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Centre Number

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Student Number

NSW Education Standards Authority

2024 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 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 1–5
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section II – 20 marks (pages 9–11)

- Attempt Question 6
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

20 marks

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

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

Text 1 – Nonfiction extract

[illegible]

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Text 2 — Nonfiction extract

[illegible][illegible]

L

[illegible]

Question 4 (3 marks)

Text 5 — Poem

Analyse how Wilson represents the relationship between discomfort and joy.

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

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Question 5 (5 marks)

Text 6 — Prose fiction extract

Assess how Diaz's use of language illuminates the dynamics within the Brevoort family.

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 is no handwriting or other markings on the paper.

If you need additional space to answer this question use the lines on page 8.

[illegible]

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English Advanced

Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

Section II

20 marks

Attempt Question 6

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the question in the Section II 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
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Question 6 (20 marks)

In what ways has the study of your prescribed text given you insights into the complex relationship between human qualities, motivations and actions?

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

The prescribed texts are listed on pages 10–11.

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

Section II prescribed texts continue 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

Text 1 — Nonfiction extract

SMELL IS ONE OF THE LAST REALMS where virtual reality still feels deeply virtual. Recently, I found myself at a theme park riding a VR roller coaster that felt breath-stealingly real. It wasn't just that falling felt like falling and turning felt like turning; I even felt the mist on my face as I flew through ocean spray.

But that water did not *smell* like the ocean. It smelled like this room deodorizer I'd used in high school called "Spring Rain." "Spring Rain" didn't actually smell like spring rain any more than it smelled like the ocean, but the scent did somehow communicate moisture, so I can understand why it had been repurposed as ocean-y. Still, nobody who has ever smelled the salty din of a cresting wave could possibly mistake it for the scent being pumped into that VR experience, and the smell of "Spring Rain" wrenched my mind from its state of joyfully suspended disbelief. Suddenly, I was not on a flying tour of a heaving ocean but instead stuck inside a dark room with a bunch of strangers ...

But I think there's something else at play with smells that try to mimic nature, which is that nothing in the real world ever smells quite like we imagine it should. Actual spring rain, for instance, seems like it ought to smell at once moist and crisp, like the artificial scent does. But in fact, springtime rain smells earthy and acidic.

Humans, meanwhile, smell like the exhalations of the bacteria that colonize us, a fact we go to extraordinary lengths to conceal, not only via soap and perfume, but also in how we collectively imagine the human scent. If you had an artificial intelligence read every novel ever written and then, based on those stories, guess the human odor, the AI would be spectacularly wrong. In our stories, people smell like vanilla, lavender, and sandalwood. The AI would presume we all smell not like the slowly decaying organic matter we are, but instead like newly mown grass and orange blossoms.

JOHN GREEN
The Anthropocene Reviewed

Part 2 — Nonfiction extract

The very first measurement, like the first word or first melody, is lost to time: impossible to localise and difficult even to imagine. Yet it was a hugely significant act: another addition to that nest of primeval^[1] consciousness that grew in the brains of our ancestors hundreds of thousands of years ago, and that would eventually set us apart from the other animals of the plain. For measurement, like speech and play, is the cornerstone of cognition^[2]. It encourages us to pay attention to the boundaries of the world, to notice where the line ends and the scales tip. It requires that we compare one portion of reality to another and describe the differences, creating a scaffold for knowledge ... If we could not measure, then we could not observe the world around us; could not experiment and learn. Measurement allows us to record the past and by doing so uncover patterns that help predict the future. And finally, it is a tool of social cohesion and control, letting us coordinate individual effort into something greater than the sum of its parts. Measurement has not only made the world we live in, it has made us too.

I first began to realise the importance of measurement when writing about the redefinition of the kilogram as a journalist in 2018. I had travelled to Paris for the assignment, and there interviewed scientists who had been working on the project for decades as part of the International Bureau of Weights and Measures, the organisation that oversees the metric system. They explained how, since the eighteenth century, the kilogram had been defined as the weight of a particular lump of metal: an actual physical artefact, kept under lock and key in an underground vault in France. Every weight in the world (even the non-metric ones) could be traced back to this single standard, to *the* kilogram ...

The existence of this hidden world was a revelation. I felt like I had opened the door of my flat one morning only to step out on to the surface of an alien planet, surrounded suddenly by strange trees and the cries of unfamiliar animals. The idea that something as fundamental and commonplace as a unit of measurement was even capable of change was thrilling, and the more I learned, the more questions I had. Why is a kilogram a kilogram, anyway? Why an inch an inch? Who first decided these values and who maintains them now?

