



CLEAREducation

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2019

**MOCK TRIAL
EXAMINATION**

English (Standard)

Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

General Instructions

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Working time – 1.5 hours
- Write using black or blue pen
- Black pen is preferred
- Write your name on every page
- Use the stimulus booklet provided

Total Marks

40 Marks

- **Section I - 20 Marks** (pages 2-8)
- Attempt Questions 1-4
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

- **Section II - 20 Marks** (pages 9-10)
- Attempt Question 5
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section I

15 marks

Attempt Question 1

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the question in the Section I Writing Booklet. Extra writing booklets are available.

In your answers you will be assessed on how well you:

- demonstrate understanding of the way human experiences are shaped in and through texts
- describe, explain and analyse the relationship between language, text and context

Question 1 (20 marks)

Examine **Texts one, two, three and four** carefully and then answer the questions on page 8.

Text One – Photograph *Bathtime in Gaza*



Question 1 continues on page 3

Text Two – What’s it like to move to a new city to study?

(<https://this.deakin.edu.au/study/whats-it-like-to-move-to-a-new-city-to-study>)

Live music and new people

‘There wasn’t anything in Tasmania similar to what I wanted to study, so I applied interstate. My sisters had both moved to Melbourne to study, so a path was carved out for me and it wasn’t too daunting. At first I lived in organised accommodation and had my meals catered with over 200 fellow students to meet, which helped coming over to Melbourne and knowing pretty much no one. ‘Being able to go to the football every week, seeing so much live music and experiencing new things was amazing. I met people and had experiences I never would have been exposed to had I stayed in Tasmania.



Moving interstate is always going to be a big change but I found it thoroughly worthwhile.’

– *Alex Crowden, social media coordinator and Bachelor of Arts (Media & Communications) graduate*

Stepping stone cities

‘I had a round-about journey studying. I did graphic design in Brisbane, and after working overseas as a designer, I went back to uni in Melbourne to do science. My science marks were good enough to get into medicine in WA, so I moved to Perth to study to be a doctor. ‘Each time I moved, I had to start making friends again, and there’s no doubt that’s hard and you miss having people you’ve known for years. But ultimately now I have friends all over Australia! I think it was definitely the best way for me personally to study – without having moved around I wouldn’t have been able to take each possible stepping stone, and get where I am today.’

– *Daniel Chisholm, doctor and Medicine graduate*

Out of your comfort zone

‘I always knew I didn’t want to study in Perth and so studying interstate was something I did naturally. It was daunting, having only been to Melbourne once prior to moving here, I had no idea what to expect. ‘Moving to new place means you are totally out of your comfort zone, so everything is new, exciting and you learn a lot about yourself. The challenges usually are in the beginning, when you are trying to find your feet. If you keep an open mind though, you end up meeting so many new people. I have made friends who I now consider family. I’m proud I built a strong foundation in Melbourne from scratch. ‘If you are thinking about moving, the best way to do it is to move to study. You are automatically put in social situations and it gives you routine. You are so quickly part of a city when you move with purpose.’

– *Natassja Soderbom, advertising account manager and Bachelor of Arts graduate*

Question 1 continues on page 4

Text Three – Autobiography, *Heddy and Me* by Susan Varga

We were not particularly happy children, despite the good fortune of our placid North Shore life. We resented having to appreciate everything. We had far too much to appreciate, far more than other children.

And Mother, in turn, resented the very trouble-free life she had created for us. We failed to see our life from her perspective.

I knew, in a confused way, that my parents had suffered during the War, and that there was some extra intensity and obsession in our relationships with each other that had to do with the past. I understood what I had to do to make it up to them was to be a happy, well-behaved child. It was that simple.

It was also impossible, except on the surface. My self-concept was so bound up with the past that I had trouble distinguishing the heroine or coward on the school playground. Besides, a betrayal of a friend, failing a maths test, being rude to my parents, they weren't the real measure of anything. I had to prepare myself for when the real test came for my generation.

I had no idea that there were thousands like me, thinking the same obsessive thoughts, in the Americas, in Canada, in Australia, wherever the survivors and their children had gone. I didn't realise I was the only child deeply ambivalent about my parents, guilty at causing them any further pain, not giving my own paid any legitimacy because I had never "really suffered" as they had. Even now, as I read the accounts of others of the second generation, I compare myself guiltily to those who were 'good' children, who crave loyalty to their scarred parents. Judy and I rebelled at the hidden agenda. We resented the obligation their suffering imposed on us, yet, fascinated, were drawn to it against our will.

Like many adolescents I tried to distance myself from my parent's way of life, and, if not from Jewishness, from things Jewish. I was scared of getting stuck in the past. I was going to be a proper New Australian - forward looking, polyglot; and a new kind of Jew - proud of who I was, but cosmopolitan, picking my friends and my lifestyle by preference alone. Even the question of going out with Jewish Boys was loaded for me. Would there be any new worlds opening up if I went out with them? I'd be trapped in a world of obedient Jewish boys destined to become doctors.

Perhaps if I had not run away so hard, I might have worked out some things I am only now beginning to see.

