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TRIAL EXAMINATION



# English Advanced

## Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

### General Instructions

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#### Total marks: 40

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Working time – 1 hour and 30 minutes
- Write using black pen
- A Stimulus Booklet is provided with this paper

#### Section I – 20 marks

- Attempt all questions
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

#### Section II – 20 marks

- Attempt Question 6
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section











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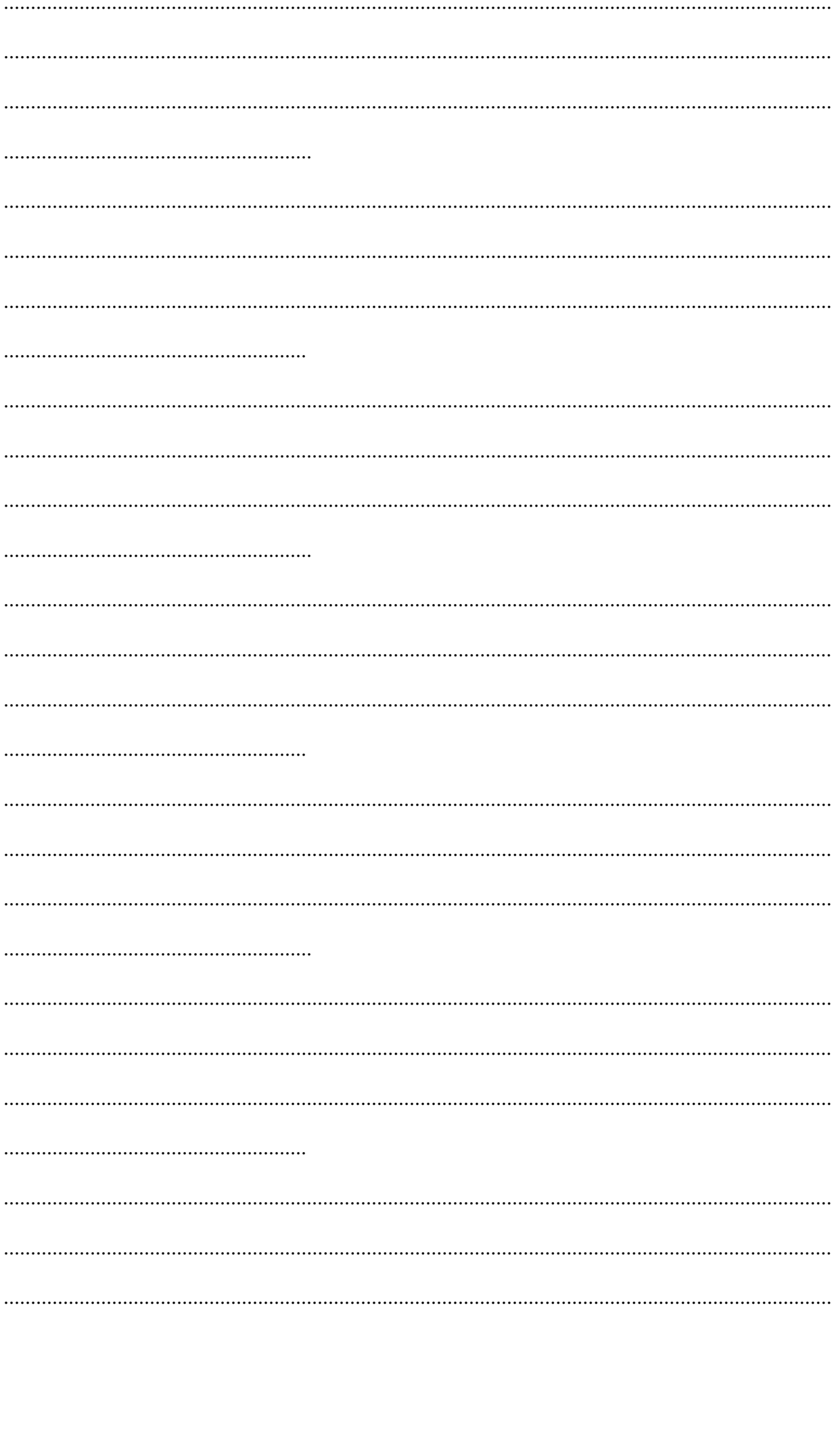
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**Section II**

