



Hurlstone Agricultural High School

Trial Higher School Certificate 2015

English

Advanced and Standard Paper 1 - Area of Study

General Instructions

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

Section I

Total marks (15)

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

Section II

Total marks (15)

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

Section III

Total marks (15)

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

Section I - Reading task

Total marks (15)

Attempt Question 1

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the questions in a writing booklet. Extra writing booklets are available.

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 and three** carefully and then answer the questions on page 9.

Text 1 – Blog

Cast Away: Amazing Stories of Messages in Bottles

Rob Lammler



Whenever a message in a bottle is discovered on a beach or floating in the ocean, it feels like something out of a fairy tale. The idea that two people have made a connection that mathematics would say is virtually impossible gives us hope that life is more than a series of random events. Here is a story/2 stories of the almost unbelievable connection/s these messages have brought about.

1. A Ticket to Freedom

During a 1979 cruise to Hawaii, Dorothy and John Peckham passed the time by writing notes and throwing them overboard inside empty champagne bottles. They asked anyone who found one of their bottles to write them back, and even went so far as to include a \$1 bill to cover the postage.

On March 4, 1983, John's 70th birthday, the couple received a letter from Hoa Van Nguyen. Nguyen, a former soldier in the Vietnamese Army, said he and his younger brother had found one of the Peckhams' bottles as the two men were floating 15 kilometers from the shore of Songkhla Province in Thailand. They were braving the waters of the Pacific in a small, shallow riverboat in order to escape the Communist regime in Vietnam.

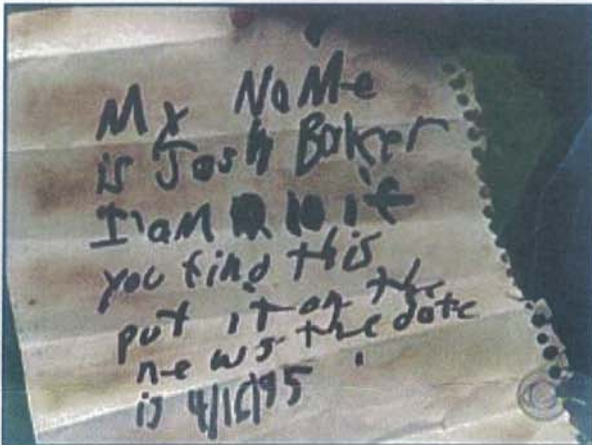
When they saw the bottle, they felt as though a prayer had been answered, giving them the strength to carry on. After reading the letter, the Peckhams looked for Songkhla on a map and were shocked to find that the bottle had traveled 9,000 miles from Hawaii.

The Peckhams corresponded with Hoa for years, sharing in his joy when they received a photo from his wedding, then again nine months later when they saw his newborn son. But most of all, they empathized with Hoa's desire to give his family the best life he could. So when Hoa asked if the Peckhams could help his family move to the U.S., they didn't hesitate. After months of working with U.S. Immigration, the two families finally did meet in 1985, when a plane from Thailand landed in Los Angeles—the Nguyens' new home.



JOHN AND DOROTHY Peckham meet Hoa and Jeang Nguyen and their baby on the Vietnamese family's long-awaited arrival in America for a new life. © 1981 Los Angeles Times

2. A Soldier To Watch Over Them



When Josh Baker was 10 years old, he dumped an entire bottle of his mother's vanilla extract down the sink. He then wrote a quick note that said, "My name is Josh Baker. I'm 10. If you find this, put it on the news. The date is April 16, 1995." He stuffed the note inside the empty extract bottle and threw it into Wisconsin's White Lake.

Life went on and, after high school, Josh signed up for the Marines. During his tour of duty in Iraq, he survived the dangers of fighting door-to-door in Fallujah and made it back home to the U.S. safe and sound. Tragically, shortly after his homecoming, Josh was killed in a car accident, leaving his family and friends devastated and asking the obvious question, "Why?" A few months later, Steve Lieder and Robert Duncan, friends of Josh's, were walking on the banks of White Lake, when they saw something glimmer on the water. After fishing it out, they realized it was a vanilla extract bottle with a piece of paper inside.

To friends and family, the message from 10-year old Josh appeared when they needed it most. It felt as though he was reaching out, letting them know that he was watching, and trying to help them move on. This message of hope is currently displayed in the Bakers' home as a constant reminder that their son is still with them, even though he's gone.

Text 2 – Travel article

Why you should travel overseas: How travel makes you a better person

Lance Richardson

Jun 10 2015 Sydney Morning Herald.

