

English Advanced

Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

Stimulus Booklet for Section I and

List of prescribed texts for Section II

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Section I

Text 1 — Non-Fiction Extract

Mr Eternity: The Story of Arthur Stace by Roy Williams and Elizabeth Meyers

As night fell on 31 December 1999, 5 million Sydneysiders looked forward to hours of splendid celebration. It was the eve of the 21st century; the eve of the third Millennium. A feast of live entertainment was planned, much of it on Sydney's majestic, incomparable harbour. Countless lights sparkled and shone in many colours of the rainbow; the water rippled; stars of the Australian music industry performed at Harborside venues. The highlight was a performance in the Opera House forecourt of Icehouse's classic song 'Great Southern Land'. It was reworked and expanded for the occasion by its composer, Iva Davies, as part of a colossal 25-minute work, 'Ghost of Time'. The musicians took their final bows a few minutes before midnight.

By now, literally billions of people were watching on television, their attention fixed on Australia's premier city. The first of January 2000 would arrive in Sydney before dawning in any other comparable city on earth.

As the new Millennium arrived, there came a massive fireworks display – perhaps the most spectacular ever seen in Australia – that lasted 24 minutes. At the end, a fiery cascade erupted downwards from the Bridge's deck. The bells of a dozen churches peeled loudly.

And then, as the smoke cleared, it came into view emblazoned in gold letters just below the apex of the Bridge's towering arch. The first written word of the third Millennium indistinctive copperplate script: *Eternity*.

The crowd cheered with gusto. This was a word deeply and affectionately associated with the history of Sydney – and with one man in particular. He did it using chalk or crayon every day for almost 35 years, perhaps half a million times in all. His name was Arthur Malcolm Stace. He had died 32 years before, but was far from forgotten.

End of Text 1

Text 2 — Poem

Mosquitos by Aimee Nezhukumatathil

When my father wanted to point out galaxies
or Andromeda or the Seven Sisters, I'd complain
of the huzz of mosquitoes, or of the yawning
moon-quiet in that slow, summer air. All I wanted

was to go inside into our cooled house and watch TV
or paint my nails. What does a fifteen year-old girl know
of patience? What does a girl know of the steady turn
of a telescope dial until whole moon valleys crest

into focus? Standing there in our driveway with him,
I smacked my legs, my arms, and my face so hard
while I waited for him to find whatever small pinhole
of light he wanted me to see. At night, when I washed

my face, I'd find bursts of blood and dried bodies
slapped into my skin. Complaints at breakfast about
how I'd never do it again, how I have more homework
now, Dad, how I can't go to school with bites all over

my face anymore. But now I hardly ever
say no to him. He has plans to go star-gazing
with his grandson and for once I don't protest.
He has plans. I know one day he won't ask me,

won't be there to show me the rings of Saturn
glow gold through the eyepiece. He won't be there
to show me how the moons of Jupiter dance
if you catch them on a clear night. I know

one day I will look up into the night sky
searching, searching—I know mosquitoes
will have their way with me
and my father won't hear me complain

End of Text 2

Text 3 – Prose Fiction Extract

***Song of the Crocodile* by Nardi Simpson**

As Margaret sat up and placed her feet upon the dirt floor, a family of sulphur-crested cockatoo's dived into the enormous red gum at the front of her camp. She slipped her arms into her nightgown as the birds screeched, her nightgown's hem floating like her own tail behind her as she walked out of her room, pulled aside the heavy canvas that hung as her front door, and stepped outside. Lifting the lid of the browning water drum and placing it silently down, she cupped her hands then submerge them, allowing the water's icy pulse to stream into her veins. To take her mind from the stinging cold, she began to hum, careful to restrict the descending line so that only a series of squeaks and gushes of air emitted from her body. While her hands floated, she swam in the song. Margaret lifted her face towards the sky, its rising warmth pushing her chin upwards, closing her eyes. Heat crept into the lines on her face; she felt it drip into her brow and trickle towards her lips from the pathways at her temples and her cheeks. With her hands in the water and her face to the sun, Margaret Lightning continued her song. She hummed as she rubbed water into her face and ran her wet hands through her hair, as she then twisted and pulled it into her regular low bun. She even hummed as she prodded at the wiry strands of grey that had begun to spark at her forehead.

End of Text 3

Text 4 — Non-Fiction Extract

***Language Wars – sometimes mother knows best* by Selina Li Duke**

These days, even kindergartners and first-graders in Beijing and Shang-hai are learning English. English has become the first foreign language for most of the world, a kind of lingua franca* whenever different nationalities meet, whether at a science conference in Helsinki or a beauty context in Mexico City. The complacent, monolingual Australian thus sees little need to learn the language of other peoples, and many an ethnic parent gives up nagging her Australian-born or -educated offspring to learn her native tongue. What is the use of forcing Cantonese or Tamil or Tagalog on your children when it is not used outside the home, anyway?

