2019

Monday 19th August
Trial Examination

English Advanced

Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

General Instructions

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Working time – 1 hour and 30 minutes
- A Stimulus Booklet is provided with this paper

Total marks – 40

Section I Pages 2-6
20 marks
- Attempt Questions 1-4
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section II Page 7
20 marks
- Attempt Question 5
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section I

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

Read the texts on pages of the Stimulus Booklet carefully and then answer the questions in the spaces provided. These spaces provide guidance for the expected length of the response.

Your answers 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

Question 1 (3 marks) **3**

Use **Text 1** to answer this question.

Explain how tone is used to explore the realities of growing up.

Question 2 (5 marks)

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

Analyse how language is used to explore the complex relationship between place and identity.

Question 3 (5 marks)

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

Explain how the article emphasises the way human values have changed over time.

Question 4 (7 marks)

Use **Text 4** to address this question.

Analyse how the text represents a variety of emotions rising from complex experiences.

Section II

20 Marks
Attempt Question 5
Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer this question in a separate writing booklet.

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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Question 5:

How does the text you have studied challenge assumptions about human behaviour through the representation of a variety of experiences?

The prescribed texts are listed in the stimulus booklet.

End of paper

English Advanced

SIC, 2019
Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

Stimulus Booklet
and
List of prescribed texts for Section II

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• Text 2 Fiction extract…… 4-5

• Text 3 Feature article extract…… 6

• Text 4 Fiction extract …….. 7-8

Section II • List of prescribed texts ……... 9

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Section I

Text 1 – Poem

On Turning Ten

The whole idea of it makes me feel
like I'm coming down with something,
something worse than any stomach ache
or the headaches I get from reading in bad light –
a kind of measles of the spirit,
a mumps of the psyche,
a disfiguring chicken pox of the soul.

You tell me it is too early to be looking back,
but that is because you have forgotten
the perfect simplicity of being one
and the beautiful complexity introduced by two.
But I can lie on my bed and remember every digit.
At four I was an Arabian wizard.
I could make myself invisible
by drinking half a glass of milk a certain way.
At seven I was a soldier, at nine a prince.

But now I am mostly at the window
watching the late afternoon light.
Back then it never fell so solemnly
against the side of my tree house,
and my bicycle never leaned against the garage
as it does today,
all the dark blue speed drained out of it.

This is the beginning of sadness, I say to myself,
as I walk through the universe in my sneakers.
It is time to say goodbye to my imaginary friends,
time to turn the first big number.

It seems only yesterday I used to believe
there was nothing under my skin but light.
If you cut me I would shine.
But now when I fall upon the sidewalks of life,
I skin my knees. I bleed.

BILLY COLLINS

Text 2 – Fiction extract

He'd bought the Akubra and the elastic-sided boots but anyone could see he was a city bugger. Boolowa knew all about Will Bashford, the city bloke who'd bought the Phipps place for a hobby farm.

Hobby farm. He'd heard the way they said it.

The neighbour, Norm, would have told them all about him. Nice enough bugger, he'd have said. Bit of a no-hoper, but. Norm had seemed to know all about him as soon as they shook hands. You could tell Norm had never been a *no-hoper*. His grip was so strong that Will winced. Sharpe's the name, sharp's the game, he'd said, and laughed, so Will had felt obliged to laugh too.

Will had stopped wondering how people knew straight away. It was like a smell he gave out, the smell of diffidence and uncertainty. He knew he smiled more than a man should, and knew it was the wrong kind of smile: too eager to please.

He was not stupid, he knew that. But his face often was.

Boolowa was a little town like dozens of others out in the bush. Ridiculous wide main street, empty except for a dog crossing slowly from left to right. Shops all crammed up together outdoing each other with pretentious plaster facades. And over everything, the huge sky, pale with heat, and the crows taunting you.

There was a drought on – well, there was always a drought on. But over against the blue hills in the east, big heavy clouds built up every afternoon: heavier and bigger each day, dense-looking sharp-edged clouds with fat bases as if sanded smooth.

Looks like rain, he had suggested to Norm, that first day, meeting him at the gate down on the road. It was just for something to say, but Norm turned straight way to the men in the back of his broad dusty car.

Will here reckons we're in for rain, he said, and a man sunk deeper in the back moved his mouth around his cigarette in something that could have been a smile.

Rain, eh? he said, and turned to tell the man next to him. Reckons we'll have rain.

Then they all looked at him.

It was rather more response than Will Bashford would generally have wished for.

It was hard to get it right, with these country folk. You had to be *matey*, of course. If they thought you were *stand-offish,* you might as well pack up and go home. But getting the exact degree of *matiness* right was something Will never seemed to manage.

