



ST CATHERINE'S 2016
TRIAL HIGHER SCHOOL
CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION
English (Standard)
and English (Advanced)
Paper I – Area of Study

General Instructions:

- Reading time - 10 minutes
- Working time – 2 hours
- Write using black pen.
- A stimulus booklet is provided at the back of this paper

Total Marks – 45

Section I – page 2

15 marks

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

Section II – page 3

15 marks

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

Section III – page 4

15 marks

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

Section I

15 marks

Attempt Question 1

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the question on pages of the Paper 1 Writing Booklet. Extra writing booklets are available.

Question 1 (15 marks)

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 1, 2, 3 and 4 on pages of the Stimulus Booklet carefully and then answer the questions below.

Text one — Image

- (a) How does the image represent an important moment of discovery? 2

Text two — Poem

- (b) How does the poem explore our inability to control over the natural world? 2

Text three — Nonfiction extract

- (c) Analyse how the text reveals the discovery that the physical world can be both inspiring and terrifying. 3

Text four — Novel extract

- (d) Evaluate how the novel extract explores connections between physical discovery and emotional experience. 3

Texts one, two, three and four — Image, Poem, Non-fiction extract and Novel extract

- (e) In your view, which TWO of these texts most effectively explore the role of the physical world in the process of discovery? 5
Justify your view with reference to TWO texts.

End of Question 1

Section II

15 marks

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
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Question 2 (15 marks)

Use the following lines as the central element in a piece of imaginative writing exploring the effects of discovery.

There was the realisation that what I'd thought was the beginning had not really been the beginning at all.

End of Question 2

Section III

15 marks

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
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Question 3 (15 marks)

The process of discovery is dependent upon action rather than contemplation.

In what ways is this view of discovery represented in your prescribed text and at least ONE other related text of your own choosing?

The prescribed texts are listed in the stimulus booklet.

End of paper



St Catherine's School
Waverley

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ALTERNATE TRIAL HIGHER SCHOOL
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Paper I – Area of Study – Stimulus Booklet

General Instructions:

- Detach this stimulus booklet
- The list of prescribed texts for Section III is provided on page

Text one – image – Caspar David Friedrich, *Wanderer above a Sea of Fog* (c. 1818)



Text two – Poem. ‘The Jaguar’ by Ted Hughes

The apes yawn and adore their fleas in the sun.
The parrots shriek as if they were on fire, or strut
Like cheap tarts to attract the stroller with the nut.
Fatigued with indolence, tiger and lion

Lie still as the sun. The boa-constrictor’s coil
Is a fossil. Cage after cage seems empty, or
Stinks of sleepers from the breathing straw.
It might be painted on a nursery wall.

But who runs like the rest past these arrives
At a cage where the crowd stands, stares, mesmerized,
As a child at a dream, at a jaguar hurrying enraged
Through prison darkness after the drills of his eyes

On a short fierce fuse. Not in boredom—
The eye satisfied to be blind in fire,
By the bang of blood in the brain deaf the ear—
He spins from the bars, but there’s no cage to him

More than to the visionary his cell:
His stride is wildernesses of freedom:
The world rolls under the long thrust of his heel.
Over the cage floor the horizons come.

NO CONTROL OF
NATURAL
WORLD.

Text three – Non Fiction – Extract from, *Wild* by Cheryl Strayed, 2012

At twenty-two, Cheryl Strayed thought she had lost everything. In the wake of her mother's death, her family scattered and her own marriage was soon destroyed.

My solo three-month hike on the Pacific Crest Trail had many beginnings. There was the first, flip decision to do it, followed by the second, more serious decision to actually do it, and then the long third beginning, composed of weeks of shopping and packing and preparing to do it. There was the quitting my job as a waitress and finalising my divorce and selling almost everything I owned and saying goodbye to my friends and visiting my mother's grave one last time. There was the driving across the country from Minneapolis to Portland, Oregon, and, a few days later, catching a flight to Los Angeles and a ride to the town of Mojave and another ride to the place where the PCT crossed a highway.

At which point, at long last, there was the actual doing it, quickly followed by the grim realisation of what it meant to do it, followed by the decision to quit doing it because doing it was ~~absurd~~ and pointless and ridiculously difficult and far more than I expected doing it would be and I was profoundly unprepared to do it. And then there was the real live truly doing it.

