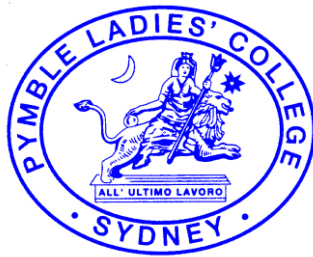


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2021 TRIAL HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE

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
- Write your Student Number at the top of this page
- A Stimulus Booklet is provided separately with this paper

Total marks:
40

Section I – 20 marks (page 3-9)

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

Section II – 20 marks (pages 10-11)

- Attempt Question 5
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section
- Write your student number at the top of each writing booklet for this question

This paper must not be removed from the examination room.

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Section I - Texts and Human Experiences

20 marks

Attempt Questions 1 – 5

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Read the texts on pages 3-9 carefully and then answer the questions on the paper you have provided. Carefully label this as Section1.

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 (3 marks)

Text 1 – Visual Image



“Pro Democracy Demonstrations, Hong Kong: The Revolution of Our Time,” by Kiran Ridley

How does the photographer convey an idea about the relationship between the individual and collective experience?

3

Question 2 (3 marks)

Text 2 – Poem ‘*The Ladder*’ by Campbell McGrath

The Ladder

The past, a dust-covered shoebox recovered
from my mother’s attic, does not open easily.

Webs of duct tape, the ladder one must climb
into the unfinished attic, hot as a coffin—

going up the light bulb shatters
against my skull and the shadows deepen.

But in the end it yields, and photographs spill
across the kitchen table like playing cards.

She in her beautiful wedding dress,
my father in the uniform of youth.

There I am, with a cap gun and cowboy hat
on Christmas morning some geologic age ago.

Further in, deeper down
to the antique black-and-white images,

yellow-margined, crimped with age,
backed with carefully pencilled notes:

my grandmother beside the cottage in Donegal;
my grandfather, newly arrived in America,

on a New York City rooftop with two friends
nobody remembers the names of.

Donegal—that green archaism—
and Manhattan in the nineteen-thirties, polyglot dynamo,

all that was great about the twentieth century
fermenting in its democratic casks.

And there, in a battered Irish tintype,
is my great-grandmother, Margaret McGuire.

I’ve never seen her before.

I’ve never even thought to imagine her.

Text 2 continues on next page

Text 2 continued

Widowed young, turned away
by her husband's impoverished people,

with three daughters to raise
and only the needlework to keep them,

monogrammed handkerchiefs
and lace-edged linen tablecloths, a life

beyond my powers of narrative comprehension,
notations I cannot translate from ancient script.

Donegal derives from the Irish Dún na nGall,
Dún meaning fort or tower or castle,

and nGall meaning foreigner, outlander, stranger,
in memory of the conquerors who occupied it.

The Castle of the Stranger.
Which is another name for the past.

End of Text 2

Explain how the poet conveys the importance of the past.

3

Question 3 (4 marks)

**Text 3 – Non Fiction extract - ‘*Street dreams: a shout-out to suburbia*’ by Jamilia Rizvi
The Age, July 25, 2020**

The pandemic forced me to accept what I already knew. That the so-called Australian dream is something I never sought but nonetheless adore. That there’s a reason our country is best known in the UK for a parochial little soap opera set in Ramsay Street. And that the singularly pleasant by-product of being told to go home and stay there has been a further closeness with our neighbours.

While furious at the state of the world and fearful for friends near and far, it is the friends literally closest to home to whom I’ve turned. As Melbourne locked down for the second time this year, text messages flew rapidly between the neighbours. We delegated the job of checking in on older people living alone, offered to pick up groceries for one another, and planned socially distanced front-lawn exercise.

Our lonely, gloomy days have been matched by Melbourne’s weather. Each of us is grieving, while not actually calling it that. We’re ageing, too; something made painfully apparent as the neighbourhood marked yet another child’s birthday with a stand-in-your-own-driveway celebration. Days and weeks became indistinguishable from one another as months passed with a sense of resignation.

Memories of my own childhood have bubbled to the surface. As a teenager, I lived in a small Canberra street of seven houses. Limited engineering skill and a bucket of wet cement combined to produce the not-so-sturdy installation of a communal basketball ring. It became a centrepiece of neighbourhood activity; attracting everyone from the very young to the furry four-legged and the oldest residents of the street.

