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2024

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
- Write your student number at the top of each section

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

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Section I

20 marks

Attempt Question 1-5

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Read the texts on pages 2 – 7 of the Stimulus Booklet carefully and then answer the question in the spaces provided. These spaces provide guidance for the expected length of response.

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 (3 marks)

Use **Text 1** to answer this question

How does the cartoon challenge assumptions and ignite new ideas?

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Question 2 (3 marks)

Use **Text 2** to answer this question

Analyse how the poet uses imagery to illuminate the role of perspective in the human experience.

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

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Question 3 (4 marks)

Use **Text 3** to answer this question

How do Fran Liebowitz’s views reflect the anomalies, paradoxes or inconsistencies that shape human perspectives?

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

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Question 4 (4 marks)

Use **Text 4** to answer this question

How does Roland Bull represent new experiences as both challenging and enriching?

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

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Section I continues on next page

Question 5 (6 marks)

Use **Text 5** to answer this question

How does Valgardson use contrast to illuminate how human qualities and emotions are shaped by an individual’s experiences?

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If you need additional space to answer Question 5 use the lines below.

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End of Question 5

Section II

20 marks

Attempt Question 6

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 6 (20 marks)

“And it was exactly at this moment that the significant thing happened — if, indeed, it did happen. Momentarily he caught O'Brien's eye. O'Brien had stood up. He had taken off his spectacles and was in the act of resettling them on his nose with his characteristic gesture. But there was a fraction of a second when their eyes met, and for as long as it took to happen Winston knew — yes, he KNEW! — that O'Brien was thinking the same thing as himself. An unmistakable message had passed. It was as though their two minds had opened and the thoughts were flowing from one into the other through their eyes. 'I am with you,' O'Brien seemed to be saying to him. 'I know precisely what you are feeling. I know all about your contempt, your hatred, your disgust. But don't worry, I am on your side!' And then the flash of intelligence was gone, and O'Brien's face was as inscrutable as everybody else's.”

Nineteen-Eighty-Four, George Orwell

‘George Orwell’s *Nineteen-Eighty-Four* captures the human tendency to look for the things that confirm our worldview.’

To what extent do you agree with this statement? In your response, make close reference to the novel and the extract provided.

End of 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*
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*

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English Advanced

Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

Stimulus Booklet

Pages

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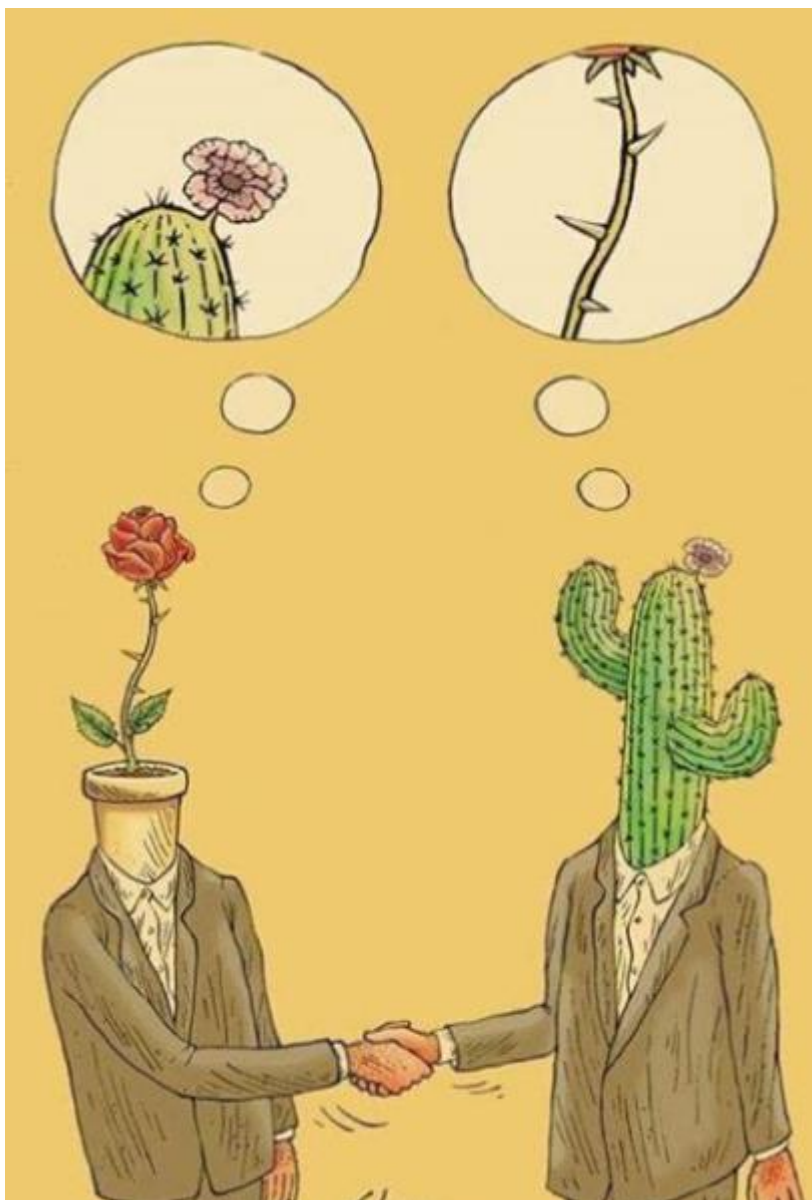
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SECTION I

