



TRIAL
HIGHER SCHOOL
CERTIFICATE
EXAMINATION

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

Student Number

2023

English Advanced

Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

-
- Reading time – 10 minutes
 - Working time – 1 hour and 30 minutes
 - Write using black pen
 - A Stimulus Booklet is provided with this paper
 - Write your Student Number at the top of this page for Section I
 - Write your Student Number at the top of any Writing Booklets used for Section II

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

Section II – 20 marks (pages 10–13)

- Attempt ONE question from Questions 5 (a) – 5 (n)
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

BLANK PAGE

Section I

20 marks

Attempt Questions 1–4

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Read the texts on pages 2–9 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 – Memoir extract

Analyse how Lori Gottlieb explores the value of compassion.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Question 1 continues on page 4

Question 1 (continued)

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

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

End of Question 1

Question 2 (6 marks)

Text 2 – Poem and Text 3 – Feature article extract

Compare how Sarah Holland-Batt and Stephanie Judd represent the experience of change.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Question 2 continues on page 6

Question 2 (continued)

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

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

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

End of Question 2

Question 3 (6 marks)

Text 4 – Prose fiction extract

How does Andrew Grace convey the significance of playing baseball?

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Question 3 (continued)

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

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

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

End of Question 3

Question 4 (4 marks)

Text 5 – Prose fiction extract

How does Adriana Lunardi represent the relationship between characters?

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

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

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Section II

20 marks

Attempt ONE question from Questions 5 (a) – 5 (n)

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the question in the Writing Booklet provided. Extra Writing Booklets are available.

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 (a) – Prose Fiction – Anthony Doerr, *All the Light We Cannot See* (20 marks)

How effectively does Doerr explore hope as a human experience in *All the Light We Cannot See*?

In your response, make reference to the prescribed text.

OR

Question 5 (b) – Prose Fiction – Amanda Lohrey, *Vertigo* (20 marks)

How effectively does Lohrey explore resilience as a human experience in *Vertigo*?

In your response, make reference to the prescribed text.

OR

Question 5 (c) – Prose Fiction – George Orwell, *Nineteen Eighty-Four* (20 marks)

How effectively does Orwell explore fear as a human experience in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*?

In your response, make reference to the prescribed text.

OR

Question 5 (d) – Prose Fiction – Favel Parrett, *Past the Shallows* (20 marks)

How effectively does Parrett explore love as a human experience in *Past the Shallows*?

In your response, make reference to the prescribed text.

OR

Question 5 (e) – Poetry – Rosemary Dobson, *Rosemary Dobson Collected* (20 marks)

How effectively does Dobson explore pain as a human experience in *Rosemary Dobson Collected*?

In your response, make reference to the prescribed text.

The prescribed poems are:

- *Young Girl at a Window*
- *Over the Hill*
- *Summer's End*
- *The Conversation*
- *Cock Crow*
- *Amy Caroline*
- *Canberra Morning*

OR

Question 5 (f) – Poetry – Kenneth Slessor, *Selected Poems* (20 marks)

How effectively does Slessor explore nostalgia as a human experience in *Selected Poems*?

In your response, make reference to the prescribed text.

The prescribed poems are:

- *Wild Grapes*
- *Gulliver*
- *Out of Time*
- *Vesper-Song of the Reverend Samuel Marsden*
- *William Street*
- *Beach Burial*

OR

Question 5 (g) – Drama – Jane Harrison, *Rainbow's End*, from Vivienne Cleven et. A., *Contemporary Indigenous Plays* (20 marks)

How effectively does Harrison explore forgiveness as a human experience in *Rainbow's End*?

In your response, make reference to the prescribed text.

OR

Question 5 (h) – Drama – Arthur Miller, *The Crucible* (20 marks)

How effectively does Miller explore revenge as a human experience in *The Crucible*?

In your response, make reference to the prescribed text.

OR

Question 5 (i) – Shakespearean Drama – William Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice* (20 marks)

How effectively does Shakespeare explore justice as a human experience in *The Merchant of Venice*?

In your response, make reference to the prescribed text.

