



| | | | | |
|--|--|--|--|--|
| | | | | |
|--|--|--|--|--|

Centre Number

| | | | | | | | | |
|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|
| | | | | | | | | |
|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|

Student Number

2022 ASCHAM TRIAL 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
- Write your Student Number at the top of this page

**Total marks:
40**

Section I – 20 marks (pages 2–7)

- Attempt Questions 1–5 in this Booklet.
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section II – 20 marks (pages 8–10)

- Attempt Question 6 in a separate writing booklet.
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section I

20 marks

Attempt Questions 1–5

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Read the texts on pages 2–10 of the Stimulus Booklet carefully and then answer the questions in the spaces provided. These spaces provide guidance for the expected length of response.

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
-

Question 1 (3 marks)

Text 1 — Creative nonfiction extract

Analyse how Trent Dalton uses language to convey the variety of human experience.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

If you need additional space to answer Question 1 use the lines below.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Question 2 (3 marks)

Text 2 — Poem

Explain how Jane Hirshfield uses poetic devices to reflect personally on her experience.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

If you need additional space to answer Question 2 use the lines below.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Question 3 (4 marks)

Text 3 — Prose fiction extract

Evaluate Damon Galgut's use of literary devices to represent inconsistencies in human behaviour.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

If you need additional space to answer Question 3 use the lines below.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

End of Question 3

Question 4 (4 marks)

Text 4 — Nonfiction extract

How does Margaret Atwood use language to invite the reader to share her perspective?

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

If you need additional space to answer Question 4 use the lines below.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

End of Question 4

Question 5 (6 marks)

Text 5 — Prose fiction extract

Analyse how Hannah Kent uses imagery to convey a human experience.

This image shows a full page of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and extend across the width of the page, typical of notebook or legal stationery. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the page.

Question 5 continues on page 7

English Advanced

Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

Section II

20 marks

Attempt Question 6

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the question in a separate writing booklet. Extra writing booklets are 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 6 (20 marks)

'People with good intentions give their word.'

Analyse how your prescribed text represents the ways individuals respond to the moral challenges they face.

In your response, make reference to your prescribed text.

The prescribed texts are listed on pages 9 and 10.

Please turn over

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*

Section II prescribed texts continue on page 10

Section II prescribed texts (continued)

- **Nonfiction**
 - Tim Winton, *The Boy Behind the Curtain*
 - Malala Yousafzai and Christina Lamb, *I am Malala*
- **Film**
 - Stephen Daldry, *Billy Elliot*
- **Media**
 - Ivan O'Mahoney, *Go Back to Where You Came From*
The prescribed episodes are:
 - * *Series 1: Episodes 1, 2 and 3*
 - and
 - * *The Response*
 - Lucy Walker, *Waste Land*

End of paper



English Advanced

2022 Paper 1 Section 1

HSC Trial Stimulus Booklet

| | |
|--|----------------|
| Text 1 – Creative nonfiction extract | Page 2 . |
| Text 2 – Poem | Page 3. |
| Text 3 – Prose fiction extract | Pages 4 and 5. |
| Text 4 – Nonfiction extract | Page 6. |
| Text 5 – Prose fiction extract | Pages 7 and 8. |

Text 1 – Creative nonfiction extract

‘The Cradle’

The crib. The bed. The cardboard sword. The man with the drugs. The bicycle. The man in the moon. The falling down the stairs. The scar on the lip. The body. The ball under the arm. The thin skull. The concussion. The needle in the garbage bag. The picture of the face in the corner of the mirror. The ambulance. The fuzz. The dippy egg. The train. The smashed windscreen. The hailstorm. The spit in the face from the boy with the Bible. The hole in the door. The dartboard bullseye. The lawn. The money in the pocket. The blood. The loss. The pills. The burning. The tinman. The best and fairest trophy of them all. The prison bars. The prison bakery. The skateboard outside the halfway house. The nun. The apple juice. The telephone booth. The man in the van by the river. The rage. The hate. The fire. The sand. The night. The fur coat. The wolf. The bull. The 522 bus to the city. The punch. The teeth. The stains. The reaching. The breath. The colour red. The monster with the moustache. The face plant. The welfare every second Wednesday. The strangler. The coughing. The coffin. The vomit. The shakes. The wedding. The stick through the thigh. The kick in the guts. The axe handle. The riptide. The snake in the grass. The falling debris. The parmesan cheese. The bird on one leg. The drowning in the rapids. The ashes. The note from the boy in the letterbox. The rainbow on Christmas Day. The island. The limbo. The waltz. The graffiti in the tunnel. The lost. The radio song. The green eyes. The sinking. The looking down at the ceiling. The looking up at the ground. The havoc. The waste. The postman. The promise. The forest. The mountain. The sky. The grave. The love.
The love.

