

Student Number: _____



KINCOPPAL – ROSE BAY
SCHOOL OF THE SACRED HEART

Year 12 English Advanced 2023

Trial Examination

Question Booklet

General Instructions

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Working time – 90 minutes
- Write using black pen

Section I: 20 marks

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

Section II: 20 Marks

- Attempt Question 6
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section I: Texts and Human Experiences

20 marks

Attempt Questions 1 – 5

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Read the texts on pages 2 – 7 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

Question 1 (4 marks)

Text 1 – Poem

Analyse how Eckermann highlights the experience of cultural conflict.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Question 2 (3 marks)

Text 2 – Book Cover

How do the visual and language features highlight the tension between society and the individual?

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Question 3 (4 marks)

Text 3 – Short Story Extract

Evaluate how Text 3 uses narrative voice to represent conflicting perspectives.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Question 4 (4 marks)

Text 4 – Memoir Extract

Analyse how Obama shows the influence of past experience upon personal perspective.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Question 5 (5 marks)

Texts one, two, three and four

Compare how TWO texts represent different perspectives of power and exclusion.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

End of Section I

Section II

20 Marks

Answer Question 6 in a separate writing booklet.

Extra writing booklets are available.

In your responses 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

Powerful stories represent unique personal experiences that prompt the audience to reflect on their shared humanity.

To what extent does this statement align with your understanding of your prescribed text?

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 Drama
- 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

Student Number: _____



KINCOPPAL – ROSE BAY
SCHOOL OF THE SACRED HEART

Year 12 English Advanced 2023

Task 3 Stimulus Booklet

August 21, 2023

Section I	Text 1: Poem	Page 2
	Text 2: Visual Text	Page 4
	Text 3: Short Story Extract	Page 5
	Text 4: Memoir Extract	Page 7

Section I

20 marks

Attempt Questions 1 – 5

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Examine **Texts one, two, three and four** carefully and then answer the questions in the question 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 – Poem

“The Extinction Of Kindness”

Ali Cobby Eckermann

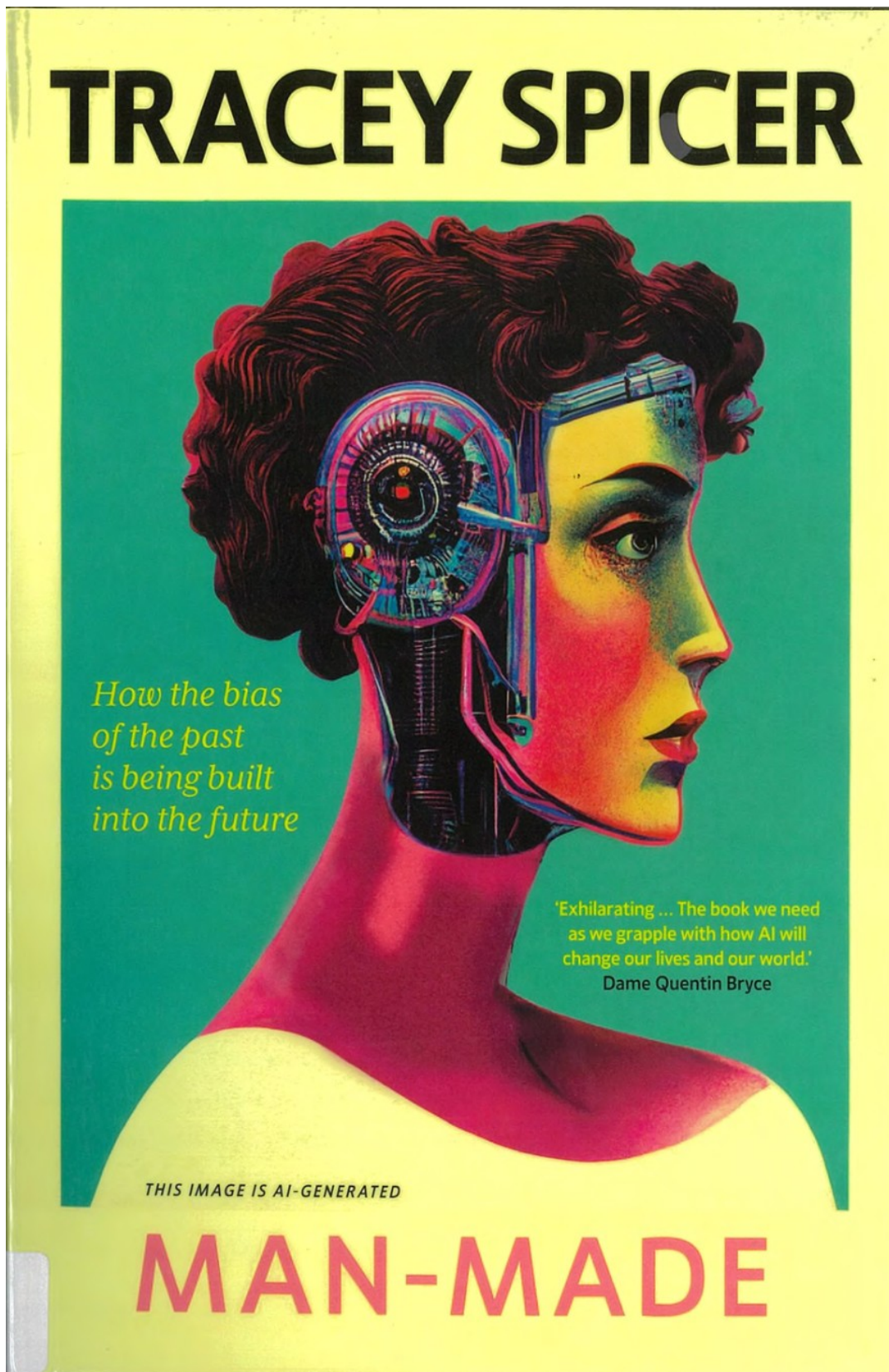
get out of here someone yells
before the paddy wagons cruise past
a threat of death on rubber tyres