Text One – Cartoon



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Text Two – Poem

To Be a Person

To be a person is an untenable proposition.

Odd of proportion,
upright,
unbalanced of body, feeling, and mind.

Two predator's eyes
face forward,
yet seem always to be trying to look back.

Unhooved, untaloned fingers
seem to grasp mostly grief and pain.
To create, too often, mostly grief and pain.

Some take,
in witnessed suffering, pleasure.
Some make, of witnessed suffering, beauty.

On the other side –
a creature capable of blushing,
who chooses to spin until dizzy,
likes what is shiny,
demands to stay awake even when sleepy.

Learns what is basic, what acid,
what are stomata, nuclei, jokes,
which birds are flightless.
Learns to play four-handed piano.
To play, when it is needed, one-handed piano.

Hums. Feeds strays.
Says, "All together now, on three."

To be a person may be possible then, after all.

Or the question may be considered still at least open –
an unused drawer, a pair of waiting workboots.

JANE HIRSHFIELD
'To Be a Person'

* stomata tiny pores that help plants to take in carbon dioxide and release oxygen

* nuclei the central and most important part of an object, movement, or group, forming the basis for its
activity and growth

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Text 3 – Non-Fiction Extract

American author and orator Fran Lebowitz on herself:

I had a very happy childhood – I know that’s against the law. Everybody is suited to certain times of life and I was very suited to being a child. I am very suited to having no responsibilities.

I was really looking forward to my first day at kindergarten. I was only five. The day ended with me sitting in the corner with a Band-Aid over my mouth and holding up a sign saying: “I am a chatterbox.” Now I get paid for what I was punished for.

I grew up in a small town in New Jersey – a very beautiful, old pre-revolutionary war town. There was a portrait of George Washington in every single public room of every single building in the entire town. George Washington was a big part of my childhood.

Algebra was the end of school for me. I only had half a brain. Fractions were hard enough. I still count on my fingers.

I stopped playing the cello after my grandmother gave me a Pablo Casals record. When I heard what could be done on that instrument I thought, forget it, I could never do that. I am a perfectionist – and not just with myself.

Nothing is more contagious than a bad idea.

Happiness is a sensation, a fleeting thing. To me, it’s a pleasure, and there are moments of pleasure and sometimes even days of pleasure. I’m not like, “Why am I not happy all the time?” That’s a thing that came from Los Angeles.

I am a very angry person. I am angry almost all the time, especially when I’m not alone. I know my anger is disproportionate and I don’t express it. I knew from a really young age: do not act on this.

It’s imperative to me that people I spend time with have a good sense of humour. I don’t mean that they’re funny. I just mean that they know that things can be funny. Most things, other than tragedy, of which there is an over-abundance, are funny.

