



HORNSBY GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL

2023 HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE TRIAL EXAMINATION

English Advanced

Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

**General
Instructions**

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Working time – 45 minutes
- Write using black pen
- A Stimulus Booklet is provided
- Write your student number on each page

Total marks:
20

- Attempt Questions 1–5

This paper MUST NOT be removed from the examination room

STUDENT NUMBER:

Section I

20 marks

Attempt Questions 1–5

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
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Question 1 (3 marks)

Text 1 — Personal reflection

How does Peter Skrzynecki connect his experience of music to his feelings about the surf?

If you need additional space to answer Question 1 use the lines below.

Question 2 (4 marks)

Text 2 — Poem

Analyse how Colin Thiele connects his experience of observing the creek to his sense of the passing of time.

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If you need additional space to answer Question 2 use the lines below.

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Question 3 (4 marks)

Text 3 — Prose fiction extract

How does Kate Grenville use language to shape the character of the narrator, Sarah Thornhill?

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If you need additional space to answer Question 3 use the lines below.

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Section I (continued)

Attempt Questions 4–5

Answer the questions in the spaces provided. These spaces provide guidance for the expected length of response.

Question 4 (3 marks)

Text 4 — Feature article extract

Explain how Tim Winton conveys his emotional response to viewing the whale calf.

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If you need additional space to answer Question 4 use the lines below.

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Question 5 (6 marks)

Text 5 — Prose fiction extract and Text 6 – Photo essay

Compare how Jessica Lau and Paddy Summerfield explore the relationships between children and parents.

[illegible]

Question 5 continues on page 7

STUDENT NUMBER/NAME:

Question 5 (continued)

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If you need additional space to answer Question 5 use the lines below.

[illegible]

End of Question 5



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English Advanced

Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

Stimulus Booklet

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This plates booklet MUST NOT be removed from the examination room

STUDENT NUMBER:

Section I

Text 1 – Personal reflection

Why I wished I'd learned to ride a surfboard

I never learned to ride a surfboard but often wished I had. I grew up in Regents Park, in Sydney's western suburbs. The largest mass of water I swam in was Bankstown swimming pool.

At some point, when I was about 10-years-old, friends took me to a beach for the first time. I was dumped, rolled and tossed about in the surf so many times, I cried. Sand got into my mouth. My skin was a water-melon pink and blistered but deep down in some part of me, I knew that visit to Manly beach was one of the best adventures that I'd experienced.

Forward to 1963 and Jack Nitzsche releases his classic surfing instrumental *The Lonely Surfer*. The sound captures my imagination beyond reckoning. He'd mixed the human with the elemental in a confrontation that is frightening, awesome, majestic in its climax.

A lone surfer is striking out to catch a wave, challenging the sea as much as the sea is challenging him. Why is the surfer "lonely"? Is he a symbol of some greater quest that everyone embarks on? What's going on inside him as he heads out to sea? The music carries the pulse of the sea beneath him as it rises and falls, heaves relentlessly, eases off and pushes again. Continues rising. The sea will not give up but neither will the surfer.

The crescendo peaks. At precisely the right moment he catches a wave and turns. The return journey starts. He is pursued by waves cresting the sea that is now a rushing monster. He is harried by the wind. Nitzsche's orchestration conveys the urgency of the pursuit. Has the surfer realised his dream? Will he return to land or be lost?

Had I learned to ride a surfboard, I've wondered what would have been the reason? I've never lived near the sea. Never trusted the sea when I've gone to the beach. Never gone out beyond my depth but I've always treated it with respect. The sea draws me like a magnet and I can feel the change in my blood when I drive to the coast and get out of the car. I can smell it in the air. It's a welcome greeting.

PETER SKRZYNECKI

Text 2 – Poem

Sturt Creek

The creek, on holiday, skittered and shook
Where the white water slipped past schoolboys and Christmas
In the high sun

Of their freedom; water wagging and winking,
Lying on its back and kicking its legs up
At the blue-sky day.

And five boys and the brown bank
All leant over, looking at the sanded bed and this smooth sweep
Cat-stroking its back,

Their magic-mirror grins gone heaving and swinging
In the dip of the onward wash, and the joy of the water
Clear in their eyes.

So I went down to look over their shoulders,
And instead saw the ruck and ripple of
Time in the dancing sun

Of my living, and I a moment of the flow.
But the boys of my boyhood are swept swift with me
To the darkness downstream

Where the westering light glooms late on the waiting reaches,
And the sometime glitter is grey as a blindman's touch
As we grope to ward off tomorrow.

The boys on the bank are swept from my sight too soon, too soon,
For the day of my life has drifted me unaware
Past noon, past noon.

COLIN THIELE

Text 3 – Prose fiction extract

The narrator, Sarah Thornhill, is born in 1816 in the colony of New South Wales. Her father is an emancipated convict, who is now a freeman after serving his time. He has done well in the new colony of Australia and settled in the Hawkesbury River area, north of Sydney.

The Hawkesbury was a lovely river, wide and calm, the water dimply green, the cliffs golden in the sun, and white birds roosting in the trees like so much washing. It was a sweet thing of a still morning, the river-oaks whispering and the land standing upside down in the water.

