



The Scots College

THE SCOTS COLLEGE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

2021 Trial HSC Examination HSC Advanced English Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

General Instructions

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Working time – 1 hour and 30 minutes
- Write using black pen

Total marks: 40

Section I – 20 marks (page 2)

- Attempt Questions 1–4
- Allow 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 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 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

Examine Texts 1, 2, 3 and 4 in the Stimulus Booklet carefully and then answer the questions below.

Question 1 (4 marks)

Text 1: Personal Reflection and Image

Explain how the personal reflection and image represent feelings of nostalgia for the past.

This image shows a blank 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 2 (4 marks)

Text 2: Poem

Analyse how the poet explores challenging family dynamics.

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: Non-Fiction Extract

How has metaphor been used to represent the women's life experiences?

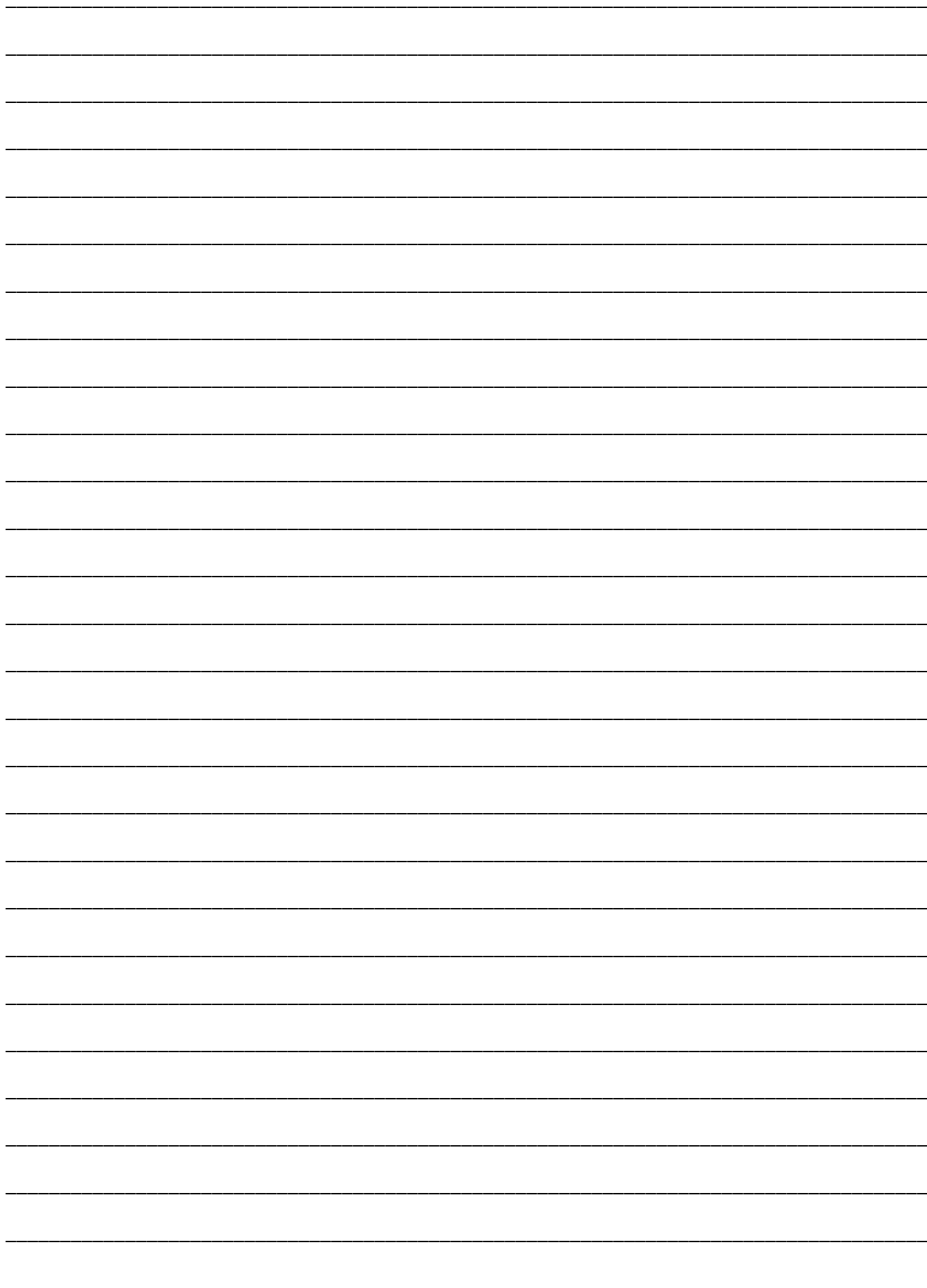
This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal blue ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

Question 4: Fiction Extract and ONE other text (8marks)

Discuss how the FICTION EXTRACT and ONE other text represent contrasting human experiences.

