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Centre Number

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Student Number

NSW Education Standards Authority

**2021** 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 1–5
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

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

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

## Section I

**20 marks**

**Attempt Questions 1–5**

**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 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 the ways in which the writer represents Karlie Noon's unique experience.

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**If you need additional space to answer this question use the lines on page 4.**



**Question 2 (6 marks)**

**Text 2 — Prose fiction extract**

Analyse how the writer represents a childhood memory.

A series of horizontal dotted lines provided for writing the answer.

**Question 2 continues on page 4**



Question 2 (continued)

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**End of Question 2**

**If you need additional space to answer Question 1 or Question 2 use the lines below.**

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Do NOT write in this area.

**Question 3** (3 marks)

**Text 3 — Nonfiction extract**

Explain how Daniel Gray uses language to invite the reader to share his experiences.

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

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**Question 4 (3 marks)**

**Text 4 — Poem**

How effectively does the use of imagery convey a human experience?

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

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**Question 5 (4 marks)**

**Text 5 — Prose fiction extract**

How does Ocean Vuong represent the relationship between the characters?

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**If you need additional space to answer Question 5 use the lines below.**

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## English Standard

### 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.

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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 6 (20 marks)**

Analyse how your prescribed text represents the ways individuals respond to the challenges they face.

In your response, make reference to your prescribed text.

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 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**



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# English Standard

## Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

### Stimulus Booklet

	Page
<b>Section I</b>	
• Text 1 – Feature article extract .....	2
• Text 2 – Prose fiction extract .....	3
• Text 3 – Nonfiction extract .....	4
• Text 4 – Poem .....	5
• Text 5 – Prose fiction extract .....	6

## Text 1 — Feature article extract

### Aboriginal astrophysicist proves anyone can aim for the stars

For Karlie Noon, the sky tells a story.

When the Gamilaraay woman looks at the moon, she sees more than just a bright orb. A surrounding halo hints that a storm is coming. The halo's size bears clues about the movements of the clouds. If the stars are hidden, rain is imminent.

She has gleaned this knowledge from a combination of traditional Aboriginal stories passed down by her elders, and a decade of scientific study.

“Observing the stars, observing the sky, observing the land – these are things that my ancestors have been doing forever,” Ms Noon said.

The 30-year-old was the first Aboriginal woman to complete a dual degree in maths and physics, before furthering her studies in astronomy and astrophysics.

She has just been named the Sydney Observatory's first astronomy ambassador. “It's honestly a girl's dream job,” Ms Noon said.

Such achievements were once unimaginable for Ms Noon, who grew up in social housing near Tamworth and dropped out of school in year 8.

As a child, she had never enjoyed school. No one in her family had finished high school and education wasn't considered that important.

When she left school Ms Noon began weekly tutoring lessons with an Aboriginal elder, during which she was surprised to rekindle her innate love of maths.

“I was able to disconnect learning from school and see them as separate things,” she said.

By the following year, she was doing maths at a year 12 level. With some convincing, after a few years at TAFE, she returned to school in year 10 and never looked back.

Ms Noon was drawn to astronomy due to its better, but still imperfect, gender balance and because it presented an opportunity to explore the scientific knowledge embedded within Indigenous culture and traditions.

She sees her role at the Sydney Observatory as a platform to share her love of space and science with a wider audience. But she also wants people to know that if a tattooed, proud Aboriginal woman has defied the odds to excel in a scientific field, anyone can do it.

ELLA ARCHIBALD-BINGE

## Text 2 — Prose fiction extract

A brilliant summer's day up the coast.

Fresh eyes scoped the entirety of the ocean. Home to one too many a beach memory. Nine-year-old me yearned for that salty tang of the sea breeze. I watched as my younger brother David clambered out of the car. We did most things together. Wearing colourful bathers, we raced to an empty shade-cloth area as Mum yelled, 'Quick! Before we lose it!' as a line of cars pulled up a distance away. We anchored ourselves in cool sand and waited for Mum and Dad to come.

Fiddling with broken sticks, a crab scuttled past. A teeny one. Its home inches away from my feet. Curiosity got the best of me, I moved closer. David straightened up.

'Where're you goin'?'

'Nowhere!' I said.

I shuffled closer to the hole, hoping to hide the entrance from him. David had a thing for crawling things. Lizards, insects, little mice ... if it had four or more legs, David found it like hens to grain.

The crashing of waves along the rocky coastline shifted my train of thought. Not far from where we were situated were the Blowholes: a mysterious spot where danger and beauty are one and the same. As if she had read my mind, Mum announces we're off for a walk over there. I always enjoyed the spectacle of it. The big *whooshing* of the water as it rushed up from below, as if some supernatural force was behind it. The build-up of sticky tension from the anticipation of something magnificent about to unfold, followed by the explosion of a million insignificant splashes. This was something that was witnessed from a distance.

As we made our way cautiously over to the cliff's edge, I sensed my brother's hesitance. His face was a mixture of stifled fear and pure excitement.

