



NSW Education Standards Authority

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Centre Number

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Student Number

2022 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 9–13)

- Attempt ONE question from Questions 6(a)–6(n)
- 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 2–7 of the Stimulus Booklet carefully and then answer the questions in the spaces provided. These spaces provide guidance for the expected length of response.

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 (3 marks)

Text 1 — Poem

In what ways does Azzam celebrate togetherness?

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

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Question 3 (4 marks)

Text 3 — Feature article extract

Explain how Gemmell explores the paradoxes of human behaviour in this extract.

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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 — Memoir extract

Analyse how Saramago conveys the value of memory in this extract.

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

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English Advanced

Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

Section II

20 marks

Attempt ONE question from Questions 6(a)–6(n)

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
-

Question 6 (a) — Prose Fiction – Anthony Doerr, *All the Light We Cannot See*
(20 marks)

How does Doerr represent the emotions arising from human experiences through the features of prose fiction?

In your response, make reference to the prescribed text.

OR

Question 6 (b) — Prose Fiction – Amanda Lohrey, *Vertigo* (20 marks)

How does Lohrey represent the emotions arising from human experiences through the features of prose fiction?

In your response, make reference to the prescribed text.

OR

Question 6 (c) — Prose Fiction – George Orwell, *Nineteen Eighty-Four* (20 marks)

How does Orwell represent the emotions arising from human experiences through the features of prose fiction?

In your response, make reference to the prescribed text.

OR

Question 6 (d) — Prose Fiction – Favel Parrett, *Past the Shallows* (20 marks)

How does Parrett represent the emotions arising from human experiences through the features of prose fiction?

In your response, make reference to the prescribed text.

OR

Question 6 (e) — Poetry – Rosemary Dobson, *Rosemary Dobson Collected* (20 marks)

How does Dobson represent the emotions arising from human experiences through the features of poetry?

In your response, make reference to the prescribed text.

The prescribed poems are:

- * *Young Girl at a Window*
- * *Over the Hill*
- * *Summer's End*
- * *The Conversation*
- * *Cock Crow*
- * *Amy Caroline*
- * *Canberra Morning*

OR

Question 6 (f) — Poetry – Kenneth Slessor, *Selected Poems* (20 marks)

How does Slessor represent the emotions arising from human experiences through the features of poetry?

In your response, make reference to the prescribed text.

The prescribed poems are:

- * *Wild Grapes*
- * *Gulliver*
- * *Out of Time*
- * *Vesper-Song of the Reverend Samuel Marsden*
- * *William Street*
- * *Beach Burial*

OR

Question 6 (g) — Drama – Jane Harrison, *Rainbow's End*, from Vivienne Cleven et al., *Contemporary Indigenous Plays* (20 marks)

How does Harrison represent the emotions arising from human experiences through the features of drama?

In your response, make reference to the prescribed text.

OR

Question 6 (h) — Drama – Arthur Miller, *The Crucible* (20 marks)

How does Miller represent the emotions arising from human experiences through the features of drama?

In your response, make reference to the prescribed text.

OR

Question 6 (i) — Shakespeare Drama – William Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice* (20 marks)

How does Shakespeare represent the emotions arising from human experiences through the features of drama?

In your response, make reference to the prescribed text.

OR

Question 6 (j) — Nonfiction – Tim Winton, *The Boy Behind the Curtain* (20 marks)

How does Winton represent the emotions arising from human experiences through the features of nonfiction?

In your response, make reference to the prescribed text.

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*

OR

Question 6 (k) — Nonfiction – Malala Yousafzai and Christina Lamb, *I am Malala* (20 marks)

How do Yousafzai and Lamb represent the emotions arising from human experiences through the features of nonfiction?

In your response, make reference to the prescribed text.

OR

Question 6 (l) — Film – Stephen Daldry, *Billy Elliot* (20 marks)

How does Daldry represent the emotions arising from human experiences through the features of film?

In your response, make reference to the prescribed text.

OR

Question 6 (m) — Media – Ivan O’Mahoney, *Go Back to Where You Came From*
(20 marks)

How does O’Mahoney represent the emotions arising from human experiences through the features of media?

In your response, make reference to the prescribed text.

The prescribed episodes are:

- * *Series 1: Episodes 1, 2 and 3*
- and
- * *The Response*

OR

Question 6 (n) — Media – Lucy Walker, *Waste Land* (20 marks)

How does Walker represent the emotions arising from human experiences through the features of media?

