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Student Number

Sydney Girls 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
- A Stimulus Booklet is provided with this Question and Writing Booklet
- Write your Student Number at the top of this page
- Additional writing paper will be provided if required

**Total Marks:
40**

Section I – 20 marks (pages 3-10)

- Attempt Questions 1-4
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section II – 20 marks (page 11)

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

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Section I

20 marks

Attempt Questions 1–4

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Read the texts on pages 3-8 of the Stimulus Booklet carefully and then answer the questions in this booklet, in the spaces provided. These spaces provide guidance for the expected length of responses.

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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Question 1 (4 marks)

Use **Text 1 (page 3 of the stimulus booklet)** to answer this question.

Compare how each of the two posters explores the power of words and storytelling. **4**

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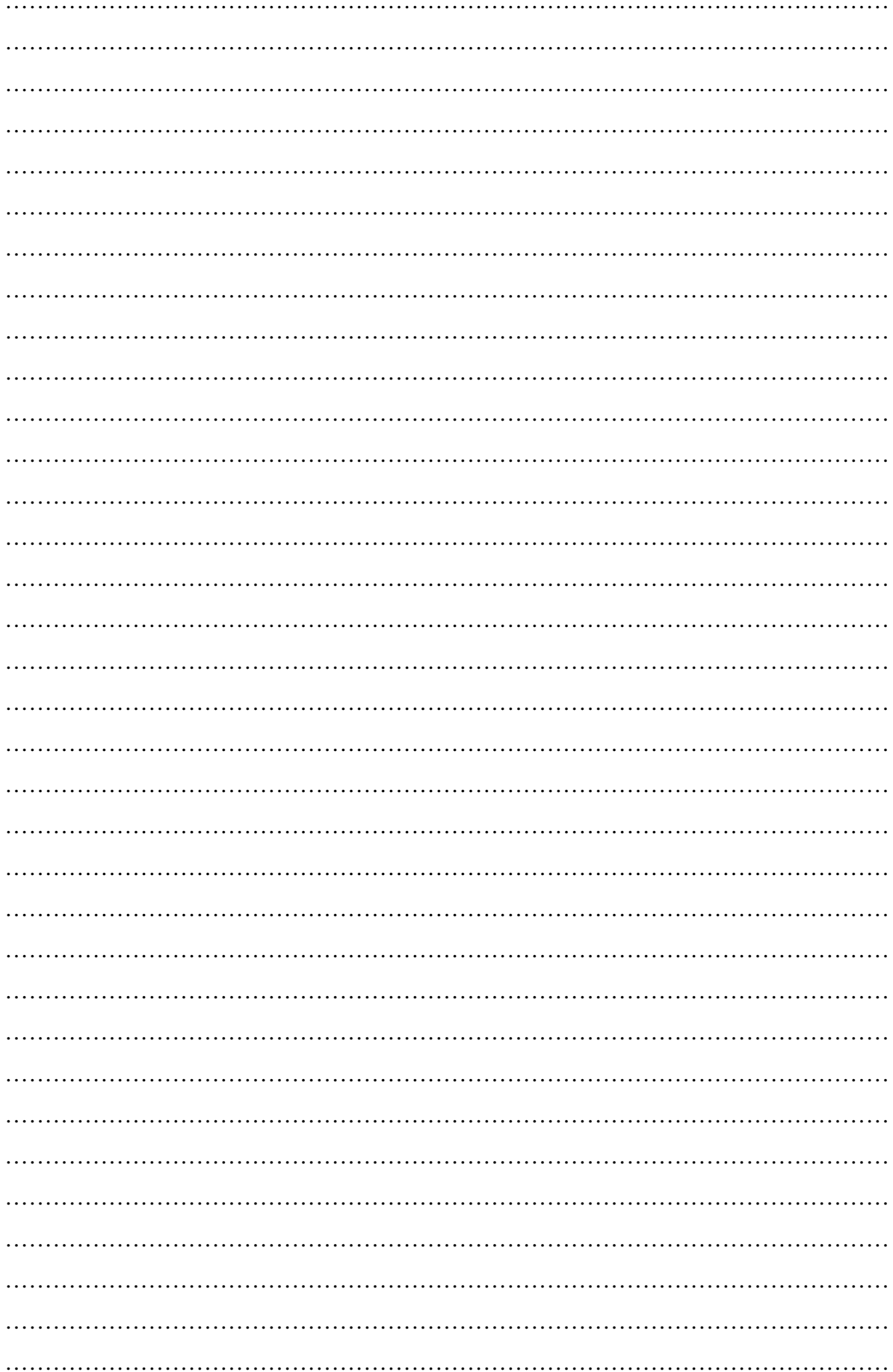
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Question 4 (6 marks)