They called us the Colony of New South Wales. I never liked that. We wasn't new anything. We was ourselves.

The Hawkesbury was where the ones come that was *sent out*. Soon's they got they freedom, this was where they headed. Fifty miles out of Sydney and not a magistrate or a police to be seen. A man could pick out a bit of ground, get a hut up, never look back.

You heard that a lot. *Never looked back*.

Pa was sent out, what for I never knew. *Eighteen-oh-six, Alexander* transport*. I was a pestering sort of child but that was all he'd ever say, sitting in the armchair smiling away at nothing and smoothing the nap of the velvet.

Now Pa was what they called an *old colonist***. Still plenty of folk who wouldn't put their feet under the same table as an emancipist*** or invite him into their house. As far as some people went, *sent out* meant tainted for all time. You and your children and your children's children. But for other folk, money had a way of blunting the hard shapes of the past. Dressing it up in different words.

Pa was Mr Thornhill of Thornhill's Point now, but he had some habits that were from that past he never spoke about. Of an afternoon he'd sit on a hard bench beside the window with the telescope up to his eye. He'd look across the river up at the line of bush along the top of the cliffs. Nothing up there, only rocks and trees and sky, but he'd sit by the house watching and watching.

KATE GRENVILLE
Sarah Thornhill

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- * *Alexander* *the Alexander was a ship which transported convicts from Great Britain to New South Wales*
- ** *colonist* *a person who lived in the British colonies, in this case New South Wales, prior to the federation of Australia*
- *** *emancipist* *a convict, who having served her or his sentence, was a free person in the colony*

Text 4 – Feature article extract

I'm Face to Face with Ningaloo's Living Miracles and It Feels Holy

I pull the outboard out of gear and let the boat's momentum wash away until we're dead in the water. There's silence. Not even the sound of water lapping against the hull. Because it's breathless out here today. The surface of the gulf is silky. The sky is cloudless, a shade paler than the water.

We wait. A full minute. Then another. Until, just as our initial confidence begins to wane, there it is – *blam!* – just off the stern. With a single guttural blast that ends in a groan so deep-throated it sounds positively subterranean, the whale breaks the surface and lies shining and glossy beneath its pall of reeking vapour. Then another rises beside it, a calf.

The cow and calf rise perpendicular to check us out. The sun shines on the cow's knobbly head. They are right up in my face: dark and massive, freckled and frilled, sleek and gnarly. We're head-to-head, me and the youngster. Mutually curious, I think. Certainly enthralled. And from my end, just a tad apprehensive. With one deft swipe or a single clumsy mistake he could kill me. In a heartbeat. But we just turn our heads, he and I, making eye contact, feeling each other's presence the best we can, as long and as close as we dare.

So how does it feel to be face to face with a creature whose heart is several times bigger than your own body, whose eye is curious and watchful and whose intelligence is palpable? Despite how many times I've done this before, the experience feels ... well, it feels holy. Yes, it feels sacred. It's a privilege, a joy. It's like being 10 years old again and realising the world around you is a living miracle. A meeting like this renews my spirit; it makes me glad to be alive.

TIM WINTON

Text 5 — Prose fiction extract

When we left the hotel to visit the museum it was raining, a light, fine rain, as can sometimes happen in Tokyo in October. It was early morning and the street was filled with people, most walking away from the station, rather than towards it as we were. All the while, my mother stayed close to me, as if she felt that the flow of the crowd was a current, and that if we were separated, we would not be able to make our way back to each other but continue to drift further and further apart. The rain was gentle, and consistent. It left a fine layer of water on the ground, which was not asphalt, but a series of small, square tiles, if you cared enough to notice.

Earlier in the year, I had asked her to come with me on a trip to Japan. We did not live in the same city anymore, and had never really been away together as adults, but I was beginning to feel that it was important, for reasons I could not yet name. At first, she had been reluctant, but I had pushed, and eventually she had agreed, not in so many words, but by protesting slightly less, or hesitating over the phone when I asked her, and by those acts alone, I knew that she was finally signalling that she would come.

Before leaving, I had bought a new camera, a Nikon. It reminded me of the camera my uncle had used to take family photos during their youth in Hong Kong. My mother still had some of these images. To me the photographs seemed to have an old-world elegance about them, with my mother and uncle posed almost like a traditional husband and wife, she seated and he standing behind her shoulder, their hair set in a certain way, wearing a patterned dress or pressed white shirt, with the streets and skies of Hong Kong looking sultry and wet behind them.

Walking to the museum, I took out the camera now. My mother, sensing the change in the distance between us, turned and saw what I was doing. Immediately, she assumed a stock pose: feet together, back straight, hands clasped. Is this all right, she asked me, or should I stand over there, nearer to that tree? Actually, I had wanted to catch something different, to see her face as it was during ordinary time, when she was alone with her thoughts, but I said it looked good and took the photo anyway.

JESSICA AU
Cold Enough for Snow

Text 6 — Photo essay

Paddy Summerfield photographed his parents over a 20-year period from 1997–2007. His parents were married for 61 years. Most of his black-and-white images show them in their back garden. Summerfield said, “I recorded my mother’s loss of the world, my father’s loss of his wife and, eventually, my loss of them both”.



PADDY SUMMERFIELD
Mother and Father