

Year 12 English Advanced and Standard

SYDNEY BOYS HIGH

SAMPLE PAPER : TEXTS AND HUMAN EXPERIENCES

INSTRUCTIONS

- Reading Time-10 minutes
- Working time-1 hour and 30 minutes

TOTAL MARKS 40

Section 1 (20 marks)

Short answer questions
Allow about 45 minutes for this question

Section 2 (20 marks)

Response assessing core text 1984
Allow about 45 minutes for this section.

Answer the question in a writing booklet

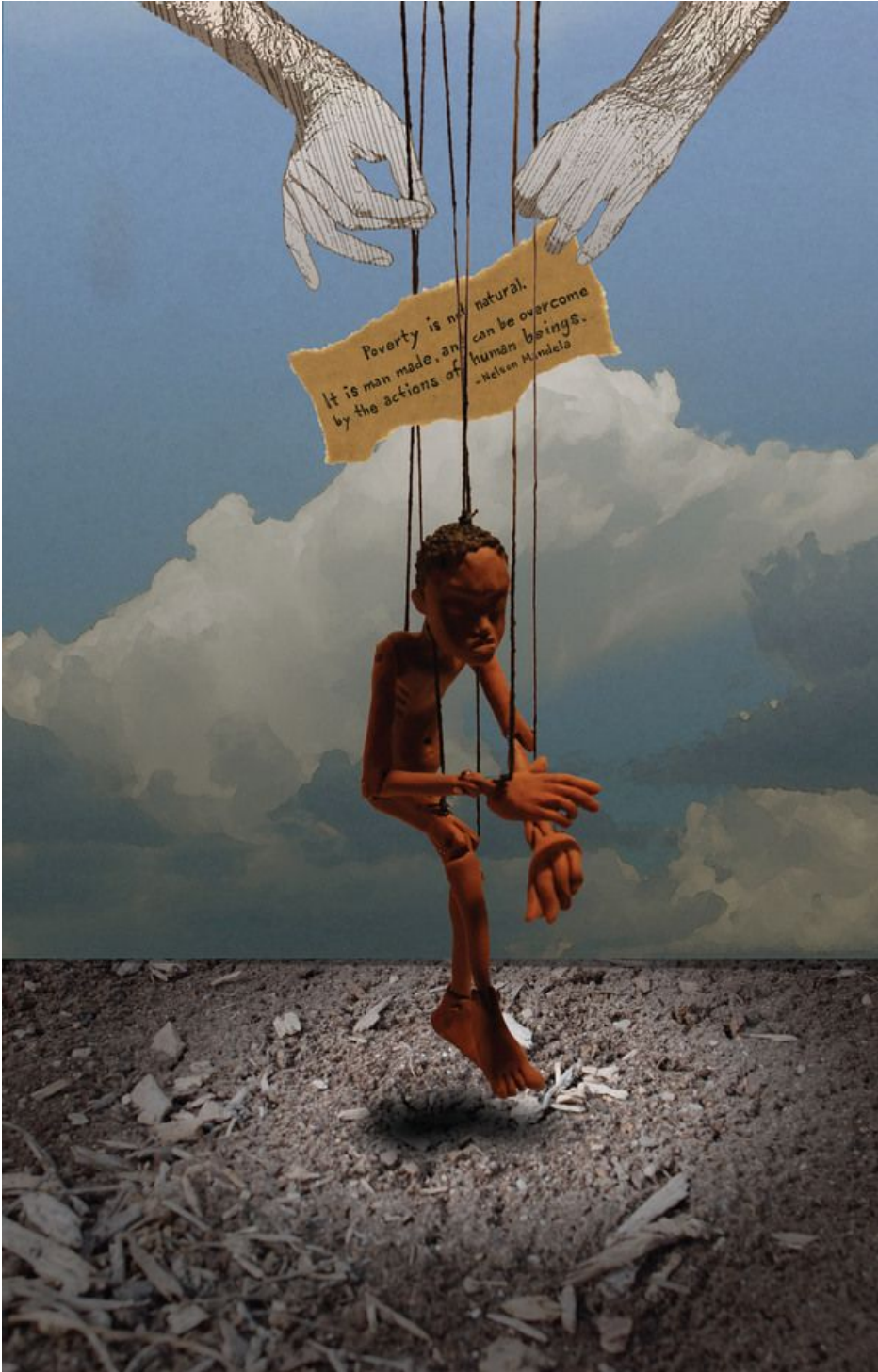
In your answer you will be assessed on how well you:

- demonstrate understanding of human experiences in texts.
 - Analyse, explain and assess the ways human experiences are represented in texts.
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Question 1 (20 Marks)

Examine **Texts one, two, three and four** carefully and then answer the questions that follow.

Text one – Cartoon



Text two – Poem

THE CAST

When the doctor cut off my son's cast the
high scream of the saw filled the room
and Gabey's lap was covered with fluff like the
chaff of a new thing emerging, the
down in the hen-yard. Down the seam that
runs along the outside of the arm and
up the seam along the inside-that
line where the colour of a white boy's arm
changes like a fish from belly-white to prismatic,
the saw ranged freely-the saw that does not cut flesh,
the doctor told us, smiling. Then the
horrible shriek ran down in a moment to nothing
and he took a sharp silver wedge like a
can-opener and jimmied at the cracks
until with a creak the glossy white
false arm cracked and there lay Gabey's
sweet dirty forearm, thin as a darkened twig.
He lifted it in astonishment, like a gift,
It's so light! he cried, a lot of light coming out of his eyes,
He fingered it and grinned, he picked up the
halves and put them together and gripped it and
carried it out through the waiting room and
everyone smiled the way you smile at a wedding, so
deep in us the desire to be healed and joined.

Sharon Olds

SONNET 116 **William Shakespeare**

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come:
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

Text Four- Feature Article

PAIN AND PRIDE AS FAMILY TREE BLOSSOMS

I never met my cousin Barb, so maybe it's weird to say I loved her. But she became, for me, a sort of totem, an angelic ancient mariner whose every word seemed to deliver warmth, wit and wisdom straight to the left ventricle. Now she's dead and I'm still trying to understand her gift to me, still unwrapping it-only that it is a gift of inestimable value, and that somehow it flowered from her pain.

Cuz, that's what we called each other. Dear Cuz. In fact we were second cousins twice removed, or maybe three times (our grandfathers Will and Bert were cousins). Until she e mailed me out of the blue three years ago, I hadn't known she existed. Yet I felt at once we'd always been friends.

It was like finding a twin. We were born into the same sprawling Irish family in the same year and the same small country. We both lived in leafy Auckland, both became writers in inner Sydney, both spent our lives in the thrill of exploration, the fight for decency and the exquisite struggle to put truth on the page.

But there were two big differences. Both cause Barb chronic hardship and , I suspect, nurtured her extraordinary energy, sweetness and insight. The first was physical health: Barb was diagnosed at forty two with end stage emphysema, the most miserable of lung diseases. The second- less enervating but more enduring- was political: the struggle for visibility.

Barb was gay. As for many of her generation, this relatively minor trait shaped her life.

Some, put through extreme trauma, become sociopaths. Others become saints. Who knows why? As a young thing Barbara Farrelly was smart, sassy, stylish and athletic, with short dark hair, cornflower blue eyes and an irrepressible smile that survived, Cheshire- like-even as she faded into death. She left school at 15. By 19 she was editor of a provincial paper. Soon after aged 24 and fed up with small town New Zealand homophobia, she left.

"When a cop stuck a nightstick up a gay man's bum, I cleared out with my current girlfriend, a scientist, for South Australia where the premier wore pink shorts and was into building an 'Athens in the south'."

She was "encouraged to leave" the Advertiser after penning a fierce investigative piece on uranium and wrote the first report on child sexual abuse for the SA Health Department back when that was radical indeed.

