

Year 12 English Advanced TRIAL EXAMINATION 2020

SYDNEY BOYS HIGH

Student no.



PAPER 1 - TEXTS AND HUMAN EXPERIENCES Answer Booklet

General Instructions:

- Reading time-10 minutes
- Working time-1 hour and 30 minutes
- Write using a black pen
- A separate stimulus booklet is provided

CRITERIA

Your answers will be assessed on how well you

- Demonstrate an understanding of human experiences in texts
- Analyse, explain and assess the ways human experiences are represented in texts.

TOTAL MARKS 40

Section 1 (20 marks) pages 3-8

Attempt questions 1-4

Allow about 45 minutes for this question

- Read the texts in the stimulus booklet and then answer the questions in the spaces provided in this booklet. (If you need more space, number the question and continue in pages at the end of the Section I.)

SECTION 2 (20 MARKS) PAGE 11

ATTEMPT QUESTION 5

ALLOW ABOUT 45 MINUTES FOR THIS QUESTION

- READ THE QUESTION IN THIS BOOKLET AND THEN ANSWER IN THE SEPARATE WRITING BOOKLET PROVIDED

SECTION I

20 marks

Attempt Questions 1-4

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Read the texts on pages **1-7** of the Stimulus Booklet carefully and then answer the questions in this booklet, in the spaces provided. These spaces provide guidance for the expected length of responses.

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
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Extra writing paper is available at the end of Section 1.

Section II

(20marks)

Attempt question 5

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the question in a SEPARATE writing booklet

In your answer you will be assessed on how well you:

- demonstrate understanding of human experience 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 5

George Orwell Nineteen Eighty- Four

The thing that now suddenly struck Winston was that his mother's death, nearly thirty years ago, had been tragic and sorrowful in a way that was no longer possible. Tragedy, he perceived, belonged to the ancient time, to a time when there was still privacy, love and friendship, and when the members of a family stood by one another without needing to know the reason. His mother's memory tore at his heart because she had died loving him, when he was too young and selfish to love her in return, and because somehow, he did not remember how, she had sacrificed herself to a conception of loyalty that was private and unalterable. Such things, he saw, could not happen today. Today there were fear, hatred and pain, but no dignity of emotion, no deep or complex sorrows. All this he seemed to see in the large eyes of his mother and sister, looking up at him through the green water, hundreds of fathoms down and still sinking.

In an extended response, analyse how the above extract encapsulates the key human concerns of Orwell's Nineteen Eighty- Four. Your response should explore the above extract as well as other significant moments from the novel.

END OF PAPER

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PAPER 1 : TEXTS AND HUMAN EXPERIENCES

STIMULUS BOOKLET

INSTRUCTIONS

- Reading Time-10 minutes
- Working time-1 hour and 30 minutes
- Write using a black pen
- 2 Writing Booklets are provided with this paper

TOTAL MARKS 40

Section I (20 marks)

Text 1. Poem	page 2
Text 2. Fiction extract.....	pages 3-4
Text 3. Speech	page 5
Text 4 Feature article.....	page 6-7

Section 2 (20 marks)

List of prescribed texts for Section IIpage 8
(The question for Section II is in the other booklet)

Text 1 -Poem

I can't sleep here, on this Wiradjuri land; upon this hill of learning.
Awake until the sun comes up and the morose voices subside; the dawn light blades
Whispers back into the creases of scarred country. I can't sleep here, in the writers'
Centre; a beautiful place with so many bright voices that burn into the night, spectral
Sages cloud my ears like moths to a flame. Too many secrets here; ceremony ground
Now a university. There is too much information in this place here, singed, black pages
That the granite boulders relay in monolithic volumes. Tumbleweeds spin and stutter.
The air licks with a cold wet mouth that bears the driest parables...I just can't sleep
On this beautiful soil that was sung...and sewn with too many secrets...Even by
The daylight hours, in the peppered corners of the cottage, tirades in session and
Ghosts forging motions. Outside, vicious birds swoop across the battlefield, picking at
The skins of audible shadows...

Dark fruit on the tree
One, two, three, four five and six
Seven crows singing

Samuel Wagan Watson

Text 2 - Fiction -Excerpt from Histories by Sam Guglani

It reminds him of school, the sun coming in like this, low through windows, lighting the corridor. This time of year especially. He thinks of new terms and stiff collars, the smell of school dinners and swimming pools. A feeling of arrival and separation, still, after all these years. Dev navigates the maze: cleaners' wet-floor placards, parked trolleys shedding pillows and blankets, debris left out from the mad night's retreating tide. He feels it in the mornings, in the silence, like a storm has passed.

