



HIGHER
SCHOOL
CERTIFICATE
TRIAL EXAMINATION

2019

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 2)

- Attempt all questions
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section II – 20 marks (pages 3-4)

- Attempt Question 5
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

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
-

Examine **Texts 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5** in the Stimulus Booklet carefully and then answer the questions below.

1. Explain how **Text 1** represents the evolutionary nature of human experience. **4**
2. In **Text 2**, how does the composer use language to convey both the potential and limitations of human experience? **4**
3. Assess how effectively the writer in **Text 3** presents a point of view on the ways different generations have different approaches to the human experience of communication. **5**
4. Explain how **Text 4** and **Text 5** evoke the experience of childhood memories. **7**

Section II

20 marks

Attempt Question 5

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

Prose Fiction (20 marks)

In what ways has your perception of the human experience been shaped by the use of setting in prose fiction?

OR

Poetry (20 marks)

Explain how the narrative voice in the prescribed poems has challenged your understanding of the human experience.

OR

Shakespearean Drama (20 marks)

In *The Merchant of Venice*, Shakespeare engages the audience through his representation of conflict between individuals and between collective human experiences.

Analyse this statement with close reference to the play as a whole.

OR

Media (20 marks)

“We cannot truly judge other people’s experience until we walk in their shoes.”

Analyse this statement with close reference to *Go Back to Where You Came From*.

OR

Nonfiction (20 marks)

How does the use of narrative voice enhance your understanding of personal experience in nonfiction?

OR

Film (20 marks)

Explore how historical context in *Billy Elliott* has been used to shape your perception of the challenges of the human experience.

The prescribed texts are listed in the Stimulus Booklet.



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English Advanced

Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

Stimulus Booklet for Section I

and

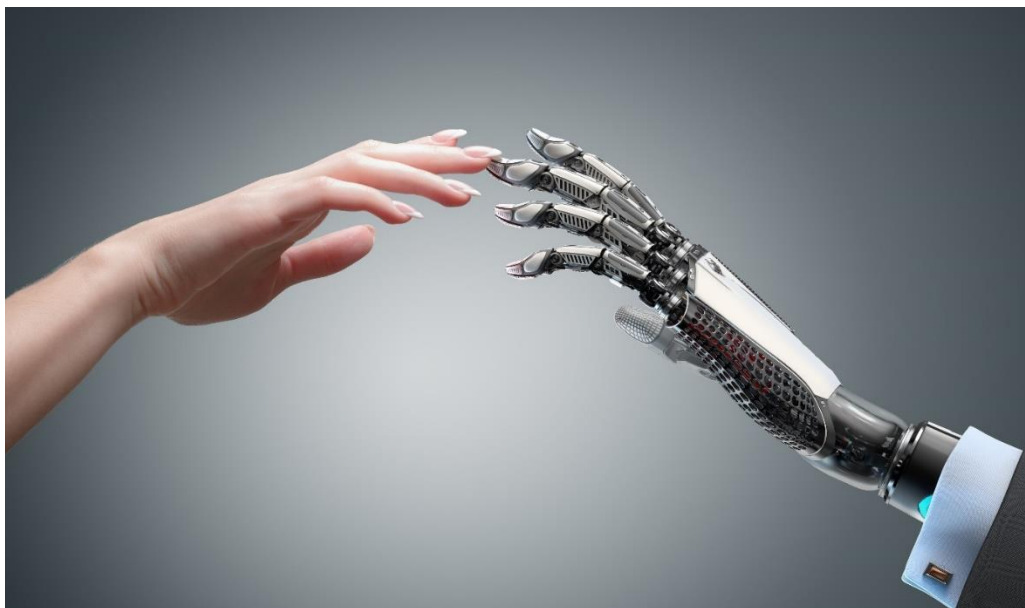
List of prescribed texts for Section II

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	• Text 3 – Essay	4
	• Text 4 – Poem.....	5
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Section I Text 1 — Images



