

TRIAL
HIGHER SCHOOL
CERTIFICATE
EXAMINATION

2019

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 (page 3)

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

Section II – 20 marks (page 4)

- 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 writing booklets provided.

Your answers 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.

How does the photographer use visual language features to represent political power in this photograph?

Question 2 (3 marks)

Use **Text 2** to answer this question.

Explain how the poet uses figurative language to present a fresh perspective on love.

Question 3 (4 marks)

Use **Text 3** to answer this question.

Analyse how the author uses stylistic features to reflect upon the experience of writing one's life story in the form of a memoir.

Question 4 (4 marks)

Use **Text 4** to answer this question.

Explain how the writer uses characterisation to convey the paradoxical nature of the human experience in this short story.

Question 5 (6 marks)

Compare how **TWO** of the texts in the Stimulus Booklet challenge assumptions about the human experience.

Section II

20 marks

Attempt Question 6

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

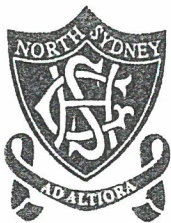
Your answer will be assessed on how well you:

- 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
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Question 6 (20 marks)

Analyse how the representation of identity in your prescribed text shapes your understanding of human experiences.

The prescribed texts are listed in the Stimulus Booklet.



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English Advanced Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

Stimulus Booklet for Section I *and* List of prescribed texts for Section II

Section I

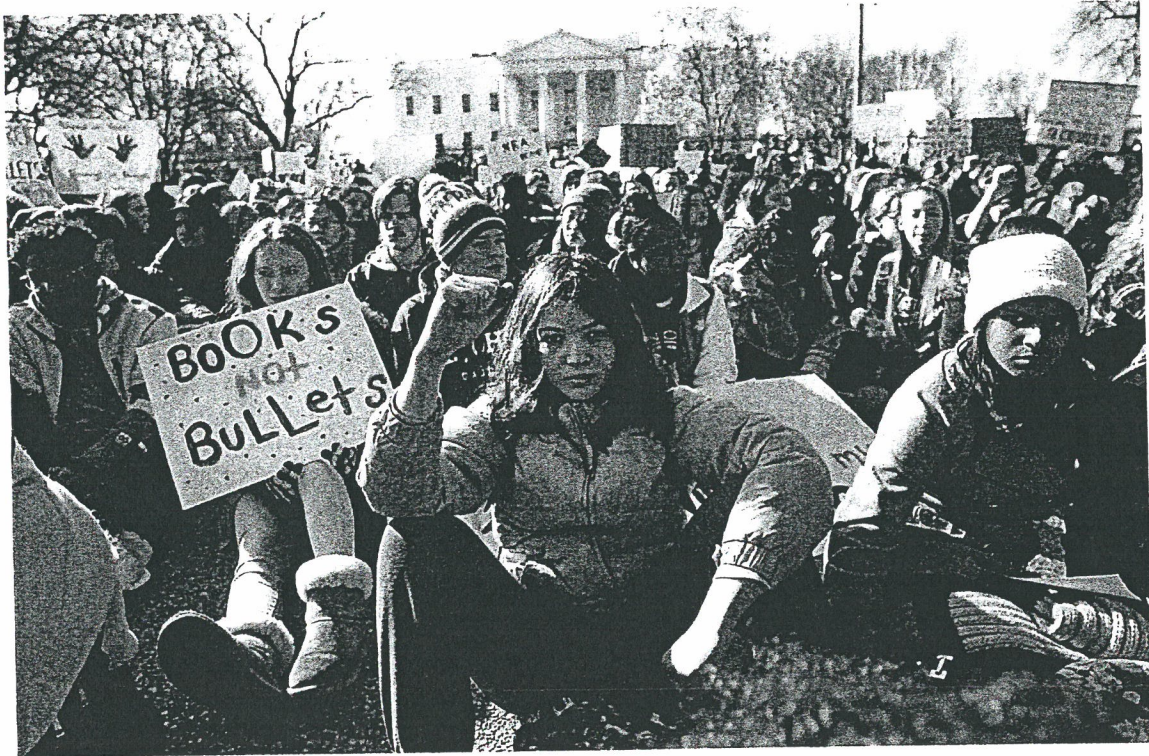
Text 1 –	Image – Photograph	page 2
Text 2 –	Poem	page 3
Text 3 –	Personal essay	pages 4-5
Text 4 –	Fiction extract	page 6

