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2021

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 at the back of this paper
- Write your Student Number at the top of this page

**Total Marks:
40**

Section I – 20 marks (pages 1-5)

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

Section II – 20 marks (page 6)

- 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 the texts on pages 1-6 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
-

Question 1 (4 marks)

Use **text 1** to answer this question.

Explore the key message about the nature of human experience conveyed in the article.

Exam continues on next page.

Question 2 (3 marks)

Use **text 2** to answer this question.

Explore the ways in which the image reveals the significance of seemingly insignificant moments.

Exam continues on next page.

Question 3 (3 marks)

Use **text 3** to answer this question

How does the poem convey the relationship between hope and disappointment?

Exam continues on next page.

Question 4 (5 marks)

Use **text 4** to answer this question.

Analyse how the prose fiction extract reveals how the same experiences can be felt differently.

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

Exam continues on next page.

Question 5 (5 marks)

Use **two** of **text 1**, **text 2**, **text 3** and **text 4** to answer this question.

Evaluate how **two** texts demonstrate the impact of emotions on the significance of personal moments.

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.

End of Section I

Please turn over for Section II

Section II

20 marks

Attempt Question 6

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the question in a writing booklet. Extra writing booklets are available.

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
 - Organise, develop and express ideas using language appropriate to audience, purpose and context
-

Question 6 (20 marks)

Explore how your prescribed text invites a consideration of how ordinary moments can lead to significant insights for the individual.

In your response, make detailed reference to your prescribed text.

The prescribed texts are listed on pages 7 –8 of the Stimulus Booklet.

End of Section II
End of paper

2021

Trial HSC Examination

English (Advanced)

**Paper 1 – Texts and Human
Experiences**

Stimulus Booklet

and

List of prescribed texts for Section II

Section I

- Text 1 - Article
- Text 2 – Social Media Thread
- Text 3 – Poem
- Text 4 - Prose Fiction extract

Pages 1- 2
Page 3
Page 4
Pages 5 - 6

Section II

- List of prescribed texts

Pages 7-8

Section I

Text 1 – Article ‘Why Mundane Moments Truly Matter’

My mother and I have sipped tea with maharanis, swapped stories with Burmese nuns and bumped through the streets of Bangkok on midnight tuk tuks — but the delight we return to, again and again, is the moon. “Go outside and take a look,” she’ll command over text, and I’ll stumble out the door to glimpse at a crescent sliver. We swap cellphone photos of fuzzy white discs that are indistinguishable from the ones that preceded them but offer what feels like newfound delight. Our shared moon: a simple joy that binds us together across years and over continents.

Although we, as a culture, typically favour the superlative, research shows that moonlight, and everything that is revealed in ordinary moments of our life, matters. Valuing the routine enriches our lives in ways we do not expect, because “how we spend our days,” the author Annie Dillard reminds us, “is how we spend our lives.”

Ting Zhang, assistant professor at Harvard Business School, underscored the significance of the everyday in a recent study. “What we wanted to do,” Dr. Zhang explained, “was show that people underestimate the value of documenting the present, especially the mundane. We hire photographers for special occasions, but don’t really capture the rich day-to-day experiences that make up so much of our life.”

Dr. Zhang and her team assembled 135 undergraduate students and asked them to put together time capsules — written reflections on quotidian¹ experiences including the last social event they attended, three songs they had recently listened to and a Facebook status update. Then they were asked to estimate how curious they would be at future point in time to see what they had shared. At the time of assembly, students ranked their curiosity at an average of 3, on a 1-to-7 scale. But three months later, when polled just before opening their reflections, ratings jumped to over 4.

Other portions of the study reinforced the finding that time changes the perceived value of ordinary actions, with an added exploration of the ordinary versus extraordinary. For example, students not only underestimated their future curiosity about reading written summaries of recent conversations; but those who rated their conversations as “ordinary” also more greatly underestimated both curiosity and interest. And while perceptions of so-called extraordinary events (Valentine’s Day, in Dr. Zhang’s study) held constant, seemingly unremarkable events came to be perceived as more remarkable over time.

Paying attention to mundanities, said Greg McKeown, author of “Essentialism: The Disciplined Pursuit of Less,” can help us hold onto what is important. One example he shared with The Times is an anecdote about his grandfathers. One hadn’t left any personal record of his life: “We lost everything.” But the other had captured ephemeral moments through short notes — “One or two sentences every few days for 50 years.” That, he says, became “connective tissue.”

