

CHERRYBROOK TECHNOLOGY HIGH SCHOOL



AP4 EXAMINATION 2022

ENGLISH

EXTENSION 1

Time Allowed:

2 hours plus 10 minutes reading time

Instructions:

- Read the questions carefully before answering.
- Complete questions 1 and 2
- Allow 1 hour for each question.
- Begin a new booklet for Question 2.
- Ensure your name is on the front of each booklet.

Section I – Common Module: Literary Worlds

25 marks

Attempt Question 1

Allow about 1 hour for this section

Your answer will be assessed on how well you:

- demonstrate an understanding of the ideas and values of Literary Worlds and how they are shaped and reflected in texts
 - craft a sustained response appropriate to the question, demonstrating control of the use of language
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Use Text 1 and Text 2 to answer Question 1.

Text 1 – Nonfiction extract

What, ultimately, is the purpose of art? To get out on the perimeter, where the most terrible deeds occur, and reside there, reporting factually back, no matter how hard the result is to read? I used to think so, back when I was a Hemingway acolyte. I thought that fiction was a slightly poetic form of reportage – the most important thing was the relaying of actual, lived experience.

But it seems to me now that Hemingway's best war stories, and Babel's, are really myths. They are about the human tendencies that underlie war, but that are not limited to war. These tendencies function in everyday, mundane, life too; more quietly, often so quiet as to be unobserved, but they are still there, having their effect.

[A story is] compressed myth, about – well, about all of the things ... discussed in connection with it. What it is not, is a factual account of something that actually happened. Or, if it was based on something that happened, its verisimilitude is not what we admire about it. We admire its artistic coherence, its distillation of great truths, its coherence in the service of the question, "What are human beings up to, anyway?"

To my way of thinking, a good story is more of a cartoon or line drawing than a fully executed oil painting or photograph. We understand that it is alluding to the real deal, but is doing so while being somewhat sketch-like. To the extent that it is "realistic," it is realistic so that we will believe in it, so that it can, in turn, do its mythological work, and speak to us in the present moment, even if we are not personally involved in a war (or a flood, or a murder, or a tempestuous love affair, or so on).

GEORGE SAUNDERS

Extract from 'A Meandering, Retractable Manifesto', *Story Club*

Text 2 – Fiction extract

Eileen was thinking also of childhood, one of Lola's make-believe games, a hidden kingdom, palaces, dukes and peasants, enchanted rivers, forests, lights in the sky. All the twists and turns were lost now, the invented names in magic languages, the loyalties and betrayals. What remained were the real-life places over which the fictive world had been imposed: the cowshed behind their house, the overgrown reaches of the garden, gaps behind hedges, the damp shale running down to the river. And in the house: the attic, the staircase, the coat closet. Still these places gave Eileen a special feeling, or at least she could, if she willed, tune into a special feeling that was in them, an aesthetic frequency. They filled her with pleasure, with a thrill of something like excitement. Like good stationery, heavy pens, unlined paper, they represented to her the possibility of imagination, a possibility so much finer in itself and more delicate than anything she had ever managed to imagine. No, her imagination let her down. It was something other people either had or didn't want anyway. Eileen wanted and didn't have it. Like Alice in her moral philosophy, she was caught between two positions. Maybe everyone was, in everything that mattered.

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The bridal party stood together under a tree to have their photograph taken, inching closer and further apart, murmuring to one another with fixed smiles. Only then Eileen saw him, Simon, standing at the church door watching her. They looked at one another for a long moment without moving, without speaking, and in the soil of that look many years were buried.

SALLY ROONEY

Extract from *Beautiful World, Where are You*

Question 1 (25 marks)

In your response to parts (a) and (b), draw on your understanding of the module Literary Worlds and the extract(s) provided.

- (a) Use Text 1 and Text 2 to answer this part.

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Discuss the ways in which these extracts represent the ways literary worlds are both a 'distillation of great truths,' and reveal what is 'buried'.

- (b) Use Text 2 to answer this part.

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Taking inspiration from Text 2, imagine a moment in which a character finds themselves 'caught between two positions'. Compose a piece of imaginative writing that explores this struggle.

Section II – Electives

25 marks

Attempt Question 2

Allow about 1 hour for this section

Your answer will be assessed on how well you:

- demonstrate an understanding of the ideas and values of Literary Worlds and how they are shaped and reflected in texts
 - craft a sustained response appropriate to the question, demonstrating control of the use of language
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Question 2 – Elective 5: Literary Mindscapes (25 marks)

To what extent has your study of ideas and values in Literary Mindscapes enhanced your understanding of disconnection and unity?

In your response, you should consider both the composers and the characters. You must refer to TWO of your prescribed texts and at least ONE related text of your own choosing.

The prescribed texts are:

- **Prose Fiction**
 - William Faulkner, *As I Lay Dying*
 - Gail Jones, *Sixty Lights*
 - Katherine Mansfield, *The Collected Stories*
 - * *Prelude*
 - * *Je ne Parle pas Français*
 - * *Bliss*
 - * *Psychology*
 - * *The Daughters of the Late Colonel*
- **Poetry**
 - Emily Dickinson, *The Complete Poems*

The prescribed poems are:

 - * *I felt a Funeral, in my Brain*
 - * *This is my letter to the World*
 - * *I died for Beauty – but was scarce*
 - * *I had been hungry, all the Years*
 - * *Because I could not stop for Death*
 - * *My Life had stood – a Loaded Gun*
 - * *A word dropped careless on a Page*
- **Drama**
 - William Shakespeare, *Hamlet*
- **Film**
 - Sofia Coppola, *Lost in Translation*