In your response, make reference to the prescribed text.

End of paper



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2022 HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION

English Advanced

Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

Stimulus Booklet

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Nine Spice Mix

First they tango on my tongue,
nimble couples careening*,
then together
form an Arab-style line dance
stepping, stomping, swaying.

West Indies allspice dazzles,
berries tangling with cinnamon sticks,
while cloves, Indonesian natives,
lead with a spirited solidarity solo.

Coriander seeds offer greetings in Hindi
as others toast comrades in languages
beyond borders and blockades.

Lifting up sisterhood, sun-wizened nutmeg
starts a sibling dance with mace.
Cumin demurs**, then surprises
with subtle exultation***.

Queen of spices cardamom,
host of the party, gives a nod to flavors
in hiding: lemony, sweet, warm,
fragrant, nutty, pungent, hot.

Encouraged, feisty black peppercorns
shimmy center stage, organizing
the unique union of nine
for a vivacious global salute.

ZEINA AZZAM

* careening	<i>moving quickly and uncontrollably</i>
** demurs	<i>hesitates</i>
*** exultation	<i>feeling of great joy</i>

Text 2 — Prose fiction extract

I was in a long, dark, wood-panelled corridor lined with bookshelves that reached from the richly carpeted floor to the vaulted ceiling. The carpet was elegantly patterned and the ceiling was decorated with rich mouldings that depicted scenes from the classics, each cornice supporting the marble bust of an author. High above me, spaced at regular intervals, were finely decorated circular apertures through which light gained entry and reflected off the polished wood, reinforcing the serious mood of the library. Running down the centre of the corridor was a long row of reading tables, each with a green-shaded brass lamp. The library appeared endless; in both directions the corridor vanished into darkness with no definable end. But this wasn't important. Describing the library would be like going to see a Turner* and commenting on the frame. On all the walls, end after end, shelf after shelf, were *books*. Hundreds, thousands, millions of books. Hardbacks, paperbacks, leather-bound volumes, uncorrected proofs, handwritten manuscripts, *everything*. I stepped closer and rested my fingertips lightly on the pristine volumes. They felt warm to the touch, so I leaned closer and pressed my ear to the spines. I could hear a distant hum, the rumble of machinery, people talking, traffic, seagulls, laughter, waves on rocks, wind in the winter branches of trees, distant thunder, heavy rain, children playing, a blacksmith's hammer – a million sounds all happening together. And then, in a revelatory moment, the clouds slid back from my mind and a crystal-clear understanding of the very nature of books shone upon me. They weren't just collections of words arranged neatly on a page to give the *impression* of reality – each of these volumes *was* reality. The similarity of these books to the copies I had read back home was no more than the similarity a photograph has to its subject – these books were *alive*!

JASPER FFORDE
Lost in a Good Book

* Turner *a famous painter*

A line in the snow

ANTARCTICA'S PRESERVATION HAS BEEN A GLORIOUS FEAT – LET'S KEEP THE CONTINENT THIS WAY

At the end of our world there's a wonderland that has an innocence to it, a purity, that feels fragile and spiritual. This extraordinary region is relatively untouched. It's a region that demonstrates humanity at its best; for that pesky, rapacious* species known as human has actually left this place largely alone except in the noble, light-touch pursuit of scientific inquiry. This gentleman's agreement is honourable and altruistic** – astonishingly so, in this day and age – and has been respected for 60-odd years. But how much longer can this arrangement be preserved?

I'm talking about Antarctica, of course. The vast continent that's a barometer of human goodness. It shows us that wealthy nations can act with consensus and without greed and selfishness when it comes to valuable land and its resources; it's actually possible. Because, well, humans. What are they, exactly? An entity looking at us from elsewhere would be hard-pressed to come to any other conclusion: we are killers. Plunderers, predators, polluters. The alpha species of a planet we've done untold damage to and continue to destroy for our own selfish appetites.

But the marvellous ice-helmeted land at the end of this Earth arrests this image. It is the continent upon which no human lives permanently; just a handful come and go for the good of science. I visited Antarctica

on a trip resupplying Australia's research bases and it felt as if we were intruders in this wonderland. The scientists treated it as an honour to be working with the singular wildlife.

