

Student Number:.....



Merewether High School

2023 Higher School Certificate Trial Examination

English (Advanced)

Paper 1 – TEXTS AND HUMAN EXPERIENCES

General Instructions

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Working time – 1 hour and 30 minutes
- Write using black pen
- A Stimulus Booklet is provided with this paper

Total marks:
40

Section I - 20 marks

Pages 3 - 9

- Attempt Questions 1-5
- **Complete all responses in this question booklet**
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section II – 20 marks

Page 10-12

- Attempt ONE question from Questions 6(a) – 6(n)
 - **Complete your response in a separate writing booklet**
 - 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 – 6 of the Stimulus Booklet carefully and then answer the questions in the spaces provided. These spaces provide guidance for the expected length of the response.

In your answers 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
-

Question 1 (3 marks)

Text 1- Visual

Explain how Text 1 comments on the creative process.

Question 2 (3 marks)

Text 2 – Poem

Analyse how Text 2 represents the experience of isolation.

Question 3 (4 marks)

Text 3 – Fiction extract

Analyse the atmosphere created in Text 3.

[illegible]

Question 4 (5 marks)

Text 2 AND Text 3

To what extent do the composers of Texts 2 and 3 represent their experiences as peaceful?

[illegible]

Question 5 (5 marks)

Text 4

How does the composer of Text 4 depict stories as an integral part of her experience?

[illegible]

End of Section 1

Section II

20 marks

Attempt ONE question from Question 6(a) – 6(n)

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the question in the Section Two writing booklet. Extra writing booklets are available.

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
-

Question 6 (20 marks)

Prose Fiction

a) **Anthony Doerr, *All the Light We Cannot See***

How does Doerr use conflict to present unique ideas about the human experience?

OR

b) **Amanda Lohrey, *Vertigo***

How does Lohrey use conflict to present unique ideas about the human experience?

OR

c) **George Orwell, *Nineteen Eighty-Four***

How does Orwell use conflict to present unique ideas about the human experience?

OR

d) **Favel Parrett, *Past the Shallows***

How does Parrett use conflict to present unique ideas about the human experience?

OR

Question 6 continues on page 11

Question 6 (continued)

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Poetry

e) Rosemary Dobson, *Rosemary Dobson Collected*

How does Dobson use metaphor to present unique ideas about the human experience?

The prescribed poems are:

- * *Young Girl at a Window*
- * *Over the Hill*
- * *Summer's End*
- * *The Conversation*
- * *Cock Crow*
- * *Amy Caroline*
- * *Canberra Morning*

OR

f) Kenneth Slessor, *Selected Poems*

How does Slessor use metaphor to present unique ideas about the human experience?

The prescribed poems are:

- * *Wild Grapes*
- * *Gulliver*
- * *Out of Time*
- * *Vesper-Song of the Reverend Samuel Marsden*
- * *William Street*
- * *Beach Burial*

OR

Drama

g) Jane Harrison, *Rainbow's End*, from Vivienne Cleven et al., *Contemporary Indigenous Plays*

How does Harrison use conflict to present unique ideas about the human experience?

OR

h) Arthur Miller, *The Crucible*

How does Miller use conflict to present unique ideas about the human experience?

OR

Question 6 continues on page 12

Shakespearean Drama

- i) **William Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice***

How does Shakespeare use conflict to present unique ideas about the human experience?

OR

Nonfiction

- j) **Tim Winton, *The Boy Behind the Curtain***

How does Winton use anecdote to present unique ideas about the human experience?

The prescribed chapters are:

- * *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*

OR

- k) **Malala Yousafzai and Christina Lamb, *I am Malala***

How do Yousafzai and Lamb use anecdote to present unique ideas about the human experience?

OR

Film

- l) **Stephen Daldry, *Billy Elliot***

How does Daldry use conflict to present unique ideas about the human experience?

OR

Question 6 continues on page 13

Media

m) **Ivan O'Mahoney, *Go Back to Where You Came From***

How does Winton use conflict to present unique ideas about the human experience?

The prescribed episodes are:

- * *Series 1: Episodes 1, 2 and 3* and
- * *The Response*

OR

n) **Lucy Walker, *Waste Land***

How does Walker use conflict to present unique ideas about the human experience?

