

NESA NUMBER:

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North Sydney Boys High School

ENGLISH ADVANCED

Make- up Trial Examination

Paper 1 – Common Module: Texts and Human Experiences

HSC Weighting: 10%

General Instructions

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Working time - 1 hour 30 minutes
- Write using black or blue pen with clarity
- Write in a new booklet for each question – use the correct booklet for each Module
- Extra writing booklets are available

Total Marks – 40

Section I: Short Answer

20 marks – Weighting 5%

- Attempt Question 1-5
- Allow 45 minutes for this question
- Complete answers in this booklet

Section II: Common Module Essay

20 marks – Weighting 5%

- Attempt Question 1
- Allow 45 minutes for this question
- Complete answer in Section II booklet

Attempt Questions 1 - 5

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

Use **Text 1 - Image** to answer this question

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

Question 2 (3 Marks)

Use **Text 2 – Non-Fiction** to answer this question
Explain how the piece of Non-Fiction conveys the significance of awe to the human experience.

Question 3 (4 Marks)

Use **Text 3 – Fiction Extract** to answer this question

Analyse how the power of storytelling can allow individuals to make sense of complex emotions.

[illegible]

Question 4 (3 Marks)

Use **Text 4 – Poem** to answer this question

How does the poem convey memory as an integral aspect of the human condition?

Question 5 (5 Marks)

Use **Text 2, Text 3 and Text 4**

Compare how **TWO** of the texts from the stimulus booklet examine the paradoxes and inconsistencies inherent to the shared human experience.

[illegible]

Section II (20 marks)

Attempt Question 1

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Write your answer in the writing booklet titled Section II

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
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Question 1:

Portia

"The quality of mercy is not strained,

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven

Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest:

It blesseth him that gives and him that takes. "

To what extent does the exploration of the individual and collective human experience in 'The Merchant of Venice' invite you to reconsider your understanding of choice?

In your response make reference to the extract above as well as detailed reference to the play as a whole.

Prescribed Text:

- William Shakespeare, 'The Merchant of Venice'

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Trial Examination

Paper 1 – Common Module: Texts and Human Experiences

STIMULUS BOOKLET

Text 1 – Your Related Text

Text 2 – Non-Fiction Extract

Text 3 – Fiction Extract

Text 4 – Poem

Text 1: Image: Cover of 'The New Yorker'



Text 2: Nonfiction: Extract from ‘Phosphorescence’ by Julia Baird

Our outings are not always ideal. Frequently we battle thickets of seaweed, powerful currents, and daunting, crashing waves that pull you under and spin you around, or dump you against the sandy floor. Occasionally the swell is so big, and the undertow so strong, that I make sure I am with a friend as I swim back to shore. Newcomers often need to be rescued. Sometimes we emerge with red welts from stingers across our faces and limbs. I will never forget the swarms of jimbles—small, box-shaped jellyfish with long, trailing pink tentacles—that inhabited the bay in the thousands for many months one year. Though we put on protective wetsuits, many people still bear the scars of their stings and some even landed in hospital. But the daily difference in conditions is what makes it thrilling.

Something happens when you dive into a world where clocks don’t tick and in-boxes don’t ping. As your arms circle, swing, and pull along the edge of a vast ocean, your mind wanders, and you open yourself to awe—to the experience of seeing something astonishing, unfathomable, or greater than yourself. Studies have shown that awe can make us more patient and less irritable, more humble, more curious and creative—even when just watching nature documentaries. It can ventilate and expand our concept of time: Researchers Melanie Rudd, Kathleen Vohs, and Jennifer Lynn Aaker found that “experiences of awe bring people into the present moment, and being in the present moment underlies awe’s capacity to adjust time perception, influence decisions, and make life feel more satisfying than it would otherwise.”

Research conducted by social psychologist Paul Piff and his colleagues suggests that people who regularly feel awe are more likely to be generous, helpful, altruistic, ethical, and relaxed. In one case, people who spent time staring up at towering eucalypts were more inclined to help someone who had stumbled and dropped a handful of pens than those who had not. In other words, when dwarfed by an experience, we are more likely to look to one another and care for one another and feel more connected.

