



ENGLISH ADVANCE MOCK EXAM

2020

HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION

English Advanced

Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

General Instructions

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Working time – 1 hour and 30 minutes
- Write using black or blue pen
- A Stimulus Booklet is provided at the back of this paper
- Write your NESA number where required

Total marks: 40

Section I – 20 marks (pages 2-6)

- Attempt Questions 1-5
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section II – 20 marks (pages 7-14)

- Attempt question 6
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section I

20 marks

Allow about 45 minutes to answer this section

Read the texts in the stimulus booklet carefully. Then answer questions 1 to 5 below.

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)

Use Text 1 to answer this question.

How does the image give a valuable insight into paradoxes in human behaviour? **3**

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Question 2 (3 marks)

Use Text 2 to answer this question.

In what ways does the poem represent emotions arising from a shared human experience of fear?

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Question 3 (4 marks)

Use Text 3 to answer this question.

How does the fiction extract challenge our assumptions about right and wrong? **4**

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Question 4 (4 marks)

Use text 4 to answer this question.

How does the article assert the significance of a shared human emotion? **4**

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Question 5 (6 marks)

Discuss the ways in which two of these texts deepen our understanding of the complexity of human experiences and behaviour. **6**

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Section II

20 marks

Attempt question 6.

Allow about 45 minutes for this question.

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
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Question 6 (20 marks)

‘The paradoxical and tragic situation of man is that his conscience is weakest when he needs it most.’ *Erich Fromm*

Explore this statement with close reference to your prescribed text.

List of prescribed texts for Section II:

Doerr, Anthony, *All the Light We Cannot See*, Fourth Estate/HarperCollins, 2015, ISBN: 9780007548699

Lohrey, Amanda, *Vertigo*, Black Inc, 2009, ISBN: 9781863954303

Orwell, George, *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, Penguin Classics, 2004, ISBN: 9780141187761

Parrett, Favel, *Past the Shallows*, Hachette Australia, 2013, ISBN: 9780733630491

Poetry (p) or drama (d)/Shakespearean drama (S)

Dobson, Rosemary, *Rosemary Dobson Collected*, University of Queensland Press, 2012, ISBN: 9780702239113 (p) ‘Young Girl at a Window’, ‘Over the Hill’, ‘Summer’s End’, ‘The Conversation’, ‘Cock Crow’, ‘Amy Caroline’, ‘Canberra Morning’,

Slessor, Kenneth, *Selected Poems*, A & R Classics/HarperCollins, 2014, ISBN: 9780732299361 (p) ‘Wild Grapes’, ‘Gulliver’, ‘Out of Time’, ‘Vesper-Song of the Reverend Samuel Marsden’, ‘William Street’, ‘Beach Burial’

Harrison, Jane, *Rainbow’s End*, from Cleven, Vivienne et al, *Contemporary Indigenous Plays*, Currency Press, 2007, ISBN: 9780868197951 (d)

Miller, Arthur, *The Crucible*, Penguin Classics, 2000, ISBN: 9780141182551 (d) Shakespeare,
William, *The Merchant of Venice*, Cambridge University Press, 2014, ISBN: 9781107615397 (d/S*)

Nonfiction (nf), film (f) or media (m)

Winton, Tim, *The Boy Behind the Curtain*, Penguin, 2017, ISBN: 9780143785996 (nf) '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'

Yousafzai, Malala & Lamb, Christina, *I am Malala*, Weidenfeld and Nicolson/Orion, 2015, ISBN:
9781474602112 (nf)

Daldry, Stephen, *Billy Elliot*, Universal, 2000 (f)

