



Normanburst Boys High School
2020

Higher School Certificate
Trial Examination

English Advanced

Paper 1 – Area of Study

Texts and Human Experiences

Writing Booklet

General Instructions

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Working time – 1 hour and 30 minutes
- Write using black pen
- A Stimulus Booklet is provided with this paper

Total marks: 40

Section I – 20 marks (pages 1-7)

Attempt Questions 1 - 5

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section II – 20 marks (page 8)

Attempt Question 1

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Use a new writing booklet for this section

Section II

20 marks

Attempt Question 1

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the question in the Section II Writing Booklets.

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 1

(20 marks)

The collective human experience will always override the desires of the individual.

To what extent does your understanding of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* align with this statement?

In your response, refer to your prescribed text.

Use a new writing booklet for this section.

End of paper



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Stimulus Booklet for
Section I

Section I

Text 1 – Foreword (page 2)

Text 2 – Poem (page 3)

Text 3 – Fiction extract (page 4)

Text 4 – Feature Article (pages 5-6)

Text 1 – Foreword

Written in Farsi by a young Kurdish poet, Behrouz Boochani, in situations of prolonged duress, torment, and suffering, the very existence of this book is a miracle of courage and creative tenacity. It was written not on paper or a computer, but thumbed on a phone and smuggled out of Manus Island in the form of thousands of text messages.

We should recognise the extent of Behrouz Boochani's achievement by first acknowledging the difficulty of its creation, the near impossibility of its existence. Everything has been done by our government to dehumanize asylum seekers. Their names and their stories are kept from us. On Nauru and Manus Island, they live in a zoo of cruelty. Their lives are stripped of meaning.

These prisoners were all people who had been imprisoned without charge, without conviction, and without sentence. It is a particularly Kafkaesque* fate that frequently has the cruellest effect - destroying hope.

The one thing that his jailers could not destroy in Behrouz Boochani was his belief in words: their beauty, their necessity, their possibility, their liberating power.

And so, over the course of his imprisonment Behrouz Boochani began one of the more remarkable careers in Australian journalism: reporting about what was happening on Manus Island in the form of tweets, texts, phone videos, calls, and emails. In so doing he defied the Australian government which went to extreme lengths to prevent refugees' stories being told, constantly seeking to deny journalists access to Manus Island and Nauru.

His words came to be read around the world, to be heard across the oceans and over the shrill cries of legions of paid propagandist. With only the truth on his side and a phone in his hand, one imprisoned refugee alerted the world to Australia's great crime.

Reading this book is difficult for any Australian.

I was painfully reminded in his descriptions of the Australian officials' behaviour on Manus of my father's descriptions of the Japanese commanders' behaviour in POW camps where he and fellow POWs suffered so much.

What has become of us when it is we who now commit such crimes?

Someone must answer for these crimes. Because if they don't, the one certainty that history teaches us is that the injustice of Manus Island and Nauru will one day be repeated on a larger, grander, and infinitely more tragic scale in Australia.

This book, though, is something greater than just a *J'accuse*. It is a profound victory for a young poet who showed us all how much words still matter. Australia imprisoned his body, but his soul remained that of a free man. His words have now irrevocably become our words, and our history must henceforth account for his story.

RICHARD FLANNAGAN.

Extract from the foreword to: *No Friend But the Mountain* by Behrouz Boochani

*Kafkaesque - characteristic or reminiscent of the oppressive or nightmarish qualities of Franz Kafka's fictional world.

* *J'accuse* - French, literally "I accuse,"

Text 2 – Poem

The One Who Goes Away

*There are always, in each of us,
these two; the one who stays,
the one who goes away –*

Eleanor Wilner

But I am the one
who always goes away.

The first time was the most –
was the most
silent.

I did not speak,
did not answer
those who stood waving
with the soft noise
of saris flapping in the wind.

To help the journey
coconuts were flung
from Juhu beach
into the Arabian Sea –
but I saw beggars jump in
after those coconuts – a good catch
for dinner. And in the end
who gets the true luck
from those sacrificed coconuts?

I am the one
who always goes away.

Sometimes I'm asked if
I were searching for a place
that can keep my soul
from wandering
a place where I can stay
without wanting to leave.

Who knows.

Maybe the joy lies
In always being able to leave-

But I never left home.
I carried it away
with me-here in my darkness
in myself. If I go back, retrace my
steps

I will not find
that first home anywhere outside
in that mother-land place

We weren't allowed
to take much
but I managed to hide
my home behind my heart.

While the earth calls
and the hearth calls
come back, come back –

I am the one
who always goes away.

Because I must –

With my home intact
but always changing
so the windows don't match
the doors anymore – the colours
clash in the garden –
and the ocean lives in the bedroom.

I am the one
who always goes
away with my home
which can only stay inside
in my blood – my home which
does not fit
with any geography.

SUJATA BHATT

Text 3 – Fiction extract

Tademait, “desert of deserts,” is the deadest area of the Sahara. No sign of vegetation. Life all but extinct. The ground is covered with that black, shiny desert varnish the heat has pressed out of the stone.

The night bus. The only one between El Golea and In Salah, with a little luck, takes seven hours. You fight your way to a seat in competition with a dozen or so soldiers in crude army boots who have learned their queuing technique in the close-combat school of the Algerian army in Sidi-bel-Abbes. Anyone carrying under one arm the core of European thought stored on an old fashioned computer is obviously handicapped.

At the turnoff toward Timmimoun, hot potato soup and bread are served through a hole in the wall. Then the shattered asphalt comes to an end and the bus continues through the roadless desert.

