

Centre Number

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Student Number

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ASCHAM SCHOOL



2019

ENGLISH ADVANCED
Trial HSC

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 2-8)

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

Section II

20 marks (Pages 9-13)

- Attempt Question 2
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section.

Section I

20 marks

Attempt Question 1

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Read the texts on pages 2-7 of the Stimulus Booklet carefully and then answer the questions in the spaces provided.

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 and 4 in the Stimulus Booklet carefully and then answer the questions below.

Section II

20 marks

Attempt Question 2

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the question in the Writing Booklet provided Extra writing booklets are available. **Please write the name of your prescribed text at the top of Page 1 of your booklet.**

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 2

Answer on your prescribed text within options A-G

A-Prose Fiction (20 marks)

(a) Anthony Doerr, *All the Light We Cannot See*

“The work of the author is not just to present an idea, to create characters, or tell a story. The author must present us as we truly are.”

To what extent is this statement true for Anthony Doerr’s *All the Light We Cannot See*?

(b) Amanda Lohrey, *Vertigo*

“The work of the author is not just to present an idea, to create characters, or tell a story. The author must present us as we truly are.”

To what extent is this statement true for Amanda Lohrey’s *Vertigo*?

(c) George Orwell, *Nineteen Eighty-Four*

“The work of the author is not just to present an idea, to create characters, or tell a story. The author must present us as we truly are.”

To what extent is this statement true for George Orwell’s *Nineteen Eighty Four*?

Question 2 (continued)

- (d) Favel Parrett, *Past the Shallows*

“The work of the author is not just to present an idea, to create characters, or tell a story. The author must present us as we truly are.”

To what extent is this statement true for Favel Parrett’s *Past the Shallows*?

OR

B- Poetry (20 marks)

- (a) Rosemary Dobson, *Rosemary Dobson Collected Poems*

“The work of the poet is not just to present an idea, to create characters, or tell a story. The poet must present us as we truly are.”

To what extent is this statement true for Rosemary Dobson’s *Collected Poems*? In your response make close reference to at least TWO of Dobson’s poems set for study.

The prescribed poems are:

**Young Girl at a Window*

**Over the Hill*

**Summer’s End*

**The Conversation*

**Cock Crow*

**Amy Caroline*

**Canberra Morning*

- (b) Kenneth Slessor, *Selected Poems*

“The work of the poet is not just to present an idea, to create characters, or tell a story. The poet must present us as we truly are.”

To what extent is this statement true for Kenneth Slessor’s *Selected Poems*? In your response make close reference to at least TWO of Slessor’s poems set for study.

The prescribed poems are:

**Wild Grapes*

**Gulliver*

**Out of Time*

**Vesper-Song of the Reverend Samuel Marsden*

**William Street*

**Beach Burial*

Question 2 (continued)

OR

C- Drama (20 marks)

(a) Jane Harrison, *Rainbow's End*

“The work of the playwright is not just to present an idea, to create characters, or tell a story. The playwright must present us as we truly are.”

To what extent is this statement true for Jane Harrison's *Rainbow's End*?

(b) Arthur Miller, *The Crucible*

“The work of the playwright is not just to present an idea, to create characters, or tell a story. The playwright must present us as we truly are.”

To what extent is this statement true for Arthur Miller's *The Crucible*?

OR

D- Shakespearean Drama- William Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice* (20 marks)

“The work of the playwright is not just to present an idea, to create characters, or tell a story. The playwright must present us as we truly are.”

To what extent is this statement true for William Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice*?

Question 2 (continued)

OR

E- Nonfiction (20 marks)

(a) Tim Winton, *The Boy Behind the Curtain*

“The work of the writer is not just to present an idea, to create characters, or tell a story. The writer must present us as we truly are.”

To what extent is this statement true for Tim Winton’s *The Boy Behind the Curtain*?

The prescribed texts are:

**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*

(b) Malala Yousafzai and Christina Lamb, *I am Malala*

“The work of the writer is not just to present an idea, to create characters, or tell a story. The writer must present us as we truly are.”

To what extent is this statement true for Malala Yousafzai and Christina Lamb’s *I am Malala*?

OR

F- Film- Stephen Daldry, *Billy Elliot* (20 marks)

“The work of the director is not just to present an idea, to create characters, or tell a story. The director must present us as we truly are.”

To what extent is this statement true for Stephen Daldry’s *Billy Elliot*?

