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Student Number

TRIAL  
HIGHER SCHOOL  
CERTIFICATE  
EXAMINATION

2021

# English Advanced

## Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

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**General  
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

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**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 9–12)

- 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 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.

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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 – Illustration**

Analyse how the illustration represents an idea about childhood engagement with fiction and narrative. **3**

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**Question 2** (3 marks)

**Text 2 – Poem**

Analyse how Carol Ann Duffy uses imagery in her poem to capture the human experience of early education.

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**Question 3** (4 marks)

**Text 3 – Prose fiction extract**

How does the protagonist of the prose fiction extract express her insights into adulthood? **4**

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**Question 4** (4 marks)

**Text 4 – Personal essay extract**

How does Kephart explore the significance of the concept of home as experienced by children and adolescents? **4**

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**Question 5** (6 marks)

**Text 1, Text 2, Text 3 and Text 4**

Compare how TWO texts from the Stimulus Booklet represent the relationship between literature and the human experience of growing up. In your response, you must analyse the way in which language techniques are used in each text. 6

**You may mention language techniques that you have already identified in previous responses.**

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**Question 5 continues on page 8**

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**End of Question 5**



## Section II

20 marks

Attempt ONE question from Questions 6(a) – 6(n)

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the question in the Writing Booklet provided. Extra Writing Booklets are available.

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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)

### Prose Fiction

(a) **Anthony Doerr, *All the Light We Cannot See***

To envision a better tomorrow is the singular purpose of imagination.

To what extent does this statement align with your understanding of Doerr's exploration of human experience in *All the Light We Cannot See*?

**OR**

(b) **Amanda Lohrey, *Vertigo***

To understand the past is the singular purpose of memory.

To what extent does this statement align with your understanding of Lohrey's exploration of human experience in *Vertigo*?

**OR**

(c) **George Orwell, *Nineteen Eighty-Four***

To overcome adversity is the singular purpose of resistance.

To what extent does this statement align with your understanding of Orwell's exploration of human experience in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*?

**OR**

**Question 6 continues on page 10**

(d) **Favel Parrett, *Past the Shallows***

To support our dreams is the singular purpose of family.

To what extent does this statement align with your understanding of Parrett's exploration of human experience in *Past the Shallows*?

**OR**

**Poetry**

(e) **Rosemary Dobson, *Rosemary Dobson Collected***

To capture emotion is the singular purpose of language.

To what extent does this statement align with your understanding of Dobson's exploration of human experience in *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*

**OR**

(f) **Kenneth Slessor, *Selected Poems***

To reframe experience is the singular purpose of creativity.

To what extent does this statement align with your understanding of Slessor's exploration of human experience in *Selected Poems*?

The prescribed poems are:

- *Wild Grapes*
- *Gulliver*
- *Out of Time*
- *Vesper-Song of the Reverend Samuel Marsden*
- *William Street*
- *Beach Burial*

**OR**

**Question 6 continues on page 11**

## Drama

- (g) **Jane Harrison, *Rainbow's End*, from Vivienne Cleven et. A., *Contemporary Indigenous Plays***

To achieve independence is the singular purpose of growth.

To what extent does this statement align with your understanding of Harrison's exploration of human experience in *Rainbow's End*?

OR

- (h) **Arthur Miller, *The Crucible***

To achieve justice is the singular purpose of truth.

To what extent does this statement align with your understanding of Miller's exploration of human experience in *The Crucible*?

OR

## Shakespearean Drama

- (i) **William Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice***

To challenge authority is the singular purpose of interrogation.

To what extent does this statement align with your understanding of Shakespeare's exploration of human experience in *The Merchant of Venice*?

OR

## Nonfiction

- (j) **Tim Winton, *The Boy Behind the Curtains***

To understand place is the singular purpose of observation.

To what extent does this statement align with your understanding of Winton's exploration of human experience in *The Boy Behind the Curtains*?

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*

OR

Question 6 continues on page 12

(k) **Malala Yousafzai and Christina Lamb, *I am Malala***

To achieve equality is the singular purpose of rebellion.

To what extent does this statement align with your understanding of Yousafzai and Lamb's exploration of human experience in *I am Malala*?

**OR**

**Film**

(l) **Stephen Daldry, *Billy Elliot***

To find freedom is the singular purpose of art.

To what extent does this statement align with your understanding of Daldry's exploration of human experience in *Billy Elliot*?

