

ABBOTSLEIGH

STUDENT NUMBER

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2022 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
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Question 1 (4 marks)

Text 1 – Poem

How does the poet use language features to achieve his purpose?

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Section I continues on page 3

Question 2 (4 marks)

Text 2 – Memoir

Discuss how the reader is invited to appreciate Stuart Diver’s perspective on resilience. **4**

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Section I continues on page 4

Question 3 (3 marks)

Text 3 – Prose fiction

Explore how the extract represents the significance of this family sharing a meal together. **3**

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Section I continues on page 5

Question 4 (3 marks)

Text 4 – Non-fiction

How is contrast used to explore the human emotion of vulnerability?

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Section I continues on pages 6 and 7

Question 5 (6 marks)

Text 3 AND Text 1 OR Text 2 OR Text 4 – Prose Fiction AND Poem OR Memoir OR Non-fiction

Compare how the composers of Text 3 AND one other represent courage and strength. **6**

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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
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Question 6 (20 marks)

Texts are a passport to glimpse into other lives and experiences, opening our eyes and hearts to worlds beyond our front doors.

Discuss this statement with close reference 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**

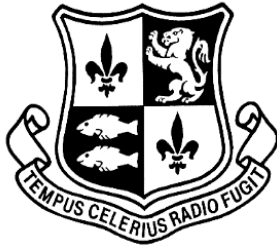
- Stephen Daldry, *Billy Elliot*

- **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



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2022 HSC TRIAL EXAMINATION

English Advanced

Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

STIMULUS BOOKLET

Section I

- **Text One** – Poem.....p. 2
- **Text Two** – Memoirp. 3
- **Text Three** – Prose fictionp. 5
- **Text Four** – Non-fiction.....p. 6

Text 1 – Poem

‘This Skin That Carry My Worth’

This skin that carry my worth, May be darker than
You like.

We don’t all look alike,
We vary from high yellow, to jet black.
Our lips are thick and full, nose flat and wide
The women’s hips are nice and round,
And they sway from side to side.

Our tragic past has only made us strong
What was meant to break us, now impales us, like a
break,
It shows us, the past so that we can gleam, the future.

By standing on the shoulder of men and women of our
past!

With skin that may be darker than you like.
Their blood that forged through their tragic past.
With hope they gleam today and tomorrow.

So when you look at me.
This skin that may be darker than you like.
Has been to hell and back.
Yet we stand tall with our heads up and shoulders back.

This skin that carry my worth,
Was not my choice it was my birth.
This Skin That Carry My Worth.

EARL MILLS

Text 2 – Memoir

A New Normal

Why do some people seem to recover better than others?

Few people have had their attitude to life tested as sharply as Stuart Diver, one of the most famous disaster survivors in Australia. In 1997, he was the only person to be pulled alive from a massive landslide at Thredbo in the Snowy Mountains. 18 people, including his wife Sally, died when two ski lodges were destroyed. Stuart spent 65 hours underground, on the brink of death himself, until his rescue. The experience was so harrowing that it's tempting to once again embrace magical thinking and assume that Thredbo must have fulfilled Stuart's lifetime allotment of suffering. Sadly, life had another breathtaking twist in store. In 2015, Stuart's second wife, Rosanna, died from breast cancer, leaving him alone with their four-year-old daughter Alessia.

'I know people think this,' Stuart tells me when we meet, 'they haven't said it right to me, but they think, Who's going to sign up to be the third Mrs Diver? I think the same. God, this next person who comes along, they have to deal with all this.'

Stuart is 47, a strikingly good-looking man with wavy grey hair, a trim physique, and a tanned face that suggests a lot of time spent outdoors. He puts on the jug when I arrive at his cottage in Thredbo and we share tea in his living room. Alessia is outside playing with her cousin but every inch of the house shouts her presence – toys, sneakers, drawings, and other little-girl tchotchkes are scattered everywhere.

When you read just now that Stuart Diver had lost two wives, did you for a split second think of some variation, He must be jinxed? If so, that's your brain humming away involuntarily, trying to impose cause and effect. It's also yet another example of the way the mind misleads. Stuart Diver is not jinxed, although he has undoubtedly been unlucky. Stuart lost one wife in an incredibly rare, freak event, something for which nobody could possibly blame Stuart Diver himself. Once the landslide was in his past and he remarried, his odds of becoming a widower reset. Unfortunately, Stuart then had the misfortune to lose his second wife to something comparatively common, breast cancer. For women aged 45-54, breast cancer is the number one killer, annually claiming one life in 4066 in Australia. It was unusual for Stuart Diver to lose his first wife in a landslide but it was sadly ordinary to lose his second to cancer.

Stuart has had years of extensive professional counselling to retrain his brain so that he can replace the thought of how helpless he has felt. He has learned to substitute memories of Sally's last moments [in Thredbo] with thoughts of wonderful times from their lives together – a great trip, a fun birthday, some other special occasion. In the corner of his living room is a bicycle that he rides every night, and he likens keeping his mental health on track to keeping physically fit. It's hard. It requires practice and it takes discipline.

When I first contemplated approaching Stuart for this book, I was reluctant because I knew he had endured 20 years of unsought fame and that he had recently lost Rosanna. When he got in touch and we talked, he reassured me that there was nothing I could ask him that would cause

him any further grief, that he had done a huge amount of work to come terms with what had happened to him.

