



NSW Education Standards Authority

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Centre Number

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Student Number

**2020** HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION

# English Standard

## 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 at the back of this paper
- Write your Centre Number and Student Number at the top of this page and page 5

**Total marks:**  
**40****Section I – 20 marks** (pages 2–8)

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

**Section II – 20 marks** (pages 9–11)

- 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 3–7 of the Stimulus Booklet carefully and then answer the questions in the spaces provided. These spaces provide guidance for the expected length of response.

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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 (4 marks)

#### Text 1 — Feature article extract

Explain how *Look Alive* encourages us to view the world.

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**Question 2 (6 marks)****Text 2 — Prose fiction extract**

Analyse the ways in which both individual and community experiences are represented in the text.

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**Question 2 continues on page 4**



Question 2 (continued)

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**End of Question 2**



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**2020** HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION

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Centre Number

**English Standard**  
**Paper 1 – Texts and Human**  
**Experiences**

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Student Number

**Section I (continued)**

**Attempt Questions 3–4**

Answer the questions in the spaces provided. These spaces provide guidance for the expected length of response.

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**Please turn over**

Do NOT write in this area.

**Question 3 (5 marks)**

**Text 3 — Internet article and Text 4 — Illustration**

How do these texts use a variety of language forms and features to communicate ideas about being creative?

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**Question 3 continues on page 7**



Question 3 (continued)

A series of 21 horizontal dotted lines provided for writing the answer to Question 3.

**End of Question 3**





**Question 4 (5 marks)**

**Text 5 — Poem**

How does the poem explore the power of storytelling?

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## English Standard

### Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

#### 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 booklets are available.

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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
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#### **Question 5** (20 marks)

How effectively does your prescribed text tell stories to reveal both the personal and shared nature of human experiences?

The prescribed texts are listed on pages 10 and 11.

**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**
  - 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 11

Section II prescribed texts (continued)

- **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 paper**



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# English Standard

## Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

### Stimulus Booklet

	Pages
<b>Section I</b>	
• Text 1 – Feature article extract .....	3
• Text 2 – Prose fiction extract .....	4
• Text 3 – Internet article .....	5
• Text 4 – Illustration .....	5
• Text 5 – Poem .....	6–7

## Section I

### Text 1 — Feature article extract

## Look Alive

I WAS WALKING down the street the other day and I met a very small child. I was chatting with the child's parent – a friend of mine – who had stopped me as I dashed past, and we were doing the thing where we had to move our conversation off the footpath so other people could pass. I realised, after a while, that I had not yet properly engaged with the little girl, so I asked her a question, which she answered in that way children have sometimes when speaking to adults as if to say: *I will indulge your frankly dull question with an answer, but mostly I shall watch your face with a look of mild disdain.* I thought perhaps this would be the end of it but then she asked me something. 'Pardon?' I asked her and watched a slight look of irritation cross her face. 'I said,' she shouted up at me, 'are you on the way to somewhere?'

We are always but not really on our way to somewhere. Look back at any letter, email or message thread from a friend when you were updating them on your life and you will discover you were on your way somewhere but you were also exactly where you are now. Perhaps, then, the secret is to be watching, always, the things that you're seeing at the moment, enjoying them for what they are, rather than second-guessing what they might become. Small people (even the intense wizard I met in the street) are

very good at this. They run into a field and find hiding places, cubbies, swords and forts. They forget about time and place and social mores\*. So look around.

\* \* \*

Find the best thing and the worst thing and the thing you would find the hardest to explain to an alien ...

Find the best view.

Can't find a view? Tidy a desk. Wash a window. Rearrange a cutlery drawer ...

Sometimes, where you are right now isn't very nice at all. Sometimes it's hard and sad and confusing and frustrating. On those days: find a thing. Doesn't have to be a big thing. Doesn't even have to be a thing you care about, but there is always something. A person being nice to someone in a supermarket. A song that takes you somewhere else. A doughnut. A bath. Toast.

This is a Public Service Announcement: doesn't matter where you're going, or what happens next. There's always toast ... and a nice tidy desk.

LORIN CLARKE

\* mores

*customs of a society or community*

## Text 2 — Prose fiction extract

### The Movie People

When the movie people left, the town grew sad. An air of disaster lingered in the stunned streets ...

There was something shameful to it, like defeated virtue, and also something confidential, because people were so in need of consolation they turned to each other with all their private burdens of ecstasy and despair. There was at that time a run of extraordinary weather – as if the blank blue sky, the unshaded sun and the minor, pleasurable breeze had all been arranged by the movie people. The weather lasted for the duration of the filming and then began to turn, so that within a few weeks of the close of production, a stiff, mineral wind had swept television aerials from roofs and disorganised the fragile root systems of more recently imported shrubbery.

