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2020 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
- Write your Student Number at the top of this page
- A Stimulus Booklet is provided separately with this paper

Total marks:
40

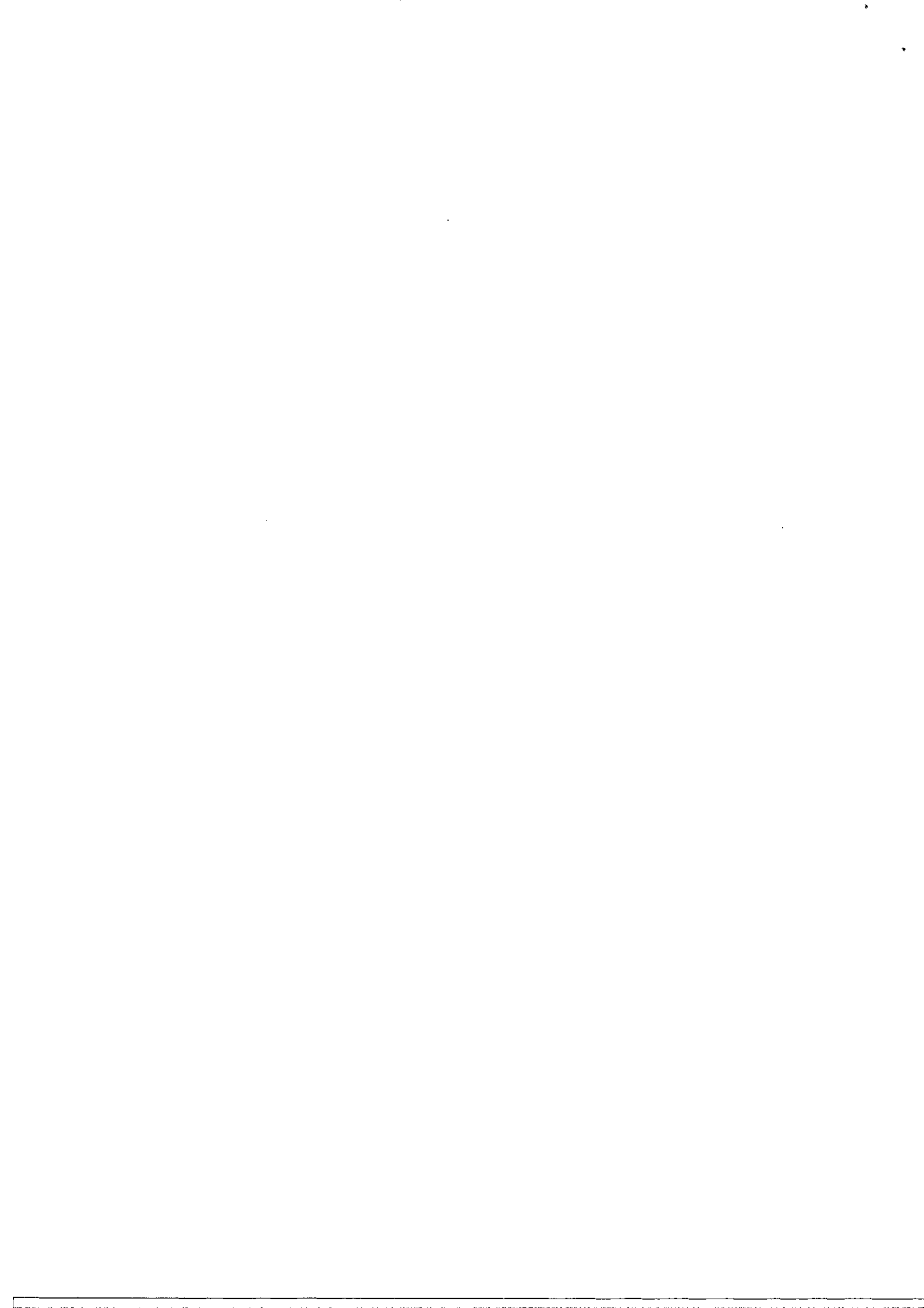
Section I – 20 marks (page 2-7)

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

Section II – 20 marks (pages 8-9)

- Attempt Question 6
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section
- Write your student number at the top of each writing booklet for this question

This paper must not be removed from the examination room.



End of Section

Section II - Texts and Human Experiences

20 marks

Attempt Question 6

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the question in a Writing Booklet
Extra Writing Booklets are available.

