



Name

NESA Number

Cherrybrook Technology High School

2023 AP4 Examination

English Advanced

Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

General Instructions

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Working time – 1 hour and 30 minutes
- Write using black or blue pen
- A Stimulus Book is provided with this paper
- Write your name and NESA number at the top of this page and on your writing book for Section II
- Write your answers for Section I in the space provided
- Additional writing paper is available if required

Total marks:
40

Section I – 20 marks

- Attempt Questions 1-5
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section II – 20 marks

- Attempt Question 6
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section I

20 marks

Attempt Questions 1-5

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Read the texts on pages 2-7 of the Stimulus Booklet carefully and then answer the questions in the spaces provided. These spaces provide guidance for the expected length of the response. Extra writing booklets are available.

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 texts
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Question 1 (3 marks)

Text 1 – Digital artwork

Explain how Hafiiz Karim has represented a human experience in this artwork.

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If you need additional space to answer Question 1 use the lines below.

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Question 2 (3 marks)

Text 2 – Poem

How does William Wordsworth evoke sympathy for the solitary reaper?

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If you need additional space to answer Question 2 use the lines below.

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Question 3 (5 marks)

Text 3 – Feature article

How effectively does David Means represent the relationship between the creation of art and AI?

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.

If you need additional space to answer Question 3 use the lines below.

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Question 4 (4 marks)

Text 4 – Prose fiction extract

In what ways does Heather Rose convey the experience of loss?

[illegible]

If you need additional space to answer Question 4 use the lines below.

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with ten horizontal rows of small black dots, used as a guide for handwriting practice. The dots are evenly spaced and extend across the width of the page.

Question 5 (5 marks)

Texts 1, 2, 3 and 4

Evaluate the significance of connection explored in the prose fiction extract and ONE other text.

[illegible]

Question 5 (continued)

If you need additional space to answer Question 5 use the lines below.

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End of Section I

Please turn over

Section II

20 marks

Attempt ONE question from Questions 6(a)–6(c)

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the question in your CTHS English Advanced 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 6 (a) – Shakespearean Drama – William Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice* (20 marks)

“Conflict allows us to grow.”

To what extent is this true of your study of *The Merchant of Venice*?

In your response, make detailed reference to the extract below and your prescribed text.

PORTIA

A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine,
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

SHYLOCK

Most rightful judge!

PORTIA

And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

SHYLOCK

Most learned judge! A sentence: come, prepare.

PORTIA

Tarry a little, there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood.
The words expressly are ‘a pound of flesh’.
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,
But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are by the laws of Venice confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Question 6 (a) continues on the next page.

GRATIANO

O upright judge!

Mark, Jew: O learned judge!

SHYLOCK

Is that the law?

PORTIA

Thyself shalt see the act:

For, as thou urgest justice, be assured

Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

The Merchant of Venice
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

OR

Question 6 (b) – Prose Fiction – Anthony Doerr, *All the Light We Cannot See* (20 marks)

“Conflict allows us to grow.”

To what extent is this true of your study of *All the Light We Cannot See*?

In your response, make detailed reference to the extract below and your prescribed text.

Werner thinks about the men in the sunflowers and a hundred others: each lay dead in his hut or truck or bunker, wearing the look of someone who had caught the tune of a familiar song. A crease between the eyes, a slackness to the mouth. A look that said: So soon? But doesn't it play for everybody too soon? Firelight plays across the hall. Still on his back, the sergeant major takes the pistol in both hands and opens and closes the breech. “Drink some more,” Von Rumpel says, and gestures toward the bucket in Werner's hands. “I can see how thirsty you are. I didn't pee in it, I promise.”

Werner sets down the bucket. The sergeant major sits up and tilts his head back and forth as though working out kinks in his neck. Then he aims his gun at Werner's chest. From down the hall, in the direction of the burning curtain, comes a muted clattering, something bouncing down a ladder and striking the floor, and the sergeant major's attention swings toward the noise, and the barrel of his pistol dips. Werner lunges for Volkheimer's rifle. All your life you wait, and then it finally comes, and are you ready?

