



TRIAL EXAMINATION 2024

ENGLISH ADVANCED

Paper 1 – Question Booklet

Candidate No:

General Instructions

- Reading Time: 10 minutes
- Working Time: 1 hour 30 minutes
- Write using black pen
- Write your candidate number on the top of the Stimulus, Question and Writing Booklets provided

Structure of Paper & Instructions

- Section I (20 marks).
Spend around 45 minutes on this section. Answer all questions in the Question Booklet provided.
- Section II (20 marks).
Spend around 45 minutes on this section. Answer the question in the Writing Booklets provided.

Total marks:40

**Thursday 8 August
8:40am**

Checklist

Each boy should have the following:

- ☐ 1 Stimulus Booklet
- ☐ 1 Question Booklet
- ☐ 2 Writing Booklets

T Derricourt

Section I

20 Marks

Attempt Questions 1-5

Allow around 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.

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 – Non-Fiction Extract

How does Baird shape her readers' understanding of ways we can find peace in our lives?

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If you need additional space use the lines below.

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Question 2 (3 marks)

Text 2 – Poem

Explain how Ottaway evokes humanity's emotional connection with nature.

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If you need additional space use the lines below.

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Question 3 (4 marks)

Text 3 - Non-Fiction Extract

How does Gay challenge assumptions about common human experiences?

This image shows a full page of white paper with horizontal dotted lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page, providing a guide for handwriting practice. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the page.

If you need additional space use the lines below.

Question 3 continued

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Question 4 (4 marks)

Text 4 – Fiction Extract

Analyse how Dyer uses storytelling to represent the human experience of despair.

This image shows a full page of white paper with horizontal blue ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page, providing a template for handwriting practice or general writing. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the page.

If you need additional space use the lines below.

Question 4 continued

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Question 5 (6 marks)

Texts 5 – Letter and a choice of 1, 2, 3 or 4

Compare how Text 5 and ONE other text from the selection above illustrate the complexity of human motivations and desires.

[illegible]

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If you need additional space use the lines below.

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Section II

20 Marks

Allow around 45 minutes on this section.

Use the Writing Booklets for this question.

In your answer you 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
-

How is Orwell's representation of the **human experience of need** shaped to provoke personal reflection in his readers?

The prescribed text for Section II is:

Orwell, George, *Nineteen Eighty-Four*

END OF QUESTION BOOKLET



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Section I

Text 1 – Non-Fiction Extract

Julia Baird – *Bright Shining: How Grace Changes Everything*

This is where grace lies: in love and in nature. Which is, I think, why we crave the natural world when we are unwell. Why my friend at the Salvation Army Hall was 'really into waterfalls'. Sometimes we need to do as the Bayungu people of Western Australia do, and 'jamba nyinayl' — sit for a little while. It is through solitude, wrote Anne Morrow Lindbergh, that we find our true cores, 'the inner spring', the 'inner stillness'. I often feel the same. So did the poet May Sarton, who wrote the superbly dry and candid *Journal of a Solitude*. Sarton described loneliness as 'poverty of self' and solitude as 'richness of self'. A crucial difference, given how sad loneliness can make us, and how much it can sabotage our health, causing us to sleep poorly and lose immunity, and heighten sensitivity to pain.

I have been so stupidly, hungrily busy for so much of my life, partly because I like working hard, love being stretched and get a buzz from hyper-productivity, partly because I've been trying to make sure, as a single mother, that I can support my children, and partly because I've never been great at allowing myself to just do nothing. My illness has forced me to rest, and the ocean has taught me how, and now I understand that sometimes we need to sit for a little while to comprehend the immensity of the world we live in, and its beauty and fragility — as well as our own. And sometimes we need to acknowledge that being in the natural world is a kind of grace, unearned and complete.

Sarton's advice to imitate trees is wise. 'I think of the trees and how simply they let go, let fall the riches of a season, how without grief (it seems) they can let go and go deep into their roots for renewal and sleep,' she writes. 'Imitate the trees. Learn to lose in order to recover, and remember that nothing stays the same for long, not even pain, psychic pain. Sit it out. Let it all pass.' Such a place of stillness after chaos is much like the 'flukeprint' a whale's tail leaves on the water, so beautifully defined in a poem by Australian artist Samuel Leighton-Dore:

A FLUKEPRINT
Is the patch of calm
left in choppy seas
after a whale deep dives
That moment of silence
after a hard cry the
red on your back after
the kind of hug that
shakes

That's what nature does. It creates flukeprints in our lives.