It is pure rodeo. The bus behaves like a young bronco. With windows rattling and springs screeching, it rocks, stamps and leaps forward, and every jolt is transmitted to the stack of swaying building blocks that are my spinal disks. When it is no longer possible to sit, I hang on to the roof rack or squat down.

This is what I had feared. This is what I have longed for.

The night is fantastic beneath the moon. Hour after hour, the white desert pours past: stone and sand, stone and gravel, gravel and sand – all gleaming like snow. Hour after hour. Nothing happens until a signal suddenly flares up in the darkness as a sign for one of the passengers to stop the bus, get off, and start walking, straight out into the desert.

The sound of his footsteps disappears into the sand. He himself disappears. We also disappear into the white darkness.

I get off in In Salah.

The moon is no longer shining. The bus takes its light with it and vanishes. The darkness all around me is compact.

It was outside In Salah that the Scottish explorer Alexander Gordon Laing was attacked and robbed. He had five sabre cuts on the crown of his head and three on the left temple. One on his left cheekbone fractured his jawbone and divided his ear.

“Fear always remains,” says Conrad*. “A man may destroy everything within himself, love, hate and belief, and even doubt, but as long as he clings to life, he cannot destroy fear.”

Why do I travel so much when I am so terribly frightened of traveling?

Perhaps in fear we seek an increased perception of life, a more potent form of existence? I am frightened, therefore I exist. The more frightened I am, the more I exist?

There is only one hotel in In Salah, which has nothing to offer except a small, dark, icy room in which the heating devices have ceased to function. I tape my map up on the wall and consider the distances. It is 170 miles to the nearest oasis in the west, Reggane. It is 240 miles of desert road to the nearest oasis in the north, El Golea. It is 600 miles to the nearest sea, the Mediterranean, and 800 miles to the nearest river, the Niger.

Every time I see the distances surrounding me, every time I realise that here, at the zero point of the desert, is where I am, a stab of delight goes through my body. That is why I stay.

SVEN LINDQVIST

Extract from *Exterminate All The Brutes*

*Conrad- Joseph – Author of the novella *Heart of Darkness*

Text 4 – Feature Article

The Art of Immersion: Why Do We Tell Stories?

What is it about stories, anyway?

Anthropologists tell us that storytelling is central to human existence. That it's common to every known culture. That it involves a symbiotic exchange between teller and listener – an exchange we learn to negotiate in infancy.

Just as the brain detects patterns in the visual forms of nature – a face, a figure, a flower – and in sound, so too it detects patterns in information. Stories are recognizable patterns, and in those patterns we find meaning. We use stories to make sense of our world and to share that understanding with others. They are the signal within the noise.

So powerful is our impulse to detect story patterns that we see them even when they're not there.

In a landmark 1944 study, 34 people were shown a short film and asked what was happening in it. The film showed two triangles and a circle moving across a two-dimensional surface. The only other object onscreen was a stationary rectangle, partially open on one side.

Only one of the test subjects saw this scene for what it was: geometric shapes moving across a plane. Everyone else came up with elaborate narratives to explain what the movements were about. Typically, the participants viewed the triangles as two men fighting and the circle as a woman trying to escape the bigger, bullying triangle. Instead of registering inanimate shapes, they imagined humans with vivid inner lives. The circle was "worried." The circle and the little triangle were "innocent young things." The big triangle was "blinded by rage and frustration."

But if stories themselves are universal, the way we tell them changes with the technology at hand. Every new medium has given rise to a new form of narrative. The invention of the printing press around 1450 led to the emergence of periodicals and the novel. The invention of the motion picture camera around 1890 set off an era of feverish experimentation that led to the development of feature films by 1910. Television, invented around 1925, gave rise a quarter-century later to the highly stylized form of comedy that became known as the sitcom.

As each of these media achieved production and distribution on an industrial scale, we saw the emergence of 20th-century mass media: newspapers, magazines, movies, music, TV. And with that, there was no role left for the consumer except to consume.

Then, came the internet, a medium that can be text, or audio or video, or all of the above. It's nonlinear, thanks to the world wide web and the revolutionary convention of hyperlinking. It's inherently participatory – not just interactive, in the sense that it responds to your commands, but an instigator constantly encouraging you to comment, to contribute, to join in.

And it is immersive – meaning that you can use it to drill down as deeply as you like about anything you want to know about.

Due to the influence of the net, a new type of narrative is emerging, one that's told through many media at once in a way that's nonlinear, participatory and above all, immersive. This is "deep media": stories that take you deeper than an hour-long TV drama or a two-hour movie or a 30-second spot will permit.

"An artistic movement, albeit an organic and as-yet-unstated one, is forming," David Shields writes in *Reality Hunger: A Manifesto*, a book whose truth to its time is underscored by the gleeful way it samples from other sources. "What are its key components?" Shields names several: randomness, spontaneity and emotional urgency; reader/viewer participation and involvement; anthropological autobiography; a thirst for

authenticity coupled with a love of artifice; "a blurring (to the point of invisibility) of any distinction between fiction and nonfiction: the lure and blur of the real."

We stand now at the intersection of lure and blur. The future beckons, but we're only partway through inventing it.

We know this much: People want to be immersed. They want to get involved in a story, to carve out a role for themselves, to make it their own. But how is the author supposed to accommodate them? What if the audience runs away with the story? And how do we handle the blur – not just between fiction and fact, but between author and audience, entertainment and advertising, story and game? A lot of smart people – in film, in television, in videogames, in advertising, in technology, even in neuroscience – are trying to sort these questions out. *The Art of Immersion* is their story.

FRANK ROSE

Extract from *The Art of Immersion: Why Do We Tell Stories?*