



St George Girls High School
English Faculty

Office use only

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Student Number

2020 Trial HSC 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 pen
- A Stimulus Booklet is provided
- Write your Student Number at the top of this page.

Total marks:
40

Section I – 20 marks (pages 2–7)

- Attempt Questions 1–5
- Use the lines provided in this booklet to answer this section
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section II – 20 marks (page 8)

- Attempt Question 6
- Use the provided writing booklet to answer this section
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

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 the response.

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 – Book cover

Explain how this book cover uses visual elements to represent an individual human experience.

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Question 2 (3 marks)

Text 2 – Poem

Explain how the poem explores culture as an important part of human experience.

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Question 3 (4 marks)

Text 3 – Non-fiction extract

Analyse how the connection between place and identity has been shaped by the writer.

4

[illegible]

Question 4 (4 marks)

Text 4 – Fiction extract

How does the fiction extract explore the power of stories?

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Question 5 (6 marks)

Text 3 – Non-fiction extract and Text 4 – Fiction extract

Compare how **Text 3** and **Text 4** explore the need to look to the past to understand how it shapes our experiences.

6

[illegible]

Question 5 continues on page 7

Question 5 (Continued)

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End of Question 5

English Advanced

Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experience

Section II

20 marks

Attempt Question 6

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

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

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)

Poetry is an intense examination of the emotion that arises from our human experiences.

Explore this statement with close reference to the poetry of Rosemary Dobson.

The prescribed poems are:

- Young Girl at a Window
- Over the Hill
- Summer's End
- The Conversation
- Cock Crow
- Amy Caroline
- Canberra Morning

End of paper



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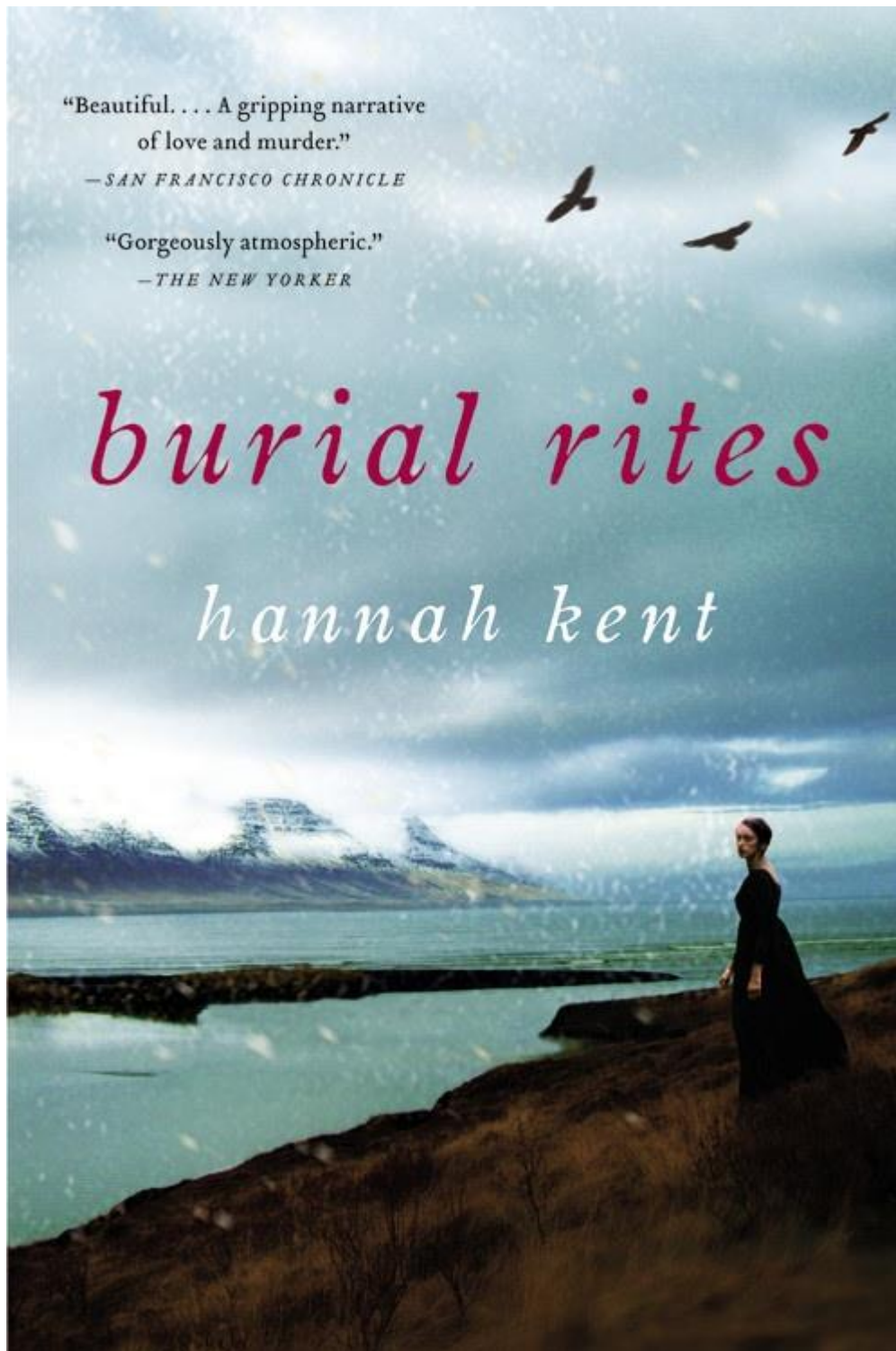
Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

