



## Higher School Certificate Practice Paper

English Advanced

Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

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|--------------|--|
| General      | • Reading time – 10 minutes                      |
| Instructions | • Working time – 1 hour and 30 minutes           |
|              | • Write using black pen                          |
|              | • A Stimulus Booklet is provided with this paper |

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- |             |   |
|-------------|---|
| Total Marks | Section I – 20 marks (page 2)             |
| 40          | • Attempt Question 1                      |
|             | • Allow about 45 minutes for this section |

- Section II – 20 marks (pages 3-4)
- Attempt Question 2
  - Allow about 45 minutes for this section

## Section I

**20 marks**

**Attempt Question 1**

**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.

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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
- 

Examine Texts 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 in the Stimulus Booklet carefully and then answer the questions below.

### **Text 1: - Magazine Cover**

- (a) Why has the editor of this magazine chosen this image to represent the human experiences suggested on this cover? (3 marks)

### **Text 2: - Novel opening**

- (b) Critically analyse the effectiveness of the narrative point of view in representing the complexity of memory. (5 marks)

### **Text 3: Prose Fiction extract and Text 4: Poem**

- (d) Compare how these texts shed light on human relationships. (7 marks)

### **Text 5: Poem**

- (e) *Poetry makes nothing happen* (W.H.Auden)

To what extent does Marianne Moore's perspective on the influence of poetry on human understanding align with this statement? (5 marks)

## Section II – Texts and Human Experiences

**20 marks**

**Attempt Question 2**

**Allow about 45 minutes for this section**

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

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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
- 

**Example A: generic question** (20 marks)

Composers draw us into the world of the text inviting us to share a representation of human experiences.

Critically analyse how your prescribed text shares its representation.

**Example B: Respond to the question specific to your prescribed text (20 Marks)**

**Question 1 - Prose Fiction (20 Marks)**

(a) Prose fiction invites the reader to interpret the motivations of its characters. How does the author of your prescribed text use characterisation to represent human experiences?

The prescribed texts are:

- Anthony Doerr, *All the Light We Cannot See*
- Amanda Lohrey, *Vertigo*
- George Orwell, *Nineteen Eighty-Four*
- Favel Parrett, *Past the Shallows*

**OR**

**Question 2 – Poetry or drama / Shakespearean drama (20 Marks)**

(a) Poetry invites the reader to reflect on intense feelings. How does the poet in your prescribed text use point of view to represent human experiences?

The prescribed texts are:

- Rosemary Dobson, *Rosemary Dobson Collected*
  - \* ‘Young Girl at a Window’
  - \* ‘Over the Hill’
  - \* ‘Summer’s End’
  - \* ‘The Conversation’
  - \* ‘Cock Crow’
  - \* ‘Amy Caroline’
  - \* ‘Canberra Morning’
- Kenneth Slessor, *Selected Poems*
  - \* ‘Wild Grapes’
  - \* ‘Gulliver’
  - \* ‘Out of Time’
  - \* ‘Vesper-Song of the Reverend Samuel Marsden’
  - \* ‘William Street’
  - \* ‘Beach Burial’

**OR**

**Question 2 continues on the next page**

Question 2 (continued)

(b) Drama invites the audience to engage with the play's conflict.

How does the playwright of your prescribed text use dramatic tension to represent human experiences?

The prescribed texts are:

- Jane Harrison, *Rainbow's End*
- Arthur Miller, *The Crucible*
- William Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice*

**OR**

**Question 3 – Nonfiction, film or media** (20 marks)

(a) Nonfiction invites the reader to engage with the composer's context.

How does the author of your prescribed text use personal voice to represent human experiences within a particular context?

The prescribed texts are:

- 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 & Christina Lamb, *I am Malala*

**OR**

(b) Film immerses the viewer through the composers' manipulation of multiple modes.

How does the director of your prescribed text combine narrative, sound and image to represent human experiences?

The prescribed texts are:

- Daldry, Stephen, *Billy Elliot*, Universal, 2000 (f)

**OR**

**Question 2 continues on the next page**

Question 3 (continued)

(c) Media texts immerse the viewer through the composers' manipulation of multiple modes. How does the director of your prescribed text combine narrative, sound and image to represent human experiences?

