

# Year 12 English Advanced TRIAL EXAMINATION 2019

**SYDNEY BOYS HIGH**

**Student no.**

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## **PAPER 1 - TEXTS AND HUMAN EXPERIENCES**

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### **General Instructions:**

- Reading time-10 minutes
- Working time-1 hour and 30 minutes
- Write using a black pen
- A separate stimulus booklet is provided

### **CRITERIA**

Your answers will be assessed on how well you

- Demonstrate an understanding of human experiences in texts
- Analyse, explain and assess the ways human experiences are represented in texts.

### **TOTAL MARKS 40**

#### **Section 1** (20 marks) pages 3-8

Attempt questions 1-4

Allow about 45 minutes for this question

- Read the questions in the stimulus booklet and then answer the questions in the spaces provided in this booklet. (If you need more space, number the question and continue in pages at the end of the Section I.)

#### **SECTION 2** (20 MARKS) PAGE 11

ATTEMPT QUESTION 5

ALLOW ABOUT 45 MINUTES FOR THIS QUESTION

- READ THE QUESTION IN THIS BOOKLET AND THEN ANSWER IN **THE SEPARATE WRITING BOOKLET PROVIDED**

**Question 1**

Use **Text 1** to answer this question.

- (a) Write an appropriate caption for the photo for inclusion in an exhibition entitled Sydney, The Human Experience.
- (b) Justify your choice of caption by referring to the features of the visual text.

**3 marks**


**Extra writing paper is available at the end of Section 1.**





## Section II

(20marks)

**Attempt question 5**

**Allow about 45 minutes for this section**

**Answer the question in a SEPARATE writing booklet**

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In your answer you will be assessed on how well you:

- demonstrate understanding of human experience 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 5

George Orwell Nineteen Eighty Four

**Read this extract from Orwell's novel and use it as a prompt to respond to the essay question below.**

“He turned over towards the light and lay gazing at the glass paperweight. The inexhaustibly interesting thing was not the fragment of coral but the interior of the glass itself. There was such a depth to it, and yet it was almost as transparent as air. It was as though the surface of the glass had been the arch of the sky, enclosing a tiny world with its atmosphere complete. He had the feeling he could get inside it, and that in fact he was inside it, along with the mahogany bed and the gate-leg table, and the clock and the steel engraving and the paperweight itself. The paperweight was the room he was in, and the coral was Julia's life and his own, fixed in a sort of eternity at the heart of the crystal.”

**Question:**

**Write an essay supporting the view that in Nineteen Eighty Four, beauty is as important as ugliness in achieving Orwell's purpose.**

**END OF PAPER**

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## SYDNEY BOYS HIGH

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## PAPER 1 - TEXTS AND HUMAN EXPERIENCES STIMULUS BOOKLET

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### **TOTAL MARKS 20**

#### **Section I** (20 marks)

Text 1. Image .....	page 2
Text 2. Poem .....	pages 3-4
Text 3. Short Story excerpt .....	page 5
Text 4. Personal Essay.....	page 6-7

#### **Section 2** (20 marks)

List of prescribed texts for Section II .....page 8  
(The question for Section II is in the other booklet)

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**Text 2 -Poem**

**JOY FLIGHT**

My father's stories must be provoked from him  
by some landslide of sorrow;  
a lost city's foundations revealed by shifting earth.  
Only after the death of two brothers  
does he relate some childhood moment  
of a Sunday after Mass, when a Tiger Moth  
touched down on a patch of ground  
offering joy flights.

I see them, those three blond boys taut with longing,  
That silver machine, the sky.  
My father remembers the sum of money required  
for the three boys to go up  
and his own father's face, closed and abashed,  
after he asked the pilot.  
He turned away,  
and my father steeled himself for the walk home to lunch.  
Yet somehow his father was carrying the money,  
and somehow he decided.  
They flew.

Disaster could have struck,  
and sent my grandmother mad with grief.  
My grandfather would have been condemned  
to watch that, from the ground, forever.  
But nothing went wrong.  
They flew, and returned safely to the earth, transformed,  
an awestruck moment in a poor childhood,  
desire made real, a stern father hiding his smile on the run home.  
Everyone who witnessed that event is dead now.  
My father handed me the story, a small recovered legacy,  
glinting and bright with disuse.  
Now I carry those three buffeted, grinning children  
in their Sunday clothes,  
hardly able to believe their luck,  
astonished by joy and flight.

