

SECTION II (15 marks)

Attempt Question 2

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Your answer will be assessed on how well you:

- express understanding of discovery in the context of your studies
 - organise, develop and express ideas using language appropriate to audience, purpose and context
-

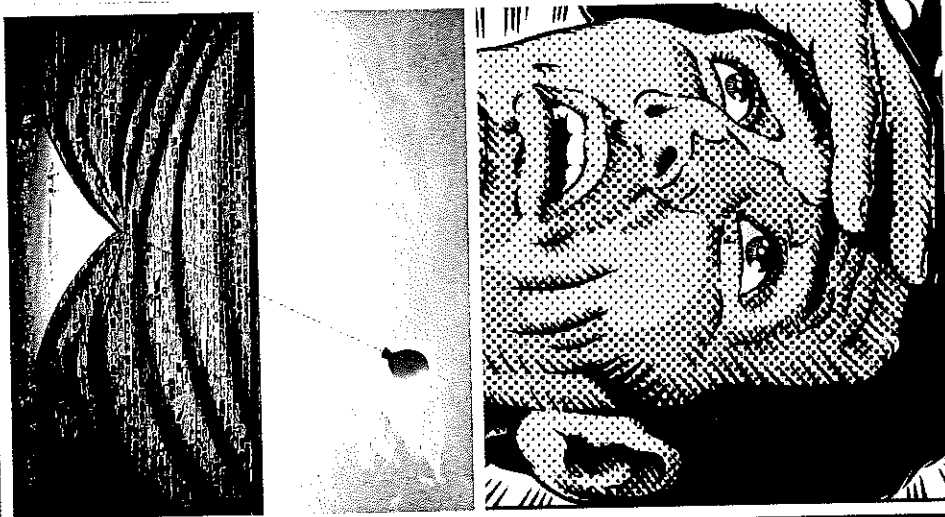
QUESTION 2 (15 marks)

Compose a piece of imaginative writing which explores the unexpected impact of discovery.

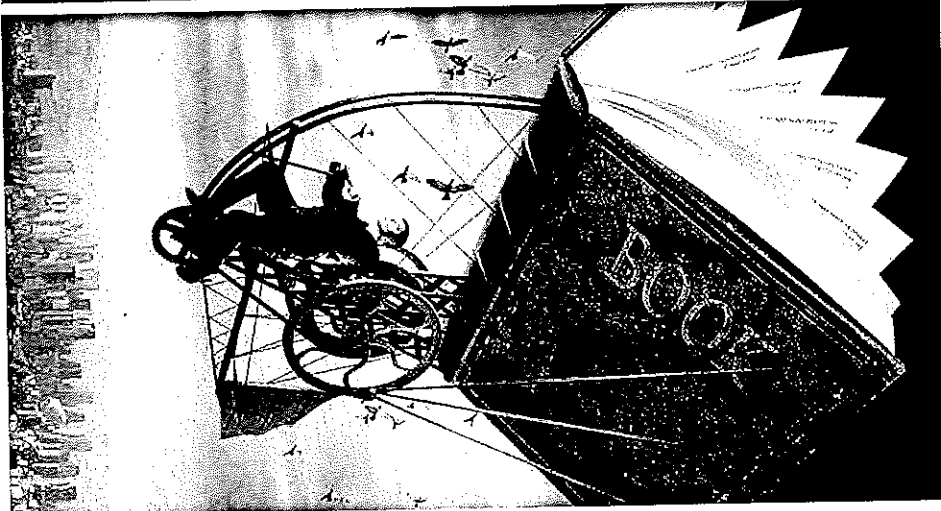
Use ONE of the images on the next page as the central element of your writing.

QUESTION 2 continued

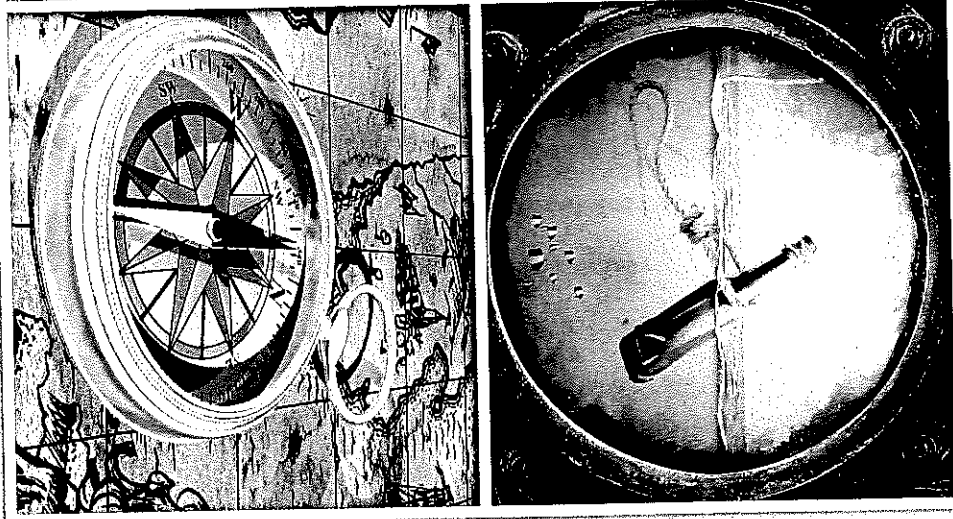
© Dynamic Duo Studio, Worried Man - Image: 48370



