



Newington College

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# English Advanced

2023 Trial Examination

Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

Question and Writing Booklet

## GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS

- Reading time: 10 minutes
- Working time: 1 hour 30 minutes
- Write using black or blue pen
- Attempt ALL questions
- Do NOT write in pencil
- Write your Student Number on the front of each writing booklet
- You may ask for extra writing booklets if you need more space

## TOTAL MARKS – 40

### Section 1

Pages 2–8

### 20 marks

Allow about 45 minutes for this section.

Questions 1–4

20 marks

Attempt Questions 1–4 in this booklet.

Space is provided for each question.

### Section 2

Page 9

### 20 marks

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

## Section I

20 marks

Attempt Questions 1-4

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Read the texts in the Stimulus Booklet carefully and then answer the questions in the spaces provided. These spaces provide guidance for the expected length of response. Extra booklets are available if more space is needed.

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In your answers 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
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**Question 1 (4 marks)**

**Text 1 – Poem**

How does the poet use language to represent the baker's talent?

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

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Question 2 (4 marks)

Text 2 – Article extract

How does the article convey the responses humans have to extreme weather?

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

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**Question 3 (5 marks)**

**Text 3 – Prose fiction extract**

Analyse how the author uses the narrator's point of view to present the human qualities and emotions associated with relationships.

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Question 3 continues on page 6

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

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### Question 4 (7 marks)

## Text 4 – Image from website and Text 5 – Non-fiction article extract

Compare and contrast how The Museum of Modern Art website and 'Into the Void' inspire a sense of curiosity and wonder.

[illegible]

Question 4 continues on page 8

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

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Section II on next page



## Section II

20 marks

Attempt Question 6

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the question in the Section II Writing Booklet. Extra writing booklets are available.

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In your answers 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
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### Question 6 (20 marks)

How has your study of your prescribed text shaped your appreciation for the ways literature can challenge our assumptions about human experience?

The prescribed texts are listed in the Stimulus Booklet.

End of examination



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# English Advanced

2023 Trial Examination

Paper One – Texts and Human Experiences

Stimulus Booklet

## **SECTION ONE**

Text one – Poem

Text two – Non-fiction extract

Text three – Prose extract

Text four – Website image

Text five – Non-fiction article extract

## Section I

### Text 1 – Poem

#### Loaves and Days

He throws the ball of dough  
up above the head. His eyelids  
are thick with broken sleep,  
his hands white with flour. Lightning  
hands. The rhythm in this tossing  
and catching is mesmerising,  
the unconsciousness of hands  
that fling and pluck and fling again.  
As if the precious organs of the body  
have replaced the dough—a liver  
striving for the ceiling, a kidney falling  
to an open palm. A heart that is stretched,  
kneaded and pumped, then plonked  
on the waiting tray. Loaves edging forward  
on rollers into a heat that will turn  
sourdough golden and cook the crust  
of the pumpernickel until it's hard  
as a fist. Loaves running together  
like the hours and minutes spent  
in the fluorescent glare of Gino's Bakery.  
When he watches the last of them  
slide away, he sees only bread,  
not the tables they'll adorn like cut flowers,  
not the man who never cuts an even slice,  
or the woman who lifts up the rye  
on a breadboard shaped like a bell.  
He's had enough of this job, doesn't care  
if he never bakes another loaf,  
but he loves this moment  
when he steps out of the furnace  
into the cool darkness of a Petersham street,  
runs his hand through his hair  
and gazes up at the black wires  
where the dawn birds line up,  
fidgeting like choirboys about to sing.

ANDY KISSANE

## Text 2 – Non-fiction extract

### Flooding back

When it rains, Brisbane disappears. The skyscrapers in the CBD first, then the steel cradle of the Story Bridge, Newstead Park's white wooden rotunda and Norfolk pines, then the waterfront mansions in Bulimba. It all goes. From Hamilton Hill, you can mostly tell which way the weather's coming; blustery storms scudding inland from the ocean, or banks of heavy cloud hauling over the western ranges towards the river mouth.

But sometimes the downpour's so monsoonal, so battering and changeable, it's impossible to orient yourself at all.