**20 marks**

**Attempt Question 6**

**Allow about 45 minutes for this section**

**Answer the question using your prescribed text**

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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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**Section II: Question 6 - Prose Fiction (20 marks)**

*“The difficulty of overcoming challenges is integral to the human experience.”*

Evaluate how your prescribed text explores this concept.

**Prescribed texts:**

Prose Fiction – *Past the Shallows*

Favel Parrett

Prose Fiction – *Nineteen Eighty Four*

George Orwell

Film – *Billy Elliot*

Stephen Daldry

**End of Section II**

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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

<b>Section I</b>	• Text 1 – Image.....	2
	• Text 2 – Poem.....	3
	• Text 3 – Nonfiction extract .....	4
	• Text 4 – Fiction extract.....	5
	• Text 5 – Fiction extract .....	6
<b>Section II</b>	• List of prescribed texts.....	7-8

## Section I

### Text 1 — Cartoon



## Text 2 — Poem

### The Layers

I have walked through many lives,  
some of them my own,  
and I am not who I was,  
though some principle of being  
abides, from which I struggle  
not to stray.

When I look behind,  
as I am compelled to look  
before I can gather strength  
to proceed on my journey,  
I see the milestones dwindling  
toward the horizon  
and the slow fires trailing  
from the abandoned camp-sites,  
over which scavenger angels  
wheel on heavy wings.

Oh, I have made myself a tribe  
out of my true affections,  
and my tribe is scattered!  
How shall the heart be reconciled  
to its feast of losses?

In a rising wind  
the manic dust of my friends,  
those who fell along the way,  
bitterly stings my face.

Yet I turn, I turn,  
exulting somewhat,  
with my will intact to go  
wherever I need to go,  
and every stone on the road  
precious to me.

In my darkest night,  
when the moon was covered  
and I roamed through wreckage,  
a nimbus-clouded voice  
directed me:

“Live in the layers,  
not on the litter.”

Though I lack the art  
to decipher it,  
no doubt the next chapter  
in my book of transformations  
is already written.

I am not done with my changes.

STANLEY KUNITZ

**Text 3 — Nonfiction extract**

I saw my life branching out before me like the green fig tree in the story. From the tip of every branch, like a fat purple fig, a wonderful future beckoned and winked. One fig was a husband and a happy home and children, and another fig was a famous poet and another fig was a brilliant professor, and another fig was Ee Gee, the amazing editor, and another fig was Europe and Africa and South America, and another fig was Constantin and Socrates and Attila and a pack of other lovers with queer names and offbeat professions, and another fig was an Olympic lady crew champion, and beyond and above these figs were many more figs I couldn't quite make out. I saw myself sitting in the crotch of this fig tree, starving to death, just because I couldn't make up my mind which of the figs I would choose. I wanted each and every one of them, but choosing one meant losing all the rest, and, as I sat there, unable to decide, the figs began to wrinkle and go black, and, one by one, they plopped to the ground at my feet.

*The Bell Jar* - SYLVIA PLATH

#### Text 4 — Fiction Extract

Last night I dreamt I went to Manderley again. It seemed to me I stood by the iron gate leading to the drive, and for a while I could not enter, for the way was barred to me. There was a padlock and a chain upon the gate. I called in my dream to the lodge-keeper, and had no answer, and peering closer through the rusted spokes of the gate I saw that the lodge was uninhabited. No smoke came from the chimney, and the little lattice windows gaped forlorn. Then, like all dreamers, I was possessed [all] of a sudden with supernatural powers and passed like a spirit through the barrier before me.

