

Paper One Section One – Practice Paper Seven

Text 1 Visual



Text 2: Song

Discovery - song by Chris de Burgh

Lady love, go back to sleep,
Dry the tears from your eyes,
But I cannot stay with thee.
Until the morning,
For the dawn is breaking,
And my ship is waiting for me.
And I must go,
But I'll be back, yes,
Before this year is over:

And we sailed across the sea,
Till we found America,
'Round the Cape of Storms.
We set our sails for home,
And when the sea was roaring,
And the Lord I called,
To help my drowning men,
I saw the light, yes, the candle in your
window...

And I have brought you silver,
And I have brought you gold,
And spices from the Indies in the hold;
I've seen ships on the horizon,
That I'd swear were going down,
And now I know for certain,
The world is round,
I have seen, my eyes have seen.

Oh, one day says Galileo,
A man will reach the sky,
And see the world completely,
From outside,
And gazing down from yonder,
On a world of blue and green,
He'll say with eyes of wonder,
I have seen, I have seen,
My eyes have seen

Text 3:

Novel Extract: That Eye, The Sky, Tim Winton

From up the road I can hear the car coming. It's a sound like a waterfall from a long way off. Tyres make that water sound on the road. I'm up on the big fencepost here, looking. A bunny bounces out of the bush and onto the bitumen. Out of the way, bunny, you'll get chundered by the car that's bringing me Dad home.

I see the sun off the windscreen and hear the engine sound. Hear that engine – a big six. Dad likes a big six. Roomy, he reckons. Give you room for your elbows under the bonnet. But a terrible waste of juice, he always says.

Here he comes, slowing down now. But as they pull into the gravel drive I see another man driving, a man with short red hair and a white jacket. I jump down and run beside the car for a while, and before it leaves me behind up the track I get a look inside and see my Dad lying in the back with sheets and short hair and a kind of nothing look on his face.

By the time I get to the house they already have him out on a stretcher thing and are carrying him inside and the bloke in white is talking.

"We'll have to see if you can manage. And of course there's no promises."

"The doctor explained it all to me," Mum says, kind of flustered.

"And who's this athletic young man?" He looks at me. I don't like red hair.

"This is my son Morton"

"Well, hello, Morton."

"Why isn't he walking?" I ask. "Why wasn't he driving the car? What are you carrying him for?"

Tegwyn opens the door squinting like she's just got out of bed, and I follow them in. I didn't know this was going to happen. I thought he was going to be alright, but he looks pretty crook to me.

Why didn't he bring himself home? What the hell's happening here?

"Shame about his hair," Tegwyn says.

"Yes," Mum says, "he had beautiful hair. It'll grow back."

"Took him years to grow it," I say. "He told me it took him years."

"Short hair looks more manly, anyway," says the man in white.

I pull a face at him when he looks away. I hate red hair. Short *and* red. Him and Mum go to the kitchen and talk for a bit and I get a look at my Dad. His face is pale and thin and it makes his whiskers stand out like pig-bristles. I pull the sheet down and what I see on his neck makes me yell.

"What's going on?" the redheaded man says, running in.

"Ort, what's wrong?"

"His neck! What did you do to his neck?"

"It's a tracheotomy, son," the man says. "The doctors had to open his throat to let him breathe. He was all smashed up."

Mum touches me on the arm but I don't look up from the big gob of sticky plaster that goes up and down with his breathing. A whistling comes out. Like the wind through the crack in a door. It makes me cold all over. Makes me bum tingle. A hole in his throat.

"Anyway, Mrs Flack, as I was saying, hospice workers will visit if you like and we'll rely on you to keep in touch. I'll bring the wheelchair in and show you how to set it up."

While they go outside, I get a good look at Dad's face. One eye is all wonky and white at the edges. His mouth is alright and his teeth look okay. He looks at me with his one good eye and his wonky eye as I open his lips with my finger. I can't tell if he knows me. I pull the sheet down further. All his chest is covered with sticky plaster. He has big white undies on that look like they came from the hospital. His legs are skinny and yellow. There's all stitch marks on them and mercurochrome* painted here and there.

Mum and the redhead come in with the wheelchair. Just the look of it makes me frightened. They hoist Dad up and slide him into the big armchair in the corner and prop him up with pillows, put a blanket on his knees, and Mum kisses him on the cheek.

Then the redhead goes, revving up his hospital's big six Holden. I sit there for a long time just looking at what's left of my Dad, listening to that cold draught whistling in and out of him.

*mercuochrome: a red-coloured antiseptic solution

Text 4: Article

The Best Travel Is Sometimes a Return Trip by Jen Murphy, *Wall Street Journal*

I SPENT MUCH of my early 20s ticking places off my “bucket list”: A weekend in Paris, a week skiing in Aspen, a holiday in St. Bart’s. The thought of returning to a place seemed like a waste of a passport stamp: a missed opportunity to see another city or foreign land.

During university I took time off to travel around Australia, determined to see the entire country in six months. But something surprising happened halfway into the trip. Despite our cross-country ambitions, my boyfriend and I kept returning to the laid-back hippie beach town of Byron Bay in New South Wales.

The constant excitement and stress of navigating a new place every few days left us craving our simple Byron Bay routine: lazy mornings sipping flat whites from our favorite café, hikes up to the Cape Byron Lighthouse, sunset surf sessions, and barbecues on the beach.

We returned at least five times and while we were by no means locals, we eventually felt a special attachment to this little town half way around the world from our own true homes. It had, in a way, become our home away from home, offering the comfort of familiar faces and rituals.

The connection I felt toward Byron Bay was my first realization that travel shouldn’t be about checking places off a list. It should be about forming a relationship with a place.

