



KINCOPPAL – ROSE BAY
SCHOOL OF THE SACRED HEART

Practice Paper 1

English Advanced

Paper 1 - Texts and Human Experiences

General Instructions

- Reading time - 10 minutes
- Working time – 1 hour and 30 minutes
- Write using black pen

Section 1- 20 marks (page 8)

- Attempt questions 1-4
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section 2 – 20 marks (page 9)

- Attempt Question x
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section 1

20 Marks

Attempt questions 1-4

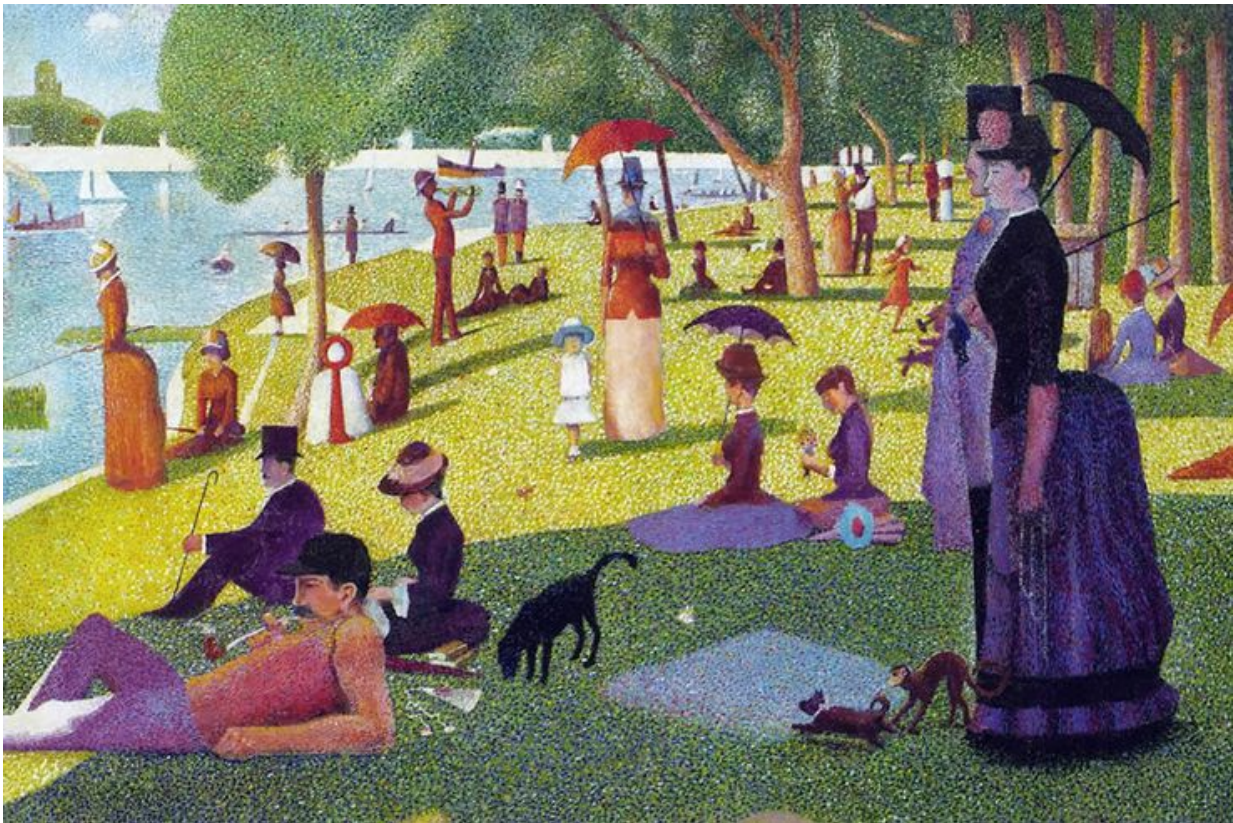
Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Your answers will be assessed on how well you:

- Demonstrate understanding of human experiences in texts
 - Analyse, explain and assess the ways human experiences are represented in texts
-

Examine texts 1, 2 and 3 in the stimulus booklet carefully and then answer questions on page 8

Text 1 – Image 'Sunday Afternoon on the island of La Grande-Jatte' (Seurat)



Text 2: Non Fiction Extract (from *The Happiest Refugee* by Anh Do)

I faced my own trials when I went over to Suzie's house for a meal. Dinner at Suzie's was almost the exact opposite to ours, especially when it was special occasion. It was like a fine restaurant; you sat down and conversed. You didn't shout, yelp, or flex any leg muscles, you conversed. In the beginning I kept looking into the corners of the room, half expecting a courteous yet a quick witted English butler to appear and gently lay a starched, monogrammed napkin on my thigh.

'Lovely to see you again, Mr Do, sir.'

On one early visit they planned a 'special dinner', and I knew it was special because Suzie's mum had pulled out her enormous box of silverware, polished it and laid it just so on the table. There must have been three or four forks, several knives of different sizes and a single spoon to every setting.