The drive wound away in front of me, twisting and turning as it had always done, but as I advanced I was aware that a change had come upon it; it was narrow and unkept, not the drive that we had known. At first I was puzzled and did not understand, and it was only when I bent my head to avoid the low swinging branch of a tree that I realized what had happened. Nature had come into her own again and, little by little, in her stealthy, insidious way had encroached upon the drive with long, tenacious fingers.

The woods, always a menace even in the past, had triumphed in the end. They crowded, dark and uncontrolled, to the borders of the drive. The beeches with white, naked limbs leant close to one another, their branches intermingled in a strange embrace, making a vault above my head like the archway of a church. And there were other trees as well, trees that I did not recognize, squat oaks and tortured elms that straggled cheek by jowl with the beeches, and had thrust themselves out of the quiet earth, along with monster shrubs and plants, none of which I remembered.

No hand had checked their progress, and they had gone native now, rearing to monster height without a bloom, black and ugly as the nameless parasites that grew beside them. On and on, now east now west, wound the poor thread that once had been our drive. Sometimes I thought it lost, but it appeared again, beneath a fallen tree perhaps, or struggling on the other side of a muddied ditch created by the winter rains. I had not thought the way so long. Surely the miles had multiplied, even as the trees had done, and this path led but to a labyrinth, some choked wilderness, and not to the house at all. I came upon it suddenly; the approach masked by the unnatural growth of a vast shrub that spread in all directions, and I stood, my heart thumping in my breast, the strange prick of tears behind my eyes.

There was Manderley, our Manderley, secretive and silent as it had always been, the grey stone shining in the moonlight of my dream, the windows reflecting the green lawns and the terrace. Time could not wreck the perfect symmetry of those walls, nor the site itself, a jewel in the hollow of a hand. The terrace sloped to the lawns, and the lawns stretched to the sea, and turning I could see the sheet of silver placid under the moon, like a lake undisturbed by wind or storm. No waves would



come to ruffle this dream water, and no bulk of cloud, wind-driven from the west, obscure the clarity of this pale sky.

*Rebecca* - DAPHNE DU MAURIER

### **Text 5 — Fiction Extract**

I had been driving towards a house that had not existed for decades. I thought of turning around, then, as I drove down a wide street that had once been a flint lane beside a barley field, of turning back and leaving the past undisturbed. But I was curious. The old house, the one I had lived in for seven years, from when I was five until I was twelve, that house had been knocked down and was lost for good. The new house, the one my parents had built at the bottom of the garden, between the azalea bushes and the green circle in the grass we called the fairy ring, that had been sold thirty years ago. I slowed the car as I saw the new house. It would always be the new house in my head.

I pulled up into the driveway, observing the way they had built out on the mid-seventies architecture. I had forgotten that the bricks of the house were chocolate brown. The new people had made my mother's tiny balcony into a two-storey sunroom. I stared at the house, remembering less than I had expected about my teenage years: no good times, no bad times. I'd lived in that place, for a while, as a teenager. It didn't seem to be any part of who I was now. I backed the car out of their driveway. . . . The little country lane of my childhood had become a black tarmac road that swerved as a buffer between two sprawling housing estates. I drove further down it, away from the town, which was not the way I should have been travelling, and it felt good. The slick black road became narrower, windier, became the single-lane track I remembered from my childhood, became packed earth and knobbly, bone-like flints.

Soon I was driving slowly, bumpily, down a narrow lane with brambles and briar roses on each side, wherever the edge was not a stand of hazels or a wild hedgerow. It felt like I had driven back in time. I remembered it before I turned the corner and saw it, in all its dilapidated red-brick glory: the Hempstocks' farmhouse. It took me by surprise, although that was where the lane had always ended. I could have gone no further. I parked the car at the side of the farmyard. I had no plan. I wondered whether, after all these years, there was anyone still living there, or, more precisely, if the Hempstocks were still living there. It seemed unlikely, but then, from what little I remembered, they had been unlikely people. The stench of cow muck struck me as I got out of the car,

and I walked gingerly across the small yard to the front door. I looked for a doorbell, in vain, and then I knocked. The door had not been latched properly, and it swung gently open as I rapped it with my knuckles. I had been here, hadn't I, a long time ago? I was sure I had. Childhood memories are sometimes covered and obscured beneath the things that come later, like childhood toys forgotten at the bottom of a crammed adult closet, but they are never lost for good.