**OR**

**Media**

(m) **Ivan O'Mahoney, *Go Back to Where You Came From***

To promote empathy is the singular purpose of experience.

To what extent does this statement align with your understanding of O'Mahoney's exploration of human experience in *Go Back to Where You Came From*?

The prescribed episodes are:

- *Series 1: Episodes 1, 2 and 3*
- *The Response*

**OR**

(n) **Lucy Walker, *Waste Land***

To save the planet is the singular purpose of progress.

To what extent does this statement align with your understanding of Walker's exploration of human experience in *Waste Land*?

**End of paper**



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# English Advanced

## Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

### Stimulus Booklet

	Pages
<hr/> <b>Section I</b>	
· Text 1 – Illustration .....	2
· Text 2 – Poem .....	3
· Text 3 – Prose fiction extract .....	4–5
· Text 4 – Personal essay extract .....	6–7

## Section I

### Text 1 – Illustration



Illustration by RICARDO SIRI  
for Rebecca Solnit's letter from *A Velocity of Being: Letters to a Young Reader*,  
edited by Maria Popova and Claudia Zoe Bedrick.

## Text 2 – Poem

### In Mrs Tilscher's Class

You could travel up the Blue Nile  
with your finger, tracing the route  
while Mrs Tilscher chanted the scenery.  
Tana. Ethiopia. Khartoum. Aswân.  
That for an hour, then a skittle of milk  
and the chalky Pyramids rubbed into dust.  
A window opened with a long pole.  
The laugh of a bell swung by a running child.

This was better than home. Enthralling books.  
The classroom glowed like a sweet shop.  
Sugar paper. Coloured shapes. Brady and Hindley  
faded, like the faint, uneasy smudge of a mistake.  
Mrs Tilscher loved you. Some mornings, you found  
she'd left a good gold star by your name.  
The scent of a pencil slowly, carefully, shaved.  
A xylophone's nonsense heard from another form.

Over the Easter term, the inky tadpoles changed  
from commas into exclamation marks. Three frogs  
hopped in the playground, freed by a dunce,  
followed by a line of kids, jumping and croaking  
away from the lunch queue. A rough boy  
told you how you were born. You kicked him, but stared  
at your parents, appalled, when you got back home.

That feverish July, the air tasted of electricity.  
A tangible alarm made you always untidy, hot,  
fractious under the heavy, sexy sky. You asked her  
how you were born and Mrs Tilscher smiled,  
then turned away. Reports were handed out.  
You ran through the gates, impatient to be grown,  
as the sky split open into a thunderstorm.

CAROL ANN DUFFY

### **Text 3 – Prose fiction extract**

*Miles Franklin's acclaimed novel is written from the perspective of 16-year-old Sybylla Melvyn who is raised in rural Australia at the end of the 19th century.*

As a tiny child I was filled with dreams of the great things I was to do when grown up. My ambition was as boundless as the mighty bush in which I have always lived. As I grew it dawned upon me that I was a girl--the makings of a woman! Only a girl--merely this and nothing more. It came home to me as a great blow that it was only men who could take the world by its ears and conquer their fate, while women, metaphorically speaking, were forced to sit with tied hands and patiently suffer as the waves of fate tossed them hither and thither, battering and bruising without mercy.

Familiarity made me used to this yoke; I recovered from the disappointment of being a girl, and was reconciled to that part of my fate. In fact, I found that being a girl was quite pleasant until a hideous truth dawned upon me--I was ugly! That truth has embittered my whole existence. It gives me days and nights of agony. It is a sensitive sore that will never heal, a grim hobgoblin that nought can scare away. In conjunction with this brand of hell I developed a reputation of cleverness. Worse and worse! Girls! girls! Those of you who have hearts, and therefore a wish for happiness, homes, and husbands by and by, never develop a reputation of being clever. It will put you out of the matrimonial running as effectually as though it had been circulated that you had leprosy. So, if you feel that you are afflicted with more than ordinary intelligence, and especially if you are plain with it, hide your brains, cramp your mind, study to appear unintellectual--it is your only chance. Provided a woman is beautiful allowance will be made for all her shortcomings. She can be unchaste, vapid, untruthful, flippant, heartless, and even clever; so long as she is fair to see men will stand by her, and as men, in this world, are "the dog on top", they are the power to truckle to. A plain woman will have nothing forgiven her. Her fate is such that the parents of uncomely female infants should be compelled to put them to death at their birth.

