

Smile as



KINROSS WOLAROI
— SCHOOL —

2022

Year 12 Advanced English

Paper 1 Texts and Human Experiences

Stimulus Booklet

Teacher Setting Paper: Mrs S. Lewis

Head of Department: Mrs S. Lewis

Section 1

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This examination paper does not necessarily reflect the content or format of the Higher School Certificate Examination in this subject

Section I

Text 1 – Image

Control



PAWEŁ KUCZYŃSKI

Text 2 – Prose non-fiction

Extract from *My Place*

Things at home weren't getting any better, either. Dad was drinking more than he was eating, he was very thin.

He had stopped even trying to get to work, and was in hospital more than he was home. Gone were the days when he used to bring fluffy baby chickens home for us to play with. There was a time when he couldn't go past a pet shop window without buying half-a-dozen little chickens for us. He still lived in his favourite blue overalls, but he never hid tiny Nestles milk chocolates in the deep pockets any more. He only hid himself, now. When he was home, he never came out of his room. The only thing he seemed interested in was the pub.

Our local pub was called the Raffles; it was situated on the banks of the Swan River and had a Mediterranean outlook. Dad was popular at Raffles. There was a huge group of returned soldiers who drank there. It was like a club. Give Dad a few beers down the Raffles with his mates and he was soon in another world. He forgot about us and Mum, and became one of the boys.

We kids often went to the pub with Dad. While he enjoyed himself in the bar, we sat, bored and forgotten, in the car.

Summer was worst. Dad always wound the windows up and locked what doors were lockable in case someone should try to steal us. He forbade us ever to get out of the car. These precautions meant that on hot summer's nights, we nearly suffocated.

One summer's evening, I could stand it no longer. Dad had been gone for ages, and I'd given up all hope of him returning with some bags of potato chips. Somehow, the sweet, clean smell of the Swan River managed to penetrate our glass and metal confines. Like the wisp of a cloud on a misty night, it flouted around my shoulders and head, beckoning me to come.

'Let's go play down the river,' I said suddenly. 'Dad's not going to bring us any chips. He won't notice we've gone.'

'We're supposed to stay in the car,' Jill said as she eyed me doubtfully. Two terms at school and she was a real stickler for convention.

'Look Jill, there's no use hanging around hoping he'll turn up something. He's forgotten about us again. I'm going whether you come or not.'

The thought of a paddle was too much for Billy, who leapt out with me. Jill followed, reluctantly. We wound our way quickly through the crowded carpark and down to the sandy foreshore. We splashed and laughed and built sandcastles decorated with bits of seaweed and stick.

Just as we were constructing and elaborate moat, a tall figure loomed above the beach.

'What the bloody hell are you kids doing here. I told you to stay in the car.' Dad advanced menacingly, and we froze.

Text 2 continues on the next page

Suddenly, I yelled, 'Well what did ya expect us to do, sit in the car all night? You've been gone for ages *and* ya didn't get us any chips!' I stopped abruptly, my mouth wide open. Where had my sudden bravery come from? I often had vehement thoughts, but I generally kept them to myself. Now I'd done it.

Fortunately, Dad was as surprised as me. He stopped and stood looking back at us. His gaze took in three haphazard sandcastles, and the beginning of an elaborate irrigation system. Without another word, he ushered us quietly to the car and took us home.

The following night, I stayed home with Mum. I'd decided the chances of procuring a packet of chips were too slim. Billy and Jill insisted on going with Dad. 'They'll be in for another boring time,' I told Mum as we waved them goodbye.

Dad was home early that night. He was furious. Apparently, Jill had become so bored she'd gone hunting for Dad in the public bar. Someone had put her up on the counter and said, 'All right, who owns this one?' It was so unlike Jill and, in Dad's eyes, an unforgivable sin. The pub was his domain. He felt she'd shown him up in front of his mates.

