

Paper One Section One – Practice Paper One

Text one — Poster: Internet dating



Text two — Prose fiction extract: *King Solomon's Mines*, H. Rider Haggard

To describe the comprehensive grandeur of that view is beyond my powers. There was something so inexpressibly solemn and overpowering about those huge volcanoes - for doubtless they are extinct volcanoes - that it quite took our breath away. For a while the morning lights played upon the snow and the brown swelling masses beneath, and then, as though to veil the majestic sight from our curious eyes, strange mists and clouds gathered and increased around the mountains, till presently we could only trace their pure and gigantic outlines, showing ghostlike through the fleecy envelope. Indeed, as we afterwards discovered, usually they were wrapped in this gauzy mist, which doubtless accounted for our not having made them out more clearly before.

The volcanos had scarcely vanished into cloud-clad privacy, before our thirst - literally a burning question - reasserted itself.

It was all very well for Ventvögel to say that he smelt water, but we could see no signs of it. So far as the eye might reach there was nothing but arid sweltering sand and scrub. We walked round the hill and gazed about anxiously on the other side, but it was the same story, not a drop of water could be seen; there was no indication of a pool or a spring.

'You are a fool,' I said angrily to Ventvögel; 'there is no water.'

But still he lifted his ugly snub nose and sniffed.

'I smell it,' he answered, 'it is somewhere in the air.'

'Yes,' I said, 'no doubt it is in the clouds, and in about two months it will fall and wash our bones.'

Sir Henry stroked his yellow beard thoughtfully. 'Perhaps it is on the top of the hill,' he suggested.

'Rot,' said another, 'whoever heard of water being found at the top of a hill!'

'Let us go and look,' I put in, and hopelessly enough we scrambled up the sandy sides of the hill.

'Here is water!' Ventvögel cried with a loud voice.

We rushed up to him, and there, sure enough, in a deep cut or indentation on the very top of the sand dune, was an undoubted pool of water. How it came to be in such a strange place we did not stop to inquire, nor did we hesitate at its black and unpleasant appearance. It was water and that was enough for us. We gave a bound and a rush, and in another second we were all down on our stomachs sucking up the uninviting fluid as though it were nectar fit for the gods. Heavens, how we did drink! Then when we had done drinking we tore off our clothes and sat down in the pool, absorbing the moisture through our parched skins.

After a while we rose from it, refreshed indeed...Then we lay down by the side of that blessed pool, under the overhanging shadow of its bank, and slept till mid-day.

Text three – Prose fiction: *The Barricade*, Maree S. Jones

It had begun like the day before. Skewers of soft light patterned the coverlet, underlining the pale roses embroidered around its edge. A symphony of industrious birds filled the room. Inside the house was calm and silent, save the dull hum of refrigerator, half a house away.

She looked at herself in the mirror as she always did. The dressing was routine. The making up was without any occurrence to mark it as memorable. Breakfast, perhaps toast and tea, was well-organised. The drive to the workplace was filled with the usual frustrations - mumbles curses and vague astonishment at the state of the city's roads.

“Morning Gillian,”

“Great day- too bad we're in here,”

“Hey, Frank,”

“Lots to do...”

“How much can they fit in an in-tray!” It was another day. So much to do and lists littered her mind and desk.

Somewhere around ten, a vague sense of unease began. It was a gentle awareness that something was just not right. The corridor shuttered around her as she drew herself steady and carefully kept centre. With lunch time came an odd tingling around her mouth. She knew then.

After, at her desk, she had a mask in place – absorbed consideration of the screen and keyboard. Galloping, her heartbeat was stamping for attention. Her heart pumped wildly for her notice. She adjusted the mask and typed on - too busy to stop.

Key by key, she built a barricade. Snatches of white coats, ordered metal on stainless trays, gloves smoothed on and wrenched off, beeping, whirring, undressing into paper gowns... Weak smiles of sympathy built on understanding pity. So, she shuffled paper, checked figures, rephrased clear observations for clearer clarity. Every invading image was relentlessly shoved back under. Completed tasks mortared such crevices where light might enter. Square, even blocks of regimented order encased her.

Colleagues respected her hard work.

