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Pymble Ladies' College

**2024 TRIAL HIGHER
SCHOOL CERTIFICATE**

English Advanced

Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

General Instructions

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Working time – 1 hour and 30 minutes
- Write using black pen
- A Stimulus Booklet is provided separately
- Write your Student Number at the top of this page

Total marks:
40

Section I – 20 marks (pages 3-8)

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

Section II – 20 marks (pages 9-11)

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

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Section I

20 marks

Attempt Questions 1-5

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Read the texts on pages 3-8 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 (3 marks)

Text 1 – Visual Image

How does the composer evoke a shared experience?

[illegible]

End of Question 1

Question 2 (3 marks)

Text 2 – Poem

How is figurative language used in Text 2 to represent the importance of memory to human experience?

This image shows a blank sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and extend across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

Question 3 (4 marks)

Text 3 – Discursive Essay

Analyse how the composer of Text 3 uses language form and features to convey the value of paying attention.

Question 3 continues on page 5

[illegible]

Text 4 – Fiction extract

5

[illegible]

End of Question 4

Section I continues on the next page

Question 5 (6 marks)

Choose **two** texts from the Stimulus Booklet – either Text 2, 3 and/or 4 – and compare how they represent the power of the individual human experience.

[illegible]

Question 5 continued

Question 5 continues on page 8

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End of Section I

Section II

20 marks

Attempt Question 6

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the question in a Writing Booklet. 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 (20 marks)

“Texts illuminate the anomalies in human behaviour and motivation, encouraging the audience to see the world differently.”

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

The prescribed texts are listed on pages 10 and 11.

The prescribed texts for Section II are:

- **Prose Fiction**
 - Anthony Doerr, *All the Light We Cannot See*
 - Amanda Lohrey, *Vertigo*
 - George Orwell, *Nineteen Eighty-Four*
 - Favel Parrett, *Past the Shallows*
- **Poetry**
 - Rosemary Dobson, *Rosemary Dobson Collected*
The prescribed poems are:
 - * *Young Girl at a Window*
 - * *Over the Hill*
 - * *Summer's End*
 - * *The Conversation*
 - * *Cock Crow*
 - * *Amy Caroline*
 - * *Canberra Morning*
 - Kenneth Slessor, *Selected Poems*
The prescribed poems are:
 - * *Wild Grapes*
 - * *Gulliver*
 - * *Out of Time*
 - * *Vesper-Song of the Reverend Samuel Marsden*
 - * *William Street*
 - * *Beach Burial*
- **Drama**
 - Jane Harrison, *Rainbow's End*, from Vivienne Cleven et al., *Contemporary Indigenous Plays*
 - Arthur Miller, *The Crucible*
- **Shakespearean**
 - William Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice*
- **Film**
 - Stephen Daldry, *Billy Elliot*
- **Media**
 - Ivan O'Mahoney, *Go Back to Where You Came From*
The prescribed episodes are:
 - * *Series 1: Episodes 1, 2 and 3* and
 - * *The Response*
 - Lucy Walker, *Waste Land*

Section II prescribed texts continue on page 11

Section II prescribed texts (continued)

• Nonfiction

- Tim Winton, *The Boy Behind the Curtain*

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* – Malala Yousafzai and Christina Lamb, *I am Malala*

End of Section II

End of Paper

Student Number:

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English Advanced

Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

Stimulus Booklet

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• Text 3 – Discursive Essay	5-6
• Text 4 – Fiction Extract	7-8

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Text 1 – Visual Image



— MATTHIEU PALEY, 2023

Text 2 – Poem

My One Constant Travel Companion

You sit in the cupboard now, but I have carried you so far –
new models have more features, but none of the memories.

On our first trip your green was as rich as the New Zealand hills,
your purple bright as flowers. I carried you on mountain paths,
and fell backwards into a river onto you, waving my limbs like a tortoise.

From our second trip still remains the fading sticker from Vietnamese customs,
that never peeled off, but instead became a part of your fabric,
an incomprehensible tattoo, remembering hot days and drinking coconuts.

Our third trip was long – I carried you, and you were my pillow, my bed,
in a train station in Austria, an airport in England, a boat carrying me
from Ireland on a windy day, you catching my tears as we moved away.

By our fourth trip you were faded, and bore with good will long rides
on the tops of old Canadian school buses in Guatemala, absorbing the jungle mud,
the dust of the deserts of Mexico, Texas – you were constant and uncomplaining.

