



Hornsby Girls High School

2015 English (Standard and Advanced)

Paper 1 – Area of Study

General Instructions

- * Reading time – 10 minutes
- * Working time – 2 hours
- * Write using black or blue pen

Section I *Pages 2-8*

15 marks

- * Attempt Question 1
- * Allow 40 minutes for this section

Section II *Page 9*

15 marks

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

Section III *Page 10*

15 marks

- * Attempt Question 3
- * Allow 40 minutes for this section

Section 1

15 marks

Attempt Question 1

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the question in the booklet or paper provided.

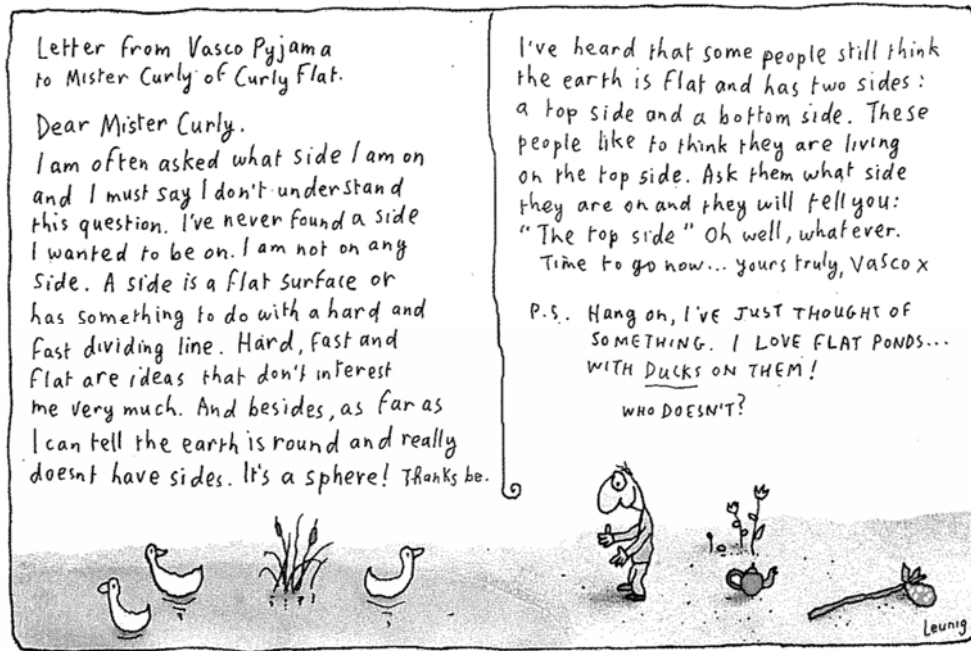
In your answer you will be assessed on how well you:

- 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 8.

Text 1 - Cartoon



Text 2 – Feature Article

PRESENTS OF MIND

Mindfulness is already a hit with many adults, but can it help children, too? Asks Katherin Chatfield

I'm in a small room with 25 other people. At our teacher's instruction, we are all sitting very still, eyes closed, hands in our laps, concentrating on our breath. Outside, a bus roars past, which makes me sneakily open one eye. But it appears I'm the only one who's distracted; nobody else has moved. Eventually, the teacher invites everyone to open their eyes when they're ready. There's a second of silence before chairs scrape back and there's some muffled chatter among the participants. The clatter of a pencil case falling to the floor reminds me exactly where I am; not in an idyllic meditation studio, but in a classroom with a group of 10-year-olds. This is their weekly mindfulness lesson.

"Mindfulness is a simple form of meditation," explains Rachael Fisher, who specialises in teaching the technique to children and teens through her business, KindKids project. "It's a way of being in the present moment and learning to be confident in how to approach it. It teaches us to slow down and notice what's happening right now. I tell the children it's a way of being brave and facing yourself."

Thought to have originated more than 2000 years ago among Buddhists, mindfulness has become a big business in the Western world. Corporations such as Google and Target offer mindfulness training to their staff to boost productivity and lower stress. The military uses the technique to enhance performance among troops and help veterans deal with post-traumatic stress. Studies from institutions including Harvard and Oxford universities show people who regularly practise mindfulness deal better with stress, have a better memory, are more focused, less likely to react strongly to emotional situations and are generally happier in relationships than non-meditators. All excellent qualities for busy adults, but are kids really so strung out by school and social media that they need to learn to relax?

Yes, according to the statistics. Fourteen per cent of Australian children aged between four and 17 have mental-health problems, and one in 10 children will experience intense anxiety at some point during their childhood, reports Mindframe, the government-funded mental-health initiative.

"Stress management is an important aspect of mindfulness, but it's not just for children with anger problems or children who are stressed," says Fisher. "It's about teaching them how to respond to things – both in themselves and around them – without just instantly reacting. If we don't learn how to do that, then we go through life on autopilot."

