

MOSMAN HIGH SCHOOL
YEAR 12 TRIAL HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE

2015

**English (Standard) and
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 3-8

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

This is a trial paper only and does not necessarily reflect the content or format of the final Higher School Certificate Examination paper for this subject.

Section I

15 marks

Attempt Question 1

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

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

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

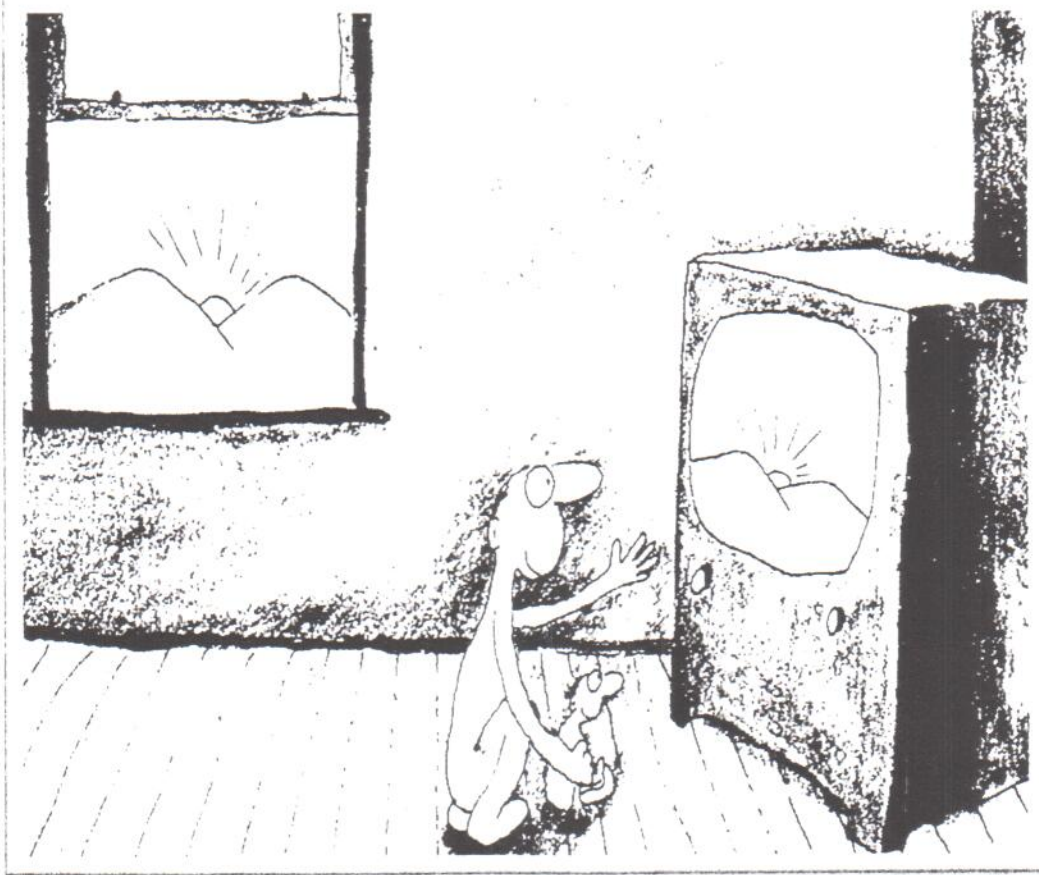
- demonstrate understanding of the way perceptions of discovery are shaped in and through texts
 - describe, explain and analyse the relationship between language, text and context
-

Question 1 (15 marks)

Examine **Texts one, two, three** and **four** carefully and then answer the questions on page 8.

Question 1 continues on page 3

Text one — Cartoon



by Michael Leunig

Question 1 continues on page 4

Text two — Poem “North Light”

North Light

He looks around his son's room: the bed
unmade, the globe of the world with an
imaginary voyage plotted in blue ink,
the clutter of books and plastic toys,
a life gathering its tackle together and
pushing forward. He stares at the backyard
and the thick bushes growing upwards.
The only movement is the glitter of leaves,
and the washing his wife hung out,
before she went to work, flapping
in its circus. Something you can't see
holds it all together. What is it? Last
spring they painted the house: amateurs,
but doing the job the best they could, then
they laid bricks in a pattern in the yard –
what is it, that makes the pattern hold?
That party where they squabbled, the dinner
where old friends got drunk and happy...

