

STUDENT NUMBER



2022

HIGHER  
SCHOOL  
CERTIFICATE  
TRIAL EXAMINATION

# English Advanced

## Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

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### 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 each section

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### 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 Question 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 question in the spaces provided. These spaces provide guidance for the expected length of response.

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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
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**Question 1** (3 marks)

Use **Text 1** to answer this question

Explain how the cartoon communicates an idea about the human experience.

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**Question 2 (3 marks)**

Use **Text 2** to answer this question

Discuss how the poem provides insights into shared human experiences?

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**Section I (continued)**

**Question 3** (4 marks)

Use **Text 3** to answer this question

How does Text 3 represent the paradoxes and anomalies which constitute an individual’s identity?

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**Question 4** (4 marks)

Use **Text 4** to answer this question

Analyse how the writer uses language forms and features to invite the responder to see the world differently.

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**Question 5** (6 marks)

**In your response discuss TWO texts.**

You must use **TWO** of the texts: **Text 1, Text 2, Text 3 and Text 4.**

Compare how the personal experiences represented in two texts explore the complexity of human experiences.

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**End of Question 5**

## Section II

20 marks

### Attempt Question 5

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
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### Question 5 (20 marks)

*“We have beaten you, Winston. We have broken you up. You have seen what your body is like. Your mind is in the same state. I do not think there can be much pride left in you. You have been kicked and flogged and insulted, you have screamed with pain, you have rolled on the floor in your own blood and vomit. You have whimpered for mercy, you have betrayed everybody and everything. Can you think of a single degradation that has not happened to you?”*

– *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, George Orwell

How does this extract and your study of George Orwell’s novel *Nineteen Eighty-Four* reveal the importance of dignity in the human experience?

Prescribed Text List for Section II is on page 9.



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*



JAMES RUSE AGRICULTURAL HIGH SCHOOL

**2022**

TRIAL HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE  
EXAMINATION

**English (Advanced)**

**Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences**

Stimulus Booklet for Section I

**Section I**

Pages

- Text 1 Illustration.....3
- Text 2 Poem.....4-6
- Text 3 –Personal Reflection.....7-8
- Text 4 – Discursive extract.....9-10

Blank Page

SECTION I

Text One- Cartoon



Cartoon by Michael Leunig

## Text 2 – Poem

### Joy Flight by Cate Kennedy

My father's stories must be provoked from him by some landslide of  
sorrow;

a lost city's foundations revealed by shifting earth.

Only after the death of two brothers does he relate some  
childhood moment

of a Sunday after Mass, when a Tiger Moth touched down on a  
patch of ground offering joy flights.

I see them, those three blond boys taugth with longing, that silver machine, the  
sky.

My father remembers the sum of money required for the three boys to go  
up

and his own father's face, closed and abashed, after he asked the  
pilot.

He turned away,

and my father steeled himself for the walk home to lunch. Yet somehow his  
father was carrying the money,

and somehow he decided. They flew.

Disaster could have struck,

and sent my grandmother mad with grief. My grandfather would  
have been condemned to watch that, from the ground, forever.

But nothing went wrong.

**(continued on next page)**

They flew, and returned safely to the earth, transformed, an awestruck moment  
in a poor childhood,

desire made real, a stern father hiding his smile on the run home.

Everyone who witnessed that event is dead now.

My father handed me the story, a small recovered legacy, glinting bright with disuse.

Now I carry those three buffeted, grinning children in their Sunday clothes,

hardly able to believe their luck, astonished by joy and flight.

I hold this, and yearn to write fiction in the face of these deaths and losses, in the face of all that is forgotten and revealed by the stark shift of pain and surprise.

I want to carry this talisman carved like a rune for my father, for my uncles, for my grandfather, and for that pilot;

for that pure torn-open moment where they slipped free of the earth.

Fiction, which is the ribbon pulled from a trembling mouth, which tells its truth with such defiance

that everything forgotten will blaze, every joy burnished, every recollection of unexpected flight shared

and passed from hand to cupped hand, carried warm next to the skin,

recited for courage.

\*Tiger Moth - is a 1930s aircraft.

### **Text Three – Non-Fiction Extract**

I am Australian. There is no other place on earth from where I could come. Think about that: I could only have been created here. The history of this land runs through my veins. I am old and I am new. My bloodline connects me to the first footprints on this continent. Two million sunrises have put me here.

My name-Grant-was shipped here in chains. John Grant, an Irish rebel– just a boy really – banished forever from his home, transported to this penal colony. He would never touch the soil of Tipperary again; he lies in a field under a headstone in the rich plains west of the Blue Mountains in New South Wales.

He left behind a new family: not just Aboriginal and longer Irish, but something entirely new. We imagine that history rises and falls; we mark time by beginnings and endings. The arrival of Europeans on these shores was not the end for my Aboriginal ancestors or I wouldn't be here. I also carry Ireland deep in me, enough to feel I'd come home when I first walked the streets of Belfast. That's how history works; we don't move in straight lines; we weave in and out of each other. We sail our ships and find new worlds. As novelist Richard Flanagan says, 'We-our histories, our souls – are...in a process of constant decomposition and reinvention.' This is becoming; this is what we do as humans. We are on a never-ending journey towards each other. We are strangers and then we are family. Before we even called this place Australia, an Australian family – my family – was born.

This is my history. It lives in me.

Australia is a name we give to this place, but what is in a name? Nothing really...and yet everything. People have died for this place we name Australia. This is what we have built, all of us, and it is precious. It exists in us. We carry it in our stories. That's what matters: story. A nation is nothing if not a story: memories and history.