SALLY MORGAN

Text 3 – Poem

Everything Is Going to Be All Right

How should I not be glad to contemplate
the clouds clearing beyond the dormer window
and a high tide reflected on the ceiling?
There will be dying, there will be dying,
but there is no need to go into that.
The poems flow from the hand unbidden
and the hidden source is the watchful heart.
The sun rises in spite of everything
and the far cities are beautiful and bright.
I lie here in a riot of sunlight
watching the day break and the clouds flying.
Everything is going to be all right.

DEREK MAHON

Text Four: Non-Fiction article

‘I was the invisible teen girl. Until an encounter on the bus saved me.’

Felix and I have our lunchtime walking route and we often see high school students sitting on park benches, perched on walls or generally goofing around near the soccer fields.

There is one girl who is always alone. She is about 14 years old and has a cobalt-blue streak in her dark brown hair. She is usually staring at her phone, or the ground, so the blue acts as a downward arrow.

My heart always hurts for her when I see her walk down our street. No kid, no matter how cool their hair, wants to be alone. Not during school hours at least. Today she is perched on a rock set by the walking track as a landscaping feature. I recognise the blue streak of hair.

I recognise the posture, too. The deliberate scrunching down to feel smaller and less visible and the relief of being able to escape the gaze of others in the school yard, however briefly.

Felix notices something different – her lunch – and rushes over for a sniff. “Sorry if he scared you,” I say. “He’s always interested in food.” I give her my biggest and friendliest smile as Felix wags his tail.

I want to tell this girl that high school will just be a blip in her life, with bodies, minds and opportunities moving so rapidly that some of her classmates will return after summer holidays almost unrecognisable.

That the coolest and loudest kids will be forgotten and she’ll get to choose her own adventures and experiences after graduation. That a teacher or a subject will somehow click within her and offer a path and passion she will remember forever. That she’ll find a place to belong and feel comfortable in without this gnawing anxiety about the opinions of people she has no respect for.

I don’t of course. My stupid smile is supposed to impart to the girl that I understand her loneliness, her need to escape from school a while, and the comfort that finding a temporary haven from the disinterested stares of her classmates can bring.

She does not smile back but returns to her phone, emanating “get the hell away from me” vibes.

Of course. A lonely kid does not want sympathy from an adult. It is only the acceptance of peers that matters during teenage years.

Interference or cheery platitudes from adults just makes things worse. Time flies frighteningly fast for us but drags along lethally slowly during the agonies of adolescence. Whether we want to reminisce or not, those years were genuinely painful for most of us, no matter how long ago.

In 1980, my father was a teacher in a small country town. I was about to start high school with my friends, had oodles of confidence and knew that I belonged. It would just be another stepping stone for me.

Then Dad was offered an exchange place in a scheme enabling teachers to swap jobs and homes for 12 months, in order to experience life in another country. Aberdeen, Scotland, in our cases. We’d never even been on an aeroplane before!

Text four continues on page 6

Leaving straight after our summery Christmas into the snowy Scottish mid-winter, we'd be living in a 250-year-old cottage with upstairs attic bedrooms. And yes, we would travel around the UK and Europe every single chance we got.

We posed for passport photos in front of a wrinkled bed sheet thrown over the clothesline and crammed our suitcases full of winter woollies while sweating in our bathers.

hopeful

No one showed a flicker of interest. Already she knew that no one would be asking her about Australia.

At recess she trooped slowly out of maths class, blushing from answering "88" and hearing them laugh at what she now realised was a stupid accent. She followed them to the cloakroom and pretended to be waiting for the toilet to be vacant. Little did she know that this was to be her main activity for the next six months.

Lunchtime involved a mandatory school dinner. Holding her ticket, she'd patiently line up for a plate of mealies, soggy chips and wrinkled peas because it was a relief from standing alone. She'd sidle up to a spare chair and mumble, "CanISitHerePleaseThanks", then plonk herself down, trying to eat while hiding behind her fringe.

No one ever said, 'No, piss off you loser.' She was so beneath their interest and attention that acknowledging her with an insult required effort. The girl felt invisible. No, worse, because she didn't have the freedom to go where she wanted, but had to stay there and be ignored.

