KINCOPPAL – ROSE BAY
SCHOOL OF THE SACRED HEART

# English Advanced

## Paper 1 - Texts and Human Experiences

General Instructions

- Reading time - 10 minutes
- Working time – 1 hour and 30 minutes
- Write using black pen

**Section 1- 20 marks (page 9)**

- Attempt questions 1-5
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

**Section 2 – 20 marks (page 10)**

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

# Practice Paper 2

**Section 1**
**20 Marks**
**Attempt questions 1a-1d**
**Allow about 45 minutes for this section**

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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

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**Examine texts 1, 2, 3, and 4 in the stimulus booklet carefully and then answer questions on page 9.**

**Text 1 – Image ‘Still Life with Scull’ (Paul Cezanne)**



**Text 3: Poem by Judith Wright**

**The Sisters**

In the vine-shadows on the veranda;
under the yellow leaves, in the cooling sun,
sit two sisters. Their slow voices run
like little winter creeks, dwindled by frost and wind,
and the square of sunlight moves on the veranda.

They remember the gay young men on their tall horses
who came courting; the dancing and the smells of leather
and wine, the girls whispering by the fire together;
even their dolls and ponies, all they have left behind
moves in the yellow shadows on the veranda.

Thinking of their lives apart and the men they married
thinking of the marriage-bed and the birth of their first child,
they look down smiling. “My life was wide and wild,
and who can know my heart? There in that golden jungle
I walk alone,” say the old sisters on the veranda.

**Text 4: Speech Excerpt**

# The Inside Life: Jeanette Winterson on arts funding

*Claims that the arts are elitist or unnecessary reflect a denial of our creative selves, argues author **Jeanette Winterson**, in this excerpt from her talk this week in Melbourne.*



*The arts aren't a luxury activity. They are central to life. Art is the part of us that is met, and that can't be met in the outside world.*

Jeanette Winterson answers a question from the audience about arts funding, as part of her Wheeler Centre event (16 May 2016)

Life has an inside as well as an outside, and everything in this crazy modern world is focused on the outside, because you've got to go to work, pay the bills, watch the TV news – all of that. But what happens to the dreaming world, to the imaginative world, to those parts of us that need a response and need a recognition that we can't have simply by living always at face value? That's important – the imaginative life really matters.

The imaginative life is not a luxury, and if you think about it, it's there in all of our children. Kids want to play. You give them a set of pots and pans, and they make a kingdom; they paint a picture and you stick it on the fridge; you sit them in front of an instrument and they'll start tapping out a tune and do a little dance; they tell a story, you tell *them* a story, they say, 'Tell it again, tell it again!'; they make up little plays. This hard-wired creativity is the inheritance of every child ever born across space and time, and for some reason, later on, we knock it out of them – usually at school, and then even later on we say, 'Oh, no, the arts are elitist, we can't afford to fund them, it's obviously a luxury activity.'



But it is the core of being human, because creativity is the core of being human and everybody here is on the creative continuum. There are different doses and dilutions of creativity, and not everybody needs to be or wants to be an artist, but everybody wants to be in the zone of what's creative. You make a beautiful meal for your family – that's creative. You sit down and have a conversation where the ideas and the sparks start to fly – that's creative.

So much of what we do is about our creative self. We shouldn't be in denial of that, and the people who want to make art in all its shapes and forms also need support, recognition, and a place to be – and they need audiences who aren't embarrassed and slightly guilty about wanting those things as well.

Politicians come out with all kinds of crap about, 'You can't have hospitals and health care and childcare and Meals on Wheels if you want theatres and libraries.' Why can't you? How much do we spend on f***ing weaponry? Look at the choices that we make – all of these things are choices all of the time. Think of much money every year people spend on crisps, how much money we spend on perfume, how much money we spend on advertising.

