



--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

Student Number

Sydney Girls High School

2023 TRIAL HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE 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 Question and Writing Booklet
- Write your Student Number at the top of this page
- Additional writing paper will be provided if required

Total Marks:
40

Section I – 20 marks (pages 2-9)

- Attempt Questions 1-4
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section II – 20 marks (pages 10-11)

- Attempt Question 5
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section I

20 marks

Attempt Questions 1–4

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 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
-

Question 1 (4 marks)

Text 1 – Poem

How does the poem explore the emotions that can arise out of interactions with the natural world?

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Question 1 continues on page 3

Text 2 – Prose fiction extract

Evaluate Maggie O'Farrell's use of imagery to convey a sense of isolation.

This image shows a full page of white paper with horizontal dotted lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page, providing a guide for handwriting practice. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the page.

Question 2 continues on page 5

This image shows a full page of white paper with horizontal dotted lines, typical of primary school writing paper. 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 (5 marks)

Text 3 – Memoir extract

Analyse how Tiia Kelly uses literary devices to reflect on her experiences.

[illegible]

Question 3 continues on page 7

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

Question 4 (6 marks)

Text 5 – Nonfiction extract and Text 6 – Illustration

Compare how Kindt and Tan represent paradoxical experiences.

[illegible]

Question 4 continues on page 9

[illegible]

English Advanced

Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experience

Section II

20 marks

Attempt Question 5

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the question in the Section II Writing Booklet. Extra writing paper is 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 5 (20 marks)

To what extent has *The Crucible* by Arthur Miller deepened your understanding of the human experience of struggle.

Explore this statement making close reference to the play's dramatic form, language features and context.

The prescribed texts are listed on pages 11 and 12.

Please turn over

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*
 - 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**
 - Harrison, *Rainbow's End*, from Vivienne Cleven et al., *Contemporary Indigenous Plays*
 - Arthur Miller, *The Crucible*
 - William Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice*

Section II prescribed texts continue on page 12

Section II prescribed texts (continued)

- **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 paper



Sydney Girls High School

2023 TRIAL HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION

English Advanced

Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

Stimulus Booklet

	Pages
Section I	
• Text 1 – Poem	2
• Text 2 – Prose fiction extract	3-4
• Text 3 – Memoir extract	5
• Text 4 – Nonfiction extract	6
• Text 5 – Illustration	7

Text 1 – Poem

Ricketts Point

A slim girl playing by herself in the shallows,
like someone who's never been to the beach before
and suddenly marvels at how the world
tips open to broad deep space, not fearsome.
Seawater cool as milk intimately swirling her.
Sand hospitably absorbing and releasing her feet,
her mounting dance of being, luminously alone
on the sea's hearth, its hissing welcome mat.
Two bearded men, perhaps her father and uncle,
identical as Kafka's lodgers, further out in the waves.
A third man out there with them hurls them a ball;
they miss and laugh repeatedly, rolling like seals
under the waves and up again, under and over
their joy that won't stay under, and mirrors and magnifies
the separate joy of the girl, her not-to-be-tested trust.
Smiling at strangers perched on their towels
who can't help watching her, and smile back as if her world,
scribbled and wiped from soaked and pre-soaked shore
and flung from her hands in effortless wave-sprays,
was large or real enough to include them.

PETRA WHITE

Text 2 – Prose fiction extract

A boy is coming down a flight of stairs.

The passage is narrow and twists back on itself. He takes each step slowly, sliding himself along the wall, his boots meeting each tread with a thud.

Near the bottom, he pauses for a moment, looking back the way he has come. Then, suddenly resolute, he leaps the final three stairs, as is his habit. He stumbles as he lands, falling to his knees on the flagstone floor.

It is a close, windless day in late summer, and the downstairs room is slashed by long strips of light. The sun glowers at him from outside, the windows latticed slabs of yellow, set into the plaster.

He gets up, rubbing his legs. He looks one way, up the stairs; he looks the other, unable to decide which way he should turn.

The room is empty, the fire ruminating in its grate, orange embers below soft, spiralling smoke. His injured kneecaps throb in time with his heartbeat. He stands with one hand resting on the latch of the door to the stairs, the scuffed leather tip of his boot raised, poised for motion, for flight. His hair, light-coloured, almost gold, rises up from his brow in tufts.

There is no one here.

He sighs, drawing in the warm, dusty air and moves through the room, out of the front door and on to the street. The noise of barrows, horses, vendors, people calling to each other, a man hurling a sack from an upper window doesn't reach him. He wanders along the front of the house and into the neighbouring doorway.

The smell of his grandparents' home is always the same: a mix of woodsmoke, polish, leather, wool. It is similar yet indefinably different from the adjoining two-roomed apartment, built by his grandfather in a narrow gap next to the larger house, where he lives with his mother and sisters. Sometimes he cannot understand why this might be. The two dwellings are, after all, separated by only a thin wattled wall but the air in each place is of a different ilk, a different scent, a different temperature.