Stimulus Booklet

	Pages
Section I	
• Text 1 – Book cover.....	2
• Text 2 – Poem	3
• Text 3 – Non-fiction extract	4-5
• Text 4 – Fiction extract	6–7

Section I

Text 1 — Book cover



In the Inner West

we live with myriad trees
brush boxes engulf our balconies
October skins bursting pistachio green

beneath in bark litter
Chinese boys carry lattes
crack basketballs down the middle seam

of Buckland Street and while passing paperbarks
Singaporean girls have solemn
hysterics far from home

yellow taxis 133 300 roam for pick-up
their colours clash under the bottlebrushes
as they cross the pedestrian crossing with speed hump

recently installed by Muslim council workers
late of Lebanon
they speak Arabic and it sounds like chocolate

in the enclave of Chippendale
where Indonesian-Australian
babies named Chloe

sleep beneath the rain-laden ominous
promise of jacarandas
a starburst blue straight from South America

RHYLL MCMASTER

Text 3 — Non-fiction extract

The first thing I think of as sacred is the bond between parent and child – then spouses and lovers, of course, friends and countrymen, for these are relationships that strengthen our connection to one another and enlarge our lives. To enter wholeheartedly into a relationship is to leave oneself open to being claimed, and held so in perpetuity. That's the power of love. And also its price. No wonder people are sometimes loath to commit. Most of us are better at claiming than being claimed, and when it comes to thinking about land and home this is a hard lesson Australians have been learning since settlement. But after two centuries of demanding and seizing, many non-indigenous Australians have finally begun to commit. Out of reverence, from love, in a spirit of kinship to the place itself. This amounts to a recognition of our settler past and a moving on from what has been an abusive, one-sided relationship in which the island continent gave and we just took. It's a rejection of the retrospective tendency of invaders to mythologise their origins and minimise their outrages. For invasions are what they are and their consequences endure.

Whether our European forebears came in chains or in hope of a new life and fresh opportunities, their arrival was a catastrophe for Aboriginal peoples and for the land itself. Much of this damage will never be undone. Like alien cells entering an organism, newcomers have changed it forever, and we continue to affect it and are in some senses helpless to do otherwise. We are, each of us, at the mercy of what others did before we arrived. An Iraqi immigrant who settles in Australia is no more responsible for the conditions that greet her than her Aboriginal neighbours are for the chaos that caused her to flee her homeland. I feel ancestral shame for the dispossession of this country's first peoples. None of us is responsible for the culture and social conditions we're born into. But that doesn't mean we're absolved from reflecting upon our inheritance.