OR

Question 5 (j) – Nonfiction – Tim Winton, *The Boy Behind the Curtain* (20 marks)

How effectively does Winton explore growing up as a human experience in *The Boy Behind the Curtain*?

In your response, make reference to the prescribed text.

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*

OR

Question 5 (k) – Nonfiction – Malala Yousafzai and Christina Lamb, *I am Malala* (20 marks)

How effectively do Yousafzai and Lamb explore courage as a human experience in *I am Malala*?

In your response, make reference to the prescribed text.

OR

Question 5 (l) – Film – Stephen Daldry, *Billy Elliot* (20 marks)

How effectively does Daldry explore autonomy as a human experience in *Billy Elliot*?

In your response, make reference to the prescribed text.

OR

Question 5 (m) – Media – Ivan O’Mahony, *Go Back to Where You Came From* (20 marks)

How effectively does O’Mahoney explore prejudice as a human experience in *Go Back to Where You Came From*?

In your response, make reference to the prescribed text.

The prescribed episodes are:

- *Series 1: Episodes 1, 2 and 3*
and
- *The Response*

OR

Question 5 (n) – Media – Lucy Walker, *Waste Land* (20 marks)

How effectively does Walker explore responsibility as a human experience in *Waste Land*?

In your response, make reference to the prescribed text.

End of paper



TRIAL
HIGHER SCHOOL
CERTIFICATE
EXAMINATION

2023

English Advanced

Paper 1 – Texts and the Human Experiences

Stimulus Booklet

Section 1

	Page
Text 1 – Memoir Extract.....	2-3
Text 2 – Poem.....	4
Text 3 – Feature Article Extract.....	5
Text 4 – Prose Fiction Extract.....	6-7
Text 5 – Prose Fiction Extract.....	8-9

Text 1 – Memoir Extract

Forgiveness is a tricky thing, in the way that apologies can be. Are you apologising because it makes you feel better or because it will make the other person feel better? Are you sorry for what you've done or are you simply trying to placate the other person who believes you should be sorry for the thing you feel completely justified in having done? Who is the apology for?

There's a term we use in therapy: forced forgiveness. Sometimes people feel that in order to get past a trauma, they need to forgive whoever caused the damage – the parent who hit them, the burglar who robbed their house, the gang member who killed their son. They're told by well-meaning people that until they can forgive, they'll hold on to the anger. Granted, for some, forgiveness can serve as a powerful release – you forgive the person who wronged you, without condoning his actions, and it allows you to move on. But too often people feel pressured to forgive and then end up believing that something's wrong with them if they can't quite get there – that they aren't enlightened enough or strong enough or compassionate enough.

So what I say is this: You can have compassion without forgiving. There are many ways to move on, and pretending to feel a certain way isn't one of them.

I once had a client named Dave who had a problematic relationship with his father. His father was, by his account, a bully – demeaning, critical, and full of himself. He had alienated both of his sons from a young age; like a barren tree in an autumn forest, his father cast a shadow of estrangement over his relationship with his boys. But then, when Dave was fifty, his father was dying. And Dave, married with children of his own, struggled with what to say at his father's funeral. What would ring true? He told me that as his father lay on his deathbed, he had reached out for his son's hand and said, out of the blue, "I wish I'd treated you better. I was a prick."

Dave was livid – did his father expect absolution now, at the eleventh hour? The time to make repairs, he felt, was long before you left this earth, not on the eve of your departure; you don't automatically get the gift of closure or forgiveness from a deathbed confession.

He couldn't help himself. "I don't forgive you," Dave told his dad. He hated himself for saying this, regretted it the second it came out.

Text 1 continues on page 3

But after all the pain his father had put him through and all the work he'd done to create a good life for himself and his family, he'd be damned if he was going to soothe his father now with a sugary lie. He'd spent his childhood lying about how he felt. Still, Dave wondered, what kind of person says this to his dying father?

Dave had started to apologize, but his father interrupted him. "I understand," he said. said. "If I were you, I wouldn't forgive me either."

And then the strangest thing happened, Dave told me. Sitting there holding his father's hand, Dave felt something shift. He felt, for the first time in his life, genuine compassion.

