

Term 3 Number:



2021

PLC Sydney Trial Examination

YEAR 12 ADVANCED ENGLISH

Paper 1- Texts and Human Experiences

General Instructions

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Working time – 1.5 hours
- Write using black or blue pen
- Answer in the writing booklets provided
- Write your Term 3 Assessment Number at the top of each booklet and on EACH PAGE

Total marks:
40

Section I- 20 marks (pages 2-10)

- Attempt Questions 1-4 on page 10
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section II- 20 marks (page 11)

- Attempt Question 5
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

**Young women
of integrity
and purpose**

T (+612) 9704 5666
enquiries@plc.nsw.edu.au
www.plc.nsw.edu.au
Croydon NSW 2132

F (+612) 9744 0519
ABN 62 778 320 798

E
Boundary St

Section I

20 marks

Attempt Questions 1-4

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

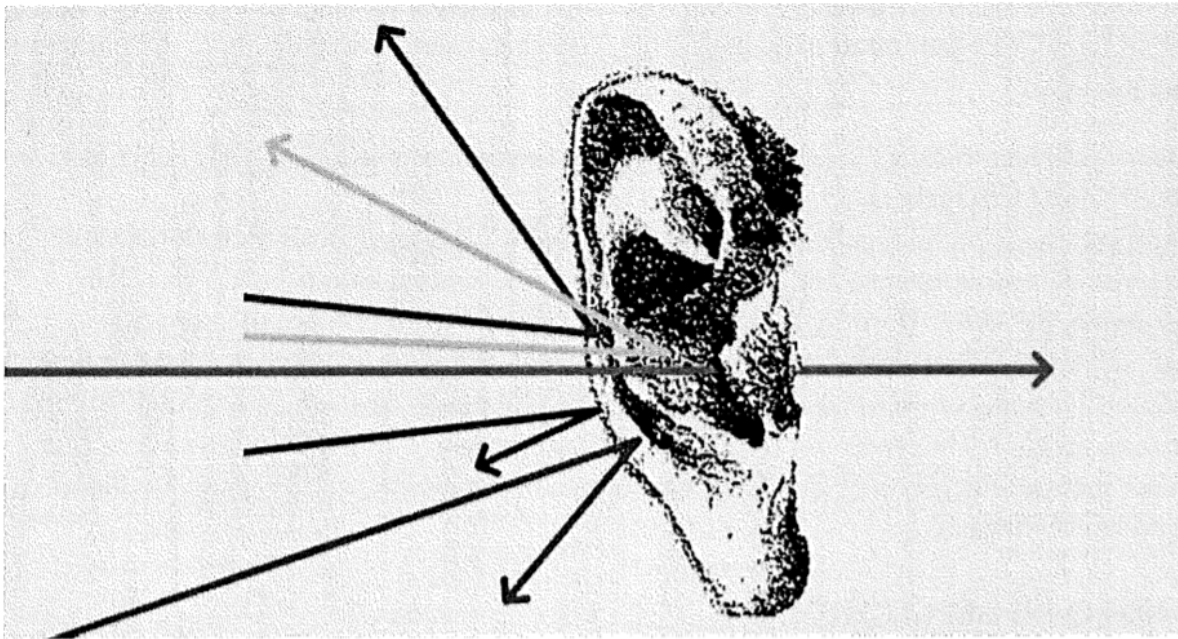
Read the texts on pages 3- 9 carefully and then answer the questions of page 10 in a new answer booklet.

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
-

Text 1- Non-fiction text

Has Listening Become a Lost Art?



Bad listeners are not necessarily bad people. You likely have a dear friend, family member, or maybe a romantic partner who is a terrible listener. Perhaps you, yourself, are not the best listener. And you could be forgiven since, in many ways, you've been conditioned not to listen. Think back to when you were a little kid. If a parent said, "Listen to me!" (perhaps while holding you firmly by the shoulders), it's a good bet you weren't going to like what was coming next. When your teacher, Little League coach, or camp counselor beckoned, "Listen up!" what followed was usually a bunch of rules, instructions, and limits on your fun.

