

COMPLETE PAPER

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2019

HIGHER  
SCHOOL  
CERTIFICATE  
PRACTICE PAPER

# 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

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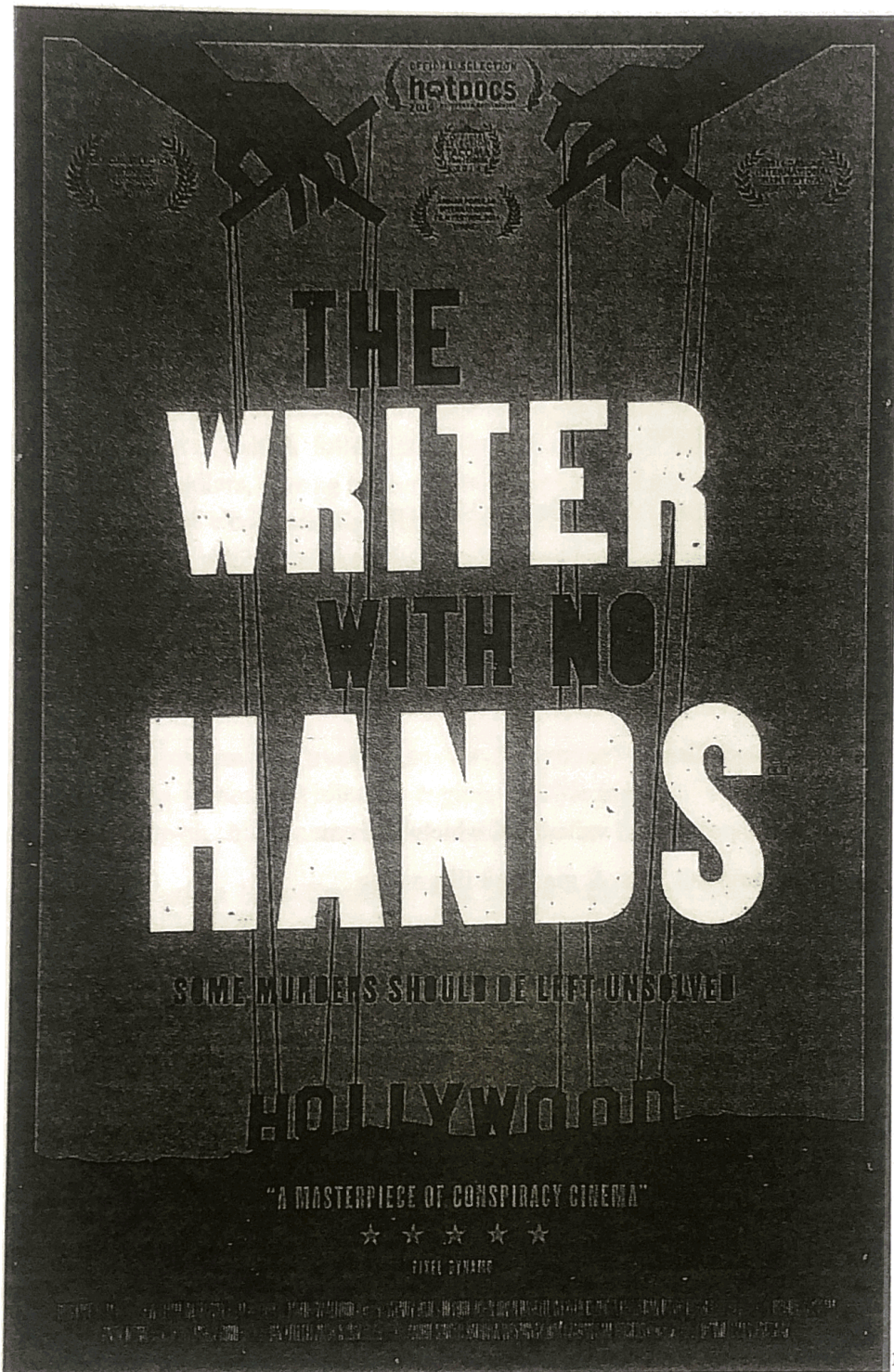
**Total marks:**  
**40**

**Section I – 20 marks** (pages 2-9)

- \* Attempt Questions 1-4
- \* Allow about 45 minutes for this section

**Section II – 20 marks** (pages 10-12)

- \* Attempt Question 5
- \* Allow about 45 minutes for this section



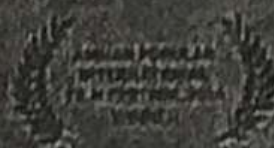
<sup>1</sup> Source: <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:WWNHFestivalPoster.jpg> used under permission of the GNU Free Documentation License



