



ST ALOYSIUS' COLLEGE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

2022 Trial Examination

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
- A Stimulus Booklet is provided at the back of this paper
- Use the College Writing Booklets for Section II
- Write your NESA Number at the top of this page and at the top of any College Writing Booklets used

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 (pages 8-9)

- 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 11-17 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 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.
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Question 1 (3 marks)

Text 1 – Speech

Explain how Atwood represents the importance of an individual's attitude in response to challenges.

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

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Question 2 (3 marks)

Text 2 – Graphic novel extract

How does Bechdel represent the nature of the relationship between father and daughter?

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

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Question 3 (4 marks)

Text 3 - Poem

Analyse how Duffy uses emigration as a metaphor for the human experience.

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

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Question 4 (4 marks)

Text 4 – Fiction extract

How does Lobb explore the universal aspects of human experience?

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

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Question 5 (6 marks)

Speech (Text 1) and Texts 2, 3 and 4

To what extent does Text 1 and one other text from the stimulus booklet challenge your assumptions about the human experience?

[illegible]

Section II

20 marks

Attempt Questions 6

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

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
 - organise, develop and express ideas using language appropriate to audience, purpose and context.
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Question 6 (20 marks)

‘The goal of the human experience is to obtain self-empowerment.’

To what extent is this statement true of your prescribed text?

The prescribed texts are listed on page 9.

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*
- **Shakespearean Drama:**
 - William Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice*
- **Nonfiction:**
 - Tim Winton, *The Boy Behind the Curtain*
 - 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
 - Malala Yousafzai and Christina Lamb, *I am Malala*
- **Film:**
 - Stephen Daldry, *Billy Elliot*
- **Media:**
 - Ivan O'Mahoney, *Go Back to Where You Came From*
 - The prescribed episodes are: * Series 1: Episodes 1, 2 and 3 and * The Response
 - Lucy Walker, *Waste Land*

End of Paper



ST ALOYSIUS' COLLEGE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

Year 12 English Advanced

2022 Trial Examination

English Advanced

Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

Stimulus Booklet

Section 1

- Text 1 – Speech – pp.11-12
- Text 2 – Graphic Novel Extract – pp.12-14
- Text 3 – Poem – p.15
- Text 4 – Fiction extract – p.16

Text 1 – Speech

Attitude – Margaret Atwood

Speech delivered at The University of Toronto, Toronto, Canada, 1983

I am of course overjoyed to be here today in the role of ceremonial object. There is more than the usual amount of satisfaction in receiving an honorary degree from the university that helped to form one's erstwhile callow and ignorant mind into the thing of dubious splendour that it is today; whose professors put up with so many overdue term papers, and struggled to read one's handwriting, of which 'interesting' is the best that has been said; at which one failed to learn Anglo-Saxon and somehow missed Bibliography entirely, a severe error which I trust no one present here today has committed; and at which one underwent excruciating agonies not only of soul but of body, later traced to having drunk too much coffee in the bowels of Wymilwood. So, for all the benefits conferred upon me by my Alma Mater, where they taught me that the truth would make me free but failed to warn me of the kind of trouble, I'd get into by trying to tell it - I remain duly grateful.

But everything has its price. No sooner had I tossed off a graceful reply to the letter inviting me to be present today than I began to realize the exorbitance of what was expected of me. I was going to have to come up with something to say to a graduating class in 1983, year of the Ph.D. taxi driver, when young people have unemployment the way they used to have ugly blackheads; something presumably useful, wise, filled with resonance and overview, helpful, encouraging and optimistic. After all, you are being launched - though ever since I experienced the process, I've wondered why "convocation" is the name for it. "Ejection" would be better.

Not only that, the year will come when you will wake up in the middle of the night and realize that the people you went to school with are in positions of power, and may soon actually be running things. If there's anything more calculated to thicken men's blood with cold, it's that.

"What shall I tell them!" I thought, breaking out into a cold sweat, as I tossed and turned night after night. (Lest you leap to indulge in Calvinistic guilt at the idea of having been the proximate cause of my discomfort, let me hasten to add that I was on a boat. The tossing and turning was par for the course, and the cold sweat can be cured by Graval). For a while I toyed with the idea of paraphrasing Kurt Vonnegut, who told one graduating class, "Everything is going to become unbelievably worse and will never get better again," and walked off the stage. But that's the American style: boom or bust. A Canadian would be more apt to say, "things may be pretty mediocre but let's at least try to hold the line."

