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NESA Student Number

English Advanced

Trial Examination 2025

Paper I – Texts and Human Experiences

Question Booklet

General Instructions

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Working time – 1 hour and 30 minutes
- Write using black pen
- A Stimulus Booklet is provided

**Total marks:
40**

Section I – 20 marks (pages 2 – 11)

- Attempt questions 1-5 in this booklet
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section II – 20 marks (pages 12 – 14)

- Attempt Question 6 in the writing booklet provided
- 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 question 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

Explain how the image represents an experience of belonging.

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

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Question 2 (3 marks)

Text 2 – Poem

How does the poem reveal confronting aspects of collective human 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

Discuss how Roy uses literary devices to illustrate the inconsistent motivations of political systems.

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Question 4 (4 marks)

Text 4 – Poem

Analyse how the poem captures the complexity of resilience.

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Question 5 (6 marks)

Text 5 – Prose Fiction Extract and ONE Other Text

Compare how Tara June Winch and ONE other text depict the interplay between the individual and their environment.

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End of Question 5

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)

‘Texts illuminate how anomalous experiences can provoke profound insights.’

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

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

The prescribed texts are listed on pages 13 – 14.

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 continue on page 14

Section II prescribed texts (continued)

- **Nonfiction**

- Tim Winton, *The Boy Behind the Curtain*

The prescribed chapters are:

- * *Havoc*

- * *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*

End of paper



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Paper I – Texts and Human Experiences
Stimulus Booklet

Section I

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Section I

Text 1 – Image

"WE HAVE ALWAYS EXISTED. RADIANT, SOVEREIGN, AND INFINITE, AND IT'S TIME YOU NOT ONLY SEE US BUT LISTEN, LEARN, AND FOLLOW OUR LEAD."

DYLAN HOSKINS
DUNGHUTTI, BUNDJALUNG,
GUMBAYNGIRR
@ITSHAEDE

STILL HERE STILL QUEER STILL HERE STILL QUEER STILL

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BLAQ ABORIGINAL CORPORATION, "Still Here Still Queer" Campaign

Text 2 – Poem

We Are Not Responsible

We are not responsible for your lost or stolen relatives.
We cannot guarantee your safety if you disobey our instructions.
We do not endorse the causes or claims of people begging for handouts.
We reserve the right to refuse service to anyone.

Your ticket does not guarantee that we will honour your reservations.
In order to facilitate our procedures, please limit your carrying on.
Before taking off, please extinguish all smouldering resentments.

If you cannot understand English, you will be moved out of the way.
In the event of a loss, you'd better look out for yourself.
Your insurance was cancelled because we can no longer handle
your frightful claims. Our handlers lost your luggage and we
are unable to find the key to your legal case.

You were detained for interrogation because you fit the profile.
You are not presumed to be innocent if the police
have reason to suspect you are carrying a concealed wallet.
It's not our fault you were born wearing a gang colour.
It is not our obligation to inform you of your rights.

Step aside, please, while our officer inspects your bad attitude.
You have no rights we are bound to respect.
Please remain calm, or we can't be held responsible
for what happens to you.

HARRYETTE MULLEN

Text 3 – Nonfiction Extract

What Have We Done to Democracy?

As a writer, a fiction writer, I have often wondered whether the attempt to always be precise, to try and get it all factually right somehow reduces the epic scale of what is really going on. Does it eventually mask a larger truth? I worry that I am allowing myself to be railroaded into offering prosaic, factual precision when maybe what we need is a feral howl, or the transformative power and real precision of poetry.

Something about the cunning, Brahmanical¹, intricate, bureaucratic, file-bound, “apply-through-proper-channels” nature of governance and subjugation in India seems to have made a clerk out of me. My only excuse is to say that it takes odd tools to uncover the maze of subterfuge and hypocrisy that cloaks the callousness and the cold, calculated violence of the world’s favourite new superpower. Repression “through proper channels” sometimes engenders resistance “through proper channels.” As resistance goes this isn’t enough, I know. But for now, it’s all I have. Perhaps someday it will become the underpinning for poetry and for the feral howl.

Today, words like “progress” and “development” have become interchangeable with economic “reforms,” “deregulation,” and “privatisation.” Freedom has come to mean choice. It has less to do with the human spirit than with different brands of deodorant. Market no longer means a place where you buy provisions. The “market” is a de-territorialised² space where faceless corporations do business, including buying and selling “futures.” Justice has come to mean human rights (and of those, as they say, “a few will do”).

This theft of language, this technique of usurping words and deploying them like weapons, of using them to mask intent and to mean exactly the opposite of what they have traditionally meant, has been one of the most brilliant strategic victories of the tsars of the new dispensation. It has allowed them to marginalise their detractors, deprive them of a language to voice their critique and dismiss them as being “anti-progress,” “anti-development,” “anti-reform,” and of course “anti-national” — negativists of the worst sort.

