



KINROSS WOLAROI
SCHOOL

STUDENT NUMBER

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2023

Year 12 Advanced English

Paper 1 – Common Module: Texts and Human Experiences

Trial HSC Examination

Teacher setting Paper: Mrs S. Lewis
Head of Department: Mrs S. Lewis

General Instructions:

- Reading time - 10 minutes
- Working time - 1 hour and 30 minutes
- Write using black pen
- Attempt every question
- There are spaces provided for your answers
- The Stimulus Booklet is separate to this paper
- Write your student number as indicated

Total Marks – 40

Section I

20 marks

Attempt Questions 1 - 5

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section II

20 marks

Attempt Question 6

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

This examination paper does not necessarily reflect the content or format of the Higher School Certificate Examination in this subject

Section I

20 marks

Attempt Questions 1-5

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Read the texts in the Stimulus Booklet carefully and then answer the questions in the spaces provided. These spaces provide guidance for the expected length of response.

Extra writing space is provided on pages 7 – 9 of this booklet. If you use this space, clearly indicate which question you are answering.

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 the texts

Question 1 (2 marks)

Text 1 – Cartoon Image

Explain how the cartoon challenges our assumptions regarding human behaviour.

Question 2 (4 marks)

Text 2 – Prose Non-Fiction

Analyse the ways in which Alain de Botton represents the natural environment as reflective of human experience and emotion.

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.

Question 3 (4 marks)

Text 3 – Poem

Evaluate Dawe's use of imagery in representing the significance of an individual's connection with place.

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal blue or grey ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are approximately 20 lines visible. The paper has a slight shadow on the right side, suggesting it's resting on a surface. There is no handwriting or other markings on the paper.

Question 4 (4 marks)

Text 4 – Prose fiction

Discuss how McGahan represents the human experiences of isolation, disappointment and neglect in this extract.

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.

Question 5 (6 marks)

Combination of any TWO of the following texts:

Text 2, Text 3, Text 4.

Compare and evaluate how two of the composers use language features and stylistic devices to represent the relationship between an individual's experiences and emotions, and the world around them.

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.

This image shows a blank 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.

If you use this space, clearly indicate which question you are answering.

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.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Section II

20 marks

Attempt Question 6

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the question on a separate writing booklet.

Your answers will be assessed on how well you:

- Demonstrate understanding of human experience 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)

Prescribed Common Module Text – The Crucible - Miller

It is our willingness to look at our darkness that empowers us to change.

To what extent does this statement align with your understanding of Miller's representation of the complexity of the human experience in 'The Crucible'?

The prescribed texts are listed on pages 11 - 12

Question 6 (continued)

The prescribed texts 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*

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*

• **Shakespearean Drama**

– William Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice*

• **Nonfiction**

– Tim Winton, *The Boy Behind the Curtain*

- 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

– Malala Yousafzai and Christina Lamb, *I am Malala*

• **Film**

– Stephen Daldry, *Billy Elliot*

• **Media**

– Ivan O'Mahoney

- *Go Back to Where You Came From*
 - Series 1: Episodes 1, 2 and 3
- and
- *The Response*
 - Lucy Walker, *Waste Land*

End of Section II



2023

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Paper 1 Texts and Human Experiences
Stimulus Booklet

