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LINDISFARNE



ANGLICAN
GRAMMAR SCHOOL

English Advanced Trial HSC 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
- Extra writing paper is available

Total marks: 40

Section I – 20 marks (pages 2 - 7)

- Attempt Questions 1– 4
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section II – 20 marks (page 8)

- 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

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
-

Examine Texts 1, 2, 3 and 4 in the Stimulus Booklet carefully and then answer the questions below.

Question 1 (3 marks)

Use **Text 1** to answer this question.

How does the visual present ONE idea about human experience?

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Question 2 (4 marks)

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

Explain how the poet expresses contradicting experiences of life.

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Question 3 (6 marks)

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

Analyse how the writer uses a personal voice to capture the emotions arising from his experience. 6

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Section 1 continued on next page

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End of Section 1

Section II

20 marks

Attempt Question 5

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the question in a NEW 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
-

A good story does more than recount an experience. It exposes an individual's emotions.

Evaluate the validity of this statement.

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

LINDISFARNE



ANGLICAN
GRAMMAR SCHOOL

English Advanced

Trial HSC Paper 1 –Texts and Human Experiences

Stimulus Booklet for Section I *and* List of prescribed texts for Section II

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Section II	● List of prescribed texts	17–18

Section I

Text 1 — Visual



End of Text 1

Text 2 — Poem

North Light by John Tranter

He looks around his son's room: the bed
unmade, the globe of the world with an
imaginary voyage plotted in blue ink,
the clutter of books and plastic toys,
a life gathering its tackle together and
pushing forward. He stares at the backyard
and the thick bushes growing upwards.
The only movement is the glitter of leaves,
and the washing his wife hung out,
before she went to work, flapping
in its circus. Something you can't see
holds it all together. What is it? Last
spring they painted the house: amateurs,
but doing the job as best they could, then
they laid bricks in a pattern in the yard –
what is it, that makes the pattern hold?
That party where they squabbled, the dinner
where old friends got drunk and happy...

He sits at the kitchen table, half-dressed,
drinking a glass of orange juice,
and wonders about the complex adhesive
that holds it all together. Once, long ago,
he'd been divorced: a sad, frightened drunk
living in a rented room.

When the washing's dry
he'll gather it up, in armfuls, and bring it in.
He turns on some music. The house has a
northerly aspect; it is full of light.

End of Text 2

Text 3 — Blog

Blog by John Lee Taggart

New Zealand ~ Matamata– 2016 / Middle Earth ~ Hobbiton – 2016

If you are a person who is deserving of friends and life in general then you probably love *The Lord of the Rings*. If you don't, then you are likely the person at parties who people try to avoid.

Thankfully I am not one of these people. In fact, I am entirely enchanted by the world of *LOTR*...it certainly seems a lot better than the real world, a place jam-packed with subway maps, timetables, and mortgage payment plans. I mean why would a person want to live in an apartment building when they could live in a Hobbit hole? Why would you fly with Easy Jet when you could ride on a Great Eagle? Why would...well the list goes on; and every question is as necessary as it is ridiculous. Call it market research or perhaps just fan-boy admiration but I had to go and look at Tolkien's world for myself.

And so, I headed to New Zealand to live out this little dream: AND WHEN I SAY LITTLE DREAM, I MEAN HUGE.

Once I'd arrived in Auckland I noticed straight away how polite and friendly people were; they would say things with a smile, would engage in humorous conversation with total strangers, and give help without any expectation of anything in return. Lovely. They were not however Hobbits...they weren't even elves for that matter, and this was most disappointing. They were just plain old men, who I had learned from the trifecta of books, films, and Top-Trumps cards, are the most susceptible to the ring's powers and not to be trusted. They make great burgers though, so that's one pretty decent bonus.

I decided to look further afield – and booked a day tour to Hobbiton; the land of Bilbo Baggins, The Green Dragon Pub, and the pitter-patter of countless hairy feet (hopefully).

Once I got there I was overcome with excitement, and so were the other members of the group – half of which confessed they had never seen or read *The Lord of the Rings*...this surprised me but I worked out rather quickly they must be under the hold of some sort of enchantment. Perhaps

born from magic, but more likely the effect of the wonderful luscious hills of New Zealand they had witnessed on the way over here. But that wasn't to be the end of the day's spectacles...

We spent the day winding through the pathways of Hobbiton, hearing amusing and surprising little factoids from the lovely tour guide:

"...the party scene took two days and they used a low percent alcohol ale so the cast wouldn't get as drunk..."

"...many of the supporting cast in Hobbiton were just the cast member's children, who were staying here anyway during the filming..."

"...there are actually no Hobbits. They are not real. John please, stop asking...wait...stop crying...please!"

Wasn't a huge fan of that last one. But after the extensive tour, and many, many photos to document the once in a lifetime experience...we retired to the Green Dragon Pub; the famous haunt of Frodo, Sam, Pippin and Merry. This was fortunate timing as the heavens had just begun to open, and soon the muddy pathways would become sludge – so off we scurried as fast as we could, all the way to the inviting warmth of the pub's wood fire. Here we were told that due to it being "Good Friday" they were not allowed to sell us the lovely amber ale and dark stout...what exactly was good about that totally escapes me, but it was with a sigh of relief that I then heard we would be given one for free. Technically they are not selling it, so perhaps that is okay. She didn't sound sure, but I couldn't have cared less and grabbed it before she changed her mind!