Use **Text 5 (pages 7-8 of the stimulus booklet)** to answer this question.

Explain how Text 5 explores the challenges of being part of a shared human experience. **6**

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End of Section I

English Advanced

Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experience

Section II

20 marks

Attempt Question 5

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the question in the Section II Writing Booklet. Extra writing paper is 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 5 (20 marks)

How has your understanding of the complex nature of human behaviour been shaped by Arthur Miller's representation of conflict in *The Crucible*?

In your response, refer to your prescribed text.

The prescribed texts are listed on pages 9-10 of the Stimulus Booklet.

End of Paper

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Sydney Girls High School

2019 TRIAL HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION

English Advanced

Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

Stimulus Booklet

and

List of prescribed texts for Section II

	Pages
<hr/> Section I	
• Text 1 – Posters	3
• Text 2 – Poem	4
• Text 3 – Memoir extract	5
• Text 4 – Speech	6
• Text 5 – Novel extract	7-8
<hr/> Section II	
• List of prescribed texts	9-10

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Section I

Text 1 – Images – posters



Text 2 – Poem

Migrant hostel

No one kept count
Of all the comings and goings –
Arrivals of newcomers
In busloads from the station,
Sudden departures from adjoining blocks
That left us wondering
Who would be coming next.

Nationalities sought
Each other out instinctively –
Like a homing pigeon
Circling to get its bearings;
Years and place-names
Recognised by accents,
Partitioned off at night
By memories of hunger and hate.

For over two years
We lived like birds of passage –
Always sensing a change
In the weather:
Unaware of the season
Whose track we would follow.

A barrier at the main gate
Sealed off the highway
From our doorstep –
As it rose and fell like a finger
Pointed in reprimand or shame;
And daily we passed
Underneath or alongside it –
Needing its sanction
To pass in and out of lives
That had only begun
Or were dying.

PETER SKRZYNECKI

Text 3 – Memoir extract

I never wanted to enter the rough-and-tumble of public or political life, and for forty-five years as a lawyer, I managed to avoid it. Human rights advocacy is not for the faint-hearted. How, then, did I come into conflict with the government of the day on human rights issues, most particularly the treatment of asylum seekers and refugees?

On the day I first walked through the doors of the Australian Human Rights Commission headquarters in central Sydney, I was a 'black letter' international lawyer having worked with a commercial law firm and been dean of a law school. My work until then largely concerned disputed claims to territorial and maritime sovereignty, such as in the South China Sea and the Timor Gap; the World Trade Organization; and sovereign immunities. I had lectured in international law, written textbooks, and led an international research institute. I was not looking for controversy. It found me.

I was not the first commission president to incur the condemnation of government. Fifteen years before I joined the commission in mid-2012, one of my predecessors, Sir Ronald Wilson, reported on what became known as the stolen generations. His legal conclusion—radical at the time—that the treatment of Indigenous mixed-race children amounted to the international crime of genocide, attracted much political derision. Today, his report is the commission's most referenced and admired work. While I do not compare myself with so fine a judge as Sir Ronald, I do share with him the experience, when faced with the facts and personal stories, of producing a report that is also seen by some to be 'radical'.

Today, when I speak in public, people often ask how I found the resilience to withstand the political and media abuse and character assassination. I have no answer to this question, usually waving it away with references to gin and tonic, a supportive husband, and a strong, if bemused, family and friends. Resilience is increasingly seen as a desirable trait for survival in the contemporary world. I suspect that each of us will find it in the heat of the moment—as I unexpectedly did, aged eleven.

