

Paper One Section One – Practice Paper Eleven

Text one – Advertisement

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wild

FROM LOST TO FOUND ON THE PACIFIC CREST TRAIL



Cheryl Strayed

Text Two – Poem

Crossing The Border Brook Emery

You step into Gould's bookshop, Newtown,
like a tourist crossing a border,
a literary traveller leaving the safelands behind
for the seedier streets -
as far removed from Dymocks
as Kathmandu from Kew.
It's hard to get your bearings here.
there's no Baedeker to trust
and the single sheet directory
found at the door plots
a deceitful map of the territory.
Strange things are apt to happen
as you trek through aisles of travel
and climb corridors of lit.crit.
Books close in behind you, shadows shift,
volumes of verse slide beneath you and you jump
when you step on Noam Chomsky uncomplaining on the floor.
If you dare to draw a book from the upper shelf,
risking burial under an avalanche of paper,
you're overwhelmed to find rows behind rows,
endless Russian dolls and Chinese puzzles of words.
How will you ever know this land, so mysterious, so beautiful, so strange?
Perhaps you'll never leave, now you've
gone native, bookwrecked on an alien shore.

Note:

Noam Chomsky is an American philosopher, linguist and writer.
Baedeker was a pioneer in the production of worldwide travel guides.

Text Three – Prose Fiction extract

I stay outdoors fussing with the last batch of bread, resting my arms on the balustrade between the cooling loaves and the pots of basil and the branches of a lemon tree, my legs pressing against the velvet of my dress into the wisteria, into the jasmine. It's warm on this evening in December, and I left my face to every sublime trembling of a breeze. I arranged and rearranged the bread, a carnival lady with her walnut shells. I've always liked to bring bread or cakes or whatever I've just pulled from the ovens to cool outdoors. Pies on a windowsill in Saratoga. But I am not in Saratoga anymore. Nor in Cold Springs nor Sacramento nor St Louis. Not in Venice, not in San Casciano, but here on a great stone island in an ancient palazzo on a terrace in the sky and I stand here watching the moon. Half a moon: tenuous, pale, barely glistening up out of the white fogs the clouds make. Who knows why, but a scene comes to mind, powerful in its way and which I'd witnessed not so long before on a train to Rome. Now, of all moments, it plays itself over and over again.

In a second class car, I sit behind an American couple. "You're over the top, Susan. This whole trip is over the top. Did you really have to have that hat? That ridiculous hat. And that wine you just had to drink at lunch cost thirty-five dollars. And now you sit here in ecstasy over corn fields and cows and a few decrepit villages. Hell if you wanted to see corn fields I could have taken you to Iowa. Could have saved myself a whole lot of travel. We travel seven thousand miles to look at cows."

"I'm not just looking at cows, Jeffrey. I'm looking at Italy. That's the part you don't understand. And I love my hat. And I'll tell you another thing Jeffrey, I *am* over the top. Almost everything and everyone in this world is over the top. Over your top. And I'll tell you why. Your cup is too small. Your cup is mean and small and nothing fits in it except whatever drips and dribbles you but into it. There isn't room for another thing. But let me tell you, Jeffrey, there's more to life than what you can fit into your cup. Get a bigger cup. For God sake, Jeffrey, get a bigger cup."

As I pass them on my way to exit the train the two sat there separated by a large black felt hat stuck with a full blown pink rose, she, still looking out the window, he, staring straight ahead or deep inside or maybe even into the bottom of his cup. And on this evening, especially on this evening, I am wishing that Jeffrey has found a bigger cup.

Text Four – Short Story

STATUE

It stuck in his craw. They'd said, So now the ol' codger wants to see the Mother Country. Must be lookin' for a wife.... Won't find one down 'ere! It stuck in his craw, his bloody mates. He'd fought in Vietnam with one of them, he'd been a good neighbour to the others. Whenever something went wrong, he was around to lift the fallen fences, to get the seed in before it got too boggy, to get the harvest in before the summer storms wiped out the year's gains. He was there for *them* and now they were taking the piss.

It wasn't like he'd been out on the town looking for a missus. But he could admit to himself that he was lonely. It was a long time between drinks and he was feeling it. The loneliness mainly. No kids to visit him. And just a few photographs of Val, whom he'd married and lost. He'd spread her ashes under the avocado trees. She'd planted and reticulated them herself. She'd said, Harry, you've got to diversify now Wheat and sheep are not the future. Avocadoes will grow a treat here.

But Val, we don't have the water.

She'd persisted, and run water all the way from the house dam down to the saplings. Even in drought, he'd carted water to keep them alive. They were huge now. Almost tropical in their immensity. She had not lived long enough to see them bear their first fruit.

They were always at him. Not for the first decade, but after that. She'd have wanted you to move on, Harry, and It's no good for your insides to keep it all in. They never considered him weird, but just lost. A lost sheep, our 'arry.

