

Common Module: Texts and Human Experiences

Paper 1, Section 1 – Unseen Texts

45 minutes, 20 marks

In your responses:

- engage with terms of the question which may include language from the rubric
- technique + example + effect that answers the question
 - you therefore need to know techniques specific to different text types e.g. visual (such as paintings, advertisements, cartoons, photographs, posters), persuasive texts, feature articles, speeches, short stories, poems, extracts from novels or short stories etc.
- consider the mark allocation; this will indicate how long your response should be
- make sure your examples 'add value' and answer the question, using language of the rubric where appropriate.

MATRIX EDUCATION SAMPLE PAPER

1. Request a sample paper by Matrix Education here: <https://www.matrix.edu.au/sample-hsc-common-module-texts-and-human-experiences-paper-1-free-download/>
2. You will be emailed a copy
3. To open the paper you will need to type in the password sent to your email
4. Complete practice paper!

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Sample Questions | HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION

This document shows the layout of the examination and provides some sample questions for each of the sections.

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 with this paper

Total marks: 40

Section I – 20 marks (page 3)

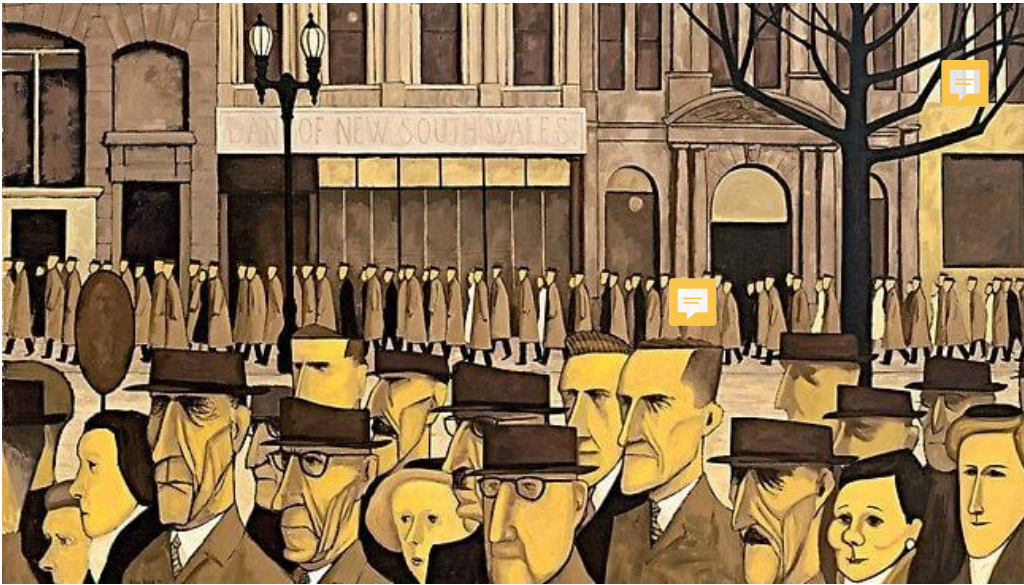
- Attempt Questions 1–xx
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section II – 20 marks (page 4)

- Attempt Question x
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

VISUAL TEXTS

TEXT 1 – PAINTING



Collins Street 5pm, (1955), by John Brack

Consider **HOW** visual techniques are used to construct and shape meaning

TEXT 2 – CARTOON



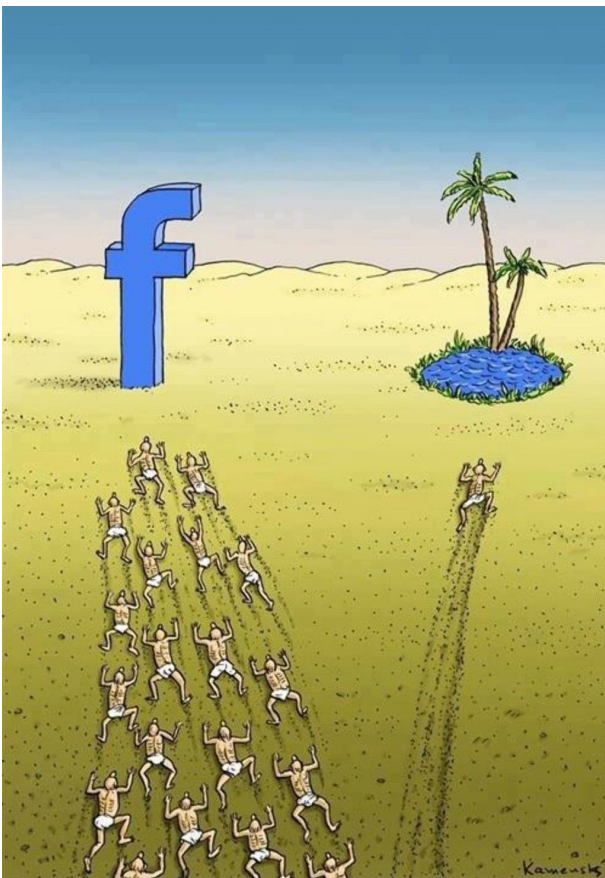
Help me, I'm a lateral thinker, (1982), by Michael Leunig

Consider the **PURPOSE** of satirical cartoons.

TEXT 3 – PAINTING

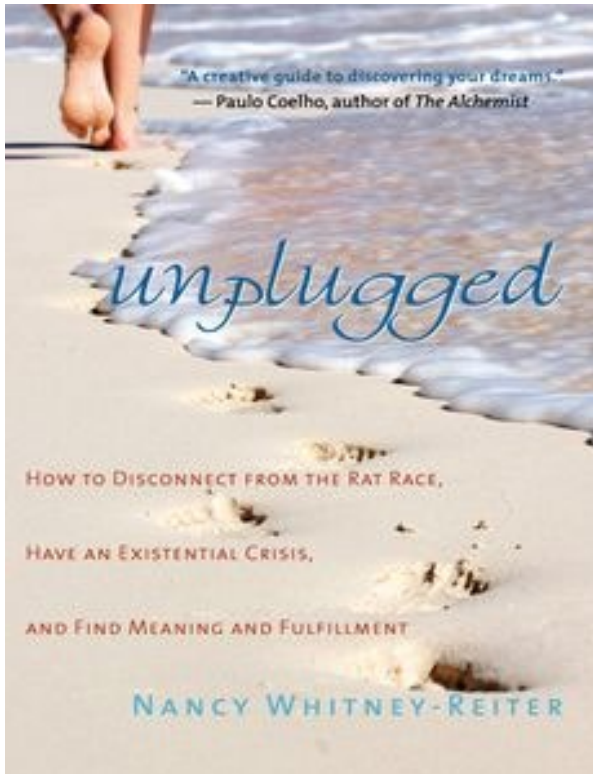


TEXT 4 – CARTOON



Consider the **PURPOSE** of satirical cartoons.

