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Student Number

St George Girls High School

English Faculty

2024 Trial HSC 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
- Write your Student Number at the top of this page

Total marks: 40 Section I – 20 marks (pages 2–7)

- Attempt Questions 1–5
- Use the lines provided in this booklet to answer this section
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section II – 20 marks (page 8)

- Attempt Question 6
- Use the provided writing booklet to answer this section
- 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 2–8 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.

Your answers 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 (3 marks)

Text 1 – Poem

Explain how the poet constructs an insight about the human 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 – Non-fiction extract

How does this text position individuals to understand their relationship with the world?

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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)

Text 3 – Fiction extract

Analyse how the author constructs perspectives about challenges faced by the individual.

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

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Question 4 (3 marks)

Text 4 – Nonfiction extract

Explore how this extract comments on the role of happiness in the human experience.

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

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Question 5 (6 marks)

Text 1, Text 2, Text 3 and Text 4 (choose two)

Compare how **two** texts ignite new ideas and invite the responder to see the world differently.

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.

Question 5 continues on page 7

Question 5 (continued)

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

End of Question 5

English Advanced

Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experience

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.

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)

'Human behaviour and motivation is often paradoxical.' - George Elliot.

To what extent does your prescribed text represent the paradoxes and anomalies of the human experience?

In your response, make close reference to the prescribed text.

End of paper



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Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

Stimulus Booklet

	Pages
Section I	
● Text 1 – Poem	2
● Text 2 – Nonfiction extract	3-4
● Text 3 – Fiction extract.	5-6
● Text 4 – Discursive text	7-8
 Section II	
List of prescribed texts	9-10

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Text 1 — Poem

Solitude

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air;
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go;
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not need your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all,—
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by.
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a large and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Text 2 — Non-fiction extract

WE TELL OURSELVES STORIES in order to live. The princess is caged in the consulate. The man with the candy will lead the children into the sea. The naked woman on the ledge outside the window on the sixteenth floor is a victim of accidie,* or the naked woman is an exhibitionist, and it would be “interesting” to know which. We tell ourselves that it makes some difference whether the naked woman is about to commit a mortal sin or is about to register a political protest or is about to be, the Aristophanic* view, snatched back to the human condition by the fireman in priest’s clothing just visible in the window behind her, the one smiling at the telephoto lens. We look for the sermon in the suicide, for the social or moral lesson in the murder of five. We interpret what we see, select the most workable of the multiple choices. We live entirely, especially if we are writers, by the imposition of a narrative line upon disparate images, by the “ideas” with which we have learned to freeze the shifting phantasmagoria* which is our actual experience.

Or at least we do for a while. I am talking here about a time when I began to doubt the premises of all the stories I had ever told myself, a common condition but one I found troubling. I suppose this period began around 1966 and continued until 1971. During those five years I appeared, on the face of it, a competent enough member of some community or another, a signer of contracts and Air Travel cards, a citizen: I wrote a couple of times a month for one magazine or another, published two books, worked on several motion pictures; participated in the paranoia of the time, in the raising of a small child, and in the entertainment of large numbers of people passing through my house; made gingham curtain for spare bedrooms, remembered to ask agents if any reduction of points would be *pari passu** with the financing studio, put lentils to soak on Saturday night for lentil soup on Sunday, made quarterly F.I.C.A. payments and renewed my driver’s license on time, missing on the written examination only the question about financial responsibility of California drivers. It was a time of my life when I was frequently “named.” I was named godmother to children. I was named lecturer and panelist, colloquist and conferee. I was even named, in 1968, a *Los Angeles Times* “Woman of the Year,” along with Mrs. Ronald Reagan, the Olympic swimmer Debbie Meyer, and ten other California women who seemed to keep in touch and do good works. I did no good works but I tried to keep in touch. I was responsible. I recognized my name when I saw it. Once in a while I even answered letters addressed to me, not exactly upon receipt but eventually, particularly if the letters had come from strangers. “During my absence from the country these past eighteen months,” such replies would begin.

This was an adequate enough performance, as improvisations go. The only problem was that my entire education, everything I had ever been told or had told myself, insisted that

the production was never meant to be improvised: I was supposed to have a script, and had mislaid it. I was supposed to hear cues, and no longer did.