Question 2 (continued)

OR

G- Media

(a) Ivan O'Mahoney, *Go Back to Where You Came From*

“The work of the director is not just to present an idea, to create characters, or tell a story. The director must present us as we truly are.”

To what extent is this statement true for Ivan O'Mahooney's *Go Back to Where You Came From*?

The prescribed episodes are:

*Series 1: Episodes 1,2 and 3

and

* The Response

(b) Lucy Walker, *Waste Land*

“The work of the director is not just to present an idea, to create characters, or tell a story. The director must present us as we truly are.”

To what extent is this statement true for Lucy Walker's *Waste Land*?

End of Paper

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Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

Stimulus Booklet for Sections I and II

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• Text 3: Prose Fiction Extract	4-5
• Text 4: Non Fiction Text	6-7
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Section I

Text 1 – Visual and Article

UNDERSTANDING COMPEXITY

From: Understanding Systems Approaches to Managing Complexity (Open University, 2019)



Figure 2: The Understandascope by Michael Leunig (1985)

I wonder if you experience complexity in your daily life? For much of the time I struggle to keep my head above water as I try to understand and manage the complexity I experience as part of everyday life. I find social commentator and artoonist Michael Leunig’s depiction of a solitary figure looking through an ‘understandascope’ (Figure 2) a particularly skilled way of capturing the sense of bewilderment I sometimes feel... I am using his cartoon featuring the ‘understandascope’ because it raises a number of important questions relevant to my aims. Using Figure 2 as a metaphor, these questions are:

- What is it about individual human beings that characterise how they observe the world? ie. What are the properties of the observer looking through the understandascope?
- How do humans engage with the world around them? ie. What are the properties of the understandascope?
- What sense do humans make of the world they experience? ie. What sense is the observer able to make about the ‘messy’ sea of human activity that is being engaged with through the understandascope?
- Does the observer stand outside the ‘messy’ situation being observed or do the properties of the ‘understandascope’— the way in which s/he engages with the world — enable the observer to be an effective actor in it?
- What new understandings does the observer have after engaging with the situation through the understandascope?

End of Text 1

Text 2 – Poem

Bearhug

Griffin calls to come and kiss him goodnight
I yell ok. Finish something I'm doing,
then something else, walk slowly round
the corner to my son's room.
He is standing arms outstretched
waiting for a bearhug. Grinning.

Why do I give my emotion an animal's name,
give it that dark squeeze of death?
This is the hug which collects
all his small bones and his warm neck against me.
The thin tough body under the pyjamas
locks to me like a magnet of blood.

How long was he standing there
like that, before I came?

Michael Ondaatje

End of Text 2

Text 3 – Prose Extract

A Married Man's Story

To live like this... I write those words, very carefully, very beautifully. For some reason I feel inclined to sign them, or write underneath— Trying a New Pen. But seriously, isn't it staggering to think what may be contained in one innocent looking little phrase? It tempts me— it tempts me terribly. Scene. The supper-table. My wife has just handed me my tea. I stir it, lift the spoon, idly chase and then carefully capture a speck of tea-leaf, and having brought it ashore, I murmur, quite gently, "How long shall we continue to live—like—this?" And immediately, there is that famous "blinding flash and deafening roar. Huge pieces of débris (I must say I like debris) are flung into the air...and when the dark clouds of smoke have drifted away..." But this will never happen; I shall never know it. It will be found upon me "intact" as they say. "Open my heart and you will see..."