He sits at the kitchen table, half dressed,
drinking a glass of orange juice,
and wonders about the delicate adhesive
that holds it all together. Once, long ago,
he'd been divorced: a sad, frightened drunk
lived in a rented room.

When the washing's dry
he'll gather it up, in armfuls, and bring it in.
He turns on some music. The house has a
northerly aspect; it is full of light.

by John Tranter

Question 1 continues on page 5

Text Three — Feature Article

Old and Free

I am an over-55, a hag, a witch, a dame, a crone, a little old lady, a senior cit, an old bag and an old bat, and next year I will officially become the butt of all jokes: a mother-in-law. To many, I am invisible. No longer shaggable, I have no obvious transactional value.

This hit me with full force when my husband and I took our two daughters to Europe a few years ago. Then aged 17 and 20, they turned heads wherever we went. As my dewy young progeny wandered through touristy sights with their ageing parents, young men sidled up to talk to them. If there was no avoiding the inconvenient parents, they engaged with my husband before they then tried to chat up the girls. Me, however, they universally ignored. There was an old-lady-shaped space wherever I stood.

Did I care? I did not. In fact, I rather enjoyed the frisson I was able to cause when the invisible mama suddenly said something sardonic or risqué. I enjoyed watching the shock of the remark rend the burqa of a stereotype with which the young men had shrouded me. There is power in subverting stereotypes as long as we refuse – as old ladies – to be cowed or belittled by the assumption made by some young men that only people they are interested in are interesting. Once they had acknowledged that I existed, they then went on to assume that, as they now found me interesting, I would return the compliment. Sadly, they were almost always wrong.

Young people assume that physical beauty makes them interesting. But in my journey into old age, I've discovered how tedious the young can be.

No doubt my jaundiced view reflects my recent escape from the gilded prison that is mothering. I love my daughters. I find them endlessly fascinating. (I suspect that, however, that to those who did not bare them, they hold less interest. I still often have to feign attention when others talk about their children. I do so, of course, so that I can talk about mine while they pretend interest.) But I have been a mother for 26 years. Mothering is something I am proud to have done, but I am over it. My daughters are decent, independent, contributing members of society but, whatever happens, I neither claim credit nor accept any blame. It's their life now. If they need me I will help them, but I quietly hope they will not need me often.

Maybe it is a sense of having escaped from the loving tyranny of offspring that has made me a little impatient with the young. I understand that the young are not boring through any fault of their own. As a privileged and protected young woman myself, I was very dull. I still recall saying to a woman who was probably the same age as I am now, when she challenged some sweeping statement of mine, that I knew myself very well thank you very much. I remember how irritated I felt when she smiled wryly and gently told me how lucky I was to be so young and yet so sure. Even more galling was how swiftly and comprehensively she was proved right.

The old annoy the young because we often react to their brilliant new idea with a sigh and an eye-roll: it didn't work then, so why would it work now? I understand how

infuriating it can be – after all, the old have been young but the young have not experienced being old. They will, of course, faster than they imagine possible, but it is the nature of youth to expect it to last forever.

Life does not stop. In fact it accelerates. But ageing has no mercy. It certainly has zero interest in our secret belief that we are somehow special and exempt.

There are real liberations that accompany ageing, however, particularly for women. Not only are we released from the obligations of mothering, but we are freed from the chains of fertility. There is simply no negative to this. I have heard health pundits wonder about the surge of energy women over fifty often experience. They never seem to see the obvious. For the first time since puberty, our bodies and lives become our own and many of us make the most of this, not least because we have also realised our time is short.

So don't ask me to be patient with the young, or to get out of their way. I have spent 26 years doing that and it is my time now.

By Jane Caro

Question 1 continues on page 7

Text Four — Novel Extract

Norma Webster

As she drove down the hill outside the small village of Ballagh and caught her first glimpse of the sea, it occurred to her that she had never been alone before on this road. In all the years, one of the boys, or the girls when they were younger, would shout out, 'I can see the sea!' just here and she would have to make them sit down and quieten.

