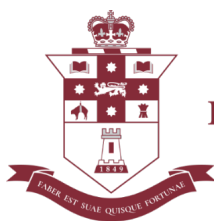


NESA NUMBER



FORT STREET HIGH SCHOOL

2021 TRIAL 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 a black pen
- A Stimulus Booklet is provided

Total Marks: 40

Section I - 20 marks (pages 2-6)

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

Section II – 20 marks (page 7)

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

Section I

20 marks

Attempt Questions 1-4

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Read the texts on pages 3-6 of the Stimulus Booklet carefully and then answer the questions in the spaces provided. These spaces provide guidance for the expected length of the responses.

In your answer you 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
-

Question 1 (4 marks)

In what ways does Text 1 represent human emotions?

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Section I continues on page 3

Section I (continued)

Question 2 (5 marks)

Analyse how Text Two uses language techniques to represent the human experience of ageing.

5

[illegible]

Section I continues on page 4

Section I (continued)

Question 3 (5 marks)

In what ways does Text Three represent the relationship between identity and place?

5

This image shows a full page of a handwriting practice worksheet. It consists of multiple rows of horizontal dotted lines spaced evenly down the page, providing a guide for letter height and placement. The background is plain white, and there are no margins or additional markings.

Section I (continued)

Question 4 (6 marks)

Compare how Text Four and ONE other text from the Stimulus Booklet explore the power of personal human experiences as catalysts for collective behaviour.

6

[illegible]

[illegible]

End of Section I

Section II

20 marks

Attempt Question 5

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

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

In your answer you 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
-

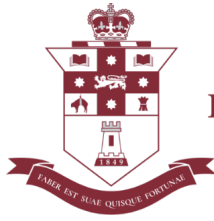
Question 5 (20 marks)

Literary texts not only document human experiences, they also prompt us to reflect upon the relationship between an individual and their wider world.

To what extent does this statement align with your understanding of your prescribed text?

End of Section II

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FORT STREET HIGH SCHOOL

2021 TRIAL HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION

English Advanced

Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

Stimulus booklet for Section I

and

List of prescribed texts for Section II

Section I	Pages
- Text 1 Image.....	3
- Text 2 Fiction Extract.....	4
- Text 3 Poem.....	5
- Text 4 Non-Fiction / Discursive Extract.....	6
Section II	
- List of prescribed texts.....	7

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Section I

Text One – Image



Source: Kim Jee-Woon – Dr. Brain

End of Text One

Text Two – Fiction Extract

The candles were already lit when Hwee Bin arrived. Her mistake—she'd missed the announcement at breakfast saying today's party would take place in the Big Hall, instead of in the Rec Room. What was wrong with the Rec Room? she mentally complained, while taking her place in the crowd. Birthday celebrations were always in the Rec Room. But, catching a glimpse of potbellied Kirpal in his wheelchair, Hwee Bin softened. Likely the change had been made because Kirpal was so popular, and more residents than usual were expected to attend. Typically, birthdays were local affairs. Hwee Bin was in Ward 4, one of the fourteen-bed wards, which was a bad thing every day of the year except her birthday, when it meant that she could count on at least thirteen other people showing up to her party. A relief, since Hwee Bin had never been good at making friends, even before.

“Before” was the shorthand residents used for their lives prior to Sunrise Valley. Before wasn't talked about often; it felt unseemly somehow, self-indulgent, to dwell on one's past life. What did it matter, for example, that Cynthia, from Ward 8, had been an actress who starred in the horror films that used to be made here in Singapore, back in the sixties? Or that Hasmi, from Ward 12, had been a lawyer and was even rumored to have owned his own firm? They were all here now, Sunrise Valley residents one and the same. Sure, Cynthia was in a two-bedder with a garden view, and Hasmi had one of the few, coveted, and very expensive single wards. They still had to come to the linoleum-tiled dining room each morning for the same soggy kaya toast and watered-down coffee. Still took their seats each evening in front of the television, which blared, alternately, English-, Chinese-, Malay-, and Tamil-language soaps. Wards aside, were the residents not all in the same boat? The details might differ—mild dementia, children too busy to visit, loss of leg function, no living relatives—but the crux of the matter was the same. You were stuck in Sunrise Valley regardless, whether it was paid for by your dwindling pension, the government, or an erstwhile child.