One thing I could not understand was Mother's relationship to things and her passion for order. I could not understand the intense anxiety my disordered life around in her. But I begin to see. What is one of the first signs of a disintegrating life? When your possessions, the objects of most familiarity in your life, are taken away, or sold off, or have to be hidden. What are the signs of your life reintegrating? When you get back the first stick of furniture and can put your own linen on your bed again. Or so it was for Heddy.

Question 1 continues on page 5

Only recently have I started to think of Heddy and myself as part of something bigger. I was struck by a story of a survivor whose parents perished in Auschwitz. To the last, this man's parents were obsessed that he, their only son, should locate and reclaim the family belongings in storage. Their obsession had nothing to do with the materialism in its ordinary meaning. It was more to do with the sense of self that people lose when on the run. Their identity, so rooted in the things that they have chosen accumulated, inherited, is flung away. The fight to regain those things is correspondingly intense.

When I was growing up Heddy's anxiety about disorder induced only anxiety in me, followed by guilt and resentment. What did it matter, in the larger scheme of things, if your shoes hadn't been put away or if you'd lost your belt, or if there was left over food in your room? Especially to her after all she'd been through? I knew other mother's nagged about these things but there was a special quality in her of strong emotion, almost a moral disgust.

I became her antithesis; impractical in the extreme. My personal life shunned an ordered future.

I knew my choices would not please her, but I had not counted on the intensity of her grief, rage and disappointment. There was a mad disproportion to it all that lent a surreal quality to our conflict. When I got married at twenty-five, we were still at each other hammer and tongs.

Mother brings up that day as an example of the bad influence of my friends. She reminds me bitterly that B, was going through a madcap hippy phase, arrived three hours early, carrying her guitar and in bare feet. Heddy was beside herself.

"B was a really bad influence on you. She nearly ruined the wedding!"

"B?" I gasp. "But she's totally harmless. She didn't have any particular influence..."

"Oh, yes. The way she behaved...the way she dressed...So irresponsible." Her face is grim.

What really ruined the wedding was our conflict, both in general and about how the wedding should be staged, and about my own doubts about getting married at all. But that little incident was about threatening disorder. And disorder for Mother meant, still means, genuine distress, a threat to the way she's struggled to live her life.

It has taken me a long time to work out that her distress doesn't necessarily mean that I've done something wrong.

These days I watch myself accumulating even more things, and taking great pleasure in them. I think they mean that my life is beginning to acquire a little more, dare I say it, stability and substance. Perhaps I am beginning to let the Heddy in me out.

Question 1 continues on page 6

Text Four - We are Going - Oodgeroo Noonuccal

They came in to the little town
A semi-naked band subdued and silent
All that remained of their tribe.
They came here to the place of their old bora ground
Where now the many white men hurry about like ants.
Notice of the estate agent reads: 'Rubbish May Be Tipped Here'.
Now it half covers the traces of the old bora ring.
'We are as strangers here now, but the white tribe are the strangers.
We belong here, we are of the old ways.
We are the corroboree and the bora ground,
We are the old ceremonies, the laws of the elders.
We are the wonder tales of Dream Time, the tribal legends told.
We are the past, the hunts and the laughing games, the wandering camp fires.

We are the lightening bolt over Gaphembah Hill
Quick and terrible,
And the Thunderer after him, that loud fellow.
We are the quiet daybreak paling the dark lagoon.
We are the shadow-ghosts creeping back as the camp fires burn low.
We are nature and the past, all the old ways
Gone now and scattered.
The scrubs are gone, the hunting and the laughter.
The eagle is gone, the emu and the kangaroo are gone from this place.
The bora ring is gone.
The corroboree is gone.
And we are going.'

In your answers you will be assessed on how well you:

- demonstrate understanding of the way perceptions of belonging are shaped in and through texts
 - describe, explain and analyse the relationship between language, text and context
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Question 1 (continued)

Text one — Photograph *Bathtime in Gaza*

(a) How does the photographer capture the complexities of the family's experience?

3 marks

Text two – Webpage

(b) Explain how the Deakin University article attempts to persuade the reader to study abroad?

4 marks

Text three – Article *Heddy and Me*

(c) How does the writer convey the influence of the collective experience on the individual?

6 marks

Text four - Poem *We are going* AND texts one or two or three

(d) Compare how composers explore the complexity of loss.

In your response make reference to Text four and ONE other text from Text 1, 2 or 3.

7 marks

End of Question 1

Section II

20 marks

Attempt Question 2

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the question in the Section II Writing Booklet. Extra writing booklets are available.

In your answer you will be assessed on how well you:

- demonstrate understanding of the concept of discovery in the context of your study
 - analyse, explain and assess the ways discovery is represented in a variety of texts
 - organise, develop and express ideas using language appropriate to audience, purpose and context
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Question 3 (20 marks)

It is a story's ability to ignite new ideas about human behaviour that allows us as readers to see the.

Discuss this statement in reference to your prescribed text.

The prescribed texts are listed on the next page:

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*
 - * *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

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