

2019

**MOCK TRIAL
EXAMINATION**

English (Advanced)

Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

**General
Instructions**

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Working time – 1.5 hours
- Write using black or blue pen
- Black pen is preferred
- Write your name on every page
- Use the stimulus booklet provided

Total Marks

40 Marks

- **Section I - 20 Marks** (pages 2-8)
- Attempt Questions 1-4
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

- **Section II - 20 Marks** (pages 9)
- Attempt Question 5
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section I

20 marks

Attempt Question 1

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the question in the Section I Writing Booklet. Extra writing booklets are available.

In your answers you will be assessed on how well you:

- demonstrate understanding of the way human experiences are shaped in and through texts
- describe, explain and analyse the relationship between language, text and context

Question 1 (20 marks)

Examine **Texts one, two and three** carefully and then answer the questions in the stimulus booklet.

Text One – Photograph *Bathtime in Gaza*



Question 1 continues on page 3

Text Two – Poem: *The Seven Ages of Man* by William Shakespeare

Jaques is a cynical observer who critiques people and their day to day 'performance'.

Jaques: All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling* and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard**,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon*** lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans**** teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Note:

**Mewling* - crying

** *Pard* - leopard

*** *capon lined* - his belly is lined with chicken

****sans* - without

Question 1 continues on page 4

Text Three – Autobiography, *Heddy and Me* by Susan Varga

We were not particularly happy children, despite the good fortune of our placid North Shore life. We resented having to appreciate everything. We had far too much to appreciate, far more than other children.

And Mother, in turn, resented the very trouble-free life she had created for us. We failed to see our life from her perspective.

I knew, in a confused way, that my parents had suffered during the War, and that there was some extra intensity and obsession in our relationships with each other that had to do with the past. I understood what I had to do to make it up to them was to be a happy, well-behaved child. It was that simple.

It was also impossible, except on the surface. My self-concept was so bound up with the past that I had trouble distinguishing the heroine or coward on the school playground. Besides, a betrayal of a friend, failing a maths test, being rude to my parents, they weren't the real measure of anything. I had to prepare myself for when the real test came for my generation.

I had no idea that there were thousands like me, thinking the same obsessive thoughts, in the Americas, in Canada, in Australia, wherever the survivors and their children had gone. I didn't realise I was the only child deeply ambivalent about my parents, guilty at causing them any further pain, not giving my own pain any legitimacy because I had never "really suffered" as they had. Even now, as I read the accounts of others of the second generation, I compare myself guiltily to those who were 'good' children, who crave loyalty to their scarred parents. Judy and I rebelled at the hidden agenda. We resented the obligation their suffering imposed on us, yet, fascinated, were drawn to it against our will.

Like many adolescents I tried to distance myself from my parent's way of life, and, if not from Jewishness, from things Jewish. I was scared of getting stuck in the past. I was going to be a proper New Australian - forward looking, polyglot; and a new kind of Jew - proud of who I was, but cosmopolitan, picking my friends and my lifestyle by preference alone. Even the question of going out with Jewish Boys was loaded for me. Would there be any new worlds opening up if I went out with them? I'd be trapped in a world of obedient Jewish boys destined to become doctors.

Perhaps if I had not run away so hard, I might have worked out some things I am only now beginning to see.

One thing I could not understand was Mother's relationship to things and her passion for order. I could not understand the intense anxiety my disordered life around in her. But I begin to see. What is one of the first signs of a disintegrating life? When your possessions, the objects of most familiarity in your life, are taken away, or sold off, or have to be hidden. What are the signs of your life reintegrating? When you get back the first stick of furniture and can put your own linen on your bed again. Or so it was for Heddy.

Question 1 continues on page 5

Only recently have I started to think of Heddy and myself as part of something bigger. I was struck by a story of a survivor whose parents perished in Auschwitz. To the last, this man's parents were obsessed that he, their only son, should locate and reclaim the family belongings in storage. Their obsession had nothing to do with the materialism in its ordinary meaning. It was more to do with the sense of self that people lose when on the run. Their identity, so rooted in the things that they have chosen accumulated, inherited, is flung away. The fight to regain those things is correspondingly intense.

When I was growing up Heddy's anxiety about disorder induced only anxiety in me, followed by guilt and resentment. What did it matter, in the larger scheme of things, if your shoes hadn't been put away or if you'd lost your belt, or if there was left over food in your room? Especially to her after all she'd been through? I knew other mother's nagged about these things but there was a special quality in her of strong emotion, almost a moral disgust.

I became her antithesis; impractical in the extreme. My personal life shunned an ordered future.

I knew my choices would not please her, but I had not counted on the intensity of her grief, rage and disappointment. There was a mad disproportion to it all that lent a surreal quality to our conflict. When I got married at twenty-five, we were still at each other hammer and tongs.

Mother brings up that day as an example of the bad influence of my friends. She reminds me bitterly that B, was going through a madcap hippy phase, arrived three hours early, carrying her guitar and in bare feet. Heddy was beside herself.

"B was a really bad influence on you. She nearly ruined the wedding!"

"B?" I gasp. "But she's totally harmless. She didn't have any particular influence..."

"Oh, yes. The way she behaved...the way she dressed...So irresponsible." Her face is grim.

What really ruined the wedding was our conflict, both in general and about how the wedding should be staged, and about my own doubts about getting married at all. But that little incident was about threatening disorder. And disorder for Mother meant, still means, genuine distress, a threat to the way she's struggled to live her life.

It has taken me a long time to work out that her distress doesn't necessarily mean that I've done something wrong.

These days I watch myself accumulating even more things, and taking great pleasure in them. I think they mean that my life is beginning to acquire a little more, dare I say it, stability and substance. Perhaps I am beginning to let the Heddy in me out.