Why? Ah, there you have me! This is the most difficult question of all to answer. Why do people stay together? Putting aside "or the sake of the children", and "the habit of years" and "economic reasons" as lawyers' nonsense— it's not much more— if one really does try to find out why it is that people don't leave each other, one discovers a mystery. It is because they can't; they are bound. And nobody on earth knows what are the bands that bind them except those two. Am I being obscure? Well, the thing itself isn't so frightfully crystal, is it? Let me put it like this. Supposing you are taken, absolutely, first into his confidence and then into hers. Supposing you know all there is to know about the situation. And having given it not only your deepest sympathy but your most honest impartial criticism, you declare, very calmly (but not without the slightest suggestion of relish— for there is— I swear there is— in the very best of us— something that leaps up and cries "A-ahh!" for joy at the thought of destroying). "Well, my opinion is that you two people ought to part. You'll do no earthly good together. Indeed, it seems to me, it's the duty of either to set the other free." What happens then? He—and she—agree. It is their conviction too. You are only saying what they have been thinking all last night. And away they go to act on your advice, immediately... And the next time you hear of them they are still together. You see— you've reckoned without the unknown quantity— which is their secret relation to each other— and that they can't disclose even if they want to. Thus far you may tell and no further. Oh, don't misunderstand me! It need not necessarily have anything to do with their sleeping together... But this brings me to a thought I've often half entertained. Which is, that human beings, as we know them, don't choose each other at all. It is the owner, the second self inhabiting them, who makes the choice for his own particular purposes, and— this may sound absurdly far-fetched— it's the second self in the other which responds. Dimly—dimly— or so it has seemed to me— we realise this, at any rate to the extent that we realise the hopelessness of trying to escape. So that, what it all amounts to is— if the impermanent selves of my wife and me are happy— *tant mieux pour nous**— if miserable — *tant pis**... But I don't know, I don't know. And it may that it's

something entirely individual in me— this sensation (yes, it is even a sensation) of how extraordinarily *shell-like* we are as we are— little creatures, peering out of the sentry- box at the gate, ogling through our glass case at the entry, wan little servants, who never can say for certain, even, if the masters is out or in...

The door opens... My wife. She says: "I am going to bed."

And I look up vaguely, and vaguely say: "You are going to bed."

"Yes." A tiny pause. "Don't forget— will you? — to turn out the gas in the hall."

And again I repeat: "The gas in the hall."

There was a time— the time before— when this habit of mine (it really has become a habit now— it wasn't one then) was one of our sweetest jokes together. It began, of course, when, on several occasions, I really was deeply engaged and I didn't hear. I emerged only to see her shaking her head and laughing at me, "You haven't heard a word!"

"No. What did you say?"

Why should she think that so funny and charming? She did; it delighted her.

"Oh my darling, it's so like you! It's so—so—." And I knew she loved me for it— knew she positively looked forward to coming in and disturbing me, and so— as one does— I played up. I was guaranteed to be wrapped away every evening at 10.30pm. But now? For some reason I feel it would be crude to stop my performance. It's simplest to play on. But what is she waiting for to-night? Why doesn't she go? Why prolong this? She is going. No, her hand on the door-knob, she turns round again, and she says in the most curious, small, breathless voice, "You're not cold?"

Oh, it's not fair to be as pathetic as that! That was simply damnable, I shudder all over before I manage to bring out a slow "No-o," while my left hand ruffles the reference pages.

Katherine Mansfield, A Married Man's Story (1923)

* *tant mieux pour nous*: So the very best for us

* *tant pis*: Never mind

End of Text 3

Text 4: Non Fiction

What Gardening Taught Me About Life
Ted Residency Talk 2017
Speaker: Tobacco Brown

Introduction to the Ted Talk:

Gardens are mirrors of our lives, says environmental artist Tobacco Brown, and we must cultivate them with care to harvest their full beauty. Drawing on her experience bringing natural public art installations to cities around the world, Brown reveals what gardening can teach us about creating lives of compassion, connection and grace.

Transcript:

At age four, I found a garden, living underneath the kitchen floor. It was hiding behind leftover patches of linoleum on the worn-out floor my mother was having removed. The workman was busy when the garden caught my attention. My eyes became glued to the patterns of embroidered roses blooming across my childhood landscape. I saw them and felt a sense of joy and adventure. This excitement felt like a feeling to go forward into something I knew nothing about. My passion and connection to garden started at that exact moment.

When spring arrived, I ran so fast through the house, speeding ahead of my mother's voice. I pulled on my red corduroy jumper and my grey plaid wool hat before my mother could get her jacket on. I catapulted out of the front screen door and threw myself on a fresh carpet of grass. Excited, I bounced to my feet and flipped three more cartwheels before landing by her side. Mother dear was in the garden busy breaking up the soil, and I sat beside her, playing with mud pies in the flower bed. When her work was done, she rewarded me with an ice-cold glass of bittersweet lemonade and then lined my shoes with sprigs of mint to cool off my feet.

My mother cooked with the colours and textures of her garden. She baked yams and squash and heirloom tomatoes and carrots. She fed love to a generation of people with purple hull peas and greens. It seems that during my childhood, the blooms from my mother's gardens have healed all the way from her halo to the roots on the soles of our feet. In our last conversation before her death, she encouraged me to go anywhere in the world that would make me happy.