These reflections offer a way to make sense of the ways we’re tethered to the world around us but, as Dr. Zhang’s study shows, what we think we value can shift over time. “After keeping my journal for several years,” Mr. McKeown said, “I started rereading them. One of the things that really surprised me was how many of the entries didn’t seem important anymore. I was writing down things I was thankful for that — almost by definition — should have been things that mattered. But most of them didn’t. As the years had gone by, things that had seemed ordinary became extraordinary.”

(Text 1 continued)

¹ *Quotidian* – everyday, ordinary

It is these humble moments that are celebrated in the artist and writer Lissa Jensen's online course *Creating the Visual Journal*. "Everything we associate with self-reflection is just as likely to be found in the mundane as in the exceptional," she said. "Honouring the seemingly 'trivial' is a way of saying everything is potent, everything is useful."

Ms. Jensen captures little moments she describes as "personal haikus" through both text and illustration. "A broken window, a vacant gas station at dusk, the calm delight of picking out ripe avocados ... their power comes from their insignificance. As anyone who has read fairy tales knows, things are never just what they seem: a mirror is not just a mirror, an apple is not just an apple, the old woman in the forest is not just an old woman."



A closed cafe on a Wednesday night, illustrated in Lissa Jensen's journal.
Credit...Lissa Jensen

So how do we get started?
Slow down and take notice.

Ms. Jensen suggests honing our observation skills throughout the day. "Try to remember what people are wearing — or what you see. Things like that can really help train your mind to stay present. And keep a pocket journal so you can pull that out instead of your phone when you're standing in line or waiting for a bus or a train."

... "Your inner world is a gold mine," Ms. Jensen said. "When you connect that with your outer world — boom! Magic happens. You create something that hasn't been done before. You peel back another layer that otherwise would have been overlooked and tell a story that only you can tell."

Simran Sethi
The New York Times, March 23, 2020



In light of the Covid-19 pandemic, in 2020 *The New York Times* rebranded their *Travel* section to *At Home*.

Text 3 - Poem

We All Return to the Place Where We Were Born

What remains of my childhood
are the fragmentary visions
of large patios
extending
like an oceanic green mist over the afternoon.

Then, crickets would forge in the wind
their deep music of centuries
and the purple fragrances of Grandmother
always would receive without questions
our return home.

The hammock shivering in the breeze
like the trembling voice of light at dusk,
the unforeseeable future
that would never exist without Mother,
the Tall tales that filled
with their most engaging lunar weight our days
—all those unchangeable things—
were the morning constellations
that we would recognise daily without sadness.

In the tropical days we had no intuition of the winter
nor of autumn, that often returns with pain
in the shadows of this new territory
—like the cold moving through our shivering hands—
that I have learned to accept
in the same way you welcome
the uncertainty of a false and cordial smile.

Those were the days of the solstice²
when the wind pushed the smoke from the clay ovens
through the zinc kitchens
and the ancient stone stoves
clearly spoke
of the secrets of our barefooted and wise Indian ancestors.

The beautiful, unformed rocks in our hands
that served as detailed toys
seemed to give us the illusion
of fantastic events
that invaded our joyful chants
with infinite colour.

It was a life without seasonal pains,
a life without unredeemable time
a life without the sombre dark shadows
that have intently translated my life
that slowly move today through my soul.

Oscar Gonzales

² Solstice – here, the summer solstice; the longest day of the year

Text 4 – Prose Fiction Extract

Ocean swayed in the girls' minds, immense and trembling. Restlessness and movement were part of the appeal. From magazines, they cut pictures of swimmers and divers mid-fling, and surfers flying supernaturally on a mere spill of dissolving froth or paddling under an arc of wave rising massively before them. There was a swimming pool on Cassidy Street, but that didn't count. They wanted waves and tidal magnificence, pulled by the moon. This invention of their own ocean was essential to their childhoods. When Fred bent to look at their cuttings, he expressed admiration, but left mumbling to himself in puzzled amusement.

Cross-legged on the floor, they devoted themselves to their vague objective, knowing that it was a counter-world they shared. These would be their happiest times.

Both would recall the blue cuttings, scattered like images from a dream.

When Else bought Nell a print of Hokusai's *The Great Wave* for her tenth birthday, Frances was consumed with envy. It hung in their bedroom, an object of curiosity and veneration, and was like nothing else in their ordinary miner's house. It was Nell's object, both knew it. It was Nell who owned *The Great Wave* and possessed its glory, the frozen shape with its peculiar claw-like foam, and Mount Fuji a squat triangle in the faraway distance. 'Japanese Classical Prints', the label read. The girls relished the wave as if it pledged them a special power. It offered exalted perspective and foreign style and since they'd not yet seen a real wave, this abstraction sufficed. *The Great Wave* was as real to them as any reckoning.

