



ST ALOYSIUS' COLLEGE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

2024 Trial Examination

English Standard

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 at the back of this paper
- Use the College Writing Booklets for Section II
- Write your NESA Number at the top of this page and at the top of any College Writing Booklets used

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 Questions 1-5

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Read the texts on pages 10-13 of the Stimulus Booklet carefully and then answer the questions in the spaces provided. These spaces provide guidance for the expected length of response.

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.
-

Question 1 (3 marks)

Text 1 – Photographic Print

How do the visual features of Zahalka's photograph, inspired by Meere's artwork, invite the viewer to reflect on culture?

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

If you need additional space to answer Question 1 use the lines below.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Question 2 (3 marks)

Text 2 – Poem

How does the poet use imagery to convey the passing of time?

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

If you need additional space to answer Question 2 use the lines below.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Question 3 (4 marks)

Text 3 – Short Fiction Extract

Analyse how the writer builds a mood of despair and hopelessness.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

If you need additional space to answer Question 3 use the lines below.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Question 4 (4 marks)

Text 4 – Memoir Extract

How does the writer convey her experience of difference?

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

If you need additional space to answer Question 4 use the lines below.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Question 5 (6 marks)

Texts 1, 2, 3 and 4

Discuss how composers convey the concept of change.

In your response, make close reference to TWO texts from Texts 1-4 in the stimulus booklet.

This image shows a full page of white paper with horizontal dotted lines, typical of primary school writing paper. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

If you need additional space to answer Question 5 use the lines below.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

End of Question 5

Section II

20 marks

Attempt Question 6

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer this question in a new writing booklet.

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
 - organise, develop and express ideas using language appropriate to audience, purpose and context.
-

Question 6 (20 marks)

Texts can shed light on the relationship between emotion and action in humans.

Explore how this statement reflects your understanding of the prescribed text 'Past The Shallows' by Favel Parrett.



ST ALOYSIUS' COLLEGE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

Year 12 English Advanced

2024 Trial Examination

English Standard

Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

Stimulus Booklet

	Page
Section 1	
• Text 1 – Photographic Print.....	10
• Text 2 – Poem.....	11
• Text 3 – Fiction Extract.....	12-13
• Text 4 – Memoir Extract.....	14

Text 1 – Painting and Photograph



CHARLES MEERE
Beach Pattern, 1940
Oil on Canvas



ANNE ZAHALKA
The New Bathers, 2013
Photograph

End of Text 1

Text 2 – Poem

MEN AT FORTY

Men at forty
Learn to close softly
The doors to rooms they will not be
Coming back to.

At rest on a stair-landing,
They feel it moving
Beneath them now like the deck of a ship,
Though the swell is gentle.

And deep in mirrors
They rediscover
The face of the boy as he practices tying
His father's tie there in secret,

And the face of that father,
Still warm with the mystery of lather.
They are more fathers than sons themselves now.
Something is filling them, something

That is like the twilight sound
Of the crickets, immense,
Filling the woods at the foot of the slope
Behind their mortgaged houses.

DONALD JUSTICE

End of Text 2

Text 3 – Fiction Extract

***Set in a post-apocalyptic world*

When he woke in the woods in the dark and the cold of the night he'd reach out to touch the child sleeping beside him. Nights dark beyond darkness and the days more gray each one than what had gone before. Like the onset of some cold glaucoma dimming away the world. His hand rose and fell softly with each precious breath. He pushed away the plastic tarpaulin and raised himself in the stinking robes and blankets and looked toward the east for any light but there was none. In the dream from which he'd wakened he had wandered in a cave where the child led him by the hand. Their light playing over the wet flowstone walls. Like pilgrims in a fable swallowed up and lost among the inward parts of some granitic beast. Deep stone flues where the water dripped and sang. Tolling in the silence the minutes of the earth and the hours and the days of it and the years without cease. Until they stood in a great stone room where lay a black and ancient lake. And on the far shore a creature that raised its dripping mouth from the rimstone pool and stared into the light with eyes dead white and sightless as the eggs of spiders. It swung its head low over the water as if to take the scent of what it could not see. Crouching there pale and naked and translucent, its alabaster bones cast up in shadow on the rocks behind it. Its bowels, its beating heart. The brain that pulsed in a dull glass bell. It swung its head from side to side and then gave out a low moan and turned and lurched away and loped soundlessly into the dark.

With the first gray light he rose and left the boy sleeping and walked out to the road and squatted and studied the country to the south. Barren, silent, godless. He thought the month was October but he wasn't sure. He hadn't kept a calendar for years. They were moving south. There'd be no surviving another winter here.

When he got back the boy was still asleep. He pulled the blue plastic tarp off of him and folded it and carried it out to the grocery cart and packed it and came back with their plates and some cornmeal cakes in a plastic bag and a plastic bottle of syrup. He spread the small tarp they used for a table on the ground and laid everything out and he took the pistol from his belt and laid it on the cloth and then he just sat watching the boy sleep. He'd pulled away his mask in the night and it was buried somewhere in the blankets. He watched the boy and he looked out through the trees toward the road. This was not a safe place. They could be seen from the road now it was day. The boy turned in the blankets. Then he opened his eyes. Hi, Papa, he said.