She believes there's a "glaring need" for children of all ages to learn mindfulness. "Children yearn for a deep presence in our rushed world. There's so much information thrown at them. Mindfulness should be considered inner nutrition; a way of caring for yourself that should be as normal as breathing."

The students have also studied 'mindful looking', which teaches awareness of everything going on around them, and 'mindful eating', where they smelt, touched and tasted a raisin to make them aware of how much goes on when they eat. "It was an explosion of sweetness in my mouth," one girl tells me.

Fisher has introduced a technique called S.T.O.P., designed to help children "notice feelings rather than automatically reacting to them". It encourages them to *sense* the body (how are you sitting? What are

your hands doing?); *tune* into breathing (how do you feel if you slow it down?) *observe* feeling (how do you feel in your body? Send kindness to that sensation); *proceed* mindfully (could you use a different word? Not hit someone even though you might want to?)

Although the mindfulness Fisher teaches is “simple and very age-appropriate”, she hopes the tools learnt will hold her students in good stead throughout their adult lives. “It’s about empowering them with this attention to see what’s happening both inside themselves and the outside world,” she says. It’s about learning to be ‘choiceful’ as opposed to reactive.”

It’s astonishing how sophisticated the children are at applying the techniques in their everyday lives. “I just did the district cross-country race,” Oliver, 10, says. “Sometimes I get a stomach stitch and that affects my mood. I put my hands on my head and did mindful breathing, and my mood changed to happiness because I’m aware of my body. When I did mindful looking, I saw a little ledge I could push off from so I could run faster.”

Parents are equally enthusiastic. “My daughter has used some of the techniques in response to incidents in the playground,” says the mum of one eight-year-old pupil. “She’s understanding the importance of taking responsibility for herself. She’s also reminded me not to get caught up in things.”

Fisher believes most children tune into mindfulness so easily because they enjoy “sensing, not thinking. They have to do a lot of thinking at school. But mindfulness is about sensing what’s happening.”

I ask the students to sum up mindfulness in a few words. “Focus,” says one. “You really notice things,” says another. “It makes you understand things,” pipes up another. Oliver has the final say: “It’s awesome. Try it.”

Sunday Magazine, 28th June, 2015

TEXT 3 – Novel Extract

She drove the car down the lane and unlocked the large galvanized gates. She parked in front of the house and closed the gates again so that no one could see the car. She would have loved it had one of her old friends been here, Carmel Redmond or Lily Devereuz, who could talk to her sensibly not about what she had lost or how sorry they were, but about the children, money, part-time work, how to live now. They would have listened to her. But Carmel lived in Dublin and came only in the summer and Lily just came from time to time to see her mother.

Nora sat back into the car as the wind from the sea howled around her. The house would be cold. She should have taken a heavier coat with her. She knew that wishing friends were here or allowing herself to shiver in the car like this were ways of postponing the moment when she would have to open the door and walk into the empty house.

And then an even fiercer whistling wind blew up and seemed as though it would lift the car. Something she had now allowed herself to think before but had known for some days now came into her mind and she made a promise to herself. She would not come here again. This was the last time she would visit this house. She would go in now and walk through these few rooms. She would take with her whatever was personal and could not be left behind, and then she would close this door and drive back to the town, and, in future, she would never take that turn at the handball alley on the road between Blackwater and Ballyconnigar.

What surprised her was the hardness of her resolve, how easy it seemed to turn her back on what she had loved, leave this house on the lane to the cliff for others to know, for others to come to in the summer and fill with different noises. As she sat looking out at the bruised sky over the sea, she sighed. Finally, she let herself feel how much she had lost, how much she would miss. She got out of the car, steadying herself against the wind.

Nora Webster, Colm Toibin

Text Four- Blurb and Memoir

Blurb

WINNER OF THE PRIX DU MEILLEUR LIVRE ETRANGER

My mother, a house that is slowly collapsing, a bridge dancing to a tremor.

It started when she could no longer remember the word for 'book'. Then her mind, her language and her identity began to slip away.

This is Erwin Mortier's moving, exquisitely observed memoir of his mother's descent into dementia, as a once-flamboyant woman who loved life and pleasure becomes a shuffling, ghostlike figure wandering through the house. Piecing together the fragments of her lost life, and his own childhood, Mortier asks: what do we become when we lose the repertoire of habits and words that make us who we are? How well do we really know our families? How do you say goodbye to someone who is still there and yet not, suspended between life and death?

Stammered Songbook is a heartbreaking and poetic expression of a son's love; an extraordinary hymn to language; a meditation on time, mortality and how, eventually, we all unravel into memories.

