Student Number:

Hornsby Girls High School

TRIAL
HIGHER SCHOOL
CERTIFICATE
EXAMINATION

**2019**

# English Advanced

## Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

## Question Booklet

**General Instructions**

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

**Total marks: 40**

**Section I – 20 marks**

- Attempt Questions 1–4
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

**Section II – 20 marks**

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

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## Section I

**20 marks**
**Attempt Questions 1–4**
**Allow about 45 minutes for this section**

Read the texts in the Stimulus Booklet carefully and then answer the questions in the spaces provided. These spaces provide guidance for the expected length of the responses. You may request extra paper.

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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 (4 Marks)**

How does **Text 1** challenge assumptions about human experiences and their representation?

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**Question 2** (**5 marks**)

Use **Text 2** to answer this question.

Explain how different perspectives towards shared human experiences are represented in this extract.

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**Question 3** (**4 marks**)

Explain how **Text 4 or Text 5** explores **one** aspect of shared human experiences.

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**Question 4** (**7 marks**)

Compare how **Text 4** and **Text 5** invite the responder to see the world differently.

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**End of Section I**

Student Number:

## Section II

**20 marks**
**Attempt Question 1**
**Allow about 45 minutes for this section**

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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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**Question 1** (20 marks)

"A truly meaningful text does more than show us human qualities, it requires us to consider the complexity of human experiences and challenges our assumptions about the world we live in."

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

The prescribed text for Section II is:

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

**End of questions**

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**2019**

# English Advanced

## Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

## Stimulus Booklet

- Text 1 – Non-fiction
- Text 2 – Fiction extract
- Text 3 – Fiction extract
- Text 4 – Image
- Text 5 – Poem

## Section I

## Text 1 — Non-fiction – Adapted from Helen Garner, 'Suburbia'

IN the late 1970s I lived in Paris for a while with my daughter. She went to a local primary school where they served fresh artichokes for lunch but teachers rapped kids' knuckles with a ruler. I was trying to write my second book, on a grant from the Literature Board of the Australia Council. We rented a plain, ordinary, adequate apartment in an unglamorous part of the city, near the Porte de Saint-Ouen. Everyone thinks I must have loved living in Paris and had an exciting time. In fact I was paralysed with homesickness. I spoke fair French but I could not cut it socially. While my daughter was at school, I wrote all day in a library. I stayed home with her in the evenings. I desperately missed the big hippie households we had lived in, in North Fitzroy. I bought a pushbike, and chained it up in the dark, empty courtyard of the apartment building. The next morning I came down and found an anonymous note tied with string to the handlebar. It said, in old-fashioned curly handwriting, *Le cour n'est pas un garage.*[1]

The Australian friend we shared the apartment with was gay. He was often out in the bars or cruising till dawn, busily catching AIDS, which he died of some years later, God rest him. The Frenchwoman who lived in the apartment below ours blamed us foreigners for any sound that pierced her slumber, and would open her window at 3 a.m. and shriek insults at us, though my daughter and I had been tucked up in our innocent beds since nine. One morning at the letterbox downstairs I got talking to the postie, a woman from Marseilles. We confessed our loneliness. She hated Parisians, she said. They were cold.

When I came back to Melbourne in 1980, and after I'd got used to the height of the sky and its glorious clarity, I looked for a place to live. I couldn't find a house to rent in the inner northern suburbs where I'd lived for years before I left. I borrowed a car and drove about in an ever-widening western arc. The suburb I stumbled on was Moonee Ponds. I had never been there before. The first thing that surprised me about Moonee Ponds was its beauty. Okay, Puckle Street, its main shopping street, was bald and hideous. But its old houses! Its park with a lake and a bandstand and elms and tall palm trees! Its quarter-acre blocks! Its backyards with lemon and fig trees! A real estate agent directed me to a house he thought was about to be let, in a certain street off Mount Alexander Road. There I found an Italian bloke in his fifties called Dominic, up on a ladder in a freshly laundered white boiler suit, lovingly painting an empty three-bedroom weatherboard house. It had a shed, and a big grassy yard back and front. He and his family had moved out of it into a grander brick place round the corner. He wasn't at all sure he wanted to let his beloved old family house, especially to a woman. He was painfully attached to it. I practically tore it out of his hands. I even had to pretend to be married.