Speaking up and pronunciation were important to the nuns at my Catholic schools in London and Devon. I was a reluctant member of a school team chosen to read poems at a local elocution and public speaking competition. I had a soft, uncertain voice and was bewildered by the vaulting images of Wordsworth and Keats. I well remember standing alone in the spotlight on stage, reciting, when a nun hissed from the wings, 'Speak up, child.' I raised my voice in terror and spoke loudly to the proverbial man at the back of the hall. My dramatic declamations proved effective—I received a commendation from the judges. Not given to lavish praise, the nun said she was surprised that I could speak up so well. I had found my voice at last.

GILLIAN TRIGGS
Speaking Up

Text 4 – Speech

This is a transcript of Behrouz Boochani’s literary prize acceptance speech delivered via video link on 31 January 2019:

When I arrived at Christmas Island six years ago, an immigration official called me into the office and told me that they were going to exile me to Manus Island, a place in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. I told them that I am a writer. That same person just laughed at me, and ordered the guards to exile me to Manus.

I kept this image in my mind for years, even while I was writing my novel – and even right now, as I’m writing this acceptance speech. It was an act of humiliation.

When I arrived in Manus, I created another image for myself. I imagined a novelist in a remote prison. Sometimes I would work half naked beside the prison fences and imagine a novelist locked up right there, in that place. This image was awe inspiring. For years I maintained this image in my mind. Even while I was forced to wait in long queues to get food, or while enduring other humiliating moments.

This image always helped me uphold my dignity and keep my identity as a human being. In fact, I created this image in opposition to the image created by the system. After years of struggling against the system that has completely ignored our individual identities, I am happy that we have arrived at this moment.

This proves that words still have the power to challenge inhumane systems and structures. I have always said that I believe in words and literature. I believe that literature has the potential to make change and challenge structures of power. Literature has the power to give us freedom. Yes, it is true.

I have been in a cage for years but throughout this time my mind has always been producing words, and these words have taken me across borders, taken me overseas and to unknown places. I truly believe words are more powerful than the fences of this place, this prison.

This is not just a basic slogan. I am not an idealist. I am not expressing the views of an idealist here. These words are from a person who has been held captive on this island for almost six years. A person who has witnessed an extraordinary tragedy unfold in this place. These words allow me to appear there with you, tonight.

With humility, I would like to say that this award is a victory. It is a victory not only for us, but for literature and art and above all, it is a victory for humanity. A victory for human beings, for human dignity. A victory against a system that has never recognised us as human beings. It is a victory against a system that has reduced us to numbers.

This is a beautiful moment. Let us all rejoice tonight in the power of literature.

BEHROUZ BOOCHANI

Text 5 – Novel extract

Most days I wish I was a British pound coin instead of an African girl. Everyone would be pleased to see me coming. Maybe I would visit with you for the weekend and then suddenly, because I am fickle like that, I would visit with the man from the corner shop instead — but you would not be sad because you would be eating a cinnamon bun, or drinking a cold Coca-Cola from the can, and you would never think of me again. We would be happy, like lovers who met on holiday and forgot each other's names.

A pound coin can go wherever it thinks it will be safest. It can cross deserts and oceans and leave the sound of gunfire and the bitter smell of burning thatch behind. When it feels warm and secure it will turn around and smile at you, the way my big sister Nkiruka used to smile at the men in our village in the short summer after she was a girl but before she was really a woman, and certainly before the evening my mother took her to a quiet place for a serious talk.

Of course a pound coin can be serious too. It can disguise itself as power, or property, and there is nothing more serious when you are a girl who has neither. You must try to catch the pound, and trap it in your pocket, so that it cannot reach a safe country unless it takes you with it. But a pound has all the tricks of a sorcerer. When pursued I have seen it shed its tail like a lizard so that you are left holding only pence. And when you finally go to seize it, the British pound can perform the greatest magic of all, and this is to transform itself into not one, but two, identical green American dollar bills. Your fingers will close on empty air, I am telling you.