The love.

The love.

The love.

TRENT DALTON
Extract from *Love Stories*

Text 2 – Poem

‘The Promise’

Stay, I said
to the cut flowers.
They bowed
their heads lower.

Stay, I said to the spider,
who fled.

Stay, leaf.
It reddened,
embarrassed for me and itself.

Stay, I said to my body.
It sat as a dog does,
obedient for a moment,
soon starting to tremble.

Stay, to the earth
of riverine valley meadows,
of fossiled escarpments,
of limestone and sandstone.
It looked back
with a changing expression, in silence.

Stay, I said to my loves.
Each answered,
Always.

JANE HIRSHFIELD
‘The Promise’

Text 3 – Prose fiction extract

NOTE: *The novel extract (below) is set in South Africa in 1986 during the Apartheid, a system of institutionalised racial oppression. The Swart family are a white privileged family. Salome is a black woman who has served as the family's housekeeper and caregiver for years.*

The following exchange takes place between Manie and his eldest child, somewhere.

I have thought about your words the other night, Pa says, and I am very angry.

At moments like these he likes to model his tone on the Old Testament god, and expects therefore to be obeyed.

You must know, Pa, I won't say sorry. For what? I only spoke the truth.

The truth? Manie is outraged afresh, even the bristles on his chin standing out like little spikes. About my wife? About promises I didn't make? Choose your side, it's up to you.

Only when their father has gone, making a loud and righteous exit, does his younger daughter show herself, emerging from behind a pot plant like a character in a farce. Anton, Anton. I heard what he said.

What is it, Amor?

I heard what Pa said to you, and it isn't right.

What isn't right?

He did promise. I heard him. He promised Ma he would give Salome her house.

Her little face is lit from within by its sureness.

Amor, he says gently.

What?

Salome can't own the house. Even if Pa wanted to, he can't give it to her.

Why not? she says, puzzled.

Because, he says. It's against the law.

The law? Why?

You are not serious. But then he looks at her and sees how serious she is. Oh, dear me, he says. Do you have no idea what country you're living in?

Text 3 continued

No, she doesn't. Amor is thirteen years old, history has not yet trod on her. She has no idea what country she's living in. She has seen black people running away from the police because they're not carrying their passbooks and heard adults talking in urgent, low voices about riots in the townships and only last week at school they had to learn a drill about hiding under tables in case of attack, and still she doesn't know what country she's living in. There's a State of Emergency and people are being arrested and detained without trial and there are rumours flying around but no solid facts because there is a blackout on news and only happy, unreal stories are being reported, but she mostly believes these stories. She saw her brother's head bleeding yesterday from a rock, but still, even now, she doesn't yet know who threw the rock or why.

And it's exactly then, in the tiniest way, without even knowing it herself, that she begins to understand what country she's living in.

The next day she's dispatched, with her suitcase, back to the hostel. Just for a few months more, Pa tells her when she tries to protest. Till things settle down. She knows better than to argue, she can hear from his voice that it's useless. Even though he promised, and a Christian never goes back on his word, her needs are minor, she doesn't matter.

DAMON GULGAT
Extract from *The Promise*

Text 4 – Nonfiction extract

‘The Futures Market: Stories We Tell About Times to Come’

The future—not the afterlife but the real here-on-Earth future—was once very beckoning and bright. When was that? Maybe in the nineteenth century, when so many utopias predicting a shining future were written that it would take days to list them all. Maybe it was in the 1930s, when not only science fiction magazines but ordinary magazines were filled with the promise of all things streamlined, toasters included. We fondly believed we would soon be wearing Flash Gordon skin-tight outfits, using ray guns, and zipping around in our own teeny jet-propelled air vehicles.

