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Student Number



Barker
College

2021

TRIAL HIGHER SCHOOL
CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION

English Advanced

Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

Staff Involved:

AM MONDAY 16TH AUGUST

- SZA
- LUC
- GMC
- EEF
- CMH
- AMH
- RIH
- MYL
- JOM
- BDM
- LMP
- JFT

280 copies

**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
- Write your Student Number at the top of this page.

**Total marks:
40**

Section I - 20 marks (pages 2-8)

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

Section II - 20 marks (page 9)

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

Question 1 (continued)

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Section I continues on page 4

Question 4 (continued)

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Section I continues on page 8

Section II

20 marks

Attempt Question 2

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the questions in the Section II Writing Booklet provided. Extra booklets are available if required.

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 (20 marks)

Texts challenge our beliefs about others.

To what extent is this your understanding of your prescribed text?

End of Paper

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Student Number



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TRIAL HIGHER SCHOOL
CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION

English Advanced

Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

Stimulus Booklet for Section I *and*

List of prescribed texts for Section II

- Write your Student Number at the top of this page

	Pages
Section I	
• Text 1 - Speech	2-3
• Text 2 - Prose fiction.....	4
• Text 3 - Feature article	5-6
• Text 4 - Non-Fiction extract	7
• Text 5 - Poem	8
Section II	
• List of prescribed texts	9-10

Section I

Text 1 — Speech

Graduation Address at Wellesley College 2015 by Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie

When I was growing up in Nigeria I was expected, as every student who did well was expected, to become a doctor. Deep down I knew that what I really wanted to do was to write stories. But I did what I was supposed to do and I went into medical school. I told myself that I would tough it out and become a psychiatrist and that way I could use my patients' stories for my fiction.

But after one year of medical school I fled. I realised I would be a very unhappy doctor and I really did not want to be responsible for the inadvertent death of my patients. Leaving medical school was a very unusual decision, especially in Nigeria where it is very difficult to get into medical school.

Later, people told me that it had been very courageous of me, but I did not feel courageous at all.

What I felt then was not courage but a desire to make an effort. To try. I could either stay and study something that was not right for me. Or I could try and do something different. I decided to try. I took the American exams and got a scholarship to come to the US where I could study something else that was NOT related to medicine. Now it might not have worked out. I might not have been given an American scholarship.

My writing might not have ended up being successful. But the point is that I tried.

We cannot always bend the world into the shapes we want but we can try, we can make a concerted and real and true effort. And you are privileged that, because of your education here, you have already been given many of the tools that you will need to try. Always just try. Because you never know.

And so as you graduate, as you deal with your excitement and your doubts today, I urge you to try and create the world you want to live in.

The past three weeks have been the most emotionally difficult of my life. My father is 83 years old, a retired professor of statistics, a lovely kind man. I am an absolute Daddy's girl. Three weeks ago, he was kidnapped near his home in Nigeria. And for a number of days, my family and I went through the kind of emotional pain that I have never known in my life. We were talking to threatening strangers on the phone, begging and negotiating for my father's

Text 1 — (continued)

safety and we were not always sure if my father was alive. He was released after we paid a ransom. He is well, in fairly good shape and in his usual lovely way, is very keen to reassure us all that he is fine.

I am still not sleeping well, I still wake up many times at night, in panic, worried that something else has gone wrong, I still cannot look at my father without fighting tears, without feeling this profound relief and gratitude that he is safe, but also rage that he had to undergo such an indignity to his body and to his spirit.

And the experience has made me re-think many things, what truly matters, and what doesn't. What I value, and what I don't.

And as you graduate today, I urge you to think about that a little more. Think about what really matters to you. Think about what you WANT to really matter to you.

End of Text 1

Text 2 — Prose Fiction

***The Namesake* by Jhumpa Lahiri**

Only Ashoke continued to read, still seated, still dressed. A single small bulb glowed dimly over his head. From time to time he looked through the open window at the inky Bengal night, at the vague shapes of palm trees and the simplest of homes. Carefully he turned the soft yellow pages of his book. The steam engine puffed reassuringly, powerfully. Deep in his chest he felt the rough jostle of the wheels. Sparks from the smokestack passed by his window. A fine layer of sticky soot dotted one side of his face, his eyelid, his arm, his neck; his grandmother would insist that he scrub himself with a cake of Margo soap as soon as he arrived. Ashoke was still reading at two-thirty in the morning, one of the few passengers on the train who was awake, when the locomotive engine and seven bogies derailed from the broad-gauge line. The sound was like a bomb exploding. The first four bogies capsized into a depression alongside the track. The fifth and sixth, containing the first-class and air-conditioned passengers, telescoped into each other, killing the passengers in their sleep. The seventh, where Ashoke was sitting, capsized as well, flung by the speed of the crash farther into the field. The accident occurred 209 kilometres from Calcutta, between the Ghatshila and Dhalbumgarh stations. The train guard's portable phone would not work; it was only after the guard ran nearly five kilometres from the site of the accident, to Ghatshila, that he was able to transmit the first message for help. Over an hour passed before the rescuers arrived, bearing lanterns and shovels and axes to pry bodies from the cars.