On our fifth trip your strap broke in Corsica, and I fixed you with a white bandage –
it held for five years, more brown than white, until I repaired you for our sixth trip,
and carried you north of the Arctic circle, to defend me from polar bears and ice.

You sit in the cupboard now, but your green and purple fabric holds the dust
of all our journeys, the sweat off my back from twenty years wandering –

I have carried you so far my sturdy canvas backpack, but I've never washed you.

— MIIRANDA LELLO, 2015

Text 3 – Discursive Essay

“Are they... aliens?” I squeak, much to the delight of my daughter whose eyes are fixed on a slow-moving string of lights marching across the sky above us. Only moments earlier, we’d been caught in the usual bedtime toddler tango, when she suggested we say “goodnight to the moon”.

I sheepishly Google “alien lights over Australia”, only to discover that the confounding Unidentified Blinking Gems are, in fact, just the handy work of Elon Musk. His starlink satellites are making an unexpected appearance over our small Victorian coastal town.

It’s then I hear my partner whisper: “Is that... an aurora?”

It is a question more absurd than our fleeting belief that we were being invaded by an army of extraterrestrials in electric vehicles. But as all three of us shift our attention to the horizon, there it is, stretching wildly across the otherwise ink-black skyline—the undeniable pink and greenish flares of Aurora Australis*. It takes us some time to fully compute what is happening, until quite suddenly the penny drops. “Oh my god! Oh my god!” we each start yelling into the silence of the night.

I’m not sure how long the three of us stand, eyes bulging, watching cosmic columns of colour dance atop the tree line. It’s like we’ve entered a wondrous vortex where Dr Who’s Tardis* might just materialize in the backyard at any moment.

With our daughter finally tucked into bed, my partner and I forgo our usual ritual of slumping on the couch, wine and phone in hand, and instead rug up and spend the evening staring into space. The sky stays ablaze, stars swooshing and constellations sparkling, and it’s not long until we are treated to another explosion of activity. When the aurora reignites, the jangling clouds of purple and green are so vivid that I find myself physically reaching out to the sky around us trying to grab a handful of the colour.

I can’t stop thinking about how easily we may have missed this. That, heads down, in the routine of toddler bedtimes and Saturday evening exhaustion, had our daughter not dragged us outside to look up, this beauty may have passed us by.

I consider my partner and I curious beings. With a deep drive to be immersed in nature, we have travelled the world and been lost in the stars many times over. But sometimes, life has a way of distracting us from the wonder right there in front of us.

During the early stages of parenthood, your world shrinks. During those wild early months of sleep deprivation and self-doubt, phones feel like a fantasy portal to the outside; social media algorithms cruelly feeding through an absurd see-saw of mum-fluencers rhapsodizing about organic baby food and old acquaintances sipping wine on the Amalfi Coast. Adventure can begin to feel like an absurdist construct. Completely ungraspable.

Text 3 continues on the next page

Text 3 – continued

But then life recalibrates, and a few years into it, your toddler forces you outside on a cold evening and there in the backyard of your tiny hometown you experience the kind of wonder that recalls your wildest and most mesmerizing overseas adventures. And for all the heaviness of the world right now, you stop and feel a connection to this mysterious ball of rock. The kind of stupefying awe that can only come from such a surprising encounter with natural beauty.

Of course, you don't need a 20-year geomagnetic storm to feel this. You don't have to be in a far-flung place. You just have to be present, to slow down, and to look up (easier said than done, I know). But even just by stepping outside for a few minutes on a clear night, there is all kinds of strange beauty to be soaked up. And who knows, you might just spot an alien or two.

— SARAH SMITH, 2024

**Aurora Australis – 'southern lights', a natural light display in the Earth's sky. Auroras are a geomagnetic phenomenon that display dynamic patterns of brilliant lights that cover the entire sky.*

**Dr Who's Tardis – a time machine and spacecraft that appears in the British science fiction television series 'Doctor Who'*

Text 4 – Fiction Extract

‘Here Be Lions’

He cut out a map from a school history book – which he shouldn’t have done and which bothered his soul – that had pictures of monsters where the oceans spilt off the edge of the world and words written in Latin that went ‘hic sunt dracones’*. He didn’t identify with anything or anyone but felt sure dragons would understand him.

Over the coming days, he stared at his new map, and investigated further by looking in big bricks of encyclopaedia volumes and discovering the edges of Roman conquest tipping into ‘hic sunt leones’, and then he knew, given dragons weren’t real, that lions held the truth.

