



TRIAL HSC EXAMINATION 2021

English Advanced

Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

Stimulus Booklet

Section I

Text 1 – Image



'Burning Memories' by Raceanu Mihai

Text 2 – Fiction Extract

An excerpt from **‘The Ocean at the End of the Lane’** by Neil Gaiman

I had been driving towards a house that had not existed for decades. I thought of turning around, then, as I drove down a wide street that had once been a flint lane beside a barley field, of turning back and leaving the past undisturbed. But I was curious. The old house, the one I had lived in for seven years, from when I was five until I was twelve, that house had been knocked down and was lost for good. The new house, the one my parents had built at the bottom of the garden, between the azalea bushes and the green circle in the grass we called the fairy ring, that had been sold thirty years ago. I slowed the car as I saw the new house. It would always be the new house in my head.

I pulled up into the driveway, observing the way they had built out on the mid-seventies architecture. I had forgotten that the bricks of the house were chocolate brown. The new people had made my mother’s tiny balcony into a two-storey sunroom. I stared at the house, remembering less than I had expected about my teenage years: no good times, no bad times. I’d lived in that place, for a while, as a teenager. It didn’t seem to be any part of who I was now. I backed the car out of their driveway... The little country lane of my childhood had become a black tarmac road that swerved as a buffer between two sprawling housing estates. I drove further down it, away from the town, which was not the way I should have been travelling, and it felt good. The slick black road

became narrower, windier, became the single-lane track I remembered from my childhood, became packed earth and knobbly, bone-like flints.

Soon I was driving slowly, bumpily, down a narrow lane with brambles and briar roses on each side, wherever the edge was not a stand of hazels or a wild hedgerow. It felt like I had driven back in time. I remembered it before I turned the corner and saw it, in all its dilapidated red-brick glory: the Hempstocks’ farmhouse. It took me by surprise, although that was where the lane had always ended. I could have gone no further. I parked the car at the side of the farmyard. I had no plan. I wondered whether, after all these years, there was anyone still living there, or, more precisely, if the Hempstocks were still living there. It seemed unlikely, but then, from what little I remembered, they had been unlikely people. The stench of cow muck struck me as I got out of the car, and I walked gingerly across the small yard to the front door. I looked for a doorbell, in vain, and then I knocked. The door had not been latched properly, and it swung gently open as I rapped it with my knuckles. I had been here, hadn’t I, a long time ago? I was sure I had. Childhood memories are sometimes covered and obscured beneath the things that come later, like childhood toys forgotten at the bottom of a crammed adult closet, but they are never lost for good.

Text 3 – Poem

Encounter Bay, Winter

I

The coast
is a rind of shacks.

A narrow city in summer,
a ghost port in winter

the sea washes
and forgets

II

I have the weather to myself.

Short days
filled with winter.

With fishing,
and jogging the edge.
Building houses of sand
in the rain.

Days retreating
into the silence of muscle.

Forgetting how to think.
Even forgetting speech,

the empty shacks of words.

III

Nights of slow food
and the warm gravity of bed.

Waves trampling ashore outside,
forgetting and remembering.

The land returning to coldness,
blowing to sea like used dreams

or the paper currency of words
inflated beyond use.

IV

Morning
is the first pot of tea.

Wind sucking the door,
ripping windows,
stoning rain on the roof.

Morning -
an empty mind
filling with tea.

First cup of the day.

V

Too soon
I am driving back to Mondays.
To the exhaustion of speech.

Whenever I notice
I am driving back.
Or arrived.

Leaving at the edge
the empty rooms of molluscs,
crab shells, broken armour.

Deserted shacks
the sea washes and forgets.

- Peter Goldsworthy

Text 4 – Non-Fiction Extract

An excerpt from ‘**The Ghost Gum Sequence**’ by Evelyn Araluen

There’s ghosts in the reserve. There’s a rusted windmill and water tank, old concrete feeding troughs and burnt out cars that crawl with the living – goannas, stray dogs, panthers. Every life I have knows this reserve and the liminal scrub it spills through the suburbs, which swallows the correctional complex to the west and edges up to the cattle station on the east. I can tell you how to find them, standing stark between a broken fence and a recurring dream of mama roo bounding broken away from the hood of my neighbour’s car. Take forty steps back from where she fell and follow the creek that makes its bed only now in reeds and memory. Go at the golden hour when the low sun slants sideways and watch their skins soak the light, or pass by on a cold early morning and see them soft blue silking through scratches of tall grass and bush pea. Watch below for blue tongues and red bellies, watch above for black kites and golden orb weavers. I’m not worried about you finding all this, I’m worried about how you’re gonna speak it.

