



SHORE

Exam Number:

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Year 12

English (Advanced) Course

HSC Trial Examination

Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

Question Booklet

2022

General instructions

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Working time – 1 hour and 30 minutes
- Write using black pen
- A stimulus booklet is provided

Section I

20 marks (pages 3-8)

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

Section II

20 marks (page 10)

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

Note: Any time you have remaining should be spent revising your answers.

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Allow about 45 minutes for this section

- demonstrate understanding of human experiences in texts
- analyse, explain and assess the ways human experiences are represented in texts

1. Analyse how the composer represents the connection between emotion and place.

[illegible]

3

Text 1 – Fiction extract AND Text 2 – Non-Fiction extract (5 marks)

2. Compare the ways both texts communicate anomalies in human behaviour and attitudes.

[illegible]

Section I continues over page

Section I continues over page

Text 3 – Non-Fiction extract (4 marks)

3. Explain how Subhash Jaireth explores the power of language.

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.

Section I continues over page

Text 4 – Poem (5 marks)

4. Analyse how the poet communicates the intensity of relationships.

[illegible]

Section I continues over page

Text 5 – Fiction extract (3 marks)

5. Analyse how Elizabeth Strout conveys the feelings associated with memories of others.

End of Section I

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Section II

20 marks

Attempt Question 6

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the question in a SEPARATE writing booklet.

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)

‘Literature and film is the art of discovering something extraordinary about ordinary people.’

BORIS PASTERNAK

Discuss how your prescribed text explores the discovery of the extraordinary in human experience.

The prescribed text for Section II is:

- **Prose Fiction** – George Orwell, *Nineteen Eighty-Four*

End of Section II
End of Examination



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Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences
Stimulus Booklet for Section I
2022

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• Text 2 – Non-fiction extract.....	4
• Text 3 – Non-fiction extract.....	5
• Text 4 – Poem.....	6
• Text 5 – Fiction extract.....	7

Note: Any time you have remaining should be spent revising your answers.

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Section I

Text 1 – Fiction extract

She calls home a few hours later, but there is nobody around to pick up. The phone rings and continues to ring. A lonely sound, made more lonely by the way it repeats identically, over and over, with no solution in sight. At one end the ringing, at the other end, Amor. She has caused it to happen from far away.

After a minute she gives up. Sits there for a little while, then tries again. She knows by now there will be no response, but she's after something else. She hears the tinny beep against her ear and it almost physically conjures for her the empty rooms and passages down which it carries. That corner. That ornament. That sill. She closes her eyes listening. A commotion of longing and revulsion inside. How did it become so complicated? Home used to only mean one Thing, not a blizzard of things at war.

It's the first time Amor has thought about the farm in a while. She has learned, or perhaps has always known, that if you want to move forward it's best not to look back. All she's done since leaving South Africa is keep moving forward, or at least keep moving, not always sure of the direction, changing rooms and cities and countries and people, all of it smearing past like a landscape at speed, something in her unable to stop.

Though she has apparently stopped. There she is, quite stationary, if you discount the sobbing in an armchair. Near a window looking out on a foreign street, in the wrong hemisphere. All of it suddenly feels very still and fixed to her, and somehow upside down. What am I doing here? she thinks, though perhaps not in words. Not a girl anymore, the shape of her body transformed. Only a few features still recognisably the same, including the burn marks on her feet, faded but still visible, and which for some reason are hurting now, an old signal from the past.

That same night, she's on a plane back to South Africa. Return feels more like a condition than an act, one for which she is in no way prepared. The suddenness of it, every last little piece of it, is like a great white concussion, a sort of impact. Inevitable but also unbearable. She can't sleep on the flight and finds herself pacing in a gallery area at 3.00am, ten kilometres in the air above Chad. How ordinary and how strange human life is. And how delicately poised.

DAMON GALGUT
adapted from *The Promise*

Text 2 – Non-fiction extract

It sounds petty, but if at any time during a meal a dinner guest used the word *surreal* to describe our current situation, or the phrase *bunkered down*, I would make a mental note to disinvite them from any future get-togethers. I hated the clichés that came from the pandemic, hated hearing *the new normal*. Oh, and *heroes*. At first the word was used for health-care professionals. Then for essential workers. Then we were *all* heroes. “Give yourself a great big hand and stay safe!”

More irritating still was the spirit of one-downsmanship that seemed to have taken hold. A year earlier, had I written in an essay, “I woke up and washed my face,” no one would have thought anything of it. Now, though, I would immediately be attacked as tone-deaf and elitist.

“Oh, how nice that you can just ‘wake up and wash your face,’” someone would write in the comment section or tweet. “And in New York no less! I, meanwhile, don’t even *have* a face anymore. I had to sell it so I could feed my family during the *worldwide pandemic* you obviously never heard about. Now, when I try to eat, the food falls onto my lap because I don’t have any cheeks to keep it in my mouth with. Think of that when you’re holding your washcloth you pr**k!”

