



Pymble Ladies' College

STUDENT NUMBER: _____

2015

TRIAL HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE

ENGLISH

(Standard) and (Advanced)

Paper 1 – Area of Study

General Instructions

- Reading Time – 10 minutes
- Working Time – 2 hours
- Write using blue or black pen
- Answer each section in a separate booklet

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.

Write your student number at the top of each page of writing.

This paper must not be removed from the examination room

Section I

15 marks

Attempt Question 1

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

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

- demonstrate understanding of the ways in which the concept of discovery is represented 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: Cartoon

Amid the great cacophony
Of angry words and commentary,
A sudden bright epiphany.

It was small and soft and clear,
It was far and it was near.
A little bird was in my ear.

And all the endless arguments
The fierce aggression and defence
Quite suddenly made little sense.

Instead the secret of the bird,
So vast and deep and true was heard.
It only sang one simple word.



Text Two: Feature Article

Sydney Morning Herald Friday July 17, 2015

Surprises Await NASA on the Surface of Pluto

Nicky Phillips

Naked pictures of Kim Kardashian may have broken the internet, but the first intimate image of Pluto will give them a run for their money. On Thursday morning, NASA released what the world, especially the space science world, had been waiting for: an image from New Horizons' closest encounter with the dwarf planet on Tuesday evening.

NASA promised big things, and the picture delivered. A close-up of a section of Pluto's heart-shaped region showed ice mountains "like the Rockies" more than 3000 metres high.

"You could see the APL campus on this kind of image," said John Spencer, New Horizons co-investigator, at a press conference at the Johns Hopkins Applied Physics Laboratory in Maryland.

"The most striking thing is that we have not found any impact craters [in this region]," Dr Spencer said.

"I would never have believed it," he said.

This means the surface is very young, no more than 100 million years old.

"This is one of the youngest surfaces we've ever seen in the solar system," said Jeff Moore of the New Horizons geology, geophysics and imaging team.

When asked how the mountains may have formed, Dr Spencer replied: "We have no idea at the moment."

Unlike the icy moons of giant planets, Pluto cannot be heated by gravitational interactions with a much larger planetary body. Some other process must be generating the mountainous landscape.

"This may cause us to rethink what powers geological activity on many other icy worlds," Dr Spencer said.

The mission's principal investigator, Alan Stern, said the heart-shaped region, the brightest part of the dwarf planet, had been named "Tombaugh Reggio", after Clyde Tombaugh, who discovered the planet in 1930.

The science team saved the best to last, only revealing the stunning new Pluto close-up after showing images of Pluto's small moon Hydra and a close-up of Charon.

The dwarf planet's largest moon is about 1200 kilometres across, roughly the distance between Sydney and Bundaberg. The team were surprised to learn Charon has few craters. Cathy Olkin, from the Southwest Research Institute, said its surface was surprisingly youthful, reshaped by geological activity. The darkish region of Charon's north pole has been nicknamed Mordor.

The reddish area around the pole suggested it could be covered by a thin veneer of dark material, she said. A deep canyon on the top right of the moon is thought to be between six and 14 kilometres deep.

"Charon blew our socks off," said Dr Olkin.

New Horizons is now more than a day past Pluto. The probe communicated with the Earth on Wednesday evening to perform a science "data pass" from five of its seven instruments. This included the first well-resolved images of one of Pluto's four small moons, the potato-shaped Hydra. Before the mission, scientists had no idea about Hydra's size or dimensions, project scientist Hal Weaver said.

Now they believe it is about 43 by 33 kilometres.

"Its surface is primarily water ice. That's cool," he said.

Data from Pluto will help scientists understand the formation of the Earth-moon system.

Text Three: Poem

You Begin

You begin this way
this is your hand
this is your eye
that is a fish, blue and flat
on the paper, almost
the shape of an eye.
This is your mouth, this is an O
or a moon, whichever
you like. This is yellow.

Outside the window
is the rain, green
because it's summer, and beyond that
the trees and then the world,
which is round and has only
the colours of these nine crayons.

This is the world, which is fuller
and more difficult to learn than I have said.
You are right to smudge it that way
with the red and then
the orange: the world burns.

Once you have learned these words
you will learn that there are more
words than you can ever learn.
The word hand floats above your hand
like a small cloud over a lake.
The word hand anchors
your hand to this table,
your hand is a warm stone
I hold between two words.

This is your hand, these are my hands, this is the world,
which is round but not flat and has more colours
than we can see.

It begins, it has an end,
this is what you will
come back to, this is your hand.

Margaret Atwood

Text Four: Novel Extract

From: *The Thirteenth Tale* by Diane Setterfield

I was ten when I discovered the secret my mother was keeping. The reason it matters is that it wasn't her secret to keep it was mine.

My parents were out that evening. They didn't go out often, and when they did, I was sent next door to sit in Mrs Robb's kitchen... They left the house at seven o'clock, and I celebrated by pouring a glass of milk and drinking it on the sofa, full of admiration for my own greatness. Margaret Lea, old enough to stay home without a sitter. What to do with all this freedom?

