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Student Number

ABBOTSLEIGH

2020 HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE TRIAL EXAMINATION

English Advanced

Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

**General
Instructions**

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Working time – 1 hour and 30 minutes
- Write using black pen
- A Stimulus Booklet is provided at the back of this paper
- Write your Student Number at the top of this page and pages 5 and 7

**Total marks:
40**

Section I – 20 marks (pages 2–10)

- Attempt Questions 1–5
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section II – 20 marks (pages 11–15)

- Attempt ONE question from Questions 6(a)–6(n)
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section



Section I

20 marks

Attempt Questions 1–5

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Read the texts on pages 2–7 of 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
-

Question 1 (3 marks)

Text 1 — Illustration

Explain how this visual text represents human emotions.

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Question 2 (4 marks)

Text 2 — Poem

How does the poet invite the reader to challenge assumptions and see the world differently?
Make reference to the text in your response. **4**

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Section I continues on page 5



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Student Number

**English Advanced
Paper 1 — Texts and Human
Experiences**

Section I (continued)

Attempt Question 3

Answer the question in the space provided. This space provides guidance for the expected length of response.

Question 3 (4 marks)

Text 2 and Text 3 — Poem and Letter extract

Analyse how the texts *A Blind Woman* and *The Getting of Wisdom: A letter to my daughter* 4 convey ideas about resilience.

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Question 3 continues on page 6





Question 3 (continued)

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Section I continues on page 7



English Advanced
Paper 1 — Texts and Human
Experiences

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Student Number

Section I (continued)

Attempt Questions 4–5

Answer the questions in the spaces provided. These spaces provide guidance for the expected length of response.

Please turn over



Question 4 (3 marks)

Text 4 — Prose fiction extract

Explain how the narrator’s feelings of admiration for Sam Malakite are represented in the extract.

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Question 5 (6 marks)

Text 3 AND Texts 1 OR 2 OR 4 — Letter AND Illustration OR Poem OR Prose fiction extract

Explore the ways composers convey the significance of wisdom in the shaping of the human experience.

In your response you must refer to **Text 3** and ONE other text from **Texts 1, 2 or 4**. **6**

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Question 5 (continued)

A series of 25 horizontal dotted lines, spaced evenly down the page, intended for providing an answer to the question.

End of Question 5

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English Advanced

Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

Section II

20 marks

Attempt ONE question from Questions 6 (a) – 6 (n)

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the question in the Section II Writing Booklet. Extra writing booklets are available.

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
 - organise, develop and express ideas using language appropriate to audience, purpose and context
-

Question 6 (20 marks)

Prose Fiction

(a) Anthony Doerr, *All the Light We Cannot See*

To what extent does *All the Light We Cannot See* represent the human qualities and emotions that arise from determination?

OR

(b) Amanda Lohrey, *Vertigo*

To what extent does *Vertigo* represent the human qualities and emotions that arise from strength?

OR

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

To what extent does *Nineteen Eighty-Four* represent the human qualities and emotions that arise from the abuse of power?

OR

Question 6 continues on page 12

Question 6 (continued)

(d) Favel Parrett, *Past the Shallows*

To what extent does *Past the Shallows* represent the human qualities and emotions that arise from grief?

OR

Poetry

(e) Rosemary Dobson, *Rosemary Dobson Collected*

To what extent does Dobson's poetry represent the human qualities and emotions that arise from ageing?

The prescribed poems are:

- * *Young Girl at a Window*
- * *Over the Hill*
- * *Summer's End*
- * *The Conversation*
- * *Cock Crow*
- * *Amy Caroline*
- * *Canberra Morning*

OR

(f) Kenneth Slessor, *Selected Poems*

To what extent does Slessor's poetry represent the human qualities and emotions that arise from the challenges of war?

The prescribed poems are:

- * *Wild Grapes*
- * *Gulliver*
- * *Out of Time*
- * *Vesper-Song of the Reverend Samuel Marsden*
- * *William Street*
- * *Beach Burial*

OR

Question 6 continues on page 13

Question 6 (continued)

Drama

- (g) Jane Harrison, *Rainbow's End*, from Vivienne Cleven et al., *Contemporary Indigenous Plays***

To what extent does *Rainbow's End* represent the human qualities and emotions that arise from tolerance?

OR

- (h) Arthur Miller, *The Crucible***

To what extent does *The Crucible* represent the human qualities and emotions that arise from love?

OR

- (i) William Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice***

To what extent does *The Merchant of Venice* represent the human qualities and emotions that arise from the complexities of love?

OR

Question 6 continues on page 14

Question 6 (continued)

Nonfiction

(j) Tim Winton, *The Boy Behind the Curtain*

To what extent does *The Boy Behind the Curtain* represent the human qualities and emotions that arise from independence?