I’ve gotta go to town now, but I’ll be back tomorrow. There’s woven reeds and feathers on the dash, and I only clean out the dirt when I have to. It’s about \$20 to go north and \$10 south, but it’ll only cost you the petrol to weave through the cheap seats, the browning outskirts and housing estates where all my elders live. I take Richmond Road slower in the dry, when everything comes out for the green. I’ve seen South Creek swell this plain they’re cutting up for lines of pretty neat houses all along this way, but they’ll never come for the scrub. They need this scrub to keep the ghosts in. They’ll come for the poor, longway streets first, and close off every path to leave without paying. All these roads meet and end and begin at the open field that once always-was-always-will-be was the Native Institution where Governor Macquarie gathered up the precious children, black and brindle, to teach them God and Civilisation and To Be Without Your Family Or Your Land Or Your Name. It was here that Maria, daughter of Yellomundee son of Gombeeree elder of the Boorooberongal of the place I go monthly for bushcare to cut lantana and take my shoes off at the feet of ancestors, was taught white man’s language, and how to scream it back to him.

‘Why don’t they build something there?’ a sunset profile picture asks on the community Facebook where we gather to buy and sell and complain. There’s nothing in that field but a tree.

There’s a lot to say about that and even more to say of this place, but today I’m taking the midrange toll to the city, so I slip round the road trains and keep driving. I’ve been lugging a childhood from dad’s shed to Sydney in the boot of my car and it’s getting restless. The little gumnuts are creeping from the pages to play patty-cake with the yuri men on my back seat, tucking themselves under discarded jackets and licking droplets from the blackorg-branded waterbottles collecting under my seat. They want me to write about them – or maybe they don’t, and they just want to be left where and when they are – but in any case, they’re enjoying the ride. With their little faces pressed to the window they watch tree turn to town, and hiss and shudder as we pass the earthmovers stacked at the post-Maccas merge. I don’t take new ways to go to places I’ve known already, and I’m not likely to ever turn early from the M4, but there’s something about those green signed end destinations that reminds me of everywhere else I’m supposed to be. Sometimes I think I could keep on south, to go trace the banksia tattoos of all my Boorooberongal girls kicking about in Naarm, and then wrap them all up and bring them home. Sometimes I see the Canberra turnoff and remember that it’s been almost two years since I last made tea and stood in the eternal smoke of the embassy. But mostly I think, I know I’ve

never taken that way to go to nan's, but maybe if I had a little more often there'd be more memories to choose from when her absence moves my mind from room to room.

There's a lot of poets over in the mountains, or further up the Hawkesbury on the way to nan's farm, but it was written for me to be born in this land and to die in this land long before I became a poet myself. The Cumberland Plains of Blacktown and the Hawkesbury are drenched in a history of settler violence and forgetting that goes unspoken when we squabble over heritage. The bridge, the dairy, the statue – competing heirlooms for the pastoral squattocracy now crowded by mid-density suburban sprawl. When Watkin Tench stood at Prospect Hill in 1789, he soliloquised Miltonic visions of this place he looked upon as a wild abyss. Shortly after the rich alluvial soils were carved up by fence and crop and hoof and were cartographed into the names of holy lands; Jericho, Mamre, Ebenezer. Here was to be known as the bread basket of the colony. A magic pudding for the settlers to eat, and eat, and eat. Somewhere in all this tabula rasa and terra nullius my black and convict ancestors met here each from somewhere else between one and two centuries – some taken, some lost, some left. We try to care through entanglement. We know where to go on the summer solstice. We know where to swim to avoid spirits and contamination. We know where we will come back.

I look over to Prospect Hill as I pass through the M4 roadworks. In the way I know all times are capable of being, Tench's gaze is still there – but so is ours, staring back.



Killara
HIGH SCHOOL

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Student Number

TRIAL HSC EXAMINATION 2021

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
- Write your student number in all writing booklets used

Total Marks:

40

Section I – 20 marks

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

Section II – 20 marks

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

Section I

20 marks

Attempt Questions 1-5

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Read all texts carefully and then answer the questions in the spaces provided. These spaces provide guidance for the expected length of response.

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

Question 1 (3 marks)

Text 1 - Image

How does this image use a variety of language forms and features to suggest an idea about memory?

3

[illegible]

Question 2 (4 marks)

Text 2 – Fiction Extract

Explain how the author depicts a significant realisation.

4

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

Question 3 (4 marks)

Text 3 – Poem

How does the poet capture a sense of the connection between physical and emotional experiences?

3

[illegible]

Question 4 (4 marks)

Text 4 – Non-Fiction Extract

Analyse how the author expresses a complex sense of relationship to place.

4

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

Question 5 (5 marks)

Texts 1, 2, 3 and 4 - Image, Fiction Extract, Poem and Non-Fiction Extract

How have these texts offered insight into the role of memory in informing human behaviour?

6

Respond with reference to TWO of the texts provided in the stimulus booklet.

[illegible]

Blank lined paper template with horizontal ruling lines.

Section II

20 marks

Attempt Question 6

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the question in the writing booklets provided. Extra 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
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Question 6 (20 marks)

How has your text offered you a deeper insight into the role of memory in informing human behaviour?

Respond with detailed reference to your prescribed text, *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, by George Orwell.

End of paper