I'm right here.

I know.

An hour later they were on the road. He pushed the cart and both he and the boy carried knapsacks. In the knapsacks were essential things. In case they had to abandon the cart and make a run for it. Clamped to the handle of the cart was a chrome motorcycle mirror that he used to watch the road behind them. He shifted the pack higher on his

shoulders and looked out over the wasted country. The road was empty. Below in the little valley the still gray serpentine of a river. Motionless and precise. Along the shore a burden of dead reeds. Are you okay? he said. The boy nodded. Then they set out along the blacktop in the gunmetal light, shuffling through the ash, each the other's world entire.

On the far side of the river valley the road passed through a stark black burn. Charred and limbless trunks of trees stretching away on every side. Ash moving over the road and the sagging hands of blind wire strung from the blackened lightpoles whining thinly in the wind. A burned house in a clearing and beyond that a reach of meadowlands stark and gray and a raw red mudbank where a roadworks lay abandoned. Farther along were billboards advertising motels. Everything as it once had been save faded and weathered. At the top of the hill they stood in the cold and the wind, getting their breath. He looked at the boy. I'm all right, the boy said. The man put his hand on his shoulder and nodded toward the open country below them. He got the binoculars out of the cart and stood in the road and glassed the plain down there where the shape of a city stood in the grayness like a charcoal drawing sketched across the waste. Nothing to see. No smoke. Can I see? the boy said. Yes. Of course you can. The boy leaned on the cart and adjusted the wheel. What do you see? the man said. Nothing. He lowered the glasses. It's raining. Yes, the man said. I know.

When it had cleared they went down to the cart and pulled away the tarp and got their blankets and the things they would need for the night. They went back up the hill and made their camp in the dry dirt under the rocks and the man sat with his arms around the boy trying to warm him. Wrapped in the blankets, watching the nameless dark come to enshroud them. The gray shape of the city vanished in the night's onset like an apparition and he lit the little lamp and set it back out of the wind. Then they walked out to the road and he took the boy's hand and they went to the top of the hill where the road crested and where they could see out over the darkening country to the south, standing there in the wind, wrapped in their blankets, watching for any sign of a fire or a lamp. There was nothing. The lamp in the rocks on the side of the hill was little more than a mote of light and after a while they walked back. Everything too wet to make a fire. They ate their poor meal cold and lay down in their bedding with the lamp between them. He'd brought the boy's book but the boy was too tired for reading. Can we leave the lamp on till I'm asleep? he said. Yes. Of course we can.

CORMAC McCARTHY
From: *The Road*

End of Text 3

Text 4 – Memoir Extract

When we moved to the city, everything changed.

I'd spent the first few years of my life being raised by my aunties - Mum's cousins - up north. That was about as different as it could have been to city life. There, we spoke in Yolngu* as much as English, and you could run around all day doing what you liked as long as you stayed out of trouble. And the only real trouble to watch out for were the crocodiles that occasionally frequented the area of the mangroves where we liked to swim.

In the city, things were different. Mum was more present there. Always around out of necessity. Less distant than she had been when we lived up north, with her cousins around to help with a baby, a child she didn't quite know what to do with and didn't always want.

In the city, it was all up to her, with Dad away at work and my siblings in the corner playing or in a cot. I used to sit down and read while she did the cooking, the two of us separated by the table.

In the suburb I grew up in, black people didn't really exist. Or if they did, it was hidden away in some little pocket off to the side, the kind that's meant to be forgotten until complaints arise or bins are lit on fire at primary schools. Or it's a hidden blackness, a blackness that ain't really a blackness like ours - the way Mum could say she was Nyooongar, but she wasn't a blackfulla though.

The suburb was close enough to the river that you could see Perth's CBD from my house - the little graveyard of concrete and glass headstones rising at the swell of the river. There I learnt that there were all kinds of rules to follow - rules I'd never had to follow before, when I used to spend all my time by the water.

Not just share the building blocks and say please and thank you, but other rules, like looking teachers in the eye when they spoke to you and always staying still and never slipping into the language that my aunties taught me and was the first to leave my tongue.

By the time I was in high school, one of those schools by the river - with chapels and roses, fragments of a place where there are castles - those rules had grown and grown like a tree that I couldn't see the top of.

I was told don't be outside past dark, warned as a kid about monsters that looked like demons, and, as I'd grown older, about monsters who looked like people. Other rules included don't go out into the sun and, when I did, I'd have to make sure I wore a hat and sunscreen and covered up completely. Couldn't even wear thongs, which by the end of summer would leave tan lines that were like incriminating evidence. And that turned into don't wear something that short, with disciplining on the length of my skirts.

LOUISA BADAYALA
From: *Different Rules*

*Yolngu *An Indigenous language*

END OF PAPER

**THIS PAGE HAS BEEN INTENTIONALLY LEFT BLANK
DO NOT WRITE ANYTHING ON THIS PAGE**

**THIS PAGE HAS BEEN INTENTIONALLY LEFT BLANK
DO NOT WRITE ANYTHING ON THIS PAGE**