I am Australian. I have Australian memories: sun-scorched days at the pool; sticky orange ice blocks; backyard cricket; broken bicycle chains, hot chips and vinegar; warm milk at recess; inkwells; wet woollen jumpers; frost cracked fingers.

I am Australian. I have Australian history: Captain Cook, the First Fleet; convicts; Blaxland, Lawson and Wentworth; Burke and Wills; Merino sheep; the Gold Rush; Gallipoli; the Great Depression; Menzies and Gough.

I am Australian and I have other memories. Australian memories: a dirt road on the outskirts of town; mangy dogs and broken glass; my father's wounds; my mother's poems of stolen kids and welfare men; too many funerals.

I am Australian and I have another history. An Australian history: Bennelong, Pemulwuy and Windradyne, who met the British on the frontier, fought, forged friendships, made peace; Truganini and the black line in Tasmania; the Appin massacre; martial law in Bathurst; segregated missions; the Day of Mourning; no blacks allowed and the Freedom Rise.

This is meal of it. We are all of this. It just is.

But then it isn't. Now it feels like around battleground. It is as if this day – Australia Day – must pit my ancestors white and black in some conflict without end. It is a fight with myself; I can't possibly win. What am I supposed to forget? What part of my story am I expected to embrace and what part do I reject?

In A Poison Tree, William Blake wrote:

I was angry with my friend;

I told my wrath, my wrath did end.

I was angry with my foe: I told it not, my wrath did grow.

I wonder, would he write those words today? What would Blake think of social media, where our voices are amplified, yet our anger grows. What was meant to bring us together is more often a star chamber where people are put on trial by nameless, faceless trolls. It has become a battleground for ever more strident identities.

Stan Grant Extract from introduction of *Australia Day*



## Text Four – Discursive

### The Overview Effect

SURELY THE BEST WITNESSES to the fact that the key to awe and wonder is feeling small are astronauts. Like Captain Jim Lovell, who, when on board the *Apollo 8* on Christmas Eve 1968, raised his hand against the window, and watched the entire planet disappear. I realised how insignificant we all are if everything I've ever known is behind my thumb,' he said.

The first person to ever step foot on the moon, Neil Armstrong did exactly that same thing. He recalled the latter: 'It suddenly struck me that tiny pea, pretty and blue, was the Earth. I put up my thumb and shut one eye, and my thumb blotted out the planet Earth. I didn't feel like a giant. I felt very, very small.'

We have shot hundreds of human beings into space over the past few decades, most with a background in engineering, science, medicine or the military, and almost all of them seem to return with permanently widened eyes. Former soldiers suddenly speak of elation, mathematicians of bliss, biologists of transcendence. The term for the psychological impact of flying into space and viewing the Earth as a simple dot is called the 'Overview Effect, and it was coined by author Frank White in his book of the same name in 1987. White defined it as 'a profound reaction to viewing the Earth from outside its atmosphere'.

The Overview Effect turns astronauts into 'evangelists, preaching the gospel of orbit' as they return from space with a renewed faith or on a quest for wisdom. For some it's a kind of lingering euphoria that results in a permanent change of perspective. The first human to reach outer, the Russian cosmonaut, Yuri Gagarin, who circled the Earth for 108 minutes in 1961, came back with a clarion call: 'Orbiting Earth in the spaceship, I saw how beautiful our planet is. People, let us preserve this, not destroy it.'

In recent years, scientists have been trying to measure and understand the Overview Effect, even sending people into virtual space, where they view galaxies through portals, and then grilling them about their responses, but the accounts of astronauts provide the best insights.

As Syrian astronaut Muhammad Ahmad Faris said, when you look at Earth from space, the 'scars of national boundaries' disappear. Mae Jemison, the first black woman to travel in space, who orbited the Earth 127 times in 1992 on board the Space Shuttle *Endeavour*, also says she felt 'very connected with the rest of the universe'. (She later told students: 'Life is best when you live deeply and look up.')

The Japanese term *Yūgen*, which derives from the study of aesthetics, is sometimes used to describe space-gazing. It is said to mean 'a profound, mysterious sense of the beauty of the universe...and the sad beauty of human suffering', though the meaning and translation depend on the context. Japanese actor and aesthetician Zeami Motokiyo described some of the ways to access *yūgen*:

To watch the sun sink behind a flower clad hill.

To wander on in a huge forest without thought of

Return. To stand upon the shore and gaze after a boat that

disappears behind distant islands. To contemplate the flight

of wild geese seen and lost among the clouds.

And, subtle shadows of bamboo on bamboo.

Or to stare at the heavens from Earth, or Earth from the heavens.

Yūgen is also defined as ‘an awareness of the universe that triggers emotional responses too big and powerful for words.

American engineer and astronaut Nicole Stott reported that she was ‘stunned in a way that was completely unexpected’.

She described it to her seven-year-old son this way: ‘Just take a lightbulb- the brightest lightbulb that you could ever possible imagine-and paint it all the colours that you know Earth to be, and turn it on, and be blinded by it.’

When you shrink, your ability to see somehow sharpens.

Scott Kelly, who spent a full year on the International Space Station from 2015-2016, delighting Earth-dwellers with his tweets and superb photographs, told *Business Insider* that the experience of space makes people more empathetic, ‘more in touch with humanity and who we are, and what we should do to not only take care of the planet but also to solve our common problems, which clearly are many’.

Kelly’s insights echo those of many others: the splendour and vulnerability of the Earth, the connectedness of people, and the need to work in concert, across nations.

Julia Baird-Extract from *Phosphorescence*