Kids would run out to play football, badminton or flirt, leaving her behind. After three weeks of sitting alone in the cloakroom pretending to write in her English journal, the sad girl discovered the library.

This wondrously warm, quite and anonymous place was open all lunch time. The relief was tremendous as she dawdled her way up and down every bookshelf. She loved to read, and it was an escape from idle stares because sitting on her own would not appear awkward.

The Wombles books caught her eye. She thought the TV show was cute and knew these books would be simple to read. They were also too babyish to be borrowed by anyone else and could therefore be resumed the next lunch time.

The librarian knew. She would always say "hello" as I wandered in, silent and pale, groping for the book in its usual place and sitting down at the laminated table farthest from the entrance, shoulders hunched.

I never dared speak to her. I knew she felt sorry for me, but to see or hear pity would be too much to bear and I must never, ever cry at school.

On the bus home, I sat by myself, supposedly entranced by the grey view of the outskirts of Aberdeen. At the cottage, I'd call out 'I'm home' to my mother in the most cheerful voice I could manage, hang up my coat and head upstairs.

Text 4 continues on page 7

ABBA's *Super Trouper* album would be played as the tears rolled down, hoping that the thud-thud of the bass would drown out any sobbing. I'd stare out of my window to the train track winding further up north and dream I was back home again with friends and certainty and comfort and not this awful, relentless feeling of shame and pain and invisibility.

The weekends were wonderful. My family would cram into the campervan and explore villages, craggy castles, manor houses, battle grounds, museums and wilderness. We'd laugh together and on Sunday night I would try too hard to keep the hilarity going, to wring a few more happy drops out of the weekend before school and pain and fear and doom set in again.

One morning, as I sat near the front seat of the bus with several seats around me, a beautiful young girl tapped me on the shoulder.

"Hiyeh."

"Er, hi," I replied, voice croaking.

"Are ye an Aussie, is that right?"

"Aye," I muttered, having learnt months ago to tone down my accent.

"Can ye swim?"

"Aye," I replied, lifting my head and noticing her lovely brown eyes and hair that Kate Bush would have envied.

"I'm Pamela and I'm captain of the Kincorth Swimming Club and we need some more swimmers in Year 8. Do ye want tae come?"

She saved me.

Pamela saved me. She took the time to wander over to a lonely, broken little soul and speak to her.

All I can do for the girl with the blue streak in her hair is hope that she finds her Pamela soon. No kid stands or sits alone by choice.

Kath Lockett

The Sydney Morning Herald 16/7/2022

Text 5 – Prose fiction

Extract from *The Kite Runner*

December 2001

I became what I am today at the age of twelve, on a frigid overcast day in the winter of 1975. I remember the precise moment, crouching behind a crumbling mud wall, peeking into the alley near the frozen creek. That was a long time ago, but it's wrong what they say about the past, I've learned, about how you can bury it. Because the past claws its way out. Looking back now, I realise I have been peeking into that deserted alley for the last twenty-six years.

One day last summer, my friends Rahim Khan called from Pakistan. He asked me to come see him. Standing in the kitchen with the receiver to my ear, I knew it wasn't just Rahim Khan on the line. It was my past unatoned sins. After I hung up, I went for a walk along Spreckels Lake on the northern edge of Golden Gate Park. The early-afternoon sun sparkled on the water where dozens of miniature boats sailed, propelled by a crisp breeze. Then I glanced up and saw a pair of kites, red with long blue tails, soaring in the sky. They danced high above the trees on the west end of the park, over the windmills, floating side by side like a pair of eyes looking down on San Francisco, the city I now call home. And suddenly, Hassan's voice whispered in my head: *For you, a thousand times over.* Hassan the harelippped kite runner.

I sat on a park bench near a willow tree. I thought something Rahim Khan said just before he hung up, almost as an afterthought. *There is a way to be good again.* I looked up at those twin kites. I thought about Hassan. Thought about Baba. Ali. Kabul. I thought of the life I had lived until the winter of 1975 came along and changed everything. And made me what I am today.