Question 1 continues on page 6

Text Four – Fiction, *Oliver Twist* by Charles Dickens

Oliver walked twenty miles that day; and all that time tasted nothing but the crust of dry bread, and a few draughts of water, which he begged at the cottage doors by the road side. When the night came, he turned into a meadow; and, creeping close under a hay-rick*, determined to lie there, till morning. He felt frightened at first, for the wind moaned dismally over the empty fields: and he was cold and hungry, and more alone than he had ever felt before. Being very tired with his walk, however, he soon fell asleep and forgot his troubles.

He felt cold and stiff, when he got up next morning, and so hungry that he was obliged to exchange the penny for a small loaf, in the very first village through which he passed. He had walked no more than twelve miles, when night closed in again. His feet were sore, and his legs so weak that they trembled beneath him. Another night passed in the bleak damp air, it made him worse; when he set forward on his journey next morning, he could hardly crawl along.

He waited at the bottom of a steep hill till a stage-coach came up, and then begged of the outside passengers; but there were very few who took any notice of him: and even those told him to wait till they got to the top of the hill, and then let them see how far he could run for a halfpenny. Poor Oliver tried to keep up with the coach a little way, but was unable to do it, by reason of his fatigue and sore feet. When the outsiders saw this, they put their halfpence back into their pockets again, declaring that he was an idle young dog, and didn't deserve anything; and the coach rattled away and only left a cloud of dust behind.

In some villages, large painted boards were fixed up: warning all persons who begged within the district, that they would be sent to jail. This frightened Oliver very much and made him glad to get out of those villages with all possible expedition. In others, he would stand about the inn-yards, and look mournfully at every one who passed; a proceeding which generally terminated in the landlady's ordering on of the post-boys* who were lounging about, to drive that strange boy out of the place, for she was sure he had come to steal something. If he begged at a farmer's house, ten to one but they threatened to set the dog on him; and when he showed his nose in a shop, they talked about the beadle* – which brought Oliver's heart into his mouth, - very often the only thing he had there, for many hours together.

In fact, if it had not been for a good-hearted turnpike-man*, and a benevolent old lady, Oliver's troubles would have been shortened by the very same process which had put an end to his mother's; in other words, he would have most assuredly fallen dead upon the king's highway. But the turnpike-man gave him a meal of bread and cheese; and the old lady, who had a shipwrecked grandson wandering barefoot in some distant part of the earth, took pity upon the poor orphan, and gave him what little she could afford – and more – with such kind and gentle words, and such tears of sympathy and compassion, that they sank deeper into Oliver's soul, than all the sufferings he had ever undergone.

Question 1 continues on page 7

Early on the seventh morning after he had left his native place, Oliver limped slowly into the little town of Barnet. The window-shutters were closed; the street was empty; not a soul had awakened to the business of the day. The sun was rising in all its splendid beauty; but the light only served to show the boy his own lonesomeness and desolation, as he sat, with bleeding feet and covered with dust, upon a doorstep.

By degrees, the shutters were opened; the window-blinds were drawn up; and people began passing to and fro. Some few stopped to gaze at Oliver for a moment or two, or they turned around to stare at him as they hurried by; but none relieved him or troubled themselves to inquire how he came there. He had no heart to beg. And there he sat.

He had been crouching on the step for some time: wondering at the great number of public-houses (every other house in Barnet was a tavern, large or small), gazing listlessly at the coaches as they passed through, and thinking how strange it seemed that they could do, with ease, in a few hours, what it had taken him a week of courage and determination beyond his years to accomplish: when he was roused by observing that a boy, who had passed him carelessly a few minutes before, had returned, and was now surveying him most earnestly from the opposite side of the way. He took little heed of this at first; but the boy remained in the same attitude of close observation so long, that Oliver raised his head, and returned his steady look.

*hay-rick – hay stack

*post-boys – a boy who delivered the post or carried the mail

*beadle – an officer of the church or college, or similar institution

*turnpike-man – a man who collects tolls at a turnpike (tollgate)

In your answers you will be assessed on how well you:

- demonstrate understanding of the way perceptions of belonging are shaped in and through texts
 - describe, explain and analyse the relationship between language, text and context
-

Question 1 (continued)

Text one — Photograph *Bathtime in Gaza*

- (a) How does the photographer capture the complexities of the family's experience?
3 marks

Text two – Poem *All the World's a Stage*

- (b) Explain how Shakespeare draws the reader's attention to the belief that the lives of human beings are a performance?
4 marks

Text three – Article *Heddy and Me*

- (c) How does the writer convey the influence of the collective experience on the individual?
6 marks

Text four - Fiction *Oliver Twist* AND texts one or two or three

- (d) Compare how composers shed light on human interactions?

In your response make reference to Text four and ONE other text from Text 1, 2 or 3.

7 marks

End of Question 1

Section II

20 marks

Attempt Question 2

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the question in the Section III Writing Booklet. Extra writing booklets are available.

In your answer you will be assessed on how well you:

- demonstrate understanding of human experiences in text
 - 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 2 (20 marks)

It is a story's ability to ignite new ideas about human behaviour that allows us as readers to see the world differently.

Discuss this statement in reference to your prescribed text.

The prescribed texts are listed on the next page:

The prescribed texts for Section II are:

Section II

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*
 - William Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice*

Section II continues on page 10

Section II prescribed texts (continued)

- **Nonfiction**
 - Tim Winton, *The Boy Behind the Curtain*
 - * *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*
 - *Series 1: Episodes 1, 2 and 3*
 - and
 - * *The Response*
 - Lucy Walker, *Waste Land*

End of Paper