



THE
KING'S
SCHOOL

Student Number									

English Advanced

2023 TRIAL HSC EXAMINATION

Paper 1 - Texts and Human Experiences

General Instructions

- Reading time - 10 minutes
- Working time - 1 hour 30 minutes
- Write using black pen
- A Stimulus Booklet is provided separately
- Write your Student Number at the top of this page

Total marks:
40

Section I - 20 marks

- Attempt Questions 1-5 (pages 3-12)
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section II - 20 marks

- Attempt Question 6 (page 13)
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

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Section I

20 marks

Attempt Questions 1-5

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Read the texts on pages 3-8 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 (3 marks)

Text 1 - Visual text

Explain how the artist visually challenges mankind's treatment of the environment.

This image shows a full page of white paper with ten horizontal dashed lines, typical of primary school handwriting practice paper. The lines are evenly spaced and extend across the entire width of the page. There is no text or other markings on the paper.

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END OF QUESTION 1

Question 2 (4 marks)

Text 2 - Blog

Analyse how this text considers the importance of joy.

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END OF QUESTION 2

Question 3 (3 marks)

Text 3 - Poem

Explain how this poem asks us to embrace our thoughts and feelings.

[illegible]

END OF QUESTION 3

Question 4 (5 marks)

Text 4 - Prose fiction extract

Analyse how McConaghy's use of vivid imagery reveals her deep sense of the landscape and connection to the birds she studies.

This image shows a single page 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.

This image shows a single page 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 QUESTION 4

Question 5 (5 marks)

Text 5 - Speech

Analyse how Grant communicates his personal context and strong emotions in his speech.

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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 II

20 marks

Attempt Question 6

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the question in a **separate** writing booklet specifically for your Section II 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
 - organise, develop and express ideas using language appropriate to audience, purpose and context
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Question 6 (20 marks)

Analyse how Anthony Doerr represents complex ideas about human morality in his novel, *All The Light We Cannot See*.

In your answer make detailed reference to your prescribed text.

END OF SECTION 2

END OF PAPER



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English Advanced

2023 TRIAL HSC EXAMINATION

Texts and Human Experiences

Paper 1 - Stimulus Booklet

	Pages
Section I	
• Text 1 - Visual text	3
• Text 2 - Blog	4
• Text 3 - Poem	5
• Text 4 - Prose fiction extract	6-7
• Text 5 - Speech	8

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Section I

Text 1 - Visual text



“Barb, the Snags are on Fire!”
by Liam Wallbridge
Form: Graphic Design

Section I

Text 2 - Blog



The Red Hand Files

**What is joy? Where is it? Where is love in
this world that is such an evil mess.**

MAJA, LONDON, UK

Dear Maja,

If we do not attend to the work of projecting delight upon the world, what are we actually doing? If we do not look for joy, search for it, reach deep for it, what are we saying about the world? Are we saying that malevolence is the routine stuff of life, that oppression and corruption and degradation is the very matter of the world? That we greet each day with suspicion, bitterness and contempt? It seems to me that to make suffering the focus of our attention, to pay witness only to the malevolence of the world, is to be in service to the devil himself.

Is the world heading for disaster? I suppose so. We are constantly, relentlessly, told as much. Am I hopeful for its future? Well, yes, I am. I choose to be an optimist through a kind of necessity, because from my experience pessimism is a corrosive and damaging position to take – one that casts its shadow over all things, causing a kind of societal sickness, a contaminant that ultimately amplifies and glorifies the problems it professes to abhor.

For me, to strive toward joy has become a calling and a practice. It is carried out with the full understanding of the terms of this hallowed and harrowed world. I pursue it with an awareness that joy exists both in the worst of the world and within the best, and that joy, flighty, jumpy, startling thing that it is, often finds its true voice within its opposite. Joy sings small, bright songs in the dark — these moments, so easily disregarded, so quickly dismissed, are the radiant points of light that pierce the gloom to give validation to the world. That's how the light gets in, Leonard Cohen tells us, casting his genius and delight forever through the cosmos.

But no one understands joy like the Australian cartoonist, Michael Leunig. In his classic cartoon, 'Gee Dad, you're fantastic!', a father plays his ukulele to the delight of his family, picnicking in a beam of light that cuts through an utterly devastated landscape. I can't think of a work of art that more poignantly articulates the utter and urgent need for the pursuit of joy. Maja, joy exists as a bright, insistent spasm of defiance within the darkness of the world. Seek it. It is there.

Love, Nick [Cave]

(Source: <https://www.theredhandfiles.com/what-is-joy-where-is-it/>)

Section I

Text 3 - Poem

The Guest House

by Jalaluddin Rumi

This being human is a guest house.
Every morning a new arrival.

A joy, a depression, a meanness,
some momentary awareness comes
as an unexpected visitor.