And then he was gone overseas and his mates missed him. It's strange not having the ol' bastard around, they lamented. Drinking and yarning, they half realised they needed him to be just the way he was. They wondered if Harry would send them postcards. He'd never said that he would.

It took Harry a while to find his feet. He just stayed in his London hotel. He even had his meals in the hotel restaurant. He asked the waiter if it was Australian meat and the waiter looked down his nose at him. We feed the bloody world, mate, Harry said indignantly. He watched episodes of *The Bill* that weren't due to be shown in Australia for another year, and that amused him. He even thought of sending his Vietnam vet mate a card outlining plots to come, just to give him the shits.

Eventually he did go out to see the sights. He tried an open-top double-decker bus tour, but that didn't work for him – he felt like a school kid. He was used to doing things his own way and making up his own mind. Big Ben and the Tower didn't need the commentary for him to make sense of them. He'd read his history. He watched television.

So he wandered London. The days went slowly. Too bloody long, this holiday. He'd allowed himself a month in London, then two weeks in Edinburgh, before heading back to the farm. He even thought of cutting it short.

He talked to the hotel concierge one morning about the possibilities for the day. The concierge asked which art galleries he'd visited. Why, none, he said brusquely, as if he'd been insulted. He wanted to say that galleries seemed effeminate, but as the concierge looked like a young man of the 'other persuasion', he kept it to himself. Harry was never one to intentionally hurt another person, whatever his personal views might be about their way of life. The concierge took the silence as a negative, and muttered the names of the big galleries before trailing off and asking Harry if he'd visited the London Zoo. Harry visited the London Zoo.

Inspired one morning, Harry decided to catch the train to Cambridge - to get out of London for the day. He wandered around the colleges, had a pub lunch. Then he was at a loss. He wandered past King's College ... not being a song-and-dance man, he didn't think he'd hang around for evensong. Sounds like a bunch of mewling cats, he thought. He'd heard them on television. Then he came upon the Fitzwilliam Museum. A grand-looking structure for sure. He didn't think about it, he just went in.

To tell the truth, he didn't remember or care for much of what he saw. There was a vaguely rude pair of paintings – *Before* and *After*. Some of the armour and weaponry he found interesting. Then he wanted a coffee. He strolled past a white marble statue of a naked woman and vaguely registered it. He bought his coffee and again found himself staring at the statue. She was beautiful, he had to admit, but she didn't do much for him. He wondered why he was fixed on it, though, and turned his chair slightly away. It's not the eyes, he said to himself ... she doesn't really have any. It's like she's the living dead. He was uncomfortable with that. No, she's alive, there's that about it. Suddenly, he took it in his head to walk over and touch her skin. It looked so cold.

He touched her arm gently. Conscious that he was being watched as he did so. You probably weren't meant to touch the artworks, he realised. He stood back. He studied her face-on. He leant forward and touched her lips. They were so cold they were warm. His face, so gnarled and damaged by the sun, reddened. He hadn't felt that in thirty years. It's just *art*, he yelled inside himself. It has no meaning, it doesn't feed anyone, it's not real. He tried to escape the gallery immediately, so flustered he couldn't find the way out until he was directed.

Harry held off for three days before catching the train back to Cambridge. But it was a Monday and the gallery was closed. He clenched his fists. He found a hotel for the night. He was at the gallery at opening time. He went straight to the statue. He approached it ... *her* from behind. He leant forward and kissed the cold-hot stone. It was over in a heartbeat – his heartbeat against her. Then he left the building with Sir ... Sir! echoing behind him.

Within two days he was back in Australia on the farm.

It had been a long and intensely hot summer. The avocados were so established they didn't require reticulation, instead tapping water from somewhere deep. Avocados, he'd told Val, don't have deep root systems – the heat knocks them around. They lose all their moisture. They've no future here, it's too dry and what water is down there is salty. But these trees did grow, and when all else was parched and even the native species so suited to dry spells were dying, the avocados remained green and strong.

It'd been a good harvest of fruit, to top it all off. Harry had a ritual. The first fruit he picked, he ate and the last fruit he picked, he ate. That's what Val had asked him to do. Harry, these trees will bear more fruit than you can imagine. I want you to eat the first and the last of the crop. He thought she might add 'in remembrance of me', as she had that kind of twisted sense of humour that so attracted him in the first place. His mates had loved that about her, and they always asked if he'd eaten the first and last fruits, and looked as if all the world was right when he confirmed he had done so, even though they'd add, Val wouldn't mind if you moved on, 'arry.

So he ate the first fruit in the dry and the heat, and he did think of her. The flesh of the fruit was crisp and ripe at once. He tasted her and touched her with his mouth. Getting the harvest in was hard work. He always felt he deserved the last fruit. But this year he didn't eat it. He took it from the heat inside the house, and placed it in the deep freeze. There were just some things he couldn't explain to his mates. Some things that would always remain art.