Then I thought that maybe I could say a few words on the subject of a liberal arts education, and how it prepares you for life. But sober reflection led me to the conclusion that this topic too was a washout; for, as you will soon discover, a liberal arts education doesn't exactly prepare you for life.

Nor did anyone have the foresight to inform me that the best thing I could do for myself as a writer would be back and wrist exercises. No one has yet done a study of this, but they will, and when they start excavating and measuring the spines and arm bones of the skeletons of famous writers of the past, I am sure they will find that those who wrote the longest novels, such as Dickens and Melville, also had the thickest wrists. The real reason that Emily Dickinson stuck to lyric poems with relatively few stanzas is that she had spindly fingers. You may scoff, but future research will prove me right.

But I then thought, I shouldn't talk about writing. Few of this graduating class will wish to be writers, and those that do should by no means be encouraged. Weave a circle round them

thrice, and close your eyes holy dread, because who needs the competition? What with the proliferation of Creative Writing courses, a mushroom of recent growth all but unknown in my youth, we will soon have a state of affairs in which everybody writes, and nobody reads.

Or maybe, I thought, I should relate to them a little known fact of shocking import, which they will remember vividly when they have all but forgotten the rest of this speech. For example: nobody ever tells you, but did you know that when you have a baby your hair falls out? Not all of it, and not all at once, but it does fall out. But even then there is hope. In a pinch, you can resort to quotation, a commodity which a liberal arts education teaches you to treat with respect, and I offer the following: "God only made a few perfect heads, and the rest lie covered with hair."

Which illustrates the following point: when faced with the inevitable, you always have a choice. You may not be able to alter reality, but you can alter your attitude towards it. As I learned during my liberal arts education, any symbol can have, in the imaginative context, two versions, a positive and a negative. Blood can either be the gift of life or what comes out of you when you cut your wrists in the bathtub. Or, somewhat less drastically, if you spill your milk, you're left with a glass which is either half empty or half full.

Which brings us to the hidden agenda of this speech. What you are being ejected into today is a world that is both half empty and half full. On the one hand, the biosphere is rotting away. The raindrops that keep falling on your head are also killing the fish, the trees, the animals, and, if they keep being as acid as they are now, they'll eventually do away with things a lot closer to home, such as crops, front lawns and your digestive tract. Nature is no longer what surrounds us, we surround it, and the switch has not been for the better. On the other hand, unlike the ancient Egyptians, we as a civilization know what mistakes we are making, and we also have the technology to stop making them; all that is lacking is the will.

Another example: on the one hand, we ourselves live daily with the threat of annihilation. We're just a computer button and a few minutes away from it, and the gap between us and it is narrowing every day. We secretly think in terms not of "If the Bomb Drops" but of "When the Bomb Drops", and it's understandable if we sometimes let ourselves slide into a mental state of powerlessness and consequent apathy. On the other hand, the catastrophe that threatens us as a species, and most other species as well, is not unpredictable and uncontrollable, like the eruption of the volcano that destroyed Pompeii. If it occurs, we can die with the dubious satisfaction of knowing that the death of the world was a man-made and therefore preventable event, and that the failure to prevent it was a failure of human will.

This is the kind of world we find ourselves in, and it's not pleasant. Faced with facts this depressing, the question of the economy - or how many of us in this country can afford two cars doesn't really loom too large, but you'd never know it from reading the papers. Things are in fact a lot worse elsewhere, where expectations centre not on cars and houses and jobs but on the next elusive meal. That's part of the downside. The upside, here and now, is that this is still more or less a democracy; you don't get shot or tortured yet for expressing an opinion, and politicians, motivated as they may be by greed and the lust for power, are nevertheless or because of this, still swayed by public opinion. The issues raised in any election are issues perceived by those who want power to be of importance to those in a position to confer it upon them. In other words, if enough people show by the issues they raise and by the way they're willing to vote that they want changes made, then change becomes possible. You may not be able to alter reality, but you can alter your attitude towards it, and this, paradoxically, alters reality.

Try it and see.

Text 2 – Graphic novel extract

Fun Home (2006) – Alison Bechdel

LIKE MANY FATHERS, MINE COULD OCCASIONALLY BE PREVAILED ON FOR A SPOT OF "AIRPLANE."