The prescribed texts are:

- Ivan O'Mahoney, *Go Back to Where You Came From*
- Lucy Walker, *Waste Land*

**Example C: Respond to the question specific to your prescribed text** (20 marks)

**Question 1 - Prose Fiction** (20 Marks)

**(a) Anthony Doerr, *All the Light We Cannot See***

Every hour, she thinks, someone for whom the war was memory falls out of the world.  
We rise again in the grass. In the flowers. In songs.  
Michel takes her arm and they wind back down the path, through the gate onto the rue Cuvier.  
She passes one storm drain two storm drains three four five, and when they reach her building,  
she says, “you may leave me here, Michel. You can find your way?”  
“Of course.”  
“Until next week, then.”  
He kisses her once on the cheek. “Until next week, Mamie.”  
She listens until his footsteps fade. Until all she can hear are the sighs of cars and the rumble of  
trains and the sounds of everyone hurrying through the cold.

From Anthony Doerr, *All the Light We Cannot See*

In what ways does the quote above contribute to a lasting impression of the complex nature of human experiences represented in Anthony Doerr’s *All the Light We Cannot See*?

**OR**

**(b) Amanda Lohrey, *Vertigo***

The blinds are still up and she eats her toast beside the window, looking out to the red light of Mars, low over the horizon in the north-east. Miraculously, not all of the she-oaks in the garden burned. There is still a cluster of them in the south-east corner and she listens to the sound of the wind whistling through their canopy, that eerie siren song, and she remembers how it felt to sit in the canoe with the boy nestled against her chest while Luke paddled them across the lagoon; the long slow glide of the boat across the black water. Turning, she takes her tea and returns to lie on the couch with her feet up, and thumbs the remote control so that the ghostly images of the television come instantly to life in the dark.

From *Vertigo*, Amanda Lohrey

In what ways does the quote above contribute to a lasting impression of the complex nature of human experiences represented in Amanda Lohrey’s *Vertigo*?

**OR**

Question 1 (continued)

**(c) George Orwell, *Nineteen Eighty-Four***

He gazed up at the enormous face. Forty years it had taken him to learn what kind of smile was hidden beneath the dark moustache. O cruel, needless misunderstanding! O stubborn, self-willed exile from a loving breast! Two gin-scented tears trickled down the sides of his nose. But it was all right, everything was all right, the struggle was finished. He had won victory over himself. He loved Big Brother.

*Nineteen Eighty-Four*, George Orwell

In what ways does the quote above contribute to a lasting impression of the complex nature of human experiences represented in George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four*?

**OR**

**(d) Favel Parrett, *Past the Shallows***

Jake barked, and George waved goodbye as they set off in the dinghy and headed out to the boat. Miles looked back down the curved wide beach of Cloudy one last time. Out of all the places, all the cliffs and rocks and black water and good waves rushing, this place was the only one he would miss. V Cloudy was special, always brighter, and Harry was free to stay here now. Free to run along this beach until the end of time.

...

Out past the shallows, past the sandy-bottomed bays, comes the dark water – black and cold and roaring. Rolling out an invisible path, a new line for them to follow.

To somewhere warm.

To somewhere new.

From *Past the Shallows*, Favel Parrett

In what ways does the quote above contribute to a lasting impression of the complex nature of human experiences represented in Favel Parrett's *Past the Shallows*?

**OR**



**Question 2 – Poetry or drama / Shakespearean drama (20 Marks)**

**(a) Rosemary Dobson, *Rosemary Dobson Collected***

Life gets better  
as I grow older  
not giving a damn  
and looking slantwise  
at everyone's morning

From 'Canberra Morning', Rosemary Dobson

In what ways does the quote above contribute to a lasting impression of the complex nature of human experiences represented in Dobson's poetry?

In your response, refer to 'Canberra Morning' and at least ONE other poem set for study. The prescribed poems are:

- Rosemary Dobson, *Rosemary Dobson Collected*
- \* 'Young Girl at a Window'
- \* 'Over the Hill'
- \* 'Summer's End'
- \* 'The Conversation'
- \* 'Cock Crow'
- \* 'Amy Caroline'
- \* 'Canberra Morning'

**OR**

**(b) Kenneth Slessor, *Selected Poems***

The moment's world it was; and I was part,  
Fleshless and ageless, changeless and made free.  
'Fool, would you leave this country?' cried my heart,  
But I was taken by the suck of sea.

The gulls go down, the body dies and rots,  
And Time flows past them like a hundred yachts.

From 'Out of time', Kenneth Slessor

In what ways does the quote above contribute to a lasting impression of the complex nature of human experiences represented in Kenneth Slessor's poetry?

In your response, make close reference to ‘Out of time’ and at least ONE other of his poems set for study.