Ashoke can still remember their shouts, asking if anyone was alive. He remembers trying to shout back, unsuccessfully, his mouth emitting nothing but the faintest rasp. He remembers the sound of people half-dead around him, moaning and tapping on the walls of the train, whispering hoarsely for help, words that only those who were also trapped and injured could possibly hear. Blood drenched his chest and the right arm of his shirt. He had been thrust partway out the window. He remembers being unable to see anything at all; for the first hours he thought that perhaps, like his grandfather whom he was on his way to visit, he'd gone blind. He remembers the acrid odour of flames, the buzzing of flies, children crying, the taste of dust and blood on his tongue. They were nowhere, somewhere in a field. Milling about them were villagers, police inspectors, a few doctors. He remembers believing that he was dying, that perhaps he was already dead. Eventually he saw the cold, unfriendly blue of earliest morning, the moon and a few stars still lingering in the sky. The pages of his book, which had been tossed from his hand, fluttered in two sections a few feet away from the train. The glare from a search lantern briefly caught the pages, momentarily distracting one of the rescuers. "Nothing here," Ashoke heard someone say. "Let's keep going."

But the lantern's light lingered, just long enough for Ashoke to raise his hand, a gesture that he believed would consume the small fragment of life left in him. He was still clutching a single page of "The Overcoat," crumpled tightly in his fist, and when he raised his hand the wad of paper dropped from his fingers. "Wait!" he heard a voice cry out. "The fellow by that book. I saw him move."

End of Text 2

Text 3 — Feature article

Who lived at your place? A pony lived at mine* by Richard Glover for *The Sydney Morning Herald

Here's my latest lockdown game, playable by as few as one person, alone at a computer, and therefore perfect for these difficult times. It's called Lockdown House Hunt and all you need is the address of a house that's been around for a while – your own, that of someone famous, or just a place down the road.

The game started a week ago when I was planning a visit to Concord. It was there, in a backyard shed, that Mervyn Victor Richardson created the first prototype of his rotary lawnmower, famously using an old jam tin as the petrol tank and a billy cart to provide the wheels.



The Victa lawnmower was invented by a Mervyn Victor Richardson in a backyard shed in Concord. *CREDIT: JESSICA SHAPIRO*

I had an evil thought: what if the current owners of the place have failed to keep a well-trimmed front lawn? Sure, I'm easily amused, but, it's only down the road, and maybe worth a detour. It would give me a

story to tell Jocasta, who is also easily amused.

To find the exact address, I consulted Trove, the National Library's online database of Australian newspapers. Trove is searchable, so the word "Victa", and a 1950s date range, reveals classified advertisements in *The Sydney Morning Herald* in which Mervyn Victor Richardson was selling the machine from his home workshop, "open all day Saturday".

I now had an accurate address to whack into Google. Instant disappointment. It emerges the house was demolished in 2018 and replaced with a duplex – seemingly without any concern, or even awareness, of its place in industrial history. The front gardens of both new properties are entirely paved, so not much role for the device that was created there.

I find this less amusing than the overgrown lawn I was hoping for, but, by now, I'm gripped by Trove. I'd used it before but hadn't realised the spectacular results available once you search for a street address. Whack one in, enclosed by quotation marks, and suddenly the smallest events are revealed – items for sale, competitions won, letters to the editor from long ago.

Text 3 continues on page 6

Text 3 (continued)

Once started, I can't stop. I start with my own address, a house built in the early 1900s. Trove throws up two hits – both entrancing. In 1914, the then-resident advertised in the *Herald* that he had a pony and sulky for sale. The pony was 13-14 hands and was going “cheap”. Presumably, the pony lived in our backyard. Maybe one day, digging up weeds, I'll find a rusty horseshoe and will now know the height of its owner.

The second mention came in December, 1931. The Holbrooks company, producer of various condiments, was running a sales campaign. Three people had been hired and instructed to visit 10,000 homes in NSW, knocking on doors to ask if the household was equipped with one of the company's products – Worcestershire Sauce, No 2 Sauce or Pure Malt Vinegar. If you could prove you had a bottle, they'd give you 10 shillings' worth of goods; if you had all three, they'd hand over a cheque for ONE GUINEA (the capital letters as featured in the *Herald*).

