



# 2020 TRIAL EXAMINATION

## Advanced English

### Paper 1 Question Booklet

Candidate number:

#### General Instructions

- Reading Time: 10 minutes
- Working Time: 90 minutes
- Write using black pen
- Write your candidate number on the top of the Workbook and Answer Booklets provided
- Put your Stimulus Booklet, Question Paper and Workbook inside one of your Answer Booklets and hand up in one bundle

#### Structure of Paper & Instructions

- Section I: Reading Task (20 marks) Answer all questions in the Workbook provided
- Section II: Essay (20 marks) Answer the question in the Answer Booklets provided

Date:

Monday 10 August

Time:

Allow 45 minutes for Section 1 and 45 minutes for Section II

Total Marks:

40

Outcomes Assessed:

EA12-1, EA12-2,  
EA12-3, EA12-4,  
EA12-5, EA12-6,  
EA12-8, EA12-9

#### CHECKLIST

Each boy should have the following:

- 1 Question Paper
- 1 Stimulus Booklet
- 1 6-page Section I Workbook
- 2 Writing Booklets

Master's initials: LNC

## Section I

### Common Module: Texts and Human Experiences

(20 marks)

**Spend 45 minutes on this section**

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In your answer you 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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**Examine texts 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 carefully in the Stimulus Booklet and then answer the questions below in the Workbook provided.**

#### **Text 1 – Photography**

- (a) How does the photograph represent the paradoxes of contemporary family life?

3 marks

#### **Text 2 – Non-fiction extract**

- (b) How does the article confirm or challenge our assumptions about the value of technology in contemporary society?

4 marks

#### **Text 3 – Fiction extract**

- (c) How is the power of friendship represented in this extract?

5 marks

#### **Text 4 and 5 – Short story and poem**

- (d) Explain how different responses to migration are represented in the fiction and poetry extracts.

8 marks

## Section II

### Common Module: Texts and Human Experiences

(20 marks)

**Spend 45 minutes on this section**

**Begin this section in a new writing booklet**

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In your answer you 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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Orwell's novel represents the shared human desire for change.

To what extent do you agree with this assertion?

The prescribed text for Section II is:

Orwell, George: *Nineteen Eighty-Four* (1949)

-----END OF QUESTION BOOKLET-----



# 2020 TRIAL EXAMINATION

## Advanced English

### Paper 1 – Stimulus Booklet

Candidate number:

#### General Instructions

- Reading Time: 10 minutes
- Writing Time: 1 hour and 30 minutes
- Write using black pen
- Write your candidate number on the top of the Workbook and Writing Booklets provided
- Put your Question Paper inside your Answer Booklets and hand up in one bundle

#### Structure of Paper & Instructions

- Section I: Reading Task (20 marks) Answer all questions in the Workbook provided
- Section II: Essay (20 marks) Answer the question in the Writing Booklets provided

Date:

Monday 10 August

Time:

Allow 45 minutes for Section 1 and 45 minutes for Section II

Total Marks:

40

#### CHECKLIST

Each boy should have the following:

- Y 1 Question Paper
- Y 1 Stimulus Booklet
- Y 1 6-page Section I Workbook
- Y 2 Writing Booklets

Master's initials: LNC

## Section I

### Text One – Photograph



*Kim Kardashian, North West, and Kanye West, Los Angeles, 2014. Photograph by Annie Leibovitz. Picture credit: © Annie Leibovitz*

## Text Two – Non-fiction

Lesley pushed back her shirtsleeve, and as she reached for an olive I noticed a rubber bracelet on her left wrist. “Is that a watch?” I asked.

“No,” she told me. “It’s a Fitbit. You synch it with your computer, and it tracks your physical activity.”

I leaned closer, and as she tapped the thickest part of it a number of glowing dots rose to the surface and danced back and forth. “It’s like a pedometer,” she continued. “But updated, and better. The goal is to take ten thousand steps per day, and, once you do, it vibrates.”

A few weeks later, I bought a Fitbit of my own, and discovered what she was talking about. Ten thousand steps, I learned, amounts to a little more than four miles for someone my size—five feet five inches. It sounds like a lot, but you can cover that distance in the course of an average day without even trying, especially if you have stairs in your house, and a steady flow of people who regularly knock, wanting you to accept a package or give them directions or just listen patiently as they talk about birds, which happens from time to time when I’m home, in West Sussex, the area of England that Hugh and I live in.

I was travelling myself when I got my Fitbit, and because the tingle feels so good, not just as a sensation but also as a mark of accomplishment, I began pacing the airport rather than doing what I normally do, which is sit in the waiting area. I also started taking the stairs instead of the escalator, and avoided the moving sidewalk.