The prescribed poems are:

- Kenneth Slessor, *Selected Poems*
- \* ‘Wild Grapes’
- \* ‘Gulliver’
- \* ‘Out of Time’
- \* ‘Vesper-Song of the Reverend Samuel Marsden’
- \* ‘William Street’
- \* ‘Beach Burial’

**OR**

**(c) Jane Harrison, *Rainbow’s End***

GLADYS: [voice-over] I’m not an interloper—I belong here—this is my land!

From *Rainbow’s End*, Jane Harrison

In what ways does the quote above contribute to a lasting impression of the complex nature of human experiences represented in Jane Harrison’s *Rainbow’s End*?

**OR**

**(d) Arthur Miller, *The Crucible***

HALE: Woman, plead with him! [*He starts to rush out the door, and then goes back to her.*]

Woman! It is pride, it is vanity.

[*She avoids his eyes and moves to the window. He drops to his knees.*]

Be his helper! – What profit him to bleed? Shall the dust praise him? Shall the worms declare his truth? Go to him, take his shame away!

ELIZABETH [*supporting herself against collapse, grips the bars of the window, and with a cry*]:  
He have his goodness now. God forbid I take it from him!

[*The final drumroll crashes, then heightens violently. HALE weeps in frantic prayer, and the new sun is pouring in upon her face, and the drums rattle like bones in the morning air.*]

THE CURTAIN FALLS

From *The Crucible*, Arthur Miller

In what ways does the quote above contribute to a lasting impression of the complex nature of human experiences represented in Arthur Miller’s *The Crucible*?

**OR**

(e) **William Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice***

**PORTIA**

It is almost morning,  
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied  
Of these events at full. Let us go in;  
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,  
And we will answer all things faithfully.

**GRATIANO**

Let it be so: the first inter'gatory  
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on is,  
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,  
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:  
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,  
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.  
Well, while I live I'll fear no other thing  
So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

*Exeunt*

From *The Merchant of Venice*, William Shakespeare

In what ways does the quote above contribute to a lasting impression of the complex nature of human experiences represented in William Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice*?

**OR**

**Question 3 – Nonfiction, film or media (20 marks)**

**(a) Tim Winton, *The Boy Behind the Curtain***

Despite its naked political intent, it's a beautiful object, and of all the paintings in the building it's the one I saw people linger over longest.

I stayed the entire day and saw but a fraction of what was on offer. Following the spent kids and their guardians out past the water wall, I thought again of that boyhood visit. I first entered the NGV barefoot and cowering, but I was so taken with what I saw that I forgot to be embarrassed. I strode out of the place like a man in boots.

From 'Barefoot in the Temple of Art', Tim Winton

In what ways does the quote above contribute to a lasting impression of the complex nature of human experiences represented in Tim Winton's story 'Barefoot in the Temple of Art'?

In your response, refer to 'Barefoot in the Temple of Art' and at least ONE other story set for study.

The prescribed chapters are:

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'

**OR**

**(b) Malala Yousafzai and Christina Lamb, *I am Malala***

I don't often think about the shooting, though every day when I look in the mirror it is a reminder. The nerve operation has done as much as it can. I will never be exactly the same. I can't blink fully and my left eye closes a lot when I speak. My father's friend Hidayatullah told him we should be proud of my eye. 'It's the beauty of her sacrifice,' he said.

In what ways does the quote above contribute to a lasting impression of the complex nature of human experiences represented in Malala Yousafzai and Christina Lamb's, *I am Malala*?

**OR**

**(c) Stephen Daldry, *Billy Elliot***

Tony and Jamie Elliot go to their seats in the theatre

**JAMIE [to Usher]:** Can you tell Billy Elliot that his family's here?

Tony fusses in seat, disturbing person [Michael] next to him

**TONY:** Sorry mate

**MICHAEL:** It's alright Tony. It's me Michael. Remember.

**TONY [turns to father]:** It's Michael

**TONY [to Michael]:** What the hell are you doing here?

**MICHAEL:** I wouldn't have missed it for the world.

Backstage: camera behind the lead male ballet dancer (Billy) as music rises.

**SOUND ENGINEER [to Billy]:** Billy, your family are here

Edited shots from the Billy's face preparing himself to go on stage and the proud father in the audience as music soars and the dancer leaps onto the stage.

In what ways does the quote above contribute to a lasting impression of the complex nature of human experiences represented in Stephen Daldry's *Billy Elliot*?

**OR**

**(d) Ivan O'Mahoney, *Go Back to Where You Came From***

Raye: A lot of people ... they look, but they don't see.

Series 1: Episodes 1, 2 and 3 and The Response

In what ways does the quote above contribute to a lasting impression of the complex nature of human experiences represented in Ivan Mahoney's *Go Back to Where You Came From*?

