

CHERRYBROOK TECHNOLOGY HIGH SCHOOL

2022 AP4 Exam

English Advanced

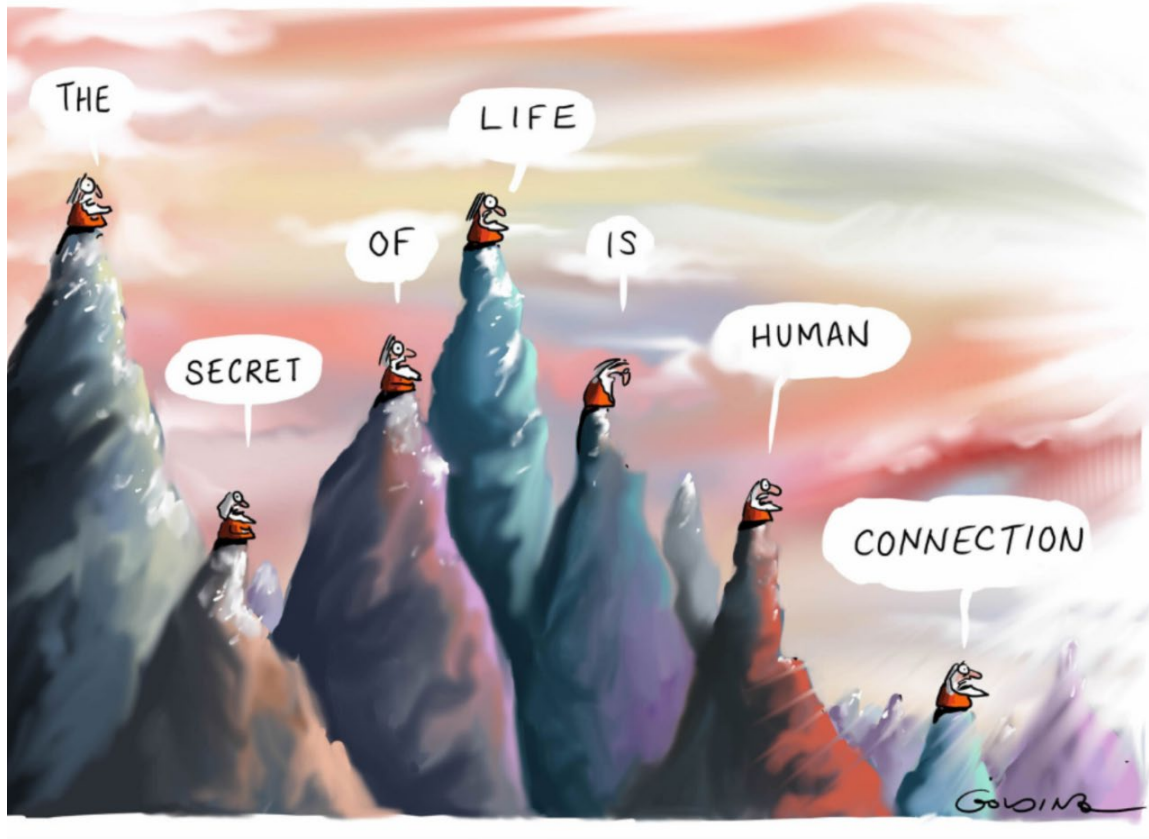
Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

Stimulus Booklet

Section 1

- Text 1 – Cartoon
 - Text 2 – Poem
 - Text 3 – Novel extract
 - Text 4 – Nonfiction extract
-

Text 1 – Cartoon:



Text 2 – Poem:

Joy flight

My father's stories must be provoked from him
by some landslide of sorrow;
a lost city's foundations revealed by shifting earth.
Only after the death of two brothers
does he relate some childhood moment
of a Sunday after Mass, when a Tiger Moth
touched down on a patch of ground
offering joy flights.

I see them, those three blond boys taut with longing,
that silver machine, the sky.
My father remembers the sum of money required
for the three boys to go up
and his own father's face, closed and abashed,
after he asked the pilot.
He turned away,
and my father steeled himself for the walk home to lunch.
Yet somehow his father was carrying the money,
and somehow he decided.
They flew.

Disaster could have struck,
and sent my grandmother mad with grief.
My grandfather would have been condemned
to watch that, from the ground, forever.
But nothing went wrong.
They flew, and returned safely to the earth, transformed,
an awestruck moment in a poor childhood,
desire made real, a stern father hiding his smile on the run home.

