



2019 TRIAL HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE

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 2)

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

Section II – 20 marks (page 3)

- 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

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
-

Examine **Texts 1, 2, 3, and 4** in the Stimulus Booklet carefully and then, in the writing booklet provided, answer the questions below.

Question 1 – Text 1: Image

How does Text 1 convey the power and importance of shared experiences?

(3 marks)

Question 2 – Text 2: Poem

Analyse how Text 2 explores the challenges of communicating individual human experience.

(4 marks)

Question 3 – Text 3: Fiction extract

How does the text convey the unusual relationship that August has with the world?

(4 marks)

Question 4 – Text 4: Non-fiction extract

Identify Garner's purpose in composing this occasional essay about her mother.

(2 marks)

Question 5 – Text 2: Poem and Text 4: Non-fiction extract

Compare how Text 2 and Text 4 express the complexities of the relationship between parent and child.

(7 marks)

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

Compare how Text 2 and Text 4 express the complexities of the relationship between parent and child

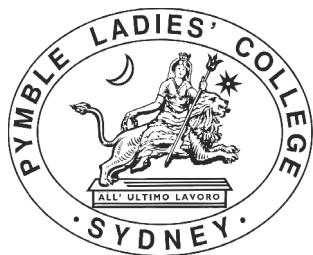
In what ways is this true of your prescribed text?

Write your response to the question in the Section II Writing Booklet.

Extra writing booklets are available.

The prescribed texts are listed in the Stimulus Booklet.

End of paper



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Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

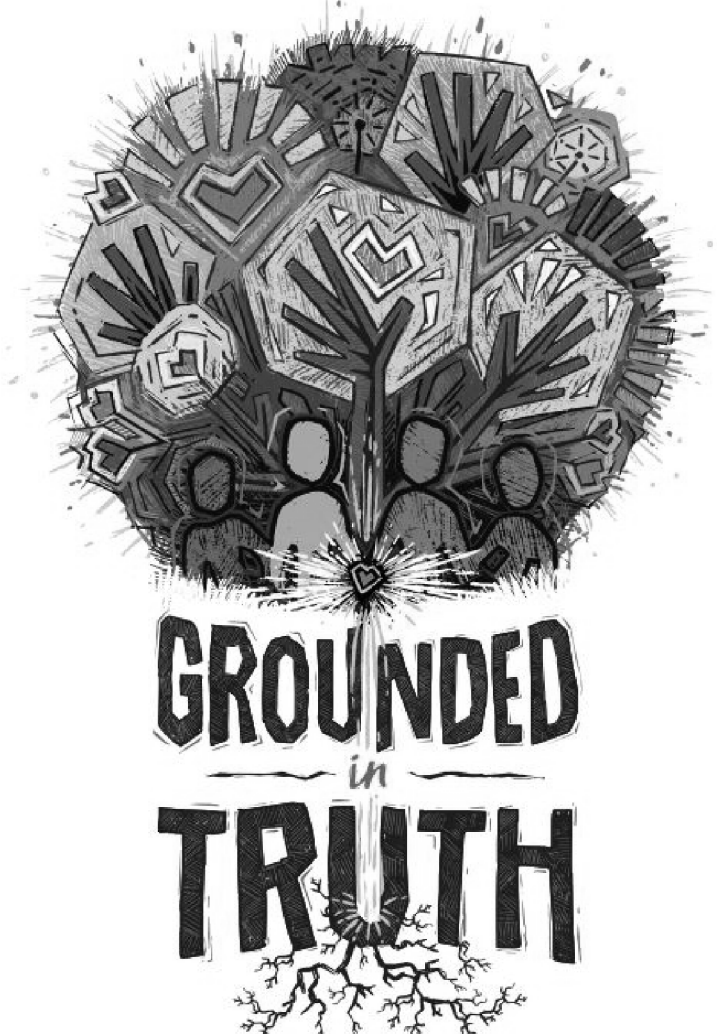
Stimulus Booklet for Section I

Section I	Pages
● Text 1 – Image	2
● Text 2 – Poem	3–4
● Text 3 – Fiction extract	5
● Text 4 – Non-fiction extract	6–7

Section I

Text 1 – Image – poster

NATIONAL RECONCILIATION WEEK 2019
27 MAY – 3 JUNE




GROUNDED
in
TRUTH

WALK TOGETHER WITH COURAGE

To foster better race relations, the relationships between Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander peoples and the broader community must be grounded in truth. Whether you're engaging in challenging conversations or unlearning and relearning what you know, this journey requires all of us to walk together with courage.

Learn more at
Reconciliation.org.au
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RECONCILIATION
AUSTRALIA

Text 2 – Poem

‘Letting Go’, by Fay Zwicky

Tell the truth of experience
they say they also
say you must let
go learn to let go
let your children
go

and they go
and you stay
letting them go
because you are obedient and
respect everyone’s freedom
to go and you stay

and you want to tell the truth
because you are yours truly
its obedient servant
but you can’t because
you’re feeling what you’re not
supposed to feel you have
let them go and go and

you can’t say what you feel
because they might read
this poem and feel guilty
and some post-modern hack
will back them up
and make you feel guilty
and stop feeling which is
post-modern and what
you’re meant to feel

so you don’t write a poem
you line up words in prose
inside a journal trapped
like a scorpion in a locked
drawer to be opened by
your children let go
after lived life and all the time
a great wave bursting
howls and rears and

Text 2 continues on page 4

Text 2 (continued)

you have to let go
or you're gone you're
gone gasping you
let go
till the next wave
towers crumbles
shreds you to lace—

When you wake
your spine is twisted
like a sea-bird
inspecting the sky,
stripped by lightning.