**OR**

**(e) Lucy Walker, *Waste Land***

What I really want to do is to be able to change the lives of a groups of people with the same material that they deal with every day.

In what ways does the quote above contribute to a lasting impression of the complex nature of human experiences represented in Lucy Walker's *Waste Land*?



Higher School Certificate Practice Paper

# English Advanced

Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

Stimulus Booklet for Section I

*and*

*List of prescribed texts for Section II*

		Pages
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	• Text 3 – Prose fiction	5 - 6
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## Section I

### Text 1 – Magazine Cover

SYDNEY  
**PEN magazine**

November 2018

## Online trolling threatens writers



- Report from PEN International Congress in Pune, India
  - Protecting the human right to freedom of expression
  - Peter Greste's Free Voices: The War on Journalism
    - Behrouz Boochani: Truth to Power
    - The chilling effect of criminalising journalism
    - Biography and an unauthorised perspective
      - Writers at risk: a year of oppression

## **Text 2: Novel opening**

The past is a foreign country: they do things differently there.

When I came upon the diary it was lying at the bottom of a rather battered red cardboard collar-box, in which as a small boy I kept my Eton collars. Someone, probably my mother, had filled it with treasures dating from those days. There were two dry, empty sea-urchins; two rusty magnets, a large one and a small one, which had almost lost their magnetism; some negatives rolled up in a tight coil; some stumps of sealing-wax; a small combination lock with three rows of letters; a twist of very fine whipcord, and one or two ambiguous objects, pieces of things, of which the use was not at once apparent: I could not even tell what they had belonged to. The relics were not exactly dirty nor were they quite clean, they had the patina of age; and as I handled them, for the first time for over fifty years, a recollection of what each had meant to me came back, faint as the magnets' power to draw, but as perceptible. Something came and went between us: the intimate pleasure of recognition, the almost mystical thrill of early ownership—feelings of which, at sixty-odd, I felt ashamed.

It was a roll-call in reverse; the children of the past announced their names, and I said 'Here'. Only the diary refused to disclose its identity.

My first impression was that it was a present someone had brought me from abroad. The shape, the lettering, the purple limp leather curling upwards at the comers, gave it a foreign look; and it had, I could see, gold edges. Of all the exhibits it was the only one that might have been expensive. I must have treasured it, why then could I not give it a context?"

I did not want to touch it and told myself that this was because it challenged my memory: I was proud of my memory and disliked having it prompted. So I sat staring at the diary, as at a blank space in a crossword puzzle. Still no light came, and suddenly I took the combination lock and began to finger it, for I remembered how, at school, I could always open it by the sense of touch when someone else had set the combination. It was one of my show-pieces, and when I first mastered it? it drew some applause, for I declared that to do it I had to put myself into a trance and this was not quite a lie, for I did deliberately empty my mind and let my fingers work without direction. To heighten the effect, however, I would close my eyes and sway gently to and fro, until the effort of keeping my consciousness at a low ebb almost exhausted me, and this I found myself instinctively doing now, as to an audience. After a timeless interval I heard the tiny click and felt the sides of the lock relax and draw apart, and at the same moment, as if by some sympathetic loosening in my mind, the secret of the diary flashed upon me.

*Text 2 continued on next page*



Yet even then I did not want to touch it; indeed my un-willingness increased, for now I knew why I distrusted it. I looked away and it seemed to me that every object in the room exhaled the diary's enervating power and spoke its message of disappointment and defeat. And as if that was not enough, the voices reproached me with not having had the grit to overcome them. Under this twofold assault I sat, staring at the bulging envelopes around me, the stacks of papers tied up with red tape—the talk of sorting which I had set myself for winter evenings, and of which the red collar-box had been almost the first item; and I felt, with a bitter blend of self-pity and self-reproach, that had it not been for the diary, or what the diary stood for, everything would be different. I should not be sitting in this drab, flowerless room, where the curtains were not even drawn to hide the cold rain beating on the windows, or contemplating the accumulation of the past and the duty it imposed on me to sort it out. I should be sitting in another room, rainbow-hued, looking not into the past but into the future: and I should not be sitting alone.

So I told myself, and with a gesture born of will, as most of my acts were, not inclination, I took the diary out of the box and opened it.

L.P. HARTLEY  
*The Go-between*

### Text 3 - Prose Fiction extract

Mr Sakamoto halted. ‘There,’ he said, ‘that’s the third one I’ve seen.’ He pointed to the word ‘nuance’ in white paint, in a neat cursive hand, at the foot of a wall. ‘Superior graffito, don’t you think?’

