



Student Number \_\_\_\_\_

**ABBOTSLEIGH**

**2019 HIGHER SCHOOL  
CERTIFICATE TRIAL  
EXAMINATION**

# English Advanced

## Paper 1 — Common Module (Texts and Human Experiences)

### General Instructions

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Working time – 1 hour and 30 minutes
- Write using black or blue pen
- Write your student number on each sheet of your answer.
- A Stimulus Booklet is provided with this paper

### Total marks – 40

#### Section I: pages 1-4

20 marks

Attempt Questions 1 - 4

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

#### Section II: page 5

20 marks

Attempt Question 5

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

**This paper must not be removed from the examination room**

**Section I**

Student Number \_\_\_\_\_

**20 Marks**

**Attempt Questions 1 - 4**

**Allow about 45 minutes for this section**

**Read the texts on pages 2-9 of the Stimulus booklet and then answer the questions in the spaces provided. These spaces provide guidance for the expected length of response.**

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Your answers 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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Marks

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

How do the images present contrasting impressions of the human experience?

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**Question 1 continues on page 2**







## **Section II**

**20 Marks**

**Attempt Question 5**

**Allow about 45 minutes for this section**

**Answer the questions on the paper provided**

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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 5 (20 marks)**

“We tell stories so that others might recognise fragments of themselves.”

Critically analyse how the composer of your prescribed text uses storytelling to reflect on the complexity of human experience and to encourage the responder to see people differently.

**End of Section II**



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# **English Advanced**

## **Paper 1 — Common Module (Texts and Human Experiences)**

**Stimulus Booklet for Section I**

*and*

**List of prescribed texts for Section II**

**This paper must not be removed from the examination room**

## Section I

### Text 1 – Images





## Text 2 – Poem

### “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 passes 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.”

### **Text 3 – Prose Fiction**

#### **from *The Kite Runner* by Khaled Hosseini**

... I was passing by my father's study when I overheard him speaking to Rahim Khan. I pressed my ear to the closed door. ...

"I'm telling you," Baba said, "I wasn't like that at all, and neither were any of the kids I grew up with."

"You know, sometimes you are the most self-centred man I know," Rahim Khan said. He was the only person I knew who could get away with speaking like that to Baba.

"It has nothing to do with that."

"Nay?"

"Nay."

"Then what?"

I heard the leather of Baba's seat creaking as he shifted on it. I closed my eyes, pressed my ear even harder against the door, wanting to hear, not wanting to hear. "Sometimes I look out this window and I see him playing on the street with the neighbourhood boys. I see how they push him around, take his toys from him, give him a shove here, a whack there. And, you know, he never fights back. Never. He just ... drops his head and ..."

"So he's not violent," Rahim Khan said.

"That's not what I mean, Rahim, and you know it," Baba shot back. "There is something missing in that boy."

"Yes, a mean streak."

"Self-defence has nothing to do with meanness. You know what always happens when the neighbourhood boys tease him? Hassan steps in and fends them off. I've seen it with my own eyes. And when they come home, I say to him, 'How did Hassan get that scrape on his face?' And he says, 'He fell down.' I'm telling you, Rahim, there is something missing in that boy."

"You just need to let him find his way," Rahim Khan said.

"And where is he headed?" Baba said. "A boy who won't stand up for himself becomes a man who can't stand up to anything."

"As usual you're oversimplifying."

"I don't think so."

"You're angry because you're afraid he'll never take over the business for you."

**Text Three continues on page 5**

“Now who’s oversimplifying?” Baba said. “Look, I know there’s a fondness between you and I’m happy about that. Envious, but happy. I mean that. He needs someone who ... understands him, because God knows I don’t. But something about Amir troubles me in a way that I can’t express. It’s like ...” I could see him searching, reaching for the right words. He lowered his voice, but I heard him anyway. “If I hadn’t seen the doctor pull him out of my wife with my own eyes, I’d never believe he’s my son.”

The next morning, as he was preparing my breakfast, Hassan asked if something was bothering me. I snapped at him, told him to mind his own business.

Rahim Khan had been wrong about the mean streak thing.

### **End of Text Three**

## Text 4 – Newspaper item

by Dusty Miller (*Sydney Morning Herald – The Good Weekend*)

### *Perils of a guest with plate expectations*

The other day I was trying hard to think of the worst meal I'd ever had.

It was a long, long time ago. I was living on my own in a new city. I'd had pneumonia and a kind of acquaintance had asked me over for dinner when I was on the mend. I'd been looking forward to it all week. I had that returned-to-life exhilaration you get when an illness fades and you remember what it is to feel healthy. I had my appetite back.