AS HE LAUNCHED ME, MY FULL WEIGHT WOULD FALL ON THE PIVOT POINT BETWEEN HIS FEET AND MY STOMACH.



IT WAS A DISCOMFORT WELL WORTH THE RARE PHYSICAL CONTACT, AND CERTAINLY WORTH THE MOMENT OF PERFECT BALANCE WHEN I SOARED ABOVE HIM.



CONSIDERING THE FATE OF ICARUS AFTER HE FLOUTED HIS FATHER'S ADVICE AND FLEW SO CLOSE TO THE SUN HIS WINGS MELTED, PERHAPS SOME DARK HUMOR IS INTENDED.



BUT BEFORE HE DID SO, HE MANAGED TO GET QUITE A LOT DONE.

HIS GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT, ARGUABLY, WAS HIS MONOMANIACAL RESTORATION OF OUR OLD HOUSE.



Text 3 – Poem

Originally – Carol Ann Duffy

We came from our own country in a red room
which fell through the fields, our mother singing
our father's name to the turn of the wheels.
My brothers cried, one of them bawling, *Home*,
Home, as the miles rushed back to the city,
the street, the house, the vacant rooms
where we didn't live any more. I stared
at the eyes of a blind toy, holding its paw.

All childhood is an [emigration](#). Some are slow,
leaving you standing, resigned, up an avenue
where no one you know stays. Others are sudden.
Your accent wrong. Corners, which seem familiar,
leading to unimagined, pebble-dashed estates, big boys
eating worms and shouting words you don't understand.
My parents' anxiety stirred like a loose tooth
in my head. *I want our own country*, I said.

But then you forget, or don't recall, or change,
and, seeing your brother swallow a slug, feel only
a [skelf](#) of shame. I remember my tongue
shedding its skin like a snake, my voice
in the classroom sounding just like the rest. Do I only think
I lost a river, culture, speech, sense of first space
and the right place? Now, *Where do you come from?*
strangers ask. *Originally?* And I hesitate.

Emigration: the act of leaving one's own country to settle permanently in another;
moving abroad.

Skelf: a splinter or sliver of wood.

Text 4 – Fiction extract

It All – Joshua Lobb

'Will you never have done?...
Will you never have done... revolving it all?... It?...It all...
In your poor mind... It all... It all.'
-Samuel Beckett, *Footfalls*

We hunt, we gather. We traverse the plains; clear the land. We fight over dirt. We build cities out of mud. We savour the breath of strangers. The stench in the market is overwhelming. We vote to build thicker walls. The barbarians get in anyway. The burning air smells like charred boar. We stumble for days along an old highway. We step away from the old man coughing, spots of blood spattering the dirt. The earth is dry. We till, we harvest. We drag our merchandise through the city gates. We trip over horseshit and straw. We jostle to get the best view of the executions. Beer pours down our throats. We spend a night, two nights, ignoring the fever. The pustules burst our skin. The city gates slam. The air is thick with rotting fruit and panic. We let it all burn. We construct new temples in the city square. The air tastes like venison stew. We find room in the boarding house. There's blood on the pillow. There's shouting all night. We strow slops out the window. In the harbour, moor shops arrive: hulls bumping into each other like restless cattle. The salty air beckons. Rats gnaw at rope. Our chest tightens, our rib cages ache. We breathe in new constellations. The sand is soft and white. We wipe the slate clean. We shoot, we expel, we offer diseased blankets. We build fences. We serve roast lamb. The empire calls. We dig trenches in the mud. There's a hole in the barbed wire and they keep climbing through. The troop ship wheezes into port. No one disembarks. We turn off the radio. We buy, we sell. We turn on the television. We move to the suburbs. Do you like my picket fence? The air smells like barbecue and pesticides. We stretch plastic over leftover meatloaf. We dream of exotic destinations. We fly there in a day. There's a rip in the sky. Our throat is a little scratchy. Is it hot tonight? We party hard. We feel fine. What do you mean, the beach is closed? In the city centre, there's a tourist site: a crumbling chunk of stone. There are no tourists. We hold our breath as we pass each other in the supermarket. We secure the borders. We build enclaves, or arks, or bunkers. We fight over toilet paper. We hold our breath, and wait.

End of Text 4

END OF PAPER