Trove is silent as to which of the products was in use in our house, back in 1931, but at least one of them was. I like to think it was the Holbrooks Worcestershire, as the house's kitchen still features a bottle of the stuff.

If it works for my house, what about others? I decide to check the childhood homes of past Prime Ministers, as the address is generally listed in their memoirs. I strike out with Paul Keating's childhood home in Bankstown, but Trove is more helpful when it comes to John Howard. His childhood home – 25 William Street, Earlwood – is now the site of a KFC franchise, but back in the 1940s, the address was twice featured in the pages of the *Sydney Sun*. In both cases, it

was a competition victory for Stanley Howard, John's older brother. He won in 1941 for submitting a joke to the “Let's Have Some Fun” column in that same paper, and again in 1945 for submitting a magic trick to the same newspaper's “Tricks Time”.

I end the day in a Trove frenzy. The house in Adelaide in which the Hills Hoist was invented by Lance Hill is still standing, but, staring at Google's satellite image, I can see no Hills Hoist in the backyard. What an affront! Talking about Adelaide, Julia Gillard's childhood home, I discover, was previously the residence of one Marion Carnegie who, at age 10, wrote to the local paper requesting a penpal in Norway, the US or South Africa. She wanted someone who, like her, was 10 years old.

Of course, having discovered the name “Marion Carnegie”, you can then use Trove to discover if she did anything else newsworthy. Oh, here it is: at age six, she presented a bouquet to Lady Norrie, wife of the South Australian governor, to mark a visit to the local school. There's even a photograph of Marion, page three of the *Adelaide Advertiser*, her back to the camera, as Lady Norrie beams down.

Could it be that lockdown has finally sent me mad, or could Lockdown House Hunt, and its endless accompanying searches, prove a winner for the times?

End of Text 3

Text 4 — Non-Fiction Extract

***States of Emergency* by Chris Knapp**

The week that began with Melania Trump’s memorable observation that a country should be judged by how it treats its citizens also began with an email from my mother’s sister, announcing that she and her husband were in Paris and would love to see me if I had time. By which she seemed to mean if I could take time away from what she called my scribbling, knowing, as she did from my mother, that I had been otherwise underemployed since I’d gotten back to town late in May. My aunt suggested it would be easiest to meet at Shakespeare and Company; our plan, which suited my budget as well as theirs, was to have a coffee at the first picturesque place we came to, and then to spend the afternoon in aimless wandering, in a section of the city that was at least as unfamiliar to me as it was to them. I rode the train to Saint-Michel, and from the bookstore, accordingly, we set out south, into the Latin Quarter, and immediately upon turning the corner we came to an elegant terrace café on a wedge of sidewalk, which was entirely empty apart from, unmistakably, sitting alone with a stack of notebooks in the shade, Zadie Smith, the author.

My aunt and uncle didn’t seem to recognise her. They ordered a small carafe of wine, and I ordered an espresso, and as we began to cover what little common ground we shared—tics and foibles, mostly, of my mother’s—Ms. Smith sat not more than three yards away, where she doubtless could not help overhearing every word we spoke; it was not long before I was absolutely beside myself with self-awareness, being unable, for my own part, to help overhearing every word we spoke through her ears, a kind of double consciousness that made our conversation, which would no doubt have felt somewhat stilted anyway, since none of us had much interest in discussing my mother’s idiosyncrasies, feel like trying to run underwater, or being chased in a dream. All of which, it might as well be said, was to be expected; even in the split second it had taken me to suggest we sit rather than walk right by, I must have known that this was what I was letting myself in for. What I couldn’t have anticipated, however, was how satisfying it would be, nonetheless, to sit there in her presence, and to feel myself, maybe, enter her imagination—an imagination I’d spent so much time exploring, after a fashion, in the pages of her books.

We spent the rest of that day wandering, as planned, and maybe because it’s especially easy to get lost in that part of Paris, our conversation became more natural: in addition to, for example, the RNC, my grandfather’s career in advertising, the flooding of a few weeks prior, and the soldiers in fatigues who patrolled the streets no longer in teams of three but rather, since the attack in Nice less than a week before, in teams of four now, we discussed my uncle’s work as a test-prep tutor in an antipoverty organisation in South Boston, the aim of which was to help disadvantaged students, mostly black and Latino, surmount obstacles to social and economic advancement, as compared with my own part-time work as a tutor preparing mostly white students in wealthy families in Paris for the same tests, the effect of which work being, in essence, a deliberate reinforcement of those same obstacles—wasn’t it interesting, my uncle said, lacing his fingers over his gut, that essentially we were nemeses; and though I agreed that it was interesting, I found I had no interest in discussing it with him, though on the other hand I’d have liked very much to discuss the matter at length with Zadie Smith, who by that time must have been long gone.