TEXT 5 – BOOK COVER



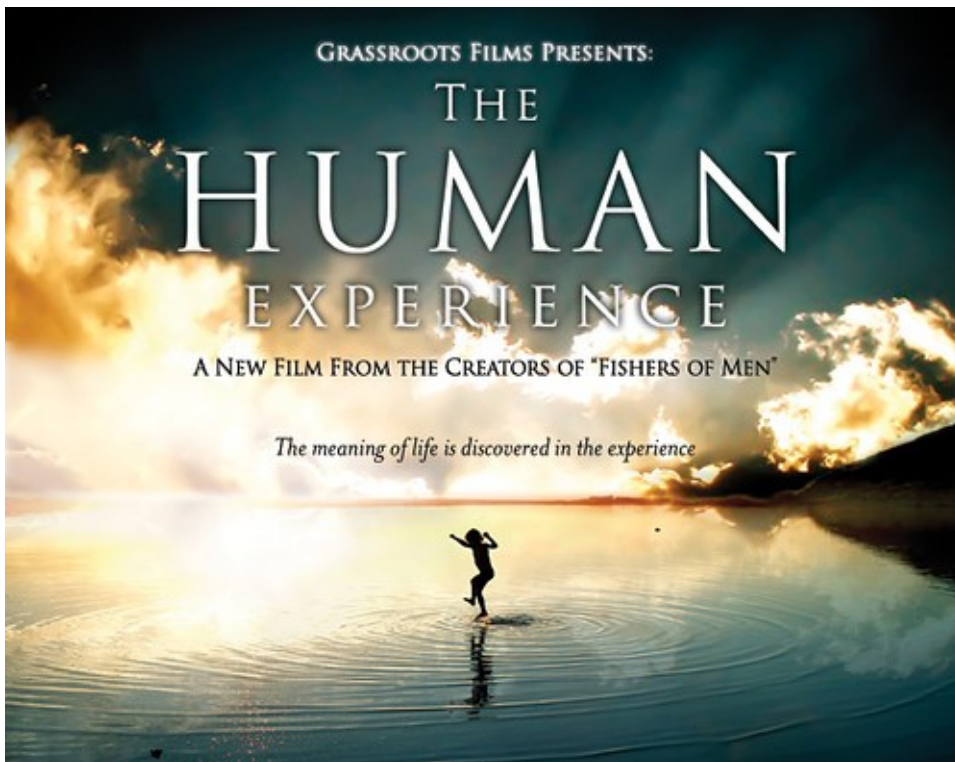
Written text:

“A creative guide to discovering your dreams” - Paulo Coelho.

Unplugged

How to disconnect from the Rat Race,
Have an Existential Crisis,
and Find Meaning and Fulfilment

TEXT 6 – DVD COVER



VISUAL TEXT QUESTIONS

TEXT 1 – PAINTING

Identify and explain ONE idea represented about texts and human experiences.
HOW?

3 marks

TEXT 2 – CARTOON

Explain how satire is used to communicate the cartoonist's social commentary.

4 marks

TEXT 3 – PAINTING

Human behaviour is complex and inconsistent. How has the composer represented this idea in the painting?

4 marks

TEXT 4 – CARTOON

Evaluate how the cartoon uses visual devices to express and reflect particular lives and cultures.

5 marks

TEXT 5 – BOOK COVER

'How to disconnect from the Rat Race, Have an Existential Crisis, and Find Meaning and Fulfilment'.

Analyse how the image complements the written text to represent ideas about the emotions arising from human experiences.

6 marks

TEXT 6 – DVD COVER

Explain how the DVD cover positions the responder to see the world differently.

5 marks

Visual Devices (or Techniques): Look up definitions for those you are unfamiliar with

Saliency	Positioning	Layout	Vectors	Reading path
Composition	Colour, hue and tone	Size	Omissions	Rule of thirds
Body language	Facial expression	Gaze – direct vs indirect	Symbolism	Angle

TEXT 1

**'Bored'****By Margaret Atwood**

All those times I was bored
out of my mind. Holding the log
while he sawed it. Holding
the string while he measured, boards,
distances between things, or pounded
stakes into the ground for rows and rows
of lettuces and beets, which I then (bored)
weeded. Or sat in the back
of the car, or sat still in boats,
sat, sat, while at the prow, stern, wheel
he drove, steered, paddled. It
wasn't even boredom, it was looking,
looking hard and up close at the small
details. Myopia. The worn gunwales,
the intricate twill of the seat
cover. The acid crumbs of loam, the granular
pink rock, its igneous veins, the sea-fans
of dry moss, the blackish and then the graying
bristles on the back of his neck.
Sometimes he would whistle, sometimes
I would. The boring rhythm of doing
things over and over, carrying
the wood, drying
the dishes. Such minutiae. It's what
the animals spend most of their time at,
ferrying the sand, grain by grain, from their tunnels,
shuffling the leaves in their burrows. He pointed
such things out, and I would look
at the whorled texture of his square finger, earth under
the nail. Why do I remember it as sunnier
all the time then, although it more often
rained, and more birdsong?
I could hardly wait to get
the hell out of there to
anywhere else. Perhaps though
boredom is happier. It is for dogs or
groundhogs. Now I wouldn't be bored.
Now I would know too much.
Now I would know.

TEXT 2

'Survivor'

by Tadeusz Rozewicz

I am twenty-four
led to slaughter
I survived.

The following are empty synonyms:

man and beast
love and hate
friend and foe
darkness and light.

The way of killing men and beasts is the same
I've seen it:
truckfuls of chopped-up men
who will not be saved.

Ideas are mere words:
virtue and crime
truth and lies
beauty and ugliness
courage and cowardice.

Virtue and crime weigh the same
I've seen it:
in a man who was both
criminal and virtuous.

I seek a teacher and a master
may he restore my sight hearing and speech
may he again name objects and ideas
may he separate darkness from light.

I am twenty-four
led to slaughter
I survived.

Translated by Adam Czerniawski

TEXT 3

'The New Experience'

by Suzanne Buffam

I was ready for a new experience.
All the old ones had burned out.

They lay in little ashy heaps along the roadside
And blew in drifts across the fairgrounds and fields.

From a distance some appeared to be smouldering
But when I approached with my hat in my hands

They let out small puffs of smoke and expired.
Through the windows of houses I saw lives lit up

With the otherworldly glow of TV
And these were smoking a little bit too.

