



TRIAL EXAMINATION 2025

ENGLISH ADVANCED

Paper 1 – Question Booklet

Candidate No:

General Instructions

- Reading Time: 10 minutes
- Working Time: 1 hour 30 minutes
- Write using black pen.
- Write your candidate number on the top of the Stimulus, Question and Writing Booklets provided.

Structure of Paper & Instructions

- Section I (20 marks).
Spend around 45 minutes on this section. Answer all questions in the Question Booklet provided.
- Section II (20 marks).
Spend around 45 minutes on this section. Answer the question in the Writing Booklets provided.

Total marks: 40

Thursday 7 August
8:40am

Checklist

Each boy should have the following:

- ☐ 1 Stimulus Booklet
- ☐ 1 Question Booklet
- ☐ 2 Writing Booklets

Section I

20 Marks

Attempt Questions 1-5.

Allow around 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
-

Question 1 (2 marks)

Text 1 – Poem

How does the speaker's emotional shift reveal the power of human connection?

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

If you need additional space use the lines below.

.....

.....



.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Question 2 (3 marks)

Text 2 – Speech Extract

Explain how Morrison challenges young people to take ownership of their identity and shape their future.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

If you need additional space use the lines below.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Text 3 - Fiction Extract

[illegible]

Question 3 continued

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Question 4 (5 marks)

Text 4 – Non-Fiction Extract

Analyse how Vuong represents language as both a barrier and a bridge to identity.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Question 4 continued

.....

.....

.....

.....

If you need additional space use the lines below.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Question 5 (6 marks)

Texts 1, 2, 3 or 4

Compare how two texts explore identity and the forces that shape it.

[illegible]

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

If you need additional space use the lines below.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Section II

20 Marks

Allow around 45 minutes on this section.

Use the Writing Booklets for this question.

In your answer you 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
-

“Human experiences are shaped by the coexistence of competing impulses.”

Discuss with reference to the insights offered by your prescribed text.

The prescribed text for Section II is:

Orwell, George, *Nineteen Eighty-Four*

END OF QUESTION BOOKLET



TRIAL EXAMINATION 2025

ENGLISH ADVANCED

Paper 1 – Stimulus Booklet

Candidate No:

General Instructions

- Reading Time: 10 minutes
- Working Time: 1 hour 30 minutes
- Write using black pen.
- Write your candidate number on the top of the Stimulus, Question and Writing Booklets provided.

Structure of Paper & Instructions

- Section I (20 marks).
Spend around 45 minutes on this section. Answer all questions in the Question Booklet provided.
- Section II (20 marks).
Spend around 45 minutes on this section. Answer the question in the Writing Booklets provided.

Total marks:40

**Thursday 7 August
8:40am**

Checklist

Each boy should have the following:

- ☐ 1 Stimulus Booklet
- ☐ 1 Question Booklet
- ☐ 2 Writing Booklets

Section I

Text 1 – Poetry

William Shakespeare – Sonnet 29 ‘When, in disgrace with fortune and men’s eyes’

When, in disgrace with fortune and men’s eyes,
I all alone beweepe my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man’s art and that man’s scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven’s gate;
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

Text 2 – Speech Extract

Toni Morrison – Commencement Address to Wellesley College Class of 2004

Happiness. I'm sure you have been told that this is the best time of your life. It may be. But if it's true that this is the best time of your life, if you have already lived or are now living at this age the best years, or if the next few turn out to be the best, then you have my condolences. Because you'll want to remain here, stuck in these so-called best years, never maturing, wanting only to look, to feel and be the adolescent that whole industries are devoted to forcing you to remain.

One more flawless article of clothing, one more elaborate toy, the truly perfect diet, the harmless but necessary drug, the almost final elective surgery, the ultimate cosmetic—all designed to maintain hunger for stasis. While children are being eroticized into adults, adults are being exoticized into eternal juvenilia. I know that happiness has been the real, if covert, target of your labors here, your choices of companions, of the profession that you will enter. You deserve it and I want you to gain it, everybody should. But if that's all you have on your mind, then you do have my sympathy, and if these are indeed the best years of your life, you do have my condolences because there is nothing, believe me, more satisfying, more gratifying than true adulthood. The adulthood that is the span of life before you. The process of becoming one is not inevitable. Its achievement is a difficult beauty, an intensely hard won glory, which commercial forces and cultural vapidty should not be permitted to deprive you of.

Now, if I can't talk inspiringly and hopefully about the future or the past or the present and your responsibility to the present or happiness, you might be wondering why I showed up. If things are that dour, that tentative, you might ask yourself, what's this got to do with me? What about my life? I didn't ask to be born, as they say. I beg to differ with you. Yes, you did! In fact, you insisted upon it. It's too easy, you know, too ordinary, too common to not be born. So your presence here on Earth is a very large part your doing.