As we sat down I started sweating. I had not been to many formal dinners and had no idea which piece of cutlery to use. Where was the chopstick option? I have since been told you start from the outside and work your way in but, on this occasion, I had not heard this titbit of wisdom.

A number of entrees came out and I was doing pretty well, I thought. I soon figured out I should eat slowly, watch to see what everyone else was using and follow suit. Main dish came out and I was watching Suzie's grandmother, who picked up her spoon. No problem. I picked up the spoon and began happily scooping up the peas and little veggies on the plate. Made perfect sense. I looked up and I realised her grandma was just re-arranging her cutlery to make space for a carafe of red wine. She put the spoon back on the table, and picked up a fork. *She tricked me.*

We got to the end of the night and out came dessert – a special custard dish. A very, very runny special custard dish. Everyone picked up their spoon and I looked down. All I had left was a fork. *I know I have a fork, you know I have a fork, everyone knows I have a fork, everyone knows Anh's got a freaking fork.*

But no one said anything and I finished off my dessert, taking a little longer than everyone else. To this day, Suzie's dad likes to remind me of the event. He'll sling me a steak at the barbie and say, 'Hang on, Anh, let me get you a spoon for that.'

On another occasion I came over one afternoon and saw Suzie's dad jackhammering old tiles off his pool so that workers could put in new pebble concrete. I had never used a jackhammer before, but I figured it couldn't be that hard, so I said to him, 'Robert, why don't you take a break. I'll do that bit for you.'

He showed me how it worked and handed me the jackhammer. *Bam bam bam bam bam ...* away I went. Half an hour later I wondered, *Is this guy coming back from his break? I'll just keep going I suppose.* Two hours later I was still going at it. Suzie called out: 'Anh, take a break'.

I took a three minute break then got stuck into it again. I figured I'd better just keep going until Robert came out and told me to stop. *Bam bam bam bam bam ...* another three hours later I'd finished the entire pool.

I walked into dinner with my teeth rattling and my fingers trembling from the vibration the jackhammer had set into my bones. I picked up my knife ... *tap tap tap tap tap* on the plate.

Suzie told me later that Robert was inside the whole time watching me.

'I can't believe he's still going,' he'd said. 'I just want to see how much resilience the kid's got.'

'Trust me, Dad I know Anh. He can keep going till tomorrow morning if need be.'

After I'd finished the whole pool, Robert said to his wife: 'Fantastic! I liked this kid from the start.'

And indeed he had. Years ago when Suzie and I were just friends he said to her, 'You'll marry that boy one day.' He saw in me a young kid who reminded him of himself. Robert had also been raised by a single mother and had grown up in a suburb not far from Yagoona.

Text 3: Prose Extract (from *An Equal Music* by Vikram Seth)

Every rehearsal of the Maggiore Quartet begins with a very plain, very slow three-octave scale on all four instruments in unison: sometimes major, as in our name, sometimes minor, depending on the key of the first piece we are to play. No matter how fraught our lives have been over the last couple of days, no matter how abrasive our disputes about people in politics, or how visceral our differences about what we are to play and how we are to play it, it reminds us that we are, when it comes to it, one. We try not to look at each other when we play this scale; no one appears to lead. Even the first upbeat is merely breathed by Piers, not indicated by any movement of his head. When I play this I release myself into the spirit of the quartet. I become the music of the scale. I mute my will, I free myself.

After Alex Foley left five years ago and I was being considered as a possible second violinist by Piers, Helen and Billy, we tried our various bits of music together, rehearsed together, in fact played several concerts together, but never played the scale. I did not even know that for them it existed. Our last concert was in Sheffield. At midnight, two hours after it was over, Piers phoned me in my hotel room to say that they all wanted me to join.

“It was good, Michael,” he said. “Helen insists you belong to us.” Despite this little barb, aimed at his sister, doubtless present at the other end, he sounded almost elated – quite something for Piers. ...

Today we are running through a couple of Haydn quartets and a Brahms. The Haydns are glorious; they give us joy. Where there are difficulties, we can understand them – and therefore come to an understanding among ourselves. We love Haydn, and he makes us love each other. Not so Brahms. He has always been a cross for our quartet.

I feel no affinity for Brahms, Piers can't stand him, Helen adores him, Billy finds him “deeply interesting”, whatever that means. We were asked to include some Brahms in a programme we are due to perform in Edinburgh, and Piers, as our programmer, accepted the inevitable and chose the first string quartet, the C minor.

We saw valiantly away through the first movement without stopping.

“Good tempo,” says Helen tentatively, looking at the music rather than at any of us.

“It's a total mess,” snaps Piers.

“Precision's the key,” says Billy, half to himself. “Like with the Schoenberg.”

Helen sighs. We begin playing again. Piers stops us. He looks directly at me.

“It's you, Michael. You're sort of suddenly intense without any reason. You're not supposed to be saying anything special.”

“Well, he tells me 'to express'.”

“Where?” asks Piers, as if to an idiot-child. “Just precisely where?”

“Bar fifteen.”

“I don't have anything there.”