They stood looking together, each in meditation.  
‘Do you know,’ asked Alice, ‘about Mr Eternity?’

All the way to the bistro – which Mr Sakamoto had insisted on revisiting, in order, he said, to comprehend the battle between the waiters – Alice told him the ~~story~~.

There was once in Sydney, Australia, a man called Arthur Stace. Born in 1884, he was of a miserable background; his mother, father and siblings were all alcoholics. He grew up in poverty. At twelve he was made a ward of the state; he got his first job at fourteen, working in a coal mine, and by fifteen found himself in gaol. In his twenties he engaged in various criminal activities and then in the First World War he served in France, returning physically and spiritually broken. He was suffering shell shock and the effects of mustard gas, and was also partially blinded in one eye. Arthur sank further and further into a life of dereliction and alcoholism, buying methylated spirits, ‘white lady’, at sixpence a bottle. Some time in 1930 he visited a Baptist food handout centre, and heard a fire-and-brimstone preacher give a remarkable sermon. The preacher stated he would like to shout the word ‘ETERNITY’ in every street in Sydney. This was Arthur Stace’s conversion experience. He was overcome with a need to write the word ‘eternity’, in chalk or crayon, on the pavements of Sydney. For thirty-seven years – rising at 5 a.m., praying, then following God’s directions to a particular site – he inscribed the word almost half a million times. He wrote in a copperplate hand, with a flourish on the ‘E’ and an extended tail on the ‘Y’, which served to underline the whole word. Urban myths abounded about Mr Eternity, but he was unmasked in the fifties and with great shyness and humility accepted the identity and confessed his inscriptions. He died, aged eighty-three, in 1967, having gifted to the city these frail repetitions, this heavenly mania, this lovely obsession.

‘It’s a true story,’ Alice added emphatically.

Mr Sakamoto stopped. ‘It’s a wonderful story. ‘Nuance’ and ‘eternity’: these are the two dimensions of *haiku*. I shall give you a book, one of my favourites. In translation, of course.’

*Text 3 continued on next page*

They had halted at a florist shop, before a line of cyclamen. The pink and purple flowers had a stunning vivacity. Alice could smell the scent of turned soil, cross-hatched with small implements.

‘Wait here,’ she said.

Mr Sakamoto waited as Alice bought a pot of bright flowers, wrapped in tissue paper. When she emerged from the florists she handed the purchase to her friend. He looked surprised. He bowed and appeared abashed.

‘No one has ever bought me flowers before,’ he said shyly.

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GAIL JONES

*Dreams of Speaking*

#### **Text 4 - Poem**

##### A Blockhead

Before me lies a mass of shapeless days,  
Unseparated atoms, and I must  
Sort them apart and live them. Sifted dust  
Covers the formless heap. Reprieves, delays,  
There are none, ever. As a monk who prays  
The sliding beads asunder, so I thrust  
Each tasteless particle aside, and just  
Begin again the task which never stays.  
And I have known a glory of great suns,  
When days flashed by, pulsing with joy and fire!  
Drunk bubbled wine in goblets of desire,  
And felt the whipped blood laughing as it runs!  
Spilt is that liquor, my too hasty hand  
Threw down the cup, and did not understand.

AMY LOWELL

## Text 5 - Poem

### Poetry

I, too, dislike it: there are things that are important beyond all this fiddle.  
Reading it, however, with a perfect contempt for it, one discovers in  
it after all, a place for the genuine.  
Hands that can grasp, eyes  
that can dilate, hair that can rise  
if it must, these things are important not because a  
high-sounding interpretation can be put upon them but because they are  
useful. When they become so derivative as to become unintelligible,  
the same thing may be said for all of us, that we  
do not admire what  
we cannot understand: the bat  
holding on upside down or in quest of something to  
eat, elephants pushing, a wild horse taking a roll, a tireless wolf under  
a tree, the immovable critic twinkling his skin like a horse that feels a flea, the  
base-  
ball fan, the statistician –  
nor is it valid  
to discriminate against ‘business documents and school-books’;  
all these phenomena are important. One must make a distinction  
however: when dragged into prominence by half poets, the result is not poetry,  
nor till the poets among us can be  
‘literalists of the imagination-‘ above  
insolence and triviality and can present  
for inspection, ‘imaginary gardens with real toads in them,’ shall we have  
it. In the meantime, if you demand on one hand,  
the raw material of poetry in  
all its rawness, and  
that which is on the other hand  
genuine, then you are interested in poetry.

Marianne Moore

End of Section1

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## 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 Poems*  
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 9

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

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