I didn't know X very well – but what a treat to have someone cook a nice meal for me.

X sat me down at the table and went off to bustle in the kitchen, returning with our dinner already “plated up”.

Before me lay a dish of plain brown rice, overboiled and gluggy, and by its side, a piece of plain boiled white fish. No salt or pepper in sight. No garnish. Even a monk would have cried.

Was this X's idea of invalid food, perhaps, or was she in some kind of cult that didn't believe in flavour? She hoed in. I fiddled. I couldn't help remember a friend's story about how, not wishing to offend her hosts in Scotland, she slipped slices of black pudding into her socks for later disposal. No chance of that here. There was way too much.

This all sounds horribly ungrateful. It was lovely of her to ask me. I did

care about the company and the conversation but I couldn't help caring about the food as well. It didn't have to be gourmet, I would have settled for merely edible.

I've come to realise that the world is divided into people who care about food and those who can't see what the fuss is about and wish food came as a pill.

I lost track of X long ago. I haven't forgotten that meal and the lurching sense of disappointment, but then I also remember this: she cared for me when I was in need, even if I did have to get a pizza on the way home.

## **Text 5 – Prose Fiction**

**from *A Christmas Carol* by Charles Dickens.**

**In this extract the Cratchit family come together for Christmas dinner, to eat a goose followed by a Christmas pudding.**

Then up rose Mrs Cratchit while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he blew the fire, until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan-lid to be let out and peeled.

‘What has ever got your precious father, then?’ said Mrs Cratchit. ‘And your brother, Tiny Tim?’

‘There’s father coming,’ cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds — and, in truth, it was something very like it in that house. Mrs Cratchit made the gravy hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigour; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the goose’s breast; when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the table, and even Tiny Tim beat on the table with the handle of his knife and feebly cried Hurrah!

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn’t believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavour, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family.

Indeed, as Mrs Cratchit said with great delight they hadn’t ate it all at last! Yet everyone had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits, in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows!

Mrs Cratchit left the room alone — too nervous to bear witnesses — to take the pudding up, and bring it in. Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the backyard and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. In half a minute Mrs Cratchit entered — flushed, but smiling proudly — with the pudding, like a speckled cannonball, so hard and firm, blazing in a quartern of ignited brandy, and with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

**Text Five continues on page 8**

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovel full of chestnuts on the fire.

Then Bob proposed:

‘A merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!’

Which all the family re-echoed.

‘God bless us, every one!’ said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

**End of Text Five**

## Text 6 – Non Fiction

from *Winston Churchill* by James C Humes.

This extract describes Churchill's childhood and his parents' neglect of him.

Winston's mother and her friends swept into the nursery on holidays and birthdays, bearing presents and blowing kisses before heading off to another event. His only constant comfort was his beloved nanny but at age seven Winston learned to his dismay that he was being sent to boarding school.

The headmaster of St George's School, where he was sent, was the Rev. HW Sneyd-Kinnersley. When Churchill received poor grades, Sneyd-Kinnersley would take him to his room, strip him, and flog him until his body was a mass of blood.

The punishments did not diminish the Churchill spirit. He sneaked into the headmaster's study and found his prized straw hat and stomped it to pieces.

Winston's parents may not have been concerned about their child but his nanny was. When she noticed the black and blue marks on his fair white skin he was switched to a school in Brighton at her insistence.

At Brighton the loneliness, if not the lashes continued. He wrote to his mother after he returned to school from spring vacation: "You must be very happy without me ... it must be heaven on earth."

At Brighton Winston once read that his father had come to deliver a political speech in the town. "I cannot think why you did not come to see me while you were in Brighton," he wrote. "I was very disappointed, but I suppose you were too busy to come."

The only thing he enjoyed at Brighton were the school plays and his natural acting skills were rewarded with leading roles. *Robin Hood* was his favourite and he played the title role. Alas neither of his parents attended any of his school performances.

Contrary to his enthusiasm for the stage, his work in class was below average. In fact his first year at Brighton ended with him at the very bottom of his form. Yet his grades improved over time enough for him to be accepted into Harrow, a prestigious school in northwest greater London. There, after a host of misbehaviours, he was called into the headmaster's office. Dr Welldon raised his six-foot frame from his chair and stared down at his insubordinate pupil. With his hands folded behind his back, Welldon intoned, "Young man, I have grave reasons to be displeased with your conduct."

Winston looked up and replied with equal solemnity, "And likewise, I have grave reasons to be displeased with you."

**End of all texts for Section I**

**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*



• **Shakespearean Drama**

– William Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice*

• **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 text list for Section II**