Text 2 – Poem

Esther Ottaway – “Memoir of Water”

From toddlerhood: a memory of careful bending
and plashing¹ my baby hand in the Huon’s² edge.
My childhood learning held in a saltwater brain;
my solitary mother walking her babies by the river.

Swimming with friends last summer, our bodies
larger with age, remade into squealing children.
Floating in night’s bay as the fireworks
scribbled joy on a black sky, black rippled waves.

The turbid water that followed my baby out.
The tender water I washed my child in.
In my home town, water’s coldness, its finger-thrill.
My paper-boat poem, rose petals for the dead.

How many times water has heard my sorrows.
It never leaves me, willing to take me in.
Give me its power to daily lift through cloud –
its clean forgetfulness that engenders courage.

¹ A synonym for splashing

² The Huon River in Tasmania, Australia

Text 3 – Non-Fiction Extract

Roxane Gay – Extract from “Why the Beach is a Bummer”

It is summer, and so, we are repeatedly reminded, it is time for the beach—beach bodies, beach reads, fruity beach drinks in tall glasses festooned with tiny paper umbrellas and fruits skewered on tiny plastic swords. This is an ideal beach of hot sun, warm sand, crystal-clear water that leaves your skin salted.

But it is all too often a mirage.

I have known beaches.

[...]

Sixty-one percent of Americans don't live anywhere near a beach. We spend a surprising amount of time hearing about this place we will hardly ever see. We watch commercials, TV shows and movies in which nubile young women and their strapping male counterparts frolic on sand, their hair golden and sun-streaked. Long walks on the beach are the supposed holy grail of a romantic evening. The beach becomes a kind of utopia—the place where all our dreams come true.

I have known beaches, but I have no particular fondness for them. I don't like sand in my crevices. I don't like sand at all. I don't enjoy all that sunshine and heat without the benefit of climate control. I don't enjoy other people at the beach—sticky children, young people with firm bodies and scanty bathing suits, those of less firm body staring forlornly at this spectacle. People bring pets, and I am not an animal person. No, I do not want to pet your dog. After 10 minutes, I find myself bored. What are we supposed to do at the beach? I'm black, and so I understand sunbathing as a concept but less so as an activity. How long am I supposed to lie in the sun? When do I turn myself over like roasting meat on a spit? How often do I apply this sunscreen you speak of?

I don't like bathing suits. There is so little material involved and they ride up in places where there should be no riding. They are not flattering for many body types because a beach body is a very specific, slender, toned and tan body. The rest of us, if we dare show up at the beach, should probably don caftans¹, neck to toe. Wearing a bathing suit on a beach would leave me exposed in ways that terrify me: no clothing to hide behind, so much of my flesh spilling, available for mockery or, as this modern age demands, amateur photography in which I end up as the punch line on some website that masks cruelty with so-called humor. I'm not that brave.

There is the water, lapping gently on the shore, but, honestly, it's not that much fun to get into it. Sometimes there are creatures and slimy lengths of

¹ A type of robe

seaweed and sharp things at the bottom. Unlike the swimming pool, there is no chlorine at the beach, and I am quite certain that people are using the ocean as their vast personal toilet. It is an unfathomable stretch of water that holds too much potential for treachery. And sharks.

[...]

Summer itself is also lovelier in theory than practice, despite the best efforts of splashy magazines trying to hype us up. "Get ready for summer," they say, when they should be saying "Prepare for inconsistent weather, humidity, disappointment and dreams deferred."

[...]

It will never be what we want it to be, and yet we cannot help but hold on to this vision of summer, of the beach, of contentment. Despite my better judgment, I am also vulnerable to this fantasy, to so much trembling want. It is an unattainable idyll that we never quite reach, but somehow, it remains enough.

Text 4 – Fiction Extract

David Dyer – *The Midnight Watch*

Herbert Stone is the second officer on the ship that saw Titanic's distress rockets but did not go to its rescue. Stone himself saw the rockets. The world does not yet know his shameful secret. In this scene, his ship is in fog, approaching Boston, where the press awaits!

Hours later, lying in his cabin, Stone could not sleep. The foghorn boomed sorrowfully every minute and the captain's cruel words hounded him. He got up from his bunk. There was something he wanted to do.

