



ABBOTSLEIGH

STUDENT NUMBER

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

2021 HSC TRIAL 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
- Attempt every question
- The Stimulus Booklet is separate to this paper
- Write your student number as indicated

Total marks: 40

Section I – 20 marks

Attempt questions 1 – 5

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section II – 20 marks

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 in 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 (3 marks)

Text 1 – Narrative comic extract

Explain how the image inspires the audience to transform negative experiences. **3**

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Section I continues on page 3

Question 2 (4 marks)

Text 2 – Poem

Discuss how the speaker's personal reflections of ordinary objects invite the reader to share in his appreciation of what is valuable in life. **4**

[illegible]

Section I continues on page 4

Question 3 (3 marks)

Text 3 – Prose fiction extract

How is setting painted in a vivid way to display the impact it has on the main character? **3**

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Section I continues on page 5

Question 4 (4 marks)

Text 4 – Discursive essay

Analyse how the metaphor of furniture explores the persona's changing attitude towards her experiences.

This image shows a full page of white paper with horizontal dashed lines, typical of primary-ruled notebook paper. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

Section I continues on pages 6 and 7

Question 5 (6 marks)

Text 4 AND Text 1, 2 OR 3 – Discursive essay AND narrative comic extract, poem OR prose fiction extract

“It’s an image. Of you. Of all of us. It stands steady. Ok, it’s got those nail holes all over the top. But they’re marks of experience.”

To what extent is this notion true of Text 4 **and** ONE other text, 1, 2 or 3? In your answer compare, and contrast, both texts.

6

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

[illegible]

End of Section I

SECTION II

20 marks

Attempt Question 6

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the question in the writing booklets. Write your student number at the top of each booklet used. 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 (20 marks)

Composers create powerful stories that enable us to understand and appreciate experiences that are different from our own.

Discuss this statement by referring closely to your prescribed text.

The prescribed texts are listed on pages 9-10.

Question 6 (continued)

The prescribed texts 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*

• **Nonfiction**

– Tim Winton, *The Boy Behind the Curtain*

- 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**

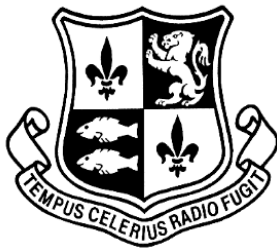
– Stephen Daldry, *Billy Elliot*

• **Media**

– Ivan O'Mahoney

- *Go Back to Where You Came From*
 - Series 1: Episodes 1, 2 and 3
 - and
- *The Response*
 - Lucy Walker, Waste Land

End of Section II



ABBOTSLEIGH

STUDENT NUMBER

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

2021 HSC TRIAL EXAMINATION

English Advanced

Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

STIMULUS BOOKLET

Section I

- **Text One** – Narrative comic extract.....p. 2
- **Text Two** – Poem.....p. 3
- **Text Three** – Prose fiction extract.....p. 4
- **Text Four** – Discursive essay.....p. 5

Text 1 – Narrative comic extract



GAVIN AUNG THAN
'Make Good Art' by Neil Gaiman
from *Zen Pencils*

Text Two – Poem

from 'The Great Lover'

These I have loved:

White plates and cups, clean-gleaming,
Ringed with blue lines; and feathery, faery dust;
Wet roofs, beneath the lamp-light; the strong crust
Of friendly bread; and many-tasting food;
Rainbows; and the blue bitter smoke of wood;
And radiant raindrops couching in cool flowers;
And flowers themselves, that sway through sunny hours,
Dreaming of moths that drink them under the moon;
Then, the cool kindliness of sheets, that soon
Smooth away trouble; and the rough male kiss
Of blankets; grainy wood; live hair that is
Shining and free; blue-massing clouds; the keen
Unpassioned beauty of a great machine;
The benison of hot water; furs to touch;
The good smell of old clothes; and other such—
The comfortable smell of friendly fingers,
Hair's fragrance, and the musty reek that lingers
About dead leaves and last year's ferns. . . .

O dear my loves, O faithless, once again
This one last gift I give: that after men
Shall know, and later lovers, far-removed,
Praise you, 'All these were lovely'; say, 'He loved.'

RUPERT BROOKE

Text Three – Prose fiction extract

from *The Blackboard Jungle*

(*The scene takes place in New York, 1955*)

The building presented a not unpleasant architectural scheme, the banks of wide windows reflecting golden sunlight, the browned weathered brick façade, the ivy clinging to the brick and framing the windows. His eyes passed over the turrets on each corner of the building, green-tiled in the sunlight. It was a nice-looking building, he thought.

He walked through the cyclone fence and into the empty yard stretching before him in endless concrete monotony. It was still hot for September, and the sun glared off the concrete except where the building cast a turreted black shadow near the entrance steps. He was a little nervous, but he knew that would pass once the interview started. He was always nervous before an interview. He would feel all bottled up until the first few words were spoken. Then the cork would be drawn, and all the nervousness would spill out, leaving only confidence that always lay just beneath the bottled surface of the nervousness.

He paused on the shadowed steps, partly to reassure himself of his confidence, and partly to look up at the chiselled letters in the triangular arch over the doorway.

NORTH MANUAL TRADES HIGH SCHOOL

Leave us gird our loins, he thought.