The Ocean at the End of the Lane – NEIL GAIMAN

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## 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*
  - 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**

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# English Advanced

## Paper 2 — Modules

### General Instructions

- Reading time - 5 minutes
- Working time - 2 hours
- Write using black pen

### Total marks: 60

#### Section I - 20 marks

- Attempt Question 1
- Allow about 40 minutes for this section

#### Section II - 20 marks

- Attempt Question 2
- Allow about 40 minutes for this section

#### Section III - 20 marks

- Attempt Question 3
- Allow about 40 minutes for this section

## Section I — Module A: Textual Conversations

20 marks

### Attempt Question 1

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

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Your answer will be assessed on how well you:

- demonstrate understanding of how composers are influenced by another text's concepts and values
  - evaluate the relationships between texts and contexts
  - organise, develop and express ideas using language appropriate to audience, purpose and form
- 

### Question 1 (20 marks)

A textual conversation between Shakespeare's *The Tempest* and Margaret Atwood's *Hag-Seed* offers new insights on revenge and redemption.

To what extent is this statement true in light of your study of Textual Conversations?

In your response, make close reference to the pair of prescribed texts that you have studied in Module A.

The prescribed texts for Section I are:

- **Shakespearean Drama** – William Shakespeare, *King Richard III*  
and
- **Film** – Al Pacino, *Looking for Richard*
  
- **Prose Fiction** – Virginia Woolf, *Mrs Dalloway*  
and
- **Film** – Stephen Daldry, *The Hours*
  
- **Prose Fiction** – Albert Camus, *The Stranger*  
and
- **Prose Fiction** – Kamel Daoud, *The Meursault Investigation*
  
- **Poetry** – John Donne, *John Donne: A Selection of His Poetry*  
The prescribed poems are:
  - \* *The Sunne Rising*
  - \* *The Apparition*
  - \* *A Valediction: forbidding mourning*
  - \* *This is my playes last scene*
  - \* *At the round earths imagin'd corners*
  - \* *If poysonous mineralls*
  - \* *Death be not proud*
  - \* *Hymne to God my God, in my sicknesse*and
- **Drama** – Margaret Edson, *W;t*

**Prescribed texts for Section I continue on page 5**

Prescribed texts for Section I (continued)

- **Poetry** – John Keats, *The Complete Poems*

The prescribed poems are:

- \* *La Belle Dame sans Merci*
- \* *To Autumn*
- \* *Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art*
- \* *Ode to a Nightingale*
- \* *Ode on a Grecian Urn*
- \* *When I have fears that I may cease to be*
- \* *The Eve of St Agnes, XXIII*

and

- **Film** – Jane Campion, *Bright Star*

- **Poetry** – Sylvia Plath, *Ariel*

The prescribed poems are:

- \* *Daddy*
- \* *Nick and the Candlestick*
- \* *A Birthday Present*
- \* *Lady Lazarus*
- \* *Fever 103°*
- \* *The Arrival of the Bee Box*

and

- **Poetry** – Ted Hughes, *Birthday Letters*

The prescribed poems are:

- \* *Fulbright Scholars*
- \* *The Shot*
- \* *A Picture of Otto*
- \* *Fever*
- \* *Red*
- \* *The Bee God*

- **Shakespearean Drama** – William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*

and

- **Prose Fiction** – Margaret Atwood, *Hag-Seed*

**End of prescribed texts for Section I**



## Section II — Module B: Critical Study of Literature

**20 marks**

**Attempt Question 2**

**Allow about 40 minutes for this section**

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Your answer will be assessed on how well you:

- demonstrate an informed understanding of the ideas expressed in the text
  - evaluate the text's distinctive language and stylistic qualities
  - organise, develop and express ideas using language appropriate to audience, purpose and form
- 

### **Question 2 (20 marks) Poetry**

The main aim of quality poetry is to prompt audiences to reflect deeply on the experience of being human.