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
-

Question 6 (20 marks)

Prose Fiction

Through the act of storytelling, authors question the ability of individuals to resist oppression.

To what extent is this statement true of the study of your prescribed text?

The prescribed texts for Section II are:

Prose fiction

- Doerr, Anthony, *All the Light We Cannot See*, Fourth Estate/HarperCollins, 2015.
- Lohrey, Amanda, *Vertigo*, Black Inc, 2009.
- Orwell, George, *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, Penguin Classics, 1949.
- Parrett, Favel, *Past the Shallows*, Hachette Australia, 2013.

Poetry or drama/ Shakespearean drama

- Dobson, Rosemary, *Rosemary Dobson Collected*, University of Queensland Press, 2012.
'Young Girl at a Window', 'Over the Hill', 'Summer's End', 'The Conversation', 'Cock Crow', 'Amy Caroline', 'Canberra Morning'.
- Slessor, Kenneth, *Selected Poems*, A & R Classics/HarperCollins, 2014,
'Wild Grapes', 'Gulliver', 'Out of Time', 'Vesper-Song of the Reverend Samuel Marsden', 'William Street', 'Beach Burial'.
- Harrison, Jane, *Rainbow's End*, from Cleven, Vivienne et al, *Contemporary Indigenous Plays*, Currency Press, 2007.
- Miller, Arthur, *The Crucible*, Penguin Classics, 2000.
- Shakespeare, William, *The Merchant of Venice*, Cambridge University Press, 2014.

Nonfiction, film or media

- Winton, Tim, *The Boy Behind the Curtain*, Penguin, 2017.
'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'
- Yousafzai, Malala & Lamb, Christina, *I am Malala*, Weidenfeld and Nicolson/Orion, 2015.
- Daldry, Stephen, *Billy Elliot*, Universal, 2000.
- O'Mahoney, Ivan, *Go Back to Where You Came From* – Series 1, Episodes 1, 2 and 3 and *The Response*, Madman, 2011.
- Walker, Lucy, *Waste Land*, Hopscotch Entertainment, 2010.

End of Paper



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Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

