



2022

HIGHER
SCHOOL
CERTIFICATE
TRIAL EXAMINATION

English Advanced

Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

Stimulus Booklet

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Section I

Text 1— Website article

While returning by bus to England from the Black Forest in the south of Germany via Paris, I am travelling on a night bus, and as usual, we've pulled into a large roadside petrol station to refuel. This stop is on the outskirts of a small city called Metz in France, just over the border from Germany, in a region called Lorraine. I hear the familiar hiss of the front doors open. "30 minutes", says the driver in his gruff voice with typical German efficiency. Like lemmings, we all file down the aisle of the bus and head into the night. The cold air hits me like a slap in the face, my breath instantly becoming a fog. I shiver and pull up my hood stepping into the light rain, the warm glow from the service station beckoning us like moths to a flame.

Inside is a cafeteria like the ones you see at Ikea. I grab a plastic tray and place it on the rail that is designed to slide along as you pass each food item to choose from. First up is a watery grey soup with some sort of bread-like dumplings floating on top. Pass. Next is some dry pasta lightly covered with what looks like tinned corned beef. Pass. Next is potatoes in a heavy buttery cream. Pass. Next, I see there is an empty tray and lastly is dessert, some fluorescent green and bright red jelly in plastic cups with cream on top. I gulp, disheartened. I think to myself, I can't eat any of that, can I? Then, like an angel from heaven, I see my saving grace. She's heading towards the empty tray - an elderly lady in a hairnet carrying a tray of what looks like freshly baked Quiche Lorraine!

"Merci mademoiselle," I say cheekily as I grab two serves, which elicits a quick smile. I pay, and when I sit down to eat the flaky crust with soft cheesy goodness, I'm suddenly full of gratitude, as I realise I had just found the diamond in the rough.

DYLAN GITTOES
Introduction to Quiche Lorraine post

Text 2 — Prose fiction extract

After about a year together she realized that loving him was not good for her but it took another year for her to end it and now she was very glad that it was over.

Sometimes she wondered how she had allowed it to go on for such a long time.

I will be very careful the next time I fall in love, she told herself. Also, she had made a promise to herself that she intended on keeping. She was never going to go out with another writer: no matter how charming, sensitive, inventive or fun they could be. They weren't worth it in the long run. They were emotionally too expensive and the upkeep was complicated. They were like having a vacuum cleaner around the house that broke all the time and only Einstein could fix it.

She wanted her next lover to be a broom.

RICHARD BRAUTIGAN
Sombrero Fallout

Text 3 — Nonfiction extract

Question: Why must we lie?

If we put lying into the broader category of deceit (including deceptions) we see this is a very normal part of nature - human nature, animal nature, even plant nature.

The Pitcher Plant traps insects by deceiving them with the attraction of nectar and then, they fall in and are doomed. Weak animals can blend in with their background. Others are bright, boldly patterned and coloured to try to scare predators or, even attract a mate. These are all various forms of deception. So, one key attribute of life in nature is deceit.

We humans can see how normal and everyday this is. Women wear makeup, guys drive muscular cars (me included) and we don't get alarmed... It's normal. Pragmatically, these deceptions work. Most often, we know why they work - that they are either attractants or repellents...usually on purpose, sometimes accidentally. Modern advertising uses these lying tricks all the time, of course.

But is lying 'good'? In a godly sense, no. These deceptions are not all good and therefore, we use the rather ugly word 'evil'. But they are evils? (boy, could I get some nasty replies on that!) But being outraged because we were told a lie, or see politicians use dishonesty, is pretty surprising to me. We surely are not that naive to miss all the deceptions around us including those we use ourselves. I think we realise they are part of all life.

However, when we hold politicians or our leaders to being better than most of us, that is a 'good' thing. Good as in godly good. When we want a higher standard from others (or within ourselves) we are actually giving a hug to goodness (even God). We are aligning ourselves with a supernatural goodness - something better and more ideal than the experience of our mortal lives.

