*

End of paper