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Student Number



2023

**Monday 7th August
Trial Examination**

English Advanced

Paper One – Texts and Human Experiences

General Instructions

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Working time – 1 hour and 30 minutes
- A Stimulus Booklet is provided with this paper

Total marks – 40

Section I Pages 2-6 20 marks

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

Section II Page 7 20 marks

- 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 2-7 of the Stimulus Booklet carefully and then answer the questions in the spaces provided. These spaces provide guidance for the expected length of the response.

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

Question 1 (3 marks)

3

Use **Text 1** to answer this question.

In what ways does Hunt celebrate the imagination?

[illegible]

Question 2 (4 marks)

4

Use **Text 2** to answer this question.

Analyse how Popova explores the way music can prompt complex emotional experiences.

[illegible]

Question 3 (3 marks)

3

Use **Text 3** to answer this question.

Explain how Zusak represents the role of storytelling throughout time.

Question 4 (4 marks)

4

Use **Text 4** to address this question.

Analyse how Limón uses metaphor to explore human behaviour.

Question 5 (6 marks)

6

Use **Text 5** to address this question.

Evaluate Oates’s use of irony to challenge assumptions about relationships.

[illegible]

Section II

20 Marks

Attempt Question 6

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer this question in a separate writing booklet.

In your answer 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:

Analyse how the representation of landscapes in your prescribed text ignites new ideas about the human experience.

In your response make reference to your prescribed text, the novel “Nineteen Eighty-Four” by George Orwell.

End of paper



English Advanced

SIC, 2023

Trial Examination

Stimulus Booklet
for
Paper One, Section I

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Section I
Text 1 – Nonfiction

A Tiger to Tea

At our house we have wondered if the silvery dewy spider webs in the early morning sun had been part of the decorations for a ball the fairies held the night before, especially if some toadstools had sprung up in the same area. We discussed it as if it were true, but it was like sharing a special secret. We all knew it was make-believe. There is nothing unspiritual about an active imagination, a token of the liberty of childhood.

One of my young friends, at three, told me about the tiger who lived in her backyard. I inquired about where she kept him and what she fed him, and she told me the details with great delight. Then I told her about the tiger who lived in my backyard. Her eyes danced as I described his strange behaviour. Then she came very close and whispered, 'Is yours a real one?' When I said it wasn't, she said confidentially, 'Mine isn't either'.

Was I encouraging her to lie? I think not. Both of us were in on the world of pretend - a legitimate adventure. How quickly we want to quench the fine spirit of childhood! Imagination is the stuff out of which creativity comes.

GLADYS HUNT

Text 2 – Feature Article

A Shelter in Time: John Berger on the Power of Music

“A rough sound was polished until it became a smoother sound, which was polished until it became music,” the poet Mark Strand wrote in his ode to the enchantment of music. Music is the most indescribable of the arts, and that may be what makes it the most powerful — the creative force best capable of giving voice and shape to our most ineffable experiences and most layered longings, of containing them and expanding them at once. It is our supreme language for the exhilaration of being alive.

I have come upon no finer definition of music than philosopher Susanne Langer’s, who conceived of it as a laboratory for feeling in time. Time, indeed, is not only the raw material of music — the fundamental building block of melody and rhythm — but also its supreme gift to the listener. A song is a shelter in time, a shelter in being — music meets us at particular moments of our lives, enters us and magnifies those moments, anchors them in the stream of life, so that each time we hear the song again the living self is transported to the lived moment, and yet transformed.

That is what the uncommonly insightful painter, poet, and writer John Berger (November 5, 1926–January 2, 2017) explores in his essay “Some Notes on Song,” composed in the last months of his life and included in his altogether wonderful final collection *Confabulations* (public library).

Berger considers how music, in bridging the universal and the deeply personal, illuminates the meaning of intimacy:

Much of what happens to us in life is nameless because our vocabulary is too poor. Most stories get told out loud because the storyteller hopes that the telling of the story can transform a nameless event into a familiar or intimate one.

We tend to associate intimacy with closeness and closeness with a certain sum of shared experiences. Yet in reality total strangers, who will never say a single word to each other, can share an intimacy — an intimacy contained in the exchange of a glance, a nod of the head, a smile, a shrug of a shoulder. A closeness that lasts for minutes or for the duration of a song that is being listened to together. An agreement about life. An agreement without clauses. A conclusion spontaneously shared between the untold stories gathered around the song.

It is the luscious corporeality of song that lends music its extraordinary powers of intimacy.

MARIA POPOVA

Text 3 – Prose fiction

Her father, Walkek Lesciuszko, brought her up the best he could. A tram driver, he had many traits and quirks, and people likened him not to Stalin himself, but a statue of him. Maybe it was the moustache. Maybe it was more. It could easily have been the stiffness of the man, or his silence, for it was a silence larger than life.