The sky had darkened now and drops of rain hit the windscreen. It seemed much barer here, more wintry than the countryside on the road to Blackwater. She turned left at the handball alley for Cush and she allowed herself the brief respite of imagining that this was some time in the recent past, a dark summer's day with a threatening sky and she had gone to Blackwater for meat and bread and a newspaper. She had thrown them lightly on the back seat, and the family were all in the house beside the marl-pond, Maurice and the children, and maybe one or two friends with them, and the children had slept late, and they would be disappointed now that the sun was not shining, but it wouldn't stop them playing rounders or messing about in front of the house or going to the strand. But if the rain was down for the day, of course, they'd stay in and play cards until the two boys would grow irritable and come to her to complain.

She drove the car down the lane and unlocked the two large galvanized gates. She parked in front of the house and closed the gates again so no one could see the car. She would have loved it had one of her old friends been here, Carmel Redmond or Lily Devereux, 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 that Maurice was dead. 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 was 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 not 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 the door and drive back to 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 loved, leave this house on the cliff for others to know, for others to come 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.

by Colm Toibin

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)

Marks

Text One – Cartoon

- a) Select one aspect of the cartoon and explain how it offers a perspective on discovery. **2**

Text Two – Poem

- b) **2**
'He sits at the kitchen table, half dressed,
drinking a glass of orange juice,
and wonders about the delicate adhesive
that holds it all together.'

Analyse how these lines offer insight into the nature of family life.

Text Three – Feature Article

- c) "In my journey into old age, I've discovered just how tedious the young can be."

How does this quote and Jane Caro's feature article represent the importance of discovery? **3**

Text Four – Prose Extract

- d) Identify the attitude towards discovery in, "what surprised her was the hardness of her resolve, how easy it seemed to turn her back on what she had loved." **3**

Texts, one, two, three and four – Cartoon, Poem, Feature Article and Prose Extract

- e) Analyse how TWO of these texts present the psychological effect of discovery on the individual. **5**

End of Question 1

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)

Drawing on ONE of these statements, compose a piece of imaginative writing that explores the consequences associated with discovery.

Ensure that you write the number of the statement you have selected to base your response around at the top of the first page of your answer.

1. Let it engulf me.

or

2. I had a sharp pencil and hardly any patience.

or

3. But it won't stop me carving joy from the new

Pericles

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)

'The significance of discovery is the far-reaching effect it has on our lives, resulting in new understandings and renewed perceptions of ourselves and our world.'

To what extent would you support this viewpoint?

In your response refer in detail to your prescribed text and ONE other related text of your own choosing.

The prescribed texts are listed below.

Prose fiction

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

Nonfiction

- Bryson, Bill, *A Short History of Nearly Everything*

Drama or film or Shakespearean drama

- Gow, Michael, *Away* (d)
- Harrison, Jane, *Rainbow's End* from Cleven, Vivienne et al, *Contemporary Indigenous Plays* (d)

Film

- Lee, Ang, *Life of Pi* (f)
- Guevara, Ernesto 'Che', *The Motorcycle Diaries*

Shakespeare

- Shakespeare, William, *The Tempest*

Poetry

- Dobson, Rosemary, *Rosemary Dobson Collected*
 - * 'Young Girl at a Window'
 - * 'Wonder'
 - * 'Painter of Antwerp'
 - * 'Traveller's Tale'
 - * 'The Tiger'
 - * 'Cock Crow'
 - * 'Ghost Town: New England'

- Frost, Robert, *The Poetry of Robert Frost*
 - * 'The Tuft of Flowers'
 - * 'Mending Wall'
 - * 'Home Burial'
 - * 'After Apple-Picking'
 - * 'Fire and Ice'
 - * 'Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening'

- Gray, Robert, *Coast Road*
 - * 'Journey: the North Coast'
 - * 'The Meatworks'
 - * 'North Coast Town'
 - * 'Late Ferry'
 - * 'Flames and Dangling Wire'
 - * 'Diptych'

Media

- O'Mahoney, Ivan, *Go Back to Where You Came From* – Series 1, Episodes 1, 2 and 3 and *The Response*

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

End of Paper