

JAMES RUSE AGRICULTURAL 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
- Write on BOTH sides of the paper
- Hand up EACH SECTION in a SEPARATE BOOKLET
- Write your candidate number on each page
- Attempt ALL QUESTIONS
- Write the question number at the top of your page

Total marks – 45

**SECTION I**

Pages 2-8

**15 marks**

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

**SECTION II**

Page 9

**15 marks**

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

**SECTION III**

Pages 10-11

**15 marks**

- Attempt Question 3
- Allow about 40 minutes for this section
- 'Prescribed text' refers to the text studied by your class

15 marks

**Attempt Question 1**

**Allow about 40 minutes for this section**

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 ??.

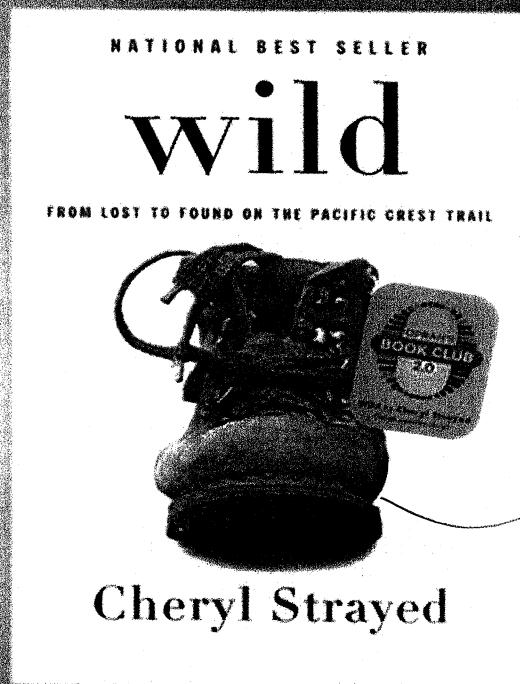
**Text one – Advertisement**

Reserve your copy today in  
the eMedia Catalog

The first selection of  
Oprah's Book Club 2.0!

*cumulative  
listing of  
subjects*

A [powerful, blazingly  
honest] memoir: the story  
of an eleven-hundred-mile  
solo hike that broke down  
a young woman reeling  
from catastrophe—and  
built her back up again.



*worn out  
shoes*

## Text Two – Poem

### Crossing The Border Brook Emery

You step into Gould's bookshop, Newtown,  
like a tourist crossing a border,  
a literary traveller leaving the safelands behind  
for the seedier streets -  
as far removed from Dymocks  
as Kathmandu from Kew.

It's hard to get your bearings here,  
there's no Baedeker to trust  
and the single sheet directory  
found at the door plots  
a deceitful map of the territory.  
Strange things are apt to happen  
as you trek through aisles of travel  
and climb corridors of lit.crit.

Books close in behind you, shadows shift,  
volumes of verse slide beneath you and you jump  
when you step on Noam Chomsky uncomplaining on the floor.

If you dare to draw a book from the upper shelf,  
risking burial under an avalanche of paper,  
you're overwhelmed to find rows behind rows,  
endless Russian dolls and Chinese puzzles of words.

How will you ever know this land, so mysterious, so beautiful, so strange?  
Perhaps you'll never leave, now you've  
gone native, bookwrecked on an alien shore.

#### Note:

Noam Chomsky is an American philosopher, linguist and writer.  
Baedeker was a pioneer in the production of worldwide travel guides.

alliteration

hyperbole

repetition

Question 1 (continued)

**Text Three – Prose Fiction extract**

I stay outdoors fussing with the last batch of bread, resting my arms on the balustrade between the cooling loaves and the pots of basil and the branches of a lemon tree, my legs pressing against the velvet of my dress into the wisteria, into the jasmine. It's warm on this evening in December, and I left my face to every sublime trembling of a breeze. I arranged and rearranged the bread, a carnival lady with her walnut shells. I've always liked to bring bread or cakes or whatever I've just pulled from the ovens to cool outdoors. Pies on a windowsill in Saratoga. But I am not in Saratoga anymore. Nor in Cold Springs nor Sacramento nor St Louis. Not in Venice, not in San Casciano, but here on a great stone island in an ancient palazzo on a terrace in the sky and I stand here watching the moon. Half a moon: tenuous, pale, barely glistening up out of the white fogs the clouds make. Who knows why, but a scene comes to mind, powerful in its way and which I'd witnessed not so long before on a train to Rome. Now, of all moments, it plays itself over and over again.

In a second class car, I sit behind an American couple. "You're over the top, Susan. This whole trip is over the top. Did you really have to have that hat? That ridiculous hat. And that wine you just had to drink at lunch cost thirty-five dollars. And now you sit here in ecstasy over corn fields and cows and a few decrepit villages. Hell if you wanted to see corn fields I could have taken you to Iowa. Could have saved myself a whole lot of travel. We travel seven thousand miles to look at cows."

