

Year 12 English Advanced

TRIAL EXAMINATION 2023

SYDNEY BOYS HIGH

Student no:



PAPER 1 - TEXTS AND HUMAN EXPERIENCES

Answer Booklet

General Instructions:

- Reading Time – 10 minutes
- Working Time – 1 hour and 30 minutes
- Write using a black pen
- 2 Writing Booklets are provided with this paper

TOTAL MARKS 40

Section I (20 marks)

Attempt questions 1 – 4

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

- Read the questions in the stimulus booklet and then answer the questions in the spaces provided in this booklet. (If you need more space, number the question and continue in pages at the end of the Section I.)

Section II (20 marks)

Attempt question 5

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

- Read the question in this booklet and then answer in **the separate writing booklet provided**

SECTION I

20 marks

Attempt Questions 1- 4

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Read the texts on pages **2 – 6** of the Stimulus Booklet carefully and then answer the questions in this booklet, in the spaces provided. These spaces provide guidance for the expected length of responses.

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
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Question 1

Use **Text 1** to answer this question.

How does Mitra visually represent similarities and differences of experience across generations?

3 marks

Extra writing paper is available at the end of Section 1.

Question 2

Use **Text 2** to answer this question.

How does Allen represent an experience of connection within families?

4 marks

[illegible]

Extra writing paper is available at the end of Section 1.

Question 3

Use **Text 3** to answer this question.

Analyse how Heiss reflects on the complex relationship between culture and identity.

5 marks

[illegible]

Extra writing paper is available at the end of Section 1.

Question 4

Use **Text 4** and **Text 5** to answer this question.

Compare the ways Jamison and McEwan convey their insights through different stories of family experience.

8 marks

[illegible]

[illegible]

Extra writing paper is available at the end of Section 1.

END OF SECTION I

SECTION II

20 marks

Attempt Question 5

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer this question in the separate writing booklet provided

In your answer you 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 5

How effectively does the author of your prescribed text offer insights into the ways both personal and social experiences shape identity?

The prescribed texts are listed on the following page.

The prescribed texts for Section II 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*
 - Kenneth Slessor, *Selected Poems*
- **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*

END OF PAPER

TRIAL HSC EXAMINATION – ADDITIONAL WRITING PAPER[illegible]

TRIAL HSC EXAMINATION – ADDITIONAL WRITING PAPER[illegible]

Year 12 English Advanced TRIAL EXAMINATION 2023

SYDNEY BOYS HIGH



PAPER 1 : TEXTS AND HUMAN EXPERIENCES

STIMULUS BOOKLET

INSTRUCTIONS

- Reading Time – 10 minutes
- Working Time – 1 hour and 30 minutes
- Write using a black pen
- 2 Writing Booklets are provided with this paper

Section I

Text 1. Photograph	...	p.2
Text 2. Poem	...	p.3
Text 3. Non-Fiction Extract	...	p.4
Text 4. Personal Essay Extract	...	p.5
Text 5. Fiction Extract	...	p.6

Text 1 — Photograph

Generation Gap



Note: view this photograph in landscape format
Manojit Mitra (2019)

Family Snap Shots

Having satisfied the immediate requirements,
kisses,
hymns,
photos of the bride and groom,
we arm ourselves with champagne glasses
and hunt out the more obscure things.
I find that my grandmother's ankles
strongly resemble mine,
I find glimpses of my cousin's father,
who wasn't invited,
but snuck into the programme as a middle name.
Buried right at the back of one lady's mind
I find black and white photos
of my father as a child
before he grew up
and died
to be searched for
while my cheeks get sore from smiling.
Everyone searches everyone
for significant absences
or tears or looks
until
we fall down at last
among the pieces of wedding cake
and half-hearted handfuls of confetti.
Tired and bloated with the past
I think someone may have found
fragments of someone in me
but when I checked the mirror
later
I found only myself.

Elizabeth Allen

Text 3 — Non-Fiction Extract from Am I Black Enough For You?

When I was young, I never thought about how my Catholicism might contradict my Aboriginality. I had always thought you could be both, because I was both, and so is Mum. I went through all the sacraments: baptism, reconciliation, first communion, irregular confessions and confirmation. My confirmation name is Bernardine, after my sponsor, someone who's known me since birth and I call cousin because her Austrian father and my father were mates when they dated our mothers, who are now best friends. We grew up together and are close like sisters; we hang out together but neither of us goes to church anymore. But as a child, Catholicism was just part of my life, and I did as I was told. I'd never learned about the spiritual practices of my ancestors, and only when I was an undergraduate at university, spending four years with mostly Aboriginal students, did I start to question a lot of things, including my religious faith.

Oddly enough, it was a comment by a non-Aboriginal student from my University of New South Wales History tutorial that got me seriously thinking. At the end of the semester, they wrote in my autograph book: 'My friend Anita, Aboriginal AND Catholic, I didn't think it was possible.' After this, I stopped going to church and started wondering how indeed it was possible to be both. Eventually, I understood that I'd be practising my own culture and spirituality if it weren't for the missionaries who Christianised Aboriginal people. I've never really acknowledged being a Catholic since or practised Catholicism, although I appreciate the moral codes I grew up with in the Catholic education system.