The prescribed chapters are:

- * *Havoc: A Life in Accidents*
- * *Betsy*
- * *Twice on Sundays*
- * *The Wait and the Flow*
- * *In the Shadow of the Hospital*
- * *The Demon Shark*
- * *Barefoot in the Temple of Art*

OR

(k) Malala Yousafzai and Christina Lamb, *I am Malala*

To what extent does *I am Malala* represent the human qualities and emotions that arise from resilience?

OR

Film

(l) Stephen Daldry, *Billy Elliot*

To what extent does *Billy Elliot* represent the human qualities and emotions that arise from the complexities of love?

OR

Question 6 continues on page 15

Question 6 (continued)

Media

(m) Ivan O'Mahoney, *Go Back to Where You Came From*

To what extent does *Go Back to Where You Came From* represent the human qualities and emotions that arise from anxiety?

The prescribed episodes are:

* *Series 1: Episodes 1, 2 and 3*

and

* *The Response*

OR

(n) Lucy Walker, *Waste Land*

To what extent does *Waste Land* represent the human qualities and emotions that arise from strength?

End of paper

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ABBOTSLEIGH

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English Advanced

Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

Stimulus Booklet

	Pages
Section I	
• Text 1 – Illustration	2
• Text 2 – Poem	3
• Text 3 – Letter extract	4-6
• Text 4 - Prose fiction extract	7

Section I

Text 1 — Illustration



JOHN CARTER
Illustration

Text 2 — Poem

A Blind Woman

She had turned her face up into
a rain of light, and came on smiling.

The light trickled down her forehead
and into her eyes. It ran down

into the neck of her sweatshirt
and wet the white tops of her breasts.

Her brown shoes splashed on
into the light. The moment was like

a circus wagon rolling before her
through puddles of light, a cage on wheels,

and she walked fast behind it,
exuberant, curious, pushing her cane

through the bars, poking and prodding,
while the world cowered back in a corner.

TED KOOSER

(American Poet Laureate)

Text 3 — Letter extract

The Getting of Wisdom: a letter to my daughter

My darling daughter,

I still have so much to tell you. I would never dare dictate how you must be, or what you must think, as you have such a firm sense of who you are – once, exasperated that people kept telling you, “The apple doesn’t fall far from the tree,” you sighed heavily and said to me, “I want to be the tree.”

But after a life spent thinking about the often fraught yet glorious lot of women, I wanted to write these thoughts down for you.

First, **demand respect**, and give it. Sometimes, when you do this, you will feel insane, or be told that you are. Persist.

Use your brain. You will doubtless be praised for your sunny face, your kind ways and your grace, but you must also always use, protect and stretch your fine brain. Women threw themselves under horses, starved, marched and fought for you to be able to speak and be honoured.

Find friends with true hearts and love them long and loyally.

Never take your family for granted; love them unwaveringly. Practise forgiveness on all of them.

Keep in mind that **the most important quality in a person is goodness.** If you ever decide to loop your heart to another’s for life, make sure they possess a rare goodness, a decency that doesn’t crumble under fire. Beyond the head-spinning intoxication and stomach-curdling craving, beyond the fireworks and first flames, goodness is what matters.

Don’t make the mistake of dismissing decency as dullness. A sense of safety might be rarer than you think. So, while we’re talking about relationships ...

Know this, too: you deserve love. Real, enduring love. Buckets of it.

Remember Stalin. Every young woman, on the cusp of the volcanic desires of adolescence, should be shown a photograph of the young Joseph Stalin. Before he became a dictator who murdered millions, he was a revolutionary and romantic poet with thick, foppish hair, intense dark eyes and a handsome face – the kind of boy you might find yourself kissing in the back corner of a bar, oblivious to all eyes, clocks and caution.

Google him. Young Stalin was hot. But clearly not a keeper, as he was also a brute, a tyrant and a bad husband, who drank heavily, argued frequently and flirted with other women. He addressed his second wife, Nadezhda Alliluyeva, with “Hey, you!” and arrested her friends after they told her he was butchering people.

At age 31, Nadezhda shot herself after a humiliating public fight with Stalin at a dinner party, during which he had flicked cigarettes at her. I wonder how different Nadezhda’s life would have been if she’d learnt how to X-ray charm, distinguish between passionate intensity and true love, and identify signs of aggression, manipulation, abuse and control in even the most nascent relationship.

Know this, too: you deserve love. Real, enduring love. Buckets of it. Love is the greatest high on Earth. But remember Proverbs 4:23: “Above all else, guard your heart, for it is the wellspring of life.”

Be You. Be the best version of yourself you can be. Work to understand, and show, what it means to have integrity.

Know that bad times will pass. They always do. Rubbish will get tipped into your life, occasionally vats of it, and sometimes this will be your fault and you must try to learn from it. But at other times it will be deeply unfair and all you can do is control the way you respond to it. Speak your piece but don't complain; draw yourself to your full height. Keep moving, place one foot in front of the other, and know it will pass. If it won't, do what you can to change it. But walk tall. Don't descend to nastiness and vitriol, ever. As Michelle Obama so beautifully put it, “When they go low, we go high.” Find what makes you resilient.