“Every little bit helps,” my old friend Dawn, who frequently eats lunch while hula-hooping and has been known to visit her local Y three times a day, said. She had a Fitbit as well, and swore by it. Others I met weren’t quite so taken. These were people who had worn one until the battery died. Then, rather than recharging it, which couldn’t be simpler, they’d stuck it in a drawer, most likely with all the other devices they’d lost interest in over the years. To people like Dawn and me, the Fitbit is a digital trainer, perpetually egging us on. During the first few weeks that I had it, I’d return to my hotel at the end of the day, and when I discovered that I’d taken a total of, say, twelve thousand steps, I’d go out for another three thousand.

“But why?” Hugh asked when I told him about it. “Why isn’t twelve thousand enough?”

“Because,” I told him, “my Fitbit thinks I can do better.”

I look back at that time and laugh—fifteen thousand steps—Ha! That’s only about seven miles! Not bad if you’re on a business trip or you’re just getting used to a new prosthetic leg. In Sussex, though, it’s nothing.

I look back on the days I averaged only thirty thousand steps, and think, Honestly, how lazy can you get? When I hit thirty-five thousand steps a day, Fitbit sent me an e-badge, and then one for forty thousand, and forty-five thousand. Now I’m up to sixty thousand, which is twenty-five and a half miles. Walking that distance at the age of fifty-seven, with completely flat feet while lugging a heavy bag of garbage, takes close to nine hours—a big block of time, but hardly wasted. I listen to audiobooks, and podcasts. I talk to people.

At the end of my first sixty-thousand-step day, I staggered home with my flashlight knowing that I’d advance to sixty-five thousand, and that there will be no end to it until my feet snap off at the ankles. Then it’ll just be my jagged bones stabbing into the soft ground. Why is it some people can manage a thing like a Fitbit, while others go off the rails and allow it to rule, and perhaps even ruin, their lives?

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I cannot determine when my Fitbit died. I was devastated when I tapped the broadest part of it and the little dots failed to appear. Then I felt a great sense of freedom. It seemed that my life was now my own again. But was it? Walking twenty-five miles, or even running up the stairs and back, suddenly seemed pointless, since, without the steps being counted and registered, what use were they? I lasted five hours before I ordered a replacement, express delivery. It arrived the following afternoon, and my hands shook as I tore open the box. Ten minutes later, my new master strapped securely around my left wrist, I was out the door, racing, practically running, to make up for lost time.

**David Sedaris, 'Stepping Out: Living the Fitbit Life'**



### **Text Three – Fiction extract**

My friendship with Lila began the day we decided to go up the dark stairs that led, step after step, flight after flight, to the door of Don Achille's apartment.

I remember the violet light of the courtyard, the smells of a warm spring evening. The mothers were making dinner, it was time to go home, but we delayed, challenging each other, without ever saying a word, testing our courage. Lila climbed up to Signora Spanola's ground-floor window, and, hanging from the iron bar that the clothesline was attached to, swung back and forth, then lowered herself down to the sidewalk, and I immediately did the same, although I was afraid of falling and hurting myself. Lila stuck into her skin the rusted safety pin she had found on the street somewhere but kept in her pocket like the gift of a fairy godmother; I watched the metal point as it dug a whitish tunnel into her palm, and then, when she pulled it out and handed it to me, I did the same.

At some point she gave me one of her firm looks, eyes narrowed, and headed toward the building where Don Achille lived. I was frozen with fear. Don Achille was the ogre of fairy tales, I was absolutely forbidden to go near him, speak to him, look at him, spy on him. I was to act as if neither he nor his family existed. Regarding him there was, in my house but not only mine, a fear and hatred whose origin I didn't know. I thought that if I merely saw him from a distance he would drive something sharp and burning into my eyes. So if I was mad enough to approach the door of his house he would kill me.

I waited to see if Lila would have second thoughts and turn back. I knew what she wanted to do, I had hoped that she would forget about it, but in vain. To follow Lila I had to leave the bluish light of the courtyard and enter the black of the doorway. When I finally made up my mind, I saw nothing at first, there was only the odour of old junk. Then I got used to the darkness and found Lila sitting on the first step of the first flight of stairs. She got up and we began to climb.

We kept to the side where the wall was, she two steps ahead, I two steps behind, torn between shortening the distance or letting it increase. I can still feel my shoulder inching along the flaking wall and the idea that the steps were very high, higher than those in the building where I lived. I was trembling. Every footfall, every voice was Don Achille creeping up behind us or coming down toward us with a long knife, the kind used for slicing open a chicken breast.