Section II

List of prescribed texts for Texts and Human Experiences	pages 7-8
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Section I

Text 1 — Image - Photograph



Text 2 – Poem

Butterfly

A young woman clutches
her fist to her breast
as if holding fast
to all her hopes all her hope.

Her face is button-bright,
her body wired,
tongue tripping over itself
as she talks to the young man
who clings
to her every word
from the vast waste leagues of an arm's length.

I can't hear what's being said
from inside the bus
but it's of no importance
to me
or them.
It's the saying that is sweet.

Ears burning, faces turn to me
simultaneously, I remain staring
unashamedly, they laugh
self-consciously.

And when I smile
they smile with me
for they have seen
their love
reflected in the eyes of a stranger
and know it to be true.

A young woman opens her fist
releasing a butterfly it flutters
from her breast
to the cleft
of a young man's collar bone
where it hovers
as fragile as love.

Andrea McMahon

Text 3 — Personal essay

I needed to deal with my destructive demons before I could write about my past

At a recent book event where I spoke, an audience member about my age took hold of a microphone to ask, with something bordering on combativeness, if I had a will. She said she asked because I was old, as was she, and we were both going to die soon.

I was taken aback. My memoir, *The Erratics*, touches only glancingly on my age and not at all on how I keep my paperwork – but this question made me think about how we write memoir, and how we read it.

I have put myself on the page, the real me, as close as I can get, no makeup, no filters. That is your brief as a memoirist: to tell the truth, clear and unadorned. You say not how you wish it had been, but how it was.

It remains, nonetheless, your truth. You may hope a reader will relate to the larger themes and dilemmas your story illustrates, but you have written a personal story. If you have written well, readers will feel they know you, the same way they might know a character in fiction.

And since it is personal, and because they too have stories to tell, they often ask: was it painful to write this? Was it a relief to get it out there? Was writing this book cathartic? If you have written vividly, they may imagine you did so in the grip of the chaos of emotions and occurrences you describe.

Memoirists seem to come down clearly on one side or the other of the catharsis question. You will find many who feel as I do, and say no, it was not cathartic.

Here is the American writer Dani Shapiro, quoted in Meredith Maran's collection of interviews, *Why We Write About Ourselves*, expressing the idea that memoir is not catharsis:

I'm not a believer in memoir as catharsis. It's a misapprehension that readers have that by writing memoir you're purging yourself of your demons. Writing memoir has the opposite effect. It embeds your story deep inside you. It mediates the relationship between the present and the past by freezing a moment in time.

I agree, and I would go further. My feeling is that to write your best book, you must come clean to the page, no agenda, with a story to tell: willing to make yourself vulnerable, wanting no revenge or payback, not expecting the writing to assuage your grief and your pain. If you can do this, you are free to find the most fitting form to tell your tale.

When I was younger, I was obliged to deal with my destructive demons. I could not have lived the life I have, had I not confronted them. There are many ways to do this: psychotherapy in many guises; spirituality, meditation, mindfulness; physical effort and achievement – marathons, mountain peaks; fighting for a cause that seeks redress for trauma. I chose one, and it has served me well.

However, for every memoirist who thinks as I do, there are many who feel the opposite: that writing a memoir should, and does, provide catharsis. Sometimes the next step, when a writer feels this, can be a desire to provide a guide for readers who are suffering, a plan for reconfiguring the past and using it to move forward.