There was no estate agent involved in the deal. We had to take him the rent in cash, at his new house, every Saturday morning, and lay it discreetly on the dining room table while his wife served espresso coffee and almond biscuits. I witnessed his pain as his children left home before they married. It was the first time I had been exposed to a landlord's personal life.

This is how I first found myself living, as an adult, in what I realised was 'a suburb' – the very thing I had fled in 1961 when I left Geelong for Melbourne University, and had seen ever since as the emblem of everything I despised.

And yet, those people in Moonee Ponds or Manifold Heights or Newtown – didn't they too love and hope and work and suffer and try to help each other, and die? I want to speak up, now that it's too late, for my parents, and for my parents' friends – those shy, modest, public-spirited people. On weekends they built themselves a bowling green with their bare hands. On Saturday nights they did ballroom dancing in their clubhouse to a daggy amateur band. The fathers twirled us clumsy girls around in our layered petticoats and big white shoes. These people were kind to their neighbours' children. They were proud of us and showed us their affection. They gave us a glass of lemon cordial and a biscuit after school, and let us play 'Chopsticks' and 'Heart and Soul' on their piano for hours without complaining. They weren't related to us but we called them all Auntie and Uncle. They arrived at each other's barbecues freshly dressed and smiling, carrying a plate of shortbread biscuits, or a bowl of salad covered with a damp tea towel. The women ran up cotton frocks on sewing machines. The men went fishing and brought home huge feasts of flounder. They worked hard and tried to live decently. In old age, long after the families had scattered all over the map, the survivors turned up faithfully at funerals.

I'm ashamed now of my bohemian contempt for the suburbs of my childhood, of my longing to be sophisticated. In the 1990s I lived in Sydney, in Elizabeth Bay, a part of town full of flats and cool cafés, but empty of children; then on the border of Bellevue Hill and Bondi Junction, to me a place of loneliness and

[1] The yard is not a garage

strange humiliation, where the young residents of my apartment building would sail through the lobby each morning without even granting the fact of their neighbours' existence.

In 2000 I came back to Melbourne and rented a house in the suburb of Ascot Vale. My daughter had found it for me: she chose it because it was right opposite a primary school. Working in my kitchen I would stop still and listen to the high, long, sweet, wordless cry that rises from children at play.

Now, as a grandmother, I live in a suburb that to some of my friends is off the beaten track. To get this far west they have to work their way round obstacles: the cemetery and the university, the untracked wastes of Royal Park. They have to pass the zoo. They even have to cross the freeway.

My next-door neighbour Chris comes out to cut her nature strip, sees that mine is bedraggled, and runs her mower across it as a matter of course, without thinking of it as a favour or asking for appreciation. Her children's white rabbit sneaks through a hole in the side fence and spends leisurely afternoons in my backyard. My grandchildren's unloved guinea pig, Guadalupe, fled under the fence into Chris's yard; a week or so later Chris let us know that it was now male, and its name was Philip. We stand out the front under the plane trees talking about chooks and the return of the foxes. We talk about compost. I begin to see that suburbia might be merely another term for dirt, or children, or vegetation.

A few years ago the brilliantly original and eccentric Victorian writer Gerald Murnane won the Melbourne Prize for Literature. It's a big prize, and half of it is supposed to be spent on overseas travel. When Murnane heard he'd been short-listed, he told the committee to withdraw his name, since he had never left the country and was resolutely opposed to the idea of doing so. The committee had the sense to relax the travel clause and award him the prize. In his acceptance speech he explained his refusal to go abroad, and outlined his simple plan for travel within Australia: he was going to visit all the houses in Melbourne that he had ever lived in.