The staying and doing it, in spite of everything. In spite of the bears and the rattlesnakes and the scat of the mountain lions I never saw; the blisters and scabs and scrapes and lacerations. The exhaustion and the deprivation; the cold and the heat; the monotony and the pain; the thirst and the hunger; the glory and the ghosts that haunted me as I hiked 1100 miles from the Mojave Desert to the state of Washington by myself.

And finally, once I'd actually gone and done it, walked all those miles for all those days, there was the realisation that what I'd thought was the beginning had not really been the beginning at all. That in truth my hike on the Pacific Crest Trail hadn't begun when I made the snap decision to do it. It had begun before I even imagined it, precisely four years, seven months, and three days before, when I'd stood in a little room at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, and learned that my mother was going to die.

physical W

inspiring \$

terrifying.

Text four – novel extract – *The Grapes of Wrath*, Copyright © 1939 by John Steinbeck.

The Grapes of Wrath vividly portrays life during the Great Depression and the Dust Bowl in America. The novel follows a family of Oklahoma tenant farmers traveling westward.

To the red country and part of the grey country of Oklahoma, the last rains came gently, and they did not cut the scarred earth. The plows crossed and recrossed the rivulet marks. The last rains lifted the corn quickly and scattered weed colonies and grass along the sides of the roads so that the gray country and the dark red country began to disappear under a green cover. In the last part of May the sky grew pale and the clouds that had hung in high puffs for so long in the spring were dissipated. The sun flared down on the growing corn day after day until a line of brown spread along the edge of each green bayonet. The clouds appeared, and went away, and in a while they did not try any more. The weeds grew darker green to protect themselves, and they did not spread any more. The surface of the earth crusted, a thin hard crust, and as the sky became pale, so the earth became pale, pink in the red country and white in the gray country.

In the water-cut gullies the earth dusted down in dry little streams. Gophers and ant lions started small avalanches. And as the sharp sun struck day after day, the leaves of the young corn became less stiff and erect; they bent in a curve at first, and then, as the central ribs of strength grew weak, each leaf tilted downward. Then it was June, and the sun shone more fiercely. The brown lines on the corn leaves widened and moved in on the central ribs. The weeds frayed and edged back toward their roots. The air was thin and the sky more pale; and every day the earth paled.

In the roads where the teams moved, where the wheels milled the ground and the hooves of the horses beat the ground, the dirt crust broke and the dust formed. Every moving thing lifted the dust into the air: a walking man lifted a thin layer as high as his waist, and a wagon lifted the dust as high as the fence tops, and an automobile boiled a cloud behind it. The dust was long in settling back again.

When June was half gone, the big clouds moved up out of Texas and the Gulf, high heavy clouds, rain-heads. The men in the fields looked up at the clouds and sniffed at them and held wet fingers up to sense the wind. And the horses were nervous while the clouds were up. The rain-heads dropped a little spattering and hurried on to some other country. Behind them the sky was pale again and the sun flared. In the dust there were drop craters where the rain had fallen, and there were clean splashes on the corn, and that was all.

A gentle wind followed the rain clouds, driving them on northward, a wind that softly clashed the drying corn. A day went by and the wind increased, steady, unbroken by gusts. The dust from the roads fluffed up and spread out and fell on the weeds beside the fields, and fell into the fields a little way. Now the wind grew strong and hard and it worked at the rain crust in the corn fields. Little by little the sky was darkened by the mixing dust, and the wind felt over the earth, loosened the dust, and carried it away. The wind grew stronger. The rain crust broke and the dust lifted up out of the fields and drove gray plumes into the air like sluggish smoke. The corn threshed the wind and made a dry, rushing sound. The finest dust did not settle back to earth now, but disappeared into the darkening sky.

The wind grew stronger, whisked under stones, carried up straws and old leaves, and even little clods, marking its course as it sailed across the fields. The air and the sky darkened and

through them the sun shone redly, and there was a raw sting in the air. During a night the wind raced faster over the land, dug cunningly among the rootlets of the corn, and the corn fought the wind with its weakened leaves until the roots were freed by the prying wind and then each stalk settled wearily sideways toward the earth and pointed the direction of the wind.

The dawn came, but no day. In the gray sky a red sun appeared, a dim red circle that gave a little light, like dusk; and as that day advanced, the dusk slipped back toward darkness, and the wind cried and whimpered over the fallen corn.