

**Section One: Comprehending****(30 Marks)**

In this section there are **three (3)** texts and **three (3)** questions. Answer **all** questions.

You are required to comprehend and analyse unseen written and visual texts and respond concisely in approximately 200–300 words for each question.

Suggested working time: 60 minutes.

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**Question 1** (10 marks)

Discuss how language features create a particular mood in **Text 1**.

**Question 2** (10 marks)

Evaluate the effect of structural choices in **Text 2**.

**Question 3** (10 marks)

Analyse how written and visual elements in **Text 3** appeal to a specific audience.

See next page for Text 1

**Text 1**

*Text 1 is an abridged extract from Trust, a 2020 crime novel by Chris Hammer.*

The realisation swells within him, like a birthing. It's happening right now, today, in this moment of time, in this sliver of history. After months of gestation—after all the connections and the cultivations, all the plotting and the intrigues, all the threats and the blackmail— it's this simple. He's going to get away with it. The files are downloading, faster than he could ever have imagined, transcribing the guilt, the corruption, the criminality, all neatly packaged, all digitised, all pre-digested, pouring from the computer through a supposedly disabled USB port onto the bright blue thumb drive, encryption broken, the truth laid bare, the drive itself hidden by nothing more than his bravado and a takeaway coffee cup. He stands and looks around, his mind electric but his exterior calm, the consummate actor. The consummate spy. He smiles—but, then, he is always smiling.

The trading floor is a hive of activity, brokers swarming, abuzz with corporate fervour and personal ambition, banks of monitors alive with bonds and equities and derivatives and exchange rates, all fluid, all flickering, all demanding their attention. Simply by standing still, he's rendered himself invisible. No one is looking at him, no one cares about his monitor, they're all focused on their own ephemera: numbers and charts and transactions; losses, margins and gains. He feels he is the only point of stillness, the cyclone swirling about him, that he alone possesses the perspective to know what is truly happening. It completes his victory; carried out in plain sight, the audacity of it; this will be the making of him, the stuff of legends. He catches a reflection of himself, only slightly distorted, in the surface of a golden wall panel. He's pleased with what he sees: hair bouffant, face tanned, eyes bright and teeth even. He likes his face; everyone likes his face. It's a likeable face. More importantly, it's a trustworthy face.

The transfer is almost done. He lifts the coffee. It tastes excellent. Through the windows of the office tower, he can see the perfect Sydney day, blue and white, the sun pouring benevolence across the skyline, harbour alight, as if the city itself approves the righteousness of his actions.

He looks back to the computer, startled to see it's finished. Already. He blinks, savouring the moment, this tipping point, this culmination. If nothing else, he'll miss the bank's state-of-the-art tech, so much faster and efficient than the antiquated systems at his real workplace. He sits. Quickly, he imposes his own encryption on the thumb drive, then runs a purpose-built program to cover his tracks. It takes mere minutes. Then he ejects the drive, pockets it and logs off. Done.

**See next page for Text 2**

**Text 2**

*This abridged extract is from the non-fiction narrative 'Refrigerator Elegy' by Lindsay Harding. It was published online by Craft Literary Magazine in 2020.*

*Do all things expire?* you ask on trash night, and I shake my head, shake two-week-old pasta into the sink, shepherd it down the drain. No, surely no. And later—the refrigerator cleaned out, its shelves crumbless at last, so bare it seems we might starve without a trip to the grocery store tomorrow or the next day, by Saturday at the latest—I think about all the things that expire:

Milk, of course, but not in this house. We consume it long before its time except for once—the carton left and left, moved to the back of the shelf, tucked away behind Tupperware leftovers to slowly turn then turn the jug to silt. Citrus shrivelling and hardening to yellow and orange rocks in the crisper. Medicine, in the basket at the top of the pantry shelving, by the tiny sans serif date etched vertically, but kept and used anyway. Stuffed animals and barbies and plastic dinosaurs, each in their own time. A yawning black bag, like a hole through the universe, conveys all we had loved elsewhere, into other homes, new arms, a landfill. And that's okay and it's not. And we're okay with it and we're not. So, some, like Pupper Snupper, and those giraffe bookends holding up *Goodnight Moon* and the rest of the board books we still own, we keep and we keep, we cannot let go. Condiments expire even if your grandparents say otherwise.

Flowers in the vase on the kitchen island, stinking water and slimy stalks, petals like cereal flakes spilled across the countertop. Unused herbs and seasonings in tiny glass jars above the stove. Eventually they become concrete sediment, a geological record of our family's era, this time we have together.