Then he tilted back his head, closed his eyes, and recited a long list of all his former addresses in the suburbs of Melbourne: plainly named streets in obscure, lower-middle-class suburbs that no one ever goes to or hears about in the news. And as he reeled them off, by heart, without hesitation, in chronological order, we all held our breath, with tears in our eyes, because we knew that he was reciting a splendid and mysterious poem. It was a naming of parts of the mighty machine that had created the imaginative world of an artist. And when he finished, and opened his eyes, the place went up in a roar of joy.

## Text 2 — Fiction extract — George Johnstone, *My Brother Jack*

I stared around over the whole of the sterile desolation, and I realized with a start of panic that I had got myself into the middle of this red and arid desert, and there was nobody to bring me water.

I had chosen it, of my own free will. I had planned for it, approved of it, connived at it, worked for it, and paid for it. But no! – I winced as the mauling became more brutal – the whole point was that *I had not paid for it*! Oh no, I had not *paid* for it, not yet … I had mortgaged my life and my career for years ahead simply for the privilege of living between Mr Phyland and Mr Treadwell and directly opposite Wally and Sandra Solomons!

And the console-radio, the hated new acquisition of the console-radio, inclusive of the Quicktite Patent Antenna Clamp against which my back rested, was another seventy-five pounds, thirteen shillings and elevenpence to be added to all those other precise and handsomely-printed documents with which the top drawer of my study desk was stuffed. My guarantees! Diplomas! Some of them even looked like diplomas, with their Old English type and the copperplate flourishes and the big red impressive seals. Diplomas conferred in testimony of some inalienable right to live on in the soft warmth of these empty plains where heads could always be hidden in the comforting granular sand of an unimpeachable respectability. Gavin Turley's guarantees …

(This was the point where Meredith Stylites of the Garden Suburb abandoned his red brick chimney-pillar and eased himself down the pitch of the tiled roof, and was transformed into the qualified Meredith, Bachelor of Deserts, Doctor of Sterile Studies, Master of the Empty Soul, by the time he reached the point where the borrowed Solomons' ladder poked two rungs above the eaves, and there he sat for a few more minutes with his long legs dangling over the guttering, staring around at the desert of his choice as if he might memorize forever its every shade and contour, and this was when the really forceful realization came to him …)

There was not one tree on the whole estate.

Yet there must have been trees once, I thought, because when you closely examined the layout of the estate there were little folds to it and faint graceful rises and declivities, not anywhere near definite enough to be thought of as hills or gullies, but the place was not really *flat*, that was the point, and at one side, a little distance beyond Dr Felton Carradine's house, there was almost a real knoll. Once – I felt absolutely sure about this – there would have been trees growing here and there, and I pictured this knoll as having two or three good sturdy blue-gums or stringybarks on the crest, and slopes brown with bracken, and some sandy chewed-out patches where rabbits would have made little squats scattered with the liquorice-black pellets of their droppings and where they would have hopped about at dusk, flickering the pale cotton tufts of their tails. The place could have been really beautiful at one time in a tranquil sort of way, I thought – before Bernie Rothenstein came in with his bulldozers and graders and grubbed out all the trees and flattened everything out so that the subdivision pegs could be hammered in and his lorries could move about without hindrance – because there was a blur of higher ground much farther out, and beyond that the bluish bulk of the Dandenongs sat up there against a good bright sky in nice shapes and colours. And now there was nothing but a great red scab grown over the wounds the bulldozers had made, and not a single tree remaining, because by no stretch of the imagination could anybody count the spindly little sticks which had been stuck in at intervals along the footpaths, because they really were only sticks, and too hidden behind their ugly little tree-guards for anyone to know whether they were leafing or whether they were dead.

I climbed down the Solomons' ladder at once and went straight out to the car and just drove off. It was only about a mile to Goodenough's Nurseries, and we had bought our seedlings there so I knew he stayed open on Sunday mornings.