In your response refer to TWO texts.

[illegible]



Section II

20 Marks

Attempt Question 5

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the questions in a separate Writing Booklet. Extra writing booklets are available.

Your answers will be assessed on how well you:

- demonstrates an understanding of the ways human experiences are shaped in and through texts.
 - analyse, explain and assess the ways human experiences are represented in texts.
 - organize, develop and express ideas using language appropriate to audience, purpose and context
-

Question 5

Composers use features unique to their form to offer insightful perspectives on the inconsistencies in human behaviour.

Evaluate this statement by making close reference to your prescribed text.

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

- **Drama**
 - Jane Harrison, *Rainbow's End*, from Vivienne Cleven et al., *Contemporary Indigenous Plays*
 - Arthur Miller, *The Crucible*

- **Shakespearean Drama**
 - William Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice*

Section II continues on page 9

Section II prescribed texts (continued)

- Nonfiction
 - Tim Winton, *The Boy Behind the Curtain*
The prescribed chapters are:
 - * 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
 - Malala Yousafzai and Christina Lamb, *I am Malala*
- Film
 - Stephen Daldry, *Billy Elliot*
- Media
 - Ivan O'Mahoney, *Go Back to Where You Came From*
The prescribed episodes are:
 - * Series 1: Episodes 1, 2 and 3
and
 - * The Response
 - Lucy Walker, *Waste Land*

End of Paper



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2021 Trial HSC Examination Texts and Human Experiences Stimulus Booklet - Advanced

Section 1	Pages
Text 1 Personal Reflection and Image.	2
Text 2 Poem.	3
Text 3 Non-Fiction Extract.	5
Text 4 Fiction extract.	6

DO NOT REMOVE STIMULUS BOOKLET FROM THE EXAMINATION ROOM

Section 1

TEXT 1: Personal Reflection and Image - America in France by Alexandra D'Arnoux et. al.

The air is scented with roses and freshly mown grass. Standing in the clearing, Francoise, a slender silhouette, turns her back to the house, which seems to have come straight from an American dream. She is far off, lost in her thoughts. What is she thinking of while caressing the flowers with her gaze? Perhaps of the Chinese proverb that says, "One becomes a full human being if one has written a book, built a house, and made a garden."

Francoise's childhood was cradled between two family houses. The first, near the forest of Fontainebleau¹, had sheltered four generations: her great-grandmother, her grandfather, her mother - who watched Francoise grownup - and she and her sisters. In the eyes of the little girls it was a magical place, where treasures of photograph albums yellowed by time accumulated and which, at the end of August, smelled wonderfully of preserves that the cook stirred in immense copper basins.



The second house, belonging to a great-aunt, was in the Haut Doubs, almost on the Swiss border. 'We went there as a family for shorter but, in our eyes, just as interesting periods. We whirled around in the kitchen like excited little flies, begging the grown-ups to let us peel vegetables and

fruit. Sometimes, for the sake of peace, they gave in, which slowed them down a lot. Sealed in glass jars, conserves piled up one by one on the shelves of a room which seemed immense to me, a kind of back-kitchen designated solely for the preserved fruit of summer.

Sold and transformed, these houses disappeared from Francoise's life. Yet they still exist in the form of crystal-clear memories, moments of intense happiness that she, along with Philippe, also orphaned from his family home, wanted to pass on to their four children.

¹ A small town south-east of Paris

TEXT 2: **Poem:** I Invite My Parents to a Dinner Party by Chen Chen

In the invitation, I tell them for the seventeenth time
(the fourth in writing), that I am gay.

