



TRIAL
HIGHER SCHOOL
CERTIFICATE
EXAMINATION

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Student Number

2024

English Advanced

Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

Instructions

- 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

40

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

Section II – 20 marks (page 9)

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

BLANK PAGE

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 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 – Image

Explain how the image represents humanity’s relationship with the environment.

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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 – Poem

How does Ping communicate the resilience of refugees?

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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 – Feature article extract

How does Mortlock reveal the paradoxical nature of modern communication?

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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 – Prose fiction extract

Analyse how Strickland conveys the impact of disconnection.

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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

Evaluate how Skinner offers insights into how to live a purposeful life.

[illegible]

Question 5 continues on page 8

[illegible]

8

Section II

20 marks

Attempt Question 6

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
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Question 6 – Prose Fiction – George Orwell, *Nineteen Eighty-Four* (20 marks)

In *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, Orwell represents the importance of authentic human experiences.

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

In your response, make close reference to your prescribed text.

End of paper



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English Advanced

Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

Stimulus Booklet

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Text 1 – Image



Text 2 – Poem

Things We Carry On The Sea

We carry tears in our eyes: good-bye father, good-bye mother
We carry soil in small bags: may home never fade in our hearts
We carry names, stories, memories of our villages, fields, boats
We carry scars from proxy wars of greed
We carry carnage of mining, droughts, floods, genocides
We carry dust of our families and neighbours incinerated in mushroom clouds
We carry our islands sinking under the sea
We carry our hands, feet, bones, hearts and best minds for a new life
We carry diplomas: medicine, engineer, nurse, education, math, poetry, even if
 they mean nothing to the other shore
We carry railroads, plantations, laundromats, bodegas, taco trucks, farms,
 factories, nursing homes, hospitals, schools, temples...built on our ancestors'
 backs
We carry old homes along the spine, new dreams in our chests
We carry yesterday, today and tomorrow
We're orphans of the wars forced upon us
We're refugees of the sea rising from industrial wastes
And we carry our mother tongues
爱(ai), حب (hubb), ליבע (libe), amor, love
平安 (ping'an), سلام (salaam), shalom, paz, peace
希望 (xi'wang), أمل ('amal), hofenung, esperanza, hope, hope, hope
As we drift...in our rubber boats...from shore...to shore...to shore...

WANG PING

Text 3 – Feature article extract

A while ago at a dinner, I was seated next to a woman with a fascinating job in psychology, and I asked her lots of questions. She answered most of them with insight and expertise, but on one particular question she didn't know the answer. She comfortably and unapologetically said, "I don't know".

This struck me because of how rare it is these days for anyone to admit they don't know something. We've reached a point of content saturation and arrogance that we've all become know-it-alls.

In a bygone, smarter era, you'd be better off saying nothing lest you risked spreading misinformation or looking like an uninformed idiot. Not these days. Now if you say you don't know, you're shouted at to "educate yourself!"

Worse than being shouted at for not knowing, though, is an entirely peculiar phenomenon where people are exiled for not saying anything, and the "block lists" floating around on social media, which demand users block influencers who have remained quiet on certain social issues, or have been vocal, but deemed not vocal enough.

By the logic of the creators of these lists, we no longer have the right to opt out of a topic of conversation and should be forced to contribute to conversations even if we don't want to or aren't adequately across said topic to provide an informed opinion.

There will be people who wish everyone were more vocal on the Uyghur population, cobalt mines, the war in Sudan, microplastics in our oceans or the plight of koalas. But we can walk and chew gum at the same time; we can care about and advocate for different things simultaneously. By demanding everyone weighs in on the things we deem fit, though, we risk becoming a society that champions being a jack of all causes and a master of none.

Saying you're not sure on a topic or opting not to weigh in – particularly on social media – does not make you uncompassionate or uncaring about other people's experiences. It does not make you ignorant. It does not equate to your interest, advocacy or involvement in a cause. Sometimes, the words "I don't know" is the strongest thing a person can say.

CHARLOTTE MORTLOCK

Extract from "I don't know": Why opting out of conversations
has become a social media crime'

Text 4 – Prose fiction extract

It's another worried day in December. A swirl of gritty dust follows me inside my office building. A coworker, Sam, waits for the elevator, so I shuffle down the stairs. Small talk is a burden to everyone and I don't want to be a burden.

