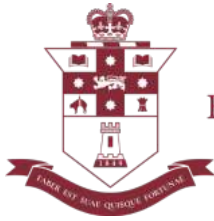


NESA NUMBER



FORT STREET HIGH SCHOOL

2024 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 separately

Total Marks: 40

Section I - 20 marks (pages 2-7)

- Attempt Questions 1-5
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section II – 20 marks (page 8)

- Attempt Question 6
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

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 below in the lined spaces provided. These spaces provide guidance for the expected length of the responses.

In your answer 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 – Poem

How does LK Holt evoke a joyful experience?

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If you need additional space to answer Question 1, use the lines below.

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Question 2 (4 marks)

Text 2 – Fiction Extract

How does Tony Parsons reveal the impact of significant experiences on personal identity?

[illegible]

If you need additional space to answer Question 2, use the lines below.

[illegible]

Question 3 (4 marks)

Text 2 – Non-Fiction Extract

Analyse David Malouf's use of language to investigate change and continuity in the human experience.

[illegible]

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

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Question 4 (4 marks)

Text 4 – Short Essay

Explain how Paul Bowles uses language devices to represent the way we respond to the sky.

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.

If you need additional space to answer Question 4 use the lines below.

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Question 5 (5 marks)

Using the Image (Text 5), and ONE of the other texts provided, compare and contrast the depiction of a human experience in these texts.

(You may make reference to the same evidence you employed in previous responses.)

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.

If you need additional space to answer Question 5, use the lines on the following page.

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End of Section I

Section II

20 marks

Attempt Question 6

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the question in the Writing Booklet. Extra writing booklets are available.

In your answer 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
 - organise, develop and express ideas using language appropriate to audience, purpose and context
-

Question 6 (20 marks)

Texts provide insights into complex emotional responses to human experiences.

To what extent is this statement true of the prescribed text you have studied in the Common Module?

Answer with close reference to language forms, features and structures.

End of Section II

END OF PAPER 1



2024 TRIAL HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION

English Advanced

Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

Stimulus booklet for Section I

and

List of prescribed texts for Section II

Section I	Pages
- Text 1 Poem	3
- Text 2 Fiction Extract.....	4
- Text 3 Non-Fiction Extract.....	5
- Text 4 Short Essay	7
- Text 5 Image	8
 Section II	
- List of prescribed texts.....	9

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Section I

Text One – Poem

Noon Swim

(for N. and T.)

At the river's swollen joint we dived in,
suddenly light and jointless
as our six feet mixed the warmed crust of water
with the icy below.
The frangipani¹ I had tucked behind my ear was presumed drowned
until it resurfaced between us
as a beautiful relic.
Matchstick-sized skinks² darted at our every scream as if powered by sound.
Bumblebees hovered
to drink from our hair and crown us
with their impossible flight
Very unserious Sirens³, we swirled
like blood drops in water
then floated, breasts bobbing with pelvises
roses-of-bone.

LK HOLT

End of Text One

¹ *Frangipani*: A perfumed flower from a tropical tree, usually yellow and white.

² *Skinks*: Small lizards that bask in sunlight.

³ *Sirens*: Sea-dwelling monsters from Greek mythology whose beautiful singing lured sailors to drown themselves.

Text Two – Fiction Extract

From *Man and Boy*

It's a boy, it's a boy!

It's a little boy. I look at this baby — as bald, wrinkled, and scrunched up as an old man — and something chemical happens inside me.

It — I mean he — looks like the most beautiful baby in the history of the world. Is it — he — really the most beautiful baby in the history of the world? Or is that just my biological programming kicking in? Does everyone feel this way? Even people with plain babies? Is our baby really so beautiful?

I honestly can't tell.

The baby is sleeping in the arms of the woman I love. I sit on the edge of the bed and stare at the pair of them, feeling like I belong in this room with this woman and this baby in a way that I have never belonged anywhere.

Later, my parents are there. When she is done with the hugs and kisses, my mother counts the baby's fingers and toes, checking for webbed feet. But he is fine, the baby is fine.

"He's a little smasher," my mum says. "A little smasher!"

My father looks at the baby and something inside him seems to melt.

There are many good things about my father, but he is not a soft man, he is not a sentimental man. He doesn't gurgle and coo over babies in the street. My father is a good man, but the things he has gone through in his life mean that he is also a hard man. Today, some ice deep inside him begins to crack and I can tell he feels it too.

This is the most beautiful baby in the world.

I give my father a bottle I bought months ago. It is bourbon. My father only drinks beer and whisky, but he takes the bottle with a big grin on his face. The label on the bottle says "Old Granddad." That's him. That's my father.

And I know today that I have become more like him. Today I am a father too. All the supposed landmarks of manhood — losing my virginity, getting my driving licence, voting for the first time — were all just the outer suburbs of my youth. I went through all those things and came out the other side fundamentally unchanged, still a boy.

But now I have helped to bring another human being into the world.

Today I became what my father has been forever.

Today I became a man.

I am twenty-five years old.