All The Light We Cannot See
ANTHONY DOERR

OR

Question 6 (c) – Prose Fiction – George Orwell, *Nineteen Eighty-Four* (20 marks)

“Conflict allows us to grow.”

To what extent is this true of your study of *Nineteen Eighty-Four*?

In your response, make detailed reference to the extract below and your prescribed text.

His eyes re-focused on the page. He discovered that while he sat helplessly musing he had also been writing, as though by automatic action. And it was no longer the same cramped, awkward handwriting as before. His pen had slid voluptuously over the smooth paper, printing in large neat capitals--

DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER
DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER
DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER
DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER
DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER

over and over again, filling half a page.

He could not help feeling a twinge of panic. It was absurd, since the writing of those particular words was not more dangerous than the initial act of opening the diary, but for a moment he was tempted to tear out the spoiled pages and abandon the enterprise altogether.

He did not do so.

Nineteen Eighty-Four
GEORGE ORWELL

End of paper



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Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

Stimulus Booklet

Section I

Page

- Text 1 – Digital artwork 2
- Text 2 – Poem 3
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- Text 4 – Prose fiction extract 6-7

Text 1 – Digital artwork

Year of the Tiger, appropriated from Renoir's *Luncheon of the Boating Party*



HAFIIZ KARIM

Text 2 – Poem

The Solitary Reaper

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;—
I listened, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Text 3 – Feature article

A.I Can't Write My Cat Story Because It Hasn't Felt What I Feel

March 26, 2023

For a few years, I've been trying to write a story about a cat. A.I. will not be able to write this, partly because the story is still inside my imagination and on a few rough pages that were originally drafted in Boston, on sheets of notebook paper, as I sat in my daughter's apartment on a hot summer day.

If I have it published (who knows, it's a strange story), perhaps some machine will suck it into a system, break down my style, my usage, the themes I like to touch upon — loss and despair, love and hope — wide-ranging themes that, like all themes, arrive out of my own unique human concerns and have fueled me through six story collections.

But for now, this story I haven't yet finished is inside my imagination, safe and sound, and no machine can make it or conjure it because no machine has been in my head as I wandered the streets of South Chicago, or stopped in the parking lot of a supermarket called Treasure Island to examine a pile of snow, left over from a long winter, honeycombed and covered with dirt and grime, which is the image that closes the rough draft of my story; no machine stood with me in front of the Obama house, on the corner of 1118 Hyde Park Boulevard, and watched a Secret Service agent as he approached, another image that sparked the plot of my story, and certainly no machine was with me watching a cat named Baudelaire, my daughter's cat, as he played on a particular Chicago afternoon, in a particular moment years ago, clutching a piece of string — yet another image that spoke to me through the retrospect of memory.

No machine — and I use that phrase because A.I. is a machine, and no matter how complicated, or even organic, its still-binary, open-and-shut gates may be — looked through my eyes as I took the train to my hometown in Michigan, gazing out over the old steel mills of Gary, Ind., making note of images with intent, storing and twisting them in relation to the pain I felt that moment, riding back to my hometown in Michigan, to my father's interment ceremony, an experience that reminded me that I, too, will die someday, and the art I create will be all I leave behind.

Memory is filtered and turned around, examined and changed through time, and no machine has felt the pain that sits at the center of the story I'm struggling to create, a story that involves the complexity of race and love and desire that fueled me to imagine the first draft, and that now fuels me as I put it under intense scrutiny, every line, locating what the structure might reveal to me, the secret that I didn't even know I was exposing when I first imagined it, the surprises that appear as I revise and cover my tracks, pulling down scaffolding that was built to support the original impulse, and in doing so, hopefully, lucking upon something profound, something readers will recognize in themselves as being uniquely human and, in the end, deeply mysterious.

Text 3 continues on page 5

Text 3 (continued)

A.I. will never feel the sense of mortality that forms around an unfinished draft, the illogic and contradictions of the human condition, and the cosmic unification of pain and joy that fuels the artistic impulse to keep working on a piece until it is finished and uniquely my own. Artistic creation is something that, in the best moments, with a mixture of craft and care and release, flows beyond the self and whatever it is that the artist originally intended.

