



Sydney Girls High School

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Student Number

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 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
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Question 1 (6 marks)

Text 1 – Poem and Text 2 Prose fiction extract

Compare how the emotions arising from childhood memories are represented in Text 1 Poem and Text 2 Prose Fiction extract.

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[illegible][illegible]

Question 2 (5 marks)

Text 3 – Memoir extract

What literary devices does the writer employ to convey the experience of exclusion and inclusion?

This image shows a full page of white paper with horizontal dotted lines, typical of primary-ruled notebook 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 2 continues on page 5

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

[illegible]

Question 3 (5 marks)

Text 4 – Non-fiction extract

Evaluate the ways the writer challenges our perceptions for the value of authenticity?
(5 marks)

This image shows a full page of primary-ruled paper. It features approximately 20 horizontal rows, each defined by two parallel dotted lines. The paper is otherwise blank, with no margins, text, or other markings.

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

[illegible]

Question 4 (4 marks)

Text 5 – Illustration

What visual techniques are employed in order to give the responder a deeper understanding of the role of reading as a significant human experience?

[illegible]

Question 4 continues on page 9

[illegible]

– 9 –

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)

How has your study of different human experiences in *The Crucible* encouraged you to reconsider the importance of integrity.

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

The prescribed texts are listed on pages 12 and 13.

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



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English Advanced

Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

Stimulus Booklet

	Pages
Section I	
• Text 1 – Poem	2
• Text 2 – Prose fiction extract	3
• Text 3 – Memoir extract	4-5
• Text 4 – Nonfiction extract	6-7
• Text 5 – Illustration	8

Text 1 – Poem

Lost In The Forest...

Lost in the forest, I broke off a dark twig
and lifted its whisper to my thirsty lips:
maybe it was the voice of the rain crying,
a cracked bell, or a torn heart.

Something from far off it seemed
deep and secret to me, hidden by the earth,
a shout muffled by huge autumns,
by the moist half-open darkness of the leaves.

Wakening from the dreaming forest there, the hazel-sprig
sang under my tongue, its drifting fragrance
climbed up through my conscious mind

as if suddenly the roots I had left behind
cried out to me, the land I had lost with my childhood---
and I stopped, wounded by the wandering scent.

PABLO NERUDA

Text 2 – Prose fiction extract

She was four in her earliest memory, or maybe just turned five.

It was springtime so it must have been near her birthday. The cherry blossom tree was heavily flowered at the edge of the small front garden; it was itself the greater part of the memory. Or maybe it was her birthday, because someone was taking her photograph and she was standing beneath the cherry blossom tree with sunlight dancing green and pink across the grass, her grandmother on one side of her and her mother on the other side, each of them holding one of her hands, as though they might at any moment start to tug in their opposite directions and pull her clean apart.

But that violence must have attached itself to the memory afterwards. She surely hadn't thought of it at the time. What was clearest about the memory was their reflection in the long window at the front of the small house, how clear it was, the tartan of her mother's short skirt, the heavy grey of her grandmother's cardigan, the way they were linked to each other like a daisy chain. And the back of the man who was taking the photograph, long and white-shirted, his head bowed down towards the old-fashioned camera that he had held out from himself, low down below his stomach.

Why did she remember the image of his back so clearly and not his front, his face? Why had she fixated on their reflection and not their realness? It never happened anyway, her mother told her years later, who she asked who the man was who had taken the photo. I can guarantee you, she said, that no man stood out there on that lawn and took a photograph of you and your grandmother and me. Where is it so, if it really happened? The photograph. Did you ever see this famous photograph at your grandmother's house or here in this house or anywhere else for that matter?

She wondered why her mother was so adamant about the memory's falseness. She knew her mother was wrong, of course. It had really happened, almost exactly as she said, with just a few details up for argument, like whether or not it had been her birthday, and who the man was that her mother said never existed. It could have been one of her father's brothers, though neither of them had long backs, or some relative or other who had faded from their lives. It could have been a neighbour. It could, she supposed, have been a boyfriend of her mother's, though her mother denied ever entertaining a suitor, even for a moment. Her husband might have been gone from this world but he was and always would be her husband and that was all there was to it. The memory was real though. The cherry blossom blazing pink, the grass warm under her feet, her grandmother's hand, her mother's soft hand

THE QUEEN OF DIRT ISLAND
Donal Ryan

Text 3 – Memoir extract

My mum put me in an all-girls' choir the year I turned nine, and not a moment too soon.

As a girl slowly becoming a woman (even though it didn't feel slow at all), I attached much of my identity to the choir. Where I struggled to break into the friendship groups at primary school, an outsider on the playground, my extracurricular choral pursuit became a respite. The rules were clearly laid out, the hierarchy strict—I didn't need to play any callous games, I didn't even really need to talk to anyone if I didn't want to. The most important thing was to sing.