And certainly the virtues of listening are not reinforced by the media or in popular culture. News and Sunday talk shows are more often shouting matches or exercises in "gotcha" than respectful forums for exploring disparate views. Late-night talk shows are more about monologues and gags than listening to what guests have to say and encouraging elaboration to get beyond the trite and superficial. And on the morning and daytime shows, the interviews are typically so managed and choreographed by publicists and public relations consultants that host and guest are essentially speaking prepared lines rather than having an authentic exchange.

The dramatic portrayal of conversation on television and in the movies is likewise more often speechifying and monologues than the easy and expanding back-and-forth that listening allows. Screenwriter Aaron Sorkin, for example, is praised as a master of dialogue. Think of his characters' breathless banter and verbal jousting on *The West Wing*, *A Few Good Men*, and *The Social Network*. His walk-and-talk scenes and epic confrontations, of which there are endless compilations on YouTube, are fun to watch and full of great lines- "You can't handle the truth!" But instructive on how to listen so you have a mutually responsive and fulfilling conversation, they are not....

None of us are good listeners all the time. It's human nature to get distracted by what's going on in your own head. Listening takes effort. Like reading you might choose to go over some things carefully while skimming others, depending on the situation. But the ability to listen carefully, like the ability to read carefully, degrades if you don't do it often enough. If you start listening to everyone as you would scan headlines on a celebrity gossip website, you won't discover the poetry and wisdom that is within people. And you withhold the gift that the people who love you, or could love, most desire.

From You're Not Listening by Kate Murphy 2020.

Text 2- Non-Fiction extract

‘Where the hell is he?’: What Aussie surf culture taught this expat dad

When his young son was dumped by a monster wave at Sydney's Bronte beach, this erstwhile New Yorker was intrigued by what happened next.

It was a warm, clear Sunday in Sydney and, like all the other boys in his under-9 Nippers group, my son had paddled out deep into the ocean on a narrow rescue board. That alone made me nervous.

He'd gone out beyond where I could see him, further than I'd ever gone in any ocean anywhere, and definitely further than he had gone as well.

"Where the hell is he?" asked my wife, Diana.

We were both standing in the sand at Bronte Beach with our jaws clenched. The waves crashing in front of us were head high and powerful. I took off my sunglasses and squinted as some of the more experienced boys started to come in. I drew in a deep breath as the wave lifted him high – then smashed him into a mess of whitewash and sand.

He tumbled for what felt like a half-hour, then emerged, still holding onto the board. I ran towards him without trying to look like I was running towards him, exhaling with relief when I saw him moving. A half-dozen girls suddenly surrounded him. They looked to be about 14. Fit and confident, they were part of the same kids' surf lifesaving program we'd just joined after moving to Sydney from New York, and as they walked Baz from the water, they were bending over him, smiling. Not a single one asked if he was OK.

"That was amazing," one said. "The biggest wave of the day!"

It went on like that for a while. Praise for the boy. Not a drop of concern. I looked to my right. Baz's Nippers instructor, Al, a brawny former professional rugby player, was smiling. So were the rest of the Australian parents all around us.

Paul Slovic a soft-spoken psychology professor at the University of Oregon, was one of the first researchers to examine how humans perceive the risks around them. He started to identify our risk-assessing flaws with a study in the 1970s that presented test subjects with different causes of death, asking them to compare the dangers in pairs and choose which one was more deadly, and by how much. Again and again, people got it wrong. They said tornadoes were more likely killers than asthma, even though asthma causes 20 times more deaths. They said lung cancers were a more potent killer than stomach cancers (they're not). Overall, most respondents rated diseases and accidental death as roughly equal. In fact, death by disease is 18 times more likely.