"Bad luck," I say shortly. Piers looks over at my part in disbelief.

...

Billy and I exchange glances. There is something jerky, abrasive, irrelevant about many of our conversations during rehearsals which sits oddly with the exactitude and expressivity we are seeking to create. Helen, for instance, usually says the first thing that comes into her head.

Sometimes her thoughts run ahead of her words; sometimes it's the other way around.

As we continue to rehearse, there are a series of false starts, no sense of flow.

"Piers comes in like a gobbling turkey at forty one," says Helen.

"Don't be nasty, Helen," says her brother.

Finally we come to Piers's high crescendo.

"On no, oh no, oh no," cries Billy, taking his hand off the strings and gesticulating.

"We're all a bit loud here," says Helen, aiming for tact.

"It's too hysterical," I say.

"Who's too hysterical?" asks Piers.

"You." The others nod.

Piers's rather large ears go red.

It isn't usually like this. Most of our rehearsals are much more convivial. I blame it on what we're playing.

"We're not getting anywhere as a whole," says Billy with a kind of innocent agitation in his eyes.

"That was terribly organised."

"Yes. We've got to get it together somehow. It's just a sort of noise."

"Well, it sort of lacks tunes," I say. "Not melody exactly, but melodicity. Do I mean that? What's the right word?"

"Melodiousness," says Helen. "And, incidentally, it doesn't lack tunes."

"But what do you mean by that?" says Piers to me. "It's all tune. I mean, I'm not saying I like it, but ..."

...

"Once more, then?" I suggest.

After a few more minutes we pause again.

"This is just so exhausting to play," says Helen. ...

"We'd better get on with it or we'll never get through it," says Billy.

Finally, after an hour and a half we arrive at the second movement. It is dark outside, and we are exhausted, as much with one another's temperaments as with the music. But ours is an odd quadripartite marriage with six relationships, any of which, at any given time, could be cordial or neutral or strained. The audiences who listen to us cannot imagine how earnest, how petulant, how accommodating, how willful is our quest for something beyond ourselves that we imagine with our separate spirits but are compelled to embody together. Where is the harmony of spirit in all this, let alone sublimity? How are such mechanics, such stops and starts, such facile irreverence transmuted, in spite of our bickering selves, into musical gold? And yet often enough it is from such trivial beginnings that we arrive at an understanding of a work that seems to us both true and original, and an expression of it which displaces from our minds – and perhaps, at least for a while, from the minds of those who hear us – any versions, however true, however original, played by other hands.

Section 1

20 Marks

Attempt questions 1-4

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Your answers will be assessed on how well you:

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 - analyse, explain and assess the ways human experiences are represented in texts
-

Question 1: Image

4 marks

Discuss how the artist conveys the paradoxical nature of social interaction.

Question 2: Non Fiction

4 marks

Analyse how the narrator uses humour to convey the unfamiliarity of his experiences with a different family culture.

Question 3: Fiction

4 marks

Discuss the ways the author represents the tensions between the individual and collective experience.

Question 4: Refer to at least two of the texts to answer this question.

8 marks

Compare how at least two of the texts represent the complexity of relationships.

Section II

20 Marks

Your answer will be assessed on how well you:

- demonstrate an understanding of human experiences in texts
 - analyse, explain and assess the ways human experiences are represented in texts
 - organise, develop and express ideas using language, appropriate to audience, purpose and context
-

It's the inconsistencies in human behaviour that provide insights into our true selves.

Evaluate the ideas in this statement in relation to your prescribed text.

Section II

The prescribed texts for Section II are:

Prose Fiction

Anthony Doerr, *All the Light We Cannot See*

Amanda Lohrey, *Vertigo*

George Orwell, *Nineteen Eighty-Four*

Favel Parrett, *Past the Shallows*

Poetry, Drama and Shakespearean Drama

- Rosemary Dobson, *Rosemary Dobson Collected* The prescribed poems are:

* *Young Girl at a Window*

* *Over the Hill*

* *Summer's End*

* *The Conversation*

* *Cock Crow*

* *Amy Caroline*

* *Canberra Morning*

- Kenneth Slessor, *Selected Poems* The prescribed poems are:

* *Wild Grapes*

* *Gulliver*

* *Out of Time*

* *Vesper-Song of the Reverend Samuel Marsden*

* *William Street*

* *Beach Burial*

- Jane Harrison, *Rainbow's End*

- from Vivienne Cleven et al., *Contemporary Indigenous Plays*

- Arthur Miller, *The Crucible*

- William Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice*

Nonfiction, Film, Media

- Tim Winton, *The Boy Behind the Curtain*
 - * *Havoc: A Life in Accidents*
 - * *Betsy*
 - * *Twice on Sundays*
 - * *The Wait and the Flow*
 - * *In the Shadow of the Hospital*
 - * *The Demon Shark*
 - * *Barefoot in the Temple of Art*
- Malala Yousafzai and Christina Lamb, *I am Malala*

Film Media

- Stephen Daldry, *Billy Elliot*

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

- Lucy Walker, *Waste Land*