My mum, on the other hand, has managed to marry both her Aboriginal spirituality and history with her Catholic faith. She's met two popes, dined at the Vatican and has been a long-serving member of the National Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Catholic Council. In 2010 she was awarded an honorary Doctorate of Arts from the University of Notre Dame, Sydney, for her contribution to the Catholic community. In 2009 she was awarded (jointly with Doris Eaton) NAIDOC Female Elder of the Year, partly because of her work in the church. Mum has so much faith in God she even prays to him asking that one day I'll find a husband! She told me once the students at Nungalinga College in the NT, where she was doing her Diploma of Theology, prayed for me also. But to date, God has not delivered said husband.

Mum says that my grandparents - also fiercely Catholic - believed that spirituality was the basis of our connection to land, identity, culture and community. By this she means that we can have a strong sense of country, place, family and self, while still valuing, appreciating and living by the teachings of the Bible.

Anita Heiss

Text 4 — Personal Essay Extract from The Empathy Exams

I used to believe that hurting would make you more alive to the hurting of others. I used to believe in feeling bad because somebody else did. Now I'm not so sure of either. I know that being in the hospital made me selfish. Getting surgeries made me think mainly about whether I'd have to get another one. When bad things happened to other people, I imagined them happening to me. I didn't know if this was empathy or theft.

For example: one September, my brother woke up in a hotel room in Sweden and couldn't move half his face. He was with something called Bell's palsy. No one really understands why it happens or how to make it better. The doctors gave him a steroid called prednisone that made him sick. He threw up most days around twilight. He sent us a photo. It looked lonely and grainy. His face slumped. His pupil glistened in the flash, bright with the gel he had to put on his eye to keep it from drying out. He couldn't blink.

I found myself obsessed with his condition. I tried to imagine what it was like to move through the world with an unfamiliar face. I thought about what it would be like to wake up in the morning, in the groggy space where you've managed to forget things, to forget your whole life, and then snapping to, realizing: yes, this is how things are. Checking the mirror: still there. I tried to imagine how you'd feel a little crushed, each time, coming out of dreams to another day of being awake with a face not quite your own.

I spent large portions of each day—pointless, fruitless spans of time—imagining how I would feel if my face stole my brother's trauma and projected it onto myself like a magic lantern pattern of light. I obsessed, and told myself this obsession paralysed too. I was empathy. But it wasn't, quite. It was more like *inpathy*. I wasn't expatriating* myself into another life so much as importing its problems into my own.

Leslie Jamison

expatriating: moving into an area other than your place of citizenship

Text 5 — Prose Fiction Extract from Saturday

It's a commonplace of parenting and modern genetics that parents have little or no influence on the characters of their children. You never know who you are going to get. Opportunities, health, prospects, accent, table manners – these might lie within your power to shape. But what really determines the sort of person who's coming to live with you is which sperm finds which egg, how the cards in two packs are chosen, then how they are shuffled, halved and spliced at the moment of recombination. Cheerful or neurotic, kind or greedy, curious or dull, expansive or shy and anywhere in between; it can be quite an affront to parental self-regard, just how much of the work has already been done.

On the other hand, it can let you off the hook. The point is made for you as soon as you have more than one child; two entirely different people emerge from their roughly similar chances in life. Here in the cavernous basement kitchen at 3.55 a.m., in a single pool of light, as though on stage, is Theo Perowne, eighteen years old, his formal education already long behind him, reclining on a tilted-back kitchen chair, his legs in tight black jeans, his feet in boots of soft black leather (paid for with his own money) crossed on the edge of the table. As unlike his sister Daisy as randomness will allow. He's drinking from a large tumbler of water. In the other hand he holds the folded-back music magazine he's reading. A studded leather jacket lies in a heap on the floor. Propped against a cupboard is his guitar in its case. It's already acquired a few steamer trunk labels – Trieste, Oakland, Hamburg, Val d'Isère. There's space for more. From a compact stereo player on a shelf above a library of cookery books comes the sound, like soft drizzle, of an all-night pop station.

Perowne sometimes wonders if, in his youth, he could ever have guessed that he would one day father a blues musician. He himself was simply processed, without question or complaint, in a polished continuum from school, through medical school, to the dogged acquisition of clinical experience, in London, Southend-on-Sea, Newcastle, Bellevue Emergency Department in New York and London again. How have he and Rosalind, such dutiful, conventional types, given rise to such a free spirit? One who dresses, with a certain irony, in the style of bohemian fifties, who won't read books or let himself be persuaded to stay on at school, who's rarely out of bed before lunchtime, whose passion is for mastery in all the nuances of the tradition, Delta, Chicago, Mississippi, for certain lick that contain for him the key to all mysteries, and for the success of his band, New Blue Rider. He has an enlarged vision of his mother's face and soft eyes, not green though, but dark brown – the proverbial almonds, with a faint and exotic slant. He has his mother's wide open good-willed look – and a stronger more compact variant on his father's big-boned lankiness. Usefully for his line of work, he's also got the hands.

Ian McEwan