TONY PARSONS

End of Text Two

Text Three – Non-Fiction

From On Experience

Young people today grow up in a world where information comes to them through sophisticated, high-tech systems and where communication across a wide range of places and persons is both frequent and immediate. Space and time have been telescoped, intimacy replaced by a new kind of distance; and this is just one example of a distancing that has become general in the culture as a whole. Our global economy means that commodities and products that were once local or seasonal are now available everywhere in the developed world and at all times of the year; but this also sets us at a remove, personally, from all but the most abstract acquaintance with their source and production. Everything now, from fruit and vegetables of the most exotic kind to eggs, chicken thighs, cereals, comes packaged or frozen, in a way that makes invisible, and to many young people unimaginable and of no interest or concern, the natural world to which these things once belonged and the skills of those who produce and gather them.

A continuity has been broken. Between the part of our experience that sets us in nature, as one of its creatures and subject to its laws and changes, and that other part where we exist as social and economic units, consumers. What has got lost in the break is much that once belonged to our direct sensory experience—the glow of a ripe peach behind leaves, the first blades of green in a furrow, the feel under our hand of the bristles on the back of a hog, the dance of threads in a hand loom; but much, too, of our sense of the world as a place of teeming variety and growth, in which each thing had its moment of perfected ripeness, but also, inevitably, of decline, and was a source of feeling in us as well as of use.

The change in most places, and in the lives of many of us, has been rapid. Even fifty years ago, a child growing up in a good-sized town, as I did in Brisbane in the 1940s and 1950s, would have had a backyard to play in, with two or three pawpaw trees and a mango or lemon, rows of peas, beans, tomatoes, onions, lettuce, a corner for rhubarb where fat snails congregated, and a chook-house where you could reach your hand in and feel for the warmth of a new-laid egg. Also, close beside it, a block where some familiar rooster or hen had its head chopped off for Sunday dinner, and afterwards hung from a hook, trailing threads of sticky gore and still convulsively flapping its wings.

All this is gone in most city places, and with it the baker's boy with his basket of warm loaves, the milkman's horse clopping down the street just before dawn, the milk in a striped jug on the front step, covered with a doily weighted with beads.

But for all the changes, something of that older way of experiencing things persists. Families remain pretty much what they have always been: little word-of-mouth societies, repositories of facts, skills, stories, teasing secrets (and sometimes insoluble mysteries) that children deal with as they have always done, by question and answer; by puzzling things out from what they are told—and more often from what they are not told—or, like the young David Copperfield¹, by lingering on a threshold to catch what comes to them, in a flash, from God knows where.

[Text continues on page 6]

¹ *David Copperfield*: hero of an 1850 novel by Charles Dickens.

A child learns early how to pick up the facts he needs to make sense of the world and make a 'story' of it—*his* story. In the word-of-mouth world that is a family, storytelling is still part of the complex give and take of daily intercourse, a means of weaving the past into the present to create continuity, of holding the adult storyteller and the little wide-eyed listener in a single moment and on a single breath. Here children keep touch, through story, with their own past lives, and get living glimpses, as much through what a voice carries of feeling as through word-pictures or facts, into the lives of their parents and grandparents. Such formulae as '*Tell me the time when...*' renew a child's contact with the reassuringly familiar, but always in the hope that this time round some new detail will emerge and give the story a different colour or dimension, or that he himself will catch something in it he has missed in previous tellings that will take him 'beyond'.

The truth is that our experience, for all that we are the subject of it, is a mystery to us. We have no notion, amid the events and feelings and words and pictures that crowd in upon us, of the advent of our most secret understandings, the moments that will one day mean most to us, which image glimpsed, or word spoken, will occasion in us that sweet shock in which the whole 'spider's web of the finest silken threads', to go back to Henry James' image¹, will suddenly glow and tremble in the chamber of our consciousness.

DAVID MALOUF

End of Text Three

¹ *Henry James* – American-British writer prominent in the late 19th and early 20th century.

Text Four – Short Essay

The Sky

The mood of a scene we play in our lives is determined largely by the light projected upon us from above. As master electrician, the sky furnishes an endless variety of lighting effects for our actions, helping to mould even the emotions that accompany them. There is the slow dimming of twilight for the exchange of intimacies, the flooding sunlight of a spring morning, for feeling unreasoned delight, the blackness of night when no light falls from the sky and each one becomes the victim of his own fantasies, the grey, indifferent light of the covered sky in summer; an encouragement to indolence. How can we tell to what extent our actions have been determined by the light which enveloped us while we performed them?

But such indirect effects pale beside the unsurpassable spectacle of the sky itself as it produces them. It is generally agreed that the most astonishing and grandiose visions that a human being can imagine take place in the sky.

It's merely a question of watching; the sky will perform. Nevertheless there must be something there to watch, something that moves. This will be some form of moisture: probably clouds, or even rain or mist. The movements, formations and conjunctions of these bodies of moisture constitute the show. A momentary glimpse of light from the sun can provide the excitement.

A completely cloudless sky is static; it cannot provide a spectacle. The Saharan¹ sky is like a blackboard on which nothing has been written. You can admire it for the intensity and luminosity of its blue, but you have no urge to watch it because you know that it will not change.

