



PB TUTORING

Achieve Your Personal Best

Practice Paper 2

Texts and Human Experiences

Section 1

Section I

20 marks

Attempt All Questions

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

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
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Examine texts **1, 2, 3**, and **4** in the stimulus booklet and then carefully answer the questions below

Question 1 (3 marks)

Use **Text 1** to answer this question:

How does the composer use visual techniques to convey important ideas about the human experience?

Question 2 (5 marks)

Use **Texts 1** and **2** to answer this question:

Discuss how both texts reveal the significance of interpersonal connection to the collective human experience.

Question 3 (5 marks)

Use **Text 3** to answer this question:

Explore how Heaney reveals the importance of memory and tradition within his poem.

Question 4 (7 marks)

Use **Text 4** to answer this question:

How does the writer represent the changing nature of filial relationships in her essay?

Stimulus Booklet – Section 1

Text 1 – Image



Text 2 – Feature Article

A hug a day keeps the doctor away!

“Hugs can do great amounts of good.” Princess Diana

You may have heard the old adage “An apple a day keeps the doctor away.”

New research now shows that hugs and cuddles have long term benefits, and can help the brain, heart and even other physical body systems (1).

While a hug is something very simple and may happen unconsciously everyday, recent studies have shown that even a 10 second hug daily can lower the risk of heart disease, combat stress, ease depression and even has the power to fight infections (2).

So how does hugging really help?

Studies have shown that when we hug, oxytocin is released in our blood stream by the pituitary gland, lowering both the heart rate and cortisol or stress hormone levels in the body (3). Oxytocin is also known as the love hormone and plays an important part in all pair bonding. It is the same hormone released during childbirth and also while lactating, thereby being one of the reasons for the promotion of bonding between mother and child.

Some of the real medical benefits of hugging is as follows(4).

- It can help prevents colds
- Causes a decrease in heart rate.
- Causes blood pressure to drop.
- Causes a decrease in stress hormones cortisol and norepinephrin

Cortisol is one of the steroid hormones released by the adrenal gland. An excess of cortisol in the blood causes high blood pressure, osteoporosis, anxiety, depression and also leads to weight gain, that is really difficult to lose in spite of working out or maintaining a diet plan (5).

Norepinephrin is a substance release from sympathetic nerve fibres. It is responsible for the fight or flight response, forcing contaction of the heart and increasing the heart rate(6).

And these are just the medical benefits.

Virginia Satir, inspirational author, family therapist and creator of the change process model, a psychological method used extensively in NLP (Neuro Linguistic Programming), states that ***“We need 4 hugs a day for survival. We need 8 hugs a day for maintenance. We need 12 hugs a day for growth.”***

While there are many ways to hug, research also shows that a proper deep hug, where the hearts are pressing each other can have immense benefits (7).

We have already learnt about the benefits of oxytocin, holding a hug for a long time can also lift one’s seratonin levels, elevating mood and creating happiness. So go ahead and give willing loved one’s a hug. It not only feels good, it is also good for your health.

Text 3 – Poem

Digging

Between my finger and my thumb
The squat pen rests; snug as a gun.

Under my window, a clean rasping sound
When the spade sinks into gravelly ground:
My father, digging. I look down

Till his straining rump among the flowerbeds
Bends low, comes up twenty years away
Stooping in rhythm through potato drills
Where he was digging.

The coarse boot nestled on the lug, the shaft
Against the inside knee was levered firmly.
He rooted out tall tops, buried the bright edge deep
To scatter new potatoes that we picked,
Loving their cool hardness in our hands.

By God, the old man could handle a spade.
Just like his old man.

My grandfather cut more turf in a day
Than any other man on Toner's bog.
Once I carried him milk in a bottle
Corked sloppily with paper. He straightened up
To drink it, then fell to right away
Nicking and slicing neatly, heaving sods
Over his shoulder, going down and down
For the good turf. Digging.

The cold smell of potato mould, the squelch and slap
Of soggy peat, the curt cuts of an edge
Through living roots awaken in my head.
But I've no spade to follow men like them.

Between my finger and my thumb
The squat pen rests.
I'll dig with it.

SEAMUS HEANEY

Text 4 – Non-Fiction Extract

Letters To My Mother

Imagine you putting on your glasses to read this letter. *Oh, Lord, what now?* You tilt your head back and hold the page away from you, your left hand flat on your chest, protecting your heart. “Dear Mom” at the top of a long, typed letter from me has so often meant trouble. Happy, uncomplicated things—these I could always toss you easily over the phone: I love you, where in the world is my birth certificate, what’s in your zucchini casserole, happy birthday, this is our new phone number, we’re having a baby in March, my plane comes in at seven, see you then, I love you.

The hard things went into letters. I started sending them from college, the kind of self-absorbed epistles that usually began as diary entries and should have stayed there. During those years I wore black boots from an army surplus store and a five-dollar haircut from a barbershop and went to some trouble to fill you in on the great freedom women could experience if only they would throw off the bondage of housewifely servitude. I made sideways remarks about how I couldn’t imagine being anybody’s wife. In my heart I believed that these letters—in which I tried to tell you how I’d become someone entirely different from the child you’d known—would somehow make us friends. But instead they only bought me a few quick gulps of air while I paced out the distance between us.

I lived past college, and so did my hair, and slowly I learned the womanly art of turning down the volume. But I still missed you, and from my torment those awful letters bloomed now and then. I kept trying; I’m trying still. But this time I want to say before anything else: Don’t worry. Let your breath out. I won’t hurt you anymore. We measure the distance in miles now, and I don’t have to show you I’m far from where I started. Increasingly, that distance seems irrelevant. I want to tell you what I remember.

