



2019 TRIAL EXAMINATION 2 UNIT ADVANCED ENGLISH Paper 1 Question Booklet Texts and Human Experiences

Candidate number:

General Instructions

- Reading Time: 10 minutes
- Writing Time: 1 hour and 30 minutes
- Write using black pen
- Write your candidate number on the top of the Workbook and Writing Booklets provided
- Put your Question Paper inside your Answer Booklets and hand up in one bundle

Structure of Paper & Instructions

- Section I: Reading Task (20 marks) Answer all questions in the Workbook provided.
- Section II: Extended Response (20 marks) Answer the question in the Writing Booklets provided

Date:

8th August, 2019

Time:

Allow 45 minutes for Section I and 45 minutes for Section II

Total Marks:

40

Weighting:

5% of total assessment mark

CHECKLIST

Each boy should have the following:

- 1 Question Paper
- 1 Stimulus Booklet
- 1 6-page Section I Workbook
- 2 Writing Booklets

Master's initials: LNC

Section I - Common Module: Texts and Human Experiences

(20 marks – 45 minutes)

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
-

Examine texts 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 carefully in the Stimulus Booklet and then answer the questions below in the Workbook provided.

Text 1 – Painting

3 marks

- (a) Explain how the painting represents the human experience of bonding.

Texts 2 and 3 – Memoir and Poem

7 marks

- (b) Compare how the memoir and poem convey the paradoxes in relationships between fathers and sons.

Text 4 – Non-fiction article

5 marks

- (c) Explain how factual details and humour are used to represent the experience of being a father.

Text 5 – Fiction extract

5 marks

- (d) Explain how different aspects of cultural experiences are represented in the fiction extract.

Section 2 - Common Module: Texts and Human Experiences

(20 marks – 45 minutes)

Begin this section in a new writing booklet.

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
-

Evaluate how the dystopian form contributes to an appreciation of the fundamental alienation of the individual in the world of *Nineteen Eighty-Four*.

_____ **End of Paper** _____



2019 TRIAL EXAMINATION

2 Unit Advanced English

Paper 1 – Stimulus Booklet

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8th August, 2019

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40

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Master's initials: LNC

Section 1

Text One – Painting: *An Old Man and his Grandson* (1490), Domenico Ghirlandaio



Text Two – Memoir: ‘My Father’s Face’, Chang-Rae Lee

One of my clearest memories is of my father washing his face. He did so in a most particular way, with a vigour and thoroughness that made me feel somehow cleaner for simply having watched him. In the mornings, while he got ready for the workday, I’d sit on the toilet seat brushing my teeth as he went through the various stages of his ablutions.¹

My father would turn on the taps until the water ran warm and then liberally splash himself as he bent over the basin, sprays of water dotting me. Like seemingly all Korean men back then, he wore a ribbed tank top beneath his dress shirts, and the shoulder straps would get a little damp as he wet his face and ears and neck. He built up a load of soapy lather and got to work, roughly polishing the sides of his nose and his cheeks in a circular motion and radiating outward to his ears, using his index fingers and thumbs to scrape the nooks and whorls. Making a rake of his fingers, he scoured behind his ears, then shifted to the back of his neck, tilting his head slightly to each side to bare it for forceful soaping. Next, he rotated the bar of Ivory in his hands to replenish the lather, which he needed for cleaning the rest of his face – his eyelids and his temples and his angling, broad forehead, unwrinkled then, going foamy and white. Sometimes he liked to frighten me by turning quickly and opening his eyes wide and flaring his lips, this snowy beast, and then smile when I began to whimper, and although my heart detonated each time, I liked it, too, for the way it was him and not him and him again, in the span of a gasp.

He’d wash away the suds with great handfuls of water, dousing himself while briskly rubbing his skin once more, and you would wonder why he didn’t just take a shower instead. Maybe it was because he was a refugee during the war and grew up in harsh times afterward, but bathing every day was a habit neither he nor my mother had yet developed. I can imagine them both waiting in line for their brief turn at a cold water tap, poised to clean themselves as swiftly and as fully as they could.

On the weekends, I often showered with my father, and he showed me how to rub tiny dark rolls of grime from my forearms and from the scallops of my heels, and then scrubbed my shampooed scalp so hard it would tingle long afterward. My favourite part was when he dried my hair, his method not to blot and rub, as you normally would, but to hold each end of the smallish towel and whip the middle back and forth against my head to flick away the dampness. No plush bath towel for us.

(cont’d over)

¹ washing, bathing, etc

Forty-five years later, I would be washing him, Parkinson's having rendered his body stiff and frail, his mind loitering elsewhere. With both hands he held the shower bar as I sponged his flanks and hosed him off with the sprayer. I washed his face, too, but with my hands, if more gently than he probably wanted. I tried not to get soap in his eyes. When he was dying, I was far away and couldn't get to him in time. The hospital morgue staff let me see him. He lay on a gurney² with a sheet drawn up to his chin. There was his mouth, in a slight pinch. His forehead was cold wood against my lips. He smelled sterile, almost clean. It wasn't him.