Not forgiveness, but compassion. Compassion for the dazed and dying man dealing with his own pain. And it was that compassion that allowed Dave to speak authentically at his father's funeral.

LORI GOTTLIEB

Extract from *Maybe You Should Talk to Someone*

End of Text 1

Text 2 – Poem

The Art of Disappearing

The moon that broke on the fencepost will not hold.
Desire will not hold. Memory will not hold.
The house you grew up in; its eaves; its attic will not hold.
The still lives and the Botticellis* will not hold.
The white peaches in the bowl will not hold.
Something is always about to happen.
You get married, you change your name,
and the sun you wore like a scarf on your wrist has vanished.
It is an art, this ever more escaping grasp of things;
imperatives will not still it – no *stay* or *wait* or *keep*
to seize the disappeared and hold it clear, like pain.
So tell the car idling in the street to go on;
tell the skirmish of chesspieces to go on;
tell the scraps of paper, the lines to go on.
It is winter: that means the blossoms are gone,
That means the days are getting shorter.
And the dark water flows endlessly on.

SARAH HOLLAND-BATT

*Botticellis *paintings by Botticelli, a famous Italian painter of the early Renaissance*

End of Text 2

Text 3 - Feature Article Extract

In January of last year, the plans I had for my life were ripped out from under me when my then-fiancé called our wedding off, five weeks from the date. I was dazed for months. Everything was in disarray. Focus and appetite and energy were utterly obliterated and instead this heavy, heavy lethargy set in. Nothing I did could change it.

I recall taking one of my bridesmaids – one of my friends – to an exhibition at the MCA. She had flown in from overseas and so I desperately tried to summon the enthusiasm to be a good host. I couldn't tell you what the exhibition was (I couldn't tell you much about that time in my life), but I do remember one installation vividly. Suspended in a large, cavernous space were thousands of pieces of a blown-apart house. I stood there for an age. My mind was spacious and blank.

A few weeks later, the pandemic struck.

How do you shake the weight that clings to you when all the pieces of your life have been flung out of place but you can't step in and rearrange any of it? You can't distract or dilute or displace your grief with dinner parties or gigs or impulse trips to put distance between you and the bin fire that your life has become.

An uncomfortable revelation of the past couple of years has been how much I rely on changing things in my life to create a sense of momentum and satisfaction: planning trips or projects or The Next New Thing. But what do you do when you can't do any of that?

STEPHANIE JUDD

Extract from "My fiancé called off our wedding. Then the pandemic struck."

End of Text 3

Text 4 – Prose Fiction Extract

We'd play baseball until the ball was black. That didn't stop us. We threw the black ball and swung a black bat far into the darkness so that there was no limit to the game, no hits, no outs, no winning, no losing, just burning lungs and headfirst slides into sacks filled with sawdust. We'd play when the wind blew so hard it made the stones weep. The chickens were each little blizzards; the flies were immortal. If the field was too wet we'd pour gasoline on it and light it on fire. If we didn't have a ball we'd use a pinecone or a corncob or snow. If we didn't have a bat we'd use the stick the farmer's kids used to scrape corn off the walls of metal silos, or we'd use rolling pins and hit one-handed. If we didn't have a glove we'd wrap our shirt around our hand, or just use our bare palms and fingers and take the punishment of a heater, fielding raw with bone and sinew. And if we didn't have any of these, no ball, no bat, no glove, no shoes, we'd play anyways. Our minds would concoct doubleheaders under the teeming mosquitoes, pantomime eephuses and slurves* that the batter trained his or her eyes on until they unleashed their torqued torsos and outward flew imaginary grounders and loopers**. It was an honour code: if a shortstop*** leapt to snag a screamer and came down with the invisible ball, the batter never argued that, no, it had been a home run. Our minds were in sync like herding dogs pushing ewes into the shape of a cloud trapped in a box of wire. We played ball.

