



Newington College

Discover
what's possible

English Advanced

2021 Trial Examination

Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

Question and Writing Booklet

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS

- Reading time: 10 minutes
- Working time: 1 hour 30 minutes
- Write using black or blue pen
- Attempt ALL questions
- Do NOT write in pencil
- Write your Student Number on the front of each writing booklet.
- You may ask for extra writing booklets if you need more space,

TOTAL MARKS – 40

Section 1

Pages 3–11

20 marks

Allow about 45 minutes for this section.

Questions 1–5

20 marks

Attempt Questions 1-5 in this booklet.

Space is provided for each question.

Section 2

Pages 13–16

20 marks

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section I

20 marks

Attempt Questions 1-5

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 response. Extra booklets are available if more space is needed.

In 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)

Text 1 – Magazine cover

Explain how the ‘New Scientist’ magazine cover presents the power of the human mind.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Question 2 (3 marks)

Text 2 – Poem

How does the poem use contrast to explore the experience of growing older?

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Question 3 (4 marks)

Text 3 – Fiction extract

In what ways does the text represent the relationship between home and identity?

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Question 4 (4 marks)

Text 4 – Essay

How does text 4 depict the significance of the inner life?

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Question 5 (6 marks)

Text 1, Text 2, Text 3 and Text 4

How do two of the texts in the *Stimulus Booklet* use different forms and features to explore the responses humans have to the unknown?

Support your response with reference to two of the texts in the *Stimulus Booklet*.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Section II on next page

Section II

20 marks

Attempt ONE question from Questions 6 (a) – 6 (n).

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the question in the Section II Writing Booklet. Extra writing booklets are available.

In 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
 - Organise, develop and express ideas using language appropriate to audience, purpose and context
-

Question 6 (20 marks)

Prose Fiction

(a) Anthony Doerr, *All the Light We Cannot See*

To what extent does *All the Light We Cannot See* ignite new ideas about human experience through its representation of trust?

OR

(b) Amanda Lohrey, *Vertigo*

To what extent does *Vertigo* ignite new ideas about human experience through its representation of grief?

OR

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

To what extent does *Nineteen Eighty-Four* ignite new ideas about human experience through its representation of control?

OR

(d) Favel Parret, *Past The Shadows*

To what extent does *Past The Shadows* ignite new ideas about human experience through its representation of the past?

OR

Poetry

(e) Rosemary Dobson, *Rosemary Dobson Collected*

To what extent does Dobson's poetry ignite new ideas about human experience through its representation of time?

The prescribed poems are:

- *Young Girl at a Window*
- *Over the Hill*
- *Summer's End*
- *The Conversation*
- *Cock Crow*
- *Amy Caroline*
- *Canberra Morning*

OR

(f) Kenneth Slessor, *Selected Poems*

To what extent does Slessor's poetry ignite new ideas about human experience through its representation of growth?

The prescribed poems are:

- *Wild Grapes*
- *Gulliver*
- *Out of time*
- *Vesper-Song of the Reverend Samuel Marsden*
- *William Street*
- *Bech Burial*

OR

Drama

- (g) Jane Harrison, *Rainbow's End*, from Vivienne Cleven et al., *Contemporary Indigenous Plays*

To what extent does *Rainbow's End* ignite new ideas about human experience through its representation of empathy?

OR

- (h) Arthur Miller, *The Crucible*

To what extent does *The Crucible* ignite new ideas about human experience through its representation of conflict?

OR

- (i) William Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice*

To what extent does *The Merchant of Venice* ignite new ideas about human experience through its representation of mercy?

OR

Non-fiction

- (j) Tim Winton, *The Boy Behind the Curtain*

To what extent does *The Boy Behind the Curtain* ignite new ideas about human experience through its representation of confusion?

The prescribed chapters are:

- *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*

OR

(k) Malala Yousafzai and Christina Lamb, *I am Malala*

To what extent does *I am Malala* ignite new ideas about human experience through its representation of resilience?

OR

Film

(l) Stephen Daldry, *Billy Elliot*

To what extent does *Billy Elliot* ignite new ideas about human experience through its representation of transformation?

OR

Media

(m) Ivan O'Mahoney, *Go Back to Where You Came From*

To what extent does *Go Back to Where You Came From* ignite new ideas about human experience through its representation of exclusion?

The prescribed episodes are:

- *Series 1: Episodes 1, 2, and 3*
- *The Response*

OR

(n) Lucy Walker, *Waste Land*

To what extent does *Waste Land* ignite new ideas about human experience through its representation of agency?