Keep reading history. Actually, keep reading everything, but especially history – lives have been lived we can barely imagine. In that history you will find a seething mass of humanity that is always striving and reaching and falling and screwing up and being small and large all at once. You'll learn that basic rights can be rapidly eroded, and evil flourishes when good people look the other way. You will find that humans are capable of extraordinary tenderness and extreme brutality, all in the one day.

Buy a really beautiful dress, one that makes you feel you were born in the planets, at least once in your life, and wear it like a queen. Actually, buy more than one. When you were a toddler you were baffled by the idea that it wasn't normal to wear a tutu or sparkling frock every day of the week. Why stick your best clothes in the back of the cupboard, you thought, when you can saunter down the street in them this very day?

Walk lightly on the earth. Be at peace with God. Never mock another person's beliefs. Allow yourself, and other people, to make mistakes. Accept your family for their frailties. Love your brother, as he will always be your greatest ally.

Stare down bullies and don't walk past people in pain. But allow yourself to be vulnerable. Cultivate a sense of humour. Show mercy to yourself as well as others. Look at the world, and try to shift obstacles blocking other people's paths to equality and contentment, as well as your own.

When in doubt, uncertain of yourself and frustrated by everything, focus on other people. We have a saying in my family: “Some people are penthouse people and some people are basement people.” In other words, encountering friends, or strangers, can be like hopping into a lift. By the end of a conversation, or time together, you might feel lighter, happier, cheered. That's a person who takes you to the penthouse. Or you might feel strangely flattened, a bit down. That's a person who has taken you to the basement.

Be fair. I know I have told you this so many times, but truly: treat other people the way you want them to treat you. Unless they are hurting you, being cruel to someone, or making people suffer, in which case you should run to safety or wither them to sticks with one of your stares.

Know you are loved. When you were born, the world rebooted and my heart permanently cracked open. It was like you had suddenly darted out of a portal from another world and landed on my chest, immediately staring into my eyes. You were instantly formed: stubborn, funny, flamboyant and confident, you defied anyone to stand in your way.

Know that being a woman is magnificent. Soon you will be a young woman, blazing away on

the Earth. Remember – as the female Indigenous elders taught me in Arnhem Land – that your elders and ancestors give you an authority; the authority of being female in this world. Of being strong and certain and bold. Of being able to create and nurture life. There are a million ways to be a woman: find your own and revel in it.

Shrug off anyone who would tell you to be less than you are. But perhaps I don't need to worry about that. A moment ago, I sent you a text message asking you if there was anything I needed to know about your day and you replied, "Yeah you need to know that I am awesome." And I wondered if – or hoped that – this might be the beginning of you demanding not praise, but respect.

JULIA BAIRD

A letter extract from *Phosphorescence: On Awe, Wonder and the Things that Sustain You When the World Goes Dark*

End of Text 3

Text 4 — Prose fiction extract

I would sit silently, listening to Mr Malakite's gift of the gab with his customers. If we were alone he'd enquire about what I was reading, what I was studying at college. There was no mockery about my other world. He saw that whatever I was learning there came from some desire in me, though when I was with him I seldom thought about what I had been doing academically. I wished to be part of his universe. With him those indistinct maps from childhood now became reliable and exact.

I trusted each step I took with him. He knew the names of all the grasses he walked over. He'd be carrying two heavy buckets of chalk and clay towards the garden, but I knew he was also listening to a certain bird. A swallow knocked dead or unconscious from hitting a window silenced him for half a day. It remained with him, that bird's world, its fate. If I said something later that encroached on the event, I'd see a shadow in him. He would turn from our conversation and I'd have lost him, find myself suddenly alone, even if he was beside me, driving his truck. He always knew the layered grief of the world as well as its pleasures. He tugged off a sprig from every bush of rosemary he passed, smelled it, and preserved it in his shirt pocket. Any river he came to distracted him. On hot days he removed his boots and clothes and swam through reeds, cigarette smoke still escaping from his mouth. He taught me where to find those rare parasol mushrooms like fawn-coloured umbrellas, with their pale gills underneath, that are to be found in open fields. "Only in open fields," Sam Malakite would say, holding up a glass of water as if making a toast. Years later when I heard he had died, I held up my glass and said, "Only in open fields." I was alone in a restaurant when I said this.

The shade of his one large mulberry tree. We used to work mostly in vigorous sunlight, so now it is the shade I think of, not the tree. Just its symmetrical dark existence, and its depth and silence, where he talked to me long and lazily about his early days, until it was time to go back to wheelbarrows and hoes. The breeze lifted itself over the shallow hill and entered what felt like our dark room, rustling against us. Could have stayed there forever, under that mulberry. The ants in the grass climbing their green towers.

MICHAEL ONDAATJE
Extract from *Warlight*

End of Text 4

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