



NSW Education Standards Authority

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Centre Number

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Student Number

2022 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: Section I – 20 marks (pages 2–8)

40

- 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

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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.

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
-

Question 1 (4 marks)

Text 1 — Prose fiction extract

Analyse how Arudpragasam creates a sense of freedom in this extract.

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

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Do NOT write in this area.

Question 3 (3 marks)

Text 3 — Poem

In what ways does Azzam celebrate togetherness?

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

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Question 5 (4 marks)

Text 5 — 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 5 use the lines below.

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English Standard

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) — 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 Standard

Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

Stimulus Booklet

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| • Text 3 – Poem | 4 |
| • Text 4 – Prose fiction extract | 5 |
| • Text 5 – Feature article extract | 6 |

Text 1 — Prose fiction extract

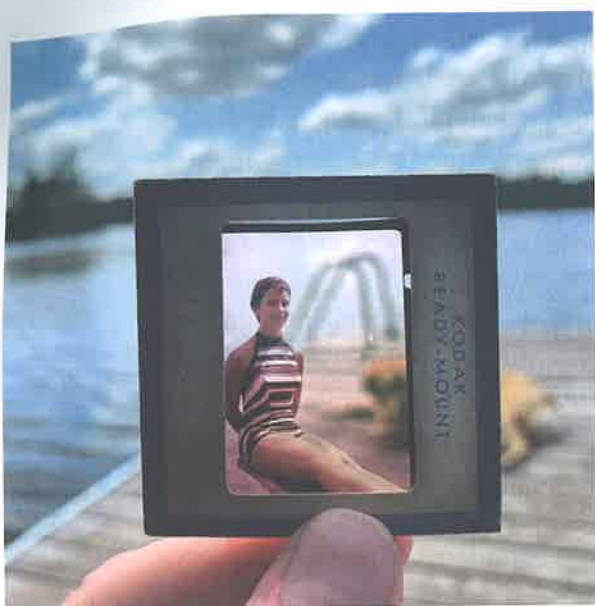
Travelling by train was different, for even if there were occasional delays and breakdowns there was never any traffic on train rides, no effort or strain required as you were borne smoothly and inexorably* toward your goal. Looking out at the silhouettes of the city passing by in the darkness, Krishnan thought of all the hours he'd spent on trains during his time in India, when he was on holiday from university and had the chance to leave Delhi, to see other parts of that vast, seemingly endless country. He'd spent most of those journeys sitting or lying on his seat or berth, reading, listening to music, or simply looking out at the small, unpeopled rural stations, the hot wind rushing into the carriage through the open doors and windows, allowing him to breathe in the air of the places they passed and absorb their smells, as if he were in some kind of communion with these small towns and villages as they flitted by. The constant movement of wind through the carriage would feel like a calling to him from outside, and leaving his seat he would go down every so often to the linking section between carriages, where standing in a corner he would look to make sure nobody was watching ... and pull open one of the heavy train doors, one hand tightly clasping the grip on the door frame so he didn't fall into the passing landscape ... The warm, fragrant air of the countryside buffeting his face, he would look out at the wide expanses of farmland, brush, and forest, at the plains that went by for sometimes hours at a stretch without stopping, and he felt, at such moments, something close to a sense of liberation, if not quite liberation then the sense of at least being on the verge of liberation.

ANUK ARUDPRAGASAM
A Passage North

* inexorably *in a way that is impossible to stop*

no memory is ever alone

new york photographer catherine panebianco
blurs the lines between past and present.



Hi Catherine! Tell us about your series, No Memory is Ever Alone. My dad has shown these slides every Christmas I can remember – the photos were taken from when he was 15 to about 25. He'll bring out the old projector and screen, we'll get the popcorn, and we'll gather around to watch the slideshow and hear the stories. It's a family tradition.

My series started in 2016. My mum had the slides out, organising things, and I was doing an Instagram project based on a word or phrase for the day. That day was 'from where I stand'. I saw a slide of my mum in a boat at Newboro Lake in Canada – where our family has gone each summer for years – and thought, maybe I can do something with this at Chautauqua Lake, where I

live now. I took it down there and tried hundreds of photos until I saw the backgrounds line up. I knew I had something and started trying other slides in my present environment. The past intertwined with the present.

What kinds of moments are featured in your dad's slides? They're everyday moments. He was just learning photography, so he took photos of his everyday life. I've placed his slides in my everyday life, too, to represent our day-to-day happenings: weddings, road trips, family and relationship moments. It's created a trail of memories, each of which has its own association for both of us . . .

Have you learnt anything while putting this project

together? I've learnt it's so important for families to take and keep photographs. If my dad hadn't done this 60 years ago, I wouldn't have had all these memories – or more importantly, a visual representation of our memories. I worry that people aren't printing photos of their family life. What will happen 50 years from now – will those memories from our iPhones and Instagram be there for future generations?

I also learnt that these photos are my family, but they're also every family. We all have traditions – they may look different, but we all have them. People often tell me the photos spark a memory from their own family, and that makes me really happy. It's important to remember that we're a lot more alike than we are different.

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 *moving quickly and uncontrollably*
** demurs *hesitates*
*** exultation *feeling of great joy*

Text 4 — 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*