How I would love to be a British pound. A pound is free to travel to safety, and we are free to watch it go. This is the human triumph. This is called, *globalization*. A girl like me gets stopped at immigration, but a pound can leap the turnstiles, and dodge the tackles of those big men with their uniform caps, and jump straight into a waiting airport taxi. *Where to, sir?* Western Civilization, my good man, and make it snappy.

See how nicely a British pound coin talks? It speaks with the voice of Queen Elizabeth the Second of England. Her face is stamped upon it, and sometimes when I look very closely I can see her lips moving. I hold her up to my ear. What is she saying? *Put me down this minute, young lady, or I shall call my guards.*

If the Queen spoke to you in such a voice, do you suppose it would be possible to disobey? I have read that the people around her — even kings and prime ministers — they find their bodies responding to her orders before their brains can even think why not. Let me tell you, it is not the crown and the scepter that have this effect. Me, I could pin a tiara on my short fuzzy hair, and I could hold up a scepter in one hand, like this, and police officers would still walk up to me in their big shoes and say, *Love the ensemble, madam, now let's have a quick look at your ID, shall we?* No, it is not the Queen's crown and scepter that rule in your land. It is her grammar and her voice. That is why it is desirable to speak the way she does. That way you can say to police officers, in a voice as clear as the Cullinan diamond, *My goodness, how dare you?*

I am only alive at all because I learned the Queen's English. Maybe you are thinking, that isn't so hard. After all, English is the official language of my country, Nigeria. Yes, but the trouble is that back home we speak it so much better than you. To talk the Queen's English, I had to

Text 5 continues on page 8

Text 5 (continued)

forget all the best tricks of my mother tongue. For example, the Queen could never say, *There was plenty wahala, that girl done use her bottom power to engage my number one son and anyone could see she would end in the bad bush. Instead the Queen must say, My late daughter-in-law used her feminine charms to become engaged to my heir, and one might have foreseen that it wouldn't end well.* It is all a little sad, don't you think? Learning the Queen's English is like scrubbing off the bright red varnish from your toenails, the morning after a dance. It takes a long time and there is always a little bit left at the end, a stain of red along the growing edges tore mind you of the good time you had. So, you can see that learning came slowly to me. On the other hand, I had plenty of time. I learned your language in an immigration detention center, in Essex, in the southeastern part of the United Kingdom. Two years, they locked me in there. Time was all I had.

But why did I go to all the trouble? It is because of what some of the older girls explained to me: to survive, you must look good or talk even better. The plain ones and the silent ones, it seems their paperwork is never in order. You say, they get repatriated. We say, *sent home early.* Like your country is a children's party — something too wonderful to last forever. But the pretty ones and the talkative ones, we are allowed to stay. In this way your country becomes lively and more beautiful.

I will tell you what happened when they let me out of the immigration detention center. The detention officer put a voucher in my hand, a transport voucher, and he said I could telephone for a cab. I said, *Thank you sir, may God move with grace in your life and bring joy into your heart and prosperity upon your loved ones.* The officer pointed his eyes at the ceiling, like there was something very interesting up there, and he said, *Jesus.* Then he pointed his finger down the corridor and he said, *There is the telephone.*

So, I stood in the queue for the telephone. I was thinking, I went *over the top* with thanking that detention officer. The Queen would merely have said, *Thank you,* and left it like that. Actually, the Queen would have told the detention officer to call for the damn taxi himself, or she would have him shot and his head separated from his body and displayed on the railings in front of the Tower of London. I was realizing, right there, that it was one thing to learn the Queen's English from books and newspapers in my detention cell, and quite another thing to actually speak the language with the English. I was angry with myself. I was thinking, *You cannot afford to go around making mistakes like that, girl. If you talk like a savage who learned her English on the boat, the men are going to find you out and send you straight back home.* That's what I was thinking.

There were three girls in the queue in front of me. They let all us girls out on the same day. It was Friday. It was a bright sunny morning in May. The corridor was dirty but it smelled clean. That is a good trick. Bleach, is how they do that.

CHRIS CLEAVE
Extract from *Little Bee*

End of Text 5

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**
 - 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 10

- **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