Each January, we’d set ourselves up with deckchairs and eskies on the nature strip for the annual street cup. This house-on-house basketball tournament was fiercely contested. The winner did not take home an actual cup; rather, the trophy was a large tin bucket, with a series of gold spray-painted plaques stuck on it, listing the previous victories of each house.

As a teenager, I enjoyed the event in spite of myself. The oldest kid in the street, I always considered myself a little too cool for unqualified involvement. I kept a mildly sarcastic distance from the fun. My high school dreams for the future were of travel and career, not this kind of wholesome suburban bliss. I had bigger plans.

Fast-forward a dozen or so years, and I discovered the “glamorous” 20-something life wasn’t all it was cracked up to be. After working so hard that I racked up enough frequent flyer points to buy a small car, I missed being on the ground. My housemates were like brothers, but I didn’t know who lived next door. My friendships involved lots of wine but sitting on the deck at home, drinking a glass in our ugg boots? Forget it. My social life was about being seen, not the quality of what was shared.

Text 3 continues on next page

Text 3 continued

The tumbleweeds of time meant it wasn't long before I was married, with a toddler, and in search of the elusive first home. I framed our family's move to the suburbs in terms of what I was giving up: proximity to laneway bars and baristas with magnificent beards and the like. I never paid much thought to what we'd gain.

Suburban life brought neighbourhood Christmas parties, kinder gardening days and in-depth discussions about who was the best local butcher. We settled into the daily hum of street activity and, in spite of myself, I discovered I really enjoyed it. I liked chatting to the neighbours about primary school options, being trusted to take out someone else's bin when they were away, and moaning about the late install of the NBN.

I became the cliché that would have horrified the teenage me. And it was glorious.

During the first lockdown, in March, our little community came into its own. The kids set up their own "letterboxes" where they could leave notes, drawings, sweets and favourite rocks for one another. As the health situation improved, us parents let the kids ride bikes and scooters up and down the street, as long as they stayed within the confines of their respective vehicles.

We hosted street get-togethers, sitting outside on camping chairs with a bottle of red wine and Doritos, everyone shouting across the street, trying to have a conversation while maintaining the state-mandated distance. We looked after one another because that's what you do. Being a good neighbour is the pleasant price of community, and a source of both pride and joy.

As we locked down again earlier this month, I was grateful to have this mob of locals and delighted to have embraced suburban bliss. Cut off from family and friends, we have become each other's comfort and company for now. And daggy as that sounds, I wouldn't have it any other way.

End of Text 3

Analyse how the composer uses techniques to establish a conversational tone and encourages readers to value small moments of connection?

4

Question 4 (10 marks)

Text 4 – Prose fiction Extract from: ‘*The Yield*’ by Tara June Winch

I was born on Ngurambang – can you hear it? – Ngu–ram–bang. If you say it right it hits the back of your mouth and you should taste blood in your words. Every person around should learn the word for country in the old language, the first language – because that is the way to all time, to time travel! You can go all the way back.

My daddy was Buddy Gondiwindi and he died a young man by the hands of a bygone disease. My mother was Augustine and she died an old woman by the grip of, well, it was an Old World disease too.

Yet nothing ever really dies, instead it all goes beneath your feet, beside you, part of you. Look there – grass on the side of the road, tree bending in the wind, fish in the river, fish on your plate, fish feeding you. Nothing is ever gone. Soon, when I change, I won’t be dead. I always memorised John 11:26 Whoever lives and believes in me shall never die, yet life rushed through and past me as it will for each person.

Before I believed everything they taught me I thought when all were dead that all were gone, and so as a young fella I tried to find my place in this short life. I only wanted to decide for myself how I’d live it, but that was a big ask in a country that had a plan for me, already mapped in my veins since before I was born.

The one thing I thought I could control was my own head. It seemed the most sensible thing to do was to learn to read well. So in a country where we weren’t really allowed to be, I decided to be. To get water from the stones, you see?

After I met my beautiful wife, although beauty was the least of her, strong and fearless was the most of her – well she taught me lots of things. Big thing, best thing she taught me was to learn to write the words too, taught me I wasn’t just a second-rate man raised on white flour and Christianity. It was my wife, Elsie, who bought me the first dictionary. I think she knew she was planting a seed, germinating something inside me when she did that. What a companion the dictionary is – there are stories in that book that’ll knock your boots off. To this day it remains my prized possession and I wouldn’t trade it for all the tea in China.