KHALED HOSSEINI



KINROSS WOLAROI
— SCHOOL —

2022

Year 12 Advanced English
Paper 1 Texts and Human Experiences

Trial HSC Examination

Teacher Setting Paper: Mrs S. Lewis

Head of Department: Mrs S. Lewis

General Instructions

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Working time – 1 hour and 30 minutes
- Write using black pen
- Stimulus Booklet is provided

Total Marks – 40

Section I

20 marks

Attempt all questions

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section II

20 marks

Attempt the question

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

This examination paper does not necessarily reflect the content or format of the Higher School Certificate Examination in this subject

Section I

20 marks

Attempt Questions 1-5

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

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

Extra writing space is provided on pages 7 – 8 of this booklet. If you use this space, clearly indicate which question you are answering.

Your answers 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 the texts

Question 1 (3 marks)

Text 1 – Image

Explain how this image conveys a negative aspect of the modern human experience.

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

Question 2 (3 marks)

Text 2 – Prose Non-Fiction

Analyse how Sally Morgan represents her relationship with her father.

[illegible]

Question 3 (4 marks)

Text 3 – Poem

How does the poet represent the human quality of optimism?

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

Question 4 (6 marks)

Text 4 – Prose non-fiction

Evaluate Kath Lockett's use of narrative voice and dialogue in representing the importance of human connection.

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

Question 5 (4 marks)

Text 5 – Prose Fiction

How effectively is imagery used to explore and express the emotions of the persona?

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal blue or grey ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are approximately 20 lines visible. The paper has a slight shadow on the right side, suggesting it's resting on a surface. There is no handwriting or other markings on the paper.

Extra Writing Space

If you use this space, clearly indicate which question you are answering.

[illegible]

Student Number/Name.....

[illegible]

Section II

20 marks

Attempt Question 6

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the question on a separate writing booklet.

Your answers will be assessed on how well you:

- Demonstrate understanding of human experience 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 6 (20 marks)

Prescribed Common Module Text

“Seeing is not always believing” (Martin Luther King)

To what extent does this statement reflect the dangerous nature of the human experience represented in your prescribed text?



2022 Year 12 Advanced Trial Paper 1 – Marking Guidelines

Question 1 (3 marks)

Text 1 – Image

Explain how this image conveys a negative aspect of the modern human experience.

Criteria	Marks
Identifies, analyses and explains how visual techniques are used to convey a negative aspect of the modern human experience.	3
Identifies and explains how visual techniques are used to convey a negative aspect of the modern human experience	2
Describes visual techniques but there is no real sense of an understanding of how the techniques used convey a negative aspect of the modern human experience.	1
Attempts to describe visual techniques but there is no real understanding of what the negative human experience is. May attempt to describe the experience. May not identify any visual techniques.	0

Possible answers might include but are not restricted to:

- Identifying the negative, modern human experience as being slaves to technology and social media; succumbing to complete influence and control to the extent that we 'lose' ourselves/are isolated and oblivious to all else. The image is called 'Control.'
- Central image of a young man represented as a 'zombie' (body language of head hunched over the phone and muted colours) under the control of Pikachu – reference to social media and Apps, specifically 'Pokemon Go.'
- Irony that in order to explore new real life locations, individuals need an App to guide them – Pikachu rides on a saddle with stirrups upon the elongated neck of the individual – Visual metaphor – social media is controlling and directing where we go and what we do.
- The reins are hooked up to the individual's mouth suggesting that even our speech and communication are controlled – visual metaphor
- Visual metaphor likens us to a 'dumb' animal.
- Bright yellow of Pikachu enhances salience – immediately recognisable as representative of Pokemon Go - our familiarity with this suggests that we too are under the control of technology and social media
- Muted colours of individual contrasts with the bright yellow of Pikachu to suggest that technology and social media play a greater role in society than individuals
- Gaze – Whilst Pikachu looks straight ahead – the direction at where he leads the individual - the gaze of the individual is fixed on the screen of the phone – symbolising how we fail to observe our natural surroundings but are led/influenced by technology.
- Facial expression of the individual is blank and emotionless – technology and social media render us void of emotion – slaves/zombies.