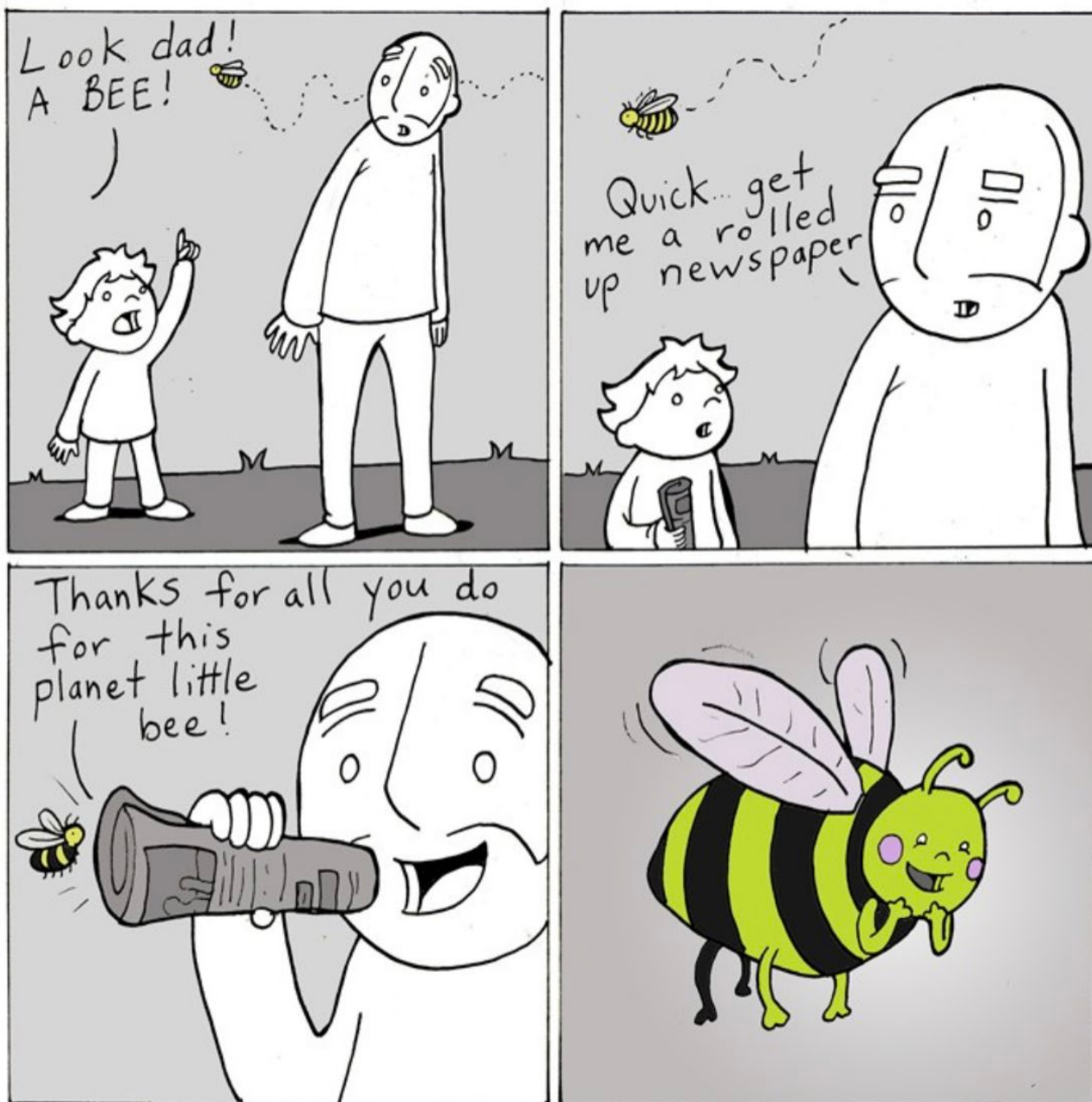
Teacher Setting Paper: Mrs S. Lewis

Head of Department: Mrs S. Lewis

Section 1

Text 1	Cartoon – <i>www.lunarbaboon.com</i>	Page 2
Text 2	Prose Non-fiction extract – Alain de Botton– <i>Anticipation: The Art of Travel</i>	Page 3
Text 3	Poem – Bruce Dawe – <i>Homo Suburbensis</i>	Page 4
Text 4	Prose Fiction extract – Andrew McGahan – from <i>The White Earth</i>	Page 5