Similar promises are appearing today, though they tend to focus on bioengineering. Soon we will have the ability to choose our children’s genes, much as you’d choose a wardrobe, and we ourselves will be able to live, if not forever, at least for a much longer time than people live now. Other than those sorts of cheerful fantasies, we are finding the future more than a little foreboding these days. What with Hurricane Sandy, climate change, a new rash of mutated diseases for which antibiotics no longer work, biosphere depletion, rising sea levels, and levels of methane in the atmosphere, we no longer imagine the future as a stroll in the park. It looks more like a slog in the swamp.

I offer the following observations on the future. We might subtitle this part of my remarks, with a nod to Raymond Carver, as “What we talk about when we talk about the future.” The short answer is “the present,” since that’s all we have to go on. Surprise piece of information: The future doesn’t really exist. Therefore, it is up for grabs because unlike the past nobody can fact-check the future. If you are a novelist, that’s a good thing. In fact, it’s probably to everyone’s advantage that we cannot predict in every single detail what is really about to happen. It would deprive us of our sense that we have free will, which, whether it is an illusion or not, is in my opinion absolutely necessary to being able to haul yourself out of bed in the morning.

MARGARET ATWOOD

Extract from *Burning Questions: Essays and Occasional Pieces 2004-21*

Text 5 – Prose fiction extract

As soon as the weather had calmed and the pig had been fasted, Mutter Scheck insisted the girls in her charge come up on deck to take part in the occasion of its slaughter.

‘A nice pig,’ she said to herself as she climbed the hatchway. ‘We won’t know ourselves.’ The day was hot, with little wind, and in the rare stillness the sounds of people laughing and making as much of the event as possible were earnest and abrasive. Thea and I stood with three other women on deck, looking on as the young men squabbled in a good-natured way about who ought to be butcher, their fathers and the sailors goading them on.

The pig was led out of the crate. Everyone cheered and the animal, startled by the sudden noise, immediately lurched starboard, taking Papa by surprise so that he stumbled and was dragged on his knees. People laughed. Papa joined in, letting out a roar as he got back on his feet. He gave the animal a few slaps on its rear. It squealed and the passengers laughed again.

‘I feel sick.’

Thea had been very quiet all morning. I saw that she had turned away from the deck and was looking out to sea.

‘Really?’

‘I want to go below.’

I noticed that she was trembling.

‘I can’t watch.’

The pig’s frantic squealing quietened as we returned below deck, but Thea was almost crying by the time we crawled back into bed. She clamped her hands over her ears. ‘I hate it,’ she said. ‘I hate it. I can’t understand why everyone wants to watch such a thing. Hanne, talk to me. Sing to me. Tell me something.’

‘All right.’ I took her hand. It was hot and damp. ‘Think of the lives we have ahead of us. Imagine what they will be like.’

There was a loud rumble of laughter from above, a shrill screeching from the pig.

‘Try not to listen,’ I said.

‘Tell me more about our lives.’

‘We will have our own farms one day,’ I said. ‘We’ll make sure they are side by side. And we will plant orchards. Nut trees. Fruit trees. Vines. Just think, we’ll be able to pick all the fruit we could ever want. Our children will play in the grass and climb the branches, and we will pick plums and apples and apricots. There will be fields of grain, too. And we won’t ever have to look at the ocean again.’

Text 5 continued

‘Keep going.’

‘We will see each other every day. We will sit next to each other in church. I’ll name my daughter for you.’

Thea turned and pulled me into a tight, fierce hug. ‘Promise me,’ she said.

‘Promise what?’

‘Promise it will be as you say. Promise you will name your daughter for me.’

‘You can be her godmother.’

There was a loud cheering from the deck. The pig was silent.

‘I think it is dead now,’ I said.

‘Thank God.’ Thea exhaled. ‘Thank God for that.’

HANNAH KENT
Extract from *Devotion*

END OF STIMULUS BOOKLET