The night sky, just as much as the day sky, needs something moving, something for the eye to follow. I think of the poem by Alfred de Vigny², where silver-edged clouds race across the disc of the moon, causing dark shadows to move over the countryside.

A recurring nightmare: the earth's atmosphere has escaped into space, and we see that the sky has become permanently black.

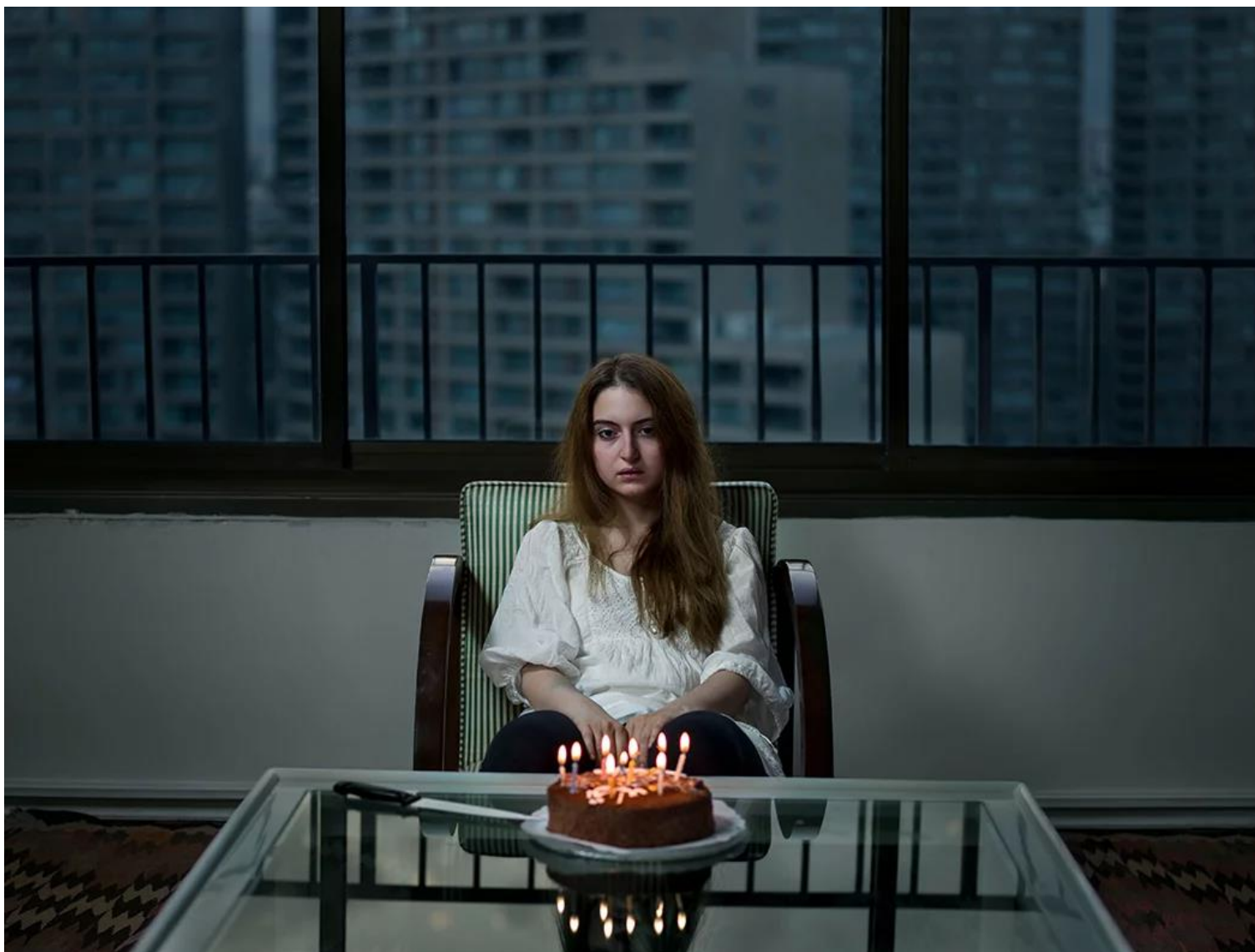
PAUL BOWLES

End of Text Four

¹ *Saharan* – referring to the geographical area of the Sahara desert in northern Africa.

² *Alfred de Vigny* – 19th century French Romantic poet and novelist.

Text Five – Image



NEWSHA TAVAKOLIAN

Section II

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 and Samuel Marsden*
- *William Street*
- *Beach Burial*

- **Drama**
 - Jane Harrison, *Rainbows's End*
 - Arthur Miller, *The Crucible*
- **Shakespearean Drama**
 - William Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice*
- **Nonfiction**
 - Tim Winton, *The Boy Behind the Curtain*
 - Malala Yousafzai and Christine Lamb, *I am Malala*
- **Film**
 - Stephen Daldry, *Billy Elliot*
- **Media**
 - Ivan O'Mahoney, *Go Back to Where You Came From*
 - Lucy Walker, *Waste Land*