We lived where the ground was flat, broken only by an occasional silo or haybarn, which were only blips of objects in the otherwise implacable horizon. Out of thin air, like a magic trick, our parents created grain, animals, wood, liquor, wearable garments, eggs. Insurance was rare as giraffes. Us kids tucked our desires, insolences and pieties into the crannies of a larger drama starring adults and acreage. We dreamt of mountains and peacocks and the insomniac sea. We dreamt of Lou Gehrig, Red Rolfe, Josh Gibson**** who they say hit a 700 foot home run clean out of Yankee Stadium, something Babe Ruth**** never did, a ball that spun at the rate of a hummingbird's heart. Or, no, rather it didn't spin at all and roared frozen out of the world of baseball and into the iron galaxy of the Bronx*****.

*eephuses and sluves *types of pitches*

**grounders and loopers *types of return hits*

***shortstop *fielding position*

****Lou Gehrig, Red Rolfe, Josh Gibson...Babe Ruth *famous American baseball players*

***** the Bronx

a borough of New York City

We wanted to hit like that, to do something consequential, to lodge a legacy where it couldn't be easily gotten rid of. When we waited for the pitch, we did so with the same calibrated patience as our fathers did when they hunted, especially when they hunted wolves, when it was not just sport but a legitimate threat to livelihood and family. We were grown then.

We'd say this one's for my mother who fainted while canning beets this morning. We'd say this one's for my pet raccoon Artemis. This one's for my 12 year old brother who now has to work hustling lunch for a road crew and can't play any more. This one's for the bat itself, and the crack it makes which was our voice, the only language we had to say that we need more out of life and we intend to get it someday.

Our parents called us home, name by name floating past like herons returning to the rookery at dusk. We waited until the voices tipped slightly past annoyance into desperation before we relented. We weren't selfish. We needed a base hit like our parents needed money. We were hungry, we were labor, we were in debt as red as the seams on the ball that point beyond the horizon of the white sphere like geese in formation. Baseball was not freedom as much as it was a set of rules we understood. It was a discrete and logical world, the only place for joy.

ANDREW GRACE

Extract from "Farm League"

End of Text 4

Text 5 – Prose Fiction Extract

On the balcony, he points to the jagged rock and the crowded little houses that climb up the slope. Like a professor, he calls each thing by its name, teaching me how to look at the things he loves. That is the Dois Irmãos hill*; next to it, the favela** of Rocinha*. In the quiver of his voice, the frantic change of subject, is a rush to reveal himself. An anxiety toward the role he avoided his whole life (or mine, anyhow). That of being my father.

I hadn't yet decided what to call him. With my mom, he was always, simply, him, the pronoun indicating the same subject, the only important man in my biography. "Dad" is a word I've never had to use I already had teeth when I learned how to pronounce it – and Otávio, quite simply, demands greater intimacy than I can offer. Better to use the neutral "you" and avoid addressing him more directly.

Over there is Leblon, Ipanema* next to it, and, to the right, this one you know, the Christ statue. He presents the neighbourhoods and mountains like a feudal lord, and then watches me, anticipating my reaction. Actually, he observes me all the time, searching in my face those similarities that all relatives search for in the younger generations. Who knows, in the shape of my eyes, in the way I smile, he would find unequivocal, material proof that we are indeed father and daughter.

Nothing settles in my mind. Thoughts escape before I can clarify them. It's too much information too early, and I'm fasting, which only aggravates my discomfort. To top it off, he has this kindness in his look caramelizing everything.

I was on the verge of throwing up when the woman in uniform notified us that coffee would be served.

* Dois Irmãos hill; Leblon, Ipanema

locations in Rio De Janeiro, Brazil

**favela

a working class neighbourhood in Brazil

***Otávio

Portuguese masculine given name

Text 5 continues on page 9

of destroying him; I feel the force within me. The force of a savage caveman, who the papaya pulp until reaching the skin, tries to map the ice he walks on. I'm capable scratches. This will be my contribution to this man who, while he scrapes away at to write, however, I transferred this ferocity to words, which heal more slowly than where to begin if not by screaming. I'm a bit violent. ... Ever since I learned how with nothing to say, or, the opposite, with so much to say that they don't know There's no silence more unnerving than that between two people sitting face to face, doesn't know how to control his own instincts.

ADRIANA LUNARDI

TRANSLATED FROM THE PORTUGUESE BY ELISA WOUK ALMINO

Extract from "*Clarice*"

End of Text 5