‘ Adam and God’ by MICHELANGELO (Sistine Chapel, Vatican City)



Text 2 — Nonfiction extract

I saw my life branching out before me like the green fig tree in the story. From the tip of every branch, like a fat purple fig, a wonderful future beckoned and winked. One fig was a husband and a happy home and children, and another fig was a famous poet and another fig was a brilliant professor, and another fig was Ee Gee, the amazing editor, and another fig was Europe and Africa and South America, and another fig was Constantin and Socrates and Attila and a pack of other lovers with queer names and offbeat professions, and another fig was an Olympic lady crew champion, and beyond and above these figs were many more figs I couldn't quite make out. I saw myself sitting in the crotch of this fig tree, starving to death, just because I couldn't make up my mind which of the figs I would choose. I wanted each and every one of them, but choosing one meant losing all the rest, and, as I sat there, unable to decide, the figs began to wrinkle and go black, and, one by one, they plopped to the ground at my feet.

The Bell Jar - SYLVIA PLATH

Text 3 — Essay

Television brings us the news of the moment at the moment. Its hallmarks are immediacy, brevity and near verblessness. We want it now and fast or not at all.

Constant stimulation and entertainment create the demand for constant stimulation and entertainment.

As a result, social commentator Hugh Mackay tells us, we're less skilled at communicating among ourselves, less capable of introspection and reflection, unused to down time. We're fixed on the compressed thought. Benchmarked by the sound bite.

What's developing is an intolerance for talk. Not all talk; a certain kind of talk – a sustained, exploratory, context-sensitive, inside-looking-out kind of talk.

It wasn't always like this. I can recall, at about age 15, asking my father to help me make sense of a line in a history textbook: "My neighbour is my enemy but my neighbour's neighbour is my friend."

The family was in the kitchen, just finishing an evening meal. Dad leapt up, energised by the challenge. He removed the dishes, wiped and dried the kitchen table, and then brought in a large historical atlas, opened at a map of Europe, circa 1871. Over the next hour, the late-19th century network of formal alliances and secret agreements fell out, as it were, on the shiny surface of the kitchen table. Europe was crisscrossed in a diplomatic tapestry of treaties, setting up the conditions for world war. And it all happened in my kitchen. I was spellbound.

There's no way, a generation later, I could repeat this scene. Even if I had the knowledge and explanatory prowess, the question is unlikely to come forth. Too open-ended. Too prone to discursive drift.

So, not for us, the rambling thought or the digressive cul-de-sac, loosely connected by a flimsy segue. Life is short. There's no time to waste (sorry, spend) on idle chat or off-task moments. We're, all of us, time-poor. By the time we get around to having time not to worry about time, not much time is left.

There's a case, too, for the neat and brief. Arguably, the measure of a good teacher, for example, is the good explanation. And the measure of this, at least in part, is conciseness, if only because its antithesis – long-windedness – is anathema.

In Paris a few years ago, I heard a memorable anecdote from the manager of an English-language school. I was there to talk about managing teachers. He reported that, for the first few years, he'd managed the school by the principles he'd learned on his MBA. But recruitment continued to challenge him and he made too many bad appointments. Eventually he dispensed with what he'd learned formally, replacing it with intuition – and just one interview question. He asked the interviewee teachers – mostly newly arrived Britons on working-holiday visas – how they got to the school that day.

The explanation, he claimed, turned out to be a reliable indicator of good teaching skills. He named the attributes he looked for: clarity, logical organisation, and – yes – you guessed it – brevity.

So, if you're keen, his school is three Metro stops past the Eiffel Tower, going north.

By RUTH WAJNRYB from *The Sydney Morning Herald*

Text 4 — Poem

The Sleepout

Childhood sleeps in a verandah room
in an iron bed close to the wall
where the winter over the railing
swelled the blind on its timber boom

and splinters picked lint off warm linen
and the stars were out over the hill;
then one wall of the room was forest
and all things in there were to come.