The country was another planet, though he had got to know the theory of it at Kogarah Public High School and they had learned the poem. *I love a sunburnt country, a land of sweeping plains, of something something something, of drought and flooding rains*. They had made the cartridge-paper bullock-dray, the balsa Pioneer Hut, the cardboard shearing shed. They had learned that *Australia Rides on the Sheep's Back*. It had been explained that this was in the nature of a metaphor. Miss McDonald had made damper at home in her oven and brought it in. She had forgotten the salt and it had not been eaten, but they all knew after that what a damper looked – scorched, unappetising – and admired the pioneers all the more.

So the streets where they lived, the little houses cheek-by-jowl, the lawn-mowing, the rush-hour crowd in the bus, their fathers hot and cross from hanging onto the strap all the way from Central, the man in the back lane with his bag of lollies – all that was not really there. That was just an accidental, temporary thing. Australia was that *land of sweeping plains*. It was *Click Go the Shears* and *Once a Jolly Swagman*.

It brought on a certain guilt. Will Bashford's natural – almost pathological – diffidence was amplified here in the country, where the very air felt foreign in his nostrils. He was not a proper Australian, in spite of having once memorised what a *blue-bellied joe* and a *coolabah* were, and he knew it showed.

KATE GRENVILLE
Extract from the short story "Mate"

Text 3 – Feature article extract

Our Age of Superficiality

It is tempting to decry our age as the worst of times. Anyone who has studied history, however, knows that this complaint is unjust. For all our concern over gun violence, terrorism, and bullying, we pale in comparison to the violence of previous ages: no gladiatorial bloodbaths, very few Viking raids. There is the very real threat of mass violence inherent in our war technologies, but, on the balance, daily life in the developed world is less violent than at any other point in history. If one is inclined to bewail the sexual immorality of our age, one might take a peek behind the curtain of antiquity. We've got nothing on the depravity of some of the Greeks and Romans. Is our society unjust? Of course. Is it more just than all that have preceded it in the Western world? Obviously. Most Westerners today are freer, safer, and more prosperous than at any previous point in history. What we aren't is more thoughtful.

This is the age of superficiality.

Consider *Time Magazine* and the online archive of its covers. In 1967, Robert Lowell was the last poet to appear on the cover of *Time*. He had been preceded by Robinson Jeffers, Gertrude Stein, Amy Lowell, Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg, T.S. Eliot, and Evgeny Evtushenko. Here are some people who have appeared on the cover since they last featured a poet: Leonardo DiCaprio (twice), Kanye West (twice), BB8, Darth Vader (four times, if you count young Anakin), Yoda, Spiderman, Adele, Beyonce, Taylor Swift, Angelina Jolie, Tom Hanks, Keanu Reeves, Russell Crowe, Bono (thrice), Tom Cruise (twice: with and without Nicole Kidman), Julia Roberts, Pikachu. To be fair, plenty of important political figures have appeared on the cover, but artists and intellectuals increasingly have not. Serious music has not done so well either, with nothing besides conductor James Levine in 1983 and Pavarotti in 1979.

Our morning network news programs give us about fifteen minutes of actual news followed by an hour or more of celebrity gossip and fluff. The most popular cable television shows offer little more than the pornography of violence and the violence of pornography. The once-lordly major networks have been given over almost entirely to the vapid wasteland of *The Bachelor* and *Big Brother*, vast stretches of nothingness that the average American can sit in front of for hours with no fear that our own empty lives will be made to seem cheap in light of some greater thoughtfulness or beauty. Our obsession with "Keeping up with the Kardashians" is a sure sign that we not only tolerate the vacuous and insipid but actually revere it.

Not too long ago, a walk home in the evening might occasion some gazing at the stars, a situation in which even the most superficial person could eventually find himself pondering the meaning of it all. While few of us would come to very profound conclusions, we would at least be stretched in the exercise. No more. Thanks to our portable technology, one need never rise above the level of kitten videos, "fail" compilations, and what our friends are having for dinner. Despite the great potential the internet holds for enriching and expanding the public sphere, if we are honest we acknowledge that memes are a very different—a thinner, poorer—thing than ideas, for which they are substituted.

Meanwhile, the pursuit of the true, the good, and the beautiful is, at best, tolerated.

