

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

Student Number



Cheltenham Girls' High School

2022

HIGHER
SCHOOL
CERTIFICATE
TRIAL EXAMINATION

English Standard

Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

General**Instructions**

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

Total marks:
40**Section I — 20 marks** (pages 2–7)

- Attempt Questions 1–5
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section II — 20 marks (page 8–10)

- Attempt Question 6
- 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 on pages 2–6 of the Stimulus Booklet carefully and then answer the questions in the spaces provided. These spaces provide guidance for the expected length of response.

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

Question 1 (3 marks)

Text 1 — Website article

How does Dylan Gittos use language to show his view of the experience?

[illegible]

If you need additional space to answer Question 1 use the lines below.

[illegible]

Question 2 (3 marks)

Text 2 — Prose fiction extract

Explain how the writer conveys the emotions of the character.

This image shows a blank sheet of white paper with horizontal dashed lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page, providing a guide for handwriting practice. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

If you need additional space to answer Question 2 use the lines below.

[illegible]

Question 3 (4 marks)

Text 3 — Nonfiction extract

How is language used to strengthen the argument about why people lie?

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

If you need additional space to answer Question 3 use the lines below.

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

Question 4 (4 marks)

Text 4 — Advertisement

Explain how the advertisement represents the experience of childhood.

If you need additional space to answer Question 4 use the lines below.

Question 5 (6 marks)

Text 5 — Prose fiction extract

Analyse the ways the reader is invited to share the fantasy experience.

[illegible]

Writing space for Question 5 continues over the page.

If you need additional space to answer Question 5 use the lines below.

[illegible]

Section II

20 marks

Attempt Question 6

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the question in a writing booklet.

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 6 (20 marks)

New experiences can be confronting, but it is the unfamiliar that is most likely to provoke reflection, even change.

To what extent is this demonstrated in your prescribed text?

The prescribed texts are listed on pages 9 and 10.

Please turn over

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*
 - * *Any 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*

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

Section II prescribed texts continue on page 10

Section II prescribed texts (continued)

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

End of paper



Cheltenham Girls' High School

2022

HIGHER
SCHOOL
CERTIFICATE
TRIAL EXAMINATION

English Standard

Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

Stimulus Booklet for Section I

	Pages
Section I	
• Text 1 – Website Article	
.....	2
• Text 2 – Prose fiction extract	
.....	3
• Text 3 – Nonfiction extract	
.....	4
• Text 4 – Advertisement.....	
.....	5
• Text 5 – Prose fiction extract	
.....	6

Section I

Text 1 — Website article

While returning by bus to England from the Black Forest in the south of Germany via Paris, I am travelling on a night bus, and as usual, we've pulled into a large roadside petrol station to refuel. This stop is on the outskirts of a small city called Metz in France, just over the border from Germany, in a region called Lorraine. I hear the familiar hiss of the front doors open. "30 minutes", says the driver in his gruff voice with typical German efficiency. Like lemmings, we all file down the aisle of the bus and head into the night. The cold air hits me like a slap in the face, my breath instantly becoming a fog. I shiver and pull up my hood stepping into the light rain, the warm glow from the service station beckoning us like moths to a flame.

Inside is a cafeteria like the ones you see at Ikea. I grab a plastic tray and place it on the rail that is designed to slide along as you pass each food item to choose from. First up is a watery grey soup with some sort of bread-like dumplings floating on top. Pass. Next is some dry pasta lightly covered with what looks like tinned corned beef. Pass. Next is potatoes in a heavy buttery cream. Pass. Next, I see there is an empty tray and lastly is dessert, some fluorescent green and bright red jelly in plastic cups with cream on top. I gulp, disheartened. I think to myself, I can't eat any of that, can I? Then, like an angel from heaven, I see my saving grace. She's heading towards the empty tray - an elderly lady in a hairnet carrying a tray of what looks like freshly baked Quiche Lorraine!

"Merci mademoiselle," I say cheekily as I grab two serves, which elicits a quick smile. I pay, and when I sit down to eat the flaky crust with soft cheesy goodness, I'm suddenly full of gratitude, as I realise I had just found the diamond in the rough.