I hold this, and yearn to write fiction  
in the face of these deaths and losses,  
In the face of all that is forgotten  
and revealed in the stark shift of pain and surprise.  
I want to carry this talisman carved like a rune  
for my father, for my uncles, for my grandfather,  
and for that pilot;  
for that pure torn-open moment  
where they each slipped free of the earth.  
Fiction, which is the ribbon pulled from a trembling mouth,

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### Text Three- Short Story Excerpt

The pool these days was empty, closed, like so much else, for the 'duration'. But Jack, who this year would have been old enough to use the board, liked each morning to walk out to the end and test its spring. Toes curled, arms raised, beautifully balanced between the two blues, the cloudless blue of the early morning sky and the painted one that was its ideal reflection, he would reach for what he remembered of his father's stance up there, grip the edge, strain skywards with his fingertips, push his rib cage out till the skin felt paper-thin, and hang there, poised. He had got this part of hit perfect. For the rest he would have to be patient and wait.

His father was missing- that was the official definition. Or, more hopefully, he was a prisoner of war. More hopefully because wars have a foreseeable end, their prisoners come home: to be missing is to have stepped into a cloud. Jack's mother, who was aware of this, never let a mealtime pass without in some way evoking him.

'I suppose', she would say, 'your daddy will be having a bite to eat about now.'

They knew quite well he wouldn't be sitting down, as they were, to chops and boiled pudding, but it kept him, even if all he was doing was pushing a few spoonfuls of sticky rice into his mouth, alive and in the same moment with them.

When St. Patrick's Day came round she would say: 'Sweet Peas. They're your father's favourites. You should remember that, Jack. Maybe by the time they're ready he will be home.'

One year, struck by one of the models in a Paton and Baldwin pattern book, she knitted a cable-stitch sweater for him. Jack held the wool when it was wound, watching the yards and yards it would take pass over his hands. Twenty skeins! When all the parts were finished and had been assembled into the shape of a sweater, his mother held it up to her shoulders. 'Look, Jack'. He was astonished by the bulkiness of it. He hadn't remembered his father's being so big. In a moment when his mother was out of the room, he held its roughness to his cheek, but all he could smell was the new wool.

Collapsed now between the layers of tissue, it lay in a drawer of his father's lowboy acquiring an odour of naphthalene.

But as the months slipped by and they still had no news of him, no postcard or message on the radio, Jack saw that his mother's assurance had begun to fail. She still spoke as if his father were just out of the room for a bit, at a football match or having a drink down at the boat club, but she was pretending. For his sake-that is what he felt-and it worried him that she might realise that he knew. They would have to admit something then, and it was imperative, he thought, that they should not. If she no longer had faith, then he must. If his father was to get home, if he was to hang on to whatever light thread was keeping him in the world, the *he* was the one who must keep believing. It was up to him.

From At Schindler's by David Malouf



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**Text 4 continued**

I've been writing a lot about migration recently. And I'm aware of the great black mere of tears that migration leaves behind, the terrible mourning of loss and the sadness of economic and political migrants. It marks countries. We rarely notice that the greatest gift of being members of the First World club is that we can afford to stay close to our parents and our children and that we can travel with the comfort and assurance of knowing we can get back from anywhere within 24 hours. While I waited for Flora at the arrivals, I was surprised by the depth and sharpness of my anticipation, how much I'd missed her. I watched a trickle of travellers returning. In front of me were a huddle of a family: a father, a mother and a couple of boys. They were subdued; they had been waiting some time. The children were bored and unhappy, the man kept a protective arm around his wife. Then, in through the doors came a woman with a small hurried bag. She was plainly the wife's sister. A called name and the two women ran towards each other and hugged and the connection, the touch, unlocked a dam of tears and they sagged into each other's shoulders and sobbed. The father and children hung back. Without words, you knew that a parent had died. That the immigrant child was returning for the funeral too late to say goodbye or thank you. And as they moved slowly towards the exit, there was the shrill call of "Daddy!" and Flora in crumpled brightly tie-dyed cotton, with matted hair and barnacled with bangles, dropped her bag and ran to the barrier, a grin like a sickle moon, relieved, I think, to find that I was still here with the living and that, finally, there was someone else to carry her rucksack.

A.A Gill