Text 4 – Fiction extract

Most of my life I never worked out whether to pity, ignore, adore, judge or murder my father. His mystifying behaviour left me wavering right up until the end. He had conflicting ideas about anything and everything, especially my schooling: eight months into kindergarten he decided he didn't want me there any more because the education system was 'stultifying, soul-destroying, archaic and mundane'. I don't know how anyone could call finger painting archaic and mundane. Messy, yes. Soul-destroying, no. He took me out of school with the intention of educating me himself, and instead of letting me finger-paint he read me the letters Vincent Van Gogh wrote to his brother Theo right before he cut off his ear, and also passages from the book *Human, All too Human* so that together we could 'rescue Nietzsche from the Nazis'. Then Dad got distracted with the time-eschewing business of staring into space, and I sat around the house twiddling my thumbs, wishing there was paint on them. After six weeks he plopped me back in kindergarten, and just as it started looking like I might have a normal life after all, suddenly, in the second week of first grade, he walked right into the classroom and yanked me out once again, because he'd been overcome with the fear that he was leaving my impressionable brain 'in the folds of Satan's underpants'.

This time he meant it, and from our wobbly kitchen table, while flicking cigarette ash into a pile of unwashed dishes, he taught me literature, philosophy, geography, history, and some nameless subject that involved going through the daily newspapers, barking at me about how the media do something he called 'whipping up moral panics', and demanding that I tell him why people allowed themselves to be whipped into panicking, morally. Other times he gave me classes from his bedroom, among hundreds of secondhand books, pictures of grave-looking dead poets, empty long necks, newspaper clippings, old maps, black stiff banana peels, boxes of unsmoked cigars, and ashtrays full of smoked ones.

This was a typical lesson:

'Okay, Jasper. Here is is: The world's not falling apart imperceptibly any more, these days it makes a loud shredding noise! In every city of the world, the smell of hamburgers marches brazenly down the street looking for old friends! In traditional fairy tales, the wicked witch was ugly; in modern ones, she has high cheekbones and silicone implants! People are not mysterious because they never shut up! Belief illuminates the way a blindfold does! Are you listening, Jasper?'

Each class was equally bewildering, covering a diverse range of topics. He tried to encourage me to engage him in Socratic dialogues, but he wound up doing both parts himself. When there was a blackout during an electrical storm, Dad would light a candle and hold it under his chin to show me how the human face becomes a mask of evil with the right kind of lighting.

He taught me that if I had to meet someone for an appointment, I must refuse to follow the 'stupid human habit' of arbitrarily choosing a time based on fifteen-minute intervals. 'Never meet people at 7.45 or 6.30, Jasper, but pick times like 7.12 and 8.03!' If the phone rang, he'd pick it up and not say anything – then, when the other person said hello, he would put on a wobbly, high-pitched voice and say, 'Dad not home'. Even as a child I knew that a grown man impersonating his six-year old son to hide from the world was grotesque, but many years later I found myself doing the same thing, only I'd pretend to be him. 'My son isn't home, what is this regarding?' I'd boom. Dad would nod in approval. More than anything, he approved of hiding.

These lessons continued into the outside world too, where Dad tried to teach me the art of bartering, even though we weren't living in that type of society. I remember him taking me by the hand to buy the newspaper, screaming at the baffled vendor, 'No wars! No market crashes! No killers on the loose! What are you charging so much for? Nothing's happened!'

At nightfall, the day's lessons were capped with a bedtime story of his own invention. Yuck! They were always dark and creepy tales, and each had a protagonist that was clearly a surrogate me. Here's a typical one: *Once upon a time there was a little boy named Kaspar. Kaspar's friends all had the same ideas about an obese kid who lived down the street. They hated him. Kaspar wanted to remain friends with the group, so he started hating the obese kid too. Then one morning Kapser woke to find his brain had begun to putrefy until eventually it ran out his nostrils in painful secretions*. Poor Kaspar! He really had a tough time of it. In that series of bedtime stories, he was shot, stabbed, bludgeoned, dipped in boiling seas, dragged over fields of shattered glass, had his fingernails ripped out, his organs devoured by cannibals; he vanished, exploded, imploded, and often succumbed to violent spasms of hearing loss. The moral was always the same: if you follow public opinion without thinking for yourself, you will die a sudden and horrific death. For ages I was terrified about agreeing with anyone about anything, even the time.

Kasper never triumphed in any significant way. Sure, he won little battles now and then and was rewarded (two gold coins, a kiss, the approval of his father), but never, not once, did he win the war. Now I realise it was because Dad's philosophy had won *him* few personal victories in life: not love, not peace, not success, not happiness. Dad's mind couldn't imagine a lasting peace or a meaningful victory; it wasn't in his experience. That's why Kaspar was doomed from the outset. He didn't stand a chance.

STEVE TOLTZ
Extract from the novel *A Fraction of the Whole*

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*

Shakespeare

- 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*

Film

- Stephen Daldry, *Billy Elliot*

Media

- O'Mahoney, Ivan, *Go Back to Where You Came From – Series 1, Episodes 1, 2 and 3* and *The Response*
- Lucy Walker, *Waste Land*