I fell hard. It all became intoxicating. From moving my mouth to form words and notes, to matching my vocals with poorly-executed dance moves, to responding to a conductor's cue to crescendo, to singing in front of a crowd. I felt so human, so alive.

After a couple of years of singing in this choir, I started to pick up on patterns of behaviour. Although the purpose of our practice was union and harmony, it transpired that certain members of the group were more prized than others.

They introduced a co-curricular program for girls who were selected to perform solos at our semi-annual concerts and the selection process was elusive. I was convinced that at some point I'd be handpicked and placed on the highest shelf alongside the golden girls, the chosen ones. I'd be fully assimilated into this particular girl culture, loved by my conductors, loved by my peers.

But I was not one of the golden girls, and I would never be.

It was time for me to adopt a new role, a new mask. I was an expert at playing characters, having grown up undiagnosed Autistic and an obsessive theatre kid. My experience had always been that whenever I consciously created a script in my mind to perform in social settings, I could get by without suffering from my inability to read social cues.

So, in the girls' choir, I became the 'choir jester'. During performances, I was as animated as a Disney/Pixar character. Sometimes, I pushed it too hard and end up looking like a sideshow clown. But even during those times, I was more secure within the group and within myself.

One particular time, the year I turned fourteen, the choir sang the gospel song 'Joyful, Joyful'. I stepped into my choir jester role and this particular time, I managed not to overplay it. At the end of the rehearsal, the conductor said: 'If you want "joyful", look at Phoebe.'

All the girls around me smiled at me. It reminded why I joined the choir in the first place. The validation of the audiences to whom I'd perform was neither here nor there, but the validation of my fellow choristers felt like a deep-pressure hug.

PHOEBE UPTON

The Harmony And Hierarchies of a Girls' Choir

Text 4 – Nonfiction extract

Now it seems to me that Authenticity may be the modern meta-virtue.

To say that something is authentic is to validate a deeply fundamental and worthwhile idea: this painting or product is what it says it is. Genuine, the real deal. And the real thing has infinitely more value than any fake or even worshipful copy. Authenticity in a human being is surely what makes us reliable and trustworthy. What could possibly be more important?

I am cautious here. For most of human history, any leader whose primary focus was on retaining their virtue was, in retrospect at least, considered to be self-indulgent. Other leaders have sacrificed their own ‘authentic’ principles to achieve what they saw as the greater good. They have chosen to corrupt their own souls rather than weaken the body politic. They’ve had to deny or even overcome their authentic selves. If they had put their personal authenticity first, would they have lived more meaningful lives? More importantly, would they have been better leaders?

Today of course a term of admiration for many leaders is that they are ‘relatable’. Do we really want to live in a democratic world so small-minded that our primary need of our leaders is that they are just like us? The cold truth is that when people in high positions today talk about authenticity, they are often referring to their ‘personal brand’. They spend a great deal of time bolstering their authenticity and avoiding any actions or statements that might conflict with their image. No matter what they might really think. Even if they have changed their mind or are grappling with a mental or moral caveat to a former certainty. What a horrible trap.

Man is a political animal, Aristotle pointed out in about 350 BCE. It is in our nature to live together, like bees in a hive, within a polis or organised community. That means we are by no means self-sufficient individuals. We are of no use to ourselves or anyone else if we cultivate our virtues in splendid isolation. The wellbeing of the group is a necessary precondition to all and any individual needs, ethics and choices. Given Aristotle’s world view, we should not be surprised that he does not say a word about behaving ‘authentically’. He thought the aim was to strike the ‘golden mean’, responding to our circumstances, at the right time, about the right things, for the right end, and in the right way. This he said is ‘proper to virtue.

Don’t we all play roles throughout our lives? Don’t we adjust our manner and our demeanour to fit with our lovers, our bosses, our friends, our grandparents, our neighbours, even the customer service person at the end of a long wait on the phone? To live in a community is to fit the self to circumstance, to offer the self that best matches the moment. We are all far more than one true thing. We are, I think, many true things jostling and colliding and jangling with each other. And the adaptations we make are by no means necessarily diminutions of authentic selfhood. As we respond to other people and to circumstances, as we discover more about ourselves, is it not the case that we grow and flourish, like flowers turning their faces to the changing movements of the sun?

In 2007 I wrote a short book about manners arguing that, despite their reputation as redundant conservators of old-fashioned privilege, these basic codes of behaviour were a simple way that we, as individuals in democracies, could respectfully encounter other individuals in the

civic space. Manners are of course fundamentally inauthentic. That is in fact their merit. They do not ask us to make the preservation of our own sacred authenticity the final standard of our social behaviour. On the contrary, we make these small concessions to preserve the dignity and integrity of very different individuals and to promote the smooth functioning of our communities.

And if none of this persuades you, remember this: the most awful people you know are probably entirely authentic.

LUCINDA HOLDFORTH

21ST Century Virtues: How they are failing our Democracy

Text 5 – Illustration



SHAUN TAN
Reading Group