© Igor Morski (Artist, Poznan, Poland) <http://www.igormorski.pl/>



© Astrid Rieger, Digart Picture



“Waiting for you” - Digital Art/Photomanipulation/Surreal by Jeannette Woitzak. <http://schmetz.deviantart.com> © 2009-2015 Schmetz

Illustration of a golden compass on an antique map #egg4565653 © GoGraph.com/Paul Fleet



Student answers

QUESTION 2 Sample 1

~~Follow~~ Follow

~~Plumes~~ Plumes of dust arose in small clouds of
 chaos about my boots. I stumbled in the wake
 of my father's chadow, his huge frame hunched over
 the tiny golden dial he held in his hands. Every
 now and then ~~the~~ a beam of light would fire from
 the sun and sparkle like ~~the~~ fireworks
 off the rusted edge of the compass. I could never use
 it; he said I was too young. My fingers had grown
 numb in the time since we'd left the ~~house~~^{house}. I
 shovelled them into my pockets, the frozen tips slipping
 through a hidden hole, touching my leg, startling
 me. My father turned around, his stern glance
 catching my wary eyes. He said we couldn't
 talk once we left the ~~the~~ ^{house} house.

The golden sun had ~~begin~~ begun to fall over distant
 mountains, its yellow fingers clawing at the snaying
 blades of grass. Not a single cloud sat in the sky;
 my father always said spring was the best time of
 year. The crimson horizon was illuminated in a great
 symphony of pink and red tinges, swallowing the
 flashing planes of tired tourists making their way

QUESTION 2 Sample 1 continued

to the city. The distant sounds of a creek trickled through the valley to where we walked, soothing the nerves that had begun to build in my stomach. My father slowed down, resting his ~~rough~~^{calloused} hand upon my shoulder. "We're almost here," he whispered, before his black boots and rusted compass were once again leading the way. My heartbeat quickened. The air was soft and rolled over my cheeks.

The glare of the sun blotted off the tin roof of the old shed that sat atop the hill. Clearly, it was never used anymore. The discoloured paint was stained with the blood red of the rust that suffocated the frail steel. The windows were all either broken or missing, fragments of their beauty settled like dust across the old wooden floor. My father's face was full of intent, scanning the rolling grass. "Get ready my boy," he whispered, reaching into the depths of his fading pocket. He brought out a single brass shell, and ~~pressed~~ slid it into the barrel of the rifle which was no longer across his shoulder. Not once taking his eye off the sleepy horizon, he ~~up~~ pushed the bolt forward, ~~and~~ ~~lacking~~ ~~the~~ the shell into ~~place~~ place. Then he passed the rifle to me, the tanned wooden stock worn by years of use.

QUESTION 2 Sample 1 continued

I slid the butt into my shoulder; the odd dimensions of the gun bore awkwardly on my arms. Then, slowly, one foot after the other, I made my way to the shed.

My father held back, his mighty arms folded across his chest. The rifle ~~gave~~ ^{gave} me no comfort.

Within a few short minutes I arrived at the side of the shed. Look to the west clapped in the wind atop the ancient roof. The crisp salty smell of the eastern sea breeze drifted through the trees, softened by the calming aroma of the damp earth. I scanned like my father did, left to right across the open green. Then I saw it. It startled me. A small brown figure that leapt into view momentarily before suddenly halting, delicately ~~poised~~ poised, searching. I awkwardly raised the rifle, trying to position my eye like my father. ~~My~~ My vision was blurry, the robust weapon too grand for my small frame. I couldn't see properly. I wasn't as tall as him. I jerked the trigger.

The thumping footsteps of my father closed in on me, his steady breaths much faster now. In front, all I could see were brilliant flashes of brown and white.

QUESTION 2 Sample 1 continued

"Did you hit it?"

"I... I dunno."

"Quick." My father's giant frame lurched ahead of me. I didn't notice ~~when~~ his hands sweep the rifle from my own, the beaten stock now dwarfed by his immense grip. He arrived at the body. ~~It~~ It still wobbled in the ground, the soft brown and white now stained by the stark red of fresh blood. I winced, the animal squeaked, baring its small teeth as it struggled for air. "It's a rough shot... very rough." My father stooped and grabbed the long hind legs of the animal. "I told you the chest... the heart, son." Frightened, the animal frantically tried to escape, ignoring the wound that gaped in its windquarters. ~~My~~ The bullet had torn clean through. My father's grip tightened, the animal's eyes widened with fear. Blood was everywhere.

I turned and ran, away from the animal, away from my father, away. I sat atop the old leaning fence by ~~the~~ the shed, catching my breath. I was no ~~longer~~ longer cold; my whole body was burning with a fright and exhaustion. My father arrived at my side, the rabbit hanging limp in his grip. He paused, glanced once more to the golden compass nestled in his palm, then with his unchanged look of certainty, motioned

QUESTION 2 Sample 1 continued

for home.

The last glimpses of the golden sun swallowed by
small body as the black of night snugged at
my heels. "I... I'm sorry Da..."
"Shh."

The ^{rabbit's} ~~rabbit's~~ body swayed in time with the grass. The
shadows grew and danced in the dark. My father's
eyes were fixed on the fluttering needle, guiding us
home.

I could never use it; he said I was too young.

Comment

This is an evocative response that uses the compass from the stimulus as a motif in the story. The response demonstrates a skilful control of language, with the strong use of figurative language creating a sense of place. The representation of the father-and-son relationship is particularly moving. The choice of language, such as 'giant frame', 'mighty arms' and 'calloused hands', is used to create a menacing image of the father. The successful manipulation of sentence structure allows for dramatic tension and assists in the subtle impact of the nature of discovery.