There's a groupthink momentum to risk perception that can be hard to see. None of us are an island of individualism; we're more like schools of fish. And if we're not careful about who and what we surround ourselves with, we can drift into extremes – arguing for selfish recklessness or the fiction of zero risk, claiming reason while relying on feelings.

Now here's the good news: especially in Australia. The building blocks of a more risk-savvy society – one that manages risk with moderation and calm – are all around us.

Even before the pandemic, the more time I spent watching my kids in Nippers, the more I started to see it as a form of risk training that should be a model for Australia and the world. Every week, I saw children who could barely memorise their times tables pushed further into a turbulent ocean. They were being exposed to moderate dangers that required the suppression of emotion – tears were ignored like a passing squall – while learning about the limits of human certainty and the power of practice and communal effort.

Everyone on that beach, parents and children in the water, together, worked towards the goal of making hundreds of kids proficient enough to stay relatively safe and help other people in need. What a word, proficient: "Skilled in doing." Not perfect. Not heroic. Just skilled and active.

Baz was my recruiter. After he challenged me to get my Bronze Medallion and join him in the water, I flopped and flailed my way into lifesaver-dom. I failed my first Bronze swim assessment (400 metres nearly broke me) and then I had to take lessons with the same instructor who taught Baz and his younger sister, Amelia. It was humiliating. It hurt. It was frightening. And it was worth doing – I eventually passed, and the benefits stretched beyond practical skills.

My willingness to endure discomfort led to deeper connections with my children and my community. On my first day with rescue boards, I understood – for the first time – what we were all getting into when I found myself far out to sea with a group of fellow trainees, paddling and sweating where I'd seen whales breach. The view of the coast called out for exclamation. When our guide, Dave, showed us how to spin and eskimo-roll, we all looked like fools, slipping, sliding and giggling like awkward tweens.

Part of the reason we need to embrace risks and new challenges when they're lacking in our lives is because it helps keep our own self-regard in perspective.

Part of the reason we need to embrace risks and new challenges when they're lacking in our lives is because it helps keep our own self-regard in perspective. We're also less likely to be blinded by the momentum of fear or arrogance when complex societal risks emerge, if we find ways to live day to day in a way that builds courage, optimism, connection and grace.

No one deals perfectly with life's uncertain choices, nor can anyone live risk-free. All we can hope to do is build a more proficient world together. All we can do is dive in, and do well. Together.

By Damien Cave, *Sydney Morning Herald* online, 14/8/2021

Text Three- Poem

Those Winter Sundays

Sundays too my father got up early
and put his clothes on in the blueblack cold,
then with cracked hands that ached
from labour in the weekday weather made
banked fires blaze. No one ever thanked him.

I'd wake and hear the cold splintering, breaking.
When the rooms were warm, he'd call,
and slowly I would rise and dress,
fearing the chronic angers of that house,

Speaking indifferently to him,
who had driven out the cold
and polished my good shoes as well.
What did I know, what did I know
of love's austere and lonely offices?

By Robert Hayden
From Poetryfoundation.org

Text Four- Fiction Extract

So here's Jackson, digging a row of fence post holes a mile long. The notch on the spade handle tells him when to stop digging. The sting line and divot tell him where to start. Pleasantly hard work. Unpleasant oceans of mind-free time.

He looks out over the waving spring grass of the paddock and admires the lush growth of rye, clovers, paspalum and fescue. He helped the earth yield this fine pasture, and in the middle of the paddocks are the follies. The grove of banksias he couldn't cut down. The tuft of scrub around the wombat-hole and several thickets for the resting place of travelling birds. And everywhere, single, fine, clean trunks of white gums, right down to the forest by the creek. Jackson's Folly. The hardest paddock to plough in East Gippsland, but the only one with resident kingfishers, eagles, emus, nightjars, bandicoots, snipe and ducks.

His heart takes in the flight of the cuckoo-shrike, the sweep of the swallow and the tracks of kangaroo, snake and dingo. This is his heart's place, and here at his feet is his heart's blood.