**'We're caught in binaries which are nearly always false – I don't know why we have to have them.'**

Jeanette Winterson

You guys are going to have a plebiscite costing a hundred and sixty million to see if gay people can get married. You could do a lot of arts funding with a hundred and sixty million. What we shouldn't do is have false questions and false choices. When I was leaving home, after falling in love with a girl, my mother said to me, 'Why are you doing this?' She always thought it was personal to her, and I said, 'Look, it makes me happy.' That's when she said, 'Why be happy when you could be normal?' She was a violent philosopher. And I left the house thinking, 'Happy/normal, normal/happy, is that a real binary? Is it like cat/dog, good/evil, black/white, male/female?'

We're caught in binaries which are nearly always false – I don't know why we have to have them. And it's one of those not real questions: 'Happy/normal, normal/happy?' It's like saying, 'Well, we can't fund the arts if we want to have any health care or if we want old people to be warm in the winter or to have one meal a day'. It's just not true. This is our money and we should have more say in how it is spent and I believe that people really want the arts in their lives. I think we know that it's central, and I think we know that it matters and it's not doing any good just cutting all this away from people's lives.

You go to the theatre: it's real. You read a book: it's real. You go into the art gallery: it's real. Why? Because it speaks to your soul and you don't have to believe in God to know that you've got a soul. We know what we mean when we say, 'This is soulless' or, 'I've sold my soul' and we know what we mean when we say, 'This has got soul' – and arts have soul because we have soul.

**Text 5: Short Story Extract, "Elsie's House," by Ashley Hay**

IT WAS EARLY in the morning when she fell, and the sun coming in through the back door made a triangle on the kitchen floor. From where she lay, quite comfortably tucked on the thick green carpet between the sofa and the sideboard, she could see how it picked out the pattern on the kitchen lino, almost as if had been slightly raised, and how it touched the little nests of dust that her broom must have missed under the lip of the kitchen cupboards.

The bright shape of the sunlight changed as the minutes passed, disappearing from the kitchen to pop up first in the back bedroom, then across the busy pattern of lavender and white tiles in the bathroom, and then, later, in her bedroom – it almost reached all the way across the floor to the thick rose-coloured chenille of her bedspread – before it swung around further in search of the sunroom. The pile of the carpet, from this angle, looked like blades of grass.

From outside, she could hear cars on the road, the squeak of the swing in the park, the rich buzz of aeroplanes climbing up from the airport, the chatter of kookaburras, corellas. All that activity; it was nice to lie still amid it – although the kookaburras would be disappointed she'd put nothing out for them today. And then the house muttered a little too, its boards creaking and stretching as the day warmed. It was a consoling sound.

It was lunchtime, and then afternoon, and as the sun sank lower she wondered how cold it might get, there on the floor, overnight.

The neighbours came then: one to the front door; one to the back. Elsie, they called, are you right, love? Are you there?

I'm not in, she said, and lay still, wondering if she could turn her head far enough to see the fiery clouds of the sunset through the windows at the front of the house.

There were sirens in the street then – she could see the reflections of blue and red flashing lights on the wallpaper above her head – and then a policeman broke in through the front door. By whose authority, she thought she said, but no one seemed to hear and she was onto a stretcher and into an ambulance before she had time to realise she didn't have her shoes on. Imagine leaving the house without shoes.

In the hospital, after a while, she thought they said she was going home, but it wasn't her home they took her to, but a home, with four to a room and meals coming round on a trolley. She wondered about her shoes, but kept forgetting to ask her son or her daughter to bring them to her whenever they came to visit.

She'd lived in that house more than fifty years, the house that held her shoes, and her photographs and her teacups and her memories, the house whose every wall had been carefully papered by her meticulous husband – God rest his soul. And yet that day, lying on the floor, was the first time she'd seen the way the light moved from one room to another, the way its warmth tracked from the back to the front, calling into corners, illuminating her space.

Such a lovely thing to have seen, she thought. Such a lovely day to have spent.