Talk about saving a river or protecting a forest and they say, “Don’t you believe in progress?” To people whose land is being submerged by dam reservoirs, and whose homes are being bulldozed, they say, “Do you have an alternative development model?” To those who believe that a government is duty bound to provide people with basic education, health care, and social security, they say, “You’re against the market.” And who except a cretin could be against markets?

¹Brahmanical

referring to the Brahmin caste of India, the highest caste in the Hindu social hierarchy, known for their role as priests, scholars and teachers

²De-territorialised

the elimination of social, political or cultural practices from their native places and populations

To reclaim these stolen words requires explanations that are too tedious for a world with a short attention span, and too expensive in an era when Free Speech has become unaffordable for the poor. This language heist may prove to be the keystone of our undoing.

Two decades of “Progress” in India has created a vast middle class punch-drunk on sudden wealth and the sudden respect that comes with it — and a much, much vaster, desperate underclass. Tens of millions of people have been dispossessed and displaced from their land by floods, droughts, and desertification caused by indiscriminate environmental engineering and massive infrastructural projects, dams, mines, and Special Economic Zones. All developed in the name of the poor, but really meant to service the rising demands of the new aristocracy.

The hoary³ institutions of Indian democracy — the judiciary, the police, the “free” press, and, of course, elections — far from working as a system of checks and balances, quite often do the opposite. They provide each other cover to promote the larger interests of Union and Progress. In the process, they generate such confusion, such a cacophony, that voices raised in warning just become part of the noise. And that only helps to enhance the image of the tolerant, lumbering, colourful, somewhat chaotic democracy. The chaos is real. But so is the consensus.

ARUNDHATI ROY

³ Hoary

ancient, old-fashioned

Text 4 – Poem

Instructions on Not Giving Up

More than the fuchsia funnels breaking out
of the crabapple tree, more than the neighbour's
almost obscene display of cherry limbs shoving
their cotton candy-coloured blossoms to the slate
sky of Spring rains, it's the greening of the trees
that really gets to me. When all the shock of white
and taffy, the world's baubles and trinkets, leave
the pavement strewn with the confetti of aftermath,
the leaves come. Patient, plodding, a green skin
growing over whatever winter did to us, a return
to the strange idea of continuous living despite
the mess of us, the hurt, the empty. Fine then,
I'll take it, the tree seems to say, a new slick leaf
unfurling like a fist to an open palm, I'll take it all.

ADA LIMÓN

Text 5 – Prose fiction extract

artist – *bundadhaany* What a wonderful thing to make something. I saw a painting in a book, it's called Długa Street; it was painted by a *bundadhaany* called Bernardo Bellotto. He was an Italian fella. He painted the city of Warsaw, Poland – there were twenty-six of them, in a style called *vedute*. He made those paintings, detailed lives of the people and the city, and he passed away just a handful of years before Australia was invaded. Almost two hundred years later the Nazis bombed Warsaw, killing hundreds and thousands of people, horrible annihilation. In this dark time almost the entire city of Warsaw was burned and destroyed. The people left were thinking about moving the city somewhere else, rebuilding a new Warsaw. But then they had all these paintings of the city, these great detailed things by the *bundadhaany* Bernardo Bellotto, and they rebuilt the city from paintings done generations before the city was bombed to bits. I want the younger ones, the next little ones to read this book and for them to look into the riverbed, to stare up into the tops of the gums, to look and know and name the birds. To recognise that city that no-one seems to see anymore. I wouldn't be invisible anymore, none of us would be.

ashamed, have shame – *giyal-dhuray* I'm done with this word. I'd leave it out completely but I can't. It's become part of the dictionary we think we should carry. We mustn't anymore. See, pain travels through our family tree like a songline. We've been singing our pain into a solid thing. The old ones, the young ones too, are ready to heal. We don't have to be *giyal-dhuray* anymore, we don't have to pass that down anymore.

ashes – *bunhaan* I want to spread everywhere I can over Prosperous, I want the body to float up to the leaves, I want to rest in the wheatfield, the last yield, before it's dug open.

Australia – *Ngurambang* That's my country, anyway. It spreads to almost the size of England, from the mountains in the north, to the boundary of *Ngurambang* in the south. The water once flowed through the Murrumbidgee from the southern rivers, filling the creeks, the lagoons, the lakes, and feeding everything in its wake. *Ngurambang* is my country; in my mind it will always be on the waterfront. Five hundred acres where the Gondiwindi lived, live. Australia – *Ngurambang*! Can you hear it now? Say it – *Ngu-ram-bang*!

TARA JUNE WINCH
Extract from *The Yield*