



2025 TRIAL HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION

English Advanced and Standard

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 at the back of this paper
- Write your Centre Number and Student Number at the top of each booklet

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 (pages 8–10)

- 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 2–5 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 — Image

How does the book cover for We Come With This Place visually represent the title of the book?

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

Question 2 (3 marks)

Text 2 — Poem

How is the human experience reflected in Foulcher’s use of visual imagery depicting the crab’s behaviour?

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

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

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Question 3 (4 marks)

Text 3 — Memoir

How does Dank use the motif of feet to convey the writer's disconnection to place?

[illegible]

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

.....

.....

.....

.....

Question 4 (4 marks)

Text 4 — Prose Fiction extract

How does Malouf amplify the character's experience of alienation?

[illegible]

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

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Question 5 (6 marks)

Texts 3 and 4

Which of the TWO texts, Texts 3 and 4, use language most effectively to shape our understanding of identity? In your response evaluate both texts with detailed references.

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

Question 5 continues on page 7

.....

.....

.....

.....

This image shows a full page of white paper with horizontal dotted lines, typical of primary school writing paper. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

End of Question 5

English Advanced

Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

Section II

20 marks

Attempt Question 6

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the question in the Section II 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
-

Question 6 (20 marks)

While experiences can be unique to individuals, emotions are universal; hence, making the representation of emotions more powerful.

Evaluate this statement with detailed reference to your prescribed text

The prescribed texts are listed overleaf.

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 Drama**
 - William Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice*

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*
- **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*



2025

TRIAL HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION

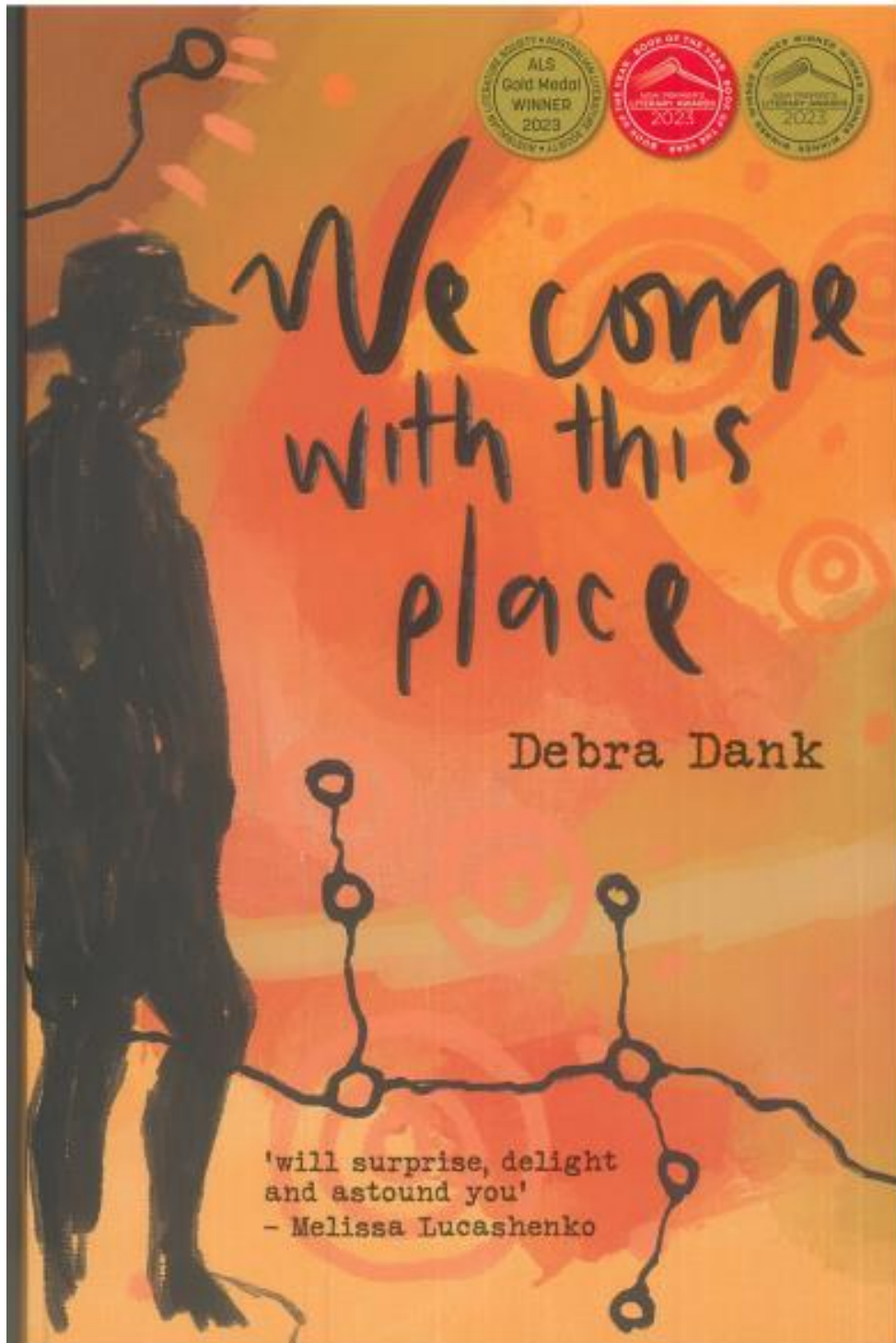
English Advanced and Standard

Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

Stimulus Booklet

	Page
Section I	
Text 1 – Image	2
Text 2 – Poem.....	3
Text 3 – Memoir.....	4
Text 4 – Prose Fiction.....	5

Text 1 — Image – Book Cover



Text 2 — Poem – *On the Rocks*, by John Foulcher (1983)

On the Rocks

A crab, spurting from the water,
dangling its legs over shells. It lugs its body
sideways, like a survivor dragged clear,
then shudders into speed
a hovercraft's height from the rocks, sidestepping
periwinkles*
with the ease of a waiter through tables,
lowers its harness of crab-meat
till its belly grinds into the pattern of polyps**;
its pincers twist in, legs become ridges in the stone.