I flew to Rome. I flew to Greece.
I sat on a rock in the shade of the Acropolis

And conjured dusky columns in the clouds.
I watched waves lap the crumbling coast.

I heard wind strip the woods.
I saw the last living snow leopard

Pacing in the dirt. Experience taught me
That nothing worth doing is worth doing

For the sake of experience alone.
I bit into an apple that tasted sweetly of time.

The sun came out. It was the old sun
With only a few billion years left to shine.

TEXT 4

'In the Park'

by Gwen Harwood

She sits in the park. Her clothes are out of date.
Two children whine and bicker, tug her skirt.
A third draws aimless patterns in the dirt
Someone she loved once passed by – too late

to feign indifference to that casual nod.
“How nice” et cetera. “Time holds great surprises.”
From his neat head unquestionably rises
a small balloon...” but for the grace of God...”

They stand a while in flickering light, rehearsing
the children’s names and birthdays. “It’s so sweet
to hear their chatter, watch them grow and thrive,”
she says to his departing smile. Then, nursing
the youngest child, sits staring at her feet.
To the wind she says, “They have eaten me alive.”

POETRY QUESTIONS

TEXT 1 – ‘BORED’

(a) Why is the speaker ‘bored’? Provide ONE example that supports your reason.

2 marks

(b) Analyse how the poem explores the speaker’s experience of lacking control in the direction of her life.

6 marks

TEXT 2 – ‘SURVIVOR’

Experiences of war can have significant impacts on individuals. How has the poet used TWO poetic devices to convey lasting impact of these confronting human experiences?

4 marks

TEXT 3 – ‘THE NEW EXPERIENCE’

*‘Experience taught me
That nothing worth doing is worth doing
For the sake of experience alone.’*

With specific reference to the quote and other examples, explain the message of the poem.

5 marks

TEXT 4 – ‘IN THE PARK’

How is the mother’s individual experience of parenting and associated emotions, presented in the poem? In your response, refer to at least TWO language features.

6 marks

SYNTHESIS QUESTION

Compare how ONE poem and ONE visual from pp. 2-9 invite the responder to see the world differently. 7 marks

Poetic Techniques: Look up definitions for those you are unfamiliar with

Alliteration	Assonance	Sibilance	Personification	Imagery (visual, auditory, olfactory etc.)
Simile	Metaphor	Extended metaphor	Motif	Lexical chain
Rhyme	Enjambment	Symbolism	Connotations	Rhythm and meter
Repetition	Anaphora	Onomatopoeia	Hyperbole	Poetic form e.g. dramatic monologue
Tone, Mood, Atmosphere	Contrast	Binary opposites	Rhetorical questions	Use of particular verbs and adjectives
Imperative commands	Paradox, Oxymoron	Epigraphs	Allusions	Consider also punctuation

TEXT 1 – SPEECH EXTRACT**Stanford Commencement Address 2005, Steve Jobs**

I am honored to be with you today at your commencement from one of the finest universities in the world. I never graduated from college. Truth be told, this is the closest I've ever gotten to a college graduation. Today I want to tell you three stories from my life. That's it. No big deal. Just three stories.

The first story is about connecting the dots.

I dropped out of Reed College after the first 6 months, but then stayed around as a drop-in for another 18 months or so before I really quit. So why did I drop out?

It started before I was born. My biological mother was a young, unwed college graduate student, and she decided to put me up for adoption. She felt very strongly that I should be adopted by college graduates, so everything was all set for me to be adopted at birth by a lawyer and his wife. Except that when I popped out they decided at the last minute that they really wanted a girl. So my parents, who were on a waiting list, got a call in the middle of the night asking: "We have an unexpected baby boy; do you want him?" They said: "Of course." My biological mother later found out that my mother had never graduated from college and that my father had never graduated from high school. She refused to sign the final adoption papers. She only relented a few months later when my parents promised that I would someday go to college.

And 17 years later I did go to college. But I naively chose a college that was almost as expensive as Stanford, and all of my working-class parents' savings were being spent on my college tuition. After six months, I couldn't see the value in it. I had no idea what I wanted to do with my life and no idea how college was going to help me figure it out. And here I was spending all of the money my parents had saved their entire life. So I decided to drop out and trust that it would all work out OK. It was pretty scary at the time, but looking back it was one of the best decisions I ever made. The minute I dropped out I could stop taking the required classes that didn't interest me, and begin dropping in on the ones that looked interesting.

It wasn't all romantic. I didn't have a dorm room, so I slept on the floor in friends' rooms, I returned Coke bottles for the 5¢ deposits to buy food with, and I would walk the 7 miles across town every Sunday night to get one good meal a week at the Hare Krishna temple. I loved it. And much of what I stumbled into by following my curiosity and intuition turned out to be priceless later on. Let me give you one example:

Reed College at that time offered perhaps the best calligraphy instruction in the country. Throughout the campus every poster, every label on every drawer, was beautifully hand calligraphed. Because I had dropped out and didn't have to take the normal classes, I decided to take a calligraphy class to learn how to do this. I learned about serif and sans serif typefaces, about varying the amount of space between different letter combinations, about what makes

great typography great. It was beautiful, historical, artistically subtle in a way that science can't capture, and I found it fascinating.

None of this had even a hope of any practical application in my life. But 10 years later, when we were designing the first Macintosh computer, it all came back to me. And we designed it all into the Mac. It was the first computer with beautiful typography. If I had never dropped in on that single course in college, the Mac would have never had multiple typefaces or proportionally spaced fonts. And since Windows just copied the Mac, it's likely that no personal computer would have them. If I had never dropped out, I would have never dropped in on this calligraphy class, and personal computers might not have the wonderful typography that they do. Of course it was impossible to connect the dots looking forward when I was in college. But it was very, very clear looking backward 10 years later.

Again, you can't connect the dots looking forward; you can only connect them looking backward. So you have to trust that the dots will somehow connect in your future. You have to trust in something — your gut, destiny, life, karma, whatever. This approach has never let me down, and it has made all the difference in my life.

Report from the Interior, by Paul Auster

In the beginning, everything was alive. The smallest objects were endowed with beating hearts, and even the clouds had names. Scissors could walk, telephones and teapots were first cousins, eyes and eyeglasses were brothers. The face of the clock was a human face, each pea in your bowl had a different personality, and the grille on the front of your parents' car was a grinning mouth with many teeth. Pens were airships. Coins were flying saucers. The branches of trees were arms. Stones could think, and God was everywhere.

There was no problem in believing that the man in the moon was an actual man. You could see his face looking down at you from the night sky, and without question it was the face of a man. Little matter that this man had no body—he was still a man as far as you were concerned, and the possibility that there might be a contradiction in all this never once entered your thoughts. At the same time, it seemed perfectly credible that a cow could jump over the moon. And that a dish could run away with a spoon.

