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Student Number

2024

TRIAL HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION

English Advanced

Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

General Instructions

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Working time – 1.5 hours
- Write using black pen
- A Stimulus Booklet is provided with this paper
- Write your Student Number at the top of this page and on the Writing Booklet for Section II

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 (page 8)

- 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 in 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 – Poem

Explain how the poet represents a desire to embrace the present.

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

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Question 2 (4 marks)

Text 2 – Prose fiction

Analyse how Text 2 reveals the importance of shared experiences.

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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 – Nonfiction extract

Explain how Text 3 represents nature’s impact on 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 – Poem

How does Oliver suggest what should be valued?

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

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Question 5 (5 marks)

Text 5 – Memoir extract

‘Despite our differences, we are united through shared experiences.’

Evaluate how this notion is represented in Text 5.

[illegible]

If you need additional space to answer Question 5, use the lines below.

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End of Section I

Please turn over

English Advanced

Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

Section II

20 marks

Attempt Question 6

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

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

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
-

Question 6 (20 marks)

Shared experiences can change us, but individual experiences are the most impactful.

To what extent does your study of George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four* support this statement?

In your response, refer to the extract below and your prescribed text.

‘I betrayed you,’ [Julia] said baldly.

‘I betrayed you,’ [Winston] said.

She gave him another quick look of dislike.

‘Sometimes,’ she said, ‘they threaten you with something, something you can't stand up to, can't even think about. And then you say, “Don't do it to me, do it to somebody else, do it to so-and-so.” And perhaps you might pretend, afterwards, that it was only a trick and that you just said it to make them stop and didn't really mean it. But that isn't true. At the time when it happens you do mean it. You think there's no other way of saving yourself, and you're quite ready to save yourself that way. You WANT it to happen to the other person. You don't give a damn what they suffer. All you care about is yourself.’

‘All you care about is yourself,’ he echoed.

‘And after that, you don't feel the same towards the other person any longer.’

‘No,’ he said, ‘you don't feel the same.’

There did not seem to be anything more to say.

End of paper



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Student Number

2024

TRIAL HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION

English Advanced

Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

Stimulus Booklet for Section I

Section I	
• Text 1 – Poem	2
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Section I

Text 1 — Poem

New Year's Eve

No more resolutions. Too much
pressure. Time is sand
slipping through
the plastic hourglasses
in Boggle* and Taboo*,
names that seem ominous now.
I used to live for others.
I bought into a curated timeline.
Time is sand slipping through
my bare legs—box,
not beach. Backyard view,
not ocean or mountain. Cable-knit,
not cashmere. I no longer want
fantasy. I want real. I want true.
Finally, I love my life
as it is. But time is sand
slipping through my fingers.
I can't stop it. Oh, how I want to.

MELISSA FITE JOHNSON

* Boggle and Taboo

board games involving words and language

Text 2 — Prose fiction

I don't know his name. I don't know his age, either, which here in Korea would determine what I call him. He doesn't know mine. But it doesn't matter. We're only here to ball.

The first time I see him I'm rounding the track, trying to think of myself as a runner again. I ignore the arthritic pain in my right knee and press on. But there—right there—is the court. And a man on the court. A man, not a boy, not a student. He's got white hair, an athletic build, and a basketball. I run the loop three more times, formulating the question in my head, the shy-me inventing reasons not to ask him to play. The mother-voice in me piping up: what have you got to lose? Either you play the sport you actually like or you just ... run. So I ask him. My Korean sounds fine. He grins, gestures. We begin.

The second time is the same as the first. Generous, he only rebounds, says he doesn't want to shoot. I run to the side of the key, hands ready. I sink the shot. I bounce somewhere else and do it again. He always finds me. My hands love the motion. It feels great to play. I love this ball, multi-coloured and worn. I love this court.

Third and he starts to put a hand in my face, a little one-on-one. We hardly speak. This is basketball. Sports. How playing a game transcends language and culture. Here we are, the man and me. I'm Betty. I'm Brenda. I'm Billie or Barbie or Bree. Who am I? He doesn't know. I'm the shooter. And today, he's shooting, too. Our bodies bump into each other several times, tough defence. We both laugh. It's sunny outside, October, mid-October, late October. The fall keeps going on. It keeps up for us, so our fingers can take it, so the rim stays sunlit.

Afternoons are for hooping. I buy my own basketball. I stop identifying as a runner. My knee never hurts. I put in my headphones, listen to poetry podcasts while I shoot, and once in a while he shows up. He carries an equipment bag full of something for every sport, does a circuit by himself around the track. He tells me he's an outcast, though I don't know if the nuance is self-deprecating or just fact. One time another player comes—a student—and after a few minutes of attempted one-on-two, my friend bows out. He just doesn't like playing with others, I realise. But he likes playing with me.

The next day, I go down there myself, the sun kindly blazing in its cool fall way. My friend shows up. He's always around. He once told me he doesn't work, just plays.