He heard seven bells ring down from the bridge: he had half an hour before the midnight watch. It would be his final watch of the voyage – Boston Light¹ must now be only hours away. He dressed warmly and strolled aft² along the shelter deck. He wandered down to the poop³ where he lingered, leaning over the taffrail⁴ to gaze into the ship's wake. The black water, visible only by the feeble light of the stern lamp, turned in on itself in gleaming laminar⁵ folds as it flowed astern into the fog and darkness. The ship was moving very slowly. He stepped onto the lowest rung of the rail and leaned out. The rails were slippery. The water passing below mesmerised him. As he stared at it he was reminded of six newborn kittens his father had once put into a cotton bag, thin enough to show the outlines of their tiny wriggling bodies, and thrown into the clear racing waters of the River Dart⁶. For a while the bag floated, bobbing downstream before it became sodden, and Herbert heard squeaking cries as high-pitched as a bird's. He turned away, but his father made him watch. 'Life is hard,' his father said. 'Not every mouth can be fed, not every life can be lived. We best take it from them before they know what they've lost.'

Odd, Stone thought, standing on the taffrail, that he should think of those kittens now, those six little beings squeezed together in that small dark bag – just like the womb they'd come from only minutes before – feeling the mystery of death come upon them. What would it have been like? He felt himself at the edge of strange new thoughts, on the cusp of some exhilarating empathy. He leaned further out. If he slipped he would fall, but he held on tight with one hand and reached with the other to grab the shreds of vapour that seemed to hang close by. But he clutched only at air. The fog was everywhere except where he was. Such was the nature of fog: to seem thickly solid in the distance but invisible close up.

¹ Boston Light is a lighthouse which marks the entrance to Boston Harbour

² Situated at, near, or towards the rear of a ship

³ The rearmost deck of a ship

⁴ The rail at the back of a ship

⁵ Taking place along constant streamlines, without turbulence

⁶ A river in Devon, England

The water slid by smooth and black, and he felt as trapped as the kittens in their death bag on the river. A single toll of the bell sounded to call the midnight watch, but he did not go. Instead he leaned as far out over the rail as he dared, put his hand into a deep inner pocket of his greatcoat and drew out his copy of *Moby-Dick*. He held it out – this book that his mother had given him, which had made him imagine all the wonders of the sea – and it fell open in the soft light of the stern lamp. For an instant Stone thought he saw the image of Starbuck⁷ – radiant, luminescent, his arms outstretched on the cross made of starlight – but he could not be sure, because already the book was falling away from him, tumbling over itself through space. It fell silently into the sea on its spine, and floated calmly on the water, its pages opening slowly outwards. Then it was gone, taken by a downsurge into the darkness below. For some minutes Herbert Stone stared at the ocean, his cheeks wet with condensation from the mist.

PLEASE TURN OVER FOR TEXT 5

⁷ Starbuck is the loyal first officer of the ship in *Moby-Dick*

Text 5 – Letter

Nick Cave – Letter extract from *The Red Hand Files*

I have heard it said, now and then, that some individuals wake up happy in the morning. Unfortunately, I can't count myself among them. So, forgive me if I come across as some Wim Hof-style wellness guru¹, but I have found something I can do to significantly improve this sorry state of affairs - wild swimming, or more accurately, cold-water swimming.

Some years ago, the winter after Arthur died², I was walking along an empty beach in Brighton and had the sudden impulse to jump into the sea. I was shocked to find that, upon entering the freezing water, I experienced a sudden, violent, radical rearrangement of my relationship with almost everything. I discovered that it was simply impossible to grieve in icy water. This revelation began my love affair with cold-water swimming.

When I am in London, I wake up early, walk through the woods with some other wild swimmers, and jump into the lake. During winter, with water temperatures dropping to freezing, this is nothing less than a catastrophic outrage to the nervous system and an excruciatingly intimate engagement with one's mortality.

This encounter obliterates all anger and worldly woes. To quote Roger Deacon's beautiful book, *Waterlog*, you plunge into the lake with all your raging devils and clamber out 'a giggling idiot'. In icy water, with our adrenaline and endorphins running riot, we are returned to our innocent, primordial selves via an internal ecstatic screaming to be born defiantly afresh. We become tiny creatures in the shock of nature, and, [...] we are made happy!

As my friends and I make our way back through the woods, borne on the wings of God's laughing angels, in the grip of some massive dopamine surge, we understand we are better now. This sense of delight, this shivering joy, will remain with us as we go about our day.

[...]

I swim in the sea in Brighton and the lakes of London, and while away on tour, any available river, stream, reservoir, pond, or ocean. That's where you'll find me, early in the morning, unsupervised, illicit, subversive - wild swimming - my true antidote to despair.

Love, Nick

END OF STIMULUS BOOKLET

¹ A famous Dutch motivational figure.

² Nick Cave's son