There’s a certain intimacy between you and a city when you become a re-visitor. On my first trip to Paris I felt awkward and insecure, as if on a first date. There was the immediate attraction of something new and different, yet also a certain fear of the unknown, so I walked with my head hidden in a guidebook.

Each time I revisited I felt more comfortable, to the point where I roamed the streets with the confidence of a bona fide Parisian. There was never an urgency to rush through a day of sightseeing and museum hopping, and getting lost caused pleasure rather than panic because there was the reassurance that I’d return and my city would be waiting with open arms.

My returns were a chance for me to play out an alternative life in Paris where I shopped the markets, read novels in cafés and sipped natural wines with friends at *néo-bistrots* *. As a re-visitor I didn’t have the headaches of high rents or mundane tasks such as taking out the garbage. Paris and I were allowed to be in a permanent honeymoon phase.

As with any relationship, there’s always the risk of disappointment. What if my place lets me down? What if it’s changed?

The beauty of going back to a place is that you can create relationships and emotional connections. When you start to return, you realize that travel isn’t just about discovery. It’s about rediscovery and reminding ourselves to keep our eyes wide open—even when we’re somewhere familiar.

* *néo-bistrots*: new bistros or restaurant

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

Question 1 (3 marks)

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

How does the image create a sense of personal human experience?

Question 2 (4 marks)

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

‘I have seen, I have seen.’

How do these words help us understand the relationship between human experience and personal reflection?

Question 3 (3 marks)

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

How does the writer reveal the boy’s changing understanding of his father?

Question 4 (4 marks)

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

Explain how the author’s experience of ‘forming a relationship with a place’ is represented in this article.

Question 5 (6 marks)

Which **TWO** texts do you think most effectively explore the paradoxes in human experience? Refer to both texts in detail and justify your choice.

SAMPLE ANSWERS

Question 1 (3 marks)

Answers could include:

- The salience of a worried girl searching for something reveals the notion that her experience is stressful. (1)
- The juxtaposition between the girl's troubled expression to her surrounding, nonchalant peers highlights that her experience within her context is very personal, which is further exacerbated by the varying boat directions and heads looking down. (1)
- The placement of each person in the image within their own vessel further creates a sense of personal human experience amongst an image of multiple figures. (1)

Question 2 (4 marks)

Answers could include:

- The repetition of the specific phrase 'I have seen' emphasises the worldly travels of the persona, and exemplifies their riches of experience. (1)
- Repetition adds a certain gravitas and credence to the persona's testimony, and informs the reader that what they are saying is wholly true and awe-inspiring. (1)
- The strategic placement of the line at the end of the poem stresses the importance of introspection in hindsight, and interpreting human experiences after the fact. (1)
- The nondescript nature of the phrase 'I have seen' leads the reader to reflect on the phrase itself, allowing them to both reflect on what the author has said they've seen and to reflect on their own experiences; thus encouraging an understanding between human experience and personal reflection on a literal and meta level.

Question 3 (3 marks)

Answers could include:

The writer does this in three ways:

- The contrast between before and after the surgery. The fact that he used to have longer, more beautiful hair and now it's short. (1)
- The macabre imagery and diction used to describe the change within his father, 'what's left of my dad', 'pale and thin'. (1)
- His distaste for the nurse/doctor. Equating the drastic change in personality and health of the father with his hatred of this 'red haired' man. His reaction to his father's condition is concentrated on the man who has brought him to the protagonist's house. (1)

Question 4 (4 marks)

Answers could include:

- Murphy suggests that forming a relationship with a place is an experience of rediscovery. Which equates to a sense of familiarity and identity. (1)
- Murphy emphasises that rediscovery is not a shallow connection to something or some place, but it is a nuanced understanding that requires time and effort. In this

case, returning to Byron or Paris over and over again, to uncover connections that would not be privy to one 'museum hopping'. (1)

- Her idea of forming a relationship with a place plays into the extended metaphor of a courting relationship. This metaphor can be used to understand that experiencing a place enriches one's identity and growth, but requires work and understanding to do so. (1)
- As with all human experiences, Murphy's understanding of place is strengthened by personal reflection. Her experience of place is reflected on at the end of the article, where she questions 'What if my place lets me down? What if it's changed?' This questioning highlights that her experience of forming a relationship with a place isn't static, but rather something to continue reflecting on.

Question 5 (6 marks)

Answers could include:

Important to understand that the importance of the human experience is not necessarily something that results positively. 'Success' is a subjective notion. (1)

- **Text 1**, themes of uncertainty. Unknown experiences as dangerous and unseen, and as paradoxical to our understandings of the human experience.
 - E.g. The most meaningful experiences are had when one least expects it, as represented through the contrast between the girl's worried expression to her surrounding nonchalant individuals who appear to be enjoying their time. (1)
- **Text 2**, more traditional understanding of experience and challenging assumptions as a positive process, that evokes beautiful imagery of wonder and extraordinary experiences. (1)
 - E.g. Reference to Galileo's prediction that one day someone will "reach the sky" evokes a sense of hope and wonder to achieve what seems impossible during a certain time by challenging the known. (1)
- **Text 3** epitomises new experiences as something that is not necessarily positive.
 - E.g. The persona's uncovering of his dad's illness is 'successful' in a way in which his curiousness of his father's deteriorated state is satiated but to the paradox of the detriment of his happiness: the reader is left wondering if he had wanted to know, or if he is. (1)
- **Text 4** reveals another thought to introspection and the human experience – rediscovery.
 - E.g. Murphy suggests that the experience of rediscovery is a successful endeavour, which improves one's character and understanding of self and of others. (1)