So it is up to the self, that self that insisted on life that I want to speak to now—candidly—and tell you the truth that I have not really been clearheaded about, the world I have described to you, the one you are inheriting. All my ruminations about the future, the past, responsibility, happiness are really about my generation, not yours. My generation's profligacy, my generation's heedlessness and denial, its frail ego that required endless draughts of power juice and repeated images of weakness in others in order to prop up our own illusion of strength, more and more self congratulation while we sell you more and more games and images of death as entertainment. In short, the palm I was reading wasn't yours, it was the splayed hand of my own generation and I know no generation has a complete grip on the imagination and work of the next one, not mine and not your parents', not if you refuse to let it be so. You don't have to accept those media labels. You need not settle for any defining category. You don't have to be merely a taxpayer or a red state or a blue state or a consumer or a minority or a majority.

Of course, you're general, but you're also specific. A citizen and a person, and the person you are is like nobody else on the planet. Nobody has the exact memory that you have. What is now known is not all what you are capable of knowing. You are your own stories and therefore free to imagine and experience what it means to be human without wealth. What it feels like to be human without domination over others, without reckless arrogance, without fear of others unlike you, without rotating, rehearsing and reinventing the hatreds you learned in the sandbox. And although you don't have complete control over the narrative (no author does, I can tell you), you could nevertheless create it.

Although you will never fully know or successfully manipulate the characters who surface or disrupt your plot, you can respect the ones who do by paying them close attention and doing them justice. The theme you choose may change or simply elude you, but being your own story means you can always choose the tone. It also means that you can invent the language to say who you are and what you mean. But then, I am a teller of stories and therefore an optimist, a believer in the ethical bend of the human heart, a believer in the mind's disgust with fraud and its appetite for truth, a believer in the ferocity of beauty. So, from my point of view, which is that of a storyteller, I see your life as already artful, waiting, just waiting and ready for you to make it art.

Text 3 – Fiction Extract

Claire Keegan – Small Things Like These

In October there were yellow trees. Then the clocks went back the hour and the long November winds came in and blew, and stripped the trees bare. In the town of New Ross, chimneys threw out smoke which fell away and drifted off in hairy, drawn-out strings before dispersing along the quays, and soon the River Barrow, dark as stout, swelled up with rain.

The people, for the most part, unhappily endured the weather: shop-keepers and tradesmen, men and women in the post office and the dole queue, the mart, the coffee shop and supermarket, the bingo hall, the pubs and the chipper all commented, in their own ways, on the cold and what rain had fallen, asking what was in it – and could there be something in it – for who could believe that there, again, was another raw-cold day? Children pulled their hoods up before facing out to school, while their mothers, so used now to ducking their heads and running to the clothesline, or hardly daring to hang anything out at all, had little faith in getting so much as a shirt dry before evening. And then the nights came on and the frosts took hold again, and blades of cold slid under doors and cut the knees off those who still knelt to say the rosary.

Down in the yard, Bill Furlong, the coal and timber merchant, rubbed his hands, saying if things carried on as they were, they would soon need a new set of tyres for the lorry.

‘She’s on the road every hour of the day,’ he told his men. ‘We could soon be on the rims.’

And it was true: hardly had one customer left the yard before another arrived in, fresh on their heels, or the phone rang – with almost everyone saying they wanted delivery now or soon, that next week wouldn’t do.

Furlong sold coal, turf, anthracite, slack and logs. These were ordered by the hundredweight, the half hundredweight or the full tonne or lorry load. He also sold bales of briquettes¹, kindling and bottled gas. The coal was the dirtiest work and had, in winter, to be collected monthly, off the quays. Two full days it took for the men to collect, carry, sort and weigh it all out, back at the yard. Meanwhile, the Polish and Russian boatmen were a novelty going about town in their fur caps and long, buttoned coats, with hardly a word of English.

During busy times like these, Furlong made most of the deliveries himself, leaving the yardmen to bag up the next orders and cut and split the loads of felled trees the farmers brought in. Through the mornings, the saws and shovels could be heard going hard at it, but when the Angelus² bell rang, at noon, the men laid down their tools, washed the black off their hands, and went round to Kehoe’s, where they were fed hot dinners with soup, and fish & chips on Fridays.

¹ a block of compressed coal dust or peat used as fuel.

² ringing of church bells, which is traditionally a call to prayer for Catholics

‘The empty sack cannot stand,’ Mrs Kehoe liked to say, standing behind her new buffet counter, slicing up the meat and dishing out the veg and mash with her long, metal spoons.