In so many respects – matters of religion, politics, gender, education – the attitudes of my nineteenth-century forebears are archaic and alien. So much so that I struggle sometimes to feel related – if it were possible for us to meet we'd be utter strangers, mutually incomprehensible – yet by genes, history and collective memory we are related and I feel compelled to honour this. Past or present, family will continue to make claims upon me.

In the centuries since Galileo's explosive new understanding of the cosmos first rattled our cage, humans have never quite managed to give up the idea that we are at the centre of the universe and masters of all we survey. We're

Text 3 continues on page 5

Text 3 (continued)

used to seeing ourselves as the pinnacle of reality. But travelling deep into landscape, paying attention to the natural world, we're reminded of our true position in the scheme of things. Yes, we are evolutionary inheritors of immense creativity and power, a fundamental terrestrial phenomenon – yet we are, in the end, tiny. Not only in the context of the cosmos, where we hardly have the status of spores, but as dwellers on an island continent like Australia where we are, whether we acknowledge it or not, mere creatures of the earth, vulnerable and dependent.

Sometimes I think it's sufficient to admit you're mystified, not just because it's an honest response, but because it's a suitably humble one. For all the empirical knowledge we've garnered, and the many generations of lived experience that resonate in our collective memory, this continent remains an enigma. We are in a relationship with the land and the conditions of any other relationship apply.

TIM WINTON

Edited extract from *Island Home*

End of Text 3

Text 4 — Fiction extract

I was born in *Ngurambang* – can you hear it? – *Ngu-ram-bang*. If you say it right it hits the back of your mouth and you should taste blood in your words. Every person around should learn the word for *country* in the old language, the first language – because that is the way to all time, to time travel! You can go all the way back.

My daddy was Buddy Gondiwindi and he died a young man by the hands of a bygone disease. My mother was Augustine and she died an old woman by the grip of, well, it was an Old World disease too.

Yet nothing ever really dies, instead it all goes beneath your feet, beside you, part of you. Look there – grass on the side of the road, tree bending in the wind, fish in the river, fish on your place, fish feeding you. Nothing is ever gone. Soon, when I change, I won't be dead. I always memorised John 11:26 *Whoever lives and believes in me shall never die*, yet life rushed through and past me as it will for each person.

Before I believed everything they taught me I thought when all were dead that all were gone, and so as a young fella I tried to find my place in this short life. I only wanted to decide for myself how I'd live it, but that was a big ask in a country that had a plan for me, already mapped in my veins since before I was born.

The one thing I thought I could control was my own head. It seemed the most sensible thing to do was to learn to read well. So in a country where we weren't really allowed to be, I decided to *be*. To get water from the stones, you see?

After I met my beautiful wife, although beauty was the least of her, strong and fearless was the most of her – well she taught me lots of things. Big things, best thing she taught me was to learn to write the words too, taught me I wasn't just a second-rate man raised on white flour and Christianity. It was my wife, Elsie, who bought me the first dictionary. I think she knew she was planting a seed, germinating something inside me when she did that. What a companion the dictionary is – there are stories in that book that'll knock your boots off. To this day, it remains my prized possession and I wouldn't trade it for all the tea in China.

The dictionary from Elsie is why I'm writing it down – it was my introduction to the idea of recording, written just like the Reverend once wrote the births

Text 4 continues on page 7

Text 4 (continued)

and baptisms at the Mission, like the station manager wrote rations at the Station and just like the ma'ams and masters wrote our good behaviour at the Boys' Home – a list of words any fool can look up and be told the meaning. A dictionary, even if this language isn't mine alone, even if it's something we grow into and then living long enough, shrink away from. I am writing because the spirits are urging me to remember, and because the town needs to know that I remember, they need to know now more than ever before.

To begin – but there are too many beginnings for us Gondiwindi – that's where we were bestowed and cursed with by the same shift magic – an eternal *Once upon a time*. The story goes that the church brought time to us, and the church, if you let it, will take it away. I'm writing about the other time, though, deep time. This is a big, big story. The big stuff goes forever, time ropes and loops and is never straight, that's the real story of time.

So, because they say it is urgent, because I've got the church time against me – I'm taking pen to paper to pass on everything that was ever remembered.

All the words I found on the wind.

TARA JUNE WINCH
Extract from *The Yield*

End of Text 4

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