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2024 INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL



# THE WRITER WITH NO HANDS

SOME MURDERS SHOULD BE LEFT UNSOLVED

## HOLLYWOOD

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**Dream Song 14**

Life, friends, is boring. We must not say so.  
After all, the sky flashes, the great sea yearns,  
we ourselves flash and yearn,  
and moreover my mother told me as a boy  
(repeatingly) 'Ever to confess you're bored  
means you have no

Inner Resources.' I conclude now I have no  
inner resources, because I am heavy bored.

Peoples bore me,  
literature bores me, especially great literature,  
Henry bores me, with his plights & gripes  
as bad as achilles,

who loves people and valiant art, which bores me.  
And the tranquil hills, & gin, look like a drag  
and somehow a dog  
has taken itself & its tail considerably away  
into mountains or sea or sky, leaving  
behind: me, wag.

JOHN BERRYMAN  
*The Dream Songs*<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>2</sup> Source: <https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/47534/dream-song-14>

### Text 3 – Fiction Extract

There are basking sharks in the upper layers of the water – prehistoric things, nightmare-mouthed and harmless. Plankton-eaters, the way all seeming monsters are. They fill the coastal waters in the summertime, rising up to trawl the krill blooms. Puckered with barnacles, blasé as window-shoppers, they can grow over a lifetime to twenty feet in length.

There are warning flags along the wrack line: SHARKS – SWIM AT YOUR OWN RISK. The threat is actually minimal, basking sharks being liable to give you little more than a bump on the knee, but the effect of the signs is still an odd one. There are no barriers, the water is open, creating the sense of a curiously lackadaisical\* approach to public safety. *Danger, but do what you want, we're not the police.*

Around the rock pools, paddleboarders nudge the backs of sharks with oars and suffer no retaliation. Mackerel fishers follow the oily cut of dorsal fins, heading home with lockboxes full of tiddlers, waxing mythical about the one that got away. Tall tales abound, swimmers reimagine close calls and teeth where none existed. A story that seems to crop up every year sees a woman snorkelling for sea glass swimming right down into the open mouth of a basker, where she has a good look at the contents of its stomach before coming out again, unscathed. Ridiculous, of course, but in truth about as likely as anything else.

. . . .

On the beach, Alice turns the truck at the wooden groyne\*\* which marks the end of the so-called *pleasure section* and idles the engine, considering the view. The afternoon has been bad, toothy with chill, no one buying much.

‘Six Paddlepops and a Mint Cornetto,’ Min recites, checking seven items off on her fingers. ‘Slim pickings, Captain.’

‘It’s the weather,’ Alice replies, gesturing at the window to encompass the wanness of the day. ‘Who wants an ice cream in a funk like this?’

The afternoon is only an attempt at itself – fretful greyness, minnow stink of gutweed. Overhead, the vulture wheel of hunting gulls, a white-lipped, murderous sky. At the wheel, Alice squints towards the headland, the tidal band of beached sargassum\*\*\* running out before her like the rising of some long-backed creature from the sand. In the back, perched on some stacked boxes of Cadbury Flakes, Min kicks her leg reflexively against the wall. ‘Bummer,’ she nods, pulling a serious face but snorting when Alice glances back at her. ‘Bummerama. What are you staring at? Don’t act like you’re not impressed by my urban vernacular.’

‘You talk such s--t.’

Alice finds she says this a lot, usually while smiling. Min laughs. Lit by the neon glow of the Polar slush machine, she is like something pulled from ice. Alice can imagine her, defrosted and on show in a museum – an artefact preserved for history,

Text 3 (continued)

academics pointing to the places on her body where the cold has marked her, the diamond stud in her nose.

*'That girl is headed nowhere,'* Alice's mother likes to say. Going over the house with a Hoover after Min leaves, *'I don't know why she has to be here every hour of the day.'*

Her objections are routine: Min's tacky nylon glamour, the street where she lives, the father who won't get out of bed. Her hair is bleach-fried, wilting in natural light. In the presence of Alice's mother, she has a nervous habit of fluffing it out like a mammal inflating its fur.