End of Text 4

Text 5 — Poem

'Poem for my Stranger' by Meghan O'Rourke

You can hear me walking
from your bed, where the blankets
aren't enough to keep you warm.
It's a long night of snow, and snowiness,
and winter loneliness, and what else I don't know,
but I'm thinking if you can hear me

walking you might want to visit, to know
on my door with a story you'd be waiting —
days, months, maybe years – to tell.
Tell me something that I can't be told,
and I'll be in my worn pyjamas, or brushing
my teeth, my hair, putting away magazines.

I have tea and crackers, a bottle of wine – come up,
we won't swamp ourselves
with anything like sex
yet. I don't want to talk about the past
or work or politics, but yes, mercy
will do. Come upstairs when the floor creaks,

and we'll tell the night to stretch itself slowly,
because I haven't yet wounded you,
nor you me, because the time of walking
up stairs is now, not tomorrow's tomorrow,
when we are a memory
of people who aren't quite us.

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**
 - Jane 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

Section II prescribed texts (continued)

- **Nonfiction**
 - Tim Winton, *The Boy Behind the Curtain*
The prescribed chapters 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

 - 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 Section II

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Barker College
Trial Examination 2021 – Marking Guidelines
Year 12 English Advanced
Texts and Human Experiences: Section 1 – Response to Unseen texts

Total: 20 Marks – No half marks to be awarded.

Text One – Speech

(a) Explain how Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie addresses the impact of challenges in her life.

4 marks

Criteria	Marks
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Analyses effectively how Adichie addresses the specific impacts of challenges in her life ▪ Supports response through some references to the text 	4
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Demonstrates an understanding of how Adichie addresses challenges in her life ▪ Some reference to the text 	3
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Describes how Adichie addresses challenges ▪ Makes reference to the text 	2
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Attempts to respond to the question 	1

NB: As a rule of thumb with all questions, markers look to mark positively, rewarding answers despite flawed expression.

Answers may discuss and analyse the following:

- *The weight of expectations both cultural and from family*
- *Out of adversity comes valuable “rethinking”. “Rage” and “panic” climax in the powerful connotations of “urge”*
- *Overcoming personal circumstance, specifically as “my father was kidnapped near his home in Nigeria”*
- *She foregrounds the idea that risk and daring are valuable even if “it might not have worked out”. Her essential message is “Always just try. Because you never know”*
- *One of the great challenges facing any new generation is to “bend the world into the shapes that we want” even if this effort is a failure – the challenge is still one that builds character and a sense of self and is thus a challenge worthy of undertaking.*
- *Crucially, her audience is encouraged to consider the type of world they want.*
- *Other credible answers should also be accepted.*

Text Two – Prose Fiction

(b) Analyse the ways Jhumpa Lahiri portrays individual and collective experiences. **4 marks**

Criteria	Marks
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Analyses effectively the portrayal of both individual and collective experiences ▪ Supports response with several references to the text 	4

<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Offers a sound analysis of both individual and collective experiences ▪ Supports response with references to the text 	3
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Attempts to analyse the portrayal of individual and /or collective experiences ▪ Provides some reference to the text 	2
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Describes aspects of the text 	1

Answers could include:

- *Ashoke’s relationship to the collective experience is explored through tragedy. He and those around him are cast into a state of emergency “like a bomb exploding” Ultimately, the survival of the individual depends on the cooperation of the collective.*
- *The derailment is delivered in a matter-of-fact manner and then is made specific and shifts to an intimate perspective though repetition of “remembers”. Emotive connotations abound; “people half-dead around him”, “moaning...whispering hoarsely for help...trapped and injured” Blood is a recurring motif.*
- *The past tense of “Ashoke can still remember their shouts, asking if anyone was alive.” demonstrates that in times of tragedy individuals pull together as a collective.*
The soft alliterative “But the lantern’s light lingered” offers hope after the dismissive “Nothing here” The light is a metaphor for a desire to be saved but also reminds us of the broader human connection that tragedy brings into sharp focus.

Other credible answers should also be accepted.