He sucked in a deep breath, the way a man on a diving board will just before taking the plunge, and he started up the steps. He pulled open the wooden door, surprised to find marble steps behind it. He started up the marble steps and saw the sign GENERAL OFFICE. Beneath the sign, in sprawling crayon, someone had scribbled the timeless epithet, and an industrious summer custodian had succeeded in partially scrubbing away every letter but the bold, black *F* of the first word. He smiled and followed the arrow beneath the sign into a cool, dim corridor. There was another sign with another arrow in the corridor, and he followed dutifully. The halls were freshly painted and spotlessly clean. He admired this with an air of proprietorship, almost as if he had already won the job. *A clean school is a good school*, he mused, and then he wondered in which education class he'd picked that up.

He made a sharp right-angle turn at the end of the corridor, following the instructions of another sign, and then walked rapidly to an open doorway through which sunlight streamed. A sign to the right of the doorway read: GENERAL OFFICE. They believe in signs here, by God, he thought. He expected to step into the room and find a desk with a sign reading, DESK, and a chair with another sign reading CHAIR. Mr Stanley would undoubtedly wear a cardboard placard strung around his neck, and the lettering on it would say MR STANLEY. He stood in the doorway, sighed impatiently, and stepped into the room.

EVAN HUNTER

Text Four – Discursive essay

Some Furniture

At the turn of the millennium I came home from Sydney with my tail between my legs. Single again.

Tenants were still living in my Fitzroy house, and the one I rented for myself in Ascot Vale was too narrow for the table I'd had trucked down the Hume. I offered it to my niece. She turned up with a bloke in a ute and away they went. I stood in the bare room.

What can happen at the kitchen table when you haven't even got one?

A woman on her own can easily get into the habit of standing at the open fridge door and dining on a cold boiled potato. I was determined to be elegant in my solitude. But for lack of a table I had to eat off my knee, on the couch. The available space in the kitchen would take only a round table, and every round one I saw, in the crap shops I drifted through at Highpoint, had a hole drilled in the centre for an umbrella.

It chanced that a schoolfriend of my daughter's was married to a woodworker. He came over, measured the spot, and returned in a couple of weeks with a perfect little creation in pale timber. It was so beautiful and so expensive that in my demoralised state I felt unworthy to sit at it. But I forced myself. I learnt to eat dainty salads off it, to nibble at fillets of fish steamed in ginger. This would be my single life.

A year later I took back my old house from the tenants. The kitchen was a large room. The little round table floated on its expanse of floor like an autumn leaf on a lake. How could something so lovely look so silly, so out of place? I rolled it into one of the bedrooms and drove down to one of the fashionable recycled timber shops on Johnston Street. There I found a rectangular dining table of a suitable size. Until I bought my tiny round one, now superseded, I wouldn't have paid four figures for a table in a fit. But the sign said it was made of jarrah that had been salvaged from a demolished warehouse. Its dimensions were pleasing. It had slightly tapered legs and a glossy top, on which I could imagine setting out white crockery, cloth napkins, perhaps a vase of flowers if anything pretty ever blossomed again in my garden. For a moment I was puzzled by certain dark nail punctures that randomly pitted its surface. All the furniture in the shop seemed to have them. Was this how recycled timber was supposed to look?

It looked all right in the kitchen. Its top gave off a warm, dark glow. One day, when I trudged in from work and dumped my red backpack on it, the two colours united in a fiery moment that made my mouth water.

In a junk shop I found a shabby but surprisingly comfortable old sofa in gold brocade that was bleached almost to silver. When it was delivered, I saw only its dated gentility; but then I tossed an equally ancient pink silk cushion on to it, and the pink and the faded gold sang to each other in quiet, tired voices. I saw that, living alone, one must play out one's domestic dramas through inanimate objects. Suddenly this did not seem so terrible.

But the man who had made me the little round table called in one afternoon. He stopped at the kitchen door and contemplated the recycled jarrah table without expression. The he clicked his tongue and said, in a reproachful tone, ‘Oh, *Helen*.’

I supposed it was the nail holes. He refrained from a detailed critique and I brazened it out. After he left I got down on my haunches and had a look at the table’s underside. I couldn’t believe what I saw. The thing was cobbled together in the most shamelessly bodgie way. Random offcuts of raw pine, still sprouting ragged splinters, had been crudely jammed into its corners and stapled to brace it. No attempt had been made to hide the gross construction.

A friend, whose house was notable for its quiet sophistication, came that week to visit me, bringing a bunch of flowers. She admired the table.

I said, ‘Have a look underneath.’

She crawled under it, crouched there for a moment, then scrambled out and took her seat.

‘Let’s drink to your table,’ she said.

‘Don’t tease me. I’ve been ripped off. I want revenge. I want a refund.’

‘Look at it this way,’ she said. ‘It’s stable isn’t it?’

It was.

‘Is it the size you wanted?’

Perfect size.

‘Fits the room?’

It did.

‘Think about it,’ she said. ‘It’s an image. Of you. Of all of us. It stands steady. It doesn’t wobble. Okay, it’s got those nail holes all over the top. But they’re marks of experience. And when you look underneath, you see it’s been pulled together out of whatever was to hand.’

After a moment’s silence, I decided to take her analysis in the spirit in which it was meant. I arranged her flowers in a suitable vase, we leaned our elbows on the dark gleaming surface, and took up once more, at the point where we had left it last time, our endlessly interesting, fruitful and entertaining conversation.

HELEN GARNER

End of texts for Section I