Text 3 – Fiction extract

That's August's fault. Boy don't talk. Chatty as a thimble, chinwaggy as a cello. He can talk, but he doesn't want to talk. Not a single word that I can recall. Not to me, not to Mum, not to Lyle, not even to Slim. He communicates fine enough, conveys great passages of conversation in a gentle touch of your arm, a laugh, a shake of his head. He can tell you how he's feeling by the way he unscrews a Vegemite jar lid. He can tell you how happy he is by the way he ties his shoelaces.

Some days I sit across from him on the lounge and we're playing *Super Breakout* on the Atari and having so much fun that I look across at him at the precise moment I swear he's going to say something. 'Say it,' I say. 'I know you want to. Just say it.' He smiles, tilts his head to the left and raises his left eyebrow, and his right hand makes an arcing motion, like he's rubbing an invisible snow dome, and that's how he tells me he's sorry. *One day, Eli, you will know why I am not speaking. This is not that day, Eli. Now have your go.*

Mum says August stopped talking around the time she ran away from Dad. August was six years old. She says the universe stole her boy's words when she wasn't looking, when she was too caught up in the stuff she's going to tell me when I'm older, the stuff about how the universe stole her boy and replaced him with the enigmatic A-grade alien loop I've had to share a double bunk bed with for the past eight years.

Every now and then some unfortunate kid in August's class makes fun of August and his refusal to speak. His reaction is always the same: he walks up to that month's particularly foul-mouthed school bully who is dangerously unaware of August's hidden streak of psychopathic rage and, blessed by his established inability to explain his actions, he simply attacks the boy's unblemished jaw, nose and ribs with one of three sixteen-punch boxing combinations my mum's long-time boyfriend, Lyle, has tirelessly taught us both across endless winter weekends with an old brown leather punching bag in the backyard shed. Lyle doesn't believe in much, but he believes in the circumstance-shifting power of a broken nose.

Mum says when he was five or six August stared for hours into reflective surfaces. While I was banging toy trucks and play blocks on the kitchen floor as Mum made carrot cake, he was staring into an old circular make-up mirror of Mum's. He would sit for hours around puddles looking down at his reflection, not in a Narcissus kind of way, but in what Mum thought was an exploratory fashion, like he was actually searching for something. I would pass by our bedroom doorway and catch him making faces in the mirror we had on top of an old wood veneer chest of drawers. 'Found it yet?' I asked once when I was nine. He turned from the mirror with a blank face and a kink in the upper left corner of his top lip that told me there was a world out there beyond our cream coloured bedroom walls that I was neither ready for nor needed in. But I kept asking him that question whenever I saw him staring at himself. 'Found it yet?'

TRENT DALTON
from *Boy Swallows Universe* (2018)

Text 4 – Non-fiction extract

To write about my mother at length, coherently, is almost beyond me. I can think of her only at oblique angles and in brief bursts, in particular order.

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When my daughter was a teenager she had a dog, a poodle-cross called Polly. Polly fell down the crack between two of my marriages. She trudged again and again across inner Melbourne to my ex-husband's house, and died a lonely, painful death, by misadventure, in a suburban backyard. She was an anxious creature, timid and appeasing, who provoked in me an overwhelming impatience. She would lie at my feet, tilting her head on this angle and that, striving for eye contact. The more she begged for it, the less I could give.

In just such a way, over many years, I refused my mother eye contact. She longed for it. I withheld it. I lacerate myself with this memory, with the connection I can't expunge between lost mother and lost dog.

–

When, in the street, I see a mother walking with her grown-up daughter, I can hardly bear to witness the mother's pride, the softening of her face, her incredulous joy at being granted her daughter's company; and the iron discipline she imposes on herself, to muffle and conceal this joy.

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A few years before she entered her final decline, my mother and I went together to hear a famous string trio. We arrived early, took out front-row seats high in the gallery, and looked down at the stage. It was bare, except for three chairs. My mother said, 'Looks a bit sad, doesn't it.' Surprised, as if at a witticism, I swung to face her. She raised her eyebrows and grinned at me. We both began to laugh. I was filled with respect. Whenever I remember that moment, the hopeless thing in my heart stops aching, and finds a small place to stand.

–

My mother was good at sewing. When I was five or so she made me a pair of pyjamas on her Singer machine. I refused to wear them because they had frills on the bottom. She pleaded with me. She told me that if I wore the pyjamas, fairies would come and they would like me because of the frills. I did not care about the fairies. Even at that age I sensed the guilty power my refusal gave.

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Text 4 continues on page 7

Text 4 (continued)

The quietly mighty Japanese film director Yasujiro Ozu tells story after story of adult children breaking away from their parents. His characters rarely cry or raise their voices. Their emotions are expressed in tiny signs and changes of position. A father looks down at his glass. A mother folds her hands, or draws a handkerchief from her sleeve. These subtle movements call up in me surges of excruciating sympathy for my parents, for the hurt, helpless, angry love they must have felt as they watched me smash my way out of their protection.

—

Her ghost is in my body. I have her long narrow feet with low arches. I have her hollow bones, her hysterectomy, her fading eyebrows, her fine grey-brown hair that resists all attempts at drama. My movements are hers when, on a summer morning, I close up the house against the coming scorcher, or in the evening whisk the dry clothes off the line in weightless armfuls that conceal my face.

In the intermission at *Shave Warner: The Musical* two smiling strangers approached me. The man introduced himself and his wife. Aside from our parents' funerals, I had not seen him since we were children.

'I knew you straight away,' he said, 'from the other side of the room. You stand exactly like your mother.'

HELEN GARNER

From the occasional essay *Dreams of Her Real Self* (2013)