I parked the car outside and went in through the gate beneath the painted sign that simply said goodenough nurseries – Jos. Goodenough, Prop. – Est. 1907, and there was Jos. Goodenough himself standing beside the potting-sheds, looking square and reddish and sort of flatly cut out against the slow cool sweep of the sprinklers over the flower-beds, like the Jack of Hearts in a pack of playing cards, and I felt renewed at the very sight of him because there was something earthy and true and reliable about his presence as he stood there in the smell of damp loam and blood-and-bone manure, with a felt hat on his head, his Sunday hat, and his thick braces up over his grey flannel undershirt, and I remember that his braces were striped the way men's winceyette pyjamas used to be and the words police and firemen were stamped on each of the little metal clips that adjusted them, and I have often wondered since what sort of a guarantee *that* was supposed to be.

I told him I wanted to buy a tree, and he rubbed at his nose and said, 'Well, mister, that's a bit broad and sweepin' like, ain't it? You know, a tree. Which district do you live, can you tell me that to give me an idea?' So I told him and this brightened him up, because at once he nodded knowingly and said, 'Beverley Park Gardens, eh … yeah, well up there they're goin' in fer the more decorative type of thing, aren't they? You know, the

camellia, like, or the hardier sort of hibiscus, or gardenia, even a good well-developed double-fuchsia. Or some of the nice ornamental shrubs an' that.'

'No,' I said. 'A tree. I want a *proper* tree. Something that'll grow into a real tree very quickly.'

'Well …' He went back to rubbing at his nose, harder than before. 'It wouldn't be something like a decorative cypress you got in mind, one each side of a front entrance porch, like … although they *are* pretty slow comin' on, you know, they do look well in the long run but they're slow old growers.'

'Listen, Mr Goodenough,' I said patiently. 'It's quite simple. I want something you can put in the ground now and look at it in, say, two years' time and say, "There, that's a real bloody tree!"'

He had both hands busy now, one scrubbing at his nose and the other scratching pensively at his backside.

'It ain't a *gum* you got in mind, is it?' he asked at last, rather dubiously. 'One of them quick-growin' eucalypts … you wouldn't be thinkin' of them, though?'

'Why not? Do they grow quickly?'

'Some of 'em. Some of 'em shoot up like billy-oh. The sugar-gum 'ld be about the best taker, I'd say. The sugars won't get to the size of some of the others, mind you, not at the mature growth, but in the early stages I reckon it's the sugar 'ld give you the best show. Oh, I reckon you could get a tree say thirty foot high or so within a couple of years if you gave her a bit of encouragement early. Maybe even up to forty foot if the spread's there for the roots.'

'But that sounds exactly what I want.'

'Sugar-gum, eh?' He scratched away at his bottom and shook his head. 'Yeah, well you're the customer, mister, an' if that's what you got your mind set on … Matter of fact, I got a pretty fair sort of a sapling round behind the sheds there – I keep a few of 'em on hand just in case there's a call for wind-breaks, you know. I c'ld let you have her for six bob. I wouldn't like you to regret it later, though, mister, and be complainin' so I better warn you. Plants an' trees are just like anythink else, you know, an' you can't never expect anythink to come on well unless it's at the expense of somethink else, an' these gums they do tear a pretty solid amount of nourishment out of the soil. I mean you'd have to expect strife with your lawn growth and your flower-beds.'

When I got back to Beverley Grove I dumped the sapling on the drive near the front gate and went through to the kitchen, and Helen said, 'David, where on earth have you been? You didn't say you were going somewhere. I thought you were still up there on the roof, and when I went to call you for your cup of tea – '

'I went out and bought a tree,' I said.

'A *tree*?'

'A tree for the garden. I drove down to Goodenough's Nurseries. Only six bob,' I added proudly.

'David, how marvellous!' she cried.