There was an ‘open zoo’ lion park on the edge of the city, where the suburbs of back then faded into vestiges of harassed and damaged bushland, and he asked if he could be taken there and driven through the park as the lions gathered. He knew he would find answers there, though he was angry the lions were so far off their own map and that they were providing entertainment in the name of ‘conservation’. He was that kind of kid. Teachers’ insistence that he needed to think and behave more in keeping with his age were dashed as soon as an adult sat down and tried to unravel him.

He resisted with words they had to look up in a dictionary and – like kids who suffered from teachers who said they could only do those math tricks because they had memorised rather than understood process – he was marooned in the concrete and playground monkey bar jungles of their creation and prejudice. One teacher even said to his mother Well, he can be an annoying little know-it-all, to be frank. To be frank. The boy was less upset than his mother, saying, I don’t think the teachers really appreciate what those ‘trade routes’ across the maps really meant for the people whose paths they crossed. And the lions suffered as a consequence as well.

They’d been told that the best time to visit was feeding time, and though this tantalised him, he objected. It’s not right, he said. Not right by what they’re eating and the fact they deserve to eat in privacy. He didn’t like people watching him eat, and at school ate his lunch on his own behind the school hall where nobody else ever went, not even the roaming pack of bullies. So his parents found out about feeding times and avoided the issue.

In the car on the way to the zoo, he said to his dad, Dad, we are going off the edge of the map to see creatures taken from their homes ... we are going into the wild of the suburbs! He never got enough back from his dad, so he nudged his sister in the back seat as she was looking out at nothing in particular as far as he was concerned, and said, If we open the windows, which is forbidden, they will rip us out of the car and devour us.

Don’t be an idiot, she said. You mean *eat* us – they’ll *eat* us alive.

Their mother, half turning to half look at them, but wanting to keep her eyes on the road because she didn’t drive and didn’t trust her husband’s ability to navigate to a new place and drive, said, Devour and eat ...it’s all the same in the end.

And then they were there, at the gates, paying their car fee and being given a brochure that immediately found its way into the boy’s hands – they were inside! – and they were winding along slowly and they were passing a sign that said ‘Trespassers will be eaten’.

Text 4 continues on the next page

Text 4 – continued

...

The car stopped, which maybe it wasn't supposed to do, but it did. A lion, a massive old lion with a raggedy-looking mane and patches of missing fur came up, sniffed at the wheels and doors, and circled. No-one said anything. Suddenly it leapt up at the boy's window and he squealed. Nobody told him off because they got a fright as well. The lion slobbered over the window and someone said, I hope the window doesn't break, let's go now. Drive on, drive!

But they didn't. They just stayed there, and the lion looked at the boy and he got caught in its eyes. They were mapping him and he was inside them. He wondered if it was born in a circus in Australia, or if it came from Africa—trapped and taken from its family. It bothered him and then it yawned and the map broke up and someone behind beeped their horn, which surely wasn't allowed and his sister changed everything by returning to her senses, to who she was, with a savvy, What big teeth you have! comment to the lion. The lion walked on hind legs holding on to the car as they started to move off, then it yawned and dropped back onto all fours, switched its tail and swayed away, and started doing odd movements that looked like anger and annoyance and then indifference mixed. It shook itself and went to roar but nothing emerged.

The boy said, One day they will shoot that lion. They don't care about it, not really.

...

Monday at school it was his turn to tell news. He said he had none. Everyone has some news, said the teacher, patiently. What did you do on the weekend? Did you go anywhere or watch an interesting television show? Nothing, he said sullenly. Well, that's disappointing, and from one of my best students, too – you're usually never short of a word. He was confused – did that mean she liked him, or didn't like him? He shrank further as the suck suck sounds came from the boys sitting behind him, but he felt more frustrated by his own silence than by what they thought of him.

Then he said, Mrs Grady?

Yes?

Can I write something on the blackboard instead?

Why?

It's my news.

Well, I guess so ... it's better than nothing, at least you're making an effort.

So he rose slowly, and walked slowly, and shook himself inside like a lion, a tormented locked-up old lion, and wrote across the board in big shaky letters: 'hic sunt dracones'.

— JOHN KINSELLA, 2020

**hic sunt dracones – Latin: 'here be dragons'. The phrase is an imitation of the phrase hic sunt leones ('here be lions'), a phrase used by mediaeval map-makers to indicate dangerous or unexplored territories. It is also the written version of the illustrations of dragons, sea monsters and other mythological creatures used on mediaeval maps for the same purposes.*

End of Text 4 – Fiction Extract

End of Booklet