I was meant to know the plot, but all I knew was what I saw: flash pictures in variable sequence, images with no “meaning” beyond their temporary arrangement, not a movie but a cutting room experience. In what would probably be the middle of my life I wanted still to believe in the narrative and in the narrative’s intelligibility, but to know that one could change the sense with every cut was to begin to perceive the experience as rather more electrical than ethical.

During this period I spent what were for me the usual proportions of time in Los Angeles and New York and Sacramento. I spent what seemed to many people I knew an eccentric amount of time in Honolulu, the particular aspect of which lent me the illusion that I could order any minute from room service, a revisionist theory of my own history, garnished with a vanda orchid. I watched Robert Kennedy’s funeral on a verandah at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel in Honolulu, and also the first reports from My Lai. I reread all of George Orwell on the Royal Hawaiian Beach, and I also read, in the papers that came one day late from the mainland, the story of Betty Lansdown Fouquet, a 26-year-old woman with faded blond hair who put her five-year-old daughter out to die on the center divider of Interstate 5 some miles south of the last Bakersfield exit. The child, whose fingers had to be pried loose from the Cyclone fence when she was rescued twelve hours later by the California Highway Patrol, reported that she had run after the car carrying her mother and stepfather and brother and sister for “a long time.” Certain of these images did not fit into any narrative I knew.

JOAN DIDION - Extract from *The White Album*

* **accidie**- spiritual or mental sloth; apathy.

* **Aristophanic**-Athenian comic dramatist.

* **phantasmagoria**- a sequence of real or imaginary images like that seen in a dream.

* **pari passu**- side by side; at the same rate or on an equal footing.

Text 3 — Fiction extract from Histories

It reminds him of school, the sun coming in like this, low through windows, lighting the corridor. This time of year especially. He thinks of new terms and stiff collars, the smell of school dinners and swimming pools. A feeling of arrival and separation, still, after all these years.

Dev navigates the maze: cleaners' wet-floor placards, parked trolleys shedding pillows and blankets, debris left out from the mad night's retreating tide. He feels it in the mornings, in the silence, like a storm has passed.

Voices, then bodies, surface and drift towards him. An early morning round, moving like a hunting pack from ward to ward. He exchanges nods with Nathan Munro - pale, giant, crisp-suited archetype of a consultant - speaking into a Dictaphone as he lopes unflinchingly forward in polished shoes. A nurse and some juniors follow, tugged like gulls in the wake of a fishing boat. As they pass, fragments of Nathan's dictation fall away: *this unfortunate...disease...sadly...survival*. Hospital words spun like stones across the still waters of people's lives. The juniors follow on, shuffling their lists, stumbling and trying to keep up, to mimic their consultant's easy movement.

Dev hears one of them say, Beached whale, wasn't she? He stops, prepared to admonish but his phone hums with Peter's text: *On way. S worried. Tx*. When he looks up again, Nathan and the entourage have walked away.

He calls over to the clinic nurse, Peter Nicholls and his wife will be here shortly, they're not booked in but I need a few minutes with them. I'll wait in my room thanks very much. These last words delivered like a no-nonsense Englishman, like he's ordering a five- star breakfast. He hates how it veers into his voice, the camouflage of a doctor's tone. He recognises the nurse-she works on the wards usually-and he tries again. Thanks Lucy, he says. She smiles at him, or rather at his closing door.

The clinic room is a continuation of the corridor's frenzy. He starts to tidy it, putting away others' files and notes, brushing down the desk. But then he looks around: a loose ceiling tile, a plastic glove on the floor, a redundant poster of the inner ear. Extraordinary when it's really seen, the messy truth of a hospital, so far removed from our pristine fantasies.

The window looks out onto emergency, the staff car park, a steady train of people. Someone, one of the porters, whistles. A cloud passes and the light intensifies, squares of it falling on an outside wall, brightening the high twigs of a tree. Some years ago, one early morning, there'd been an eclipse. He hadn't gone out but had looked on from this same window as patients and staff were drawn out of the building; as if, for a moment,

they shared some quickened time, some actual sense of the world's brevity as the daylight diminished around them.

He signs off some letters. *Kind regards, yours sincerely, best wishes*. Decorative phrases, like wearing ties. When will we look back at letters like this, at ties, and just laugh? He keeps asking his secretary, Hannah to delete the pointless formalities, but here they still are, kept and framed; enduring courtesies in lieu of actual patient care, like so much of the organisation. That's what hospitals are called now: *organisations*.