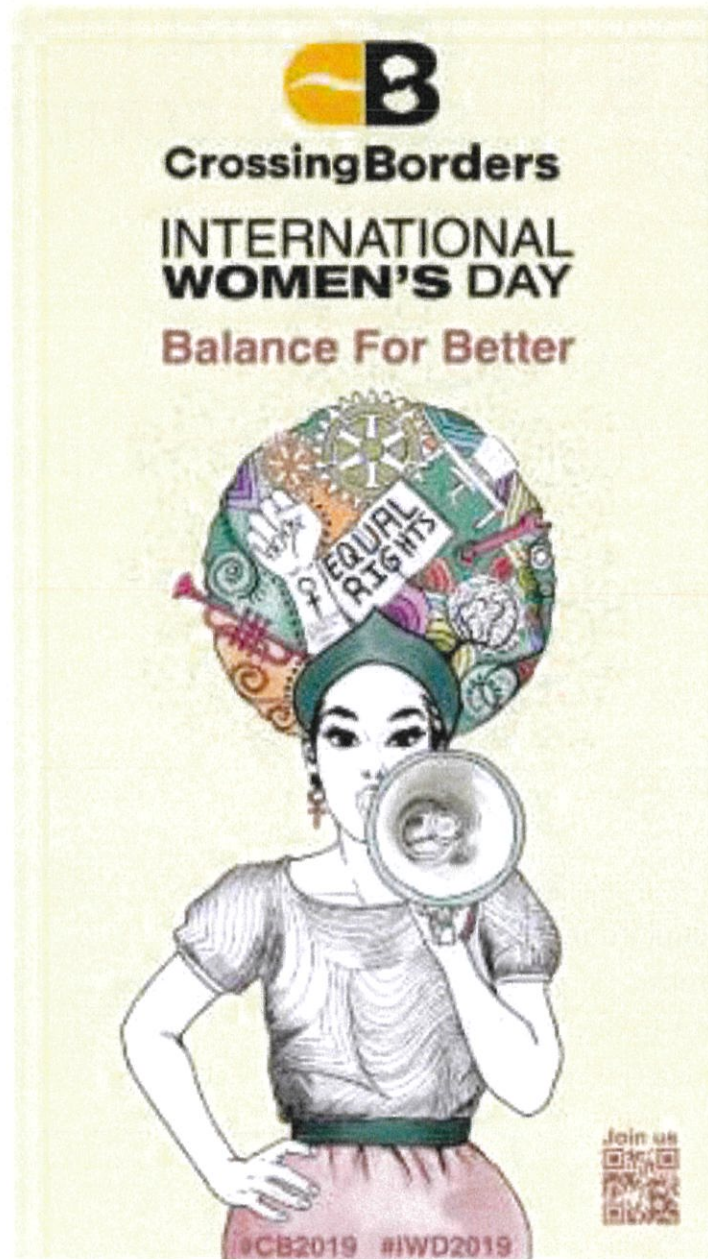
Stimulus Booklet

Section I

- Text 1 – Visual Image Page 2
- Text 2 – Poem Page 3
- Text 3 – Non-fiction extract Page 4-5
- Text 4 – Prose fiction extract Page 6

Section I

Text 1 - Visual Image



"International Women's Day" at Crossing Borders

When: March 8 2019

Text 2 – Poem ‘*Things We Carry On The Sea*’ by Wang Ping

Things We Carry on the Sea

We carry tears in our eyes: good-bye father, good-bye mother

We carry soil in small bags: may home never fade in our hearts

We carry names, stories, memories of our villages, fields, boats

We carry scars from proxy wars of greed

We carry carnage of mining, droughts, floods, genocides

We carry dust of our families and neighbors incinerated in
mushroom clouds

We carry our islands sinking under the sea

We carry our hands, feet, bones, hearts and best minds for a new
life

We carry diplomas: medicine, engineer, nurse, education, math,
poetry, even if they mean nothing to the other shore

We carry railroads, plantations, laundromats, bodegas, taco
trucks, farms, factories, nursing homes, hospitals, schools,
temples...built on our ancestors' backs

We carry old homes along the spine, new dreams in our chests

We carry yesterday, today and tomorrow

We're orphans of the wars forced upon us

We're refugees of the sea rising from industrial wastes

And we carry our mother tongues

爱(ai), حب (hubb), ליבע (libe), amor, love

平安 (ping'an), سلام (salaam), shalom, paz, peace

希望 (xi'wang), أمل ('amal), hofenung, esperanza, hope, hope, hope

As we drift...in our rubber boats...from shore...to shore...to
shore...

Text 3 – Non-Fiction extract from ‘Phosphorescence’ by Julia Baird

These days I begin every morning I can by diving into the sea, swimming with a group at Sydney’s Manly. Our mob can’t quite be called a squad, or a club – we’re just a big motley crew who meet at seven in the morning at our local surf club and swim 1.5 kilometres across a protected marine park. We formed a decade ago when a group of women plucked up the courage to swim out past the headland to the next beach, even though they knew sharks will always be there, somewhere, though, of course, they leave us alone. There are a few show offs and competitive blokes in the swim now, and sometimes it gets a little crowded, but mostly, it’s for all shapes, sizes and levels of fitness. Some wear enormous flippers and wetsuits, others swim in just cozzies and budgie smugglers right through winter.

Something happens when you dive into a world where clocks don’t tick and inboxes don’t ping. As your arms circle, swing and pull along the edge of a vast ocean, your mind wanders, and you open yourself to awe, to the experience of seeing something astonishing, unfathomable or greater than yourself. For swimmers, it is often sighting of dusky whalers, seals, dolphins, turtles, cuttlefish, fevers of rays or schools of fish. For others, joy can be found in all kinds of things in the skies, outside windows, on footpaths, mountains, backyards, rivers, night skies.

The awe found in daily swims does bring a sense of connection, as does the companionship. In an era of increasing disconnection, digital – only relationships, and polarisation of political views, it is great to sit among such a varied group of people – with most of whom you only really share one thing – and talk rubbish and riptides. I walk down the stairs at the south end of the beach each day knowing that I will see dozens of beaming faces before I put in a toe in the water, and that each of them knows how lucky they are to have and to share this experience.

The importance of daily contact with people – the old fashioned face-to-face kind has been well documented by researchers, including American sociologist Robert Putnam, who lamented the decline in America of social organisations such as churches, unions and community groups in his 2000 book, ‘Bowling Alone: The Collapse and Revival of American Community’. In recent years, the number of people who say they have very few or no confidants or close friends has rocketed, with worrying implications for our wellbeing: greater isolation and loneliness have been linked to increased risk chronic illness and dementia, alcohol abuse, sleep problems, obesity, diabetes, hypertension, poor hearing and depression.