This house whistles with draughts and eddies of air, with the tapping and hammering of his grandfather's workshop, with the raps and calls of customers at the window, with the noise and welter of the courtyard out the back, with the sound of his uncles coming and going.

But not today. The boy stands in the passageway, listening for signs of occupation. He can see from here that the workshop, to his right, is empty, the stools at the benches vacant, the tools idle on the counters, a tray of abandoned gloves, like handprints, left out for all to see. The vending window is shut and bolted tight.

Text 2 continues on page 4

Text 2 (continued)

There is no one in the dining hall, to his left. A stack of napkins is piled on the long table, an unlit candle, a heap of feathers. Nothing more.

He calls out, a cry of greeting, a questioning sound. Once, twice, he makes this noise. Then he cocks his head, listening for a response.

Nothing. Just the creaking of beams expanding gently in the sun, the sigh of air passing under doors, between rooms, the swish of linen drapes, the crack of the fire, the indefinable noise of a house at rest, empty.

MAGGIE O'FARRELL

Hamnet

Text 3 – Memoir extract

When I reflect on my childhood as a dancer, I think about holding my breath. I'd finish a routine with my palms outstretched to an imagined audience and look down to see my forearms, red with effort and lack of oxygen. I remember my dance teacher, compact and imposing, telling me I needed to breathe. But with my muscles tightened into an arabesque or caught in the momentum of a series of turns, I could never figure out how. Every intake of air felt like bracing for something, and I couldn't breathe out until that something had safely passed.

It's now more than a decade later, and I've recently taken up yoga. With ten years of dance classes still lingering generously in my body, working through the poses and stretches feels like rediscovering old memories stowed away in my muscles. The instructor on my screen guides me through a stretch and gives it a name I never knew it had, but which my limbs know how to perform on their own. As I keep going, I realise my sense of yoga-as-memory seems contrary to what yoga often wants from you, which is to feel present in your own body.

It's this endeavour towards the here and now that trips me up, because my virtual yoga instructor keeps asking me to breathe consciously, deeply, slowly, to inhale and exhale in accordance with my motions. Yoga is not a pool in which I can hold my breath while I try to swim to the bottom. I have to keep consciously coming up for air, lifting my head above the water, reminding myself to use the mechanism that is already keeping me alive.

TIIA KELLY
Something Breathable

Text 4 – Nonfiction extract

The scent of a place once visited. The taste of the foods of childhood. A song heard again after many years. A faded black-and-white photograph. These are all remnants of the past that do not feature much in history books, at least the traditional kind, yet they are crucial to how many of us relate to the past. What is in play here, of course, is nostalgia: the powerful sense of longing that befalls many of us when we think of times past.

Nostalgia is nothing new: rather, it is a perennial human response to change, particularly of a transformational or disruptive kind. The yearning for a better, simpler, more stable past has been part of the human condition ever since ancient times. It may be tempting to argue that the transition from, let's say, horse-drawn carriages to motorised vehicles was less profound than the recent move from analogue to digital, but that would be to rate our own experience of change above that of earlier generations.

However, while the human response to change remains the same throughout history, the rate of change has accelerated in recent times. Video killed the radio star and the smartphone did away with the regular (non-smart) mobile. What was not so long ago the pinnacle of innovation seems already fairly outdated today. The rapidity with which new technologies become old has no historical equivalent. It has also made us especially prone to nostalgic longing.

Nostalgia appears to be many things to many people. It can be a momentary state of mind when we encounter relics from the past, or a chronic propensity to yearn for yesterday. It can be a light-hearted fashion statement and mode of consumption or an ideological statement about the world. It can be a form of coping with change, even trauma, or it can be a potentially disabling inability to face up to the fact that little in the human sphere is permanent.

There is, however, a fundamental contradiction common to all kinds of nostalgic longing: the wish to return and the knowledge that this is impossible. Although nostalgic yearning recognises that the past is irrevocably gone, we constantly try to evoke, restore and return to it anyway. We put on old hats of all kinds, surround ourselves with toys, cars or china from the past, and fall for the promise of a return to the good old days when the good guys were still good and the bad ones (really) bad. This contradiction and tension between promise and premise makes nostalgia a quintessentially paradoxical experience.

But then the world, human life in particular, is full of paradoxes. To get along calls for embracing at least some of them. Perhaps it is this ability to compromise between two otherwise irreconcilable aspects of the human condition—the desire to return to the good old days of our childhood and the realisation that this is impossible—that makes nostalgia so powerful.

Nostalgia's ultimate purpose may be to soften the impact of change. As L.P. Hartley famously put it, 'The past is a foreign country. They do things differently there.' Yet in revisiting the past in the course of nostalgic longing, we make it a little more like the present—and the present a little more like the past.

JULIA KINDT
On Nostalgia

Text 5 – Illustration



SHAUN TAN
All We Ever Wanted