



KNOX GRAMMAR SCHOOL

English (Standard) and English (Advanced) Paper 1 – Area of Study

General Instructions

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Writing time – 2 hours
- Write using dark blue or black pen

Total marks – 45

Section I Pages 3-7

15 marks

- Attempt Question 1

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Section II Page 8

15 marks

- Attempt Question 2

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Section III Page 9

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 the writing paper provided. Extra paper is available.

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

- demonstrate understanding on 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)

Text one – Image: painting ‘Soul Searching’ by Nadeem Ahmed



Text two –poem by Steve Taylor

It can take a whole life time to become yourself
years of feeling adrift and alone
trying to be someone you could never be
wearing clothes that don't fit you
stammering in a language you weren't meant to speak
trying to pass yourself off as normal
but always feeling clumsy and unnatural
like a stranger pretending to be at home
and knowing that everyone can sense your strangeness and
resents you because you don't belong.
But slowly, through years of exploration
you see landmarks that you somehow recognise
hear vague whispers that seem to make sense
strangely familiar words, as if you had spoken them yourself
ideas that resonate deep down, as if you already knew them
and slowly, your confidence grows,
and you walk faster, now you sense the right direction
and feel the magnetic pull of home.
And now you begin to excavate,
to peel away the layers of conditioning
to shed the skins of your flimsy, false self
to discard those habits and desires which you absorbed until
you reach the solid rock beneath
the shining molten core of you.
And now there's no more uncertainty
your path is clear, your course is fixed,
and this bedrock of your being is so solid and stable
that there's no need for acceptance or belonging
no fear of exclusion or ridicule
and everything you is right and true
and deep and whole with authenticity.
But don't stop. This is only the half-way point –
maybe even just the beginning.
Once you've reached the core,
keep exploring, but more subtly
keep excavating, but more delicately
and you'll keep unearthing new layers, finding new depths
until you reach the point which is no point
where the core dissolves
and the solid rock melts like ice
and the self loses its boundary
and expands to encompass the whole.
A self even stronger and more true
because it's no self at all.

Text three –excerpt from *The Invention of Solitude* by Paul Auster

Reality was a Chinese box, an infinite series of containers within containers.

There was a cable television in his grandfather's apartment, with more channels that A. had ever known existed. Whenever he turned it on, there seemed to be a baseball game in progress. Not only was he able to follow the Yankees and Mets of New York, but the Red Sox of Boston, the Phillies of Philadelphia, and the Braves of Atlanta. Not to speak of the little bonuses occasionally provided during the afternoon: the games from the Japanese major leagues, for example (and his fascination with the constant beating of the drums during the course of the game), or, even more strangely, the Little League championships from Long Island. To immerse himself in these games was to fill his mind striving to enter a place of pure form. Despite the agitation on the field, baseball offered itself to him as an image of that which does not move, and therefore a place where his mind could be at rest, secure in its refuge against the mutabilities of the world.

He had spent his entire childhood playing it. From the first muddy days in early March to the last frozen afternoons of late October. He had played well, with an almost obsessive devotion. Not only had it given him a feeling for his own possibilities, convinced him that he was not entirely hopeless in the eyes of others, but it had been the thing that drew him out from the solitary enclosures of his early childhood. It had initiated him into the world of the other, but at the same time it was something he could also keep within himself. Baseball was a terrain rich in potential for reverie. He fantasized about it continually, projecting himself into a New York Giants uniform and trotting out to his position at third base in the Polo Grounds, with the crowd cheering wildly at the mention of his name over the loudspeakers. Day after day, he would come home from school and throw a tennis ball against the steps of his house, pretending that each gesture was a part of the World Series game unfolding in his head. It always came down to two outs in the bottom of the ninth, a man on base, the Giants trailing by one. He was always the batter, and he always hit the game-winning homerun.

As he sat through those long summer days in his grandfather's apartment, he began to see that the power of baseball was for him the power of memory. Memory in both senses of the word: as a catalyst for remembering his own life and as an artificial structure for ordering the historical past. 1960, for example, was the year Kennedy was elected president; it was also the year of A's Bar Mitzvah, the year he supposedly reached manhood. But the first image that springs to his mind when 1960 is mentioned is Bill Mazerowski's homerun that beat the Yankees in the World Series. He can still see the ball soaring over the Forbes Field fence—that high, dark barrier, so densely cluttered with white numbers—and by recalling the sensations of that moment, that abrupt and stunning instant of pleasure, he is able to re-enter his own past, to stand in a world that would otherwise be lost to him.

Inevitably, A.'s memories of baseball were connected with his memories of his grandfather. It was his grandfather who had taken him to his first game, had talked to him about the old players, had shown him that baseball was as much about talk as it was about watching. As a little boy, A. would be dropped off at the office on Fifty-seventh Street, play around with the typewriters and adding machines until his grandfather was ready to leave, and then walk out with him for a leisurely stroll down Broadway. The ritual always included a few rounds of Pokerino in one of the amusement arcades, a quick lunch, and then the

subway—to one of the city ball parks. Now, with his grandfather disappearing into death, they continued to talk about baseball. It was the one subject they could still come to as equals. Each time he visited the hospital, A. would buy a copy of the New York Post, and then sit by the old man's bed, reading to him about the games of the day before. It was his last contact with the outside world, and his eyes closed. Anything else would have been too much.

Towards the very end, with a voice that could barely produce a sound, his grandfather told him that he had begun to remember his life. He had been dredging up the days of his Toronto boyhood, reliving events that had taken place as far back as eighty years ago: defending his younger brother against a gang of bullies, delivering bread on Friday afternoon to the Jewish families in the neighbourhood, all the trivial, long-forgotten things that now, coming back to him as he lay immobilized in bed, took on the importance of spiritual illuminations. "Lying here gives me a chance to remember," he told A., as if this were a new power he had discovered in himself. A. could sense the pleasure it gave him. Little by little, it had begun to dominate the fear that had been in his grandfather's face these past weeks. Memory was the only thing keeping him alive, and it was as though he wanted to hold off death for as long as possible in order to go on remembering.

He knew, and yet he would not say he knew. Until the final week, he continued to talk about returning to his apartment, and not once was the word "death" mentioned. Even on the last day, he waited until the last possible moment to say good-bye. A. was leaving, walking through the door after a visit, when his grandfather called him back. Again, A. stood beside the bed. The old man took hold of his hand and squeezed as hard as he could. Then: a long, long moment. At last, A. bent down and kissed his grandfather's face. Neither one of them said a word.

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

Text one – Image

- (a) Describe how the composer has used visual techniques to convey an aspect of discovery. (3)

Text two – Poem

- (b) How has the composer shown the process of discovery? (3)

Text three – Novel extract

- (c) How has the author conveyed the link between memories and discovery? (3)

Texts one, two and three

- (d) Analyse how TWO of these texts represent how discovery can be like a Chinese box, as Auster wrote ‘*an infinite series of containers within containers*’ - a complex and puzzling notion. (6)

End of Question 1

Section II

15 marks

Attempt Question 2

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

In your answers 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)

Compose a piece of imaginative writing that explores how discoveries can be like a Chinese puzzle box, as Auster wrote '*an infinite series of containers within containers.*'



End of Question 2

Section III

15 marks

Attempt Question 3

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

In your answers 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 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 process and consequences of discovery are complex and challenging; especially when they are contingent on the mindset of the individual.’

Assess whether this statement is applicable to your prescribed text and at least ONE other related text of your own choosing.

The prescribed texts are:

- William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*

OR

- Jane Harrison, *Rainbow's End*

End of paper