To what extent does this statement relate to your understanding of your prescribed text?



The prescribed texts for Section II are:

- **Prose Fiction**
  - Jane Austen, *Emma*
  - Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*
  - Kazuo Ishiguro, *An Artist of the Floating World*
  
- **Poetry**
  - T S Eliot, *T S Eliot: Selected Poems*

The prescribed poems are:

    - \* *The Love Song of J Alfred Prufrock*
    - \* *Preludes*
    - \* *Rhapsody on a Windy Night*
    - \* *The Hollow Men*
    - \* *Journey of the Magi*
  - David Malouf, *Earth Hour*

The prescribed poems are:

    - \* *Aquarius*
    - \* *Radiance*
    - \* *Ladybird*
    - \* *A Recollection of Starlings: Rome '84*
    - \* *Eternal Moment at Poggia Madonna*
    - \* *Towards Midnight*
    - \* *Earth Hour*
    - \* *Aquarius II*
  
- **Drama**
  - Henrik Ibsen, *A Doll's House*
  - Dylan Thomas, *Under Milk Wood*
  
- **Nonfiction**
  - Edmund de Waal, *The Hare with Amber Eyes*
  - Vladimir Nabokov, *Speak, Memory*
  
- **Film**
  - George Clooney, *Good Night, and Good Luck*
  
- **Media**
  - Gillian Armstrong, *Unfolding Florence*
  
- **Shakespearean Drama**
  - William Shakespeare, *King Henry IV, Part 1*

## Section III — Module C: The Craft of Writing

20 marks

### Attempt Question 3

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

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Your answer will be assessed on how well you:

- craft language to address the demands of the question
  - use language appropriate to audience, purpose and context to deliberately shape meaning
- 

### Question 3 (20 marks)

- (a) "All your questions can be answered, if that is what you want. But once you learn your answers, you can never unlearn them." **12**

Neil Gaiman – American Gods

Using the stimulus above compose an imaginative, discursive or persuasive piece of writing that explores the concept of seeking answers in life.

- (b) Discuss the language features you have used in part (a) to address this concept, referring to how your writing has been influenced by your study of a prescribed text for Module C. **8**

The prescribed texts for Section III are:

- **Prose Fiction**
  - Kate Chopin, *The Awakening*
  - Elizabeth Harrower, *The Fun of the Fair*
  - Franz Kafka, *Metamorphosis*
  - Nam Le, *Love and Honour and Pity and Pride and Compassion and Sacrifice*
  - Colum McCann, *Thirteen Ways of Looking*
  - Colum McCann, *What Time Is It Now, Where You Are?*
  - Rohinton Mistry, *The Ghost of Firozsha Baag*
  
- **Nonfiction**
  - Helen Garner, *How to Marry Your Daughters*
  - Siri Hustvedt, *Eight Days in a Corset*
  - George Orwell, *Politics and the English Language*
  - Zadie Smith, *That Crafty Feeling*
  
- **Speeches**
  - Margaret Atwood, *Spotty-Handed Villainesses*
  - Geraldine Brooks, *A Home in Fiction*
  - Noel Pearson, *Eulogy for Gough Whitlam*
  
- **Poetry**
  - Boey Kim Cheng, *Stamp Collecting*
  - Gwen Harwood, *Father and Child*
  - Wallace Stevens, *Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird*
  - Alfred Lord Tennyson, *The Lady of Shallot*
  
- **Performance Poetry**
  - Kate Tempest, *Picture a Vacuum*

**End of exam**