As I followed these breadcrumbs, I began to understand what an intellectual feast measurement truly is, what a banquet of historical, scientific, and sociological wonder.

JAMES VINCENT
Beyond Measure

^[1] primeval

ancient

^[2] cognition

the mental processing of information

Text 3 — Prose fiction extract

At times these days I think of the way the sun would set on the farmland around our small house in the autumn. A view of the horizon, the whole entire circle of it, if you turned, the sun setting behind you, the sky in front becoming pink and soft, then slightly blue again, as though it could not stop going on in its beauty, then the land closest to the setting sun would get dark, almost black against the orange line of horizon, but if you turn around, the land is still available to the eye with such softness, the few trees, the quiet field of cover crops already turned, and the sky lingering, lingering, then finally dark. As though the soul can be quiet for those moments.

All life amazes me.

ELIZABETH STROUT
My Name is Lucy Barton

Text 4 — Photograph



Text 5 — Poem

Lockley's Pylon^[1]

Running
hunched over and wet
between thunder claps and lightning
—on my path,
emerging out of mist
symmetric blooms
on hectic zig zag branches,
burnt black and
hung with crystal-beaded spider webs.
Yawning above,
great waves
of half-swallowed sandstone
pull at me—
beside the track
fresh Isopogon anemonifolia^[2]
like small yellow fireworks
whorling^[3] outwards,
minute opalescent^[4] pearls podded inside
the unfurling fronds of ferns.
Soaked with rain
scared,
stumbling and breathless
for one moment
I am immeasurably happy.

FAYE WILSON

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- | | |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| ^[1] Lockley's Pylon | <i>name of a bush walking track</i> |
| ^[2] Isopogon anemonifolia | <i>small yellow-flowered shrub</i> |
| ^[3] whorling | <i>spiralling movement</i> |
| ^[4] opalescent | <i>milky brightness</i> |

Text 6 — Prose fiction extract

They were an old [local] family whose fortune had not kept up with their name. It had taken three generations of failed politicians and novelists to reduce them to a state of dignified precariousness. Their house on Pearl Street, one of the first built in the city, was the very embodiment of that dignity, and Leopold and Catherine Brevoort's existence revolved, to a large extent, around its upkeep. By the time Helen was born, they had closed down the upper floors to make sure they could give the lower ones, where they entertained, their full attention ... If their gatherings were so successful, it was because they achieved a rare balance between lightness (Catherine had a knack for making others feel like gifted conversationalists) and gravitas^[1] (Leopold was widely acknowledged as one of the local intellectual and moral authorities).

[Mr Brevoort had penned] two volumes on political philosophy. Embittered by the perfect silence that met his work, he turned to his young daughter and took her schooling in his hands. Since Helen's birth, Mr Brevoort had been too preoccupied with his failing affairs to pay any serious attention to her, but now that he had decided to take charge of her education, he delighted in every facet of her personality. At age five, she was already an avid reader, and her father was surprised to find in her a precocious interlocutor^[2]. They went for long walks alone along the [river], sometimes well into the night, discussing the natural phenomena around them—tadpoles and constellations, falling leaves and the winds carrying them, the moon's halo and the stag's antlers. Leopold had never experienced this sort of joy.

He found all the available schoolbooks insufficient, questioning both their content and pedagogical^[3] approach. Therefore, when he was not teaching or tending to the social obligations his wife always seemed to create for him, Mr Brevoort was busy writing manuals and composing workbooks for his daughter. They contained instructive games, riddles, and puzzles that Helen enjoyed and almost invariably solved. Along with science, literature was featured prominently in their education program ... With the aid of obsolete dictionaries, they attempted the translation of tales and fables from Scandinavia, ancient Rome, and Greece. Encouraged by the utterly absurd result of their efforts (Mrs Brevoort often had to break into their little study to ask them to stop laughing "like horses" when she was entertaining), they started a collection of fabricated, outrageous myths. The first two or three years of Helen's studies under her father's tutelage^[4] would remain the happiest in her life, and even if, in time, the details and contours of these memories faded, the general feeling of excitement and plenitude^[5] remained as bright and vivid as ever in her mind.

HERNAN DIAZ
Trust

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- | | |
|------------------|--------------------------|
| [1] gravitas | <i>seriousness</i> |
| [2] interlocutor | <i>conversationalist</i> |
| [3] pedagogical | <i>educational</i> |
| [4] tutelage | <i>instruction</i> |
| [5] plenitude | <i>abundance</i> |