**Text 3 continues on page 5**



### Text 3 (continued)

The next unpleasant discovery I made in regard to myself was that I was woefully out of my sphere. I studied the girls of my age around me, and compared myself with them. We had been reared side by side. They had had equal advantages; some, indeed, had had greater. We all moved in the one little, dull world, but they were not only in their world, they were of it; I was not. Their daily tasks and their little pleasures provided sufficient oil for the lamp of their existence--mine demanded more than Possum Gully could supply. They were totally ignorant of the outside world. Patti, Melba, Irving, Terry, Kipling, Caine, Corelli, and even the name of Gladstone, were only names to them. Whether they were islands or racehorses they knew not and cared not. With me it was different. Where I obtained my information, unless it was born in me, I do not know. We took none but the local paper regularly, I saw few books, had the pleasure of conversing with an educated person from the higher walks of life about once in a twelvemonth, yet I knew of every celebrity in literature, art, music, and drama; their world was my world, and in fancy I lived with them. My parents discouraged me in that species of foolishness. They had been fond of literature and the higher arts, but now, having no use for them, had lost interest therein.

I was discontented and restless, and longed unendurably to be out in the stream of life. "Action! Action! Give me action!" was my cry.

MILES FRANKLIN  
Extract from *My Brilliant Career*

**End of Text 3**

#### Text 4 – Personal essay extract

Childhood was rooms and doors, gaping lace in open windows, potted parsley in yellow kitchens, splintered floorboards, buckled carpets, the bug-zapper sound that the basement light made when your father pulled the string, and then that tube of violet light abuzz over his box of tools. Childhood was place as much as it was people, geometry as much as conversation, material as much as mood.

There's the evidence of it in photographs. There are the neighborhoods to which we return, then circle. And, sometimes, there are the houses themselves—still standing. If we knock, and the door opens, we are rushed with a confusion of past and present. ... Installed in the moment. Awash with history.

We have been shaped by the houses and the land of our past. We remember, through them, what we have gained and what we have lost, what we were offered and what we were denied, what we have decided about transience, permanence, and most things in between. As memoir writers we must ultimately wrestle with our beliefs about home. We need to answer questions: Is home an act of creation? Is home where we know and are known? Is home where we find ease? Is home where we tell the truth or keep our secrets? Is home what we must finally leave?

What, in the end, is *home*? And how do we write it?

Simply quantifying the architectural facts of our childhood houses—stone, brick, siding; color of doors and arrangement of windows; tones and hues; furnishings; the arrangement of mail slots or mailboxes; monthly rent or purchase price—will not, alone, advance our plots. We must find within those facts our stories, our metaphors, our truths, our most elemental memories. ...

It's one thing to take a measuring tape to a set of architectural blueprints and announce a series of dimensions. It's quite another to think and write of a house *proportionately*. What was small and what was large, and in relationship to what, precisely?

Think of the work Sandra Cisneros does in *The House on Mango Street*, a house that is, she tells us, "small and red with tight steps in front and windows so small you'd think they were holding their breath." The language is simple. The effect is enormous. The windows are holding their breath and so are we. We feel the impact of this claustrophobic place on a girl with expansive dreams.

If we were to think of our childhood houses in terms of proportions—how the sizes of things shaped our relationship to them and to ourselves—what would happen to our stories? How might we understand, and write them, better? ...

**Text 4 continues on page 7**

Text 4 (continued)

Many of us look back on our childhood homes with our eyes. Photographs orient us, after all. Those blueprints, if we have them.

But story lives equally within the province of sound—the way the roof whistled when the wind blew, the inherent creak of the fifth stair, the front-door squeal, the hush-swirl of the water draining from the tub. ...

What echoed, literally, in our childhood homes? What echoes now, as we write our way back to the children we were, eyes closed in the dark, listening? How might the echoes become metaphors, or meaning? ...

Our childhood houses offered, at their most basic, shelter. But they also served as round-the-clock stage sets, as a kind of theatre in which we were both actor and audience. ...

This might be our ambition, then: to write the physical places that shaped us with such evocative specificity that those who read our pages will feel not just the wind blowing through but the lives themselves—the gathering, the yearning, the inevitably inadequate but elementally human attempts at shaping and keeping.

Our childhood houses were where we learned proportion and relationship, colour and shine, function and dysfunction, echo. Our childhood houses were our theatres in the round. Our privilege, and our challenge, is to write them, to convert the house into a home.

BETH KEPHART

“House as Home: Writing the Places That Raised Us”

**End of Text 4**