**Text 3 — Fiction extract — Adapted from chapters 1 and 2 of Melanie Cheng, *Room for a Stranger***

## Chapter 1

She couldn't forget his eyes. Cold blue with a hint of crazy, or drugs – probably that nasty stuff they called ice, which made people pick their skin. God knows what he saw when he looked back at her that night. Something other than an old woman in a dressing-gown and sheepskin slippers. Why else would he have fled? When the police finally apprehended him, they found a switchblade in his sneakers. Meg wasn't sure why the officer – a small woman with a severe bun – had told her that. The whole confrontation must have lasted less than a minute, and yet here she was, months later, with the boy's pockmarked face still etched behind her lids.

The comfort she had once gleaned from the faded sticker in the window – *Warning! This house is protected by a 24-hour monitored alarm system* – now seemed delusional. At night every black pane of glass concealed a lurking predator. Every growl of a car engine announced a fresh criminal. A few times a month Meg had to take a sleeping tablet just to get a few hours' rest.

Judith, her next-door neighbour, had suggested she get a dog, but a dog would need walking and there was the issue of her knees. Not to mention that Meg hated dogs – she couldn't bear their wet noses and long, undulating tongues. Meg was a bird person. Atticus, her African grey parrot, was smarter than most people she knew but, alas, no use against knife-wielding burglars.

Meg pulled herself up from her recliner. She'd been sitting there, with the lights off, since six o'clock. She opened the curtains, flooding the lounge room with sun. Dust motes whirled like tiny galaxies before her eyes. If she had time later, maybe she would wipe down the mantelpiece, but right now she needed a cup of tea. She walked to the kitchen, flicked the switch on the kettle. There was a rustle from Atticus's cage, which sat on a table behind the door to the kitchen. Meg removed the cover. The parrot drew his head out of the toilet roll she'd given him yesterday to play with. Startled, he stared at her with his pale yellow eyes. 'Top of the morning to you!' he squawked. Meg laughed. She stuck her finger through the bars of the cage and scratched the scalloped grey feathers around his neck.

On the fridge door, beside a letter from Rakesh – the boy she sponsored in Bangladesh – was a photo of an older boy, a young man really, Chinese, with a stern, unsmiling face. She freed the photo from the magnet as she retrieved the milk from the fridge. The milk was long-life, which she hated, but she couldn't get to the shops often enough to buy fresh milk. Perhaps the Chinese boy could help with that.

Meg groaned as she sat down at the kitchen table. While she sipped her tea she studied the photo. He was twenty-one, she knew that much, though he looked much younger. If she'd been asked to describe him, she would say his eyes were dark brown, almost black – but it was hard to tell through his glasses. She could just make out a couple of acne scars marring his chin. He wasn't handsome, but he was pleasant-looking. Meg covered his serious lips with her hand, imagined a smile.

The clock on the wall read ten. Andy wasn't due to arrive until twelve-thirty. She would need that much time to shower and dress and make herself presentable. Soon enough – if they both agreed to sign up to the homeshare arrangement – he would see her on the couch in her pyjamas, but Meg had always maintained that first impressions were important. She finished her tea, washed and dried her cup. Perhaps he could do the dishes, she thought, when he had settled in. Ten hours of help a week was the agency agreement. She wouldn't ask him to help with the washing – she didn't fancy a stranger handling her undies – and she couldn't assume a man knew his way around the kitchen, so cooking was a question mark. She felt overcome by the decisions suddenly confronting her. There were so many details to be considered . . .

It would be good to share her house with someone young – someone who didn't groan as they got out of bed in the morning, who didn't fall asleep at eight pm with their mouth open in front of the television. As hard as it was going to be, Meg felt certain she'd made the right decision.

### Chapter 2

An Uber driver picked Andy up from Spencer Street. He was moving out of his studio apartment, the only home he'd known in Melbourne. His aunt had driven all the way from Geelong the night before to pick up what little furniture he owned – a small couch, a futon and an LCD TV – and pack it into her trailer. All that remained was a duffel bag full of clothes and two large cardboard boxes. Andy loaded the boxes into the boot.

