



JAMES RUSE AGRICULTURAL HIGH SCHOOL

**2019**

TRIAL HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE  
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
- Write on BOTH sides of the paper
- Submit EACH SECTION in a SEPARATE BOOKLET
- Write your candidate number on each page
- Attempt ALL QUESTIONS
- Write the question number at the top of your page

### Total marks – 40

#### SECTION I

Page 2

#### 20 marks

- Attempt Question 1
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

#### SECTION II

Page 3

#### 20 marks

- Attempt Question 2
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section
- 'Prescribed text' refers to the text studied by your class

## Section I

20 marks

### Attempt Question 1

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the question on this page in your writing booklet.

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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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### Attempt Question 1 (20 marks)

Carefully examine Texts 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 on pages 2–8 of the Stimulus Booklet, and then answer the questions below.

#### Text 1 — Film Poster

(a) How does the poster aim to challenge assumptions about human relationships? 2

#### Text 2 — Film Poster and Poem

(b) Compare how these texts give insights into individual **OR** shared human experiences. 5

#### Text 3 — Prose Fiction Extract

(c) Explain how the writer explores the protagonist’s nostalgia for his past. 3

#### Text 4 — Poem

(d) The poem offers three perspectives on the human experience. Explain what these perspectives are and how the poet uses structure to express his point of view. 4

#### Text 5 — Non-Fiction Extract

*“In fiction: we find the predictable boring. In real life: we find the unpredictable terrifying.”*

(e) How do composers represent the complexity of human experience?  
In your response, **compare text 5** and one other. 6

## Section II

20 marks

### Attempt Question 2

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Clearly mark this as *Section II*.

Clearly put your student number on the top of each page.

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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
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### Question 2 (20 marks)

***“Stories make us more aware of how human imperfections shape the way composers represent human experiences.”***

Critically analyse this statement with close reference to your prescribed text.

The prescribed texts are:

- Shakespeare
  - William Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice*

OR

- Prose Fiction
  - George Orwell, *Nineteen Eighty-Four*



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**English (Advanced)**

**Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences**

Stimulus Booklet for Section I

<b>Section I</b>	<b>Pages</b>
• Text 1 – Film Poster.....	2
• Text 2 – Poem.....	3
• Text 3 – Prose Fiction Extract.....	4
• Text 4 – Poem.....	5-6
• Text 5 – Non-Fiction Extract.....	7

SECTION I

Text one – Film Poster



ADAM GOODES

STAN GRANT

"SENSATIONAL"  
KARL QUINN, THE AGE

THE  
AUSTRALIAN  
DREAM



WHEN THE TRUTH OF HISTORY IS TOLD,  
WE CAN ALL WALK TOGETHER.

SCREENPLAY BY ADAM GOODES. DIRECTED BY STAN GRANT. PRODUCED BY ADAM GOODES AND STAN GRANT. CO-PRODUCED BY THE AUSTRALIAN BROADCASTING CORPORATION, PASCAL PRODUCTIONS AND GOOTINGS PRODUCTIONS. PRESENTED IN ASSOCIATION WITH MADMAN ENTERTAINMENT, FLM VICTORIA, WEYBROOKS PRODUCTIONS AND UNTERKREPIED. CASTING BY JESSICA HARRIS. COSTUME DESIGNER: JESSICA HARRIS. HAIR BY JESSICA HARRIS. MAKEUP BY JESSICA HARRIS. EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: PAUL WEGARD, ANDREW RAHEMAN, ALLAN BIRD, JANEL KENNEDY, TOMMY SORON. PRODUCED BY SHERID THOMPSON, NICK BARTZAS, VIRSHNA WHITFIELD, JOHN BATTEREE. WRITTEN BY STAN GRANT. DIRECTED BY DANIEL SORON.

IN CINEMAS AUGUST 22



## Text Two – Poem



### **The Black Kite**

Over Manus Island,  
a black kite flies.

A few youths –  
still with energy  
to bear the difficulties  
of this prison camp –  
made it.

The black kite flies,  
a messenger of freedom  
for us, the forgotten prisoners.