My main sense of this time is as a period of collective mourning in which the townspeople began to wear the clothes they had adopted as film extras and meet disconsolately on street corners to re-enact their past happiness. I didn't participate. I was happy the movie people had left. I was overjoyed, in fact, to see no more trucks in the streets, no more catering vans in the supermarket parking lot, no more microphones and boom lights standing in frail forests on corners or outside the town hall. The main street of town had been closed to traffic for the filming, and now the townspeople were reluctant to open it again. It's a broad street lined with trees and old fashioned gas lights (subtly electrified) and those slim, prudish, Victorian storefronts that huddle graciously together like people in church, and as I rode down the street on my scooter on those windy days after the movie people left, it struck me as looking more than ever like the picturesque period town, frozen in the nineteenth century, that brought the movie to us in the first place.

I rode my scooter to the disgust of women in crinolines\* with their hair braided and looped; men in waistcoats and top hats; citizens of some elderly republic that had been given an unexpected opportunity to sun itself in the wan\*\* light of the twenty-first century. I knew these people as butchers, plumbers, city commuters, waterers of thirsty lawns, walkers of imbecile dogs, washers of cars, postmen, and all the women who had ever taught me in school. They were so bereft\*\*\* that they stayed in the street all day. They eddied and flocked. Up the street, and then down again, as if they were following the same deep and certain instinct that drives herring through the North Sea. They consulted fob watches and pressed handkerchiefs to their sorrowful breasts. The wind blew out their hooped skirts and rolled the last of the plastic recycling bins down the street and out into the countryside, where they nestled lifelessly together in the scrub.

FIONA MCFARLANE

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\* crinolines      *long dresses with hoops in the skirts*  
\*\* wan            *pale, weak*  
\*\*\* bereft        *a feeling of loss*

Text 3 — Internet article

**From On Writing: authors reveal the secrets of their craft**

Ideas for things come into one's head, or bits of ideas; you feel there's something – there's some meat on the bone, there's something there that lures you on. The more you think about it the more you're led into this new world and the more of that world you see. And part of having an idea is having some notion of how you would tell the story ... and the idea for the way to tell the story helps you to see what the story is. The story suggests the means, the means suggests the story; it's mutually dependent. And you don't have very much choice in the matter. Ideas come, characters suggest themselves, and the nature of the story and the nature of the characters dictates how it's going to be done.

I suppose if people are not writers or painters or whatever they see the life of the artist as being one of great freedom, but it's not really; it's as constrained as anyone else's by the material that's available. The thing seems to have some kind of reality in one's head; it seems to be something that one is discovering, rather than inventing. I see that as a kind of psychological trick on oneself, because the whole point about fiction is that it's invention. It doesn't really seem like it at the time – it seems as if you are slowly discovering something that already exists and seeing how the different parts of it relate to each other.

MICHAEL FRAYN

Text 4 — Illustration



Illustration by JULIE PASCHKIS

**Text 5 — Poem**

**It Begins with Darkness**

People file into the room, find their seats,  
fill up the air with chatter. The stage  
is bare except for a leather couch  
and a lamp on a chrome and bakelite\* stand.  
It's meant to be an old factory converted  
to an apartment – exposed pipes, a ceiling  
fit for a cathedral, polished oak floorboards.  
A man dressed in black makes an announcement  
about mobile phones. The lights go down.  
I don't know what I'm doing here,  
I just know that this is theatre, my son an actor.

I hear his voice before I see him. It's as loud  
as the wind swatting at a loose sheet of corrugated iron  
on the chook shed. When he comes on stage  
he swears five times in the first minute,  
all in the presence of a lady. I've a good mind  
to go down and slap him about the face,  
except that I'm sitting right in the middle of the row  
and it wouldn't be easy getting past all those knees.  
Then I remember that he's pretending  
to be someone else, that this is his job now.  
Soon everyone is laughing – they're smiling  
and nodding and taking in every move my son makes.

**Text 5 continues on page 7**



Text 5 (continued)

I've never been to a play before. It's not  
boilermaking, not the flying sparks from an arc welder\*\*,  
not the precision required for a submarine hull,  
nor the relief of taking off your helmet,  
gloves and apron and enjoying the coolness  
of a harbour breeze as you eat your lunch  
but it is, I guess, a different kind of trade.  
I watch more and it all happens before my eyes  
and I can see that he loves this lady,  
everyone can see it and I want to say, 'Son,  
what are you afraid of?' I want to reach out  
and lift him up as I did when he was two  
years old, riding a supermarket trolley  
and screaming as if he'd just discovered  
the power of his lungs. But I can't touch him now  
or even talk to him and I have this feeling  
that it will turn out badly, like the week you have  
the numbers in Lotto, but forget to buy the ticket.

The stage is dark again and he's not swearing now  
and the lady's really pleased to see him  
and she burns this scrap of paper and it flares up,  
bright and yellow in the darkness  
and the flame flickers across his forehead  
and I glimpse in my son's face the unmistakable  
features of my father who is ten years dead.  
Although the three of us won't ever meet again,  
I'm sure Dad would have loved this – a story  
that takes a whole evening in the telling  
and a small fire that leaps and glows  
and transfixes us, for as long as it burns.

ANDY KISSANE

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\* bakelite      *an early form of plastic used to make electrical equipment*  
\*\* arc welder      *arc welding is a process that is used to join metal to metal*

**End of Text 5**