Breathings climbed up on the verandah
when dark cattle rubbed at the corner
and sometimes dim towering rain stood
for forest, and the dry cave hung woollen.

Inside the forest was lamplit
along tracks to a starry creek bed
and beyond lay the never-fenced country,
Its full billabongs all surrounded

By animals and birds, in loud crustings,
and sometimes kept leaping up amongst them.
And out there, to kindle whenever
dark found it, hung the daylight moon.

LES MURRAY

Text 5 — Fiction Extract

I had been driving towards a house that had not existed for decades. I thought of turning around, then, as I drove down a wide street that had once been a flint lane beside a barley field, of turning back and leaving the past undisturbed. But I was curious. The old house, the one I had lived in for seven years, from when I was five until I was twelve, that house had been knocked down and was lost for good. The new house, the one my parents had built at the bottom of the garden, between the azalea bushes and the green circle in the grass we called the fairy ring, that had been sold thirty years ago. I slowed the car as I saw the new house. It would always be the new house in my head.

I pulled up into the driveway, observing the way they had built out on the mid-seventies architecture. I had forgotten that the bricks of the house were chocolate brown. The new people had made my mother's tiny balcony into a two-storey sunroom. I stared at the house, remembering less than I had expected about my teenage years: no good times, no bad times. I'd lived in that place, for a while, as a teenager. It didn't seem to be any part of who I was now. I backed the car out of their driveway. . . . The little country lane of my childhood had become a black tarmac road that swerved as a buffer between two sprawling housing estates. I drove further down it, away from the town, which was not the way I should have been travelling, and it felt good. The slick black road became narrower, windier, became the single-lane track I remembered from my childhood, became packed earth and knobbly, bone-like flints.

Soon I was driving slowly, bumpily, down a narrow lane with brambles and briar roses on each side, wherever the edge was not a stand of hazels or a wild hedgerow. It felt like I had driven back in time. I remembered it before I turned the corner and saw it, in all its dilapidated red-brick glory: the Hempstocks' farmhouse. It took me by surprise, although that was where the lane had always ended. I could have gone no further. I parked the car at the side of the farmyard. I had no plan. I wondered whether, after all these years, there was anyone still living there, or, more precisely, if the Hempstocks were still living there. It seemed unlikely, but then, from what little I remembered, they had been unlikely people. The stench of cow muck struck me as I got out of the car, and I walked gingerly across the small yard to the front door. I looked for a doorbell, in vain, and then I knocked. The door had not been latched properly, and it swung gently open as I rapped it with my knuckles. I had been here, hadn't I, a long time ago? I was sure I had. Childhood memories are sometimes covered and obscured beneath the things that come later, like childhood toys forgotten at the bottom of a crammed adult closet, but they are never lost for good.

The Ocean at the End of the Lane – NEIL GAIMAN

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Section II

The prescribed texts for Section II are:

- **Prose Fiction**
 - Anthony Doerr, *All the Light We Cannot See*
 - Amanda Lohrey, *Vertigo*
 - George Orwell, *Nineteen Eighty-Four*
 - Favel Parrett, *Past the Shallows*

- **Poetry**
 - Rosemary Dobson, *Rosemary Dobson Collected*

The prescribed poems are:

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

The prescribed poems are:

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

- **Drama**
 - Jane Harrison, *Rainbow's End*, from Vivienne Cleven et al., *Contemporary Indigenous Plays*
 - Arthur Miller, *The Crucible*
 - William Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice*

Section II continues on page 8

Section II prescribed texts (continued)

- **Nonfiction**
 - Tim Winton, *The Boy Behind the Curtain*
 - * *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*
 - Malala Yousafzai and Christina Lamb, *I am Malala*
- **Film**
 - Stephen Daldry, *Billy Elliot*
- **Media**
 - Ivan O’Mahoney
 - * *Go Back to Where You Came From*
 - *Series 1: Episodes 1, 2 and 3*
 - and
 - * *The Response*
 - Lucy Walker, *Waste Land*

End of Section II