It circles  
higher and higher  
above the camp,  
above the beautiful coconuts.

Our eyes follow its flight,  
it seems to want to tear its rope.

It breaks free,  
dances towards the ocean,  
flies far and again farther  
until no one can see it.

The youths stare into the empty sky  
after their impossible dream.

Behrouz Boochani

\*A Black Kite is a type of bird.

### Text Three – Prose Fiction extract

Less is no athlete. His single moment of greatness came one spring afternoon when he was twelve. In the suburbs of Delaware, spring meant not young love and damp flowers but an ugly divorce from winter and a second marriage to buxom summer. August's steam-room setting came on automatically in May, cherry and plum blossoms made the slightest wind into a ticker-tape parade, and the air filled with pollen. Schoolteachers heard the boys giggling at the sweat shine of their bosoms; young roller skaters found themselves stuck in softening asphalt. It was the year the cicadas returned; Less had not been alive when they buried themselves in the earth. But now they returned: tens of thousands of them, horrifying but harmless, drunk driving through the air so they bumped into heads and ears, encrusting telephone poles and parked cars with their delicate, amber-hued, almost Egyptian discarded shells. Girls wore them as earrings. Boys (Tom Sawyer descendants) trapped the live ones in paper bags and released them at study hour. All day, the creatures hummed in huge choruses, the sound pulsing around the neighborhood. And school would not end until June. If ever.

Then picture young Less: twelve years old, his first year wearing the gold-rimmed glasses that would return to him, thirty years later, when a shopkeeper recommended a pair in Paris and a thrill of sad recognition and shame would course through his body – the short boy in glasses in right field, his hair as gold-white as old ivory, covered by a black-yellow baseball cap, wandering in the clover with a dreamy look in his eyes. Nothing has happened in right field all season, which is why he was put there: a kind of athletic Canada. His father (though Less would not know this for over a decade) had had to attend a meeting of the Public Athletics Board to defend his son's right to participate in the league despite his clear lack of talent at baseball and obliviousness on the field. His father actually had to remind his son's coach (who has recommended Less's removal) that it was a *public* athletic league and, like a public library, was open to all. Even the fumbling oafs among us. And his mother, a softball champ in her day, has had to pretend none of this matters to her at all and drives Less to games with a speech about sportsmanship that is more a dismantling of her own beliefs than a relief to the boy. Picture Less with his leather glove weighing down in his left hand, sweating in the spring heat, his mind lost in the reverie of childhood lunacies before they give way to adolescent lunacies - when an object appears in the sky. Acting almost on a species memory, he runs forward, the glove before him. The bright sun spangles his vision. And – thwack! The crowd is screaming. He looks into the glove and sees, gloriously grass-bruised and double-stitched in red, the single catch of his life span.

From the stands: his mother's ecstatic cry.

ANDREW SEAN GREER 'Less'

## Text Four – Poem

### On Living

#### I

Living is no laughing matter:  
you must live with great seriousness  
like a squirrel, for example—  
I mean without looking for something beyond and above living,  
I mean living must be your whole occupation.  
Living is no laughing matter:  
you must take it seriously,  
so much so and to such a degree  
that, for example, your hands tied behind your back,  
your back to the wall,  
or else in a laboratory  
in your white coat and safety glasses,  
you can die for people—  
even for people whose faces you've never seen,  
even though you know living  
is the most real, the most beautiful thing.  
I mean, you must take living so seriously  
that even at seventy, for example, you'll plant olive trees—  
and not for your children, either,  
but because although you fear death you don't believe it,  
because living, I mean, weighs heavier.

#### II

Let's say we're seriously ill, need surgery—  
which is to say we might not get up  
from the white table.  
Even though it's impossible not to feel sad  
about going a little too soon,  
we'll still laugh at the jokes being told,  
we'll look out the window to see if it's raining,  
or still wait anxiously  
for the latest newscast. . .