‘You’ve had two very big whacks in your life and I’m sure plenty of small ones too. Do you think resilience is a finite pool?’

‘No, I think you bounce back,’ Stuart says. ‘I feel more resilient than I ever have. But, the bit that worries me emotionally, if you look at my life, is how much more love do I have to give? Is *that* a finite resource? I did think that maybe I wouldn’t have another relationship because maybe I’m done.’ Stuart sounds so weary when he says this that I’m in fear of choking up. ‘But there are rewards you get from that emotional involvement with someone going through that. And also from my emotional involvement now with Alessia, the love we have for each other. So I actually think the pool, the reserves are endless.’

As if on cue, I hear the front door open and the most adorable six-year-old with wavy brown hair comes bounding in. Life has delivered some gigantic blows but it has also delivered some beautiful gifts. Stuart is acutely aware of this, and just before I close my notebook he displays some of his glass-half-full, resilient thinking that has kept him going. ‘My whole life has been unbelievable experiences, whether they’ve resulted in something fantastic or something tragic. I’ve led the most amazing life ever.’

LEIGH SALES

Text 3 – Prose fiction extract

From *There Was Still Love*

Ludek felt light-headed with the smell of schnitzels frying golden in the pan. God, Aunty Mana was a good cook. He tried to hide his delight when she cooked for them because it upset Babi. It was the one subject that caused trouble between them. Ludek left it alone. He never asked what was for dinner or who was going to cook. BUT GOD he loved it when Aunty Mana cooked. Even her vegetables tasted good. Even the carrots. Even the cabbage.

Babi said that Aunty Mana was only good because she had worked as a maid in London and she had been taught. ‘No one ever taught me how to cook,’ she said. ‘We had nothing. There wasn’t even anything *to* cook.’ Aunty Mana never responded when Babi said these things. She just watched her sister, her face serious, her mouth held still. Ludek sat down at the table and Uncle Bill poured him a small glass of beer. Babi gave them both a look, but Ludek picked it up and took a sip anyway. It was like something sour and rotten washing around his mouth. He screwed up his eyes and put the glass down. Everyone laughed. Babi gave him a glass of water and he drank it.

Aunty Mana put a schnitzel on his plate, some fried potato, and a big scoop of cucumber and cream salad. Ludek watched the cream flood the plate. That was the best thing – the taste of the cream salad mixed with the potato, the cream melting into the crispy schnitzel crumbs. It was all of his favourite foods on one plate and he could barely contain himself. The very second Uncle Bill began to eat, he inhaled his first mouthful.

Uncle Bill had a system. He ate everything evenly so that each different food on his plate disappeared at the same rate. This included whatever he was drinking. There was never more of one thing than another, and his last mouthful always included a bit of everything. Ludek had tried to copy this system a few times, but it was no good. What if you got full and you wasted your belly space eating cabbage? You might have to leave a dumpling behind, and someone else might eat it before you found room again. It was better to eat your favourite food first. All of it. Then your second favourite, and then the rest. Ludek ate his schnitzel first, all of it. The adults got two and he got one and there were no more left.

Ludek had no idea how Babi had gotten so much meat. She was trying her best to get everything for her sister, and the two of them stood in lines and shopped all day, chatting on and on all the while, and Ludek could not stand it if he had to go with them because everything took forever – every shop the same, every line the same – and even if he got a soft drink out of it or an ice-block, it was not worth it. They had run out of toilet paper, and it had been a three-day mission trekking around the streets to try and find some. They had to cut-up newspaper and Uncle Bill said it hurt his *arse*. He told Ludek it was like going back to ‘the bloody days of rationing.’ Ludek had no idea what that meant. Babi was embarrassed.

Uncle Bill slipped Ludek his last bit of schnitzel, and Ludek scoffed it down.

FAVEL PARRETT

Text 4 – Non-fiction
from *Atlas of the Heart*

Vulnerability is the emotion that we experience during times of uncertainty, risk, and emotional exposure. It first emerged in my dissertation research, and it has been validated by every study I've done since.

Through our research and training, we've asked tens of thousands of people to give us examples of vulnerability from their own lives. These are a few of the answers that directly pierce the emotion:

- Talking about my feelings
- Watching my child leave for college
- Giving and getting feedback
- Remembering that leaders don't have all the answers, but ask important questions
- Apologizing to a friend or colleague about how I spoke to them in a meeting
- Waiting for the doctor to call back
- Getting back up to bat after striking out

While these are uncomfortable and difficult experiences, there is no evidence that they are indicators of weakness. In fact, this is one of the biggest myths of vulnerability. We've found that across cultures, most of us were raised to believe that being vulnerable is being weak. This sets up an unresolvable tension for most of us, because we were also raised to be brave. There is no courage without vulnerability. Courage requires the willingness to lean into uncertainty, risk, and emotional exposure.

In a world where perfectionism, pleasing, and proving are used as armour to protect our egos and our feelings, it takes a lot of courage to show up and be all in when we can't control the outcome. It also takes discipline and self-awareness to understand what to share and with whom. Vulnerability is not oversharing, it's sharing with people who have earned the right to hear our stories and our experiences.

Vulnerability is not weakness; it's our greatest measure of **courage**.

BRENE BROWN

End of texts for Section I