*'You're such a clever girl,'* Alice's mother will say whenever Min has just departed. *'Can't you find a cleverer sort of friend?'*

At school Alice is streamed into all the hardest sets, and it seems that the friendships she is expected to cultivate are also the hardest and dullest, the ones that come with the most supplementary work. Last year, she had been involved in a punishing sort of best-friendship with a girl named Pam who had won several prizes for debating, and talked droningly about *their relationship* as though they were husband and wife. They had spent their Friday evenings locked in a revolve of interminable sleepovers, Pam insisting they watched movies of her choice and then talking over them. If Pam stayed over at Alice's, she would mention all the things it was a shame they couldn't do that evening: it was a shame Alice didn't have Sky or a real computer, it was a shame Alice's mother only made normal toast, unlike Pam's mother, who made it French. By the end of term, Alice had started hanging around with Min after art class, and it was only via a protracted period of passive cruelty that Pam, waiting doggedly for Alice outside the science laboratories or at the back gates at four o'clock, had finally been shaken off. These days, Alice only sees her occasionally, hanging around with another girl named Karen, who is apparently a big deal in choir.

. . . .

In the back of the truck, Min pushes herself upright, clambering forwards over the gearstick and into the passenger seat, giving Alice a chuck to the head as she goes. Her silver hair is straggled back into a ponytail, acid bunch behind her ears.

*'Cut our losses, I would,'* she says, chewing gum and planting her feet on the dashboard. *'Take her on a victory lap and then get out of here.'*

*'Victory how?'* Alice grumbles. *'Six Paddlepops and a Mint Cornetto does not a victory make.'*

*'Cheer up, honey pie,'* Min rubs her hands vigorously on her polyester shorts before leaning over to touch Alice's cheek. A jolt of electricity. *'Magic finger.'* Min laughs and Alice wriggles away from her, jerking the clutch into first.



Text 3 (continued)

The music starts automatically, the ice-cream jingle, 'Que Sera Sera' on imitation chimes. Gulls scatter as the truck eases forwards, trundling towards higher ground. The tourists, for the most part, tend to keep to the safety of the dunes, bracketed behind canvas windbreakers, hunkered grimly over sandwiches and picking sand from the spines of overambitious holiday books. Every year, the coastguard finds on average six copies of *Anna Karenina* abandoned on the flats between April and high summer. The council has plans for a small exhibition.

Alice aims the truck inland, a crunching movement rumbling through the fabric of her skirt. Plastic cups and discarded tennis balls everywhere, cigarette butts stamped down and forming shapes like lugworm burrows in the sand. Manoeuvring up towards the dunes, Alice notes a bright scrim of shiny paper – a crumpled Paddlepop wrapper – and feels momentarily guilty. The back doors of the truck are panelled with warning signs, painted on by Min's uncle in thick black bitumen: litter makes the future bitter; keep it nice, don't drop your ice.

Wondering whether she ought to stop and scoop up the wrapper, Alice glances at Min, only to find her bunching up her chewing gum in a paper napkin, preparing to throw it out of the window.

'Oh, don't,' Alice says, regretting it almost immediately – the mumsy tone. Min raises an eyebrow at her, though she does withdraw her hand from the open window, throwing the napkin instead in the cupholder beside the gearstick.

'Fair enough,' she nods, and while her tone is light Alice feels she can detect the faintest note of mockery. 'Mustn't be bitter with my litter.'

It can be like this, sometimes. A sudden quirk of the lip. Alice biting back the wrong words. Sitting together in History, passing notes until Alice writes something stupid or uncool, underlines the wrong thing, and Min crumples the note in her fist.

'Fair enough', this stock phrase, its cringing detachment. The sudden removal of camaraderie and Alice clawing after it.

JULIA ARMFIELD

Adapted extract from *Longshore Drift*<sup>3</sup>

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\* lackadaisical *lacking enthusiasm and determination; carelessly lazy*

\*\* groyne *a low wall or sturdy barrier built out into the sea from a beach to check erosion and drifting.*

\*\*\* sargassum *a brown seaweed*

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<sup>3</sup> Source: <https://granta.com/longshore-drift/>

#### Text 4 – Personal Essay

I am unsure of how I feel about my local library, and I feel uncomfortable when the question is posed to me.

As a teenager, I would spend afternoons there with my friends on the pretence that we were studying, a lie we told our parents in order to hang out a little bit longer. Really we were laughing at the stock images in our textbooks, pointing at them and saying “That’s you!”

I remember the feeling of being unwelcome. That hypothetically they couldn’t tell us off for not really studying like we said we would.

