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Student Number



Barker
College

2019

TRIAL HIGHER SCHOOL
CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION

English Advanced

Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

Staff Involved:

AM MONDAY 5TH AUGUST

300 copies

- SZA
- AKB
- GMC
- EEF
- KLF
- AMH
- MZM*
- KER
- JKR
- JFT

General Instructions

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

Total marks:
40

Section I - 20 marks (pages 2 - 7)

- Attempt Question 1
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section II - 20 marks (page 8)

- Attempt Question 2
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section I

20 marks

Attempt Question 1

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Read the texts on pages 2 - 9 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 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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Question 1 (20 marks)

Examine **Texts 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5** on pages 2 - 9 of the Stimulus Booklet carefully and then answer the questions below.

Text 1 — Image

(a) Analyse how **Text 1** represents knowledge as part of the collective human experience.

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Section II

20 marks

Attempt Question 2

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the questions in the booklet provided. Extra booklets are available if required.

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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Question 2 (20 marks)

How does your text's form and features represent the impact of human experiences on individual lives?

Answer this question with close reference to your prescribed text.

End of Paper

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CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION

English Advanced

Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

Stimulus Booklet for Section I *and*

List of prescribed texts for Section II

	Pages
<hr/> Section I	
• Text 1 - Image	2
• Text 2 - Poem.....	3
• Text 3 - Non-Fiction Extract	4 - 5
• Text 4 - Prose Extract	6 - 7
• Text 5 - Autobiography Extract	8 - 9
<hr/> Section II	
• List of prescribed texts	10 - 11

Text 2 — Poem

Burning the Old Year by Naomi Shihab Nye

Letters swallow themselves in seconds.
Notes friends tied to the doorknob,
transparent scarlet paper,
sizzle like moth wings,
marry the air.

So much of any year is flammable,
lists of vegetables, partial poems.
Orange swirling flame of days,
so little is a stone.

Where there was something and suddenly isn't,
an absence shouts, celebrates, leaves a space.
I begin again with the smallest numbers.

Quick dance, shuffle of losses and leaves,
only the things I didn't do
crackle after the blazing dies.

Text 3 — Non-Fiction Extract

From *Imaginary Homelands* by Salman Rushdie

An old photograph in a cheap frame hangs on a wall of the room where I work. It's a picture dating from 1946 of a house into which, at the time of its taking, I had not yet been born. The house is rather peculiar — a three-storeyed gabled affair with tiled roofs and round towers in two corners, each wearing a pointy tiled hat. 'The past is a foreign country'; goes the famous opening sentence of L. P. Hartley's novel *The Go-Between*, 'they do things differently there.' But the photograph tells me to invert this idea; it reminds me that it's my present that is foreign, and that the past is home, albeit a lost home in a lost city in the mists of lost time.

A few years ago I revisited Bombay, which is my lost city, after an absence of something like half my life. Shortly after arriving, acting on an impulse, I opened the telephone directory and looked for my father's name. And, amazingly, there it was; his name, our old address, the unchanged telephone number, as if we had never gone away to the unmentionable country across the border. It was an eerie discovery. I felt as if I were being claimed, or informed that the facts of my faraway life were illusions, and that this continuity was the reality. Then I went to visit the house in the photograph and stood outside it, neither daring nor wishing to announce myself to its new owners. (I didn't want to see how they'd ruined the interior.) I was overwhelmed. The photograph had naturally been taken in black and white; and my memory, feeding on such images as this, had begun to see my childhood in the same way, monochromatically. The colours of my history had seeped out of my mind's eye; now my other two eyes were assaulted by colours, by the vividness of the red tiles, the yellow-edged green of cactus-leaves, the brilliance of bougainvillea creeper. It is probably not too romantic to say that that was when my novel *Midnight's Children* was really born; when I realized how much I wanted to restore the past to myself, not in the faded greys of old family-album snapshots, but whole, in CinemaScope and glorious Technicolor.

Text 3 continues on page 5

Text 3 (continued)

Bombay is a city built by foreigners upon reclaimed land; I, who had been away so long that I almost qualified for the title, was gripped by the conviction that I, too, had a city and a history to reclaim.

It may be that writers in my position, exiles or emigrants or expatriates, are haunted by some sense of loss, some urge to reclaim, to look back, even at the risk of being mutated into pillars of salt. But if we do look back, we must also do so in the knowledge – which gives rise to profound uncertainties – that our physical alienation from India almost inevitably means that we will not be capable of reclaiming precisely the thing that was lost; that we will, in short, create fictions, not actual cities or villages, but invisible ones, imaginary homelands, Indias of the mind.