His daughter. He can see her red hair hidden in the dark green clover, and the kelpie's tail waves above the grass uncertainly. They are stalking each other. Suddenly they leap out, and she shrieks. The dog carouses, with short barks, and they tumble in the grass, delighting in a long deliberate roll to the bottom of the hill. They're both mad, both mates.

They play like this every day while Jackson slams the crowbar into clay. Each morning when they arrive, the dog courses the playing field, checking for black snakes. There are none anymore; their smells have staked out the place.

His back has had it. He could split a hundred posts a day and dig sixty holes. Feel like an Anzac. Fall the tree, billet the log, bark the billets, split the posts, dig the holes, ramp the post, run the wire, hang the fate on corner posts the tractor can't lift. And now? All for nothing. It's over. The selection, the vow- down the drain. Mistakes.

The shadow of his favourite white gum tells him it's half an hour past lunch, and he calls to the two ginger pelts. The dog leaps through the grass with her back curved like a whippet, the tongue everywhere, the eyes ecstatic. The girl comes tumbling after, shouting, screaming with joy, the hair a nest of lovely copper, the arms flinging with the delicious energy of a young animal.

Jackson's mood is set by the plunge of the bar, the gouge of the spade, the lift and tip of the earth, and the wound of his thoughts. The metronome is invaded by the two rampant beasts who tumble and screech, upsetting sandwiches and themselves.

She loves this. She doles out the food and drinks. Jackson gets his own coffee because she can't lift the steel thermos, but she pours her cordial and hands out the dog's biscuits, which the kelpie eats like a 'good dog', enjoying the ceremony as much as the girl.

Jackson sits with his back to the old white gum, girl and dog draped on him, the remnants of lunch in disorder around them. He watches the movement in the grass as wood ducks waddle down to the creek,

and he sees Van Gogh's waving grasses, the wind making patterns on the nap of green plush while the kingfisher sings at the nest. God is surely in his heaven, but this man struggles to cap off his tear ducts.

'Rain, Dad! It's gunna rain.' Dog and daughter are up, searching the perfect blue sky. He mumbles about the ducks shaking water off their feathers as they fly by, but it doesn't matter- lunch is over, the frolic has begun.

There are the beautiful primary colours. Absolute azure in the sky, the rich green of the grass and the red of the dog's tail and the child's hair. His heart surges with the beauty.

The crowbar wavers, the spade stops shovelling. Jackson packs up the tools and calls to the gambollers in the grass. They collect a few stones, shout out down the wombat burrow a few times, look for four-leaf clovers, collect petrified wood from up by the tractor and play in the grass. A formula for daily bliss.

From 'Primary Colours' in Salt: Selected Stories and Essays by Bruce Pascoe, 2019.

Section I

20 marks

Attempt Question 1-4

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Read the texts on pages 3- 9 carefully and then answer the questions below in a stimulus booklet. Pay attention to the mark value in determining the length of your answers.

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
-

Question 1 (5 marks)

Text 1- Non-Fiction Text

Explain how the image and the article convey the virtues of good listening.

Question 2 (5 marks)

Text 2- Non-Fiction Text

Explain how this text examines the human experience of risk?

Question 4 (4 marks)

Text 3- Poem

How does the poem explore the relationship between the speaker and his father?

Question 5 (6 marks)

Text 4- Fiction extract

Analyse the ways this text explores the significance of relationships?

2021 Trial Higher School Certificate Examination

English Advanced

Paper 1- Texts and Human Experiences

Section II

20 marks

Attempt Question 5

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the question in a writing booklet. Extra writing booklets are available.

Your answer will be assessed on how well you:

- demonstrate understanding of human experiences in texts
 - analyse, explain and assess the way 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 (20 marks)

To what extent do the relationships in *Merchant of Venice* challenge your understanding of freedom and control?

Prescribed text for Section II:

- **Drama** - Arthur Miller, *The Crucible*

End of paper