In our naivety, we took delight in the idea of being anywhere without our parents—a taste of the freedom to come, even if it meant hauling our textbooks everywhere with us. I would go home feeling patronised, that I was still being watched over anyway, and not for my safety but because we were guilty of something we hadn’t done yet, a reason they were still looking for, and that it was worse that they thought we wouldn’t notice.

A recent survey on public libraries in Australia conducted by University of Technology Sydney indicated that 80 per cent of patrons felt that public libraries were sites of discrimination and inequality.

On Saturday mornings my partner volunteers at the local community hub, where he tutors high school students and helps them with their homework. I usually walk around the corner to the library and to wait for him to finish up, when we can go and get bánh mì\* across the road. I spend my time looking up books and reserving them, flipping through others that I don’t intend on borrowing, but making a mental note to come back for them when I finish the books I’m currently reading.

I am acutely aware of the guilt sitting in my gut if I show up without work to do. For weeks I would arrive and borrow a stack of books, overcompensating to justify my place there, until I got a notice that I had over-borrowed. I feel unsure of myself when this happens, and look around feeling lost about what to do next if I can’t prove how busy I am.

When I’m sitting in one of the booths, I’m conscious of how much I’m on my phone, and I am sure to put it away when a librarian walks past, like a student hiding something from a teacher during class.

I take note of the students that come in after he finishes volunteering, or the teenagers already there first thing when the library opens. They come with their own controllers and play PS4, sometimes with friends, and sometimes with kids they’ve just met. I notice how one librarian will always sit across from the couches, watching from the desk. I take note of how they pretend to do work, flicking through a stack of books, some papers, and looking at the computer



Text 4 (continued)

screen, but never actually type anything or write anything. They fake it so easily, I think to myself.

I feel s--t when I see the kids enjoying themselves, not realising they're being inspected slyly, then feel s--tier when they do realise. And I remember how helpless it is to have nowhere left to go, when you don't have a Playstation at home, or the books you need, and how they will potentially (definitely) remember this feeling every time they walk into the library, or any public space. They'll remember the targets on their backs when they walk into a shop, when they are accused of opening something they just walked past.

They'll remember boarding a train, how the passengers around them hold their handbags a little closer to their bodies, averting their eyes. And they'll learn that faking it, for us, isn't actually faking it, rather just proving to everyone else: *I'm not a f--king criminal because I'm brown*. And faking it, for them, will be pretending they agree, and that their authoritative presence in your vicinity is a coincidence, and not an accusation. But it is, it always is, and once you see it, you'll notice it everywhere.

VANESSA GIRON

Adapted extract from 'Public Libraries' Series<sup>4</sup>

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\*      bánh mì      *A Vietnamese bread roll filled with savoury ingredients and eaten as a meal*

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<sup>4</sup> Source: <https://www.theliftebrow.com/liftebrow/2019/7/19/public-libraries-series-intro-by-vanessa-giron-amp-jini-maxwell>

## Section I

20 marks

Attempt Questions 1-4

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

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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
- 

Examine **Texts 1, 2, 3, and 4** on the following pages carefully and then answer the questions below.

### Question 1

Use **Text 1** to answer this question.

Discuss how the poster represents a paradox in the human experience. 3

### Question 2

Explain how **Text 2** explores the persona's personal experience of frustration. 3

### Question 3

Use **Text 3** to answer this question.

Explain how different aspects of the protagonist's experience of friendship are represented in this extract. 7

### Question 4

Compare how **Text 3** and **Text 4** explore the challenges of belonging in the individual human experience. 7



## Section II

20 marks

Attempt Question 5

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the question on the loose paper provided by your teacher.

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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
  - organise, develop and express ideas using language appropriate to audience, purpose and context
- 

### Question 5 (20 marks)

The power of literature lies in its ability to evoke deep feelings for us and to encourage our empathy for others.

Explore this statement with close reference to your prescribed text.

The prescribed texts are listed on pages 11-12 of this booklet.

- Power to evoke feelings in order to show empathy

- Tone, voice, technique and devices, language

- Empathy → relatable characters which convey feelings.

-

1984

① - ~~in the~~ evoked feelings of anger and fear in Orwell's characterisation of Winston to feel empathy of his inability to communicate

② - feelings evoked of desire and hatred through Winston's need for relationship (optimistic)

③ - Orwell's ability to evoke feelings of oppression - 10 - and agony in the annihilation of W.

## 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*

**Section II continues on page 11**



Section II prescribed text (continued)

- **Shakespearean**

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

- **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 Section II**