End of paper

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Paper 1 – TEXTS AND HUMAN EXPERIENCES

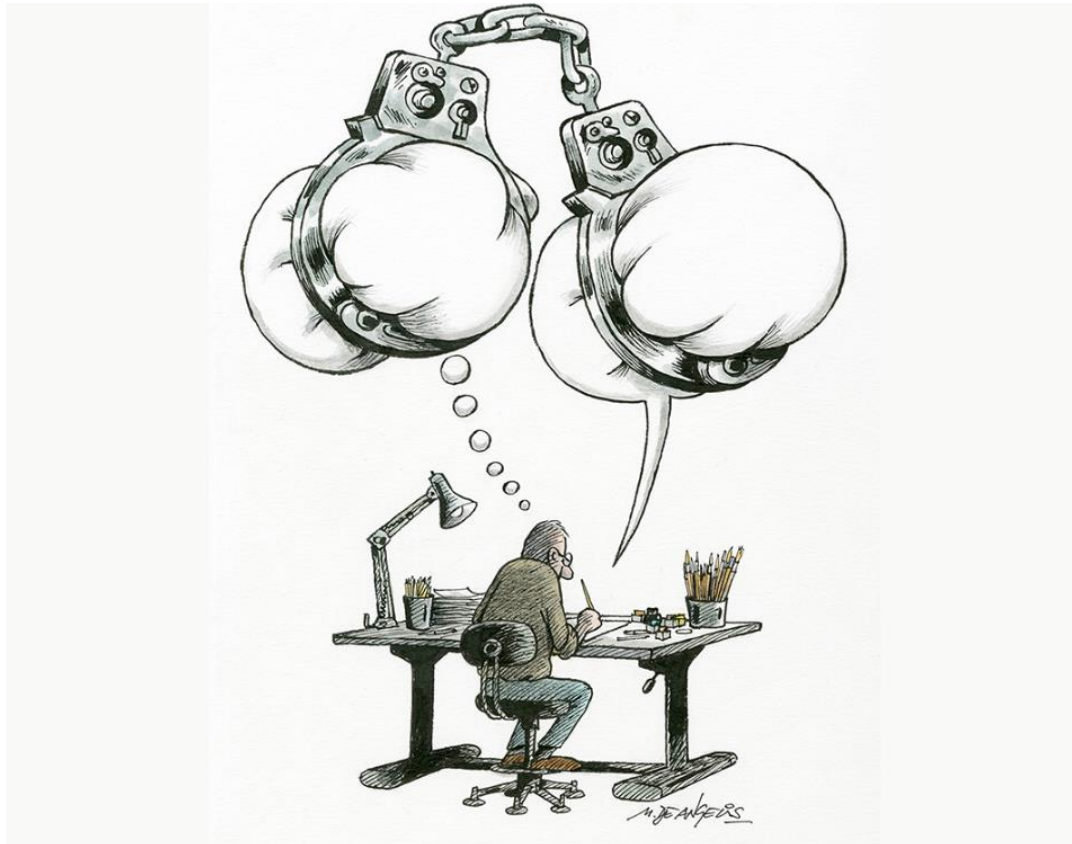
Stimulus Booklet

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Text 3 – Fiction extract	4
Text 4 – Nonfiction memoir	5

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Section I

Text 1 – Visual



Text 2 – Poem

Valley

A friend says: you grew up in hard country
meaning, I was free to wander. The dry hills
pelted me with loneliness. A black kelpie
followed my horse. We are from fruit trees
of abandoned houses around the gold diggings.
The valley was in permanent drought. Words were
infrequent as rain. Even the creek stopped flowing.
The dry hill was my home and words were thoughts
uttered in silence. No one to encounter them
but the trees, friendly as the pitch black dark.
How else can I explain myself?

LOUISE CRISP

Text 3 – Fiction extract

From: *The Survivors*, by Jane Harper

Kieran hoped the numbness would set in soon. The ocean's icy burn usually mellowed into something more neutral, but as the minutes ticked by he still felt cold. He braced himself as a fresh wave broke against his skin.

The water wasn't even too bad, he told himself. Not at the tail end of summer with the afternoon sun doing its best to take the edge off. Definitely goosebumps rather than hypothermia. Kieran knew he had personally described water far colder than this as "nice." Only ever here in Tasmania, though, where sea temperatures surrounding the small island state were relative.