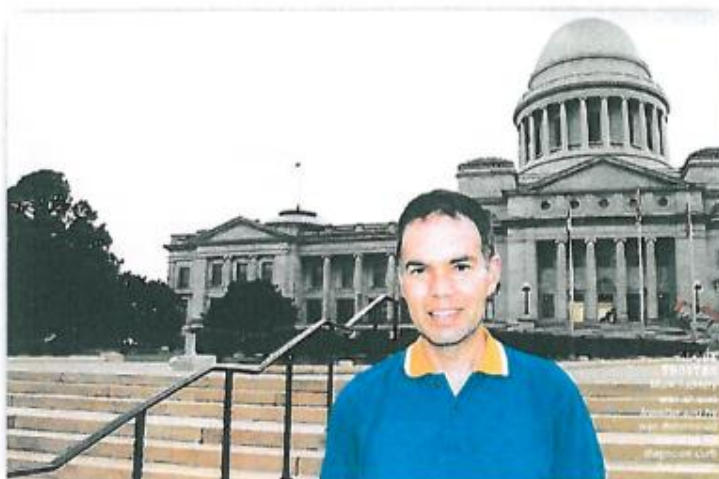
Her supervisor was impressed.

Inside she withered.

Text four — Article: *Not only does my cancer not make sense but it isn't fair*

When travel writer Mark Juddery found out he had colon cancer at age 42, he wanted to inspire others to keep travelling and reaching for their dreams.

WORDS BY MARK JUDDERY



It was expected to be a routine procedure, the day before a planned holiday in Turkey. The doctor, the anaesthetic and the rest of the medical staff were joking and chatting with me as I lay on the operating table. Only I was concerned that my problem might not be so simple, because I'd been in pain for some months. It was difficult to explain that. Friends had smiled. "Are you sure you're not a hypochondriac?"

One female friend joked that I had "man flu", an ailment that men are so often accused of inventing. As a bit of a fitness buff – I've run 15 marathons and three ultramarathons – I might have the opposite problem. I can ignore pain, or assume it's running related. Which I did for far too long.

When I awoke from the procedure, the smiles had vanished. The anaesthetist quietly waved the medical team goodbye, hoping that I wouldn't notice.

My doctor frowned at me: "You're not going to Turkey."

The worst thing I'd ever heard from hospital staff came next: "We'd like you to meet with the doctor. Do you have a family member who can come with you?" A family member? This was serious. But it paled in comparison to my surgeon's announcement a week later: he informed me that 90 percent of cases like mine resulted in death within three years.

Cancer has changed my life forever, but I'm not certain of how. I have not yet chosen to spend my life fundraising for cancer research, or found myself with a rare form of cancer that deserves headlines. I have merely joined the ranks of the 15,000 Australians (8000 men, 7000 women) diagnosed with colon cancer this year [2014], so I almost feel arrogant to believe that my story is worth telling.

True, I'm younger than most – under 50, unlike 93 percent of patients – but as I write this, my case is not yet “tragic”. In most cases, cancer is no longer a death sentence, but many, many more people are getting it. Some estimates suggest that half of all Australian males, and a third of females, will be diagnosed with cancer in their lifetime. So I'm not “special”. Based on the odds, the fact that I am left-handed or a travel writer is much more unlikely, uncommon and “special”.

One thing I have decided to do, however, is live. Not just “survive”, though I certainly plan to do that. But really live my life. The diagnosis has not inspired me to retreat into a bubble of health care, hospital visits and bed rest. The opposite.

When you take up travel writing as a career, it's not for the money. In fact, I'm surprised I can afford to be a travel writer, and often pay for it with less glamorous writing gigs at home. But I'm drawn to the adventure and the love of new experiences.

Indeed, that's one of the things I missed most, post-diagnosis. I continued going to the gym (though my ability to exercise became increasingly limited), and eventually went jogging again – “running” is now too difficult. My diet has become more strictly controlled, but perhaps I should have done that before, anyway. Oddly – as I go organic, dairy-free, grain-free, low-sugar, low-carb – my body might be the healthiest it has ever been.

I can accept giving up certain things in my diet and lifestyle. But not travelling. That's harder to comprehend.

Cancer – and chemotherapy, followed by major surgery – kept me housebound for seven months. Torture! Turkey was the only first trip I had to cancel. I also missed London, where I was supposed to promote my latest book [Best. Times. Ever.]. But finally, after close to a year, it's time to fly again. My oncologist is cautious, but it's my choice. He wouldn't understand; but then again, he doesn't need to...

If you've avoided cancer (and happily, you're still in the majority), there are a few myths I've noticed.

For starters: no, it usually doesn't make sense. I'm a non-drinking, non-smoking, under-50 vegetarian who exercises regularly and does most of the obvious things you're told to do to maintain a healthy life.

When I was first suffering from pain, my GP had me undergo several tests, then cheerfully informed me that there was nothing wrong with me. “No,” I insisted, “there is something wrong. I'm in real pain.” So many patients I've met have been equally perplexed. Hospital personnel simply shrug: “It's random.”

Oh, and surrendering to death? No, I have no plan to do that. I know it's expected of me, given my initial prognosis. But even then the surgeon said, “Don't give up hope.” Sure, it's a cliché, but after the initial misery, I realised that I could be in the 10 per cent who make it.