He checks the time: ten more minutes. Opening a folder of results, he quickly flicks through them. Stops. Last week, one evening in his office, he's become breathless and tearful on reading a patient's scan report: a young man's tumour relapsing, someone he's known for years, someone he likes very much. Hundreds of these results in cardboard folders or on screens, handfuls of them two or three times a week for years now. Part of the fabric of his day, like signing off scripts or checking emails. Then this sudden emotion-bizarre, unsettling.

Empathy seems to him such a narrow possibility, like close-hauling a dinghy into the wind. Just a degree or two either side and the sail loosens, flapping uselessly into sentiment or self-regard. So these hot, new tears feel incontinent, like signs of trouble.

But he's always been disorientated by reading results, hasn't he? The act of opening them, of seeing someone's future laid out, whole days, sometimes whole weeks before they know of or experience it. Like reading fortunes. He said this once, in passing, to James Chester. Jim just laughed absent-mindedly, a proper social laugh, turning away from Dev to pour coffee, flaunting his perfectly choreographed resilience. My patients are always complaining I don't have the results on time, he said. Not that I'm reading their tarot cards.

But look at us, Dev wanted to say, look at how we accumulate losses.

by Sam Guglani

Text 4 — Non-fiction

An excerpt from *The Architecture of Happiness* by Alain de Botton

A terraced house on a tree-lined street. Earlier today, the house rang with the sound of children's cries and adult voices, but since the last occupant took off (with her satchel) a few hours ago, it has been left to sample the morning by itself. The sun has risen over the gables of the buildings opposite and now washes through the ground-floor windows, painting the interior walls a buttery yellow and warming the grainy-red brick façade. Within shafts of sunlight, platelets of dust move as if in obedience to the rhythms of a silent waltz. From the hallway, the low murmur of accelerating traffic can be detected a few blocks away. Occasionally, the letter-box opens with a rasp to admit a plaintive leaflet.

The house gives signs of enjoying the emptiness. It is rearranging itself after the night, clearing its pipes and cracking its joints. This dignified and seasoned creature, with its coppery veins and wooden feet nestled in a bed of clay, has endured much: balls bounced against its garden flanks, doors slammed in rage, headstands attempted along its corridors, the weight and sighs of electrical equipment and the probings of inexperienced plumbers into its innards. A family of four shelters in it, joined by a colony of ants around the foundations and, in spring time, by broods of robins in the chimney stack. It also lends a shoulder to a frail (or just indolent) sweet-pea which leans against the garden wall, indulging the peripatetic courtship of a circle of bees.

The house has grown into a knowledgeable witness. It has been party to early seductions, it has watched homework being written, it has observed swaddled babies freshly arrived from hospital, it has been surprised in the middle of the night by whispered conferences in the kitchen. It has experienced winter evenings when its windows were as cold as bags of frozen peas and midsummer dusks when its brick walls held the warmth of newly baked bread.

It has provided not only physical but also psychological sanctuary. It has been a guardian of identity. Over the years, its owners have returned from periods away and, on looking around them, remembered who they were. The flagstones on the ground floor speak of serenity and aged grace, while the

regularity of the kitchen cabinets offers a model of unintimidating order and discipline. The dining table, with its waxy tablecloth printed with large buttercups, suggests a burst of playfulness which is thrown into relief by a sterner concrete wall nearby. Along the stairs, small still-lives of eggs and lemons draw attention to the intricacy and beauty of everyday things. On a ledge beneath a window, a glass jar of cornflowers helps to resist the pull towards dejection. On the upper floor, a narrow empty room allows space for restorative thoughts to hatch, its skylight giving out onto impatient clouds migrating rapidly over cranes and chimney pots.

Although this house may lack solutions to a great many of its occupants' ills, its rooms nevertheless give evidence of a happiness to which architecture has made its distinctive contribution.

End of Section I

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

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

Section II continues on page 10

- **Nonfiction**

- Tim Winton, *The Boy Behind the Curtain*

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*

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

- **Film**

- Stephen Daldry, *Billy Elliot*

- **Media**

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

The prescribed episodes are:

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

and

- * *The Response*

- Lucy Walker, *Waste Land*

End of Section II

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