Everyone who witnessed that event is dead now.
My father handed me the story, a small recovered legacy,
glinting and bright with disuse.
Now I carry those three buffeted, grinning children
in their Sunday clothes,
hardly able to believe their luck,
astonished by joy and flight.

I hold this, and yearn to write fiction
in the face of these deaths and losses,
in the face of all that is forgotten
and revealed by the stark shift of pain and surprise.
I want to carry this talisman carved like a rune
for my father, for my uncles, for my grandfather,
and for that pilot;
for that pure torn-open moment
where they each slipped free of the earth.

PTO

Fiction, which is the ribbon pulled from a trembling mouth,
which tells its truth with such defiance
that everything forgotten will blaze, every joy burnished,
every recollection of unexpected flight shared
and passed from hand to cupped hand,
carried warm next to the skin,
recited for courage.

From '*The Taste of River Water*' by Cate Kennedy

Text 3 – Prose fiction extract:

Sheriff Petersen took a pack from his pocket and tapped two cigarettes out of the opening, offering one to Emmett. When Emmett accepted, the sheriff lit both cigarettes with his lighter. Then out of respect for Emmett's car, he rolled down the window.

'The war's been over almost ten years now,' he said after taking a drag and exhaling. 'But some of the boys who came back act like they're still fighting it. You take Danny Hoagland. Not a month goes by without me getting a call on his account. One week he's at the roadhouse in a brawl of his own making, a few weeks later he's in the aisle of the supermarket giving the back of his hand to that pretty young wife of his.'

The sheriff shook his head as if mystified by what the pretty young woman saw in Danny Hoagland in the first place.

'And last Tuesday? I got hauled out of bed at two in the morning because Danny was standing in front of the Iversons' with a pistol in his hand, shouting about some old grievance. The Iversons didn't know what he was talking about. Because, as it turned out, Danny's grievance wasn't with the Iversons. It was with the Barkers. He just wasn't standing in front of the right house. Come to think of it, he wasn't on the right block.'

Emmett smiled in spite of himself.

'Now at the other end of the spectrum,' said the sheriff, pointing his cigarette at some unknown audience, 'were those boys who came back from the war swearing that they would never again lay a hand on their fellow men. And I have a lot of respect for their position. They've certainly earned the right to have it. The thing of it is, when it comes to drinking whiskey, those boys make Danny Hoagland look like a deacon of the church. I never get called out of bed on their account. Because they're not out in front of the Iversons' or the Barkers' or anybody else's at two in the morning. At that hour, they're sitting in their living room working their way to the bottom of a bottle in the dark. All I'm saying Emmett, is I'm not sure either of these approaches works that well. You can't keep fighting the war, but you can't lay down your manhood either. Sure, you can let yourself get beat up a time or two. That's your prerogative. But eventually, you're going to have to stand up for yourself like you used to.'

From *The Lincoln Highway* by Amor Towles

Text 4 – Non-fiction Extract:

..Every time a new medium comes along – a way for humans to communicate – it has buried in it a message. It is gently guiding us to see the world according to a new set of codes. The way information gets to you, McLuhan argued, is more important than the information itself. TV teaches you that the world is fast, that it's about surfaces and appearances, that everything in the world is happening all at once.

This made me wonder what the message is that we absorb from social media, and how it compares to the message that we absorb from printed books. I thought first of Twitter. When you log in to that site – it doesn't matter whether you are Donald Trump ..or Bubba the Love Sponge – you are absorbing a message through that medium and sending it out to your followers. What is that message? First: that you shouldn't focus on any one thing for long. The world can and should be understood in short, simple statements of 280 characters. Second: the world should be interpreted and confidently understood very quickly. Third: what matters most is whether people immediately agree with and applaud your short, simple speedy statements. A successful statement is one that lots of people immediately applaud; an unsuccessful statement is one that people immediately ignore or condemn. When you tweet, before you say anything else, you are saying that at some level you agree with these three premises. You are putting on those goggles and seeing the world through them.

How about Facebook? What's the message in that medium? It seems to be first: your life exists to be displayed to other people, and you should be aiming every day to show your friends edited highlights of your life. Second: what matters is whether people immediately like these edited and carefully selective highlights that you spend your life crafting. Third: somebody is your 'friend' if you regularly look at their edited highlight reels, and they look at yours – this is what friendship means.