This time, the rain settles in like a mood: pattering, then driving diagonally, pausing, sheeting, stuttering. Early on, there are breaks in the cloud patches of light. Then they close over, and there's only hanging sky, lowering and black. The wind lifts, and the rainfall intensifies.

It's smashing down now, belting in sideways like a firehose at full blast. Wind howls through the gaps in the window seals. Palm trees whip sideways. Traffic on Kingsford Smith Drive stalls, then thins. Caught in the yellow downlights, the downpour's noirish, cinematic.

Morning, and the rain's still falling, no end to it. It's dumping on the city in waves. The river's swollen, pale grey: a pour of cement dragging trees and dead limbs. Bergs bob on the surface, white and red, small items that are impossible to identify at distance. Outside, the fig trees thrash and rustle.

The first swell of detritus<sup>1</sup> rounds the bend from Newstead. There's an overturned red fibreglass kayak skittling in the current. Then a pontoon, tracing the same trajectory. A friend texts: part of a concrete walkway has broken free at Howard Smith Wharves. It's like the city's breaking up, fragmenting, splintering into its composite parts.

The sky is graphite, smudged and undefined. On the Gold Coast, my mother's watching the canal invade her backyard, reporting on the phone. "You can't even see the boat ramp," she says. "It's right up to the bottom of the deck." A call from a friend in New Farm: her car park's flooding and her power is going to be off for days. She says she doesn't have much food: she's boiling all her eggs and potatoes.

The markers of order are untethered<sup>2</sup>: a traffic cone, a section of fencing, marine markers and mooring pylons slide past. Text messages ping from friends in Melbourne and Sydney: *You okay?*

A video of Toombul shopping centre rolls on my phone: Kedron Brook, the thin creek that winds behind it, is now a vast brown torrent sweeping through the shops, the car park, smashing everything in its wake. The man filming it gasps, impressed.

Text 2 continues on page 4.

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<sup>1</sup> **Detritus:** Waste or cast-off material

<sup>2</sup> **Untethered:** Untied; released or freed from something

When the sunshine comes, it's sudden, hot, stinking. The sky, a hallucinatory blue. I take a walk by the river. A barge loaded with a broken crane slides past, The joggers in front of me stop to watch.

At the supermarket, the produce section's empty, and there is only six bottles of full-cream milk left in the fridge. The cashier looks exhausted. In the parking lot there's a busker I've never seen before, playing a saxophone mournfully. Tunelessly. In the sky, a double rainbow, vivid and sharp. We all stop to take a photograph. Then the rain starts again.

**SARAH HOLLAND-BATT**

### Text 3 – Fiction extract

#### Cold Enough For Snow

When we left the hotel it was raining, a light, fine rain, as can sometimes happen in Tokyo in October. I said that where we were going was not far – we would only need to get to the station, the same one that we had arrived at yesterday, and then catch two trains and walk a little down some small streets until we got to the museum. It was early morning and the street was filled with people, most walking away from the station, rather than towards it as we were. All the while, my mother stayed close to me, as if she felt that the flow of the crowd was a current, and that if we were separated, we would not be able to make our way back to each other, but continue to drift further and further apart. The rain was gentle, and consistent. It left a fine layer of water on the ground, which was not asphalt, but a series of small, square tiles, if you cared enough to notice.

We had arrived the night before. My plane landed an hour before my mother's and I waited for her at the airport. When she came out of the gates, I recognised her immediately, even from a distance, somehow by the way she held herself or the way she walked, without being able to clearly see her face. Up close, I noticed that she continued to dress with care. I saw too that she had with her a large suitcase, the same one I remembered from our childhood. She'd kept it on top of the cupboard in her room, where it had loomed over us, mostly unused, only brought down for the few trips she'd made back to Hong Kong, like for when her father died, and then her brother. There was hardly a mark on it, and even now, it seemed almost new.