As they drove, Andy leant back and surveyed the view through his window. Office blocks and 7-Elevens gave way to weatherboard houses. The suburbs still surprised him – the cartoonish bungalows, the easily scaled waist-high timber fences. He'd grown up in an apartment with bars on every window – a barrier to keep the

children in and the burglars out. There'd also been a security guard manning the lobby day and night. Never mind that the guard was elderly, unarmed and partly deaf – in the event of an emergency, he could alert the closest police station with the push of a button. This helped the residents all sleep a little more soundly.

It was Andy's aunt who'd suggested the homeshare program. Andy wasn't keen on the idea, but he wasn't entirely opposed to it, either. His father had been forced to sell his cleaning business in Hong Kong, and his parents' savings were barely enough to pay for the remaining two years of his course. If Andy wanted to complete his studies there was no other option. Besides, he knew what it was like to live with an old person – when he was ten he'd had to share a room with his grandfather. He remembered the way his yeh yeh had snored, saliva hanging in shiny tendrils from his mouth, but he also recalled how his grandfather had helped him with his model aeroplanes – the calm and patient way he'd overcome his tremor to paint a miniature B-25 propeller.

The Uber driver pulled over in the middle of a quiet street. Andy could hardly see the house, which was shrouded in trees and bushes. He could just make out a stone birdbath through the heavy curtain of leaves.

'This is the place,' the driver said.

Andy got out and retrieved his cardboard boxes from the boot. He stacked the boxes on the footpath before unlatching the wrought-iron gate, which announced his arrival with a squeak. The mailbox was choked with old catalogues, hanging wet and limp from its metal mouth. For a moment he considered bringing them in. Was that the type of thing he'd be expected to do now? Ten hours of work a week suddenly seemed like a lot. Andy hitched the duffel bag onto his shoulder and picked up the boxes. He followed the concrete path to the peeling front door. On hearing the Uber speed away, he felt a profound sense of regret. He was only ten kilometres from the city, but it may as well have been a hundred. When he inhaled, his nostrils filled with the smell of damp leaves, burnt toast and decomposing vegetables. He considered calling another Uber to take him back to the city, but then he remembered he only had fifty dollars until his mother transferred more money on Thursday.

His finger shook as he pressed the doorbell, which, instead of ringing, played an instrumental version of 'Auld Lang Syne'. He heard the shriek of a bird, followed by the shuffle of slippered feet. Andy took a deep breath. On the other side of the door lay his new home and the stranger he'd be sharing it with. Feeling exposed, he picked up one of the boxes and held it before him like a shield.

## Text 4 — Image – Michael Leunig, ‘Garden Gate’



**Text 5 — Poem**

**Jaya Savige, 'Recycling Night'**

By the electric cyan[2] glow of my phone
I swing open the screen
illuminate the snail-silvered path
to the concrete underworld.

Fruit bats chatter in a sweaty club of mango.
I breathe the password
and the golden silkweaver's wasp hoard
parts like a glass-beaded curtain.

Promising to tip the gondolier
I untie my nylon kayak[3]
and kick the pylon, set off at a clip
for the islands of Murano.[4]

When we hit the coast I keep an eye out
for the torchbearer who turns wine bottles and honey jars
into flutes, chalices, chandeliers.

Then to a deeper circle no echo detects:
the North Pacific Trash Vortex,
where hulls knife swarms of brilliant krill
choking on microplastics.

Stop off at a pontoon of photodegraded
laundry detergent containers;
kneel by the skyblue bic that nests
in the shallow bowels of an albatross carcass.

Returning late, it's there on the edge
of vision, a small form
wrongly still and silent: a noisy miner
static on a branch of coastal oak

overhanging the letterbox.
When I shoo only its eyelid flinches.
Even when I menace with my oar
carving fierce swaths of humid air,

even when I bathe it in my cell,
its features wizen into stone,
the hard seed of its skull taut as a walnut,
a small scoop of clay annealing[5] in a kiln.

[2] Cyan is a greenish-blue color.
[3] A small boat, like a canoe
[4] Murano is a series of islands linked by bridges in the Venetian Lagoon, northern Italy. It is famous for its glass making.
[5] Heat treatment that alters the physical and sometimes chemical properties of a material