Adapted from and with thanks to
M. EARS

Text 4 — Poem

The Lake Isle of Innisfree

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

Text 5 — Prose fiction

His hand slammed down on the alarm clock. 6am. Time to get up, go to work. He sat up, felt his pulse; his clammy, fat fingers awkward on his gelatinous neck – it was racing. Swarms of darkness swam before his eyes as he waited for the dizziness to stop and the headache to set in. Jeanette stirred beside him, yawning, smiling.

“Going out today?” she asked.

“Yep,” he said, staring stone faced at the wall, his heart audibly pounding. “Yep,” he said under his breath. “Today’s it.”

Slowly, with a grim determination, he walked into his daughter’s room, then his sons’, opening up the house to a pristine July day. He stood for a while at the window, absorbing the winter sun’s feeble warmth, his eyes lost in the sky’s deep blue. The children chased each other into the kitchen, brushing his legs as they went by, pushing him ever so slightly towards the glass. He froze. Minutes later he turned and stepped back into the kitchen feeling cold beads of sweat run down his neck.

By the time Jeanette came into the kitchen the children were dressed and eating breakfast.

“Eggs, dear?”

“No thanks. I’ll grab something on the way. Come on kids, we’re gonna be late!” She turned and faced him. “I’ve called a taxi, OK? For 8:30. Only if you feel up to it.” Her hands rested on his shoulders, her eyes betraying her confident smile. He could see the worry, the pity. She kissed him on the forehead and left. He stood still, breathing slowly, the sound of burnt eggs hissing filled the house.

A hot breakfast and cold shower later, and he was ready. Today was it.

His head popped up when he heard the taxi’s horn. He stood up, brushed his lapel, straightened his tie, flicked his fingers through his hair, undid and redid the buttons on his suit coat.

The horn sounded again. He hadn’t moved. Leaning forward, he felt the weight of his body shift to the balls of his feet, and he was walking.

Mum, Mum! He’s outside again.

Oh, Darling, don’t stare. Come and have your breakfast.

I’m not staring. And anyway, I’m behind the curtains. He can’t see me.

Is he going this time, you think?

Um . . .

Text 5 continues on page 7

Text 5 (continued)

The contents of his black leather briefcase rattle as he moved off the front step and onto the stepping-stone path leading through the front yard; three over-filled manila folders, two packets of cigarettes, a flask of scotch and half a small container of Valium. He arrived at the gate, his finger poised beneath the latch. He stopped suddenly.

That's it, Rebecca. I'm giving it to the dogs.

No, wait! I'm coming.

Three . . . two . . . -

Ta. Perfect timing; as usual.

How'd he go?

He didn't make it. The taxi left without him.

The front door slammed shut. He pressed himself up against it, breathless, shaking. Desperate gasps rang out through the house, the sounds a toddler makes when dragged to the surface from an unwanted, unplanned submersion.

Gradually his breathing slowed to a rhythmic puff, though his heart pounded persistently through the still, heavy silence. Slowly, a tear ran down his cheek, glistening, shattering as it hit the floor, followed by a torrent of aching sobs.

He sat, waiting. Shadows splashed carelessly across the room by the morning sunlight retreated. The house warmed.

The call came. He reached into his coat pocket, opened the vibrating phone. "Tom, not coming in today?"

"Nup." His voice broke.

"Can you email me the Johnson file by twelve, then?"

"Yep."

"Ta . . . well, I guess I'll see ya round."

"For sure." He hung up. The work had been done. He got out his laptop, emailed the file, and sat, focusing his energies on the coming day.

Tomorrow will be it, he said to himself. Tomorrow.

SEBASTIAN WELLER
Adapted from *Agoraphobia**

*Agoraphobia: A type of anxiety disorder where an individual is afraid to leave environments they know well.

Student Number

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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 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 2–7 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 — Website article

How does Dylan Gittoes use language devices to show his view of the experience?

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

Question 2 (3 marks)

Text 2 — Prose fiction extract

Explain how the writer conveys the emotions of the character.

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

English Advanced

Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

Section II

20 marks

Attempt Question 6

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

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)

The richness of human experience would be lost if there were no limitations to overcome.

- Helen Keller

Analyse the ways this statement reflects the human experiences in your prescribed text.

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*
 - * *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 paper