How about Instagram? First: what matters is *how* you look on the outside. Second: what matters is how you look on the outside. Third: what matters is how you look on the outside. Fourth: what matters is whether people like how you look on the outside. (I don't mean this glibly or sarcastically: that really is the message the site offers.)

I realised one of the key reasons why social media makes me feel so out of joint with the world, and with myself – are wrong. Let's think about Twitter. In fact, the world is complex. To reflect that honestly, you usually need to focus on one thing for a significant amount of time, and you need space to speak at length. Very few things worth saying can be explained in 280 characters. If your response to an idea is immediate, unless you have built up years of expertise on the broader topic, it's most likely going to be shallow and uninteresting. Whether people immediately agree with you is no marker of whether what you are saying is true or right – you have to think for yourself. Reality can only be understood sensibly by adopting the *opposite* messages to Twitter. The world is complex and requires steady focus to be understood; it needs to be thought about and comprehended slowly, and most important truths will be unpopular when they are first articulated. I realised that the times in my own life when I've been most successful on Twitter – in terms of followers and retweets - are the

PTO

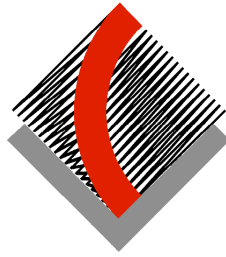
times when I have been least useful as a human being: when I've been attention-deprived, simplistic, vituperative. Of course there are occasional nuggets of insight on the site, but if this becomes your dominant mode of absorbing information, I believe the quality of your thinking will rapidly degrade.

The same goes for Instagram. I like looking at pretty people, like everyone else. But to think that life is primarily about these surfaces – getting approval for your six-pack or how you look in a bikini – is a recipe for unhappiness.....

What, I wondered, is the message buried in the medium of the printed book? Before the words convey their specific meaning, the medium of the book tells us several things. Firstly, life is complex, and if you want to understand it, you have to set aside a fair bit of time to think deeply about it. You need to slow down. Secondly, there is value in leaving behind your other concerns and narrowing down your attention to one thing, sentence after sentence, page after page. Thirdly it is worth thinking deeply about how other people live and how their minds work. They have complex inner lives just like you.

I realised that I agree with the messages in the medium of the book. I think they are true. I think they encourage the best parts of human nature – that a life with lots of episodes of deep focus is a good life. It is why reading books nourishes me.

Extract from *Stolen Focus* by Johann Hari



CHERRYBROOK TECHNOLOGY HIGH SCHOOL

2022 AP4 Exam

English Advanced

Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

General Instructions

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Working time – 2 hours
- Write using black pen
- A stimulus booklet is provided at the back of this paper
- Write your NAME in the space provided at the top of this page.

Total marks: 40

Section 1 - 20 marks

- Attempt Questions 1 - 4
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section II - 20 marks

- Attempt Question 5
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section 1 20 marks

Attempt Questions 1-4

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Read the texts on pages 2-6 of the Stimulus Booklet carefully and then answer the questions in the spaces provided. These spaces provide guidance for the expected length of response.

Your answers will be assessed on how well you:

- demonstrate understanding of human experiences in text
- analyse, explain and assess the ways human experiences are represented in texts

Question 1 (4 marks)

Text 1 – Cartoon

Explain how the artist conveys ideas about isolation.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Question 2 (5 marks)

Text 2 – Poem

How does the poem explore the connection between fiction and the human desire for immortality?

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and extend across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

Question 3 (5 marks)

Text 3 – Prose fiction extract

How does the author convey the impact of past trauma on the present?

[illegible]

Question 4 (6 marks)

Text 4 – Nonfiction extract

Analyse the ways the author represents the idea that technology can impact on human communication and limit our experiences.

This image shows a full page of white paper with horizontal dotted lines, typical of primary school writing paper. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Section 11 20 marks

Attempt Question 5

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the question in the **separate writing booklet**. Extra writing booklets are available.

Your answer 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
 - organise, develop and express ideas using language appropriate to audience, purpose and context.
-

Question 5 (20 marks)

One's identity is ultimately shaped by their experiences and interaction with the wider world.

To what extent does your prescribed text explore this statement?

The prescribed texts are:

- Prose Fiction - Anthony Doerr, *All The Light We Cannot See*
 - George Orwell, *Nineteen Eighty-Four*
- Shakespearean - William Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice*
 Drama

End of paper