A sense of community can also make us more resilient. One of the world’s longest studies of adult life, The Harvard Study of Adult Developments, followed subjects for 80 years from 1938 – and found that social connection and relationships are the single greatest predictor of health and happiness throughout your life. Why then don’t we all do more to foster sense of community? It’s hard when you’re shy, or blue, or sick, or struggling – my own instinct is not always the healthiest one. In order to endure, to survive trauma or even just to stay afloat when life threatens to suck us under, we need to know we are not alone.

Text 3 continues on next page

Swimmers and surfers concur: if they don't have the chance to jump in ocean before work, they are twitchier, less settled and less focussed than on the days when they do. After having major surgery a few years back, I yearned to slip back into the sea. When I finally re-joined the swim group, I practically danced for the rest of the day. As my shoulders began to grow stronger, so did my mind. Swimming is a form of meditation. As the amazing Diana Nyad, who in 2013, at the age of 64, became the first person to swim from Cuba to Florida without the protection of a shark cage, told The New York Times, swimming is the ultimate way to deprive your senses: 'You are left alone with your thoughts in a much more severe way.'

Sound is diminished, yes. But, for me, ocean swimming is the ultimate way to expand my senses – of sight, space and subdued sounds – and heighten my awareness. Afterwards, through my working day, images of thrashing waves and gliding turtles flash through my thoughts. An ocean swim is also a reminder of the vastness of the sea and all it contains. We spend a lot of time in life trying to make ourselves feel bigger – to project ourselves, occupy space, command attention, demand respect – so much so that we seem to have forgotten how comforting it can be to feel small and experience the awe that comes from being silenced by something greater than ourselves, something unfathomable, unconquerable and mysterious.

End of Text 3

Text 4 – Prose fiction extract from: ‘A Room Made of Leaves’ by Kate Grenville

Newly arrived in the New South Wales colony in 1790, Elizabeth Macarthur takes astronomy and then botany lessons from British Marines Officer and scientist, Mr Dawes.

Before I could learn the most fundamental fact about the heavenly bodies, it seemed that I needed to understand some even more fundamental fact, and behind that was something more fundamental still. But Mr Dawes was a patient teacher. What was a baffling set of words one week became straightforward the next, beads strung along a filament of understanding. I began to see that bafflement was not a reason to despair. On the contrary, bafflement was the beginning of wisdom.

When we came to the end of what I could follow of astronomy, we turned to botany. In the settlement, the names given to the local plants made them an inferior second-hand copy of the familiar. *Native cherries, wild spinach, Botany Bay parsley*. Now I was learning to see them, not for what they failed to be, but for what they were in themselves. The trees, although misshapen compared to an oak, and giving but poor shade on a hot day, had their good reasons for being the way they were. Mr Dawes showed me how the shining hard leaves cleverly hung edge-on to the sun so as to retain as much moisture as possible. Explained why the trees had no seasonal yellowing and falling of leaves. – The leaves are too hard-won from this poor soil to waste, he said. They have learned how to stay alive in hardship.

Through his eyes I came to recognise the trees as having a vigour and variety that no oak had ever had. Once I stopped expecting them to be like the trees of my childhood, I could recognise the delicacy and grace in the way their singing leaves played with the sunlight and their crowns tossed and coiled in the breeze. Yes, the soft pale bark on one – neatly layered, like leaves of paper stacked page on page – was strange enough to seem impossible, or creation’s joke, but Mr Dawes showed me that there was a reason for that too: the piled pages resisted attack by fire or flood.

I loved to peer at these leaves, that bark, through Mr Dawes’ fat lens, where they sprang into view as an entire secret landscape, a bright crisp-edged world hidden inside the one I inhabited. I came to see that, if a person had learned even a smattering of botany, her days could never be empty. Wherever she might be, there would always be plants bowing and nodding and holding themselves up for her to understand.

Not since those far-off lessons with Mr Kingdon* had I known the pleasure of straining to comprehend. And oh, the pleasure of being praised for comprehending at last! The first time I managed to class and order a plant without the help from Mr Dawes I was ridiculously proud of myself. So much that I was capable of, that I might never have guessed I could achieve!

*Mr Kingdon was Elizabeth’s tutor growing up in England.