In the invitation, I include a picture of my boyfriend
& write, *You've met him two times. But this time,*

*you will ask him things other than can you pass the
whatever. You will ask him*

*about him. You will enjoy dinner. You will be
enjoyable. Please RSVP.*

They RSVP. They come.

They sit at the table & ask my boyfriend

the first of the conversation starters I slip them
upon arrival: *How is work going?*

I'm like the kid in *Home Alone*, orchestrating
every movement of a proper family, as if a pair

of scary yet deeply incompetent burglars
is watching from the outside.

My boyfriend responds in his chipper way.

I pass my father a bowl of fish ball soup—*So comforting,*

isn't it? My mother smiles her best

Sitting with Her Son's Boyfriend

Who Is a Boy Smile. I smile my Hurray for Doing
a Little Better Smile.

Everyone eats soup.

Then, my mother turns

to me, whispers in Mandarin, *Is he coming with you
for Thanksgiving? My good friend is & she wouldn't like*

this. I'm like the kid in *Home Alone*, pulling
on the string that makes my cardboard mother

more motherly, except she is
not cardboard, she is

already, exceedingly my mother. Waiting
for my answer.

While my father opens up
a *Boston Globe*, when the invitation

clearly stated: *No security*
blankets. I'm like the kid

in *Home Alone*, except the home
is my apartment, & I'm much older, & not alone,

& not the one who needs
to learn, has to—*Remind me*

what's in that recipe again, my boyfriend says
to my mother, as though they have always, easily

talked. As though no one has told him
many times, what a nonlinear slapstick meets

slasher flick meets psychological
pit he is now co-starring in.

Remind me, he says
to our family.

TEXT 3: Non-Fiction Extract - Her Kind of Luck by Michele Balogh

Shan-Yi's photographs hung on the walls of my new Darlington apartment. Her records and diaries stood on the shelves along with the piles of untouched paperwork and thirty-four kilograms of her correspondence, I weighed it to quantify the volume of paper to friends and family. A pair of her guardian lions stood by the door, the male with his paw resting on a ball, the female with a cub underfoot. I called the lions Shan-Yi and Andrew, except Shan-Yi was the male with the whole world at her feet.

I kept her beautiful Italian violin, made in the late eighteenth century, cradled in its leather case lined with purple velvet. I'd found it soon after I moved into her apartment, wedged against a door, being used as a doorstop. If anything I kept was an extension of her, I figured the violin was it. I wondered when she stopped playing, She had risked everything to be a violinist, but it seemed she was swept off course and never found her way back to the very idea that got her started. It made me anxious to think that she'd been side-tracked by life. I had no idea if she could have been the next Kreisler², but it felt like that *should* have been the case. My father certainly couldn't remember her ever playing.

Shan-Yi was never taught to throw caution to the wind, to do everything it took in pursuit of her dreams, 'Believe in yourself', 'you can be anything', 'success never comes to those who quit' - these stock motivational slogans were as much a part of my education as addition and the alphabet. I was a child of the nineties, a product of Girl Power, a grade-A student in the technicolour classroom of Disney. I followed my dreams as a matter of course. The reality that raw talent - and more importantly, blind luck - had a role to play in success seemed utterly unfair. But I couldn't hide from the fact that I'd been writing and drawing and working for years and I hadn't made it anywhere. Maybe she *could* have been the next Kreisler if life had taken a different course. Maybe she was just unlucky.

However, I know she considered herself *lucky*. She told us so, right up until the end when her feet were covered in bedsores and it hurt to move at all. She believed that her life was full of extraordinary luck. Not the kind of luck that people mentioned with gratitude, but real, logic-defying, larger-than-life luck. The kind that prevents you from tripping on a loose step, even when gravity insists that you should. She couldn't comprehend the hand she'd been dealt. But it seemed she never achieved the dream that put fire in her belly in the first place. Her beautiful violin had gathered dust for decades and disappeared into the cluttered apartment.

I had started out with every advantage in the world, however, my dreams of writing a novel were gathering dust, just like her violin. I wanted to reach into her violin and find whatever it was in her that I couldn't find in me. I wanted her to teach me how to feel happy, no matter the path life takes.