Text Three– Internet Article

- (c) Explain why Richard Glover concludes, “Could it be that lockdown has finally sent me mad, or could Lockdown House Hunt, and its endless accompanying searches, prove a winner for the times?” **3 marks**

Criteria	Marks
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Explains skilfully how the conclusion of the piece offer insight into the whole piece ▪ Supports response with close reference to the text 	3
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Explains effectively how the conclusion of the piece offer insight into the whole piece ▪ Supports response with some reference to the text 	2
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Described aspects of the text 	1

NB: As a rule of thumb with all questions, markers look to mark positively, rewarding answers despite flawed expression.

Answers may include analysis of:

- *The satirical tone of the piece is captured in the concluding question implying subject matter being of great significance, delivered with a light-hearted touch.*
- *Exaggeration and self-deprecating humour in Glover’s antics as he finds a “treasure Trove” of distraction to survive lockdown.*
- *The universality of his message, the comfort of knowing even small details and the listing of the minutiae of life, ensures a celebration of connection even when disconnection is rife.*

- “Trove” itself is a metaphor for how we can use the past as a mean of conceptualising the present.

Other credible answers should also be accepted.

Text Four– Non-Fiction Extract

(d) How does the Non-Fiction extract convey emotions about human relationships? **5 marks**

Criteria	Marks
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Skilfully explains how the extract conveys specific emotions about human relationships ▪ Supports response through aptly chosen references to two texts 	5
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Effectively explains how the extract conveys emotions about human relationships ▪ Supports response through some references to two texts 	3-4
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Demonstrates a limited understanding of the emotions of human relationships ▪ Limited reference to the text 	1-2

NB: As a rule of thumb with all questions, markers look to mark positively, rewarding answers despite flawed expression.

- The relationship between the speaker and her Aunt and Uncle is initially awkward
- Despite spending the day “wandering, as planned, and maybe because it’s especially easy to get lost in that part of Paris, our conversation became more natural” demonstrating the manner in which emotions can fluctuate
- Zadie Smith is a metaphor for the manner in which individuals can fetishise and celebrate celebrity.
- The speaker feels more connection and would rather converse with Zadie Smith- their “relationship” is one of imaginative connection

Other credible answers should also be accepted.

Text Five– Poem

(e) Analyse how the poet conveys the human desire for connection. **4 marks**

Criteria	Marks
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Analyses effectively human desire for connection ▪ Supports response through some references to the text 	4
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Analyses the human desire for connection ▪ Makes some specific references to the text 	3
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Demonstrates a limited understanding of the human desire for connection ▪ Limited reference to the text 	2
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Describes aspects of the text 	1

NB: As a rule of thumb with all questions, markers look to mark positively, rewarding answers despite flawed expression.

Answers may discuss and analyse the following:

- *The title 'Poem for my Stranger' suggests connection and disconnection simultaneously*
- *The seasonal metaphor of winter in "It's a long night of snow, and snowiness, and winter loneliness," demonstrates that without human connection individuals suffer and time seems to pass slowly*
- *"to knock / on my door with a story you'd be waiting - / days, months, maybe years – to tell" reflects the human need to tell stories about ourselves and our past as this is not only how we form our identities but how we connect with others*
- *There is a desperate longing for the connection to transcend comfortable routine of everyday so that they are never "people who aren't quite us" in the future*
- *superficial conversation "past/ or work or politics" is dismissed and replaced by "mercy" because this is an issue of the soul.*
- *Without real connection, "wounding" is not possible.*

Other credible answers should also be accepted.



Student

**ENGLISH DEPARTMENT – Year 12 Advanced 2021
Texts and Human Experiences: Paper 1, section 2**

Marking Guidelines

A	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Demonstrates an insightful understanding of the ways in which texts challenge our beliefs about others 	20
	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Presents skilful analysis in support of a thesis with judiciously chosen textual references from the prescribed text, including skilful analysis of textual features 	19
	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Displays a skilful control of language appropriate to audience, purpose, context and form 	18
		17
B	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Demonstrates an effective understanding of the ways in which texts challenge our beliefs about others 	16
	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Presents an effective analysis in support of a thesis with effective textual references from the prescribed text, including effective analysis of textual features. 	15
	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Displays an effective control of language appropriate to audience, purpose, context and form 	14
		13
C	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Demonstrates a developing understanding of the ways in which texts challenge our beliefs about others 	12
	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Presents a developing response with some textual references from the prescribed text, and some awareness of textual features 	11
	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Displays a variable control of language appropriate to audience, purpose, context and form 	10
		9
D	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Demonstrates a limited exploration of idea/s about human experiences in texts in a limited response to the question 	8
	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Describes aspects of the text 	7
	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Displays limited control of language appropriate to audience, purpose, context and form 	6
		5
E	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Composes an elementary response 	4
		3
	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Refers to the text in an elementary way 	2
		1

Comment

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