Your earliest thoughts, remnants of how you lived inside yourself as a small boy. You can remember only some of it, isolated bits and pieces, brief flashes of recognition that surge up in you unexpectedly at random moments—brought on by the smell of something, or the touch of something, or the way the light falls on something in the here and now of adulthood. At least you think you can remember, you believe you remember, but perhaps you are not remembering at all, or remembering only a later remembrance of what you think you thought in that distant time which is all but lost to you now.

January 3, 2012, exactly one year to the day after you started composing your last book, your now-finished winter journal. It was one thing to write about your body, to catalogue the manifold knocks and pleasures experienced by your physical self, but exploring your mind as you remember it from childhood will no doubt be a more difficult task—perhaps an impossible one. Still, you feel compelled to give it a try. Not because you find yourself a rare or exceptional object of study, but precisely because you don't, because you think of yourself as anyone, as everyone.

The only proof you have that your memories are not entirely deceptive is the fact that you still occasionally fall into the old ways of thinking. Vestiges have lingered well into your sixties, the animism of early childhood has not been fully purged from your mind, and each summer, as you lie on your back in the grass, you look up at the drifting clouds and watch them turn into faces, into birds and animals, into states and countries and imaginary kingdoms. The grilles of cars still make you think of teeth, and the corkscrew is still a dancing ballerina. In spite of the outward evidence, you are still who you were, even if you are no longer the same person.

Auster, Paul (2013) *Report from the Interior* (Henry Holt and Co.: New York), pp.3-5.

TEXT 3 – MEMOIR EXTRACT

Wild by Cheryl Strayed

THE TEN THOUSAND THINGS

My solo three-month hike on the Pacific Crest Trail had many beginnings. There was the first, flip decision to do it, followed by the second, more serious decision to actually do it, and then the long third beginning, composed of weeks of shopping and packing and preparing to do it. There was the quitting my job as a waitress and finalizing my divorce and selling almost everything I owned and saying goodbye to my friends and visiting my mother's grave one last time. There was the driving across the country from Minneapolis to Portland, Oregon, and, a few days later, catching a flight to Los Angeles and a ride to the town of Mojave and another ride to the place where the PCT crossed a highway.

At which point, at long last, there was the actual doing it, quickly followed by the grim realization of what it meant to do it, followed by the decision to quit doing it because doing it was absurd and pointless and ridiculously difficult and far more than I expected doing it would be and I was profoundly unprepared to do it.

And then there was the real live truly doing it.

The staying and doing it, in spite of everything. In spite of the bears and the rattlesnakes and the scat of the mountain lions I never saw; the blisters and scabs and scrapes and lacerations. The exhaustion and the deprivation; the cold and the heat; the monotony and the pain; the thirst and the hunger; the glory and the ghosts that haunted me as I hiked eleven hundred miles from the Mojave Desert to the state of Washington by myself.

And finally, once I'd actually gone and done it, walked all those miles for all those days, there was the realization that what I'd thought was the beginning had not really been the beginning at all. That in truth my hike on the Pacific Crest Trail hadn't begun when I made the snap decision to do it. It had begun before I even imagined it, precisely four years, seven months, and three days before, when I'd stood in a little room at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, and learned that my mother was going to die.

I was wearing green. Green pants, green shirt, green bow in my hair. It was an outfit that my mother had sewn-she'd made clothes for me all of my life. Some of them were just what I dreamed of having, others less so. I wasn't crazy about the green pantsuit, but I wore it anyway, as a penance, as an offering, as a talisman.

All that day of the green pantsuit, as I accompanied my mother and stepfather, Eddie, from floor to floor of the Mayo Clinic while my mother went from one test to another, a prayer marched through my head, though prayer is not the right word to describe that march. I wasn't humble before God. I didn't even believe in God. My prayer was not: *Please, God take mercy on us.*

I was not going to ask for mercy. I didn't need to. My mother was forty-five. She looked fine. For a good number of years she'd mostly been a vegetarian. She'd planted marigolds around her garden to keep bugs away instead of using pesticides. My siblings and I had been made to swallow raw cloves of garlic when we had colds. People like my mother did not get cancer. The tests at the Mayo Clinic would prove that, refuting what the doctors in Duluth had said. I was certain of this. Who were those doctors in Duluth anyway? What was Duluth? Duluth! Duluth was a freezing hick town where doctors who didn't know what the hell they were talking about told forty-five-year-old vegetarian-ish, garlic-eating, natural-remedy-using non-smokers that they had late-stage lung cancer, that's what.

F*** them.

That was my prayer.

TEXT 4 – TRAVEL BLOG EXTRACT

The Earthquake by Melany Querida

I once read that it's strange how every year we pass the anniversary of the day we are going to die. A date our family and friends will come to commemorate with sadness and mourning. But every year we pass that date having no idea of the significance it will one day hold.

On 25 April 2015, I wondered if that date would become the anniversary of the day I died.

April 25, 2015 11:56AM

Kathmandu, Nepal

I could smell the orchid flowers and vanilla of my shampoo. I had just had my first hot shower in over a week and I was feeling a little more human. My friend Cat and I had just finished trekking for five days up to Namche Bazaar on the trail to Everest. We had seen Everest with our own eyes and had tea at the highest hotel in the world – 3880 meters above sea level. My heart was glowing with pride and my body felt alive and strong. Cat had started unpacking and was desperate to jump into the shower. I was wearing a white hotel towel and my hair was drenched, dripping all over the floor. “Is there any hot water left?” asked Cat. “Yeah there’s plenty. Enjoy it!” We were standing in our hotel room in Kathmandu. It was 11:56am. Cat started to walk towards the bathroom but hesitated when the lights began to flicker above us. We stopped to look at each other. The lights went out completely. “What’s that?” The floor was moving underneath our feet. I was still wet and I slid sideways, gripping onto the wall to stop myself from falling.

The whole room began to shake violently – our beds lurched forward, the windows were shaking and making an awful rattling sound, the floor was moving side to side and we were slipping. There was a cocoon of silence – like when your head goes under a wave at the beach. “What’s happening?” I asked. “It’s an earthquake.” Cat said. “Oh shit. What do we do?” “We’re on the second floor and the whole building is dark. I don’t think we should run outside. Let’s go into the bathroom. The shower. That’s the safest spot inside an apartment.” We ran into the shower, the floor still wet with puddles of water from my shower. We sat down and wedged our legs up against the wall to keep our bodies as still as possible. My heart was pounding and I couldn’t believe what was happening. The quake seemed to last for an eternity.