HSC English – AOS Discovery Short Answer Questions & Suggested Answers

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

Question 1 (2 marks)

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

How do the images and text work together to convey ONE idea about human experience?

Question 2 (3 marks)

Use **Text 2** to answer this question.

How does Emery's poem represent new experiences as both challenging and enriching?

Question 3 (4 marks)

Use **Text 3** to answer this question.

Discuss how the extract represents different attitudes towards new experiences.

Question 4 (4 marks)

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

Analyse how the impact of Harry's personal experiences changed his worldviews.

Question 5 (7 marks)

“New experiences can offer a new understanding of the world, ourselves and others.”

Which TWO texts most effectively explore this idea? Justify your choice with close reference to the composers' ideas and techniques in each text.

SAMPLE ANSWERS

Question 1 (2 marks)

Answers could include:

- The bold and eye catching title “wild” in combination with the image of the boot and the trail instantly conveys human experience as a journey, in this context a journey of self-discovery achieved through physical challenge and outdoor adventure (1)
- The logline synopsis placed in the sky above the harrowing landscape is a clear visual representation of the woman’s rise in building herself from her lowest point as an idea that the human experience is about overcoming and challenging personal obstacles and assumptions. (1)

Question 2 (3 marks)

Answers could include:

- Depicting the bookshop as an overwhelming and unknown space through metaphors such as “avalanche of paper” and “deceitful map of the territory” gives rise to the sense of both hesitation and desire to experience the copious amounts of enriching knowledge present in literature (1)
- Mentions of authors by the likes of Chomsky and Baedeker further alludes to the enrichment of knowledge through the challenge of the mind through philosophical discourse, as well as understanding culture and geographical information through world travel (1)
- The poem itself holds a chaotic structure in its spoken word style, emphasizing the chaos and challenge of boundless knowledge available (1)
- The author immerses readers into the challenge of navigating knowledge by using 2nd person in a metaphor that positions the reader as a traveller (1)

Question 3 (4 marks)

Answers could include:

- Susan’s cup metonym for receptiveness to experiences and broader understanding is a prime physical representation of different individuals’ levels. Here, it most perfectly describes the narrowness of Jeffrey’s attitude that cows are always the same, and the same boring view is so universal, that it wasn’t worth the travel. (1)
- Upon ending the dialogue with “...get a bigger cup”, we are immediately introduced to a description of the large hat to visually embody it. It is “stuck with a full blown pink rose” to symbolise the fullness of Susan’s attitude and experiences in life, and the fruition of her willingness to journey through discovery (1)
- Jeffrey’s repetition of “over the top” and “hat”, both in consecutive sentences, emphasises his anger and unaccepting attitude towards relaxing and experiencing pleasures in an unconstrained manner (1)

Question 4 (4 marks)

Answers could include:

- The parallel between the physical affection he attempts with the statue, and the last avocado that he freezes and does not eat has a deep effect of resonance with his statement that some things “would always remain art.” This sudden change in ritual reflects a change in his attitude and worldview, as he finally experiences a new path of action beyond the previous stagnancy of his grief. (2)
- The standalone line “But Val, we don’t have water” emphasizes Harry’s stark pessimism, as it stands out between paragraphs of the impact of hope and challenged assumptions that Val wishes for him. (1)
- The metaphor “He tasted her and touched her with his mouth” alludes to the much richer and intimate experience he shares with the avocado tree that he was once so sceptical about enduring. It is reflective of the freshness of his transformation as he enjoys the richness of the fruit when thinking about his past lover. (1)

Question 5 (7 marks)

Answers could include:

- The process of experiencing and reflecting on new things is crucial to broadening knowledge and deepening our understandings of the world, others, and ourselves. Text 2 and Text 3 effectively utilises literary techniques to explore this. (1)
- Text 2
 - The repetition of “so”, alongside various adjectives, in “so mysterious, so beautiful, so strange” emphasises the wonders of the unknown yet to be experienced through books that present new understandings of the world and others, thus developing self and perspectives (1)
 - The metaphor that positions the reader as “a literary traveller leaving the safelands behind” posits the great adventure that is the endeavour into knowledge, and the discovery that imagination can allow readers to experience and reflect on the world through fiction and non-fiction (1)
- Text 3

HSC English – AOS Discovery Short Answer Questions & Suggested Answers

- The alliteration of the imagery “drips and dribbles” effectively emphasises the scantness of Jeffrey’s approval for new experiences to affect his understanding of the world and others (1)
- The repetition of “get a bigger cup” at the end of Susan’s dialogue conveys an urgency in her metaphor for the richness of wider understanding of the world, ourselves, and others (1)
- The repetition of “rows and rows” (Text 1) and “bigger cup” (Text 3), both effectively highlight the challenge of undertaking new experiences as a crucial aspect of understanding ourselves, others, and the world. (2)