End of Text 3

Text 4 — Prose Fiction Extract

The Other Side of the World by Stephanie Bishop

‘And your day?’ he asks, wiping his forehead then his mouth with the cloth napkin. The weather is still hot. ‘How was your day?’

She describes the trees, the midday light on the surface of the river. But it is hard to describe. The day is hard to describe. The silent happy children and the unexpected plunges into panic: spilled foods, accidents, pains that rise with no outward sign. The beating of the carpet. It is not coherent, her day, the experience of it is not captured by saying what she did. What did she do? ‘Yes, we went to the river,’ she says. On the way home they stopped at the shop to pick up a magazine and the ingredients for dinner. As they walked home she thought about how she might surprise Henry, how she might please him with fancy meals, with the recipes she cut out from the *Women’s Weekly*. Potato salad with condensed milk and citrus served in the emptied halves of an orange. Beef Olives, Chicken Dijon. Sponge Sandwich and Butterscotch Tartlets. ‘Then we tidied up,’ she says, ‘and we cooked dinner.’ This royal we: a mother and her children. How easy the day seems in summary. How unequal to the event. Like a poem, she thinks. ‘Fine,’ she says in conclusion. ‘My day was fine.’ She is tired of these questions. Who did she see today? What did she do? It makes her anxious. As if each day must be accounted for. As if she were always failing at some task he has set for her.

‘I’m only trying to help,’ Henry says, scraping at the last of the gravy on his plate.

‘Collins mentioned his wife goes to some Sunday painting group.’

‘And is that what you think I am – a weekend hobbyist?’

‘I didn’t mean that.’

Text 4 continues on page 7

Text 4 (continued)

‘No, of course not.’ But as she speaks she realises that this is exactly her fear, exactly her doubt. Has she already become this? Her paints and easel are still packed somewhere in the shed. She keeps a sketchbook in the kitchen drawer. She doesn’t know what to paint. It is a strange feeling, as if the world has stopped resonating, as if she’s lost her feeling for beauty. She tried sketching a tree the other day and it ended up looking like a scarecrow, all gangly arms and scruff. ‘Never mind,’ she says.

Later that evening Henry finds her leaning over the kitchen sink and weeping. She is halfway through the washing-up, the children asleep. ‘What’s this?’ he asks, placing his hands softly on her waist. ‘What happened?’

End of Text 4

Text 5 — Autobiography Extract

No Friend but the Mountains by Behrouz Boochani

Under moonlight

An unknown route

A sky the colour of intense anxiety.

Two trucks carry restless passengers down a winding, rocky labyrinth. They speed along a road surrounded by jungle, the exhausts emitting frightening roars. Black cloth is wrapped around the vehicles, so we can only see the stars above. Women and men sit beside each other, their children on their laps ... we look up at a sky the colour of intense anxiety. Every so often someone slightly adjusts their position on the truck's wooden floor to allow the blood to circulate through tired muscles. Worn out from sitting, we still need to conserve our strength to cope with the rest of the journey.

For six hours I have sat without moving, leaning my back against the wooden wall of the truck, listening to an old fool complain at the smugglers, profanities streaming from his toothless mouth. Three months of wandering hungry in Indonesia have driven us to this misery, but at least we are leaving on this road through the jungle, a road that will reach the ocean.

... Many women hold their children in their arms as they contemplate the dangerous trip by sea. The children bounce up and down, startling as we jolt over dips and peaks in the road. Even the young sense the danger. You can tell by the tone of their yelps.

The roar of the truck

The dictates of the exhaust

Fear and anxiety

The driver orders us to remain seated.

Text 5 continues on page 9

Text 5 (continued)

A thin man with a dark weather-beaten appearance stands near the door, regularly gesturing for silence. But in the vehicle the air is full of the cries of children, the sound of mothers trying to hush them, and the frightening roar of the truck's screaming exhaust.

The looming shadow of fear sharpens our instincts. The branches of trees above us sometimes cover the sky, sometimes reveal it, as we speed past. I am not sure exactly which route we are taking but I guess that the boat we are supposed to board for Australia is on a distant shore in southern Indonesia, somewhere near Jakarta.

End of Text 5

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*

- **Shakespearean Drama**
 - William Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice*

Section II continues on page 11

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 I

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