"I'm not just looking at cows, Jeffrey. I'm looking at Italy. That's the part you don't understand. And I love my hat. And I'll tell you another thing Jeffrey, I am over the top. Almost everything and everyone in this world is over the top. Over your top. And I'll tell you why. Your cup is too small. Your cup is mean and small and nothing fits in it except whatever drips and dribbles you but into it. There isn't room for another thing. But let me tell you, Jeffrey, there's more to life than what you can fit into your cup. Get a bigger cup. For God sake, Jeffrey, get a bigger cup."

As I pass them on my way to exit the train the two sat there separated by a large black felt hat stuck with a full blown pink rose, she, still looking out the window, he, staring straight ahead or deep inside or maybe even into the bottom of his cup. And on this evening, especially on this evening, I am wishing that Jeffrey has found a bigger cup.

## Text Four – Short Story

### STATUE

(It stuck in his craw.) They'd said, So now the ol' codger wants to see the Mother Country. Must be lookin' for a wife.... Won't find one down 'ere! (It stuck in his craw,) his bloody mates. He'd fought in Vietnam with one of them, he'd been a good neighbour to the others. Whenever something went wrong, he was around to lift the fallen fences, to get the seed in before it got too boggy, to get the harvest in before the summer storms wiped out the year's gains. He was there for *them* and now they were taking the piss.

It wasn't like he'd been out on the town looking for a missus. But he could admit to himself that he was lonely. It was a long time between drinks and he was feeling it. The loneliness mainly. No kids to visit him. And just a few photographs of Val, whom he'd married and lost. He'd spread her ashes under the avocado trees. She'd planted and reticulated them herself. She'd said, Harry, you've got to diversify now (...). Wheat and sheep are not the future. Avocadoes will grow a treat here.

But Val, we don't have the water.

She'd persisted, and run water all the way from the house dam down to the saplings. Even in drought, he'd carted water to keep them alive. They were huge now. Almost tropical in their immensity. She had not lived long enough to see them bear their first fruit.

They were always at him. Not for the first decade, but after that. She'd have wanted you to move on, Harry, and It's no good for your insides to keep it all in. They never considered him weird, but just lost. A lost sheep, our 'arry.

And then he was gone overseas and his mates missed him. It's strange not having the ol' bastard around, they lamented. (Drinking and yarning,) they half realised they needed him to be just the way he was. They wondered if Harry would send them postcards. He'd never said that he would.

It took Harry a while to find his feet. He just stayed in his London hotel. He even had his meals in the hotel restaurant. He asked the waiter if it was Australian meat and the waiter looked down his nose at him. We feed the bloody world, mate, Harry said indignantly. He watched episodes of *The Bill* that weren't due to be shown in Australia for another year, and that amused him. He even thought of sending his Vietnam vet mate a card outlining plots to come, just to give him the shits.

Eventually he did go out to see the sights. He tried an open-top double-decker bus tour, but that didn't work for him – he felt like a school kid. He was used to doing things his own way and making up his own mind. Big Ben and the Tower didn't need the commentary for him to make sense of them. He'd read his history. He watched television.

So he wandered London. The days went slowly. Too bloody long, this holiday. He'd allowed himself a month in London, then two weeks in Edinburgh, before heading back to the farm. He even thought of cutting it short.

He talked to the hotel concierge one morning about the possibilities for the day. The concierge asked which art galleries he'd visited. Why, none, he said brusquely, as if he'd been insulted. He wanted to say that galleries seemed effeminate, but as the concierge looked like a young man of the 'other persuasion', he kept it to himself. Harry was never one to intentionally hurt another person, whatever his personal views might be about their way of life. The concierge took the silence as a negative, and muttered the names of the big galleries before trailing off and asking Harry if he'd visited the London Zoo. Harry visited the London Zoo.

Inspired one morning, Harry decided to catch the train to Cambridge - to get out of London for the day. He wandered around the colleges, had a pub lunch. Then he was at a loss. He wandered past King's College ... not being a song-and-dance man, he didn't think he'd hang around for evensong. Sounds like a bunch of mewling cats, he thought. He'd heard them on television. Then he came upon the Fitzwilliam Museum. A grand-looking structure for sure. He didn't think about it, he just went in.

To tell the truth, he didn't remember or care for much of what he saw. There was a vaguely rude pair of paintings - *Before* and *After*. Some of the armour and weaponry he found interesting. Then he wanted a coffee. He strolled past a white marble statue of a naked woman and vaguely registered it. He bought his coffee and again found himself staring at the statue. She was beautiful, he had to admit, but she didn't do much for him. He wondered why he was fixed on it, though, and turned his chair slightly away. It's not the eyes, he said to himself ... she doesn't really have any. It's like she's the living dead. He was uncomfortable with that. No, she's alive, there's that about it. Suddenly, he took it in his head to walk over and touch her skin. It looked so cold.

He touched her arm gently. Conscious that he was being watched as he did so. You probably weren't meant to touch the artworks, he realised. He stood back. He studied her face-on. He leant forward and touched her lips. [They were so cold they were warm.] His face, so gnarled and damaged by the sun, reddened. He hadn't felt that in thirty years. It's just art, he yelled inside himself. It has no meaning, it doesn't feed anyone, it's not real. He tried to escape the gallery immediately, so flustered he couldn't find the way out until he was directed.