* * *

**Walking to the Embassy April 26,
2015 10:00AM**

Bricks, rocks and debris littered the streets. Dust hung heavily in the air. I could smell mud and sewerage and incense. Buildings had been ripped from their foundations, their owners sitting along the street or talking with their neighbours. Some shops were open, with their keepers looking out into the street with an empty stare. I recognised the feeling. A desperate, confused fear. How many people had been hurt? How damaged was Nepal? We had no idea. We knew we were alive. But we didn’t know what was coming next. I wanted to reach out and help, but I had no idea how. I was full of fear and confusion, but my fear was punctuated by love for the Nepalese, for everyone around me who was just as confused and heartbroken as I was. But I knew that for so many, it was so much worse.

They had lost their homes, their communities, their loved ones, they were injured. Their bodies in pain and their minds in just as much pain. I kept flicking my eyes upwards. Terrified of anything falling onto my head. The buildings were shoddily made and I didn't trust that they would stay in tact. "Cat, if another quake happens while we're walking, I heard someone saying that it's good to hold onto something solid, like a railing or a pole. And we hold hands around the pole as extra support." "Okay that's good. We should hold on to the metal poles supporting this fence." "Yep, we can crouch down between the bars, wedge ourselves underneath, hold hands and hold the pole, and put our backpacks over our heads to protect us." "Yep. That's the plan." I felt better having a plan in every environment. I wanted to know what to do because I knew my mind would go blank and I wouldn't be thinking clearly if another quake happened.

The streets were wider than in Thamel and the buildings much further apart. There were some high-rise buildings but they were further away from the road. We walked past fields where hundreds of families had taken shelter. Some people had nothing with them at all; others had built makeshift tents or sheltered under tarpaulins. Some families had mattresses, blankets and cooking equipment. I heard children playing, some were crying. My heart broke with every child's cry. Noone knew how long they would be living in these fields. At least they had found safer ground. Unless the earth opened up beneath us, open spaces were the safest place to be in the face of another big quake. We passed a small hospital, overflowing with patients with every injury imaginable. They were no spare beds and patients were lying on the ground, some sprawling outside onto the footpath. Their injuries were unimaginable. Broken bones, cuts across every part of bodies, lost limbs, blood everywhere. A scene I never could have dreamed up. The doctors and nurses were doing an amazing job. Helping others when they were hurting too. Angels in disguise. I was overcome with grief. I felt so awful and I wanted to rush over and help. But what could I do? I have no medical training and I would probably start crying. I couldn't speak Nepalese and I didn't know anybody in this city. I felt helpless. All I could do was hope. Hope that everyone would get the help that they needed. It hurt my heart not to do anything but I genuinely had no idea what to do. I kept my mind focused on where I was going. One step in front of the other. Step. Step. Step. I kept moving and tried not to stop for anything. I didn't want to look around too much. Years ago, a psychologist told me that in times of stress, we should keep in mind the safety video they play before a flight. You need to put the oxygen mask on yourself first, even before your children. Because if you're not well, there's nothing you can do to help anybody. I think there's a powerful lesson in that.

* * *

Home 28 April 2015

I think of the mountains in the Himalayas. They're shaken, but still standing. And so are the rest of us. We have been shaken to our core, but we're still standing. Stronger than ever before.

Self-Resilience, by Ralph Waldo Emerson (1841)

“Man is his own star; and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.”

Epilogue to Beaumont and Fletcher's Honest Man's Fortune

Cast the bantling on the rocks,
Suckle him with the she-wolf's teat"
Wintered with the hawk and fox,
Power and speed be hands and feet.

I read the other day some verses written by an eminent painter which were original and not conventional. The soul always hears an admonition in such lines, let the subject be what it may. The sentiment they instill is of more value than any thought they may contain. To believe our own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men, -- that is genius. Speak your latent conviction, and it shall be the universal sense; for the inmost in due time becomes the outmost,--and our first thought, is rendered back to us by the trumpets of the Last Judgment. Familiar as the voice of the mind is to each, the highest merit we ascribe to Moses, Plato, and Milton is, that they set at naught books and traditions, and spoke not what men but what they thought. A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the lustre of the firmament of bards and sages. Yet he dismisses without notice his thought, because it is his. In every work of genius we recognize majesty. Great works of art have no more affecting lesson for us than this. They teach us to abide by our spontaneous impression with good-humored inflexibility then most when the whole cry of voices is on the other side. Else, to-morrow a stranger will say with masterly good sense precisely what we have thought and felt all the time, and we shall be forced to take with shame our own opinion from another.

There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better, for worse, as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to him to till. The power which resides in him is new in nature, and none but he knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried. Not for nothing one face, one character, one fact, makes much impression on him, and another none. This sculpture in the memory is not without preëstablished harmony. The eye was placed where one ray should fall, that it might testify of that particular ray. We but half express ourselves, and are ashamed of that divine idea which each of us represents. It may be safely trusted as proportionate and of good issues, so it be faithfully imparted, but God will not have his work made manifest by cowards. A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise, shall give him no peace. It is a deliverance which does not deliver. In the attempt his genius deserts him; no muse befriends; no invention, no hope.

Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the divine providence has found for you, the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always done so, and confided themselves childlike to the genius of their age, betraying their perception that the absolutely trustworthy was seated at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being. And we are now men, and must accept in the highest mind the same transcendent destiny; and not minors and invalids in a protected corner, not cowards fleeing before a revolution, but guides, redeemers, and benefactors, obeying the Almighty effort, and advancing on Chaos and the Dark.

NON-FICTION QUESTIONS

TEXT 1 – SPEECH

‘Again, you can’t connect the dots looking forward; you can only connect them looking backward.’

Analyse the effectiveness of Jobs’ analogy of connecting the dots in conveying ONE idea from the rubric.

6 marks

TEXT 2 – MEMOIR

In what ways does the author represent ideas about the role of memory in the human experience?

5 marks

TEXT 3 – MEMOIR

How does the writer use reflective language and other written devices to comment on her frustration and anger?

4 marks

TEXT 4 – TRAVEL BLOG POST

‘Bricks, rocks and debris littered the streets. Dust hung heavily in the air. I could smell mud and sewerage and incense.’

Evaluate how the composer uses imagery to communicate ideas about emotions arising from human experiences.

6 marks

TEXT 5 – ESSAY

Analyse how the writer shapes ideas about inherent qualities of ‘man’ that often compel them to conform to social expectation rather than ‘trust thyself’.