Sydney called. A born seeker and activist, Barb was drawn to write for and then edit, Australia's oldest LGBTIQ paper, The Sydney Star Observer, taking its circulation to a record 70,000. Years earlier she'd also been struck by the sweet- faced cow girl on its front cover- Francis rand, a former ABC producer and founding editor of a rival paper, LOTL. Now , at last they met.

Within two years they were in love, cohabiting and running LOTL together, creating a haven for Lesbian businesses and interests, encouraging but never demanding "outness", struggling for visibility.

Those same years I was on the city council. "Recreational warfare" was our description of how perpetual conflict felt. I suspect it was the same for Barb- but she was tough, gorgeous and , in love. Her battle against violence and bigotry was energised by being righteous and personal. Our common ancestor, Laurence Farrelly, had emigrated in 1865 on an overcrowded "death ship", the Ganges. It was a voyage that his kids, our grandfathers' fathers had been lucky to survive, as 54 other Irish youngsters perished on board from Bronchitis and Whooping Cough.

Barb filled me in on our shared whanau (tribe), admitting with dismay that Laurence had been a "vicious wife beater" and that they were "violent to a man, the Farrellys. All of us were thrashed." But there was also great pride , especially in the younger generations.

"Once studded with priests and nuns like sultanas in a bun, the whanau is awash with lawyers and doctors but every one has some sort of social justice agenda."

Like our ancestors, she was a fighter. I suspect the battle against bigotry invigorated her fight against premature death.

Emphysema is a wasting disease. It reduced her lung capacity to 12 percent making every day like climbing Everest. At the end she weighed 35 kilograms. “I know without photos”, she wrote, “what my ancestors looked like during the 1845-52 Potato Famine in Ireland. I know how their tail bones hurt to sit and their hip bones hurt to lie down on their sides. I understand how exhaustion from starvation would lead you to dig your own grave and hop in and just wait, as they did. I know why they ate grass or spiked milk with blood from a living horse or cow. I know why they got on the boats and sailed away forever to strange lands...seeking sanctuary”.

She fought. She moved to a tiny fishing village, cycled an hour a day (even when the pain meant padding her butt with outsize undies, worn over clothes), kayaked, meditated and on January 9th, the first possible day, she married. For 25 years Barb and Frances had been besties, lovers, colleagues and confidantes; they were, in all but name, wife and wife.

“Having a marriage certificate means historians will have no doubt about my sexuality, or the name of the woman I loved. I’ll not disappear in the leaves of the family tree. We feel buoyant and grateful, fully visible (to the state) for the first time.”

The photo shows them looking radiant although one of the – Barb-has an oxygen tube. Exactly three months later we’d weep at her funeral. But she was still encouraging our silly dreams and energies, still cheering us on.

Rude, flawed, funny, loving, reverent and gentle, she’d long since rejected the religion that made her “not only a woman, second class, carnal, but an abomination. Yet she made her own pain flower for others and perhaps(I wonder now) this is what we mean by saint.

Elizabeth Farrelly

Section One Questions
20 marks

Allow 45 minutes for this section.

You 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.
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Text one - Cartoon

1. Identify the purpose of the poster and explain how this purpose is achieved. 2

Text two - Poem

2. How has Sharon Olds communicated a mother's experience of anxiety, love and relief? 5

Text three—Sonnet

3. In this sonnet Shakespeare considers a universal human experience. What is his central idea and how has he used form and language to convey this?

5

Text four- Non –Fiction Extract and ONE TEXT OF YOUR CHOICE FROM THE ABOVE

4. Each of the texts in this section express a different perspective on love. Explore the ways in which Elizabeth Farrelly has expressed love for her cousin and compare and/or contrast this to the way love has been represented in ONE of the other texts.

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Section 2

(20marks)

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the question in a SEPARATE writing booklet

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

- demonstrate understanding of human experience 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.
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Question :

The stylistic features of a text illuminate our understanding of the complexity and power of human experiences.

Do you agree?

Write an essay that responds to this question through an analysis of 1984 and one related text of your own choosing.

End of Section 2