Since then, I have planted her gardens through art installations throughout the world, in countries of the people that I meet. Now they are lining parks and courtyards, painted on walls and even in blighted lots off the street. If you were in Berlin, Germany, you would have seen my garden at Stilwerk Design Center, where rosemary and lavender, hydrangea and lemon balm trailed up the glass elevators to all six floors. In 2009, I planted "Philosophers Garden," a garden mural, blooming at the historic Frederick Douglass High School in Memphis, Tennessee. This school's garden fed an entire community and was honoured by Eleanor Roosevelt during the Great Depression. Again, in 2011, I planted at Court Square Park — six entry gardens with 80 varieties of deliciously fragrant floribunda and hybrid tea roses.

Gardening has taught me that planting and growing a garden is the same process as creating our lives. This process of creation begins in the spring, when you break up the soil and start anew. Then it's time to clear out the dead leaves, debris and roots of the winter. The gardener must then make sure that a good disposition and the proper nutrients are correctly mixed in the soil. Then it's important to aerate the topsoil and leave it loosely packed on the surface. You won't get those beautiful blooms in life until you first do the work just right. When our gardens are balanced with care, we can harvest the beauty of living a life of grace.

In the forests, when trees realize through their roots that another tree is sick, they will send a portion of their nutrients to that tree to help them to heal. They never think about what will happen to them or feel vulnerable when they do. When a tree is dying, it releases all of its nutrients to other trees that need it the most. Below the surface, we are all connected by our roots and sharing nutrients with each other. It's only when we come together that we can honestly grow. It's the same for humans in the garden of hardship. In this garden, when the caterpillar transforms into a chrysalis, this involves some struggle. But it's a challenge with a purpose. Without this painful fight to break free from the confines of the cocoon, the newly formed butterfly can't strengthen its wings. Without the battle, the butterfly dies without ever taking flight.

My life's work is to illustrate how to integrate human connectivity into the garden. Gardens are full of magical wisdom for this transformation. Mother Nature is creative energy waiting to be born. Gardens are a mirror that cast their own reflection into our waking lives.

So nurture your talents and strengths while you appreciate all you've been given. Remain humble to healing. And maintain compassion for others. Cultivate your garden for giving and plant those seeds for the future. The garden is the world living deep inside of you.

Thank you.

End of Text 4

End of Section I

Section II

The prescribed texts for Section II are:

- Prose Fiction:** Anthony Doerr, *All the Light We Cannot See*
Lohrey, *Vertigo*
George Orwell, *Nineteen Eighty-Four*
Favel Parrett, *Past the Shallows*
- Poetry:** Rosemary Dobson, *Rosemary Dobson Collected Poems*
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*

Section II continues on page 9

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

Acknowledgements:

Paper 1 Advanced: Section 1

Text 1: Visual and Article

Taken from

<https://books.google.com.au/books?id=h8urDAAAQBAJ&pg=PT29&lpg=PT29&dq=date+of+publication+leunig+cartoon+understandascope&source=bl&ots=AfIICEXgG8&sig=ACfU3U2fWnukFji6dCuzjXng5qLzLnMxHA&hl=en&sa=X&ved=2ahUKEwi9n6eyquziAhXVV30KHdd3A4oQ6AEwDXoECAgQAQ#v=onepage&q=date%20of%20publication%20leunig%20cartoon%20understandascope&f=false>

(Accessed 16/6/19)

Text 2: Poem

Taken from:

The Cinnamon Peeler: Selected Poems (Picador, 1989).

Text 3: Prose Extract

Taken from:

Miller, David *That Glimpse of Truth, 100 of the Finest Short Stories Ever Written*: Katherine Mansfield *A Married Man's Story* (Head of Zeus Ltd. 2017, pp 305-313)

Quote for the question taken from Dymock's overview of Katherine Mansfield's Short Stories (Paperback February 1st, 2013)

Text 4: Non Fiction

Taken from:

https://www.ted.com/talks/tobacco_brown_what_gardening_taught_me_about_life/transcript?language=en

(Accessed 16/6/19)

Section 11

Essay Stimulus/ Quote adapted from;

http://homepage.smc.edu/adair-lynch_terrin/ta%205/elements.htm

This stimulus/ quote was used and adapted for all questions in Section 11.

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