Text 3: Fiction: Extract from 'Apeirogon' by Collum McCann

For the first few years after the bombing it worried Rami that he was repeating himself. He sometimes had to tell Smadar's story two or three times a day. Once in the morning at a school. Once in the afternoon at the Parents Circle offices. Then again at night in a synagogue or a community hall or a mosque. To pastors. A'immah. Rabbis. Reporters. Cameramen. Schoolkids. Senators. Visitors from Sweden, Mexico, Azerbaijan. The bereaved from Venezuela, Mali, China, Indonesia, Rwanda, who had come to visit the holy places.

On occasion – early on, before he allowed himself to be comfortable in the repetition – he found himself pausing in mid-sentence, wondering if he had just said the same thing twice in the span of minutes, not just a general repetition, but the exact same words in a row, with the same intonation, the same facial expressions, as if somehow he had reduced the story to the mechanical, the rhythm of the everyday. It bothered him to think that the listeners might look at him as a broken- down reel, trapped by the sameness of his grief.

Afterwards he would realise he had left out whole chunks of what he truly wanted to say.

It flushed him with fear that he might appear fraudulent, theatrical, rehearsed. As if his story was a brand, a commercial, bound to repetition. He could feel the heat rise in his face. His palms grew sweaty. On the second or third telling in a day, he found himself pinching the skin on his forearms to jolt himself awake, to make sure he wasn't retreading old territory. My name is Rami Elhanan. I am the father of Smadar. I am a seventh-generation Jerusalemite.

He wondered how actors did it. To say the same thing meaning- fully, performance after performance. What sort of discipline did it take? Once a day. Twice on matinee days. How could they, in that end- less repetition, continue to make it real? How could they keep it alive?

But the more he went on – the more the story took on a singular shape – the more he began to realise that it did not matter. There was, he knew, always an end to the run of an actor, but he had no such end. No final curtain call. No ovation. No grand finale for him. No walk out the stage door, overcoat on, collar turned up. No streetlit alleyway. No rain falling on the grey cobbled street. No morning review. No fawning adulation.

He began to understand that it wasn't a performance. His was a beginning without an end. There was nothing theatrical about it at all. He could make of it whatever heaven or hell he wanted. He settled into the repetition: it was his blessing and his curse.

He spoke to academics, to artists, to school kids, to Israelis, to Palestinians, to Germans, to the Chinese, whoever would listen. Christian groups. Swedish scientists. South African police delegations. The country was, he told them, written on a tiny canvas. Israel could fit inside New Jersey. The West Bank was smaller than Delaware. Four Gazas could be shoehorned inside London. One hundred Israels could be placed inside Argentina and you'd still have some room for the pampas. Israel and Palestine together were one-fifth the size of Illinois. It was infinitesimal, yes, but something pulsed at its core, something spare, original, nuclear: he liked that word, nuclear. The atoms of his story pressed against one another. The force of what he wanted to say. There were times he felt he was standing outside himself, hovering, watching himself, but it didn't matter: he connected with the words now, they were his, he owned them, they were spoken for a purpose. He wanted to waken the sleep in his listeners. To see a jolt in them. Just for a split second. To see an eye open. Or a lifted eyebrow. That was enough. A crack in the wall, he said. A crease of doubt. Anything.

When he spoke he saw Smadar again. Her oval face. Her brown eyes. Her turn-to-the-shoulder laughter. In a garden. In Jerusalem. With a white band in her hair.

Text 4: Poem: 'Memory' by Pablo Neruda

All must be remembered:
a turning wind, the threads
in the threadbare event must be gathered,
yard after yard of all we inhabited,
the train's long trajectory,
and the trappings of sorrow.

Should a rosebush be lost
or a hare be confused with the night,
should the pillars of memory
topple out of my reach,
I must remake the air,
the steam and the soil and the leaves,
my skin and the bricks in the wall,
the thorn in my flesh
and the haste of my flight.

Pity the poor poet!

I was always an avid forgetter:
in my two human hands
only the untouchable things of the world
live unscathed,
and the power of comparison required
nothing less than their total destruction.

Smoke came like a smell,
and smell passed like a smoke,
the skin of a body asleep
that woke to my kisses:
no one asked for the date
or the name of my dream:
I am powerless to measure the road
that leads to no country, perhaps,
or the truth's pure mutation
that might blow itself out in the daylight
or afterward change to the glow
of a firefly's vagary* at night.

*vagary -an unexpected and inexplicable change
in a situation or in someone's behaviour.