² Fritz Kreisler - Austrian-American Violinist

TEXT 4: Fiction Extract - Jane Eyre by Charlotte Bronte

He relapsed again into gloom. I, on the contrary, became more cheerful, and took fresh courage: these last words gave me an insight as to where the difficulty lay; and as it was no difficulty with me, I felt quite relieved from my previous embarrassment. I resumed a livelier vein of conversation.

“It is time someone undertook to rehumanise you,” said I, parting his thick and long uncut locks; “for I see you are being metamorphosed into a lion, or something of that sort. You have a ‘faux air’ of Nebuchadnezzar in the fields about you, that is certain: your hair reminds me of eagles’ feathers; whether your nails are grown like birds’ claws or not, I have not yet noticed.”

“On this arm, I have neither hand nor nails,” he said, drawing the mutilated limb from his breast, and showing it to me. “It is a mere stump—a ghastly sight! Don’t you think so, Jane?”

“It is a pity to see it; and a pity to see your eyes—and the scar of fire on your forehead: and the worst of it is, one is in danger of loving you too well for all this; and making too much of you.”

“I thought you would be revolted, Jane, when you saw my arm, and my cicatrised visage.”

“Did you? Don’t tell me so—lest I should say something disparaging to your judgment. Now, let me leave you an instant, to make a better fire, and have the hearth swept up. Can you tell when there is a good fire?”

“Yes; with the right eye I see a glow—a ruddy haze.”

“And you see the candles?”

“Very dimly—each is a luminous cloud.”

“Can you see me?”

“No, my fairy: but I am only too thankful to hear and feel you.”

“When do you take supper?”

“I never take supper.”

“But you shall have some to-night. I am hungry: so are you, I daresay, only you forget.”

Summoning Mary, I soon had the room in more cheerful order: I prepared him, likewise, a comfortable repast. My spirits were excited, and with pleasure and ease I talked to him during supper, and for a long time after. There was no harassing restraint, no repressing of glee and vivacity with him; for with him I was at perfect ease, because I knew I suited him; all I said or did seemed either to console or revive him. Delightful consciousness! It brought to life and light my whole nature: in his presence I thoroughly lived; and he lived in mine. Blind as he was, smiles played over his face, joy dawned on his forehead: his lineaments softened and warmed. After supper, he began to ask me many questions, of where I had been, what I had been doing, how I had found him out; but I gave him only very partial replies: it was too late to enter into particulars that night. Besides, I wished to touch no deep-thrilling chord—to open no fresh well of emotion in his heart: my sole present aim was to cheer him. Cheered, as I have said, he was: and yet but by fits. If a moment’s silence broke the conversation, he would turn restless, touch me, then say, “Jane.”

“You are altogether a human being, Jane? You are certain of that?”

“I conscientiously believe so, Mr. Rochester.”

“Yet how, on this dark and doleful evening, could you so suddenly rise on my lone hearth? I stretched my hand to take a glass of water from a hireling, and it was given me by you: I asked a question, expecting John’s wife to answer me, and your voice spoke at my ear.”

“Because I had come in, in Mary’s stead, with the tray.”

“And there is enchantment in the very hour I am now spending with you. Who can tell what a dark, dreary, hopeless life I have dragged on for months past? Doing nothing, expecting nothing; merging night in day; feeling but the sensation of cold when I let the fire go out, of hunger when I forgot to eat: and then a ceaseless sorrow, and, at times, a very delirium of desire to behold my Jane again. Yes: for her restoration I longed, far more than for that of my lost sight. How can it be that Jane is with me, and says she loves me? Will she not depart as suddenly as she came? To-morrow, I fear I shall find her no more.”

A commonplace, practical reply, out of the train of his own disturbed ideas, was, I was sure, the best and most reassuring for him in this frame of mind. I passed my finger over his eyebrows, and remarked that they were scorched, and that I would apply something which would make them grow as broad and black as ever.

“Where is the use of doing me good in any way, beneficent spirit, when, at some fatal moment, you will again desert me—passing like a shadow, whither and how to me unknown, and for me remaining afterwards undiscoverable?”

“Have you a pocket-comb about you, sir?”

“What for, Jane?”

“Just to comb out this shaggy black mane. I find you rather alarming, when I examine you close at hand: you talk of my being a fairy, but I am sure, you are more like a brownie.”

“Am I hideous, Jane?”

“Very, sir: you always were, you know.”

End of Stimulus Booklet