DYLAN GITTOES
Introduction to Quiche Lorraine post

Text 2 — Prose fiction extract

After about a year together she realized that loving him was not good for her but it took another year for her to end it and now she was very glad that it was over.

Sometimes she wondered how she had allowed it to go on for such a long time.

I will be very careful the next time I fall in love, she told herself. Also, she had made a promise to herself that she intended on keeping. She was never going to go out with another writer: no matter how charming, sensitive, inventive or fun they could be. They weren't worth it in the long run. They were emotionally too expensive and the upkeep was complicated. They were like having a vacuum cleaner around the house that broke all the time and only Einstein could fix it.

She wanted her next lover to be a broom.

RICHARD BRAUTIGAN
Sombrero Fallout

Text 3 — Nonfiction extract

Question: Why must we lie?

If we put lying into the broader category of deceit (including deceptions) we see this is a very normal part of nature - human nature, animal nature, even plant nature.

The Pitcher Plant traps insects by deceiving them with the attraction of nectar and then, they fall in and are doomed. Weak animals can blend in with their background. Others are bright, boldly patterned and coloured to try to scare predators or, even attract a mate. These are all various forms of deception. So, one key attribute of life in nature is deceit.

We humans can see how normal and everyday this is. Women wear makeup, guys drive muscular cars (me included) and we don't get alarmed... It's normal. Pragmatically, these deceptions work. Most often, we know why they work - that they are either attractants or repellents...usually on purpose, sometimes accidentally. Modern advertising uses these lying tricks all the time, of course.

But is lying 'good'? In a godly sense, no. These deceptions are not all good and therefore, we use the rather ugly word 'evil'. But they are evils? (boy, could I get some nasty replies on that!) But being outraged because we were told a lie, or see politicians use dishonesty, is pretty surprising to me. We surely are not that naive to miss all the deceptions around us including those we use ourselves. I think we realise they are part of all life.

However, when we hold politicians or our leaders to being better than most of us, that is a 'good' thing. Good as in godly good. When we want a higher standard from others (or within ourselves) we are actually giving a hug to goodness (even God). We are aligning ourselves with a supernatural goodness - something better and more ideal than the experience of our mortal lives.

Adapted from and with thanks to
M. EARS

Text 4 — Advertisement



Text 5 — Prose fiction extract

The beasts drew ever near, and the Elite soldier needed a plan. Much like the gentlest of breezes on a still summer day. The lightest glimmer of possibility soon becomes a sound plan. He now had one. It was reckless. It was dangerous. It was dumb.

Yet it was still more palatable* than getting into a firefight with some large beasts that would tear his limbs from their sockets with their big gnashing teeth. This was going to have to work.

He took his jetpack off, and quickly inspected it. The plasma-core was only about two percent capacity; it was only intended to get him to the surface. He'd only kept it on as it was shielding his back from the heat but what if he used the power-core from the plasma- rifle to power the jetpack? One huge thrust– flying uncontrollably across the valley floor, and hopefully into the cave on the other side? It was the only plan on offer so he quickly got to work in pulling apart his weapon.

Twelve minutes until sundown.

Frantically, the soldier worked and re-wired the plasma-core into the jetpack. He'd never actually done this before though some of the guys in his Sub-Unit Elite team had theorised about it.

The roars were getting thunderous as he jumped to his feet. He finished strapping on the jetpack, just as the first of the beasts came clambering out of the darkness. They were large, red-scaled lizard-like creatures – creatures he'd never seen before. Creatures that probably didn't live anywhere but here, and it was no wonder. How would they ever get off this forsaken rock?

Pressing himself into a shadow, he watched as three of them were now in the room. They growled, looking around wildly for what it was they could smell. The heat from outside was clouding their senses; the soldier looked down the energy indicator. It wasn't quite complete, but there was no more time – it had to be enough to get out of there.

Stepping out of the shadow into the middle of the doorway, the beasts all roared in the most ear-ringing chorus, charging wildly towards him. With his eyes closed, taking a deep breath, he dove out forward, activating the jet-pack.

DARREN GALLAGHER
26 Minutes Until Sundown

*palatable: acceptable or satisfactory