As I write these words on a bitter cold morning in March, with a cold front sweeping down and bringing what might be the only Arctic plunge of the year, I'm assured by the fact that only I will experience this moment as I sit at the kitchen table writing this essay, and that A.I. will never hear these words appear as the voice between my ears. Originality lies in the conception *before* the work is published, or exhibited. The truth of art is that the piece released into the world — and taken into the system, turned into data, words — is simply the final product of a complicated, often illogical process and, in some ways, is the least important aspect of the endeavor. I have to believe that at some intuitive level the reader feels this and knows it! They feel the life of the artist around the work.

A.I. will do what it does, just as the automobile replaced the horse and buggy, but we artists will do what we do, which is to readjust and find new ways to lay claim to our humanity. On the margins, where art lives, humans will continue to carve and paint and hear voices and daydream, pulling out of unique lives unique work — just as this morning, as I finish writing this, I prepare to go down into my office and work on my cat story, examining my scenes, rewriting sentences and trying to see what I'm doing, aware that the world has not yet seen what I'm creating, which no A.I. can replicate because, right now, as I sit here, as far as the world is concerned, it does not exist.

DAVID MEANS
The New York Times

End of Text 3

Text 4 – Prose fiction extract

The Museum of Modern Love *is inspired by the artist Marina Abramović and her performance art piece The Artist is Present. The exhibition involved Abramović sitting for 75 days at the Museum of Modern Art in Manhattan, New York, with members of the public invited to sit silently with the artist for a duration of their choosing.*

At home, Jane Miller watched Marina Abramović on the webcam.

‘Today is the day,’ she kept thinking. ‘Today is the day.’

And she ignored the washing she’d done for her daughter that needed bringing in, and the ants that were invading a light switch on the wall, and the emails she needed to reply to, and watched. She understood that her fate and Marina’s were somehow linked. When Marina stood up, Jane too must stand up. There had been this time of mourning and the mourning would live forever in her. Karl was as much a piece of her as her liver or pancreas. Grief was as tangible as rain. Millions of people were suffering from it at any one time. It’ll pass, people said, but it didn’t really.

Grief was a threshold thing that lived at the heart of the inevitable. She sensed that when Marina stood up, she, Jane, would take her place one step back from the inevitable. She would walk across Spain. She would carry her grief and her love and her observations of a life of fifty-five years. Here at home her children and their children would be among their own inevitabilities. And maybe this was art, she thought, having spent years trying to define it and pin it to the line like a shirt on a windy day. *There you are, art!* You capture moments at the heart of life. A boy waiting for the eggs to poach. A crowd listening to music in a park or walking in the rain or bathing in the Seine. Liberty leading the people and the guns of the firing squad raised against the men at the wall. The bloom of waterlilies and the anguish of a scream, the red square that lived in every heart, a rhythm of colour across a wheat field, stars wheeling through a night sky.

She was watching Marina Abramović in her white dress on this final day of her enduring love. For hadn’t it been that for Abramović? An act of love that said, This is all I have been, this is what I have become in travelling the places of my soul and my nation, my family and my ancestral blood. This is what I have learned. It is all about connection. If we do it with the merest amount of intention and candour and fearlessness, this is the biggest love we can feel. It’s more than love but we don’t have a bigger word. It was Kant’s thing, Jane thought. The thing that is, but is also inexplicable, until you see that it just is.

She knew once she would have tried to call it God, but that had caused so many problems in the world, trying to say what God was or is. She thought there ought to be another word and she decided she had a few hundred miles to think on that in Spain under a wide sky on a pilgrimage. And she laughed aloud, because to ruminate on the name of the thought that was God on a long walk seemed fitting. She and Karl would go a long way on that together.

Text 4 continues on page 7

Text 4 (continued)

She continued to gaze at the woman in the white dress. She sat and watched in honour of this woman sitting. She watched as the final hours of *The Artist is Present* passed by, sitter after sitter in a gaze with the woman across the table. Jane felt she had witnessed a thing of inexplicable beauty among humans who had been drawn to this art and had found the reflection of a great mystery. What are we? How should we live?

HEATHER ROSE

Extract from *The Museum of Modern Love*

End of Text 4