Question 2 (3 marks)

Text 2 – Prose Non-Fiction

Analyse how Sally Morgan represents her relationship with her father.

Criteria	Marks
Explains effectively how the extract represents the difficult/antagonistic relationship she has with her father, using detailed, well-chosen supporting textual references.	3
Explains how the extract represents the difficult/antagonistic relationship she has with her father, using well-chosen supporting textual references.	2
Describes how the extract represents a negative relationship between Sally and her father – may use quotes/textual references without explanation or awareness of effect. May paraphrase rather than quote directly.	1
Nothing relevant written.	0

Possible answers might include but are not restricted to:

Nature of relationship

- Identifying the nature of the relationship she had with her father as difficult/negative/toxic/antagonistic.
- Showing awareness that the relationship has changed because the father has changed from once loving and playful to depressed and miserable since returning from war – war veteran – PTSD

Language/Form/Structural techniques to represent the relationship:

- Juxtaposition is used frequently: 'drinking more than he was eating,' 'hospital more than he was home,' 'while he enjoyed himself in the bar, we sat bored and forgotten,'
- Contrast and comparison to show difference of father before he went to war and when he came back: 'used to bring fluffy baby chickens,' 'never hid tiny Nestles chocolates in the deep pockets anymore.'
- Short sentences used for blunt emotive impact – 'He only hid himself now.'
- Father needed to drink to numb the pain and metaphorically be in 'another world.'
- Father no longer shows love or affection to the family – 'he forgot about us and mum.'
- PTSD is revealed in his paranoia leading to extreme and neglectful behaviour – 'locked doors...in case someone should try to steal us.' 'We nearly suffocated.'
- Use of anecdote reveals desperation of Sally caused by the toxicity of the relationship – 'One summer's evening, I could stand it no longer.'
- Use of dialogue between Sally and Jill highlights how memorable the event was for her; the impact it had – vivid retelling.
- Adjective and verb choices to connote the fear created by the father 'tall figure loomed' 'advanced menacingly.' 'We froze.'



Question 3 (4 marks)

Text 3 – Poem

How does the poet represent the human quality of optimism?

Criteria	Marks
Explains effectively how the poem represents the human quality of optimism using detailed, well-chosen supporting textual references.	4
Explains how the poem represents the human quality of optimism using well-chosen supporting textual references.	3
Describes how the poem explores ideas of human optimism using some supporting textual references.	2
Makes relevant points about human optimism in the poem.	1
Nothing relevant written	0

Possible answers might include but are not restricted to:

- The significance of the title of the poem as an optimistic phrase – encapsulates the idea of the poem.
- Structurally the whole poem is divided into examples of optimism:
 - o literal appreciation of the natural world,
 - o moving into existential/philosophical contemplation triggered by the natural world,
 - o moving into the beauty of poetry which flows ‘unbidden’ by the hand and as a result of the personified ‘watchful heart.’
 - o The rising sun and the new day
- The use of rhetorical question to open, builds rapport/intimate connection with the reader and attempts to invite the reader to share the experience of optimism: *How should I not be glad to contemplate...*
- The use of juxtaposition – there are ‘clouds’ which might connote pessimism, but they are ‘clearing’ – optimism
- The clearing of the clouds allows for the beautiful imagery of the ‘high tide reflected on the ceiling.’
- The repetition of ‘there will be dying, there will be dying’ is poignant but it is immediately juxtaposed with the optimistic assertion, ‘but there is no need to go into that.’
- The use of enjambment between these two lines emphasises the ‘but’ and therefore the importance of reflecting on what is good and not focusing on what is sad.
- The imagery/extended metaphor of poetry as a ‘flow’ of water/river/stream and the ‘source’ of this as the ‘heart.’
- Personification of heart highlights the importance of human love and compassion.
- Praise of the sun’s defiance (personification) – it rises – it is optimistic
- ‘Riot’ of sunlight – playful and exciting
- The final line is the title of the poem – cyclical structure.



