

Name

NESA Number

Cherrybrook Technology High School

2024 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 2-8 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 Comic

How does Kustana explore our relationship with technology?

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

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Question 2 (4 marks)

Text 2 – Poem

“You must live with great seriousness.”

How does Hikmet develop this idea in the poem?

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

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Question 3 (4 marks)

Text 3 – Nonfiction Extract

What ironies or paradoxes does this extract reveal about the writing process?

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

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Question 4 (4 marks)

Text 4 – Feature Article

How does Chatfield convey the value of attention?

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

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Question 5 (5 marks)

Texts 1, 2, 3 and 4

Compare how two texts have represented what we value in our contemporary world.

[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
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Question 6 (a) – Shakespearean Drama – William Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice* (20 marks)

Analyse how your prescribed text represents the conflict between individual desire and societal expectations.

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

SHYLOCK

I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking: I will have my bond.

Exit

SOLANIO

It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.

ANTONIO

Let him alone.

I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know:
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

SOLANIO

I am sure the Duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Question 6 (a) continues on the next page.

ANTONIO

The duke cannot deny the course of law:
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of his state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
These griefs and losses have so bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, gaoler, on. Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!

The Merchant of Venice
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

OR

Question 6 (b) – Poetry – Rosemary Dobson, *Rosemary Dobson Collected* (20 marks)

Analyse how your prescribed text represents the conflict between individual desire and societal expectations.

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

Lift your hand to the window latch:
Sighing, turn and move away.
More than mortal swords are crossed
On thresholds at the end of day;
The fading air is stained with red
Since Time was killed and now lies dead.

Or Time was lost. But someone saw
Though nobody spoke and nobody will,
While in the clock against the wall
The guiltless minute hand is still:
The watchful room, the breathless light
Be hosts to you this final night.

Over the gently-turning hills
Travel a journey with your eyes
In forward footsteps, chance assault—
This way the map of living lies.
And this the journey you must go
Through grass and sheaves and, lastly, snow.

Young Girl at a Window
ROSEMARY DOBSON

The prescribed poems are:

- * *Young Girl at a Window*
- * *Over the Hill*
- * *Summer's End*
- * *The Conversation*
- * *Cock Crow*
- * *Amy Caroline*
- * *Canberra Morning*

OR

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

Analyse how your prescribed text represents the conflict between individual desire and societal expectations.

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

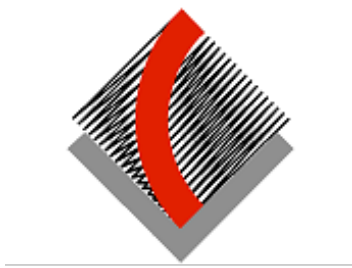
The terrible thing that the Party had done was to persuade you that mere impulses, mere feelings, were of no account, while at the same time robbing you of all power over the material world. When once you were in the grip of the Party, what you felt or did not feel, what you did or refrained from doing, made literally no difference. What ever happened you vanished. And neither you nor your actions were ever heard of again. You were lifted clean out of history. And yet what mattered to the people of only two generations ago were individual relationships, and a completely helpless gesture, an embrace, a tear, a word spoken to a dying man, could have value in itself.

The proles, it suddenly occurred to Winston, had remained in this condition. They were not loyal to the party or the country or an idea, they were loyal to one another. The proles stayed human. They had not become hardened inside. They had held on to the primitive emotions which he himself had to relearn by conscious effort.

And in thinking this he remembered, how a few weeks ago he had seen a severed hand lying on the pavement and had kicked it into the gutter as though it had been a cabbage-stalk.