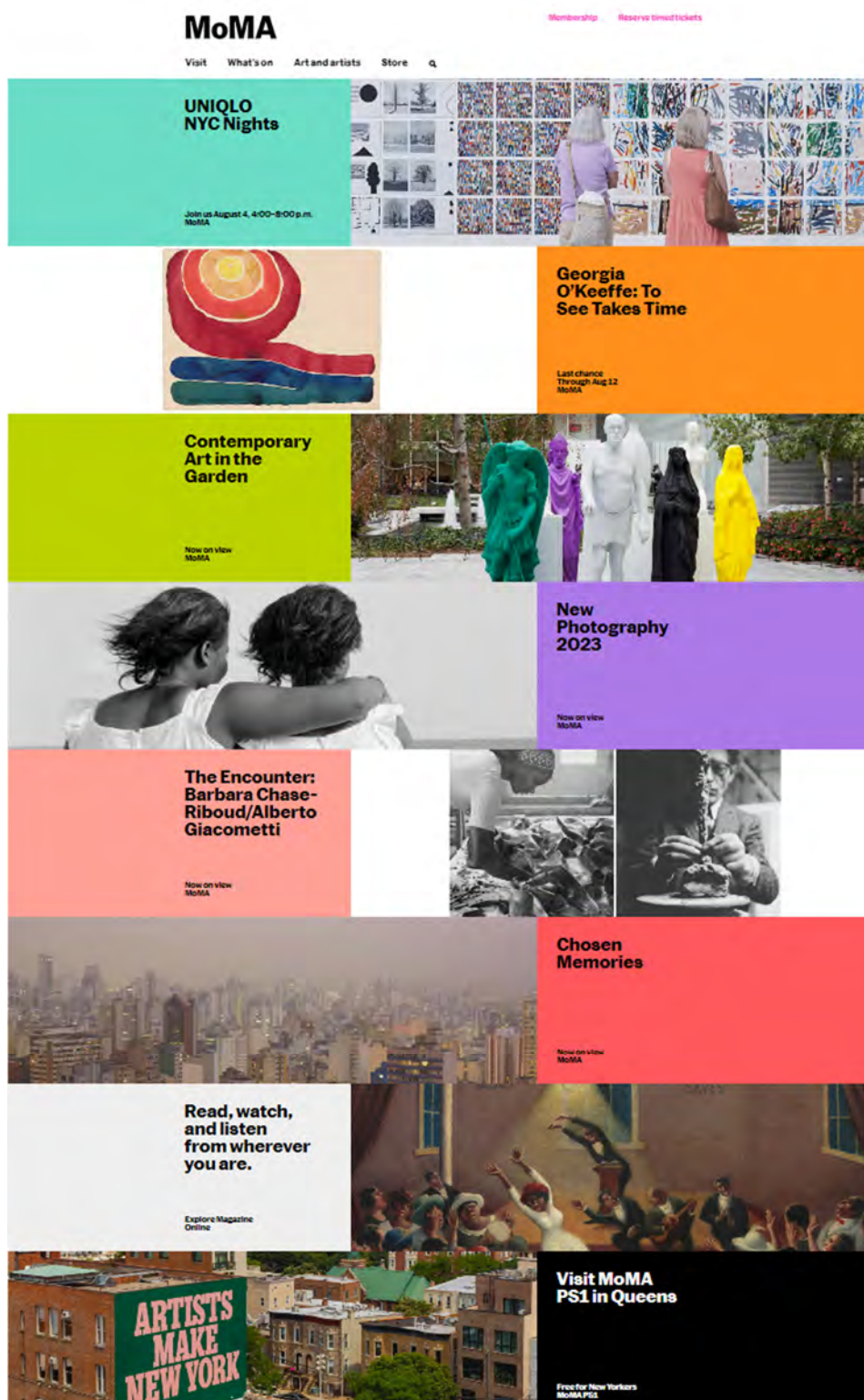
Earlier in the year, I had asked her to come with me on a trip to Japan. We did not live in the same city anymore, and had never really been away together as adults, but I was beginning to feel that it was important, for reasons I could not yet name. I had chosen Japan because I had been there before, and although my mother had not, I thought she might be more at ease exploring another part of Asia. And perhaps I felt that this would put us on equal footing in some way, to both be made strangers. I had decided on autumn, because it had always been our favourite season. The gardens and parks would be at their most beautiful then; the late season, everything almost gone. I had not anticipated that it might still be a time for typhoons. Already the weather reports had contained several warnings, and it had been raining steadily since our arrival.