5 marks

TEXT 1 – SHORT STORY

Pepper Tree, by Wendy Stack

I wait for Tim. I wait in the damp, cold room. I wait with the despairing ceiling and the yellow-stained walls. I wait with the patchwork bedspread, Dale's paintings and the flowers. The flowers, picked one winter Sunday, now dead in the corner. The tiny dried blossoms fall to the floor and mingle with the dust. I wait with the pepper tree. Its green, delicately fringed leaves screen the window and keep away the blue, blue sky. I wait in the hushed light.

He doesn't come. I want to feel anger but there is no anger. Only *fear*. A small hungry fear that tightens in my stomach and creeps into my muscles. A tension coils in my body and has no escape. He doesn't want me. He has left me alone with the day. An empty stretch of time that I cannot fill. I stay in my cold room, afraid.

I am a failure. A nineteen-year-old failure. I have no job. I have no piece of paper to say I am educated. I have no money I am not close to my family. I am insecure with my friends. I live in a house with a woman and her snivelling boy. The boy irritates me and the woman, who was once my closest friend, is no longer. I have no future. I have Tim.

I stay in my room and listen to Jackson's wailing - his monotonous crying broken by Karen yelling, Karen slapping, Karen crying, 'Leave me alone, shut up, shut up!' The television is on and the regional advertisements are repeated every ten minutes. No one goes out. They stay and wait in this awful neglected house. I no longer know what Karen and Jackson wait for or what they want. I wait for Tim.

I meet him on Highatt Street. It is late and we sit at a table in a shadowy ' coffee shop. He orders coffee and a walnut cake for himself. I don't want , anything to eat. I want to appear self-controlled and disciplined but I am nervous. His green eyes put me on edge. I am frightened of being a fool, I am frightened of showing my feelings, I am frightened of failing in his eyes.

He says he is sorry and he holds my hand. Our conversation goes its usual way. Yes, things are mundane. Yes, I am still broke. Yes, Karen gives me the shits and, no, I haven't found a job. I haven't found a job. Those words are my shame, my embarrassment, my sense of self-worth sliding into the coffee. Tim is supportive, but then Tim has been employed all his working life. Varied jobs, interesting jobs. Tim has gotten every job he ever applied for. Tim believes there are jobs out there for people who , really want to work. Tim has that easy confidence, that golden-haired, natural confidence. Tim is employable and I am not.

I take him home to my bedroom and the pepper tree. Stars are framed in its branches and there is moonlight on the leaves. The house is silent for us. There is no one to observe, no one to care. Tim holds my body with love and I have him. I have this confident, golden-haired man. I have *his* green eyes and his warm mouth. I have his strength. He makes my life all right.

On a wet, slick afternoon he arrives with a present. It is a cat, ginger and ugly. A half-wild female, it cringes in a corner of my room. It knocks over the dead flowers and slinks under the cupboard. Tim laughs and says she's a stray that wandered in at ... work. His wife has had their second child. A boy. Golden-haired. The cat must be my consolation. I don't want it but I will love the cat because Tim gave it to me.

The cat is unfriendly. *She* will not purr. She slinks through the house and ignores the mice. I watch her, day after day, as *she* climbs the pepper tree and flattens herself to a branch. Eyes burning, body tense and prepared *she* waits for rosellas. I feed her extra but she continues to stalk birds.

Tim doesn't come round very often. He's busy. The new baby. I try to fill the endless afternoons. I pick some of the pepper tree berries. They are pink and papery and smell of pepper. I plant some and use others as decorations. The dead flowers and dust are swept up and the stoneware bowl is filled with the grapelike bunches.

Jackson is grizzling and I ask Karen if I can take him for a walk. He is happy in the pusher. We pick handfuls of the bare, curled branches of a tortured willow. I fill the pusher with branches and Jackson walks home, proud and useful, dragging two willow canes. Karen and I arrange the branches in large glass containers. We talk and laugh for the first time in months.

I wait for the pepper berries to sprout. I wait for them to grow. I join the library and my room is littered with gardening books. Books about trees and flowers, Books about life; green, growing life. The seedlings break the soil. They grow.

I think about Tim and read my books. I look at trees and know their names. Spotted gum, *eucalyptus maculata*. Pepper tree, *schinus molle*. I talk to wonderful old people, their gardens alive with flowers and creepers. I help an elderly lady dig up her overgrown bamboo clump and take home sacks of greenery. I spend afternoons potting up fuchsia and camellia cuttings, dividing geranium and daisy clumps, creating a plant nursery below the pepper tree. I walk through the Avenue of Honour with awakened senses and smell and touch the trees. Scarlet oaks, *Quercus coccinea*.

The pepper seedlings are four inches high and the cat is pregnant. For the first time, Tim makes a choice. He won't visit the house again. He won't lie on my velvet bed and watch rosellas or feel the damp night filter through the tree. He won't see the cold, starred skies. He won't hear my dreams, feel my fears, share my secrets. He won't have my love.

Jackson finds another dead rosella. Its head has been chewed off. Karen says *it's* that cat. *It is* that cat. That nearly *feral* cat. That ugly, pie_vuant cat. Tim's cat. I make a choice. Bluey Anderson comes over in the afternoon and shoots her cleanly. One careful, precise shot in the head. Jackson and I bury the cat under the pepper tree. It is hard going, digging a deep-enough hole between the roots. We do it.

Karen makes afternoon tea and we have it outside in the winter sunshine. Jackson drops his biscuit in the dirt, picks it up, puts it in his. mouth and falls over in the wet grass. He gets up, laughing and spitting biscuit. It's a picnic, we say.

I transfer the pepper seedlings to individual pots. Eight die and two live. The cuttings have new leaves and the daisy flowers in a large yellow *splash* by the front door. Karen's mother buys two of my bamboo plants and I put my name down at McLintocks nursery. The librarian has told me about the T.A.F.E. courses. I sign up for horticulture and an external landscape gardening course.

On pension day I shop at Coles and choose a quality sketch-pad. I want to draw my gardens, put onto paper my designs, my creations. I buy lettuce and tomato plants and a packet of corn seeds. I see Tim pushing a laden trolley. He appears embarrassed, but he smiles and we try to talk. I tell him I'm busy, that I'm starting a vegetable garden. He wants to know about the cat. I say it's fine. He says he misses me. His wife waves and he pushes the trolley towards her. A wheel locks and he has to push it sideways. As I pay for my articles I can hear it clattering down the aisles.

I fantasize about Tim as I walk home. I think about his voice and his eyes and his hair. The pain hasn't gone. The emptiness is still there. I am a failure. I have nothing. No job, no money, no Tim.

I place the vegetable seedlings in my pepper tree nursery. The trestle-table is covered in potted greenery and there is an old-fashioned scent of geranium and columbine. A drift of pepper and hope is in the air.

I am a gardener. I have a future. I have myself.