Nineteen Eighty-Four
GEORGE ORWELL

End of paper



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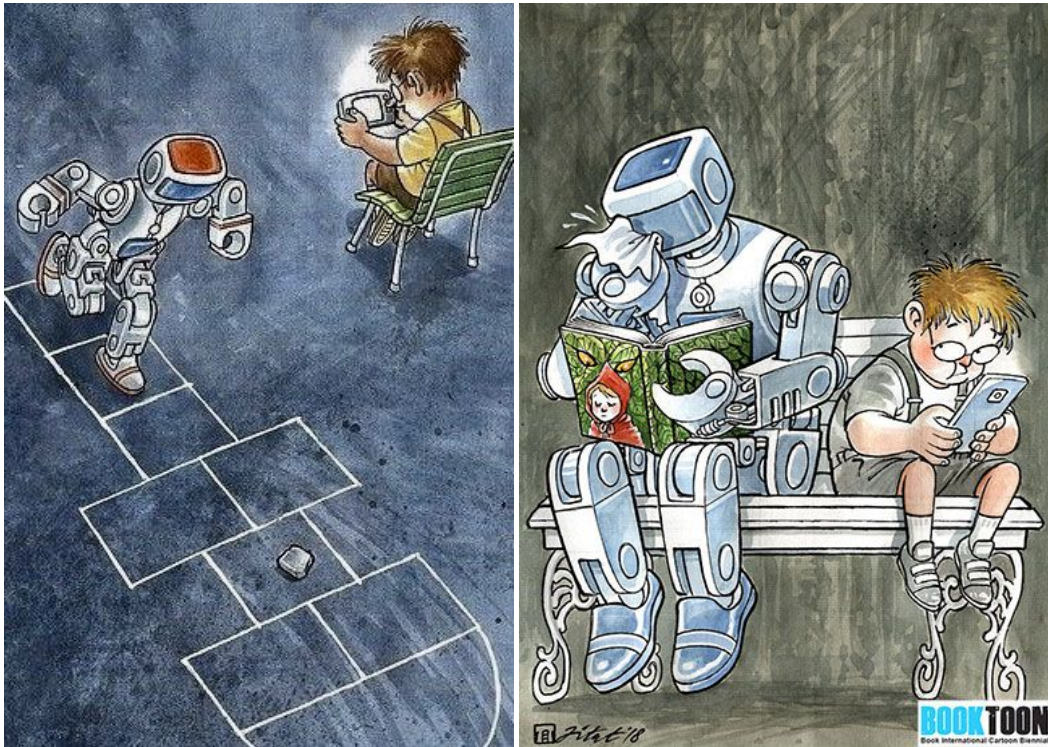
Stimulus Booklet

Section I

Page

- Text 1 – Digital comic 2
- Text 2 – Poem 3-4
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- Text 4 – Feature article 6-7

Text 1 – Digital comic



JIET KUTSANA

Text 2 – Poem

On Living

I

Living is no laughing matter:

you must live with great seriousness
like a squirrel, for example—

I mean without looking for something beyond and above living,

I mean living must be your whole occupation.

Living is no laughing matter:

you must take it seriously,
so much so and to such a degree

that, for example, your hands tied behind your back,
your back to the wall,

or else in a laboratory

in your white coat and safety glasses,
you can die for people—

even for people whose faces you've never seen,
even though you know living

is the most real, the most beautiful thing.

I mean, you must take living so seriously

that even at seventy, for example, you'll plant olive trees—

and not for your children, either,

but because although you fear death you don't believe it,
because living, I mean, weighs heavier.

II

Let's say we're seriously ill, need surgery—

which is to say we might not get up
from the white table.

Even though it's impossible not to feel sad

about going a little too soon,

we'll still laugh at the jokes being told,

we'll look out the window to see if it's raining,

or still wait anxiously

for the latest newscast. . .

Let's say we're at the front—

for something worth fighting for, say.

There, in the first offensive, on that very day,

we might fall on our face, dead.

We'll know this with a curious anger,

but we'll still worry ourselves to death

about the outcome of the war, which could last years.

Let's say we're in prison

and close to fifty,

and we have eighteen more years, say,

before the iron doors will open.

We'll still live with the outside,
with its people and animals, struggle and wind—
 I mean with the outside beyond the walls.
I mean, however and wherever we are,
 we must live as if we will never die.

III
This earth will grow cold,
a star among stars
 and one of the smallest,
a gilded mote on blue velvet—
 I mean *this*, our great earth.
This earth will grow cold one day,
not like a block of ice
or a dead cloud even
but like an empty walnut it will roll along
 in pitch-black space . . .
You must grieve for this right now
—you have to feel this sorrow now—
for the world must be loved this much
 if you're going to say "I lived" . . .

NÂZIM HIKMET

End of Text 3

Text 3 – Non-Fiction Extract

Instructions for a Funeral

I've been writing stories for thirty years now, many published, others not published but trashed, put to bed, dead in the water, so to speak; lost to me, to eternity, or whatever. There's simply no way to distill or describe what's in the stories, except to say I attempt, to say the least, to respect whatever each story seems to want—not only to want to be, but to say in its own way—each one, as far as I can see, an expression of a particular ax I must grind, particular souls in particular situations, and in some cases a voice that needs to say what it says or else (and I feel this, really, I do) it'll be lost forever to the void, the same place where most stories go, forever; the real stories of men and women who lived lives—quiet desperation!—and then died, gone forever into eternity, so to speak. It's a gut feeling, a need to reveal something and to pin it down forever, and it involves a lot of revision, fixing mistakes and covering tracks and making amends with the material itself, so that what comes out in the vision is clarified, sharpened, and made clear—to me at least, if not to the reader, who might or might not get what I want, and most certainly will get something I didn't know they'd get. That's the best part, knowing that you'll be betrayed by the reader, so to speak, no matter what you do, no matter what kind of care you take with the work: you go into the senseless vision of the vision and then you revise it into something as clear as possible and leave it at that, striking out by letting it go out, and if it's taken into the arms of print, so much the better, you say to yourself, while also feeling, at the same time, a sense that it might not be for the better: in other words it might fail you, and the reader, and pin your name in the air overhead, above the story for a few days, or years, or a hundred or more, only to find its way into the void of eternity, so to speak, lost and gone. You're aware—at least I am—that eternity will devour everything in its own time, and that whatever mark is left will be gone, because that awareness is essential to the work: a sense of catching some slice of time itself, making it stand at attention, and still. If not for the sake of a reader—somewhere in the future—then for your own sake, for a moment, at the desk on a hot summer afternoon, or wintry cold day (it *does* matter) while also knowing it doesn't matter one iota, really, because the persistent nature of time in relation to life is one of consumption, of time consuming life to bone, ash, dust to dust and all of that, so to speak, but for one eternal moment, the work might, or might not, live in the fire of neurons, brain to brain, in the soft silence again of time, and then fade, or, rather, fall, into nothing.