Text 3 continues over the page

Text 3 — Personal essay

I believe the difference between these two positions lies in intent, and in process. When I wrote *The Erratics*, I simply wanted to tell what I believe is a common story – a broken family, the need to make sense of trauma, the search for meaning in choices – but not because I believed I could provide an example to follow. I just hoped the themes I evoked might resonate with readers.

On those long, gruelling roads, I hunted for the memory of the child I used to be. I took care with the form I gave the memoir; I tried hard to keep the voice true. I hoped to create some beauty on the page, and felt I might find a way – not at all through detachment from my subject but because, having dealt with my demons elsewhere, I had breathing room to concentrate on how best to write.

An important thing to remember about writing is this: it is infinitely elastic, the possibilities limitless. Every writer feels differently about the endlessly morphing process. You can spandex what you want in there, and hopefully you may touch some readers with what you have toiled over.

Vicki Laveau-Harvie

Text 4 — Fiction extract

Oliver's Evolution

His parents had not meant to abuse him; they had meant to love him, and they did love him. But Oliver had come late in their little pack of offspring, at a time when the challenge of child rearing was wearing thin, and he proved susceptible to mishaps. He was born with intumed feet and learned to crawl with corrective casts up to his ankles. When they were at last removed, he cried in terror because he thought those heavy plaster boots scraping and bumping along the floor had been part of himself.

One day in his infancy, they found him on their dressing-room floor with a box of mothballs, some of which were wet with saliva; in retrospect, they wondered if there had really been a need to rush him to the hospital and have his poor little stomach pumped. His face was gray-green afterward. The following summer, when he had learned to walk, his parents had unthinkingly swum off the beach together, striving for romantic harmony in the wake of a late party and alcoholic quarrel, and were quite unaware, until they saw the lifeguard racing along the beach, that Oliver had toddled after them and had been floating on his face for what might have been, given a less alert lifeguard, a fatal couple of minutes. This time, his face was blue, and he coughed for hours.

He was the least complaining of their children. He did not blame his parents when neither they nor the school authorities detected his "sleepy" right eye in time for therapy, with the result that when he closed that eye everything looked intractably fuzzy. Just the sight of the boy holding a schoolbook at a curious angle to the light made his father want to weep impotently.

And it happened that he was just the wrong, vulnerable age when his parents went through their separation and divorce. His older brothers were off at boarding school and college, embarked on manhood, free of family. His younger sister was small enough to find the new arrangements — the meals in restaurants with her father, the friendly men who appeared to take her mother out — exciting. But Oliver, at thirteen, felt the weight of the household descend on him and made his mother's sense of abandonment his own. Again, his father impotently grieved. It was he, and not the boy, who was at fault, really, when the bad grades began to come in from day school and then from college, and Oliver broke his arm falling down the frat stairs, or leaping, by another account of the confused incident, from a girl's window. Not one but several family automobiles met a ruinous end with him at the wheel, though with no more injury, as it happened, than contused knees and loosened front teeth. The teeth grew firm again, thank God, for his innocent smile, slowly spreading across his face as the full humor of his newest misadventure dawned, was one of his best features. His teeth were small and round and widely spaced — baby teeth.

Then he married, which seemed yet another mishap, to go with the late nights, abandoned jobs, and fallen-through opportunities of his life as a young adult. The girl, Alicia, was as accident-prone as he, given to substance abuse and unwanted pregnancies. Her emotional disturbances left her and others bruised. By comparison, Oliver was solid and surefooted, and she looked up to him. This was the key. What we expect of others, they try to provide. He held on to a job, and she held on to her pregnancies. You should see him now, with their two children, a fair little girl and a dark-haired boy. Oliver has grown broad and holds the two of them at once. They are birds in a nest. He is a tree, a sheltering boulder. He is a protector of the weak.

John Updike

End of Section I Texts

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