Of course, Cynthia and Hasmi would disagree. Those in the smaller wards were most likely to let slip details of their Befores—nothing too obvious, just a hint here, an old business card there—because they couldn't bear being lumped in with everyone else. Hwee Bin understood. Once, she, too, would have bristled at the thought of sitting among strangers in the dining room that smelled like a hospital, eating from childish plastic bowls. But you got used to it. And if you didn't—well, some didn't.

Source: Rachel Heng – Extract from *Before the Valley*

End of Text Two

Text Three – Poetry

Displaced

Sitting on the grass and leaves,
a sad thin figure, folded in solitude,
flicking a cigarette, passing it through pursed lips,
inhaling each time with an
increased sense of sombre turmoil,
peaceful disquiet.

Sitting amidst the setting sun,
his dark skin is wrinkled and worn,
a reflection of his soul,
where to go treading on now
foreign land?

Where to find peace now,
along these roads?
who will understand now,
spirits losing place,
not knowing where to go,
he feels the need,
to hide his face.

Source: Rachel Davidge – *‘Creative Spirits’ Aboriginal Culture Resource*

End of Text Three

Text Four- Non-Fiction / Discursive Extract

The World's Northernmost Town is Changing Dramatically

Mark Sabbatini first noticed the cracks in his apartment's concrete walls in 2014. It had been six years since he moved to Svalbard, a Norwegian archipelago far out in the Barents Sea, about halfway between Norway's northern tip and the North Pole. He was an itinerant American writer drawn by promises of an open, international society—and jazz music. Every winter the community of Longyearbyen, the world's northernmost town at 78 degrees North latitude, holds a jazz festival to liven up the perpetual darkness. Residents, university students, tourists and visiting scientists mingle in music halls, clinking champagne glasses to melodious tones as winds howl through the surrounding mountains. On his first visit Sabbatini had arrived just in time for the festivities. Svalbard, he says, instantly felt like home. “It was like when you look across the room and spot somebody and fall in love.”

But fissures were now appearing in the relationship. Sabbatini worried the apartment cracks were caused by a leaky roof; it had been raining more than usual. Then he realized the building's concrete foundation was buckling. Fractures slithered up the stairwells and defaced the building's beige exterior. The next year tenants discovered that part of a cooling system underneath the building, meant to help keep the permafrost ground frozen and stable during warm spells, was faltering. “And we were getting a lot of warm spells,” Sabbatini says. Suddenly, on a February afternoon in 2016, town officials ordered the occupants to evacuate, afraid the building could collapse. Sabbatini and 29 others had only a few hours to pack and get out.

Some of the evacuees left Longyearbyen, but Sabbatini, now 53, stayed. Today he is one of about 2,400 residents who call the place home—the fastest-warming town in the world. Since 1971 temperatures on Svalbard have risen by roughly four degrees Celsius, five times faster than the global average. In winter it is more than seven degrees C warmer than it was 50 years ago. Last summer Svalbard recorded its hottest temperature ever—21.7 degrees C—following 111 months of above-average heat. True to Sabbatini's observations, annual precipitation on Svalbard has increased by 30 to 45 percent over the past 50 years, largely in the form of winter rain, according to the Norwegian Meteorological Institute. And the archipelago's permafrost—ground that should remain largely frozen—is now warmer here than anywhere else at this latitude. Even by Arctic standards, Svalbard is heating up fast.

Source: Gloria Dickie – Scientific American

End of Text Four

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 and Samuel Marsden*
- *William Street*
- *Beach Burial*

- **Drama**
 - Jane Harrison, *Rainbows's End*
 - Arthur Miller, *The Crucible*
- **Shakespearean Drama**
 - William Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice*
- **Nonfiction**
 - Tim Winton, *The Boy Behind the Curtain*
 - Malala Yousafzai and Christine Lamb, *I am Malala*
- **Film**
 - Stephen Daldry, *Billy Elliot*
- **Media**
 - Ivan O'Mahoney, *Go Back to Where You Came From*
 - Lucy Walker, *Waste Land*

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