DAVID MEANS

Text 4 – Feature Article

The Attention Economy

October 7, 2013



The attention economy

It costs nothing to click, respond and retweet. But what price do we pay in our relationships and our peace of mind?

How many other things are you doing right now while you're reading this piece? Are you also checking your email, glancing at your Twitter feed, and updating your Facebook page? What five years ago David Foster Wallace labelled 'Total Noise' — 'the seething static of every particular thing and experience, and one's total freedom of infinite choice about what to choose to attend to' — is today just part of the texture of living on a planet that will, by next year, boast one mobile phone for each of its seven billion inhabitants. We are all amateur attention economists, hoarding and bartering our moments — or watching them slip away down the cracks of a thousand YouTube clips.

If you're using a free online service, the adage goes, you are the product. It's an arresting line, but one that deserves putting more precisely: it's not you, but your behavioural data and the quantifiable facts of your engagement that are constantly blended for sale, with the aggregate of every single interaction (yours included) becoming a mechanism for ever-more-finely tuning the business of attracting and retaining users.

Attention, thus conceived, is an inert and finite resource, like oil or gold: a tradable asset that the wise manipulator auctions off to the highest bidder, or speculates upon to lucrative effect. There has even been talk of the world reaching 'peak attention', by analogy to peak oil production, meaning the moment at which there is no more spare attention left to spend.

In Latin, the verb *attendere* — from which our word 'attention' derives — literally means to stretch towards. A compound of *ad* ('towards') and *tendere* ('to stretch'), it invokes an archetypal image: one person bending towards another in order to attend to them, both physically and mentally.

Text 3 continues on page 7

Attending is closely connected to anticipation. Soldiers snap to attention to signify readiness and respect — and to embody it. Unable to read each others' minds, we demand outward shows of mental engagement. Teachers shout 'Pay attention!' at slumped students whose thoughts have meandered, calling them back to the place they're in. Time, presence and physical attentiveness are our most basic proxies for something ultimately unprovable: that we are understood.

The best teachers, one hopes, don't shout at their students — because they are skilled at wooing as well as demanding the best efforts of others. For the ancient Greeks and Romans, this wooing was a sufficiently fine art in itself to be the central focus of education. As the manual on classical rhetoric *Rhetorica ad Herennium* put it 2,100 years ago: 'We wish to have our hearer receptive, well-disposed, and attentive (*docilem, benivolum, attentum*).' To be civilised was to speak persuasively about the things that mattered: law and custom, loyalty and justice.

As far as getting the world to pay attention to me online, either I play by the rules of the system — likes, links, comments, clicks, shares, retweets — or I become ineligible for any of its glittering prizes.

As the American writer and software engineer David Auerbach put it in *n+1* magazine, in a piece pointedly titled 'The Stupidity of Computers' (2012), what is on screen demands nothing so much as my complicity in its assumptions:

Because computers cannot come to us and meet us in our world, we must continue to adjust our world and bring ourselves to them. We will define and regiment our lives, including our social lives and our perceptions of our selves, in ways that are conducive to what a computer can 'understand'. Their dumbness will become ours.

All of which seems to place immense power, not to mention responsibility, into the hands of the system architects: the coders, designers, advertisers, professional media manipulators and social media gurus devoted to profitable clicking.

Yet this vision of puppeteers effortlessly pulling everyone else's strings — however much it might fulfil both geek fantasies and Luddite nightmares — is distinctly dubious...

Nobody is in control.

What kind of attention do we deserve from those around us, or owe to them in return? What kind of attention do we ourselves deserve, or need, if we are to be 'us' in the fullest possible sense? These aren't questions that even the most finely tuned popularity contest can resolve. Yet, if contentment and a sense of control are partial measures of success, many of us are selling ourselves far too cheap.

Are you still paying attention? I can look for signs, but in the end I can't control what you think or do. And this must be the beginning of any sensible discussion. No matter who or what tells you otherwise, you have the perfect right to ignore me — and to decide for yourself what waits in each waking moment.

TOM CHATFIELD

Extract from *The Attention Economy*

End of Text 4