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www.lunarbaboon.com

Text 2 Prose Non-fiction extract

Anticipation FROM The Art of Travel

It was hard to say when exactly winter arrived. The decline was gradual, like that of a person into old age, inconspicuous from day to day until the season became an established, relentless reality. First came a dip in evening temperatures, then days of continuous rain, confused gusts of Atlantic wind, dampness, the fall of leaves and the changing of the clocks—though there were still occasional moments of reprieve, mornings when one could leave the house without a coat and the sky was cloudless and bright. But they were like false signs of recovery in a patient upon whom death has already passed its sentence. By December the new season was entrenched, and the city was covered almost every day by an ominous steel-grey sky, like one in a painting by Mantegna or Veronese, the perfect backdrop to the crucifixion of Christ or to a day beneath the bedclothes. The neighbourhood park became a desolate spread of mud and water, lit up at night by rain-streaked street lamps. Passing it one evening during a downpour, I recalled how, in the intense heat of the previous summer, I had stretched out on the ground and let my bare feet slip out of my shoes to caress the grass, and how this direct contact with the earth had brought with it a sense of freedom and expansiveness, summer breaking down the usual boundaries between indoors and out and allowing me to feel as much at home in the world as in my own bedroom.

But now the park was foreign once more, the grass a forbidding arena in the incessant rain. Any sadness I might have felt, any suspicion that happiness or understanding was unattainable, seemed to find ready encouragement in the sodden dark-red brick buildings and low skies tinged orange by the city's streetlights.

Such climatic circumstances, together with a sequence of events that occurred at around this time (and seemed to confirm Chamfort's dictum that a man must swallow a toad every morning to be sure of not meeting with anything more revolting in the day ahead), conspired to render me intensely susceptible to the unsolicited arrival one late afternoon of a large, brightly illustrated brochure entitled 'Winter Sun'. Its cover displayed a row of palm trees, many of them growing at an angle, on a sandy beach fringed by a turquoise sea, set against a backdrop of hills where I imagined there to be waterfalls and relief from the heat in the shade of sweet-smelling fruit trees. The photographs reminded me of the paintings of Tahiti that William Hodges had brought back from his journey with Captain Cook, showing a tropical lagoon in soft evening light, where smiling local girls cavorted carefree (and barefoot) through luxuriant foliage—images that had provoked wonder and longing when Hodges had first exhibited them at the Royal Academy in London in the sharp winter of 1776, and that continued to provide a model for subsequent depictions of tropical idylls, including those in the pages of 'Winter Sun'.

Those responsible for the brochure had darkly intuited how easily their audience might be turned into prey by photographs whose power insulted the intelligence and contravened any notions of free will: overexposed photographs of palm trees, clear skies and white beaches. Readers who would have been capable of scepticism and prudence in other areas of their lives reverted, in contact with these elements, to a primordial innocence and optimism. The longing provoked by the brochure was an example, at once touching and bathetic, of how projects (and even whole lives) might be influenced by the simplest and most unexamined images of happiness; of how a lengthy and ruinously expensive journey might be set into motion by nothing more than the sight of a photograph of a palm tree gently inclining in a tropical breeze.

I resolved to travel to the island of Barbados.

ALAIN DE BOTTON

Homo Suburbiensis

One constant in a world of variables

- A man alone in the evening in his patch of vegetables,
and all the things he takes down with him there

Where the easement runs along the back fence and the air
smells of tomato-vines, and the hoarse rasping tendrils
of pumpkin flourish clumsy whips and their foliage sprawls

Over the compost-box, poising rampant upon
the palings ...

He stands there, lost in a green
confusion, smelling the smoke of somebody's rubbish

Burning, hearing vaguely the clatter of a disk
in a sink that could be his, hearing a dog, a kid,
a far whisper of traffic, and offering up instead

Not much but as much as any man can offer
- time, pain, love, hate, age, ware, death, laughter, fever.

