

Year 12 English Advanced

TRIAL EXAMINATION 2024

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 the photograph represent a collective experience?

3 marks

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

Question 2

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

How has Gao used language to challenge racist assumptions?

4 marks

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

Question 3

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

Analyse how Dillard's use of figurative language captures the experience of growing up.

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 Baltasar and Winterson have represented the complex emotions associated with alienation.

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

Analyse how your prescribed text represents paradoxes which have changed your thinking about human experiences.

In your response make detailed reference to your prescribed text.

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 2024

SYDNEY BOYS HIGH SCHOOL



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. Personal Essay	...	p.4
Text 4. Prose Fiction Extract	...	p.5
Text 5. Memoir Extract	...	p.6

Text 1 — Photograph



Text 2 — Poem

For the Man on the Bus who Told me to Go Back to Where I Came From

There are darker continents than you could dream
Where children with skin only a shade
Lighter than the brown earth
Cup their hands around their mouths and wake

The mountains with their brazen lungs, while
the tea field gleams and echoes
with the name of every leaf and sparrow. For each birdsong

a barnhouse, a boathouse. Bales of hay
beside which our mother has placed,
with care, ears of maize
rows of gold
teeth swaddled in soft green, and a stand

of willows to which our grandfather had tied
the long years of his servitude, laying
down his storied life like an ox
relieved of the weight of the iron plough.

Where I come from, we dig and sow
until the dirt eats away the lines
in our palms. We write our lineage with spades
solemnly in the book of the good turf.

You do not know where I come from.

Where I come from, we bathe
in the river's blazing dusk, wash the day
off our wrists and faces
then each emerges
unburnt as a young phoenix.

*Do not claim
to know where we come from.*

Our language is the rain
pattering against rooftops
when the field's fire won't stop.

We whisper tender shoots
into the spring soil
and bury our roots so deep
no axe can cut them loose.

By GAVIN YAN GAO

Text 3— Personal Essay Waking Up

Children ten years old wake up and find themselves here, discover themselves to have been here all along; is this sad? They wake like sleepwalkers, in full stride; they wake like people brought back from cardiac arrest or from drowning: in media res *, surrounded by familiar people or objects, equipped with a hundred skills; they know the neighbourhood, they can read and write English; they are old hands at the commonplace mysteries, and yet they feel themselves to have just stepped off the boat, just converged with their bodies, just flown down from a trance, to lodge in an eerily familiar life already well under way.

I woke up in bits, like all children, piecemeal over the years. I discovered myself and the world, and then forgot them, and discovered them again. I woke at intervals, that is, until the intervals of waking tipped the scales, and I was more often awake than not. I noticed this process of waking, and guessed with terrifying logic that one of these years not far away I would be awake continuously and never slip back, and never be free of myself again.

Consciousness converges with the child as a landing tern* touches the outspread feet of its shadow on the sand: Precisely, toe hits toe. The tern folds its wings to sit; its shadow dips and spreads over the sands to meet and cup its breast.

Like any child, I slid into myself perfectly fitted, as the diver meets her reflection in the pool. Her fingertips on the water, her wrists slide up her arms. The diver wraps herself in her reflection wholly, sealing it at the toes, and wears it as she climbs rising from the pool, and ever after.

*Media res: a narrative which opens in the middle of a plot.

*Tern: a type of sea bird.