Question 4 (6 marks)

Text 4 – Prose non-fiction

Evaluate Kath Lockett's use of narrative voice and dialogue in representing the importance of human connection.

Criteria	Marks
Skilfully evaluates the impact of the narrative voice and dialogue in representing the importance of human connection, using detailed, well chosen supporting evidence from the extract.	6
Effectively evaluates the impact of the narrative voice and dialogue in representing the importance of human connection, using supporting evidence from the extract.	5
Evaluates the impact of the narrative voice and dialogue in representing the importance of human connection, using some evidence from the extract.	4
Discusses evidence of the narrative voice and dialogue representing the importance of human connection in the extract.	3
Identifies evidence of the narrative voice and dialogue representing the importance of human connection in the text.	2
Provides some relevant information from the extract	1
Nothing written	0

Possible answers might include but are not restricted to:

- The title is an example of internal dialogue/thought identifying the narrator's personal experience of exclusion/alienation/lack of connection through the metaphor of being 'invisible.'
- The juxtaposition of 'I was the invisible girl.' And 'Until an encounter on the bus saved me' – highlights that human connection is necessary to feel 'visible.'
- The voice is jovial and colloquial to create a sense of connection between the narrator and her dog, Felix but also to build an intimate rapport with the reader – 'goofing around.' 'No kid, no matter how cool their hair, wants to be alone.' 'high school will just be a blip in life.' 'the coolest and loudest kids will be forgotten.'
- The narrator's empathy for the girl's sense of isolation and alienation/lack of connection, is highlighted through:
 - o the short, blunt opening sentence of paragraph 2 'There is one girl who is always alone.'
 - o the emotive phrase, 'My heart always hurts for her.'
 - o Sense of familiarity and shared experience, 'I recognise the posture too, the deliberate scrunching down to feel smaller and less visible.'
 - o The reported dialogue and the use of superlatives, 'I give her my biggest and friendliest smile.'
 - o Her use of emotive verb 'gnawing anxiety.'
- The narrator's employment of the 'blue hair' as a motif to highlight her low mood – simile – 'the blue acts as a downward arrow.'



- The narrator's sense of regret at not being able to share or demonstrate this empathy is highlighted through the short blunt sentence; 'I don't of course.' And her awareness that the girl will see her smile as 'stupid.'
- The narrator's acknowledgement and sense of self-chastisement – 'Of course. A lonely kid does not want sympathy from an adult.' (Truncated – of course.)
- The juxtaposition and understanding that comes from a shared experience in 'time flies frighteningly fast for us but drags along lethally slowly during the agonies of adolescence.' The alliterative 'flies frighteningly,' enhances the use of 'idiom' as part of the narrative voice. The use of adverb, 'lethally,' highlights the narrator's appreciation of the extreme pain of isolation and lack of connection.
- Use of anecdote and shared experience to highlight understanding.
- Anecdote is littered with idioms, slang and examples of colloquialism continuing the intimate rapport already established. 'Winter woollies,' 'Bathers' 'kid' 'stupid accent,' The anecdote also contains dialogue to create a sense of immediacy to her anecdote – evoking further pathos, 'No, piss off you loser.'
- Narrator presents herself in the third person, 'A fortnight later, this confident kid with sun-bleached hair from swimming every spare moment in the neighbour's pool was stared at by her class when she stood in front of them, introduced by the frazzled French teacher. Her blazer was too big, skirt too long and the desert boots and white socks underneath looked ridiculous. For the first time ever, she felt out of place.' This, combined with the use of anecdote lends pathos and ethos to the article – sense of authenticity for her empathy due to the exemplified real life experience – shared.
- Anecdote emphasises the misery of being alone through accumulation of emotive adjectives and nouns 'awful, relentless feeling of shame and pain and invisibility.' 'and pain, and fear and doom,' The use of polysyndeton also adds to this effect.
- The pop culture reference to Kate Bush gives the reader a greater glimpse into who she was and is and helps to build connection.
- The dialogue between the narrator and Pamela – enhances sense of immediacy; makes the reader feel as if we are there, listening to the conversation.