End of paper

Blank page

Blank page



Newington College

Discover
what's possible

English Advanced

2021 Trial Examination

Paper One – Texts and Human Experiences

Stimulus Booklet

SECTION ONE

Text one – Magazine cover

Text two – Poem

Text three – Fiction extract

Text four – Essay extract

Section I

Text 1 – Magazine cover



Text 2 – Poem

Keys to the Doors

for Eilidh

I loved your age of wonder: your third and fourth
and fifth years spent astonished, widening your eyes
at each new trick of the world—and me standing there,
solemnly explaining how it was done. The moon and stars,
rainbows, photographs, gravity, the birds in the air,
the difference between blood and water.
In true life? you would say, looking up
and I would nod, like some broken-hearted sage,
knowing there would be no answers soon
to all the big questions that were left, to cruelty and fear,
to age and grief and death, and no words either.
And you, like me, will sit and shake your head.
In true life? Yes, my sweet, strong daughter, I'm afraid
there is all this as well, and this is it: true life.

ROBIN ROBERTSON

Text 3 – Fiction extract

Future selves

Some years after we moved to the city, my husband and I started looking for an apartment to buy. We were renting a small place past the southern boulevard that marked the end of the historic neighbourhoods. We'd been happy in our flat. At the time we moved in, it presented itself as a perfect space to play out our still elusive adulthoods. We brought paintings, oil ones from flea markets, distinguishing our new home from the studio we lived in as graduate students, which we had decorated with framed posters.

Now we had our sights set on a real kitchen, made of quality materials, a bathroom without chipped tiles or mould. Our weekends were spent on the metro, going from one end of the city to the other, and sometimes to the suburbs, to look at apartments. More than the prospect of a home, we were intrigued by all the different lives, the arrangements of space to work and rest, to store and display, the priorities of strangers that were so different from our own.

During our first weeks of searching, we were struck by an eighteenth-century apartment, even smaller than our current one. It was impeccably restored, with an open kitchen fitted tastefully and resourcefully, and a bathroom that, though tiny, gave the feeling of luxury. The owner was a flamboyant man in his late fifties, whose exquisite belongings seemed to have been brought specifically to fit the shelves of his home. After showing us in, he took his place in a leather armchair and let us walk through the apartment by ourselves, aware that it needed no explanation. Afterward my husband and I sat at a café down the street, with a red lacquered façade¹ and marble tables. If we were meant to buy the apartment, we said, we'd come here for morning coffee and late-night drinks, would know the waiters by name. The thought was pleasing, though somewhat foreign, as if we'd put on very expensive clothing that didn't belong to us.

Still, I could imagine us in this life tailored to perfection, like strangers I'd wish to befriend.

Another place that interested us was a loft in an old factory building. It was on the train line east, past the wealthy suburbs. After leaving the station, we had to cross a highway before arriving at an area of industrial lots, some abandoned, some converted into chic homes for young families, others occupied by immigrants. There was a mosque, and next to it a basketball court with a looming mural of Muhammad Ali. On the evening of our visit, lanky boys were throwing a ball with casual focus, calling out from time to time to their friends passing by. At the entrance of the mosque stood a man the size of a small child, with a thickly furrowed forehead, greeting those arriving for evening prayers.

Inside the gates of the converted factory was another world altogether. The walls were overgrown with green, the communal garden dotted with terracotta pots and round tables. The owners of the loft had three children, whose toys were made exclusively out of wood. There were bicycles stacked against one wall, part of a cheerful clutter that communicated sanity and care. When we arrived, the family was cooking together, the children standing on stools, chopping and peeling with their small hands. I wondered

¹ **Façade:** the principal front of a building, that faces on to a street or open space.

whether the scene had been planned to coincide with our visit, though they were all so merry, and welcomed us so warmly. The place was spacious enough that my husband and I could each have a work area and even host guests without having to change our routine. Our families lived in other countries, which was why this seemed an especially important prospect to consider.

After the visit, we could find no café in the neighbourhood at which to sit and talk about our impressions, so we took the train back. On the way, we both said that we'd liked the diversity of the area, and would be excited to live there, though it also seemed that we might not be able to become part of the community, that we'd been living shuttered within the confines of the splendid loft, travelling all the way to the city whenever we went out.

Our parents asked if our creative work was secure enough for us to take on a mortgage, and wondered about the schools in the two neighbourhoods and the availability of doctors, especially paediatricians, even though my husband and I had never said that we wanted to have children. We'd never denied the possibility, either.

It was one of the aspects of our lives that we still needed bring into focus, so that we could better picture a future home. The process was an act of imaginary acrobatics, trying to launch ourselves forward with only a guess of where we wanted to land.

by AYŞEGÜL SALVAŞ

Extract adapted from *Future Selves*

Text 4 – Essay extract – The Inner Life

In this essay, I want to dig into this idea that we all have an inner life – rich, complex and often obscure, even to ourselves, but essential to who we are. It is a part of us we neglect at our peril. I am interested in it because of my sense that, as we live more and more of our lives online and attached to our phones, this notion of an elusive but somehow sustaining inner self is eroding. I think this may be a bigger change, with more serious ramifications, than we realise.