behind garbage bins we gather
hysterical at this insane game
smashing bottles over our heads

in the restaurant you tip your glass
savour food that you did not grow
pay with money you do not merit

once all people sat and ate together
every person sated in understanding
a mutual love the cultural lore

paddy wagons patrol their threats
behind the bins we are starving
we watch kindness become extinct



Text 3 – Short Story Extract

Stepmother

SJ Norman

The National Gallery, monumental ode to brutalist concrete, surrounded by acres of car park. A banner unfurled down its side announced the arrival of The Queen's Pictures, the big mid-year exhibition. A selection of paintings from the Windsor family vault would be gracing the colonies with their presence for three months.

The two of them walked ahead of me, her heels making a hasty racket past the Yolngu log coffins and through several rooms of Papunya canvases, seething with the colours of the desert. Eventually we reached the antechamber of the main exhibition space and found our place at the end of the queue, a heaving congregation of quiet bodies, rain-spattered jackets and damp beanies, inching down the corridor towards the exhibition entrance. There were two invigilators at the door to the gallery, one manning the grunting ticket machine, the other standing at one end of a velvet rope, unhooking it periodically to let punters through in clusters. We waited our turn. My father's arm around her waist. All of us shivering, the wet soles of our shoes streaking the floor.

The faces of angels. Virgin and child. Monarch in profile. From the workshop of. Attributed to. Virgin and child. A woman, carrying a man's head on a platter. Looking pleased with herself. Three strange, Flemish children, dark eyes, skin like dough. Cherries and small oranges. Man with fur collar and medallions. Cleft chin, flat plane of burgundy behind. A king. A merchant. Two women and a man adoring the holy newborn. Virgin and child. The women's hands clasped in prayer. Virgin and child. The man's fingers, pincer'd, slightly camp, delivering a blessing. The baby cocks one leg up. Virgin and child. Sometimes soft, rendered fleshy, drapery spilling from the body of Mary. Blue sky behind. Others, flat. Sideways, elongated, Byzantine. Peeling gilt, angels stuffed in the corners. The faces of angels. Virgin and child. Psyche exposed on a rock. Two nymphs and a satyr. The worshippers of Dionysus. Women with blood in their teeth. Animal skins. Panels for the decoration of a palace interior. Albrecht Dürer. The muscular faces of the Black Forest. Death, always, stuffed in a corner. The faces of angels. The Italians with their saints and the British with their nobility. Mermaid feeding her young. There are seven of them, all boys. She has a breast for each of them. Seven breasts. All suckling.

The frothing ocean. Looking pleased with herself. Virgin and child. This one: Christ child, a beefy suburban toddler. The kind of kid who would hassle the neighbour's cat. Mary's firm bicep, visible under her sleeve.

We moved from room to room, like insects devouring a carcass. I was fascinated by the portraits of European noblewomen. It was their enhanced silhouettes that held particular appeal. The rooms were chronologically ordered and every one revealed a new stage in the evolution of corsetry, beginning with the rigid triangles of the Elizabethans through to the cinched hourglass of the Victorians. I was prepubescently potato-shaped and I regretted not living in an era of stiff bodices and long skirts. I was reminded, on a daily basis, both of my so-called girl-ness and my failure at executing girl-ness to the satisfaction of other so-called girls. 'Womanhood' was an as yet remote and compelling proposition: among other things it seemed as though woman-ness was something you could put on and take off. It had forms that were standardised and replicable. Looking at rooms full of corsetted waists, I felt some kind of relief. I wondered what it would be like to have an exoskeleton like that. To always be so upright, to be so held, to relinquish your form to that whalebone embrace.

She was walking ahead of me. Having shed her rabbit fur, her flesh was uncontained. The black bodysuit was truncated by a leather skirt, taut over the mound of her arse. She would pause every time we passed a religious icon, sometimes going so far as to raise her hands to her mouth in something close to a gesture of prayer. My father was fond of the more vanilla Gainsboroughs and any picture with a seafaring theme. He looked at the tall ships with the same captivated longing as I looked at the Victorian silhouettes. A mutual tendency to indulge in period-themed escape fantasies is one of a few things my father and I have always had in common.