We stopped often, and each time I hoped that Lila would decide to turn back. Every so often she looked up, but I couldn't tell at what, all that was visible was the grey areas of the big windows at every landing. Suddenly the lights came on, but they were faint, dusty, leaving behind broad zones of shadow, full of dangers. We waited to see if it was Don Achille who had turned the switch, but we heard nothing, neither footsteps nor the opening or closing of a door. Then Lila continued on, and I followed.

She thought that what we were doing was just and necessary; I had forgotten every good reason, and certainly was only there because she was. We climbed towards the greatest of our terrors at that time, we went to expose ourselves to fear and interrogate it.

At the fourth flight Lila did something unexpected. She stopped to wait for me, and when I reached her she gave me her hand. This gesture changed everything between us forever.

**Elena Ferrante, *My Brilliant Friend***



## Text Four – Short story

The photograph of Antonio's father sat on the mantelpiece. He was standing in his orchard, his arms folded across his chest, his lips pressed together. His father was stout and serious. A man used to work. A working man's man. Next to the image, a small crumbling statue of St Francis, the one that was meant to keep Antonio safe, always.

On the TV, the dull man. The average, ordinary type of Australian man who does not talk too loud or soft. He said in his perfectly paced sentences: 'We will decide who comes to this country and the circumstances on which they come.'

Antonio sat back in his leather recliner and pushed the handle on the right side that made the footrest pop out. He lay back, rested his beer in lap, watched the TV. More boats on the screen. Australians were obsessed with boats. He flipped the channel to the Italian news. What were you meant to do all day when no one wanted you to work anymore? He looked at the cracked paint in the cornices of the ceiling. He needed to sand those corners back, to rub them over with sugar soap and paint them again.

*We will decide... We will decide...*

He looked at that image of his father again, focused on the hills behind him. 'La misera' . Those mountains had been infected with the fever of departure since the beginning of time. One of those people who'd been infected with that fever was Antonio Martone. By the time Antonio had left Calabria at the age of twenty-three, he'd already been relocated north twice, after his village flooded, and that experience had shown him how easy it was to get up and go.

As he looked around, he thought his father would be proud of this place. Antonio had built his home with his bare hands. His bare hands. People just didn't appreciate that anymore. Nico and he had built their houses at the same time. Nico had built in Villawood but Antonio wanted out. Wanted to get away as far as possible, so he'd landed in Parramatta, before all the apartments went up. This living room used to be the kitchen. The garage used to be the living room. That's the way it was, you built one room at a time, you lived in one room until you could afford another. You used the best materials you could find.

The façade of the house had even been made of real sandstone. Nico had helped him get it cheap from a developer who had been clearing a gravesite to build houses. They'd sat four weekends in a row on Antonio's front lawn chiselling the headstones into squares to cement onto the wall. If you picked your way through the interior walls of his house until you hit the back of that sandstone you'd find names there. 'Mrs Jane Smiley 1890-1940, May She Rest in Peace', something like that over and over again. He liked the way it gave the place a history that was longer than itself, as if all those people were watching over him.

Back then, he and Nico had been working at the Vandyke Housing Factory during the week and building their own homes all weekend. The power of the machines amazed him every time. One careless move and a bandsaw could cut your arm off in three seconds flat. Slicing through wood and fibrocement board, they knocked out houses quicker than his father could harvest an olive tree. That was the way things were back then, standing next to Nico in his loudness and eagerness, feeding planks through sanding machines, after the war, in a new country, making new houses.

**Felicity Castagna, 'No More Boats'**

## **Text Five – Poetry**

You said: “I’ll go to another country, go to another shore,  
find another city better than this one.  
Whatever I try to do is fated to turn out wrong  
and my heart lies buried like something dead.  
How long can I let my mind moulder in this place?  
Wherever I turn, wherever I look,  
I see the black ruins of my life, here,  
where I’ve spent so many years, wasted them, destroyed them totally.”

You won’t find a new country, won’t find another shore.  
This city will always pursue you.  
You’ll walk the same streets, grow old  
in the same neighbourhoods, turn grey in these same houses.  
You’ll always end up in this city. Don’t hope for things elsewhere:  
there’s no ship for you, there’s no road.  
Now that you’ve wasted your life here, in this small corner,  
you’ve destroyed it everywhere in the world.

**C.P Cavafy, ‘The City’**

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## **Section II**

The prescribed text for Section II is listed below:

George Orwell, *Nineteen Eighty-Four* (1949)

\_\_\_\_\_ **End of Stimulus Booklet** \_\_\_\_\_