Harry held off for three days before catching the train back to Cambridge. But it was a Monday and the gallery was closed. He clenched his fists. He found a hotel for the night. He was at the gallery at opening time. He went straight to the statue. He approached it ... her from behind. He leant forward and kissed the cold-hot stone. It was over in a heartbeat - his heartbeat against her. Then he left the building with Sir ... Sir! echoing behind him.

Within two days he was back in Australia on the farm.

It had been a long and intensely hot summer. The avocados were so established they didn't require reticulation, instead tapping water from somewhere deep. Avocados, he'd told Val, don't have deep root systems - the heat knocks them around. They lose all their moisture. They've no future here, it's too dry and what water is down there is salty. But these trees did grow, and when all else was parched and even the native species so suited to dry spells were dying, (the avocados remained green and strong.)

It'd been a good harvest of fruit, to top it all off. Harry had a ritual. The first fruit he picked, he ate and the last fruit he picked, he ate. That's what Val had asked him to do. Harry, these trees will bear more fruit than you can imagine. I want you to eat the first and the last of the crop. He thought she might add 'in remembrance of me', as she had that kind of twisted sense of humour that so attracted him in the first place. His mates had loved that about her, and they always asked if he'd eaten the first and last fruits, and looked as if all the world was right when he confirmed he had done so, even though they'd add, Val wouldn't mind if you moved on, 'arry.

personification  
avocado → statue - wife

So he ate the first fruit in the dry and the heat, and he did think of her. The flesh of the fruit was crisp and ripe at once (He tasted her and touched her with his mouth) Getting the harvest in was hard work. He always felt he deserved the last fruit. But this year he didn't eat it. He took it from the heat inside the house, and placed it in the deep freeze. There were just some things he couldn't explain to his mates. Some things that would always remain art.

contrast

hot → cold

change of  
place

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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
- 

**Question 1 (15 marks)**

Clearly mark this section Section I.

Clearly put your student number on the top of each page.

**Marks**

**Text One – Visual Image**

- a) How do the ~~images~~ and ~~text~~ work together to convey ~~ONE~~ idea about discovery? 2

**Text Two – Poem**

- b) How does Emery's poem represent discovery as both ~~challenging and enriching~~? 2

**Text Three – Prose Fiction extract**

- c) Discuss how the extract represents ~~different attitudes towards new experiences~~. 3

**Text Four – Short Story**

- d) Analyse how the impact of Harry's discoveries is ~~for reaching and transformative~~. 3

**All Texts – Advertisement, Poem, Prose Fiction extract and Short Story**

- e) "Through travel, discoveries and discovering can offer ~~new understanding of the world, ourselves and others~~." 5

Which TWO texts most effectively explore this idea.

Justify your choice with close reference to the composers' ideas and techniques in each text



## SECTION II

**15 marks**

### **Attempt Question 2**

**Allow about 40 minutes for this section**

Clearly mark this section Section II.

Clearly put your student number on the top of each page.

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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
- 

### **Question 2 (15 Marks)**

**Use ONE of the quotations below as a stimulus to imaginatively reflect on perceptions of Discovery.**

Indicate at the top of your first page which text you have selected for your narrative composition.

#### **Stimulus A**

*Who knows why, but a scene comes to mind, powerful in its way...*

#### **Stimulus B**

*From lost to found.*

#### **Stimulus C**

*How will you ever know this land,  
So mysterious, so beautiful, so strange?*

#### **Stimulus D**

*It took him a while to find his feet. He just stayed in his hotel.*

## SECTION III

**15 Marks**

**Attempt Question 3**

**Allow about 40 minutes for this section**

Clearly mark this response Section III.  
Include your student number.

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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
- 

### Question 3 (15 marks)

#### Focus – Discovery

*Discoveries can be intensely meaningful leading to new worlds and values. They can also be confronting and provocative.*

How do your prescribed text and ONE related text explore these ideas?

The prescribed texts are:

- **Prose Fiction (pf) or Non Fiction (nf)**
  - James Bradley, *Wrack* (pf)
  - Kate Chopin, *The Awakening* (pf)
  - Tara June Winch, *Swallow the Air* (pf)
  - Bill Bryson, *A Short History of Nearly Everything* (nf)
  - Ernesto ‘Che’ Guevara, *The Motorcycle Diary* (nf)
  - Ivan O’Mahoney, *Go Back to Where You Came From* (Series 1)

- Film (f) or Shakespeare (S)**
- William Shakespeare, *The Tempest* (d/S)
  - Jane Harrison, *'Rainbow's End'* (d)
  - Ang Lee, *Life of Pi* (f)
- **Poetry**
- Rosemary Dobson
    - \* *Young Girl at the Window*
    - \* *Wonder*
    - \* *Painter of Antwerp*
    - \* *Traveller's Tale*
    - \* *The Tiger*
    - \* *Cock Crow*
    - \* *Ghost Town: New England*
  - Robert Frost
    - \* *The Tuft of Flowers*
    - \* *Mending Wall*
    - \* *Home Burial*
    - \* *After Apple-Picking*
    - \* *Fire and Ice*
    - \* *Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening*
  - Robert Gray
    - \* *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**