'Reckon they're that big, the waves?' Fred has asked with a grin. 'Bigger than a mountain?'

Nell and Frances united in friendly scorn. Yes, that big, rising and falling, making and unmaking. They were each impatient to leave. They wanted goodbye, goodbye.

They did not love their own place; even as children it seemed to them ravaged. And they did not want for enormity; they had the Super Pit.

Kalgoorlie sat alongside a great gouge in the ground, 3.5 kilometres long and 1.5 kilometres wide. In 1989 all the old gold mines, all the discrete shafts, had been joined together in one vast and lucrative hole. It was tiered, elliptical and hellish, like the picture of a European myth. But some compulsion pulled them to visit and when Nell and Frances gazed into the Pit from the caged viewing platform, they felt the thrill of imagining peril and effort. There were vehicles and machines moving constantly to manage the void. Giant yellow trucks with fat wheels drove up and down the steep slopes, winding around the ledges with arduous deliberation. The girls could feel grit on their faces and sense the reverberations of labour. It was like being God, so high, and looking straight into the belly of the earth, the carved steps of the terraces, the way humans were rescaled.

In time, tourists came in buses to take photographs with heavy cameras. They donned high-vis vests to show they knew equally of danger and fun. The sisters saw them disembark, take a photograph, then return in lines to their seas, their orange fluoro shining and glorious, even behind the dimmed glass.

Nell and Frances went to the Super Pit to feel superior and to mooch around. They went to defeat boredom, to defy their Aunt Enid, and to see the grievous hole in the ground that signified their town's wealth. They went to be higher than the earth and to witness its despoliation. It was the satisfaction of bosses, Fred often said, to be the one who was up high, the one who looked down.

But they were not twins at all; that was easy to see. There was the loud one and the quiet one. There was Nell, who by twelve already shoplifted and smoked, who swore at her aunt and flounced in annoyance at her long-suffering grandparents. And there was the other, her eyes moist with silent entreaty. Frances was the girl wringing her wrists and pulling at the sleeve ends of her cardigan. Barely able to remember the long list of their offences, it was she who confessed their misbehaviour to the priest. Groggy with sin, she included her own wickedness. How she coveted *The Great Wave*, how she resented Nell's ownership.

(Text 4 continued)

When Frances rang in the afternoon, she did not berate or persuade. 'When you're ready,' she said, 'we can go together'.

They were no longer close. Between the sisters there lay a gulf of issues undisclosed and undiscussed; and Nell knew that since Will's death, two years ago now – could it be so long? – her sister was irremediably changed. It was hard to say, exactly, but Frances went quiet without warning, seemed sulky with secrecy, and disengaged in arbitrary ways from the real business of life. With Will gone she'd seemed depleted and Nell had found herself stronger. What crude trade was this between siblings, that made a contest of feelings? That a sorrow in one space – gentle Will, his ghastly death at home in front of the television – might bolder the other. She dismissed from memory the last time she saw Will alive. Frances was ragged from her caring and could barely speak from exhaustion. Will was reduced and pitiable and stank of decay. She'd been afraid to kiss him, worried she might lean too close to his cracked mouth and its fetid half breathing.

Frances said, 'I've been thinking about that Hokusai print, *The Great Wave*, we used to have it in our bedroom.'

'Yes?'

'The tiny people in it, the tiny bubble heads along the sides of the boats'.

'There weren't any tiny boats, any heads,' said Nell. 'Just an enormous wave. And a miniature Mount Fuji.'

'The heads,' Frances insisted. 'It used to scare me when we were little. I loved the design of the wave and the frothy curl but thought how small those faces were. And how very vulnerable.'

Nell was googling the print on her tablet as Frances spoke. She pinched at the image and spread her finders to make the details appear. There were indeed boats, and scarcely visible, the heads of frightened sailors. Yes, she now remembered the boats, but couldn't say she included the faces or had been disturbed by them. Or troubled in any way.

'I see,' she said softly. 'So, what's your point?'

'Did it scare you too, Nell, that sense of scale?'

Scale. Frances was always coming up with a complicated version of something simple. She thought of the Super Pit. Now, *that* was scale.

'The Super Pit?'

'That too, but I'm thinking of *The Great Wave*.'

Nell wondered if Frances was losing it, with her recent phone calls. She was always harking back to their childhood and wanting confirmation of something or other she had recalled. There was already a particularised inquiry or the elaboration of a facet. So often, inconveniently, these inquiries left Nell with more memories, many unwanted, as sometimes happens between siblings.

Our Shadows, Gail Jones

End of Section I

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 Poems*

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*
 - William Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice*

- **Non-Fiction**

- 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*

- Manala 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 Section II