Within a week, I could see no other alternative. I would continue living my life, continue travelling, and continue following my dreams. It just requires sensible planning, which isn't something I've always done:

And so I'm heading overseas on my first major trip since my diagnosis. Among other things, I'm a travel writer, and with good reason. I love to travel.

Examine **Texts 1, 2, 3** and **4** in the Stimulus Booklet carefully and then answer the questions below.

Question 1 (4 marks)

Use **Text 1** to answer this question.

Explain how the poster portrays different human experiences.

Question 2 (5 marks)

Explain how imagery is used in **Text 2** and **Text 3** to convey different representations of human experience.

Question 3 (4 marks)

Use **Text 4** to answer this question.

Explore how the writer's surprise about their experience is emphasised.

Question 4 (7 marks)

Analyse how contrast is used in **TWO** texts to communicate the significance of human experience.

SAMPLE ANSWERS

Question 1

Answers could include:

- The immediate affiliation to the woman through the use of enticing bright and warm colours emphasises how the internet can be a deceptive space of reality, encouraging viewers to question what they consider real. (1)
- The stark contrast in colours in the opposing panels forces viewers to face a confronting discovery that in the human experience, “things are not what they seem to be”. (1)
- The man’s dark and eerie facial expression conveys a sense of danger and duplicitousness, warning viewers to confront a dark reality. (1)
- Hence, the poster contrasts a dichotomy of individual human experiences in the realm of the internet, proffering both an active experience of deception, and a passive experience of being misled.

Question 2 (5 marks)

Answers could include:

Both texts effectively use imagery to convey different representations of human experience.

- The imagery portrayed in text two through the negative connotation of the word “arid” combined with the alliteration of “sweltering sand and scrub” effectively conveys a scorching dry and deserted landscape, representing the writer’s negative and hopeless experience. (1)
- The imagery of being down on all their stomachs conveys their thus changed attitude towards their experience as they find what they’ve been searching for. Combined with the metaphor of water as “nectar” reveals the positivity of their experience. (1)
- In text three, the metaphor and alliteration in “skewers of soft light”, combined with the imagery of a “patterned...coverlet” conjures a very clear image of the writer’s bedroom, allowing a closer insight into her negative attitude to a new day, as the word skewer holds negative connotations of piercing sunlight into her room. (1)
- The short, abrupt sentence combined with a metaphor in “Inside she withered” emphasises the negativity of her experience. (1)
- Hence, both texts use various written techniques to effectively portray unique and different representations of the human experience.

Question 3 (4 marks)

Answers could include:

- The writer’s surprise about their experience is emphasised through his resistance to “surrender to death”, a metaphor that highlights his indignant response to having cancer. (1)
- Refers to the repetition of non and dashes in “non-drinking, non-smoking, under-50 vegetarian”, which emphasises his surprise to how he was diagnosed with cancer. (1)
- The hyperbole in how “cancer has changed my life forever” highlights his surprise to how much cancer has affected his life but also how cancer can surprise those even living a healthy life. (1)

- The inclusion of a travel photo with the piece adds gravitas to the writer's experience, visually highlighting the extent of his surprise through the juxtaposition of the jaded tone of his writing and of his joy in the photograph.

Question 4 (7 marks)

Answers could include:

- The juxtaposition emphasised in the two opposing panels in text one effectively communicates the significance of verisimilitude to the human experience.
 - The stark contrast in colours emphasises the significance of verisimilitude by emphasising how the confronting reality of the Internet, which may not be "what they seem to be" can change our perspectives of something on a whole. (1)
 - The contrast in facial expressions emphasises the lasting impact verisimilitude may have on the human experience when she realises the dark truth behind her romantic endeavours on the Internet. (1)
- The contrast in Juddery's initial perspective to his final lasting one in text four also communicates the dichotomies innate to the human experience.
 - His initial dire and negative response to his chances of living being decreased by 90% conveys the power of when something like cancer, which is utterly confronting and daunting, completely subverts his individual experience as "unfair". (1)
 - However, in discovering that he could not go to Turkey, Juddery discovers that although life is unfair, his cancer has moved him to continue to travel, "not just 'survive'", but to "live", communicating the power of motivating one's self as significant to the human experience in overcoming obstacles. (1)
- Comparatively, text one and text four both effectively communicate the significance of human experience in portraying how new experiences can motivate us to face the truth and deal with reality in a positive way. (1)
 - The warning conveyed through bold, block text in text one provokes viewers going through a similar situation to confront their reality and check their safety on the Internet. Meanwhile, Juddery in text four confronts his illness but chooses to not be held back by it, emphasised through his positive and hopeful perspective that he "could be in the 10 per cent who make it". (2)