IT WAS SOLD, as the real estate agent had promised, in next to no time – open on the Friday; gone on the Saturday. A big block like this, with the park at the back, and the shops, and so close to the city – no trouble at all, the agent had said, and she was right. Elsie's children began to clean it out, sending furniture to an op shop, and clothes, and almost everything from her glass-fronted kitchen cupboards, her glassware, her crockery, her pots and her pans. Of course she's not dead yet, they reminded themselves from time to time, setting aside a particular cardigan to take to her, a painted vase they thought was her favourite, a book they remembered her reading, years ago, when they were kids.

They set aside no shoes. What about my handbag, my handbag – my purse, my keys, a bit of lippy? she asked, and they brought her a small beaded coin purse she thought she'd meant for a present for her granddaughter, with a rattle of one– and two-dollar coins inside. But what about my wallet, my savings card, my house keys – how will I get in?

In each room there was something they baulked at removing: the sideboard stayed on in the lounge, a plastic fern still hung in the sunroom, the three-tiered dispenser – foil, film and paper – remained bolted to the kitchen wall and the velvet-covered stool still sat by her dressing table, lined up in front of the tarnished mirror.

Your father did that upholstery – lovely rose-coloured velvet; a present one birthday, Elsie would have said, if they'd mentioned it to her. It was one of the few pieces of her furniture she did think about sometimes, remembering sitting on it, watching her reflection change through the decades, and wondering now if anyone was keeping up the dusting, and the sweeping, while she was away. All those crystal canisters on the dressing table, and the phials of perfume she'd never quite managed to finish: was someone keeping them bright and sparkling? Was her daughter chipping her nail polish pulling out the little weeds that grew between the white pebbles in the front garden?

When the new people came they put the stool, the fern and the kitchen dispenser straight into the skip with all the wallpaper – a different pattern in every room, said the husband,
Alex, meticulously lined up and stuck on with a very generous amount of glue – and the thick green carpet. Last vacuumed – he shrugged. The baby's already eaten a cockroach out of it.
But it's a lovely sideboard, said the wife, Lucy, in the lounge room. Beautiful wood, and those beautifully curved edges – and look, they've left some tennis trophies, and a pile of doilies. And she stood for a moment, stroking the dust away from the shiny racquets and flicking through the delicate white linen shapes – stars, circles, runners, mats – all carefully embroidered with flowers and fruit and elaborate twirling curls. Look at this – holding up a linen star for her husband to admire – so fine: the stitching's as neat on the back as it is on the front. I wonder if they meant to take them; seems a shame that no one wanted them.

**Section 1**
**20 Marks**
**Attempt questions 1a-1d**
**Allow about 45 minutes for this section**

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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

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**Question 1**

**Use Text 1 to answer this question** **3 marks**

a) Discuss how the artist invites the responder to reflect personally through evoking mood.

**Question 2**

**Use Text 2 to answer this question** **3 marks**

b) Explain how the poet conveys the anomalous nature of identity.

**Question 3**

**Use Text 3 to answer this question** **3 marks**

c) Explore how the speaker challenges cultural assumptions.

**Question 4**

**Use Text 2 and Text 3 to answer this question** **5 marks**

d) Compare how texts 2 and 3 convey the ways social conventions shape identities.

**Question 5**

**Use Text 5 to answer this question** **6 marks**

e) Analyse the role of storytelling in conveying the ways that personal values shape unique perceptions of the world.

**Section II**
**20 Marks**
**Attempt Question 1**

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

"Humanity is an embodied paradox, a bundle of contradictions."

To what extent are the ideas in this statement true in relation to your prescribed text?

**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* – Jane Harrison, *Rainbow's End*, from Vivienne Cleven et al., *Contemporary Indigenous Plays* – Arthur Miller, *The Crucible* – William Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice*

**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*

– Stephen

**Film Media**

Daldry, *Billy Elliot* – Ivan O'Mahoney

* *Go Back to Where You Came From – Series 1: Episodes 1, 2 and 3* and
* *The Response* – Lucy Walker, *Waste Land*