Memoir Extract

So everything must be smashed, he says.

You were the centre, you and Father. We were children and you were parents. A whole universe revolved around the two of you. Everyone was welcome. The seven of us were rarely alone for dinner. Parties in the garden, in the garden, in the walled inner garden of the house where we were simply happy. Friends, boyfriends, sweethearts, lost souls in need of family affection - they were all welcome. Life, messy, exuberant, nonchalant, hard and beneficent, danced around you.

If I were a Hellenic divinity, I would transform you into two intertwined trees, with broad crowns under which on hot afternoons people could sleep, make love, read on blankets and party at tables.

But everything must be smashed.

Others who have died have strengthened me in all kinds of strange ways. With their lips that had fallen silent, before the earth covered them forever, they quickly spelled out to me what probably matters most as long as we're breathing: that love is attention. That they are two words for the same thing. That it isn't necessary to try to clear up every typo and obscure passage that we come across when we read the other person attentively – that a human being is difficult poetry, which you must be able to listen to without always demanding clarification, and that the best thing that can happen to us is the absolution that a loved one grants us for the unjustifiable fact that we exist and drag along with us a self that has been marked and shaped by so many others.

In time the years when she was ill, the years of drudgery, misery, will not so much fade away as, finally, become simply one particular period in her and our existence. Then she won't be just this

grinding, trembling, collapsing body that is dying at a snail's pace. Memory, elastic and creative, will stretch over the gaping wound, the silent toothless mouth of her suffering, a stretchable membrane of stories, a safety net. I know there will be holes in it. For years there will always be one moment every day when we push through that protective skin and are temporarily helpless – my father at least. That's how it goes, I know. I am frightened of that loss, or rather I accept it just as toothache goes with having teeth – very reluctantly.

She won't fade, but will crystallize further into a host of facets. We will understand her better as we ourselves experience the stages of life that she has also experienced, and we will, too late, draw resigned conclusions and grant her forgiveness. That's how it goes, I know.

Finally we shall enter the phase of life when she no longer grows along with us – unless we undergo the same fate.

Soon there will be grandchildren who will absorb her into their story universe in the form of snatches of narrative and snaps and a gravestone – like me, who just under fifty years ago bathed ignorantly in the murky amniotic fluid of so many ancestors.

Stammered Songbook, Erwin Mortier

Text one – Cartoon

Marks

a) Explain what the cartoon reveals about discovery for Vasco Pyjama.

2

Text two – Feature Article

b) How does the article develop the concept established in the title *Presents of Mind?*

3

Text three – Novel Extract

c) How does the composer make us aware of the process of discovery?

3

Text four – Blurb and Memoir

d) In what ways does the blurb for *Stammered Songbook* highlight the confronting nature of discovery?

2

e) How does text four, the memoir extract, make clear that discoveries can be both simple and meaningful?

5

Section II

15 marks

Attempt Question 2

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Start a new booklet clearly labeled Section II.

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

- express understanding of discovery in the context of your study
 - organise, develop and express ideas using language appropriate to audience, purpose and context
-

Question 2 (15 marks)

Use one the following phrases as a starting point for an imaginative piece of writing which explores the process of discovery.

- A whole universe

OR

- A self-shaped

OR

- Snatches of narrative and a gravestone

OR

- House on the lane

Section III

15 marks

Attempt Question 3

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Start a new booklet clearly labeled Section III.

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)

How do discoveries and discovering offer new understandings of ourselves and others?

In your response, refer to your prescribed text at least ONE text of your own choosing.

Prose fiction (pf) or nonfiction (nf)

- Bradley, James, *Wrack*
- Chopin, Kate, *The Awakening*
- Winch, Tara June, *Swallow the Air*
- Bryson, Bill, *A Short History of Nearly Everything*
- Guevara, Ernesto 'Che', *The Motorcycle Diaries*

or

Drama (d) or film (f) or Shakespearean drama (S)

- Gow, Michael, *Away*
- Harrison, Jane, *Rainbow's End* from Cleven, Vivienne et al, *Contemporary Indigenous Plays*
- Lee, Ang, *Life of Pi*
- Shakespeare, William, *The Tempest*

or

Poetry

- Dobson, Rosemary
'Young Girl at a Window', 'Wonder', 'Painter of Antwerp', 'Traveller's Tale', 'The Tiger', 'Cock Crow', 'Ghost Town: New England'
- Frost, Robert
'The Tuft of Flowers', 'Mending Wall', 'Home Burial', 'After Apple-Picking', 'Fire and Ice', 'Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening'
- Gray, Robert
'Journey: the North Coast', 'The Meatworks', 'North Coast Town', 'Late Ferry', 'Flames and Dangling Wire', 'Diptych'

or

Media

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