In private, though, there were other things, like he owned a grand total of thirty-nine books, and two of them he obsessed over. It's possible it was because he'd grown up in Szczecin, near the Baltic, or that he loved the Greek mythologies. Whatever the reasons, he always came back to them - a pair of epics where the characters would plough into the sea. In the kitchen, they were stationed, mid-range, on a warped but lengthy bookshelf, filed there under H:

The Iliad. The Odyssey.

While other children went to bed with stories of puppies, kittens and ponies, Penelope grew up on the *fast-running Achilles*, the *resourceful Odysseus*, and all the other names and nicknames.

There was *Zeus the cloud-compeller*.

Laughter-loving Aphrodite.

Hector, the panic maker.

Her namesake: *the patient Penelope*.

The son of Penelope and Odysseus: *the thoughtful Telemachus*.

And always one of her favourites:

Agamemnon, king of men.

On many nights, she'd lie in bed and float out on Homer's images, and their many repetitions. Over and over, the Greek armies would launch their vessels onto the *wine-dark sea*, or enter its *watery wilderness*. They'd sail towards the *rosy-fingered dawn*, and the quiet young girl was captivated; her papery face was lit. Her father's voice came in smaller and smaller waves, till finally, she was asleep.

The Trojans could return tomorrow.

The long-haired Achaeans could launch and relaunch their ships, to take her away the following night, again.

MARCUS ZUSAK
Extract adapted from the novel, *Bridge of Clay*

Text 4 - Poem

The Leash

After the birthing of bombs of forks and fear
the frantic automatic weapons unleashed,
the spray of bullets into a crowd holding hands,
that brute sky opening in a slate metal maw
that swallows only the unsayable in each of us, what's
left? Even the hidden nowhere river is poisoned
orange and acidic by a coal mine. How can
you not fear humanity, want to lick the creek
bottom dry, to suck the deadly water up into
your own lungs, like venom? Reader, I want to
say: Don't die. Even when silvery fish after fish
comes back belly up, and the country plummets
into a crepitating crater of hatred, isn't there still
something singing? The truth is: I don't know.
But sometimes, I swear I hear it, the wound closing
like a rusted-over garage door, and I can still move
my living limbs into the world without too much
pain, can still marvel at how the dog runs straight
toward the pickup trucks break-necking down
the road, because she thinks she loves them,
because she's sure, without a doubt, that the loud
roaring things will love her back, her soft small self
alive with desire to share her goddamn enthusiasm,
until I yank the leash back to save her because
I want her to survive forever. Don't die, I say,
and we decide to walk for a bit longer, starlings
high and fevered above us, winter coming to lay
her cold corpse down upon this little plot of earth.
Perhaps we are always hurtling our body towards
the thing that will obliterate us, begging for love
from the speeding passage of time, and so maybe,
like the dog obedient at my heels, we can walk together
peacefully, at least until the next truck comes.

Ada Limón

Text 5 – Prose fiction

Precisely 12.19 P.M. when you arrive at the Purple Onion Cafe for your interview with X which is scheduled to begin at 12.30 P.M.

For it is your way to arrive early for appointments. Particularly those appointments you dread.

X, the internationally renowned interviewer, is known to be a disagreeable person. X will flatter you in conversation, then eviscerate you in prose. You know, though you must pretend otherwise.

Hello, sir!

You try not to cringe as you are greeted, a little too exuberantly, by the proprietor/owner of the Purple Onion, Nadia, with her brave smile, ankle-length peasant skirt, knitted vest, and Navajo jewellery. Nadia is a stout, hearty, big-boned girl of fifty with greying hair falling loose over her shoulders and skin that glows with incandescent light except for the net of fine white scars across her forehead. One of those well-intentioned but exasperating locals who murmurs slyly in your ear - *Mr. _ _ _ , I have read all your books!*

Also - *It's an honor, sir. Thank you, sir.* Air of excited girlish embarrassment that makes you wince.

Nadia seats you at the table you've requested which is your usual at the Purple Onion - farthest corner on the terrace, beside a wall of wisteria just beginning to bloom. You will take some small solace from the fragrance of the wisteria. Often in this (late) phase of your life your eyes glance skyward, astonished at the heartbreaking beauty of clouds that look sculpted in white marble, sometimes a faint daytime moon, blue sky beyond like washed glass. That beauty that is (literally) *out of your reach*.

You are not a person who is comfortable *being seen*; it has always been your strategy to be the individual who *sees*. Not to be the centre of attention is, to you, the goal of your relationships with others for you are not unlike a thief, a thief who steals whenever he can, and from whom he can, often randomly, with no plan, as a matter of survival.

Yet, you are acclaimed as a "master" of some sort: the criminal hiding in plain sight.

JOYCE CAROL OATES

Extract adapted from the short story, *Final Interview*

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