Historically, as a dominant language takes over more and more spheres of everyday life, and fewer and fewer children in minority groups learn their parents' native tongues, the decline of these tongues is set in motion. At the beginning of European colonisation of Australia there were about 250 different indigenous languages, but in 2005 a national survey found that only 145 were still spoken, of which most were 'severely or critically endangered' and only eighteen were considered 'strong'. Nicholas Evans observes that the same kind of language death has occurred in Northern America and South Africa.

All over the world, linguists and anthropologists like Evans are frantically documenting dying languages, often in nursing homes where the very last speaker resides, so that the voices of entire peoples, in all their moods and cadences, do not fade into silence, and the unique experience and knowledge they articulate are not lost to the rest of humanity. Sometimes, even governments get in on the act of minority-language maintenance, committing a modicum of funds and resources to the cause. It may be token, a sop to minorities, or a genuine attempt to support 'diversity' and 'linguistic ecology'. I have the feeling, however, that the decline and eventual death of many languages, especially those without a written culture, will be hard to stop. I wonder what the global landscape of languages will be like in one or two hundred years; what voices – if any – other than those of economic and political power will there be in our splendidly polyphonous world.

** lingua franca - a language that is adopted as a common language between speakers whose native languages are different.*

End of Text 4

Text 5 — Prose Fiction Extract

Extract from *At the Edge of the Solid World* by Daniel Davis Wood

On those rare winter days that end up blazing, dawn in the Alps can be heard long before it makes itself seen. Even as the sun lingers behind the mountains, it heralds its arrival with a wave of gentle warmth. The wave crests over the sharp, serrated spires and washes across the snowscapes beneath them, and if you wake up early enough, or if you've stayed awake long enough, you can listen to its passage through darkness.

The icicles that dangle from gutters start to drip. In a matter of moments, all else being silent, the dripping will surround you, will encompass the house you shelter in, with the cantankerous *rat-a-tat* of a demented tattoo. Then comes the hiss of sintering snow. The warmth in the air shears away the crystals on the surface of the drifts, and as the uttermost flakes fizzle into a flow of tinkling water, daybreak arrives amid an entourage of rhythms. The hiss shrouds the world in a field of static. The percussion of the ice-melt rises to a clamour. Every so often you'll hear the slosh of snow slipping off a roof, the spatter of clods tumbling from the branches of overburdened pines. Then with a faint aureole of white, the sun, its body still hidden erodes the farthest reaches of the dark. The stillness of the night is over. Things start happening all around, inundating the senses, as the conditions for solitude recede with the rotation of the planet.

I slumped at the laptop but turned to face the window. With exhaustion biting the back of my eyes, I watched the day come into being.

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*
- **Shakespearean Drama**
 - William Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice*

Section II continues on page 8

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



Barker
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2022

TRIAL HIGHER SCHOOL
CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION

English Advanced

Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

Staff Involved:

AM MONDAY 1st AUGUST
240 copies

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| • SZA | • ELC | • GMC |
| • LJC | • KLF | • MAF |
| • CLG | • RIH | • JKR* |
| • LAS | | |

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 (pages 2 - 7)

- Attempt Questions 1 - 5
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section II - 20 marks (page 8)

- Attempt Question 6
- 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 2–6 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 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

Question 1 (3 marks)

Text 1 — Nonfiction Extract

How does the extract portray the impact one individual can have on a community?

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Section I continues on page 3

Question 2 (3 marks)

Text 2 — Poem

Analyse how the poet reveals the impact of remembering.

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Section I continues on page 4

Question 3 (4 marks)

Text 3 — Prose Fiction Extract

Evaluate how Nardi Simpson shows the joy of solitude in nature.

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.

Section I continues on page 5

Question 4 (4 marks)

Text 4 — Feature article

How does Selina Li Duke capture the importance of language?

This image shows a full page of white paper with horizontal blue ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page, providing a template for handwriting practice or general writing. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the page.

Section I continues on page 6

Question 5 (6 marks)

Text 5 — Prose Fiction

Evaluate how Daniel Davis Wood represents the passing of time.

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.

Section I continues on page 7

[illegible]

- 7 -

Section II

20 marks

Attempt Question 6

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the questions in the 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 6 (20 marks)

Where there are challenges, there is inconsistent behaviour.

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

The prescribed texts are listed in the Stimulus Booklet.

End of Paper