'Are we *reeeally* gonna go right up?' David says.

'Yeah, we are.' I say back. 'Even better! Let's see who can stay right up at the edge for the longest!!'

Having known seven-year-old David, the opportunity was a given. The phrase *Wouldn't miss it for the world* in capital letters could've been a flashing neon sign on his forehead at that given moment. And we were off.

Rumbling from deep below, the feeling of promised unease filled us from the toes up. The feeling was similar to the monster underneath your bed – the unknown consuming you much more than the risk of physical harm. We both stood side by side like dolls in the shopfront, out for display ... The air shifted, and a niggling thought crossed my mind. As I looked down, there was no water.

I could see a teeny crab, wedged between two crevices. It was so similar to the one back on the beach.

I should've known better than to stand that close ... It was too close.

NANCY MURRAY  
Extract from *Coast*

### Text 3 — Nonfiction extract

New books find their way to us via a number of routes. Most obvious is bricks-and-mortar store browsing. There we are, in a shop, reading the back cover, brushing fingers over embossed titles, handling and patting, appreciating the book as an object. We can tickle spines and open up to brush pages, and – if no one’s looking – devour their smell. If everything chimes then the book is placed in a wrestler’s headlock, claimed as a joey kangaroo in its mother’s pouch. Chances are that it will soon have siblings – our eyes are bigger than our bedside tables.

Or perhaps a new book may be fostered from a library or foisted\* upon you by a friend who insists you will appreciate it. On the way home, blurbs are again consumed, and other furnishings idly absorbed – the review quote and the About the Author, the writer dedication and the font declaration.

Then there is that saintly thud of an online order plummeting from the letterbox, or the luscious scrape of cardboard on floor as, on returning home, you push the front door against the package. To buy online leaves you blind in comparison with bookshop scrutiny, but the gamble is surely worth the prize of feverishly setting about unwrapping the parcel. We are Charlie Bucket unwrapping a Wonka Bar, and there is a golden-ticket feeling every time.

By whichever route a book finds us, in our hands we now hold, we hope, a future escape.

DANIEL GRAY

Extract from *Scribbles in the Margin*

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\* foisted      *imposed*

Text 4 — Poem

**For B, at Plaza Blanca, New Mexico\*,  
having known each other three days.**

*Here, you said, this is a piece of quartz.  
Take it, and close your hand around it.*

The rock was heavy for something so small. Its rough  
edges pressed my outline, changed my shape in a small way.

I turned it over. I closed my hand around it.  
The rock made me think of difficult work

like lowering yourself into a bath. The quartz made me think  
of the enormous past, a vast plateau, on which the present moment holds still—

full and complete. I looked around. We were wrapped in the loose embrace  
of the ground, and the bare trees, and the low-slung clouds. The rock

is ancient. The white formations of *Plaza Blanca* are ancient, as sleep is ancient—  
and our young lives are winks in a deep night, wrinkles

on a long green sea. The sea is more alien than the moon to that white place. You  
smiled. You smiled as if to say *we are two odd birds, aren't we?*

I unclosed my hand  
and the quartz bloomed there—

CHARLOTTE GUEST

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\* Plaza Blanca, New Mexico    *'Plaza Blanca' translates from the Spanish as 'the white place'.  
It is a region that is famous for large white limestone formations.*

Text 5 — Prose fiction extract

With Lan, one of my tasks was to take a pair of tweezers and pluck, one by one, the grey hairs from her head. “The snow in my hair,” she explained, “it makes my head itch. Will you pluck my itchy hairs, Little Dog? The snow is rooting into me.” She slid a pair of tweezers between my fingers, “Make Grandma young today, okay?” she said real quiet, grinning.

For this work I was paid in stories. After positioning her head under the window’s light, I would kneel on a pillow behind her, the tweezers ready in my grip. She would start to talk, her tone dropping an octave, drifting deep into a narrative. Mostly, as was her way, she rambled, the tales cycling one after another. They spiraled out from her mind only to return the next week with the same introduction: “Now this one, Little Dog, this one will really take you out. You ready? Are you even interested in what I’m saying? Good. Because I never lie.” A familiar story would follow, punctuated with the same dramatic pauses and inflections during moments of suspense or crucial turns. I’d mouth along with the sentences, as if watching a film for the umpteenth time—a movie made by Lan’s words and animated by my imagination. In this way, we collaborated.

As I plucked, the blank walls around us did not so much fill with fantastical landscapes as open into them, the plaster disintegrating to reveal the past behind it. Scenes from the war, mythologies of manlike monkeys, of ancient ghost catchers from the hills of Da Lat\* who were paid in jugs of rice wine, who traveled through villages with packs of wild dogs and spells written on palm leaves to dispel evil spirits.

OCEAN VUONG

Extract from *On Earth We’re Briefly Gorgeous*

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\* Da Lat      *a city in Vietnam*