Sydney—the voice in Kieran's head sounded suspiciously like his brother's—*has made you soft*.

Maybe. But the real problem was that instead of slicing out through the blue with breath expanding in his chest and the water roaring past his ears and nothing but hundreds of kilometers of rolling sea separating him from the next-nearest landmass, he was standing perfectly still, waist-deep, three meters from the beach.

His daughter lay milk-drunk against his bare chest, cocooned in a dry towel, a tiny sun hat shielding her eyes as she dozed. At three months old, Audrey was growing heavy now. He shifted her weight, and ignoring the mild ache in his shoulders and the cold against his legs, looked out at the horizon and let her sleep on.

Audrey was not the only one out for the count. On the beach, Kieran could see his girlfriend lying flat on her back, fully clothed, one arm flung over her eyes and her mouth slack. Mia's head was resting on a rolled-up towel with her hair splayed out in a long, dark fan against the sand. She could sleep anywhere these days, as could he.

There was almost no one else around. A teenage couple he hadn't recognized had wandered by earlier, hand in hand and barefoot, and further along the sand a young woman had been beachcombing at the shoreline since they'd arrived. At the height of summer holidaymakers outnumbered Evelyn Bay's nine-hundred-strong population by two to one, but now they had mostly left, their real lives calling them back to the mainland and beyond.

Text 4 - Nonfiction memoir

From: *A life's work*, by Dina Nayeri

My father once gave me a prize, a professionally wrapped and ribboned hardback with my name written in black marker across the bright paper.

دینا نیری

I tore it open at my wooden desk, my best girlfriends in grey school hijab, gathered around me, whispering and craning their necks. It was a children's illustrated introduction to the universe: stars, planets, constellations. In America, such a book might reflect a parents' hopes ('maybe she'll love science'), but in Iran, it was a reward. In our academic culture, when a child had performed well, her parents were asked to send a book to school, to be presented in front of the class – the more grown-up the subject, the more enviable the distinction. The ritual was designed to make children crave future distinctions, in university and beyond. That night in bed, I cradled that book into the small hours. I read every word and memorised every picture.

My mother was a Christian convert, working with the underground church. She gave me a Bible and *The Little Black Fish* by Samad Behrangi, a revolutionary children's book about a fish who craves open waters. By eight years old, I knew that I was to be academic, free-thinking, subversive to governments, obedient to God. In my room in Isfahan, I would read books at my desk and pray.

When we escaped Iran without warning in 1988, I left all my books behind. In the years that followed, no one gave books as gifts. They were impractical and scarce, expensive, and who knew what language might be appropriate in an Italian refugee camp full of Middle Eastern asylum seekers headed to America, or England, Germany, or France?

In Oklahoma where we were granted asylum, my first and best gift from an American was a library card, arranged for me by our sponsor Mary-Jean who, at nearly sixty, wore tube tops and drank blue slushies and shopped for hairspray. Mary-Jean told me that I could take home thirty books at a time, and she let me loose with hours to spend among the stacks. The gift, she thought, was time and access to words so that

my English would improve. In fact, the English was easy. I was young; I learned it in no time. The real gift was the permission, the trust.

In Iran, we weren't allowed to read just anything. Many books were banned. And my mother monitored everything we read. She was religious and strict. To be set free inside a library, to build a pile of books without having my choices checked – this was my first true taste of freedom. And because I was driven by all that was uncensored, my tastes became eclectic and strange. One week I liked Native American folklore, the kind with tortured ghosts and inexplicable skinings. Then next week, stories of cults and witchcraft, witch trials, burnings. The next week, tales of troublesome puberty. All these things I had to hide from my mother. I had dark taste. She covered her own dark patches with treacle and religion and surface good deeds. She cooked for everyone. She only read the Bible and medical books.

I never kept books. Only borrowed them. When I moved to college, I took none with me. I dreamed of soon having access to the legendary Firestone Library.

Over the years, I grew into an eccentric person who worked hard to seem conventional. I hid my strangeness behind achievements, and I prayed. Because I hid my secret world, everyone disappointed me. I became difficult to shop for, emotional, with odd, specific tastes.

At some point, men began to give me books.

Their choices decided things between us. The gift's first mystery was always this: was this book chosen to communicate something about them...or about me?