

STUDENT NUMBER

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

ABBOTSLEIGH

2024 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 responses.

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 – Poem

How does the poet represent the joy of togetherness?

3

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Section I continues on page 3

Question 2 (4 marks)

Text 2 – Letter

Analyse how the father shares his personal experience of and advice about love.

4

This image shows a full page of white paper with horizontal dotted lines, typical of primary school writing 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 page 4

Question 3 (4 marks)

Text 3 – Non-fiction postscript

Explore how the speaker reflects on the importance of handling personal stories with care. **4**

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Section I continues on page 5

Question 4 (3 marks)

Text 4 – Prose fiction extract

Analyse how Harold's kindness challenges the collective attitudes in the brewery. **3**

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Section I continues on pages 6 and 7

Question 5 (6 marks)

Text 5 AND Text 1 OR 2 OR 3 OR 4 – Discursive article AND Poem OR Letter OR Non-fiction postscript OR Prose fiction extract

Compare how composers represent the way in which unique environments shape human behaviour.

In your response, make detailed reference to Text 5 **AND** Text 1 **OR** 2 **OR** 3 **OR** 4. **6**

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

Question 5 (continued)

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

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)

An exploration of the human experience offers new insights into the world.

Discuss how the composer of your prescribed text represents the statement above.

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**

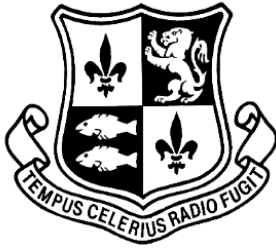
– Stephen Daldry, *Billy Elliot*

• **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

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

2024 HSC TRIAL EXAMINATION

English Advanced

Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

STIMULUS BOOKLET

Section I

- **Text One** – Poem.....p.2
- **Text Two** – Letter.....p.3
- **Text Three** – Non-fiction postscript.....p.4
- **Text Four** – Prose fiction extract.....p.5
- **Text Five** – Discursive article.....p.6

Text 1 – Poem

Descending the Extreme South Mountain

We come down the green-grey jade hill,
The mountain moon accompanies us home.
We turn and look back up the path:
Green, green, the sky; the horizontal, kingfisher-green line
of the hills is fading.
Holding each other's hands we reach the house in
the fields.
Little boys thrown open the gate of thorn branches,
The quiet path winds among dark bamboos,
Creepers, bright with new green, brush our garments.
Our words are happy, rest is in them.
Of an excellent flavour, the wine! We scatter the dregs of
it contentedly.
We sing songs for a long time; we chant them to the wind
in the pine-trees.
By the time the songs are finished, the stars in Heaven's
River are few.
I am tipsy. My friend is continuously merry.
In fact, we are so exhilarated that we both forget this
complicated machine, the world.

LI PO (701-762)

Translated by

Florence Ayscough and

Amy Lowell

Text 2 – Letter

Author John Steinbeck received a letter from his 14-year-old son, Thom from boarding school who told of Susan, a young girl he had fallen in love with. This is his father's reply.

November 10, 1958

Dear Thom:

We had your letter this morning. I will answer it from my point of view.

First – if you are in love - that's a good thing – that's about the best thing that can happen to anyone. Don't let anyone make it small or light to you.

Second – There are several kinds of love. One is a selfish, mean, grasping, egotistical thing which uses love for self-importance. This is the ugly and crippling kind. The other is an outpouring of everything good in you – of kindness and consideration and respect – not only the social respect of manners but the greater respect which is recognition of another person as unique and valuable. The first kind can make you sick and small and weak but the second can release in you strength, and courage and goodness and even wisdom you didn't know you had.

You say this is not puppy love. If you feel so deeply – of course it isn't puppy love.

But I don't think you were asking me what you feel. You know better than anyone. What you wanted me to help you with is what to do about it – and that I can tell you.

Glory in it for one thing and be very glad and grateful for it.

The object of love is the best and most beautiful. Try to live up to it.

If you love someone – there is no possible harm in saying so – only you must remember that some people are very shy and sometimes the saying must take the shyness into consideration.

Girls have a way of knowing or feeling what you feel, but they usually like to hear it also.

It sometimes happens that what you feel is not returned for one reason or another – but that does not make your feeling less valuable and good.

Lastly, I know your feeling because I have it and I'm glad you have it.

And don't worry about losing. If it is right, it happens – The main thing is not to hurry. Nothing good gets away.

Love,

Fa

JOHN STEINBECK

Text 3 – Non-fiction postscript from *The Tattooist of Auschwitz*

I'm in the lounge of the home of an elderly man. I don't know him well yet, but I've quickly come to know his dogs, Tootsie and Bam Bam – one the size of a pony and the other smaller than my cat. Thankfully I've won them over and right now they are asleep.

I look away for a moment. I must tell him.

'You do know I'm not Jewish?'

An hour has passed since we met. The elderly man in the chair opposite me gives an impatient but not unfriendly snort. He looks away, folds his fingers. His legs are crossed and the free foot raps a silent beat. His eyes look towards the window and the open space.

'Yes,' he says finally, turning to me with a smile. 'That's why I want you.'

I relax a little. Maybe I am in the right place after all.