Let's say we're at the front—  
for something worth fighting for, say.  
There, in the first offensive, on that very day,  
we might fall on our face, dead.  
We'll know this with a curious anger,  
but we'll still worry ourselves to death  
about the outcome of the war, which could last years.  
Let's say we're in prison  
and close to fifty,  
and we have eighteen more years, say,  
before the iron doors will open.  
We'll still live with the outside,  
with its people and animals, struggle and wind—  
I mean with the outside beyond the walls.  
I mean, however and wherever we are,  
we must live as if we will never die.

### III

This earth will grow cold,  
a star among stars  
and one of the smallest,  
a gilded mote on blue velvet—  
I mean this, our great earth.  
This earth will grow cold one day,  
not like a block of ice  
or a dead cloud even  
but like an empty walnut it will roll along  
in pitch-black space . . .  
You must grieve for this right now  
—you have to feel this sorrow now—  
for the world must be loved this much  
if you're going to say "I lived" . . .

## **Text Five – Non-Fiction Extract**

For all recorded time, human beings have been fascinated by the intersection of destiny and chance and have craved ways to test and tame the Fates. We hate to feel vulnerable, and seek reassurance any way we can. We read horoscopes, pray to gods, visit clairvoyants, consult tarot cards, check weather forecasts, and scour news stories about our risk of contracting various diseases so we can take the necessary precautions against them.

Gambling can be dated back to 3500 BC, thanks to an ancient form of dice uncovered during an archaeological dig in Egypt. And gamblers, along with people whose jobs involve precision, luck or high risk, such as sports stars, actors, soldiers and sailors, frequently turn to superstitious rituals for protection. It's not just them either. I can't tell you how many times I've approached a red traffic light and thought something like, if it turns green before I stop the car, I'll pass the exam. And if I end up stopping the car? Okay, best of three.

Every day we ascribe significance to the most random, meaningless events so as to give ourselves a sense of control over our world. Human brains have evolved to need predictability. Our ancient ancestors had to make dozens of decisions every day that went to their very survival – what food was good to eat, what shelter would offer the best protection from the elements, what locations were safe from predators. Predictability was useful because it streamlined the decision-making process: if a plant had been safely eaten previously, it could be safely eaten again. The need for predictability was so strong that evolutionary biology caused our brains to permanently prefer it.

The brain gathers all sorts of data from the outside world and stores it as memories. Memories then can help us to make decisions about how to act, by evaluating past experience against present reality. That mental process occurs in a split second for something as simple as climbing a set of stairs, but it can be more tortuous for complicated decisions, such as whether another person is trustworthy. The brain particularly loves patterns it can recognise because they foster predictability in the world around us and help eliminate unpleasant feelings of insecurity and unfamiliarity.

Many scientific experiments have demonstrated the brain's preference for predictability over unpredictability. In one study, monkeys were given the option of two coloured targets, both of which came with rewards but only one of which gave advance information about what that reward would be. After a few days, the monkeys showed a clear preference for the target that gave information about the future. In another experiment, humans were found to prefer receiving a guaranteed electric shock over sitting with the uncertainty that they might or might not get a shock. In other words, people feel better about knowing what is coming – even if it is painful – than not knowing. It's easier to prepare ourselves when we know what's in store, whether it's good or bad. There is thus a biological basis to the cliché 'forewarned is forearmed'.

There is also a chemical reason for this preference for certainty and predictability. When our brains receive information that 'makes sense', they behave in the same way as when we satisfy any other craving: by releasing dopamine, a chemical that makes us feel pleasure. With dopamine, the body feels calm, content, comfortable, relieved and safe. By contrast, uncertainty feels closer to pain and the body tries to avoid it. People have varying levels of tolerance for the feeling of uncertainty. Somebody with obsessive-compulsive disorder, for example, has an extreme aversion to it.

The human bias towards predictability causes us to look for cause and effect in the world around us, even for things that defy easy explanation. The idea that everything happens for a reason is a reassuring thought, as if somewhere out there is a blueprint, dictating the course of our lives, even if we can't see it. A sense of certainty comes with believing that things are under some form of control, whether somebody else's or our own. For many people it's comforting to believe that factors such as how hard we work, the choices we make, or the goodness of our deeds influence our destiny more than luck and chance do.

LEIGH SALES  
*Any Ordinary Day*

**End of Section 1**