I hate money. I hate it physically; I hate having to earn it. But I’m also extremely materialistic, so I hate money, but I love things, you know? Like clothes, apartments...

People used to say, “If I was a millionaire...” Now they say, “If I was a billionaire...” I always say to these people: “Do you know how much a billion is?” And they really don’t. A couple of years ago I heard the word trillion. No one should ever use that word unless they are an astronomer.

Romantic relationships are not choices, they are some chemical response you have to someone. Friendships are, to me, the most important relationships in life, because they are the only wholly chosen relationships. I believe I am an excellent friend.

Toni Morrison was a very close friend of mine. She probably had the biggest influence on me – she was one of the few people I actually listened to. When she died I spoke at her memorial service. I said: “For more than 40 years she was at least two of my four closest friends.” She was also the only wise person I have ever known and she just had this immense humanity. She once said to me, “You are always right, but never fair.” What she meant was I don’t give everybody the same credence for just being human. And that’s true, I don’t. But she did.

I find any food preparation to be immensely tedious. But, of course, I love to eat.

I absolutely don't care about how I'm remembered. I think people who care about this believe in life after death, which means you don't believe in death. To me, it's like someone asking me what I'd like for dinner after I die. You know what? I'm good.

FRAN LEBOWITZ

Interview: 'I am very angry. I'm angry almost all the time' from *The Guardian*

* Toni Morrison An American novelist and editor

Text 4 – Feature Article

I'm what might generously be described as a late bloomer. I spent my 20s and 30s "finding myself". A valuable endeavour in the sense that it took me around the world, gave me the education of meeting people from diverse walks of life and instilled in me adaptability and resilience.

But by age 35, I figured I should start planning for a more adult future and pursue an actual career, so I took a deep breath and applied for medical school. Among its many rewards and challenges, medical school has yielded some unusual and often entertaining dynamics as I while away the days with students a good 15 years my junior. Over the past four years of study, I've sometimes wondered how they perceive me: this random, greying man, seemingly both the oldest and least mature member of the cohort.

As a child, I always liked performing, especially singing, although opportunities were slim in my small town. Footy and farming had long been in vogue. Dance, music and theatre? Not so much. So when I hit the big 4-0 earlier this year and turned my sights to ticking off bucket list items, I decided to add singing on stage. Why? Because singing makes me feel good, and I wanted to share that feeling with others. So I signed up for the Med Revue, an annual spoof musical that is written, directed and staged by fellow medical students.

I was unusually shy at the table read; a shyness that continued throughout early rehearsals as the sprightly twentysomethings paraded about me. My grey locks hadn't gone unnoticed by the directors. In one scene they cast me as a middle-aged GP; in another a magnificent reinvention of Miranda Priestly from *The Devil Wears Prada* (this version worked as a caustic surgeon because the devil actually wears scrubs).

We'd meet two or three times a week, rehearsing songs and dialogue in between memorising flashcards on anatomy and physiology. Bonding as a cast meant learning to feel comfortable looking ridiculous around one another, knowing fairly soon that ridiculousness would be on public display.

The dance scenes were my Achilles heel. My aching, middle-aged joints meant that by opening night, I still hadn't mastered even the most rudimentary choreography. Nobody seemed to mind. And I like to think I made up for it in other ways. When the call-out came for costumes, I could well and truly fill the void, thanks to years spent collecting absurd knick-knacks and outfits on my travels. Crimson graduation gown? Sorted. Leopard print onesie? I've got you covered. Weird and wonderful hats? Happily, I've long maintained that sun safety need not be boring.

On opening night the cast and crew were buzzing with excitement

I pushed through my nerves and grinned from ear to ear beneath the stage lights as I belted out my solo: I'm Just Gen, a spoof of I'm Just Ken from the Barbie movie. I delivered it with the brazenness of a wannabe Ryan Gosling.