Before I began to travel seriously at the age of 19, I was a half-formed person. A small-town country upbringing, limited exposure to news beyond the six o'clock variety, well-meaning but not particularly worldly parents: these were the trappings of my regular childhood.

Then suddenly, with little warning, I was disembarking at Heathrow and strutting into London as if I owned the place, although really I was so naive that I even left my wallet in an airport toilet.

Brash confidence and cluelessness got me into some interesting situations. I was robbed in a Soho bar (passport, computer, hundreds of pounds) and on a train while travelling to Auschwitz (camera, Czech korunas).

I accidentally went sightseeing in Ciudad Juarez, then the most dangerous city in the world, where killings were alarmingly frequent.

I witnessed a drug sting in the Sonoran Desert just across the United States-Mexico border, watching a young man dragged off the bus, while I sat two rows behind eating a Snickers bar that had started to droop in the heat. I paid a man to lead me to peyote, the hallucinogenic cactus, then stood there poking it with a long stick, unsure of what I was supposed to do next.

I'm admitting my blithe ignorance here not because I'm ashamed, although did I really celebrate my 21st birthday in Times Square and think it was glamorous? (Yikes.) No, I'm admitting my gaffes because they made me who I am today.

I was incubated in the Hunter Valley, just outside Sydney, but I learnt how to be a person by, for example, dancing on a cathedral rooftop in Mexico City on New Year's [Eve], and by walking daily past the Rosetta Stone, while I worked at the ticket desk in the British Museum, dazzled by a history I could scarcely comprehend.

If I know anything at all, it is because I exposed the blank slate of myself to the world and allowed the world to leave its mark. Travel is life-changing. Taken seriously, it can change a person into someone unrecognisable, change everything about them from their accent to their moral compass.

Paul Theroux said it best: "You go away for a long time and return a different person - you never come all the way back."

Perhaps this seems like a banal observation, but as tourism becomes increasingly commodified, focused on leisure, souvenirs and luxury, it strikes me as an important point to emphasise. Many people travel because they want to see something new, acquire new knowledge.

Travellers want to return home a little bit wiser, with an enlightened understanding of their place in the universe. In this way, I think, travel can make us better people. It is an antidote to small-mindedness and provincialism, or unsophisticated thinking.

I could cite countless examples, ways in which travel cancels out ignorance. Once, at an art gallery dinner in northern NSW, I sat next to a woman who was decrying those Sri Lankan Tamils crossing the Indian Ocean and tangling with our navy. Australian tourists are visiting Sri Lanka, the woman announced to the table, therefore everything is obviously fine and they have no valid claim for asylum here.

"Have you been to the Jaffna Peninsula?" I asked her. Many of the refugees were from the towns of Jaffna and Mullaitivu. She had not. If she had arrived in Colombo and headed north, away from the tourist hoards, who generally go south, perhaps she would have noted, as I recently had, the barbed wire rolled along beaches, and signs notifying pedestrians of live land mines, and heard about Tamils unfairly imprisoned and still prevented from returning to their homes several years after the official end of the civil war.

Perhaps, with a little travel, this woman would have been a more generous person. inclined to think deeply about why a person might risk their life crossing a vast and terrifying ocean on a rickety boat. Travel incites reflection. It is an education. It is harder to dismiss somebody when you've sat in their living room and eaten lunch, and harder to shrug off an entire population when you've driven through desperate shantytown and felt the presence of despair. What I am trying to say is that travel exercises the empathy muscle. making it grow.

Text 3 - Fiction Extract

From *The Signature of all Things*, Elizabeth Gilbert

Alma's first glimpse of Tahiti, as seen from the deck of the *Elliot*, had been of abrupt mountain peaks rising hard into cloudless cerulean skies. She had just awoken on this fine, clear morning, and had walked onto the deck to survey her world. She was not expecting what she saw. The sight of Tahiti grabbed the breath from Alma's chest: not its beauty, but its strangeness. All her life, she'd heard stories of this island, and she'd seen drawings and paintings, too, but still she had no idea the place would be so tall, so extraordinary. These mountains were nothing like the rolling hills of Pennsylvania; these were verdant and wild slopes - shockingly steep, alarmingly jagged, staggeringly high, blindingly green. Indeed, everything about the place was overdressed with green. Even right down to the beaches, it was all excessive and green. Coconut palms gave the impression of growing straight from the water itself.