BRUCE DAWE

Text 4 Prose Fiction extract

From *The White Earth*

William's mother was gazing through the windscreen, her hands tight on the wheel, a glint of dismay in her eyes. William looked at the House again, noting yet more signs of neglect. The fountain was full of grass, the driveway was deeply rutted with tyre tracks, and the garden was a wilderness of weeds.

"It's all right," she said, voice quavering. "It's all right." She had papered on a smile. They climbed out of the car. No one emerged from the House to greet them, so they simply stood staring up. "Itit might look a little run down. But it will be nicer inside. I'm sure."

One of the removalists called out, asking William's mother what to do with the truck.

She glanced back and forth nervously, looked at William. "Your uncle said that they're supposed to park around the back. I'd better go and show them. You stay here."

She headed back to the gate. William heard the truck start up and rumble around to the rear of the building. Then silence settled again, and he was alone.

His new home frowned at him.

William turned his back on the House and took a few steps away from the car, the gravel crunching beneath his feet. The pebbles of the drive were white, or had been, before becoming mixed up with the dirt and grass. The garden spread before him. There were hints that it had once been something grander. He could see pathways meandering between the weeds, some of them paved with fractured stone slabs. There was other stonework visible as well – the borders of garden beds, a bench, a bower in a far corner – all of it smothered in plants, or half buried in dirt. Lampposts were dotted along the pathways, but there were no bulbs in the sockets, and a washing line had been strung between two of the posts, pale laundry hanging there forlornly. Great shaggy trees loomed all around. And sticking up crazily at the very front of the yard, where the hill dropped away, a diving board perched on what must have been the rim of a swimming pool.

Nothing moved and no one came. Overhead the clouds hung motionless. The air in the garden was chill. Cooler than down on the plain, and it smelled different too. William was used to the dry scent of grain and chaff, and the dusty breath of the black soil. This place had a dank odour to it, a complexity of plants and trees and weeds, a bitter forest smell, with an underlay of rotting wood. He noticed that there was a tall metal pole by the drive, a tattered flag hung limp at the top, patterned in blue and white, unrecognisable. A wave of loneliness swept over him.

He turned back towards the House. It might have been deserted. He walked towards the front steps, felling very small as the weight of the walls rose up on either side, a vertigo of stone. He came to the fountain, peered in. Water hadn't flowed in it for years, and sand had gathered in the bowl, giving root to the grass. Its central pillar looked as if it had once borne a statue, but the columns was snapped clean off and only the enigmatic stump remained, a broken water pipe protruding.

"Ahoy there, boy."

William glanced up. An old woman stood at the top of the steps.

"You'd be the nephew then" she said.

She was a hunched figure, wrapped in what seemed to be multiple layers of dresses and cardigans. She had a dark, hawklike face, and scraggles of grey hair escaped from a woollen beanie perched upon her head.

‘Your mother sent me,’ she said. ‘Come up here a minute.’

William ascended the steps silently. The old woman watched him with sharp eyes.

‘How old are you?’ she asked.

‘Nine.’

A grunt. ‘Your mother is with your uncle and the moving men.’ She studied him some more. ‘You know who I am?’

William shook his head.

‘I’m your uncle’s housekeeper. My name is Mrs Griffith,’ she shuffled slowly about, taking him in from all sides. Her bony feet were encased in threadbare slippers and her hand were twisted, curled in on themselves. She pointed to a plastic basket that sat near the front door. ‘Well, go on, pick that up, you can help me get the washing in.’

William stared blankly.

‘Come on,’ she commanded, edging patiently down the stairs, ‘They don’t want you under their feet while they get the furniture inside.’

He picked up the basket and followed the old woman as she journeyed slowly across the tangled garden to the washing line. Then he stood by, holding the basket to his chest. The housekeeper reached up painfully and unpegged the clothes, dropping them into the basket, item by item – grey shirts, faded dresses, shapeless underwear. For a long time, she didn’t speak, and neither did William. He stared at the House. None of this was what he’d expected.

ANDREW McGAHAN

End of Stimulus Booklet