The entire experience was an absolute joy, one I intend to repeat because it taught me a few things. First, it reinforced my belief that creative expression is for everyone, regardless of whether you aim to make a career out of it. Despite a glorious few months of singing,

dancing, laughing and performing, I'm not about to give up the pursuit of clinical practice to chase stardom (although transitioning to the life of a struggling actor does seem a genius way to avoid paying off my HECS debt). But I will keep seeking communities to create with, because it develops skills easily transferable to other areas of life.

Most important of these, to my mind, is the ability to be comfortable feeling exposed. People are terrified of feeling silly.

Once you've performed in front of an audience, the daily moments that used to turn your cheeks red don't seem that daunting any more. And that can be a bit of a superpower.

ROLAND BULL

'At age 40 I performed in the med school musical – and learned silliness is my superpower'

Text 5 – Short Story Extract

Normally, he goes clean-shaven into the world, but the promise of a Saturday liquid with sunshine draws him first from his study to the backyard, from there to his front lawn. The smell of burning leaves stirs the memories of childhood – wakes in him a desire to temporarily abandon the twice-cut yards and hundred-year-old oaks.

He does not hurry for he has no destination. He meanders, instead, through the neat suburban labyrinth of cul-de-sacs, bays and circles, losing and finding himself endlessly. Becoming lost is made all the easier because the houses repeat themselves with superficial variations. There grows within him, however, a vague unease with symmetry, with nothing left to chance, no ragged edges, no unkempt vacant lots, no houses rendered unique by necessity and indifference.

The houses all face the sun. They have no artificial divisions. There is room enough for everyone. Now, as he passes grey stone gates, the yards are all proscribed by stiff picket fences and, quickly, a certain untidiness creeps in: a fragment of glass, a chocolate bar wrapper, a plastic horse, cracked sidewalks with ridges of stiff grass. Although he has on blue jeans – matching pants and jacket made in Paris – he is driving a grey Mercedes Benz. Gangs of young men follow the car with their unblinking eyes. The young men stand and lean in tired, watchful knots close to phone booths and seedy-looking grocery stores. Their slick hair glistens. Their leather jackets gleam with studs. Eagles, tigers, wolves and serpents ride their backs.

The houses are squat, as though they have been taller and have, slowly, sunk into the ground. Each has a band of dirt around the bottom. Cars jam the narrow streets and he worries that he might strike the unkempt children who dart back and forth like startled fish.

Streetlights come on. He takes them as a signal to return the way he came, but it has been a reckless, haphazard path. Retracing it is impossible. He is overtaken by sudden guilt. He has left no message for his wife. Time has run away with him. His wife, he realizes, will have returned from bridge, his children gathered for supper.

He decides to call the next time he sees a store or phone booth. So intent is he upon the future that he dangerously ignores the present and does not notice the police car, concealed in the shadows of a side street, nose out and follow him.

Ahead, there is a small store with windows covered in hand painted signs and vertical metal bars. On the edge of the light, three young men and a girl slouch. One of them has a beard and, in spite of the advancing darkness, wears sunglasses. He has on a fringed leather vest. In spite of his car, he hopes his day-old beard which he strokes upward with the heel of his hand, will, when combined with his clothes, provide immunity. He slips his wallet into his shirt pocket, does up the metal buttons on his jacket and slips a ten dollar bill into his back pocket. Recalling a television show, he decides that if he is accosted, he will say that the ten is all he's got, that he stole the car, and ask them if they know a buyer.

He eases out of the car, edges nervously along the fender and past the grille. The store window illuminates the sidewalk like a stage. Beyond the light, everything is obscured by darkness. He is so intent upon the three men and the girl that he does not notice the police car drift against the curb, nor the officer who is advancing with a pistol in his hand.

When the officer, who is inexperienced, who is nervous because of the neighbourhood, who is suspicious because of the car and because he has been trained to see an unshaven man in blue jeans as a potential thief and not as a probable owner, orders him to halt, he is surprised. When he turns part way around and recognizes the uniform, he does not feel fear but relief. Instinctively relaxing, certain of his safety, in the last voluntary movement of his life, he reaches his hand not in the air as he was ordered to, but toward his wallet for his identity.

W.D. VALGARDSON
Extract from 'Identities'

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