In the windowless basement, the air tastes like plaster shavings and turned-up carpet particles. I hang my jacket, check my emails: there is a meeting request from my supervisor Christy titled "Yearly Evaluation!!".

I reach to the side of my cubicle where I have a fake plant hidden beneath a glass cloche*. Sometimes, when my chest feels tight, as it does now, I lift the cloche to touch the plant's leaves and it makes me happy, even though they aren't real. It's the only thing that makes me happy here.

At 10:25, I meet Christy in a side room. Christy unlocks her tablet, and her jewellery clacks on the table. She spends the next fifteen minutes telling me I'm doing fine. Project targets, work ethic.

"But is there anything you think you could do better?"

I think I don't breathe enough here. I'm constantly worried. I get a tension in my chest, and it aches. Every time I get an email, every time someone walks near my desk, every time I have to stand, I hold my breath. I've forgotten what it feels like to release it.

"Nothing comes to mind."

"I noticed—well, do you think you get along with your coworkers?"

"I think so." The ice machine whirrs, and Christy's expression tells me she disagrees. I shrivel inside. Am I disliked?

"The best part of having a job is forging connections." Christy packs her stuff. "Okay?"

At my cubicle, I type on my keyboard and listen. Greg coughs. A smattering of bless you's respond. Fran walks down an aisle, asking how people are doing: they're living the dream; they're here; they're fabulous; they're just fine.

I used to think I was leaving them alone and they were leaving me alone and we were all happy with that arrangement. But now I feel distance. I touch my plant. The curled leaves are hard, cool plastic.

JEAN STRICKLAND
Extract from 'It's Not Just You'

* cloche a small translucent cover

Text 5 – Memoir extract

I retired when I was 28 years old, but ran out of money the same afternoon, so I caught a bus to the dole office.

At the Centrelink office I learnt that it was no longer called ‘the dole’. Some overpaid marketing agency had rebranded it ‘Newstart’. The walls were covered with inspirational posters (‘When opportunity knocks, open the door!’) alongside more practical advice, telling us not to drink alcohol before job interviews. Fake nails clacked away at keyboards. Someone called my name, and I followed him into a small room. I hadn’t even sat down before he started trying to sign me up for forklift-driving jobs on the other side of town.

‘Whoa,’ I said. ‘This isn’t the kind of Newstart I had in mind at all.’

I had only just moved to Melbourne. It was a place filled with magic and possibility. I wanted to meet interesting people at rooftop bars. I wanted to read Russian novels. What I didn’t want was a pesky job, but try telling that to your dole officer.

I held in my lap my talismanic copy of War and Peace. I had vowed not to get a job until I finished reading it.

What followed was a series of long and glorious autumn days. I wandered through parks, winked at old ladies and had long boozy dinners in friends’ backyards.

My uncle was in town one day, and I explained that, what with the demands of War and Peace and everything else going on, I scarcely had time for a job.

‘Well, it’s a question of priorities, Robbie,’ he said. We looked at each other and I hit the table with my fist. ‘Exactly.’

Then, through a series of clerical errors and misunderstandings, I accidentally got a job as a dishwasher.

Every time I start a new dishwashing job, I can’t imagine why I ever quit. It’s exhilarating. You feel like a general marshalling troops. Waiters pile up coffee cups and teaspoons on one side, chefs drop hot pots and pans into the sink on the other, and you’re in the middle of it all, suds flying. At the end of a shift you have that physical tiredness that feels almost like a life well lived. On your lunch break, if you get one, you send out group text messages: ‘Friends! You were right! Maybe this is the answer!’

Text 5 continues on page 7

Text 5 (continued)

And then, after two or three shifts, you start to remember. The sinks are always too low, so you stoop all day, or all night, and wake up in the mornings, or afternoons, with a cracking headache. You get covered face to feet in grime. The kitchens are hot, cramped and almost always an insufferable boys' club. If you're new they'll send you off to fetch a made-up item, like a 'rice peeler' or a 'bucket of steam'. (I would pretend to fall for that one and sit in the storage room reading a book until someone came looking for me.)

What sort of answer is this to the question of what to do with our short time on Planet Earth? Sometimes I would find myself standing at the sink with my hands dangling in the dirty water, thinking, This is it. I can't go on. It's just too pointless. And dishwashing is one of the important jobs! Imagine how the consultants feel!

As soon as I smelt spring in the air, I quit the dishwashing and raced back to the dole office.

ROBERT SKINNER

Extract from 'I'd Rather Not'

End of Text 5