All things expire. Even this moment, you and I, on the couch like this: your head on my shoulder, our four feet poking out of the blanket we share. The show we watch will end in twenty-four minutes. Soon we'll say goodnight. Someday we'll say goodbye, and someday will be too soon. I don't know how I will bear it: you all gone, the house quiet at last. *This*, I think, leaning into you. *This*, I run my hand through your brother's hair. *This*, your sister's sudden laughter, a bright pop of sound. These things, here and gone: may they fill us like the light now filling our refrigerator, glorious and bright.

**See next page for Text 3**

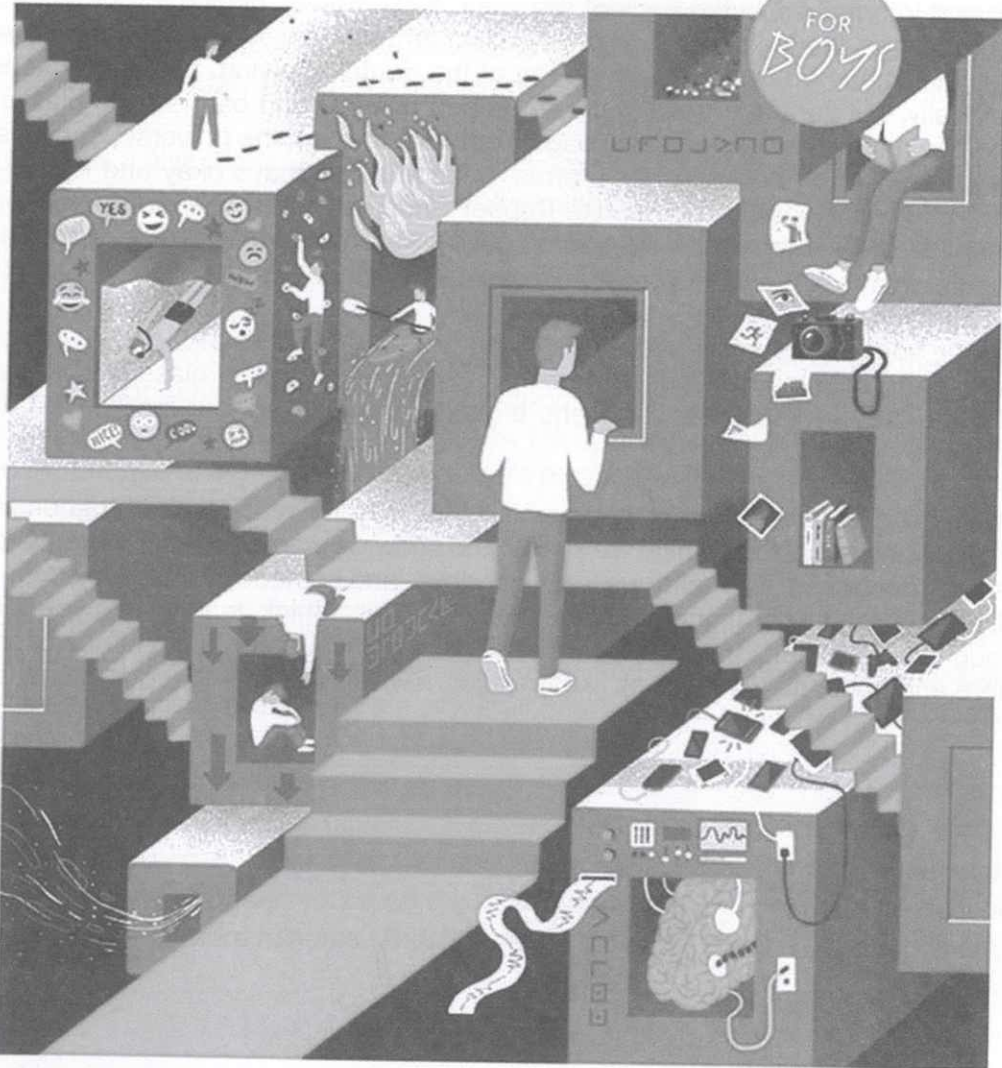


## Text 3

This is the black and white reproduction of the original colour cover of a special 'boys' edition of Teen Breathe Magazine, published in 2018.

BE INSPIRED • BE BRAVE • BE KIND • BE YOURSELF

# TEEN Breathe Special



FOR BOYS

What is mindfulness? • Code breakers • How to handle anger • #Future proof  
Virtual reality • Learn to think for yourself • Watersports for beginners • Digital detox

End of Section One

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