Upstairs I peered into the bathroom mirror. It was for reassurance, to see what I looked like as a grown up girl. Head tilted to the right, I studied my own reflection from all angles, willing myself to see someone different. But it was only me looking back at myself...

Perplexed, I backed out of the room and stood on the landing. This was it. The rite of passage. Staying home alone. I was joining the ranks of the grown up children: tomorrow I would be able to say, in the playground, 'Last night I didn't go to a sitter. I stayed home by myself.' The other girls would be wide-eyed. For so long I had wanted this and now that it was here, I didn't know what to make of it. I'd expected that I would expand to fit the experience automatically, and that I would get my first glimpse of the person that I was destined to be. I'd expected the world to give up its child-like and familiar appearance to show me its secret, adult side. Instead, cloaked in my new independence, I felt younger than ever.

I toyed with the idea of going to Mrs Robb's. But no. There was a better place. I crawled under my father's bed.

The space between the bed and the floor and the bed-frame had shrunk since I was there last. Hard against one shoulder was the holiday suitcase, as grey as daylight as it was here in the dark. It held our summer paraphernalia: sunglasses, some film for the camera, the swimming costume that my mother never wore but never threw away. On the other side was a cardboard box. My fingers fumbled with the corrugated flaps, found a way in, and rummaged. The tangled skein of Christmas tree lights. Feathers covering the skirt of the angel. The last time I was under this bed I had believed in Father Christmas. Now I didn't. Was that a kind of growing up?

Wriggling out from under the bed, I dislodged an old biscuit tin. There it was, half sticking out from under the fringe of the valance. I remembered the tin: it had been there for ever. A picture of Scottish crags and firs on a lid too tight to open. Absently I tried the lid. It gave way so easily under my older, stronger fingers that I felt a pang of shock. Inside was my Father's passport and various, differently sized pieces of paper. Forms, part printed, part handwritten. Here and there a signature.

For me, to see is to read. It has always been that way. I flicked through the documents. My parents' marriage certificate. Their birth certificates. My own birth certificate. Red print on cream paper. My father's signature. I refolded it carefully, put it with the other forms I'd already read, and passed on to the next. It was identical. I was puzzled. Why would I have two birth certificates?

Then I saw. Same father, same mother, same date of birth, same place of birth, *different name*.

What happened to me in that moment? Inside my head everything came to pieces and came back together differently, in one of those kaleidoscopic reorganisations the brain is capable of. Pressing my hands to my right side, I bowed my head. Nose almost to shoulder. It was an odd gesture, one that had always come to me in pain, in perplexity until now, my discovery revealed its meaning. I was looking for my twin. Where she should have been. By my side. I had a twin.

Ignoring the tumult in my head, my curious fingers unfolded a second piece of paper.

A death certificate.

My twin was dead.

Now I knew what it was that had stained me.

Though I was stupefied by the discovery I was not surprised. For there had always been a feeling. The knowledge- too familiar to have ever needed words- that there was *something*. An altered quality in the air to my right. A coagulation of light. Something peculiar to me that set empty space vibrating. My pale shadow.

When I saw the two pieces of paper, and when the world had recovered itself enough to start turning again on its slow axis, I thought, *So that's it*. Loss. Sorrow. Loneliness. There was a feeling that had kept me apart from other people – and kept me company- all my life, and now that I had found the certificates, I knew what the feeling was. My sister...

Under the covers I pressed my hand against the silver pink crescent on my torso. The shadow my sister had left behind.

Section I

15 marks

Attempt Question 1

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

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

1

- a) Identify one idea the cartoonist suggests about discovery.

Text Two: Feature Article

2

- b) How does Nicky Phillips convey the significance of the discovery explored in the article?

Text Three: Poem

4

- c) Explain Atwood's perspective about the changing nature of discoveries as we age. Analyse two examples that convey Atwood's point of view.

Text Four: Novel Extract

3

- d) What effect does Margaret's discovery have upon her and how does the author convey this effect?

Texts One, Two and Three

5

- e) Compare the ways in which TWO of these texts explore the impact of discoveries on individuals and/or broader society.

Section II

15 marks

Attempt Question 2

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

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)

Write a story which explores the **impact of discovery** upon an individual and which includes **ONE** of the following statements at some point in the narrative.

"I wish he had never told me."

OR

"I realised that, somehow, I had always known."

OR

"All of a sudden, my eyes were opened to the truth of the situation."

Section III

15 marks

Attempt Question 3

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

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

- demonstrate understanding of the concept of discovery in the context of your studies
 - analyse, explain and assess the ways ^{discovery} ~~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)

Every discovery inevitably leads to change.

To what extent have you found this to be true in your prescribed text and TWO other related texts of your own choosing?

The prescribed texts are listed on page 12

The prescribed texts are:

- **Prose Fiction or Nonfiction**

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

- **Drama or Film or Shakespeare**

Gow, Michael, *Away* (d)
Harrison, Jane, *Rainbow's End* from Clevelen,
Vivienne et al, *Contemporary Indigenous Plays* (d)
Lee, Ang, *Life of Pi* (f)
Shakespeare, William, *The Tempest*

- **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*'

End of Paper