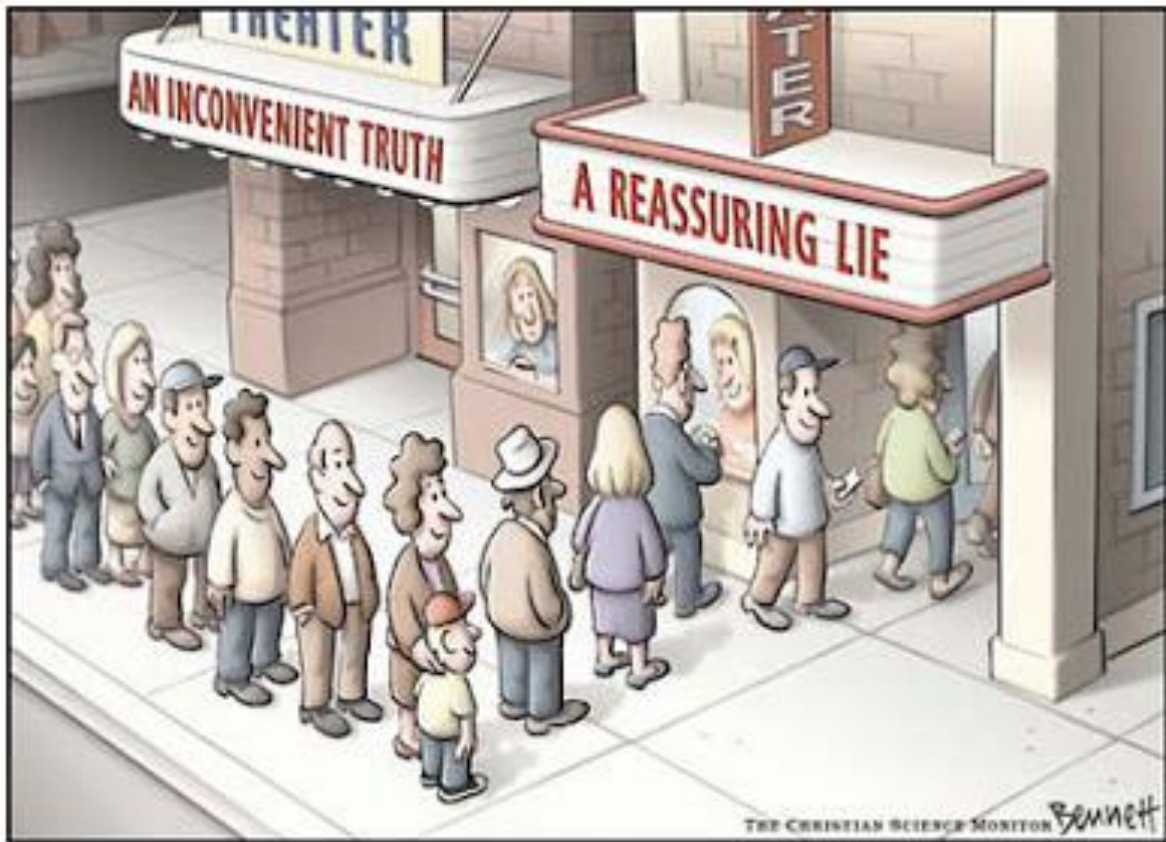
O'Mahoney, Ivan, *Go Back to Where You Came From* – Series 1, Episodes 1, 2 and 3 and *The
Response*, Madman, 2011 (m)

Walker, Lucy, *Waste Land*, Hopscotch Entertainment, 2010 (m)

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Stimulus texts for Section I

Text 1:



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Text 2:

A Mancunian Taxi Driver Foresees his Death by Michael Symmons Roberts

On a radio show some self-help guru says
the earth will burn out in a hundred years
so treat each day as an eternity.

I am in a taxi when I hear this news,
airport-bound on the flyover
with my home town spread like a map below.

So my driver slams his foot to the floor,
and tells me that when the oil runs out
he will ship this cab to Arizona,

find the last fill-up on the planet,
drain the pump and power out into the wilderness
until the car coughs, then abandon it.

He will take from the dash this shot of his daughters,
his shark's tooth on its chain,
then leave the radio with an audience

of skulls and vultures. I wind the window down
to catch my breath and ask *what kind
of funeral is that?* Then him: *It's just a made-up one.*

He drops me by the long-haul sign
and I give him a tip well over the odds.
As I stand with my bags it begins to rain.

A man smiles down from a floodlit billboard
- well insured, invested, sound -
which leaves me feeling heartsore, undefended.



Text 3:

Fiction extract from *The Spare Room* by Helen Garner

"Three weeks she's staying?" said my friend Leo, the psychiatrist. That Saturday evening I sat in the spartan kitchen of his South Yarra place and watched him cook. He poured the pasta into a strainer and flipped it up and down. "Why so long?"

"She's booked in to do a course of alternative treatment down here. Some outfit in the city. They've fast-tracked her. She's supposed to present herself there first thing Monday morning."

"What sort of treatment?"

"I was loath to ask. She talks about peroxide drips, awful stuff. She's already been getting big doses of vitamin C in Sydney. Eighty thousand units, she said. Intravenous. With something called glutathione. Whatever that is."

He stood very still with the dripping colander in his hand. He seemed to be controlling himself: I had never before noticed the veins in his temples, under the curly white hair. "It's bullshit, Helen."