Gladly, the men sat down to thaw out and eat their fill before having a smoke and facing back out into the cold again.

Text 4 – Non-Fiction Extract

Ocean Vuong - Surrendering

Reading and writing, like any other crafts, come to the mind slowly, in pieces. But for me, as an E.S.L. student from a family of illiterate rice farmers, who saw reading as snobby, or worse, the experience of working through a book, even one as simple as “Where the Wild Things Are,” was akin to standing in quicksand, your loved ones corralled at its safe edges, their arms folded in suspicion and doubt as you sink.

My family immigrated to the U.S. from Vietnam in 1990, when I was two. We lived, all seven of us, in a one-bedroom apartment in Hartford, Connecticut, and I spent my first five years in America surrounded, inundated, by the Vietnamese language. When I entered kindergarten, I was, in a sense, immigrating all over again, except this time into English. Like any American child, I quickly learned my ABCs, thanks to the age-old melody (one I still sing rapidly to myself when I forget whether “M” comes before “N”). Within a few years, I had become fluent—but only in speech, not in the written word. One early-spring afternoon, when I was in fourth grade, we got an assignment in language-arts class: we had two weeks to write a poem in honor of National Poetry Month. Normally, my poor writing abilities would excuse me from such assignments, and I would instead spend the class mindlessly copying out passages from books I’d retrieved from a blue plastic bin at the back of the room. The task allowed me to camouflage myself; as long as I looked as though I were doing something smart, my shame and failure were hidden. The trouble began when I decided to be dangerously ambitious. Which is to say, I decided to write a poem.

“Where is it?” the teacher asked. He held my poem up to the fluorescent classroom lights and squinted, the way one might examine counterfeit money. I could tell, by the slowly brightening room, that it had started to snow. I pointed to my work dangling from his fingers. “No, where is the poem you plagiarized? How did you even write something like this?” Then he tipped my desk toward me. The desk had a cubby attached to its underside, and I watched as the contents spilled from the cubby’s mouth: rectangular pink erasers, crayons, yellow pencils, wrinkled work sheets where dotted letters were filled in, a lime Dum Dum lollipop. But no poem. I stood before the rubble at my feet. Little moments of ice hurled themselves against the window as the boys and girls, my peers, stared, their faces as unconvinced as blank sheets of paper.

Text 4 continues over the page.

Weeks earlier, I'd been in the library. It was where I would hide during recess. Otherwise, because of my slight frame and soft voice, the boys would call me "pansy" and "fairy" and pull my shorts around my ankles in the middle of the schoolyard. I sat on the floor beside a tape player. From a box of cassettes, I chose one labelled "Great American Speeches." I picked it because of the illustration, a microphone against a backdrop of the American flag. I picked it because the American flag was one of the few symbols I recognized. Through the headset, a robust male voice surged forth, emptying into my body. The man's inflections made me think of waves on a sea. Between his sentences, a crowd—I imagined thousands—roared and applauded. I imagined their heads shifting in an endless flow. His voice must possess the power of a moon, I thought, something beyond my grasp, my little life. Then a narrator named the man as a Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. I nodded, not knowing why a doctor was speaking like this. But maybe these people were ill, and he was trying to cure them. There must have been medicine in his words—can there be medicine in words? "I have a dream," I mouthed to myself as the doctor spoke. It occurred to me that I had been mouthing my grandmother's stories as well, the ones she had been telling me ever since I was born. Of course, not being able to read does not mean that one is empty of stories. My poem was called "If a Boy Could Dream." The phrases "promised land" and "mountaintop" sounded golden to me, and I saw an ochre-lit field, a lushness akin to a spring dusk. I imagined that the doctor was dreaming of springtime. So my poem was a sort of ode to spring. From the gardening shows my grandmother watched, I'd learned the words for flowers I had never seen in person: foxglove, lilac, lily, buttercup. "If a boy could dream of golden fields, full of lilacs, tulips, marigolds . . ."

I knew words like "if" and "boy," but others I had to look up. I sounded out the words in my head, a dictionary in my lap, and searched the letters. After a few days, the poem appeared as gray graphite words. The paper a white flag. I had surrendered, had written.

Looking back, I can see my teacher's problem. I was, after all, a poor student. "Where is it?" he said again. "It's right here," I said, pointing to my poem pinched between his fingers.

I had read books that weren't books, and I had read them using everything but my eyes. From that invisible "reading," I had pressed my world onto paper. As such, I was a fraud in a field of language, which is to say, I was a writer. I have plagiarized my life to give you the best of me.

END OF STIMULUS BOOKLET