On the way back to the city I popped in my tunes (*The Lord of the Rings'* soundtrack as planned) and took pleasure in the beautiful scenery once more, which was now a fiery orange sky as the impending night battled with what was left of the day. It had been everything I had wanted, and more...and there was a joy to finally doing something which I had dreamed about for so long.

Actually, I say everything, but I would have certainly loved to see some Hobbits. So, it's more like "everything I had wanted, but less." Despite this it was absolutely spectacular, and if you ever get the chance, **GO!**

End of Text 3

Text 4 — Short Story Extract

From The Hall of Small Mammals by Thomas Pierce

The zoo, finally, was going to let the public see its baby Pippin Monkeys.

“I bet we won’t be able to get very close,” Val said. Like always, he had on his blue backpack, the one that contained what I understood to be his novel-in-progress, plus his supply of granola bars, arrowroot cookies, popcorn, and insulin injections. The water bottle clipped to the side of the backpack was metal and shiny in the cloudless afternoon heat. Val was my girlfriend’s twelve-year-old son, and I wanted him to like me.

We were at the back of a very long line that began near the Panda Plaza and wound all the way around the Elephant House. Nobody was very interested in the elephants or the pandas at the moment. Everyone was at the zoo for the baby Pippins. If just one of the three Pippin Monkeys survived to maturity, it would apparently be a major feat for the zoo, since no other institution had been able to keep its Pippins alive for very long in captivity. The creatures came from somewhere in South America. They were endangered and probably would go extinct soon. But before they did, Val wanted to see one up close: the gray fuzzy hair, the pink face, the giant empty black eyes. Val wanted to take a picture to show his friends.

“I can turn off the flash,” he said, messing with his camera phone. We had just passed a sign that banned all photography once we were inside the Hall of Small Mammals, where the Pippins were on display for one weekend only. “No one will notice,” he said.

“Just be covert about it,” I said, though I didn’t really approve. Generally, I don’t condone rule-breaking of any kind. I’ve always been this way. At the airport, when there’s a line roped off for the check-in counter, I will walk the entire maze, back and forth, even if I’m the only one there to see me do it. If my car barely protrudes into a non-parking zone, I will drive for miles in search of another spot.

Val tapped his sneaker on the asphalt, steaming from the earlier spray of the sprinklers. By this point we'd been waiting for almost an hour and had not even passed the Elephant House. I tugged my shirt off my sticky back to let in some air. Directly behind us in line, a man with a comb-over fished around in his neon green fanny pack and produced two Wetnaps, one for himself and one for his wife, a somber-looking woman in a zebra-print dress that I gathered she had picked out specifically for this excursion. I watched them unfold their antibacterial napkins with care and scrub every inch of their hands— palms, fingers, creases, wrinkles, even up past the wrists. Watching them groom was exhausting. All of this was exhausting.

I was ready to give up and go home, but ever since seeing the color photo of the Pippins in the magazine insert of the Saturday newspaper, Val had talked about little else. It would make him so happy, his mother had said. Val had studied up on Pippins and knew all there was to know about their tool-making intelligence and diet, about the destruction of their leafy forest home in wherever-it-was, about the mysterious malaise that overcame captive Pippins and made reproduction difficult and rare. Frankly, I didn't want to hear any more about the godforsaken Pippins.

"So," I said, trying not to sound bored, "tell me about your novel." Val looked up at me like I'd just asked him to squash the family hamster.

"First of all," he said, "it's not a novel. It's a screenplay."

"Oh," I said. "Sorry, I was under the impression it was a novel." I didn't tell him that his mother had more than once referred to it as Val's not-so-secret secret novel. "What's it about?"

The boy sighed. "Okay," he said. "So what do you know about sensory deprivation?"

I admitted that I knew very little about sensory deprivation.

"Well, you probably won't get it, then," he said, and writhed loose from his backpack straps. He took out a granola bar and his insulin kit and then handed me the pack like I

was his personal valet, which in a way I suppose I was. “I need to go do this now,” he said. “Don’t get out of line. I’ll be right back.”

I watched him waddle off toward the bathrooms taking big bites of the bar. Maybe it was his flat dry hair or his tube socks or his white hairless legs, but Val already had the look of a middle-age government employee. I saw nothing of his mother in him, so he must have resembled his father.

The couple behind me in line was getting impatient.

“This is ridiculous,” I heard the man say. “They have a responsibility to keep the line moving, don’t they? How much time do you need in there? One look and go.”

The woman examined her zoo map, did some calculations on it with a pen from her purse. “We started here and now we’re here,” she said. “That’s about two hundred feet. Divide by the time, and we’re moving at a rate of”—she scribbled—“three feet per minute.”

“And,” the man said, “so what?”

“That means we should be there in” - she scribbled some more - “seventy-two minutes. At this current rate, I mean.”

“Is that supposed to make me feel better?” the man asked.

I had to agree with the man. Seventy-two minutes was a lifetime. I checked my watch as we shuffled forward. The zoo would close its gates in two hours. I searched Val’s backpack for some hard candy. He had some peppermints and half a bag of peach lozenges, and I helped myself to a handful of those. I also couldn’t resist looking at his screenplay. I suppose that’s why, really, I’d opened the bag in the first place. Just to have a quick peek. I didn’t have to take out the pages to read them. Somehow that made it feel like less of a violation.

End of Text 4

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. (eds), *Contemporary Indigenous Plays*
 - Arthur Miller, *The Crucible*

- **Shakespeare**
 - William Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice*

Section II continues on page 18

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 & 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 Section II