Once nurtured in secret, protected by norms of discretion or a presumption of mystery, this “inner” self today feels harshly illuminated and remorselessly externalised, and at the same time flattened, constricted and quantified.

The companies shaping our new reality have powerful tools. They promise to connect us on social media; to entertain us on reality TV, YouTube and Facebook; to identify, target and even diagnose us through surveys, questionnaires and tests; to win our votes, enlist our support and market their wares and services. All this is being done.

Meanwhile, the idea of a dark, inner being, silent, inaccessible – the part of us that comes into view while standing by a window at dusk, while walking in the suburbs at midnight or while listening to a melancholy song – has come to seem exotic and unfamiliar, like a rumoured lake in a vast forest, a living body of water which no-one has seen for years.

Is this idea of the self, from which whole histories of literature and art have been woven, a mere fiction? We can no longer assume that it has its own reality. Our children, from a young age, are encouraged to present performative versions of themselves online, and these versions, concocted from who knows what combination of software design, peer pressure and fantasy, appear to take on greater and greater substance in the formation of their characters. In their constant recourse to these devices, they are only following the example set by the adults around them, who stare at our screens all day, who feel visibly bereft without our phones and the illusion they create of wisdom and connectivity and infinite memory, so that no adorable moment need ever go unphotographed, and no photograph is ever lost.

What do I mean by inner life? Your inner life may be obscure even to yourself. Like freedom, it is hard to define except negatively. It has to do, I assume, with your age and personal history, with the ebb and flow of chemicals inside your brain, and with your body’s itches and aches. But also, I would say, with your apprehensions of beauty, your intimations of death, what is going on inside you when you are in love, or when your whole being is in turmoil. Inner life carries on at a knight’s leap remove from opinions and politics, from news headlines and from the tailored ads that appear algorithmically in your inbox, but all this in ways you would struggle ever to put into words.

The obscurity and unknowability of our inner selves is a nuisance, perhaps even a threat, to the social media companies and their software developers who frame and direct so much of our daily attention. It impedes their software’s ability to get to know us, and thus our ability to use the software. And yet, of course, we want to use the software (the software knows how to make us want it). So we do what we must. We make available to the software a version of ourselves it can more easily work with. We *reduce* ourselves in order for it to fit.

We know,” as Zadie Smith wrote when *The Social Network* came out, “that having two thousand Facebook friends is not what it looks like. We know that we are using the software to behave in a certain, superficial way towards others... But do we know, are we alert to, what the software is doing to us? It is possible that what is communicated between people online ‘eventually becomes their truth’?”

I don’t claim to know the answer to Smith’s questions. But I am interested in the process of adaptation, or reduction, because there is a sense in which we are being humiliated by it. And betrayed. Betrayed by corporations, data sets, statistical analyses and the algorithms that would presume to know us. But betrayed, too, by ourselves – by our willingness, what can often seem our eagerness, to make ourselves smaller.

Is it a pity? If you believe that we are larger, more mysterious, deeper, more multivalent² and less easily exploited than the software designers would like us to be, then yes, it is a pity – if only because when we ramble through strange cities at night; when we walk in the shadows of mountains or along beaches; when we watch our children sing in a choir or hum and mutter themselves to sleep; when we look into an animal’s eyes after putting down our phones; or when we stand before a painting of a boy made 500 years ago, it does seem, does it not, that we, all of us, are harder to account for than the current orthodoxy³ would have it?

By SEBASTIAN SMEE

Extract adapted from *Quarterly Essay 72: Net Loss*

² **Multivalent:** having many values, meanings or appeals

³ **Orthodoxy:** authorized or generally accepted theory, doctrine, or practice.

Section II

The prescribed texts for Section II are:

Prose fiction

- Doerr, Anthony, *All the Light We Cannot See*
- Lohrey, Amanda, *Vertigo*
- Orwell, George, *Nineteen Eighty-Four*
- Parrett, Favel, *Past the Shallows*

Poetry

- Dobson, Rosemary, *Rosemary Dobson Collected*: 'Young Girl at a Window', 'Over the Hill', 'Summer's End', 'The Conversation', 'Cock Crow', 'Amy Caroline', 'Canberra Morning',
- Slessor, Kenneth, *Selected Poems*: 'Wild Grapes', 'Gulliver', 'Out of Time', 'Vesper-Song of the Reverend Samuel Marsden', 'William Street', 'Beach Burial'

Drama

- Harrison, Jane, *Rainbow's End*
- Miller, Arthur, *The Crucible*

Shakespearean Drama

- Shakespeare, William, *The Merchant of Venice*

Nonfiction

- Winton, Tim, *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'
- Yousafzai, Malala & Lamb, Christina, *I am Malala*

Film

- Daldry, Stephen, *Billy Elliot*

Media

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

End of examination