Question 5 (4 marks)

Text 5 – Prose Fiction

How effectively is imagery used to explore and express the emotions of the persona?

Criteria	Marks
Effectively explains the nature of the emotions expressed. Using detailed, well chosen textual references, effectively identifies, analyses and explains, how imagery is used to explore and express these emotions.	4
Explains the nature of the emotions expressed. Using textual references, identifies, analyses and explains, how imagery is used to explore and express these emotions.	3
Identifies the nature of the emotions expressed. Uses textual references or paraphrases the text to describe how imagery is used to explore and express these emotions.	2
Attempts to identify the nature of the emotion expressed or does not really comment on the nature of the emotion. Attempts to describe/identify imagery in the extract but there is no real link between the imagery and the representation of emotion.	1
Nothing written	0

Possible answers might include but are not restricted to:

Nature of emotions:

- Complex combination of emotions - nostalgic, regretful, shameful, guilty, fearful, hopeful

Language/Form/Structural devices:

- First person voice immediately enhances the representation of emotion
- The two dates – 2001 and 1975 – frame the emotions as enduring over a long period of time
- Use of pathetic fallacy ‘frigid, overcast day in the Winter of 1975.’ ‘frozen creek,’ – the memory that has been evoked for him is inferred to be a sad and fearful one and this is connoted through the description, ‘frigid’ and ‘overcast’ and ‘frozen,’
- The specific time remembered, ‘the precise moment,’ suggests that this is a painful and vivid memory.
- Animalistic imagery used to describe ‘the past’ suggests that the past is dangerous and frightening – it ‘claws its way out,’
- There is a sense of shame in his metaphorical description of his need to ‘bury’ the past
- Juxtaposition of persona ‘today’ in ‘2001’ and at the ‘age of twelve’ in ‘1975.’ – the event was obviously significant as the memory is still vivid.
- The literal ‘deserted alley’ of 1975 has become a metaphor of the void in his life, caused by the memory, since then.
- Personification of his ‘past of unatoned sins,’ – this description suggests that there is guilt and that he feels compelled to atone.
- The introduction of ‘Hassan’s voice’ creates suspense for the reader but his description of ‘Hassan the hair-lipped kiterunner,’ immediately following (juxtaposed with) the beautiful description of the ‘pair of kites’ that ‘danced’ suggests fondness

Section II

Question 6 (20 marks)**Prescribed Common Module Text**

“Seeing is not always believing” (Martin Luther King)

To what extent does this statement reflect the dangerous nature of the human experience represented in your prescribed text?

Criteria	Marks
- Analyses skillfully how ‘The Crucible’ reflects the statement in its representation of the dangers of human experience - Presents an insightful response supported by well-chosen textual references from ‘The Crucible.’ - Writes a coherent and sustained response using language appropriate to audience, purpose and context.	17 - 20
- Analyses how ‘The Crucible’ reflects the statement in its representation of the dangers of human experience - Presents an thoughtful response supported by textual references from ‘The Crucible.’ - Writes an organised response using language appropriate to audience, purpose and context.	13 - 16
- Explains how ‘The Crucible’ reflects the statement in its representation of the dangers of human experience - Presents a response supported by some textual references from ‘The Crucible.’ - Writes a response using variable control of language appropriate to audience, purpose and context.	9 - 12
- Expresses limited understanding of how ‘The Crucible’ reflects the statement in its representation of the dangers of human experience - Describes aspects of ‘The Crucible.’ - Writes a response with minimal control of language	5 - 8
- Refers to ‘The Crucible’ in an elementary way - Attempts to compose a response	1 - 4