Voices, then bodies, surface and drift towards him. An early morning round, moving like a hunting pack from ward to ward. He exchanges nods with Nathan Munro-pale, giant, crisp-suited archetype of a consultant- speaking into a Dictaphone as he lopes unflinchingly forward in polished shoes. A nurse and some juniors follow, tugged like gulls in the wake of a fishing boat. As they pass, fragments of Nathan's dictation fall away: *this unfortunate... disease...sadly...survival*. Hospital words spun like stones across the still waters of people's lives. The juniors follow on, shuffling their lists, stumbling and trying to keep up, to mimic their consultant's easy movement. Dev hears one of them say, Beached whale, wasn't she? He stops, prepared to admonish but his phone hums with Peter's text: *On way. S worried. Tx*. When he looks up again, Nathan and the entourage have walked away.

He calls over to the clinic nurse, Peter Nicholls and his wife will be here shortly, they're not booked in but I need a few minutes with them. I'll wait in my room thanks very much. These last words delivered like a no-nonsense Englishman, like he's ordering a five- star breakfast. He hates how it veers into his voice, the camouflage of a doctor's tone. He recognises the nurse-she works on the wards usually-and he tries again. Thanks Lucy, he says. She smiles at him, or rather at his closing door.

The clinic room is a continuation of the corridor's frenzy. He starts to tidy it, putting away others' files and notes, brushing down the desk. But then he looks around: a loose ceiling tile, a plastic glove on the floor, a redundant poster of the inner ear. Extraordinary when it's really seen, the messy truth of a hospital, so far removed from our pristine fantasies. The window looks out onto emergency, the staff car park, a steady train of people. Someone, one of the porters, whistles. A cloud passes and the light intensifies, squares of it falling on an outside wall, brightening the high twigs of a tree. Some years ago, one early morning, there'd been an eclipse. He hadn't gone out but had looked on from this same window as patients and staff were drawn out of the building; as if, for a moment, they shared some quickened time, some actual sense of the world's brevity as the daylight diminished around them.

He signs off some letters. *Kind regards, yours sincerely, best wishes*. Decorative phrases, like wearing ties. When will we look back at letters like this, at ties, and just laugh? He keeps asking his secretary, Hannah to delete the pointless formalities, but here they still are, kept and framed; enduring courtesies in lieu of actual patient care, like so much of the organisation. That's what hospitals are called now: *organisations*.

He checks the time: ten more minutes. Opening a folder of results, he quickly flicks through them. Stops. Last week, one evening in his office, he's become breathless and tearful on reading a patient's scan report: a young man's tumour relapsing, someone he's known for years, someone he likes very much. Hundreds of these results in cardboard folders or on screens, handfuls of them two or three times a week for years now. Part of the fabric of his day, like signing off scripts or checking e mails. Then this sudden emotion-bizarre, unsettling.

Text 2 continued

Empathy seems to him such a narrow possibility, like close-hauling a dinghy into the wind. Just a degree or two either side and the sail loosens, flapping uselessly into sentiment or self-regard. So these hot, new tears feel incontinent, like signs of trouble.

But he's always been disorientated by reading results, hasn't he? The act of opening them, of seeing someone's future laid out, whole days, sometimes whole weeks before they know of or experience it. Like reading fortunes. He said this once, in passing, to James Chester. Jim just laughed absent-mindedly, a proper social laugh, turning away from Dev to pour coffee, flaunting his perfectly choreographed resilience. My patients are always complaining I don't have the results on time, he said. Not that I'm reading their tarot cards.

But look at us, Dev wanted to say, look at how we accumulate losses.

Text 3- Speech

Astronomer Carl Sagan.

Delivered at Cornell University, inspired by the last picture of Earth, Voyager One, from 6 billion kilometres away.

The Pale Blue Dot

“We succeeded in taking that picture and, if you look at it, you see a dot. That’s here. That’s home. That’s us. On it, everyone you ever heard of, every human being who ever lived, lived out their lives. The aggregate of all our joys and sufferings, thousands of confident religions, ideologies and economic doctrines, every hunter and forager, every hero and coward, every creator and destroyer of civilisations, every king and peasant, every young couple in love, every hopeful child, every mother and father, every inventor and explorer, every teacher of morals, every corrupt politician, every superstar, every supreme leader, every saint and sinner in the history of our species, lived there on a mote of dust, suspended in a sunbeam.

The earth is a very small stage in a vast cosmic arena. Think of the rivers of blood spilled by all those generals and emperors so that in glory and in triumph they could become the momentary masters of a fraction of a dot. Think of the endless cruelties visited by the inhabitants of one corner of the dot. How frequent their misunderstandings, how eager they are to kill one another, how fervent their hatreds. Our posturings, our imagined self –importance, the delusion that we have some privileged position in the universe, are challenged by this pale point of light.

Our planet is a lonely speck in the great enveloping cosmic dark. In our obscurity-in all this vastness-there is no hint that help will come from elsewhere to save us from ourselves. It is up to us. It’s been said that astronomy is a humbling and, I might add, a character -building experience. To my mind, there is perhaps no better demonstration of the folly of human conceits than this distant image of our tiny world. To me, it underscores our responsibility to deal more kindly and compassionately with one another and to preserve and cherish that pale blue dot, the only home we’ve ever known.”