At the station, I gave my mother her metro card and we passed through the turnstiles. We took our place obediently and the train arrived within minutes. There was a single spare seat close to the door, and I indicated that she should sit, while I stood next to her and watched as the stations passed us by. It struck me that the last time I had been here, I was with Laurie, and thinking on and off about my mother. And now, I was here with her, thinking on and off about him, about how we had rushed around the city from morning to long after dark, seeing everything, taking in everything. During that trip, it was like we were children again, mad and excitable, endlessly talking, endlessly laughing, always hungry for more. I remember thinking that I had wanted to share some of this with my mother, even if just a small amount. It was after that journey that I had begun learning Japanese, as if subconsciously planning for this one.

JESSICA AU

## Text 4 – Website image

The Museum of Modern Art (MOMA), New York.



## Text 5 – Non-fiction article extract

### Into the Void

The jokes came easily for Thomas Bania when he began studying the properties of the empty space beyond our solar system. “I remember the look on my father's face when I was in graduate school,” he says. “I told him I was an expert in nothing.”

Most of us can see why Bania's dad hesitated over his son's choice of specialism. The exciting bits of the universe are the shining stars, the exotic planets, the icy comets. Isn't interstellar space just a featureless void—and so far away as to be tough to study anyway?

Not so. All the atoms in the universe's stars and planets account for only a piffling<sup>3</sup> 4 per cent of its regular matter. The rest is spread out thinly in the gaps between the stars, in interstellar and intergalactic space. By that measure, what we normally think of as ‘empty space’ isn't nothing—it's almost everything.

Over the past decade or so, researchers like Bania have been showing that interstellar space is deeply fascinating. This so-called nothingness is brimming with exotic molecules, pulsating with radio waves and divided into galactic bubbles, each with their own character. Now, as we are beginning to map out our place within the void more keenly, we are coming to see that this variety matters immensely – and that as the solar system heads towards a new region of interstellar space, there could be important ramifications for life in Earth.

We are used to living in a thick soup of atmosphere. In a cubic centimetre of air, a volume the size of a six-sided dice, there are trillions of atoms, Gas, dust, water vapour, viruses, pollen and more all waft around. Just beyond our atmosphere, however, in interplanetary space, the conditions are close to a perfect vacuum. “Space is huge, and it's mostly empty,” says Seth Redfield at Wesleyan University in Connecticut. Out there the same volume contains, on average, just five atoms.

This matter mostly consists of charged particles streaming out from the sun as the solar wind. We have known for decades about this flow of material and how it creates a protective zone around the solar system called the heliosphere<sup>4</sup>. It cocoons us from high-energy cosmic rays shooting at us from deep space—and a good thing too, because those rays can damage the cells and DNA in living things. Radiation levels are 8 to 10 times higher outside this zone. “Without our heliosphere, would life even exist?” asks Jamie Rankin at Princeton University. Much about this crucial zone remains a mystery for a long time, though, not least where it ends and where interstellar space begins.

JONATHAN O'CALLAGHAN

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<sup>3</sup> **Piffling:** Trivial or unimportant.

<sup>4</sup> **Heliosphere** The region of space encompassing the solar system.



## Section II

The prescribed texts for Section II are:

### Prose fiction

- Doerr, Anthony, *All the Light We Cannot See*
- Lohrey, Amanda, *Vertigo*
- Orwell, George, *Nineteen Eighty-Four*
- Parrett, Favel, *Past the Shallows*

### Poetry

- Dobson, Rosemary, *Rosemary Dobson Collected*: 'Young Girl at a Window', 'Over the Hill', 'Summer's End', 'The Conversation', 'Cock Crow', 'Amy Caroline', 'Canberra Morning',
- Slessor, Kenneth, *Selected Poems*: 'Wild Grapes', 'Gulliver', 'Out of Time', 'Vesper-Song of the Reverend Samuel Marsden', 'William Street', 'Beach Burial'

### Drama

- Harrison, Jane, *Rainbow's End*
- Miller, Arthur, *The Crucible*

### Shakespearean Drama

- Shakespeare, William, *The Merchant of Venice*

### Nonfiction

- Winton, Tim, *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'
- Yousafzai, Malala & Lamb, Christina, *I am Malala*

### Film

- Daldry, Stephen, *Billy Elliot*

### Media

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

End of examination