I’m Three Years Old. You’ve left me for the first time with your mother while you and Daddy took a trip. Grandmama fed me cherries and showed me the secret of her hair: Five metal hairpins come out, and the everyday white coil drops in a silvery waterfall to the back of her knees. Her house smells like polished wooden stairs and soap and Granddad’s onions and ice cream, and I would love to stay there always but I miss you bitterly without end. On the day of your return I’m standing in the driveway waiting when the station wagon pulls up. You jump out your side, my mother in happy red lipstick and red earrings, pushing back your dark hair from the shoulder of your white sleeveless blouse, turning so your red skirt swirls like a rose with the perfect promise of you emerging from the center. So beautiful. You raise one hand in a tranquil wave and move so slowly up the driveway that your body seems to be underwater. I understand with a shock that you are extremely happy. I have been miserable and alone waiting in the driveway, and you were at the beach with Daddy and *happy*. Happy without me.

I Am Sitting On Your Lap, and you are crying. Thank you, honey, thank you, you keep saying, rocking back and forth as you hold me in the kitchen chair. I’ve brought you flowers: the sweet peas you must have spent all spring trying to grow, training them up the trellis in the yard. You had nothing to work with but abundant gray rains and the patience of a young wife at home with pots and pans and small children, trying to create just one beautiful thing, something to take you outside our tiny white clapboard house

on East Main. I never noticed until all at once they burst through the trellis in a pink red purple dazzle. A finger-painting of colors humming against the blue air: I could think of nothing but to bring it to you. I climbed up the wooden trellis and picked the flowers. Every one. They are gone already, wilting in my hand as you hold me close in the potato-smelling kitchen, and your tears are damp in my hair but you never say a single thing but *Thank you*.

Just One Thing, I'm demanding of you. It's the middle of summer, humid beyond all reason, and I am thirteen: a tempest of skinned knees and menarche. You are trying to teach me how to do laundry, showing me how to put the bluing in with the sheets. The swampy Monday-afternoon smell of sheets drowning under the filmy, shifting water fills me with pure despair. I want no part of that smell. No future in white sheets and bluing. *Name one good thing about being a woman*, I say to you.

There are lots of good things.... Your voice trails off with the thin blue stream that trickles into the washer's indifferent maw.

In a rare flush of adrenaline or confidence, I hold on, daring you: *OK, then. If that's true, just name me one.*

You hesitated. I remember that. I saw a hairline crack in your claim of a homemaker's perfect contentment. Finally you said, *The love of a man. That's one thing. Being taken care of and loved by a man.*

And because you'd hesitated I knew I didn't have to believe it.

At Fifteen I Am Raging at you in my diary, with- out courage or real intention, yet, of actually revealing myself to you. *Why do you want to ruin my life? Why can't you believe I know how to make my own decisions? Why do you treat me like a child? No makeup or nail polish allowed in this house—you must think I am a baby or a nun. You tell me if I forget to close the curtains when I get undressed the neighbor boy will rape me. You think all boys are evil. You think if I go out with my girlfriends I'll get kidnaped. You think if I'm in the same room with a boy and a can of beer, I'll instantly become a pregnant alcoholic.*

Halfway through the page I crumble suddenly and write in a meeker hand, *I have to learn to keep my big mouth shut and not fight with Mom. I love her so much.*

I am a young woman sliced in two, half of me claiming to know everything and the other half just as sure I will never know anything at all. I am too awkward and quiet behind my curtain of waist-length hair, a girl unnoticed, a straight-A schoolmouse who can't pass for dumb and cute in a small-town, marry-young market that values—as far as I can see—no other type.

I understand this to be all your fault. You made me, and I was born a girl. You trained me to be a woman, and regarding that condition I fail to see one good thing.

I'm Thirty-Two, With my own daughter in my arms. I've sent you a picture of her, perfect and gorgeous in her bassinette. Her tiny hand is making a delicate circle, index finger to thumb, pinkie extended as if she were holding a teacup. How could my ferocious will create such a delicate, feminine child? *This one is all girl*, I write on the back, my daughter's first caption. You send back a photo of me at the same age, eight weeks, in my bassinette. I can't believe it: I am making a delicate circle with my hand, index finger to thumb, pinkie extended.

My Nine-Year-Old Daughter comes home from a summer slumber party with painted nails, and I mean *painted*. Day-Glo green on the fingers, purple on the toes. We drive to the drugstore for nail polish remover.

Please! All the girls my age are doing this.

How can every nine-year-old on the planet possibly be painting her toenails purple?

I don't know. They just are.

School starts in a week. Do you want to be known by your teacher as the girl with the green fingernails?

Yes. But I guess you don't.

Do you really?

She looks down at her nails and states: Yes. With her porcelain skin and long, dark lashes, she is a Raphael cherub. Her perfect mouth longs to pout, but she resists, holds her back straight. A worthy vessel for her own opinions. Despite myself, I admire her.

OK, we'll compromise. The green comes off. But keep the purple toenails.

I Was Three Years Old, standing in the driveway waiting for the car to bring you back from Florida. You arrived glowing with happiness. *Because of me*. I felt stung, thinking you could carry on your life of bright-red lipstick smiles outside of my presence, but I know now I was wrong. You looked happy *because of me*. You hadn't seen me for more than a week, hadn't nursed me for years, and yet your breasts tingled before you opened the car door. The soles of your feet made contact with the ground, and your arms opened up as you walked sure-footed once again into the life you knew as my mother. I know exactly how you felt. I am your happiness. It's a cross I am willing to bear.

BARBARA KINGSLOVER