TEXT 2 – SHORT STORY EXTRACT

Big World by Tim Winton

After five years of high school the final November arrives and leaves as suddenly as a spring storm. Exams. Graduation. Huge beach parties. Biggie and me, we're feverish with anticipation; we steel ourselves for a season of pandemonium. But after the initial celebrations, nothing really happens, not even summer itself. Week after week an endless misting drizzle wafts in from the sea. It beads in our hair and hangs from the tips of our noses while we trudge around town in the vain hope of scaring up some action. The southern sky presses down and the beaches and bays turn the colour of dirty tin. Somehow our crappy Saturday job at the meatworks becomes full-time and then Christmas comes and so do the dreaded exam results. The news is not good. A few of our classmates pack their bags for university and shoot through. Cheryl Button gets into Medicine. Vic Lang, the copper's kid, is dux of the school and doesn't even stay for graduation. And suddenly there we are, Biggie and me, heading to work every morning in a frigid wind in the January of our new lives, still in jeans and boots and flannel shirts, with beanies on our heads and the horizon around our ears.

The job mostly consists of hosing blood off the floors. Plumes of the stuff go into the harbour and old men sit in dinghies offshore to catch herring in the slick. Some days I can see me and Biggie out there as old codgers, anchored to the friggin place, stuck forever. Our time at the meatworks is supposed to be temporary. We're saving for a car, the V-8 Sandman we've been promising ourselves since we were fourteen. Mag wheels, a lurid spray job like something off a Yes album and a filthy great mattress in the back. A chick magnet, that's what we want. Until now we've had a biscuit tin full of twos and fivers but now we're making real money.

Trouble is, I can't stand it. I just know I won't last long enough to get that car. There's something I've never told Biggie in all our years of being mates. That I dream of escaping, of pissing off north to find some blue sky. Unlike him I'm not really from here. It's not hosing blood that shits me off – it's Angelus itself; I'm going nuts here. Until now, out of loyalty, I've kept it to myself, but by the beginning of February I'm chipping away at our old fantasy, talking instead about sitting under a mango tree with a cold beer, walking in a shady banana plantation with a girl in a cheesecloth dress. On our long walks home I bang on about cutting our own pineapples and climbing for coconuts. Mate, I say, can't you see yourself rubbing baby oil into a girl's strapless back on Cable Beach? Up north, mate, think north! I know Biggie loves this town and he's committed to the shared vision of the panel van, but I white-ant him day after day until it starts to pay off.

By the last weeks of February Biggie's starting to come around. He's talking wide open spaces now, trails to adventure, and I'm like this little urger in his ear. Then one grey day he crosses the line. We've been deputised to help pack skins. For eight hours we stand on the line fighting slippery chunks of cow hide into boxes so they can be sold as craybait. Our arms are slick with gore and pasted with orange and black beef-hairs. The smell isn't good but that's nothing compared with the feel of all those severed nostrils and lips and ears between your fingers. I don't make a sound, don't even stop for lunch, can't think about it. I'm just glad all those chunks are fresh because at least my hands are warm. Beside me Biggie's face gets darker and darker, and when the shift horn sounds he lurches away, his last carton half-empty. Fuck it, he says. We're outta here. That afternoon we ditch the Sandman idea and buy a Kombi from a hippy on the wharf. Two hundred bucks each.

We put in two last weeks at the meatworks and collect our pay. We fill the ancient VW with tinned food and all our camping junk and rack off without telling a soul. Monday morning everyone thinks we're off to work as usual, but in

ten minutes we're out past the town limits going like hell. Well, going the way a 1967 Kombi will go. Our getaway vehicle is a garden shed on wheels.

It's a mad feeling, sitting up so high like that with the road flashing under your feet. For a couple of hours we're laughing and pointing and shoving and farting and then we settle down a bit. We go quiet and just listen to the Volkswagen's engine threshing away behind us. I can't believe we've done it. If either of us had let on to anybody these past couple of weeks we'd never have gone through with it; we'd have piked for sure. We'd be like all the other poor stranded failures who stayed in Angelus. But now we're on the road, it's time for second thoughts. Nothing said, but I can feel it.

The plan is to call from somewhere the other side of Perth when we're out of reach. I want to be safe from the guilts – the old girl will crack a sad on me – but Biggie has bigger things to fear. His old man will beat the shit out of him when he finds out. We can't change our minds now.

The longer we drive the more the sky and the bush open up. Now and then Biggie looks at me and leers. He's got a face only a mother could love. One eye's looking at you and the other eye's looking for you. He's kind of pear-shaped, but you'd be a brave bugger calling him a barge-arse. The fists on him. To be honest he's not really my sort of bloke at all, but somehow he's my best mate.

TEXT 3 – PROSE FICTION EXTRACT

Rebecca, by Daphne du Maurier

Chapter 1

Last night I dreamed I went to Manderley* again. It seemed to me that I was passing through the iron gates that led to the driveway. The drive was just a narrow track now, its stony surface covered with grass and weeds. Sometimes, when I thought I had lost it, it would appear again, beneath a fallen tree or beyond a muddy pool formed by the winter rains. The trees had thrown out new low branches which stretched across my way. I came to the house suddenly, and stood there with my heart beating fast and tears filling my eyes.

There was Manderley, our Manderley, secret and silent as it had always been, the grey stone shining in the moonlight of my dream. Time could not spoil the beauty of those walls, nor of the place itself, as it lay like a jewel in the hollow of a hand. The grass sloped down towards the sea, which was a sheet of silver lying calm under the moon, like a lake undisturbed by wind or storm. I turned again to the house, and I saw that the garden had run wild, just as the woods had done. Weeds were everywhere. But moonlight can play strange tricks with the imagination, even with a dreamer's imagination. As I stood there, I could swear that the house was not an empty shell, but lived and breathed as it had lived before. Light came from the windows, the curtains blew softly in the night air, and there, in the library, the door stood half open as we had left it, with my handkerchief on the table beside the bowl of autumn flowers.

Then a cloud came over the moon, like a dark hand across a face. The memories left me. I looked again at an empty shell, with no whisper of the past about its staring walls. Our fear and suffering were gone now. When I thought about Manderley in my waking hours I would not be bitter; I would think of it as it might have been, if I could have lived there without fear. I would remember the rose garden in summer, and the birds that sang there; tea under the trees, and the sound of the sea coming up to us from the shore below. I would think of the flowers blown from the bushes, and the Happy Valley. These things could never lose their freshness.

**The name of a large estate house in its own grounds.*

TEXT 4 – PROSE FICTION EXTRACT

Brooklyn, Colm Toibin

Her mother showed Eilis Rose's bedroom, which was filled with light from the morning sun. She had left everything, she said, exactly as it was, including all of Rose's clothes in the wardrobe and in the chest of drawers.