BY ANNIE DILLARD

Text 4 — Prose Extract

I don't like them, Icelanders. They feel so insular, tribal. I envy their strength, their asymptomatic bodies, the painful brightness of their eyes. They're born with pieces of their enormous island inside them and as adults they emanate an almost earthly force that seems to celebrate them and bring them closer together. I can put up with them one-on-one, but in groups I find them exhausting. Samsa is sociable and has made plenty of friends. Which is unsurprising. She has this ethereal gift for drawing to her own light the less gentle and less captivating light of other people, who then have the urge to touch her and feel as though they shine brighter. There isn't a week that goes by when we don't have to socialize. With friends she's made at work, yoga, the gym, the Spanish lessons she enrolled in so she can have something of mine, she said, as though by loaning each other our languages we were giving sustenance to one another. If I charged for every meal I cook on the weekends, I'd make a tidy living. The worst thing about these get-togethers, though, isn't the get-together itself—following the thread of the conversation, laughing at the right moment, nodding like a strange species of bird that's been set loose in an aviary full of wilder and more beautiful birds. No. The worst thing is the children. Icelanders are slaves to biology, breeders. They begin to have children when they're still in their teens—countless cubs, feral and blonde like their Viking ancestors. They form extensive clans and take their kids with them wherever they go, like marsupials. The whole country is set up for it. I'm not into kids. I find them annoying. They're unpredictable variables that come crashing into my coastal shelf with the gale force of their natural madness. They're craggy, out of control, scattered. They're drawn to me in the same way cats zero in on people who are allergic to them. Samsa welcomes these kids with cookies, their parents forget about them, and I make sure everyone stays lubricated, Glasses, bottle, ice. They're walls behind which I shelter, as if those extremely high-proof green and lilac liquors could keep them all on the far side of my world. I don't know why it doesn't work. Halfway through the meal the kids start climbing on me, getting food all over my jeans and begging me to pay attention to them, fuss over them, talk to them. The more I ignore them, the more they insist. Samsa looks at me and smiles. The fact that she's moved, the fact that she looks at me as a challenge and believes she can train me the way a farmer would train a wolf—it drives me up the wall.

BY EVA BALTASAR from the novel Boulder

Text 5 — Memoir extract

There are markings here, raised like welts. Read them. Read the hurt. Rewrite them. Rewrite the hurt.

That's why I am a writer. To avoid the narrow mesh of (my mother's) story I had to be able to tell my own. Part fact part fiction is what life is. And it is always a cover story. I wrote my way out.

There was a terraced house in Accrington, in Lancashire—we called those houses two up two down: two rooms downstairs, two rooms upstairs. Three of us lived together in that house for sixteen years. I told my version –faithful and invented, accurate and misremembered, shuffled in time. I told myself as a hero like any shipwreck story. It was a shipwreck and me thrown on the coastline of humankind, and finding it not altogether human, and rarely kind.

And I suppose the saddest thing for me, thinking about the cover version that is **Oranges*, is that I wrote a story that I could live with. The other one was too painful. I could not survive it.

There is a character in *Oranges* called Testifying Elsie who looks after little Jeanette and acts as a soft wall against the hut(ling) force of Mother.

I wrote her in because I couldn't bear to leave her out. I wrote her in because I really wished it had been that way. When you are a solitary child, you find an imaginary friend.

There was no Elsie. There was no one like Elsie. Things were much lonelier than that.

I spent most of my school years sitting on the railings outside the school gates in the breaks. I was not a popular or likeable child, too spiky, too angry, too intense, too odd. The churchgoing didn't encourage school friends, and school situations always pick out the misfit.

But even when I did make friends, I made sure it went wrong...

If someone liked me, I waited until she was off guard, and then I told her I didn't want to be her friend anymore. I watched the confusion and upset. The tears. Then I ran off, triumphantly in control, and very fast, the triumph and the control leaked away, and then I cried and cried, because I had put myself on the outside again, on the doorstep again, where I didn't want to be.

Adoption is outside. You act out what it feels like to be the one who doesn't belong. And you act it out by trying to do to others what has been done to you. It is impossible to believe that anyone loves you for yourself.

I never believed that my parents loved me. I tried to love them, but it didn't work. It has taken me a long time to learn how to –both the giving and the receiving. I have written about love obsessively, forensically and I know/ knew it as the highest value.

**Oranges are the Only Fruit* is Jeanette Winterson's first published work.

BY JEANETTE WINTERSON from Why be Happy when you can be Normal