'Do you know any Jews?'

I come up with one. 'I work with a girl named Bella. She's Jewish, I think.'

I expect disdain but instead receive enthusiasm. 'Good!' he says. 'You will have no preconceptions about what I tell you.' He pauses, as though searching for words. 'I don't want any personal baggage brought to my story.'

He sits back. 'How quickly can you write?' he asks.

I'm confused. 'Do you have to be somewhere soon?'

'Yes,' he says, his gaze again returning to the open window. 'I need to be with Gita.'

I never met Gita. It was her death, and Lale's need to join her, that pushed him to tell his story. He wanted it to be recorded so, in his words, 'It would never happen again.'

After that first meeting, I visited Lale two or three times a week. The story took three years to untangle. I had to earn his trust, and it took time before he was willing to embark on the deep self-scrutiny that parts of his story required. We had become friends – no, more than friends; our lives became entwined as he shed the burden of guilt he had carried for over 50 years, the fear that he and Gita might be seen as collaborators of the Nazis. Part of Lale's burden passed to me as I sat with him at his kitchen table, this dear man with trembling hands, his quivering voice, his eyes that still moistened 60 years after experiencing these most horrifying events in human history. It was spellbinding to sit with him. As the teller of Lale's story, it became important for me to identify how memory and history sometimes waltz in step to present a unique lesson in humanity.

HEATHER MORRIS

Text 4 – Prose fiction extract

The Unlikely Pilgrimage of Harold Fry

Contrary to David's predictions, Queenie Hennessy had not turned out to be a socialist, feminist or lesbian. She was a stout, plain-looking woman with no waist and a handbag tucked over her forearm. It was well known that Mr Napier considered women to be little more than ticking hormone bombs. So Queenie marked a new departure at the brewery, and one that Mr Napier would not have made, had anyone other than her applied for the job.

Her manner was quiet and unassuming. Harold over-heard a young chap saying, 'You forget she's a woman really.' Within a matter of days there were reports that she had brought an unprecedented order to the financial department. But this did not seem to stop the impersonations and laughter that now filled the corridors. Harold hoped she didn't hear. He watched her sometimes in the canteen with her sandwiches wrapped in greaseproof paper. She had a way of sitting with the young secretaries and listening, as if she, or they, were not there at all.

It was when he picked up his briefcase to go home one evening that Harold heard a snuffling sound from behind a cupboard door. He tried to walk past, but the noise didn't stop. He turned back. The sound had come again, more like a sob, and he had discovered a squat figure, pressed against the wall, with her back to him.

'I do beg your pardon,' Harold said.

'I'm sorry. I'm sorry.'

'It's me who should apologize.' Now Harold was standing half in the cupboard and half outside it, with a woman he didn't know crying into manila envelopes.

'I'm good at my job,' she said.

'Of course.'

'I've got a degree. I'm not stupid.'

'I know,' he said, although, of course, this was not strictly true; he knew almost nothing about her.

'Then why is Mr Napier always watching? As if he's waiting for me to make a mistake? Why must they all laugh?' Their boss was a mystery to Harold. He didn't know if the rumours were true but only the previous week, Mr Napier fired a secretary for touching his desk. 'I'm sure he thinks you are a very good accountant.' He held out his palm for her.

'Would you like to come out of the stationery cupboard now?'

RACHEL JOYCE

Text 5 – Discursive article

How the steady click of knitting needles and crochet hooks is bringing comfort, mindfulness and healing

Sarah Lulu Faith refuses to use conventional terms like sick or ill, when she is feeling unwell. She prefers the term “reduced fabulousness.”

When you meet her, as I did recently in Newcastle, you quickly understand – she wears a riot of colours with bright lipstick, has a big, open grin, and the air of someone with an innate capacity to see and emit joy.

When she was in her mid-60s she experienced “severely reduced fabulousness.” After decades working in welfare, she had been made redundant because of her health, in and out of hospital and then isolated in her home on the mid-north coast of NSW during the pandemic.

In response, she began to crochet, and found she gained a curious strength from it.

“The repetitive, mindful nature of working the stitches, watching the project grow, however haltingly, kept me largely sane. More than sane, it provided comfort, expression and soothed my bruised soul.” Faith decided her practice was even helping her breath stabilise. Due to a lung condition and brittle asthma, breathing can be a source of huge difficulty for Faith, but she became aware that her, “breathing regulated itself with the tempo of the crocheting,” which she describes as: “Magic. Really.”

Faith – who has reached the age she now broadly calls “Queenager” — started a “yarners group” for women to talk. And talk they do, about everything and nothing, from trauma to tea, while they knit or crochet.

Funny isn't it, how long we've adhered to the stereotype of knitters as doddery, sweet grandmothers, as though the activity itself was a sign of ageing, dismissed as useless frippery and distraction – not what it actually is, which is useful and mindful.

While breath experts and “wellness warriors” throng on social media, posing on yoga mats, in ice baths and on headlands, often charging small fortunes to tell people how to fill and empty their lungs, how to learn to be present and focused, the steady click of needles on the couches of Australia might serve as a reminder that knitters have been on to this stuff for a very long time.

JULIA BAIRD

End of texts for Section I