Welcome and entertain them all!
Even if they're a crowd of sorrows,
who violently sweep your house
empty of its furniture,
still, treat each guest honourably.
He may be clearing you out
for some new delight.

The dark thought, the shame, the malice,
meet them at the door laughing,
and invite them in.

Be grateful for whoever comes,
because each has been sent
as a guide from beyond.

Section I

Text 4 - Prose fiction extract

The animals are dying. Soon we will be alone here.

Once, my husband found a colony of storm petrels on the rocky coast of the untamed Atlantic. The night he took me there, I didn't know they were some of the last of their kind. I knew only that they were fierce in their night caves and bold as they dived through moonlit waters. We stayed a time with them, and for those few dark hours we were able to pretend we were the same, as wild and free.

Once, when the animals were going, really and truly and not just in warnings of dark futures but now, right now, in mass extinctions we could see and feel, I decided to follow a bird over an ocean. Maybe I was hoping it would lead me to where they'd all fled, all those of its kind, all the creatures we thought we'd killed. Maybe I thought I'd discover whatever cruel thing drove me to leave people and places and everything, always. Or maybe I was just hoping the bird's final migration would show me a place to belong.

Once, it was birds who gave birth to a fiercer me.

GREENLAND – NESTING SEASON

It's only luck that I'm watching when it happens. Her wing clips the hair-thin wire and the basket closes gently over her.

I sit up straighter.

She doesn't react at first. But she knows somehow that she is no longer free. The world around her has changed just a little, or a lot.

I approach slowly, reluctant to scare her. Wind screams, biting at my cheeks and nose. There are others of her kind all over the icy rocks and circling the air, but they're quick to avoid me. My boots crunch and I see a ruffle of her feathers, that hesitant first flap the will-I try-to-break-free moment. The nest she has built with her mate is rudimentary, a scattering of grass and twigs wedged into a crevice in the rocks. She doesn't need it anymore - her fledglings are already diving for their own food - but she returns to it like all mothers unable to let go. I stop breathing as my hand moves to lift the basket. She flaps only once, a sudden burst of defiance before my cold hand closes over her body and ceases her wings' movements.

I have to be quick now. But I've been practising and so I am, my fingers swiftly looping the band over her leg, shifting it over the joint to the upper stretch beneath her feathers. She makes a sound I know too well, one I make in my dreams most nights.

'I'm sorry, we're nearly there, nearly there.'

I start to tremble but keep going, it's too late now, you have touched her, branded her, pressed your human self upon her. What a hateful thing.

The plastic tightens firmly on her leg, keeping the tracker in place. It blinks once to tell me it's working. And just as I am about to let her go, she turns very still so that I can feel her heartbeat pounding inside my palm.

It stops me, that *pat pat pat*. It's so fast and so fragile.

Her beak is red like she's dipped it in blood. It turns her strong in my mind. I place her back in the nest and edge away, taking the cage with me. I want her to explode free, I want there to be fury in her wings and there is, she is glorious as she surges. Feet red to match her beak. A velvet cap of black. Twin blades of a tail and those wings, the sharpness of their edges, the elegance.

I watch her circle the air, trying to understand this new piece of her. The tracker doesn't hinder her - it's as small as my little fingernail and very lightweight - but she doesn't like it.

[Prose Fiction Excerpt from 'Migrations' by Charlotte McConaghy]

Section I

Text 5 - Speech

Host of the ABC program Q+A and an Indigenous Australian, Stan Grant spoke directly to his social media abusers during an emotional final appearance before stepping away from the program to help mend his mental health.

"Many of you would know by now that I'm stepping away for a little while. Sometimes we need to just take time out. Sometimes our souls are hurting and so it is for me. I've had to learn that endurance is not always strength. Sometimes strength is knowing when to say 'stop' and to those who have sent messages of support, thank you so much but I'll be okay.

To those who have abused me and my family, I would just say if your aim was to hurt me, well you've succeeded and I'm sorry. I'm sorry that I must have given you so much cause to hate me, so much to target me and my family, to make threats against me.

I'm sorry and that's what *Yindyamarra* means, it means that I'm not just responsible for what I do but for what you do. It's not just a word, it is sacred. It is what it means to be Wiradjuri, it is the core of my being. It is respect. It is respect that comes from the earth we are born into from God. *Baiame*. If I break that, I lose who I am.

I am down but I will get back up. And you can come at me again and I will meet you with the love of my people. *Yindyamarra winhanganha* means to live with respect in a world worth living in. And we in the media must ask if we are truly honouring a world worth living in. Too often we are the poison in the bloodstream of our society. I fear the media does not have the love or the language to speak to the gentle spirits of our land.

To my people I have always wanted to represent you with pride I know I might disappoint you sometimes but in my own little way I've just wanted to make us sing and I'm sorry that I can't do that for a little while.

To my family, I love you and to my mum and dad, good night."

END OF STIMULUS BOOKLET