Suddenly, splinters of smashed water fill the rock pool,
the sea snatching up loose life,
leaving in a crossfire of foam.
Not with the crab, though. The crab
waits, jerks into limbs and extremities
and runs through the instant of the water's withdrawal,
wedges
between rocks
like a lost coin.

Only its eyes spring from the crevice,
dulled with cloud and my shadow.

***periwinkles**: small, edible sea snails found in intertidal zones and around shallow reefs

** **polyps**: tiny, individual animals that are the building blocks of coral reefs. They are related to sea anemones and jellyfish

Text 3 — Memoir – We Come With This Place, by Debra Dank (2022).

We Come With this Place

One extraordinary time, I felt the strangeness of an unfamiliar terrain, akin to what those Mermaids surely felt through their soles as they first walked on the land. A strange new pressure of wet pebbles and the tickle of moist sand pushing itself between toes that until then had walked only in dry, dusty earth. As I pushed my feet into that new gritty dampness, the sensation grew upwards and soaked my body in its rough, but velvety, texture. The rubbing of those grains of sand made dry, almost-humming noises that were strange in my ears. I hear that uneasy teeming still, and how its noise became grinding reverberations, discordant with the rhythm of my goodalu* and of my kujiga*.

I was a child and I'd travelled a long way from my home. I was visiting the ocean. They said:

go walk on the beach,

go swim in the ocean

and the sand I found there was such a foreign thing. It wasn't anything like the hot dust and gravel of my place. I'd felt something like it occasionally in the aftermath of floods, when wild water rushed to carry trees over boulders, and the carcasses of animals got caught in barbed wire. When the job of water became a cleansing of Country, when dust became mud that rotted buried gum leaves and hid the gravel, just for a moment, until tiny green leaves sprouted new everywhere.

But ocean sand was different. Where was the bindi-eye that was always worrying my feet? The sand on that beach created a million minuscule pressure points under my soles. It tried to swallow my feet and the salt water rushed to carry off small shells and seaweed that caught in my toes. For me, then, sand and shells and seaweed remained just what they were. I struggled to listen or think or feel or see or believe their indecipherable story. There was no story talking to my bones, into my soul.

Sand lies somewhere between the coarseness of gravel and the ephemeral nature of dust. I read little touches of joy and sorrow and thankfulness there when I looked well enough. Our story is like the sand ... in between, in places where joy has bothered the sorrow to let gratitude through. And it turns out that much more than sand lies in those spaces where the shadows lie and cling, in those secret places between coarseness and an ephemeral may be.

*Goodalu and kujiga - have a similar meaning to *soul*.

Text 4 — An Imaginary Life by David Malouf. (1978)

An Imaginary Life

I write this by candlelight. It is dark as night in this windowless room. Little spiders and other insects live in the thatched roofing and crawl about the floor, falling in your hair or in the bowl of soup you are eating, swarming in the folds of your garments. You get used to it after a while.

I had never had much contact with the creatures before this, not even with dogs or cats. Now I find something oddly companionable about them. Like me, they too cannot speak. They move about in the cracks, in the gaps in our lives, and are harmless. Even the spiders, poor creatures. Do they have a language of their own, I wonder? If so, I might try to learn it. As easy do that as master the barbarous guttural tongue my neighbors speak.

I have begun to recognize some sounds in it. But just to hear the old man shouting in the yard to his grandson, or muttering in the twilight to the young woman, comes close at times to maddening me; it is like trying to remember something you have forgotten, that glows at the very edge of your mind but refuses to reveal itself. I feel as cut off as one of those spiders. Or a rat balancing on a rafter and hearing the poets read. It is as if I had suddenly slipped back a step in the order of things, or been transformed, by a witch's curse, into one of the lower species. But of course it is no witch who has done this. No magic has been practised against me. All that has been evoked is the power of the law. I have, by the working of the highest known authority, been cast out into what is indeed another order of beings, those who have not yet climbed up through a hole in their head and become fully human, who have not yet entered what we call society and become Romans under the law.

But they are, even so, of our species, the Getae*. I listen to the talk. The sounds are barbarous, and my soul aches for the refinements of our Latin tongue, that perfect tongue in which all things can be spoken, even pronouncements of exile. I listen, and what moves me most is that I recognize the tunes. This one, I know, is tenderness; this regret, this anger, this an old man's tune for soothing a child who falls over, weeps, tells his ills, and must be led back to call the stone by names one might almost recognize out of one's most distant childhood: "Naughty, naughty stone!"

Meanwhile, there are the spiders. Could I tune my ears to their speech also? Since they too must communicate with one another. I might begin to write again in the spiders' language. The New Metamorphoses of the poet Ovid in his Exile, in the spiders' tongue.

*a large nation who inhabited the regions to either side of the Lower Danube in what is today northern Bulgaria and southern Romania

BLANK PAGE