The dictionary from Elsie is why I’m writing it down – it was my introduction to the idea of recording, written just like the Reverend once wrote the births and baptisms at the Mission, like the station manager wrote rations at the Station and just like the ma’ams and masters wrote our good behaviour at the Boys’ Home – a list of words any fool can look up and be told the meaning. A dictionary, even if this language isn’t mine alone, even it’s something we grow into and then living long enough, shrink away from. I am writing because the spirits are urging me to remember, and because the town needs to know that I remember, they need to know now more than ever before.

Text 4 continues on next page

Text 4 continued

To begin – but there are too many beginnings for us Gondiwindi – that’s what we were bestowed and cursed with by the same shifty magic – an eternal Once upon a time. The story goes that the church brought time to us, and the church, if you let it, will take it away. I’m writing about the other time, though, deep time. This is a big, big story. The big stuff goes forever, time ropes and loops and is never straight, that’s the real story of time.

The problem now facing my own Once upon a time is that Doctor Shah from the High Street Surgery has recently given me a filthy bill of health – cancer of the pancreas – which is me done and dusted.

So, because they say it is urgent, because I’ve got the church time against me – I’m taking pen to paper to pass on everything that was ever remembered.

All the words I found on the wind.

- | | |
|--|----------|
| (a) How does the composer explore the link between culture and identity? | 4 |
| (b) Compare how the composers of two texts explore the influences on individual growth. | 6 |

End of Section

Section II - Texts and Human Experiences

20 marks

Attempt Question 5

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer this question on new paper carefully labelled as Section 2.

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
-

Question 5 (20 marks)

In a lucid moment Winston found that he was shouting with the others and kicking his heel violently against the rung of his chair. The horrible thing about the Two Minutes Hate was not that one was obliged to act a part, but, on the contrary, that it was impossible to avoid joining in. Within thirty seconds any pretence was always unnecessary. A hideous ecstasy of fear and vindictiveness, a desire to kill, to torture, to smash faces in with a sledgehammer, seemed to flow through the whole group of people like an electric current, turning one even against one's will into a grimacing, screaming lunatic.

1984, Chapter 1

How does Orwell's use of storytelling explore the relationship between collective power and individual autonomy?

In your response, make close reference to the excerpt and to your prescribed text.

The prescribed texts for Section II are:

Prose fiction

- Doerr, Anthony, *All the Light We Cannot See*, Fourth Estate/HarperCollins, 2015.
- Lohrey, Amanda, *Vertigo*, Black Inc, 2009.
- Orwell, George, *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, Penguin Classics, 1949.
- Parrett, Favel, *Past the Shallows*, Hachette Australia, 2013.

Poetry or drama/ Shakespearean drama

- Dobson, Rosemary, *Rosemary Dobson Collected*, University of Queensland Press, 2012.
‘Young Girl at a Window’, ‘Over the Hill’, ‘Summer’s End’, ‘The Conversation’, ‘Cock Crow’, ‘Amy Caroline’, ‘Canberra Morning’.
- Slessor, Kenneth, *Selected Poems*, A & R Classics/HarperCollins, 2014,
‘Wild Grapes’, ‘Gulliver’, ‘Out of Time’, ‘Vesper-Song of the Reverend Samuel Marsden’, ‘William Street’, ‘Beach Burial’.
- Harrison, Jane, *Rainbow’s End*, from Cleven, Vivienne et al, *Contemporary Indigenous Plays*, Currency Press, 2007.
- Miller, Arthur, *The Crucible*, Penguin Classics, 2000.
- Shakespeare, William, *The Merchant of Venice*, Cambridge University Press, 2014.

Nonfiction, film or media

- Winton, Tim, *The Boy Behind the Curtain*, Penguin, 2017.
‘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*, Weidenfeld and Nicolson/Orion, 2015.
- Daldry, Stephen, *Billy Elliot*, Universal, 2000.
- O’Mahoney, Ivan, *Go Back to Where You Came From* – Series 1, Episodes 1, 2 and 3 and *The Response*, Madman, 2011.
- Walker, Lucy, *Waste Land*, Hopscotch Entertainment, 2010.

End of Paper