'I had the windows cleaned and the curtains washed and I dusted the room myself and swept it out, but other than that it's exactly the same,' her mother said.

The house itself did not seem strange; Eilis noted only its solid, familiar aura, the lingering smell of cooked food, the shadows, the sense of her mother's vivid presence. But nothing had prepared her for the quietness of Rose's bedroom and she felt almost nothing as she stood looking at it. She wondered if her mother wanted her to cry now, or had left the room as it was so she could feel even more deeply Rose's death. She did not know what to say.

'And some day now,' her mother said, 'we can go through the clothes. Rose had just bought a new winter coat and we'll see if it suits you. She had lovely things.'

Eilis suddenly felt immensely tired and thought that she should go to bed once they had eaten breakfast but she knew that her mother had been planning on this moment when they would both stand in this doorway together and contemplate the room.

'You know, I sometimes think she's still alive,' her mother said. 'If I hear the slightest sound upstairs, I often think it must be Rose.'

As they ate breakfast Eilis wished she could think of something more to say but it was hard to speak since her mother seemed to have prepared in advance every word that she said.

'I have arranged a wreath to be made specifically for you to leave on her grave and we can go out in a few days if the weather keeps up and then we can let them know its time to put Rose's name and her dates below your father's.'

Eilis wondered for a moment what might happen were she to interrupt her mother and say: 'I am married.' She thought her mother would have a way of not hearing her, or of pretending that she had not spoken. Or else, she imagined, the glass in the window might break.

By the time she managed to say that she was tired and would need to lie down for a while, her mother had not asked her one question about her time in America, or even her trip home.

* * *

As they stood there silently at the grave, Eilis found the idea that Rose was below the earth surrounded by darkness almost impossible to bear. She tried to think about her sister when she was alive, light in her eyes, her voice, her way of putting a cardigan over her shoulders if she felt a draught, her way of handling their mother, making her interested in even the smallest detail of Rose's and Eilis's lives, as though she too had the same friends, the same interests, the same experiences. Eilis concentrated on Rose's spirit and tried to keep her mind from dwelling on what was happening to Rose's body just beneath them in the damp clay.

FICTION QUESTIONS

TEXT 1 – SHORT STORY

- (a) How effective is the motif of the pepper tree in complementing the persona's experience of growth?
3 marks
- (b) Explain how the persona's emotional response and behaviour are motivated by her relationship and experience with Tim.
5 marks

TEXT 2 – SHORT STORY EXTRACT

- (a) What human experiences are explored in the text?
2 marks
- (b) Identify and explain the effectiveness of TWO language devices in the text that reflect these experiences.
6 marks

TEXT 3 – PROSE FICTION EXTRACT

- (a) The narrator's past continues to haunt her present. How is imagery and the use of flashback through dreamscape used to show this?
4 marks
- (b) What do audiences learn about the relationship between place, memory and human experiences?
4 marks

TEXT 4 – PROSE FICTION EXTRACT

Analyse how the experience of loss has affected Eilis and her mother.
5 marks

SYNTHESIS QUESTIONS

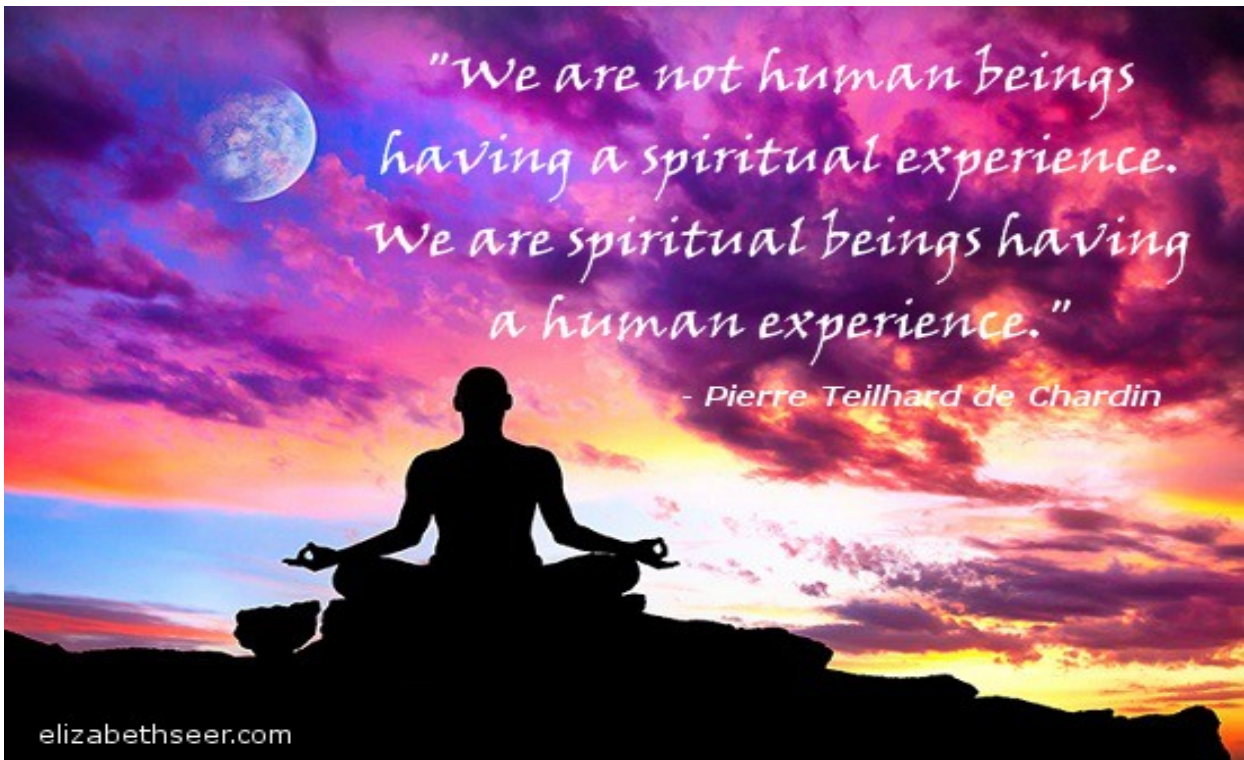
Choose ONE Non-Fiction text and ONE Fiction Text to answer the following question:

Evaluate the effectiveness of the ways anomalies, paradoxes and inconsistencies in human behaviour are explored in TWO texts.
7 marks

OR

Compare and contrast the ways human experiences are explored in TWO texts.
7 marks

A thought to ponder...



Read, read, read!

Practice, practice, practice!