We started to eat. Leo let a shrink's silence fall, as he forked in food. His terrier, black and white, squatted by his chair and gazed up at him with helpless love.

"It is bullshit, is it?" I said. "That's my instinct. Get this. When the bowel tumor showed up on the scan, she asked the oncologist to hold off treatment for a while. So she could take a lot of aloe vera. He said, 'Nicola. If aloe vera could shrink tumors, every oncologist in the world would be prescribing it.' But she believes in things. She's got one of those magnetic mats on the floor behind her couch. She says, 'Lie on the mat, Hel. It'll heal your osteoporosis.'"

Leo didn't laugh. He looked at me with his triangular brown eyes and said, "And do you lie on it?"

"Sure. It's restful. She rents it from a shop."

"So chemo didn't work."

"She walked around carrying a bag of it plugged into the back of her hand. She's had surgery. She had radiation. They've told her they can't do any more for her. It's in her bones, and her liver. They said to go home. She spent five days at a Petrea King workshop. I'd heard good things about that, but she said it wasn't her style. Then she went to someone she called a healer. He said she had to have her molars out—that the cancer was caused by heavy metals leaking out of her fillings."

Leo put his head in his hands. I kept eating.

"Why is she coming to you?"

"She says I saved her life. She was about to send a lot of money to a biochemist up in the Hunter Valley."

"A biochemist?"

"A kinesiologist told her this bloke's had a lot of success with cancer. So she phoned him up. He said he wouldn't need to see her. Just have a look at her blood picture. She was supposed to send him four grand and he'd post her the exact right herbs to target the cancers. 'Essence of cabbage juice' was mentioned."

I let out a high-pitched giggle. Leo looked at me steadily, without expression.

"And he told her she shouldn't worry if she heard unfavorable things about him, because he had enemies. People who were out to get him. I was trying to be tactful, so I asked her, 'How did you feel, when he told you that?' She said, 'I took it as a guarantee of integrity.'"

My cheeks were hot. I knew I must be gabbling.

"I was scared she'd accuse me of crushing her last hope. So I went behind her back and called a journalist I know. He ran a check. Turns out the so-called biochemist's a well-known conman. He makes the most outlandish claims. Before he went into alternative health he'd spent years in jail for armed robbery. I rang her just in time. She had the checkbook in her hand."

It took me a moment to calm down. Leo waited. His kitchen was bare, and peaceful. I wondered if any of his patients had ever been invited into it. Outside the sliding glass doors an old concrete laundry trough sat on the paving, sprouting basil. The rest of the tiny yard was taken up by his car.

"You work with cancer patients," I said. "Does this sound bad?" He shrugged. "Pretty bad. Stage four."

"How many stages are there?"

"Four."

The bowl was empty. I put down my fork. "What am I supposed to do?"

Text 4:

Feature Article: Why I'm cheering - and crying - for the student climate strikers

by Zoe Victoria

I woke up this morning with the same feeling that I used to have on the morning of a big test in high school. I had to force myself to eat breakfast and then force myself not to throw up from nerves. On the train to work I scrolled obsessively through Twitter, watching as protestors uploaded photos of the signs they'll be taking to the climate strike today. I read pieces written by school principals in support of the students who'll be skipping class. In many ways today's climate strike is the biggest test of our generation. If we pass, maybe we can save the planet. If we fail, we really are doomed.

As the coverage started rolling in this morning I wanted to cry. I wanted to cry tears of rage because of the political inaction around climate change. I wanted to cry tears of pride because these kids have more gumption than I ever did as a teenager. I wanted to cry tears of sorrow for all the hopes and dreams of my generation that will never see the light of day because climate change is so terrifying. I wanted to cry tears of frustration for the researchers who try every day to warn us about the effects of climate change.

It's horrifying that in the face of all the scientific evidence for the threat that climate change poses there are still adults telling kids to stay in school today. Their justification ranges from the predictable – “stay in school and learn” – to the downright ridiculous, “polar bears are increasing in number”.

Missing a day of school never drastically affected my grades in high school and it won't affect the kids striking today. The climate strike is exactly the kind of disruption we need to shake political inaction and apathy around this urgent global crisis.

Swedish teenager, Greta Thunberg became the face of the climate revolution after she began a one-girl school strike last year. Her call to action encouraging other students to join her has seen protest action take place around the world.

The massive groundswell of student support for the climate strike gives me hope. One of my friends messaged me ahead of the strike this morning saying, “I won’t be at the strike myself but goddamn I’m proud of the school babies fighting for our future”. I couldn’t agree more.

End of paper

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