It unnerved her. Here she was, quite literally in the middle of nowhere – halfway between Australia and Peru – and she could not help but wonder: Why is there an island there at all? Tahiti felt to her like an uncanny interruption of the Pacific's vast, endless flatness – an arbitrary cathedral, thrusting up from the center of the sea for no reason at all. She had expected to view it as a kind of paradise, for that was how Tahiti had always been described. She had expected to be overcome by its beauty, to feel as though she had landed in Eden. Hadn't Bougainville called the island La Nouvelle Cythere, after the island of Aphrodite's birth? But Alma's first reaction, to be quite honest, was fear. On this bright morning, in this balmy climate, faced with the sudden appearance of this famous utopia, she was conscious of nothing but a sense of menace. She wondered, What had Ambrose* made of this? She did not want to be left alone here.

But where else was she to go?

The old pacer of a ship slid smoothly into the harbor at Papeete, with seabirds of a dozen varieties spinning and wheeling about the masts faster than Alma could count or identify them. Alma and her luggage were dispatched onto the bustling, colourful wharf. Captain Terrence, quite kindly, went to see if he could hire Alma a carriage to take her to the mission settlement at Matavai Bay.

Her legs were shaky, after months at sea, and she was nearly overcome by nerves. She saw people around her of all sorts – sailors and naval officers and men of commerce, and somebody in clogs, who looked as though he might be a Dutch merchant. She saw a pair of Chinese pearl traders, with long queues down their backs. She saw a burly Tahitian man wearing a heavy woollen pea jacket, which he had clearly acquired from a British sailor, but he wore no trousers – just a skirt of grass, and a disconcertingly nude chest beneath the jacket. She saw native women dressed in all sorts of ways. Some of the older ones quite brazenly displayed their breasts while the younger women tended to wear long frocks, with their hair arranged in modest plaits. They were the new converts to Christianity, Alma supposed. She saw a woman wrapped in what appeared to be a tablecloth, wearing men's European shoes several sizes too big for her feet, selling unfamiliar fruits. She saw a fantastically dressed fellow, wearing European trousers as a sort of jacket, with his head all

aflutter in a crown of leaves. She thought this the most extraordinary sight, but no one paid him any notice.

A handsome black rooster spotted Alma and marched toward her with an officious strut, as though he were an emissary dispatched to welcome her. He was so dignified that she would not have been surprised had he worn a ceremonial sash across his chest. The rooster stopped directly in front of her, magisterial and watchful. Alma nearly expected him to speak, or demand to see her documents. Not knowing what else to do, she reached down and stroked the courtly bird, as if he were a dog. Astonishingly, he allowed it. She stroked him some more and he clucked at her in rich satisfaction. Eventually the rooster settled at her feet and fluffed out his feathers in handsome repose. He showed every sign of feeling that their interaction had gone precisely according to plan. Alma felt comforted, somehow by this simple exchange. The rooster's quietude and assurance helped put her at ease.

Then the two of them – bird and woman – waited together silently on the docks, waiting for whatever would happen next.

Ambrose – Alma's dead husband.



Papeete Harbour, Tahiti

Question 1 continued next page

Question 1 (continued)

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
-

Text one – Blog

- a) Explain how the stories and images capture the unexpected nature of discoveries. 3 marks

Text two – Travel article

- b) Explore how the writer develops his ideas about how experiences of the unexpected support personal discovery. 3 marks

Text 3 – Fiction extract

- c) Discuss how the writer develops Alma's sense of wonder on her arrival in Tahiti. 3 marks

Texts one, two, and three

- d) Analyse the significance/of the connection between expectation and discovery in ONE of the 3 texts. 6 marks

End of Question 1

Section II - Writing task

Total marks (15)

Attempt Question 2

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:

- 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 (15 marks)

You are to compose a narrative which will be published in an anthology

titled "Curious, Necessary and Wonderful: Discovery

sponsored by HAHS P&C and distributed at Country Fair.

Use **one** of the following statements in the **orientation** of the narrative. The statement should be a **significant focus** of the response.

- She was not expecting what she saw.
- If I know anything at all, it is because I exposed the blank slate of myself to the world.

End of Question 2

Section III

Total marks (15)

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)

Unexpected discoveries may emerge from a process of planning

Explore this statement in terms of your set text (Dobson) and a text of your own choosing.

The prescribed text is:

Poetry - Rosemary

Dobson 'Young Girl at a

Window', 'Wonder',

'Painter of

Antwerp',

'Traveller's Tale',

'The Tiger',

'Cock Crow',

'Ghost Town: New England'

End of paper