² a wheeled stretcher or trolley, especially used in a hospital

Text Three – Poem: ‘My Papa’s Waltz’, Theodore Roethke

The whiskey on your breath
Could make a small boy dizzy;
But I hung on like death
Such waltzing was not easy.

We romped until the pans
Slid from the kitchen shelf;
My mother’s countenance³
Could not unfrown itself.

The hand that held my wrist
Was battered on one knuckle;
At every step you missed
My right ear scraped a buckle.

You beat time on my head
With a palm caked hard by dirt,
Then waltzed me off to bed
Still clinging to your shirt.

³ a person’s bearing, demeanour, appearance

Text Four – Non-fiction article: ‘Eight New Things Science Says About Being a Dad’, Randy Rieland

Dads aren’t supposed to be complicated. Give them a mower and a lawn to cut, and they’re happy. That’s the stereotype.

But the role of father is considerably more layered and multi-dimensional—and worthy of scientific analysis. So researchers have been hard at it. Here are some recent studies on fathers published since last Father’s Day:

Speak baby to me: For all the progress dads have made in connecting with babies, they apparently need more practice cooing. You know, that high-pitched, sing-song voice that mothers have mastered so well that it’s sometimes referred to as “motherese.” Fathers just don’t do it that often, according to a recent study at Washington State University. Researchers there placed tiny recorders into the pockets of 11 preschoolers and taped a total of 150 hours of sounds and speech directed at them. Not surprisingly, every mother in the study raised the pitch of her voice and slowed her speech when talking with her young child. Most of the fathers didn’t. In fact, they usually spoke with their toddlers like they did with other adults. While previous research has suggested that small kids prefer “motherese” and that it appears to help build language skills, the co-author of the Washington State study, Mark Van Dam, believes non-cooing dads may be fulfilling a different role. He thinks that by talking like an adult, they may be providing the child with a conversational connection to the outside world.

Dad genes: You may have been told you’re the spitting image of your mother, but a study at the University of North Carolina has determined that mammals are more like their dads in terms of their genetic makeup. We do get equal amounts of genetic mutations from our parents, and it is those mutations that make us different from other people. But this research, published in the journal *Nature Genetics*, concluded that we actually make use of more of the DNA we inherit from our dad. So why does this matter? Scientists say that when it comes to studying diseases passed on from parent to child, this finding suggests that it can make a difference if the genes that cause a disease come from the mother or the father.

Job satisfaction: Dads who are able to spend time with their kids every day are more likely to feel good about their work-life situation and less likely to quit their jobs, according to a team of researchers at Northeastern University in Boston. Concluded the study’s co-author, Jamie Ladge: “There’s a real benefit to being an involved father. By doing so, they’ll be happier and more satisfied in their workplace, which leads to positive outcomes for their organizations.”

<https://www.smithsonianmag.com/science-nature/eight-new-things-science-says-about-being-dad-180955616/>

Text Five – Fiction extract: from *The Joy Luck Club*, Amy Tan

My daughter wanted to go to China for her second honeymoon, but now she is afraid.

“What if I blend in so well they think I am one of them?” Waverly asked me. “What if they don’t let me come back to the United States?”

“When you go to China,” I told her, “you don’t even need to open your mouth. They already know you are an outsider.”

“What are you talking about?” she asked. My daughter likes to speak back. She likes to question what I say.

“Aii-ya,” I said. “Even if you put on their clothes, even if you take off your makeup and hide your fancy jewelry, they know. They know the way you walk, the way you carry your face. They know you do not belong.”

My daughter did not look pleased when I told her this, that she didn’t look Chinese. She had a sour American look on her face. Oh, maybe ten years ago, she would have clapped her hands – hurray! – as if this were good news. But now she wants to be Chinese, it is so fashionable. And I know it is too late. All those years I tried to teach her! She followed my Chinese ways only until she learned to walk out the door by herself and go to school. So now the only Chinese words she can say are *shsh*, *houche*, *chr fan*, and *gwan deng shweijyan*. How can she talk to people in China with these words? Pee-pee, choo-choo train, eat, close light sleep. How can she think she can blend in? Only her skin and hair are Chinese. Inside – she is all American-made.

It is my fault that she is this way. I wanted my children to have the best combination: American circumstances and Chinese character. How to obey parents and listen to your mother’s mind. How not to show your own thoughts, to put your feelings behind your face so you can take advantage of hidden opportunities. Why easy things are not worth pursuing. How to know your own worth and polish it, never flashing around like a cheap ring. Why Chinese thinking is best.

No, this kind of thing didn’t stick to her. She was too busy chewing gum, blowing bubbles bigger than her cheeks. Only that kind of thinking stuck.

“Don’t be so old-fashioned, Ma,” she told me, pouring her coffee down the sink. “I’m my own person.”

And I think, How can she be her own person? When did I give her up?

Section II

The prescribed text for Section II is listed below:

George Orwell, *Nineteen Eighty-Four* (1949)

_____ **End of Stimulus Booklet** _____