A previously beloved talk show host began broadcasting from her home, and people went nuts. “Hold on a minute, she lives in a mansion!”

“Well, yes,” I wanted to say. “A mansion bought with the money that you gave her.”

Everyone was angry and looking for someone to blame: Trump, Fauci, China, Big Pharma. This had to be somebody’s fault. “Back off!” a certain type of person would snarl if you stood only five feet and eleven inches away from them.

“Your mask isn’t completely covering your nose,” a middle-aged woman informed a much older one in my neighbourhood Target one afternoon. “Miss,” she called a second later to the cashier, “Miss, her mask isn’t completely covering her nose!”

It was a golden era for tattletales, for conspiracy theorists, for the self-righteous. A photographer came one afternoon to take my picture. I was standing in the middle of East 70th Street, posing as instructed, when a woman with silver hair approached. She was on the sidewalk, a good twenty feet away, but she still felt the need to scold me.

“Cover your face!” she screeched.

“Oh, for God’s sake, this is for the Times!” I shouted back.

DAVID SEDARIS
adapted from *Happy-Go-Lucky*

Text 3 – Non-fiction extract

In September 2016 I was asked to translate into Hindi Charmaine Papertalk Green's poem 'Nhanangu Yagu.' Can you do it three days, I was asked. I'll try, I said and finished the work in time.

Almost six years later, as I read my translation, I feel guilty. Like most translations, I find it wanting, and because it was hurried, it sounds even more crippled. The hastiness with which it was done means that it lacks sustained engagement with the original text and the poet. I would have loved to ask the poet about her Wajarri and Badimya languages, three words of which sit beautifully in the poem. Their presence adds ripples to the soundscape of the poem, unsettling its English fabric.

In most poems one can hear at least two voices. One of them is that of the poet, often intertwined within the second, the voice of the language itself. The language we hear in a poem is made of living words, felt, spoken and filled with human intent and emotions. In dictionaries these words appear as desiccated leaves or as dead butterflies caught by a lepidopterist. In poems I like, the voice of the poet allows the language to speak unshackled, revealing its grace and glory.

After reading this poem I went looking for more poems written in the Wajarri language and was disappointed I couldn't find any. Soon my disappointment was replaced by grief: grief for lost and endangered languages of Indigenous peoples.

Glossatalgia is the word I use to describe my grief. The loss of language can also cause homesickness because language is the home of our being. Without language we can't think, feel and express the sense of being at home. Glossatalgia is therefore the grief for one's lost home: linguistic, cultural, historical.

SUBHASH JAIRETH
adapted from *Glosstalgia*

Text 4 – Poem

GHOSH POETRY

I will be the ghost who dreams of you
until our eyes collide.
there is no map in my flesh, no doorways or windows.
no spurred heart or bruised throat when we touch.
the house where we lived is still standing.
everyone we know is there.
I bite into my tongue and say sorry
because you have already told them everything.
there is nothing you will remember
about my new bedroom
as you redress yourself
in my bones.
we sit down on the bed and speak
but you cannot hear me
and I cannot hear you.
I want to tell you what happened to me after,
what the blood and glass
was meant for. sometimes the night
makes you look like a stranger.

ROBBIE COBURN

Text 5 – Fiction extract

I would like to say a few things about my first husband, William. William has lately been through some very sad events — many of us have — but I would like to mention them, it feels almost a compulsion; he is seventy-one years old now.

My second husband, David, died last year, and in my grief for him I have felt grief for William as well. Grief is such a — oh, it is such a solitary thing; this is the terror of it, I think. It is like sliding down the outside of a really long glass building while nobody sees you.

But it is William I want to speak of here.

We were married for almost twenty years before I left him and we have two daughters, and we have been friendly for a long time now — how, I am not sure exactly. There are many terrible stories of divorce, but except for the separation itself ours is not one of them. Sometimes I thought I would die from the pain of our separating, and the pain it caused my girls, but I did not die, and I am here, and so is William.

His name is William Gerhardt, and when we married I took his last name, even though at the time it was not fashionable to do so. My college roommate said, “Lucy, you’re taking his name? I thought you were a feminist.” And I told her that I did not care about being a feminist; I told her I did not want to be me anymore. At that time I felt that I was tired of being me, I had spent my whole life not wanting to be me — this is what I thought then — and so I took his name and became Lucy Gerhardt for eleven years, but it did not ever feel right to me, and almost immediately after William’s mother died I went to the motor vehicle place to get my own name back on my driver’s license, even though it was more difficult than I had thought it would be; I had to go back and bring in some court documents; but I did.

I became Lucy Barton again.

ELIZABETH STROUT
Adapted from *Oh William*