We spent almost as long in the gift shop as we did in the exhibition. They bought a framed print of a Turner for the study. I selected a couple of postcards. Andrea del Sarto's Red Virgin. Vincenzo Catena's Salome (for my mother). A Gainsborough of a woman on a swing, suspended in a green cave of summer foliage. And from the workshop of Giulio Romano, the glorious seven-titted mermaid feeding her young.

Text 4: Memoir Extract

Becoming

Michelle Obama

ON CLYBOURN AVENUE IN CHICAGO, JUST NORTH OF downtown, there was a strange paradise, seemingly built for the working parent, seemingly built for me: a standard, supremely American, got-it-all strip mall. It had a Baby Gap, a Best Buy, a Gymboree, and a CVS, plus a handful of other chains, small and large, meant to take care of any urgent consumer need, be it a toilet plunger, or a ripe avocado, or a child-sized bathing cap. There was also a nearby Container Store and a Chipotle, which made things even better. This was my place. I could park the car, whip through two or three stores as needed, pick up a burrito bowl, and be back at my desk inside sixty minutes. I excelled at the lunchtime blitz -- the replacing of lost socks, the purchasing of gifts for whatever five-year-old was having a birthday party on Saturday, the stocking and restocking of juice boxes and single-serving applesauce cups.

Sasha and Malia were three and six years old now, feisty, smart, and growing fast. Their energy left me breathless. Which only added to the occasional allure of the shopping plaza. There were times when I'd sit in the parked car and eat my fast food alone with the car radio playing, overcome with relief, impressed with my efficiency. This was life with little kids. This was what sometimes passed for achievement. I had the applesauce. I was eating a meal. Everyone was still alive.

Look how I'm managing, I wanted to say in those moments, to my audience of no one. *Does everyone see that I'm pulling this off?*

This was me at the age of forty, a little bit June Cleaver, a little bit Mary Tyler Moore. On my better days, I gave myself credit for making it happen. The balance of my life was elegant only from a distance, and only if you squinted, but there was at least something there that resembled balance. The hospital job had turned out to be a good one, challenging and satisfying and in line with my beliefs. It astonished me, actually, to see how a big esteemed institution like a university medical centre with ninety-five hundred employees traditionally operated, run primarily by academics who did medical research and wrote papers and who also, in general, seemed to find the neighbourhood around them so scary that they wouldn't even cross an off-campus street. For me, that fear was galvanizing. It got me out of bed in the morning.

I'd spent most of my life living alongside those barriers -- noting the nervousness of white people in my neighbourhood, registering all the subtle ways people with any sort of influence seemed to gravitate away from my home community and into clusters of affluence that seemed increasingly far removed. Here was an invitation to undo some of that, to knock down barriers where I could -- mostly

by encouraging people to get to know one another. I was well supported by my new boss, given the freedom to build my own program, creating a stronger relationship between the hospital and its neighbouring community. I started with one person working for me but eventually led a team of twenty-two. I instituted programs to take hospital staff and trustees out into neighbourhoods around the South Side, having them visit community centres and schools, signing them up to be tutors, mentors, and science-fair judges, getting them to try the local barbecue joints. We brought local kids in to job shadow hospital employees, set up a program to increase the number of neighbourhood people volunteering in the hospital, and worked with a summer academic institute through the medical school, encouraging students in the community to consider medicine as a career. After realising that the hospital system could be better about hiring minority- and women-owned businesses for its contracted work, I helped set up the Office of Business Diversity as well.

Finally, there was the issue of people desperately needing care. The South Side had just over a million residents and a dearth of medical providers, not to mention a population that was disproportionately affected by the kinds of chronic conditions that tend to afflict the poor -- asthma, diabetes, hypertension, heart disease. With huge numbers of people uninsured and many others dependent on Medicaid, patients regularly jammed the university hospital's emergency room, often seeking what amounted to routine non-emergency treatment or having gone so long without preventive care that they were now in dire need of help. The problem was glaring, expensive, inefficient, and stressful for everyone involved. ER visits did little to improve anyone's long-term health, either. Trying to address this problem became an important focus for me. Among other things, we began hiring and training patient advocates -- friendly, helpful local people, generally -- who could sit with patients in the ER, helping them set up follow-up appointments at community health centres and educating them on where they could go to get decent and affordable regular care.

My work was interesting and rewarding, but still I had to be careful not to let it consume me. I felt I owed that to my girls. Our decision to let Barack's career proceed as it had -- to give him the freedom to shape and pursue his dreams -- led me to tamp down my own efforts at work. Almost deliberately, I'd numbed myself somewhat to my ambition, stepping back in moments when I'd normally step forward. I'm not sure anyone around me would have said I wasn't doing enough, but I was always aware of everything I could have followed through on and didn't. There were certain small-scale projects I chose not to take on. There were young employees whom I could have mentored better than I did. You hear all the time about the trade-offs of being a working mother. These were mine. If I'd once been someone who threw herself completely into every task, I was now more cautious, protective of my time, knowing I had to maintain enough energy for life at home.

END OF PAPER