The animals that greeted us seemed fearless and open and curious because they had no knowledge of what we do; of how dangerous humans are. Animals such as a baby seal with its umbilical cord still attached, snap frozen to its belly, who stared at us with deep, soft brown eyes clear with curiosity and trust. Snow petrels circled our ship, calling and dipping and soaring like angels. Penguins fanned away on the ice, waddling like fast metronomes; on land they peered with voracious curiosity, inching forward, movingly trusting. (We would crawl on our stomachs to observe the wildlife, out of respect, because the animals had never known anything taller than them.)

... Antarctica's preservation in its pristine condition has been a glorious feat of global generosity. It shows that the strange, self-interested species known as human can actually be selfless and bold; it demonstrates the best of our instincts. Let's keep the continent this way – as a tuning fork for how we want to work with other vulnerably wild regions of our beautiful planet in the long term.

NIKKI GEMMELL
A line in the snow

* rapacious

aggressively greedy

** altruistic

unselfish

Text 4 — Memoir extract

The house where I was born no longer exists, not that it matters, because I have no memory of having lived in it. The other house, the impoverished dwelling of my maternal grandparents, Josefa and Jerónimo, has also disappeared beneath a mound of rubble, the house which, for ten or twelve years, was my true home, in the most intimate and profound sense of the word, the magical cocoon in which the metamorphoses* vital to both the child and the adolescent took place. That loss, however, has long since ceased to cause me any suffering because, thanks to the memory's reconstructive powers, I can, at any moment, rebuild its white walls, replant the olive tree that shaded the entrance, open and close the low front door and the gate to the vegetable garden where I once saw a small snake coiled and waiting, or I can go into the pigsties and watch the piglets suckling, enter the kitchen and pour from the jug into the chipped mug the water which, for the thousandth time, will quench that summer's thirst. Then I say to my grandmother: 'Grandma, I'm going for a walk.' And she says: 'Off you go, then', but she doesn't warn me to be careful, no, in those days, grown-ups had more confidence in the children they brought up.

JOSÉ SARAMAGO
Small Memories

* metamorphoses *transformations*

Text 5 — Nonfiction extract

This is my favourite Sydney story. For a few decades, in the middle of last century, a hospital on the north shore sent each mother of a newborn home with a jacaranda seedling. And so when the valleys on either side of the city's train lines flare violet in October and November, each bright burst represents the beginning of a life. I was born in the old Crown Street Hospital in Surry Hills, long since demolished, so I will not leave my own living ghost behind me, a cloud of bright mauve light.

Unlike Kyoto with its cherry blossom, there is no official aesthetic tradition of jacaranda viewing here. But I cannot be the only person to divert my car up past the long run of trees on Oxford Street to enjoy the way they bloom against the colonial sandstone wall of the barracks, or to look forward to the weeks when their glowing corridors rain purple on to the streets of Elizabeth Bay. There is an uncanny moment, which lasts only for a day or two, when the purple on the trees and the fallen flowers reaches equilibrium, and the trees appear, quite eerily, to cast their own reflections on the ground.

Japan's flowers are a delicate reminder of the transience of feelings, of life's bittersweetness. Our traditions are more robust. At Sydney University the blossoming of the bare tree in the quadrangle – like the cherry, the jacaranda flowers before it leafs – is a sign to lazy students that it is too late to study for their end-of-year exams. In my childhood, they were planted foolishly, or perhaps sadistically, beside public swimming pools, to the peril of the bare-footed, since the fallen flowers are home to drunken bees. They are often planted next to Illawarra flame trees, marking the streets of our suburbs with companion bursts of violent red and purple. Their unnerving fluorescence and feral vigour, for they are also able to seed themselves in bush and gardens, makes them less filled with gentle longing than Japan's blossom. They invoke something closer to a hallucinatory yearning. Their colours appear unreal, as if you have suddenly developed the ability to see ultraviolet. But there is more to this uncanny feeling. They are an introduced species, from Central America and Brazil, whose purity of colour does not really fit the dappled tones of our nature.

And so it shouldn't surprise us to hear that the same stories are told in Brisbane, of a hospital sending mothers of newborns home with jacaranda seedlings, of a tree flowering in the university quadrangle a week before exams. These plants are so lovely that we can scarcely call them our own. While I always mourn them, it is almost a relief, a month before Christmas, when their ferny leaves crowd through, and the flowers brown and rot upon the ground.

DELIA FALCONER
Sydney

Text 6 — Photograph



CLANCY PAINE
Dust Storm Daisy