JEANINE WALKER
Hoops

Text 3 — Nonfiction extract

Summits are parties that celebrate themselves. Have we been invited, or are we just intruding, sneaking through the door to sit awkward on a stone couch? It *feels* like we're meant to be there; that if we're wrong, the mountain will tumble down and become a hole in the ground, or turn inside out and blush fresh stone against the quivering wind. If we're mistaken, we'll have to learn a new language, a new religion. We're tiny elements in a work we can claim no credit for, but we never want to leave. Boulders carve new bones in our legs and leaves press skin against our backs; it feels like we should sit there till the end of our time and then keep sitting. The perspective clutches at our faces. We can't see enough of it. We look north – there's that mountain range with the lake nestled in its gut. East, south, west. Back to the north. If we could look in all these directions at once, the dilemma would still be there. There is nothing like this. Perhaps if we were sitting in a satellite looking at the earth; but this is just a higher mountain.

Perhaps all this is how some people look at a painting – but I have never looked at a painting this way.

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If we could, we'd split our souls to stay on a mountain forever, while still going on with our lives. We'd walk down the ridge towards the painted specks of cars and at the same time, we'd sit on the peak with the breeze assessing our hair. We'd drive into work at the office, scanning our papers and seeing lines of white quartzite rock. We'd eat dinner with our partner and taste old sandwiches and nuts with the plateau stretching out across the table, countless dolerite* boulders climbing over each other. We'd play with our children, but wouldn't see their faces.

BEN WALTER
Extract from *Snakes in the valleys, in their hair*

* dolerite

subvolcanic rock

Text 4 — Poem

Wild Geese

You do not have to be good.
You do not have to walk on your knees
for a hundred miles through the desert, repenting.
You only have to let the soft animal of your body
love what it loves.
Tell me about despair, yours, and I will tell you mine.
Meanwhile the world goes on.
Meanwhile the sun and the clear pebbles of the rain
are moving across the landscapes,
over the prairies and the deep trees,
the mountains and the rivers.
Meanwhile the wild geese, high in the clean blue air,
are heading home again.
Whoever you are, no matter how lonely,
the world offers itself to your imagination,
calls to you like the wild geese, harsh and exciting—
over and over announcing your place
in the family of things.

MARY OLIVER

Text 5 — Memoir extract

We're all part of a family, and often more than one. Even without kids, I turn up on several family trees, albeit as a cryptic and peripheral mention. But what bare bones family trees show: only dry lineage, not the hot pressure of relations. Those thin black lines connecting partners and progeny* give nothing away. Better to map circles of influence, radiating colours and casting shadows, with bold connections that pulsate with anger and laughter, and spidery traces that hint at longing and regret carried across generations.

Memories. Jack and I marvel at how our disparate trajectories brought us together, but though we come from opposite sides of the globe, our backstories are not dissimilar. Refugees from Old World to New, both families emanated from the Austro-Hungarian Empire, from either side of the Alps. We share a cuisine, a taste for goulash, sauerkraut, onions in our potato salad, caraway seeds, fat dill pickles and plenty of mustard. But while both families fled their homelands, mine steamed across the ocean to America in first-class cabins, en masse, just before World War II. They enjoyed the luxury of selecting their asylum from a position of advantage and foresight. Jack's parents took a different route, an impromptu escape on foot across a mountainous border one bitter winter's night. Young survivors, they embarked on the long voyage to Australia in steerage**, leaving behind parents and siblings in a decimated land.

We are off to Europe for a two-month honeymoon, Jack and I. This is his first trip to the place where I spent half my life. But we are both paying homage to the past: I to revisit old haunts, and he to fulfil his dying father's wish for him to seek out their ancestral home, abandoned since the war. He expresses supreme indifference to the family there that he has never met. It will be strange if he resembles them, to see his eyes twinkling above the prominent nose of some uncle, or his smile beaming from the wrinkled visage of a great-aunt. A mealtime assembly of relatives might reveal the particular shape of his fingers as common currency: reaching for pieces of bread, gesturing in midair, a multitude of digits all shaped like his. Perhaps it is his sense of uniqueness, so dear to his heart, that he is reluctant to relinquish. I expect his detachment will be tested.

I left my own family behind in a puff of dust half a lifetime ago, but that was my decision; Jack's choice was made for him. His parents constructed the ultimate nuclear unit, cutting off contact with the clan and hiding the portals to their culture and language. It is not uncommon to turn one's back on the mother country, as the fastest way to assimilate is to have no other option. Without the sharing of experience or memories, the family left behind was reduced to a biological construct, a coincidence of blood lines, leaving Jack a distant and disinterested stranger, content in the freedom of not belonging. I am a lone addition to Jack's family, the last dinosaur of a line almost extinct. But I share with him my valuable dowry of family folklore, my Middle European ghosts, in an attempt to make up for what his parents excised.

ROBERTA ESBITT

Extract from *Belonging: Memories and Meanderings in Middle Europe*

* progeny	<i>a descendant or the descendants of a person, animal, or plant; offspring</i>
** steerage	<i>the part of a ship providing the cheapest accommodation for passengers</i>

End of Stimulus Booklet