Statement from the Heart imagines a Bigger Nation

I am a magpie. It is my family's totem, our animal spirit. It connects us to our place, in my case Wiradjuri country in central west NSW. It is my home, the land on which I was raised. It is a land that links me to my ancestors, to tens of thousands of years of tradition. It is the essence of sovereignty: our story comes out of our land, it lives in the waters and plants and animals and it lives in us.

I was back on country again recently for my Aunty's funeral. She was my father's sister, a formidable woman raised on the missions and riverbanks in the hard years of state-enforced segregation. She, like so many others, had lived at the coalface of bigotry and often brutality. My Aunty grew up to travel the world and dedicate her life to the pursuit of justice for her people. She served on the Wiradjuri Council of Elders and, along with my father, fought to keep our language alive and flourishing. My Aunty was some of the trailblazers of Indigenous media and inspired me to chase my dreams.

She had a big funeral. Our people came from everywhere. When it came time for me to deliver the eulogy, I wore an armband of magpie feathers designed by one of our cousins. In our modern world we can so easily be cynical-too rational about ritual and spirituality. I have been as guilty of this as anyone. My life has taken me a long way from home, far from the faces of my own. Little by little those ties to place begin to feel looser. But here I was, home again amongst the warmth and love of my family, wearing the feathers of the magpie, saying goodbye to my Aunty. It was all I needed to know who I am, where I belong. In that place, I am Wiradjuri.

Wiradjuri means "no- (or not)-having". My Aunty would not have anyone tell her who she was and what she needed to be. Not for her the need for recognition. No one at her funeral asks Australia to recognise them. What a foolish idea, to tell these people of kinship and story and language and belonging that they need to be recognised.

As her coffin was lowered into the ground, one of my uncles spoke loudly in Wiradjuri language, laying my aunty to rest with words older than Australia. She was a woman of great Christian faith and deep Wiradjuri traditions, one strengthening the other.

A week later I was in the audience at ABC's Q and A for a discussion about the Uluru Statement from the Heart and constitutional recognition. After being home, this felt small. Indigenous people are asking Australia for a voice in the constitution; the constitution doesn't feel big enough for us. The idea of Australia isn't big enough to hold time immemorial. A flag, an anthem, a national day- none of it is big enough to hold a Wiradjuri night sky.

This is what the Uluru Statement from the Heart asks us to imagine: a bigger nation. A nation freed from the curse of terra nullius, that can finally place the first peoples of this land at the heart of Australia's founding document.

Our politicians have shown themselves too small for this task. The generosity of the Uluru statement has been shrunk to the politically possible. Now we fill the ABC studio with empty words which take us nowhere.

But the Uluru Statement was never for politicians, it was for the Australian people. Are we, as a nation, big enough?

Battle weary Indigenous leaders must now take this idea back to their people. If there is to be a political solution then compromise is inevitable. That's OK too if it means that those who suffer the most in this country have their voices heard.

My family, my people, those who gathered to farewell my Aunty, know that sovereignty is not something you ask for-it is something you have, something you do, something you speak. It is who we are. It cannot be taken.

Listen to the words of the Uluru Statement from the Heart:

“This sovereignty is a spiritual notion: the ancestral tie between the land or ‘mother nature’ and the Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Peoples who were born therefrom, remain attached thereto, and must one day return thither to be united with our ancestors.”

In two centuries of colonisation, this has never wavered. As the Uluru statement says, “it is the basis of the ownership of the soil”.

This is Australia's journey, bigger than politics. It is about finding a nation's soul in a sovereignty as old as human time on this continent.

As we left the cemetery, my youngest son said: “Dad, did you see the magpies?” A big flock of them, he said, landed on the grass behind us. They were there for my Aunty. They were there for us.

Stan Grant

The Prescribed texts for Section II are:

Prose fiction -Doerr, Anthony, *All the Light We Cannot See*

-Lohrey, Amanda, *Vertigo*

-Orwell, George, *Nineteen Eighty-Four*

-Parrett, Favel, *Past the Shallows*

Poetry (p) or drama (d)/Shakespearean drama (S) –

-Dobson, Rosemary, *Rosemary Dobson Collected*, prescribed poems

-Slessor, Kenneth, *Selected Poems*, prescribed poems

-Harrison, Jane, *Rainbow's End*

-Miller, Arthur, *The Crucible*

-Shakespeare, William, *The Merchant of Venice*

Nonfiction (nf), film (f) or media (m)

-Winton, Tim, *The Boy Behind the Curtain*(nf) ‘

-Yousafzai, Malala & Lamb, Christina, *I am Malala*

-Daldry, Stephen, *Billy Elliot*

-O’Mahoney,, *Go Back to Where You Came From* and *The Response*, Madman

-Walker, Lucy, *Waste Land*