# Normanhurst Boys High School

2021

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 I

**20 marks**
**Attempt Questions 1 - 5**
**Allow about 45 minutes for this section**

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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

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Examine **Texts 1, 2, 3, 4** on **pages 2 to 6** in the Stimulus Booklet carefully and then answer the questions below.

### Question 1 — Marks

**Text 1** – **Editorial**. **3**

How does **Text 1** use contrast to represent anomalies in Australia's treatment of people seeking asylum?

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## Question 2 **Marks**

**Text 2 – Poem** **3**

How does **Text 2** challenge the responder to reflect on gaps in cultural understanding?

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## Question 3

**Marks**

**Text 3 – Fiction Extract** **4**

Analyse how **Text 3** represents the speaker's motivation to travel beyond her safe and stable surroundings.

## Question 4 **Marks**

**Text 4 – Feature Article** **4**

How does **Text 4** explore the individual and collective benefits of travel?

**Question 5** **Marks**

**Texts 1, 2, 3 and 4** **6**

Compare the ways insights into human experience are revealed in **TWO TEXTS** from **Texts 1, 2, 3 or 4.**

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## 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.

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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)**

*Fiction is a revolutionary tool—it doesn't just provide readers with the capacity to imagine different futures, but, crucially, the experiences of the people in them.*

To what extent does this statement align with your understanding of George Orwell's agenda in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*?

In your response, refer to your prescribed text.
Use a new writing booklet for this section.

**End of paper**

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Paper 1 — Area of Study

**Stimulus Booklet** for Section I

# Section I

## Text 1 – Editorial

**T**he boundaries of the state are elusive and arbitrary. Beyond and between them is a void.

The idea of 'Australia' ends just a few metres from where I'm writing, in an alley between this building and the next. From my workday window I gaze directly into several rooms opposite, the windows of a hotel now co-opted as a detention centre; a prison for men who fled one state under duress and are yet to find the comfort of belonging in another.

Rain is spattering, the day is suddenly cool. There are lights on and men in their rooms. I walk out for a moment, returning with a cup of tea. The man lying on the bed lifts himself on an elbow and gazes coolly across. There's a man on his mobile phone. A man resting back on a chair, bare feet raised on a window ledge. The glimpses are intimate, from close at hand, but simultaneously removed by both captivity and the symbolic excision from citizenship, from some concrete, enabling sense of belonging. The privileges of this state are denied the men inside. Some have been confined for eight years without trial or recourse. They are homeless in a powerful and punitive sense.

In this room: Australia, and all the formal, legislated social comforts our state affords. Over there, just out of reach: a no man's land, liminal and constrained.

How do a few square metres of one Australian city contain both possibilities? What trick of thinking creates a space where the national geography of fundamental inclusion ends, in a combined act of arrest and forgetting?

Across the alley there's a sobering truth of this country, a place happy to take men prisoners in a nowhere of our making.

In this edition you'll find ruminations on home and the state, written by men and women who have left one in the hope of finding the other. Across the way, other stories remain a work in progress. Let's hope we hear them told.

JONATHAN GREEN

## Text 2 – Poem

## Bridge Over The River Memory

Prince Alfred Bridge, Gundagai

When I come back I remember it has
been a long time.
Long time passing since
I came back along this track to Gundagai—
town of my childhood.
There are many ghosts—I hear
their voices.

I stand on a solid red-gum bridge—the
longest wooden bridge in the world.
The Irish nuns told me this on a good
day under the gothic arches in the convent
on the hill where I learnt about Australian history.
*This continent, Australia, is a young country,*
they told us. *'The history of this place is very*
*short—shortest in the world!'*
They'd seen the world—the nuns.
Maps were pinned on the wall to show
how far they'd travelled to spread the word.
I'd only seen my Country.
The longest bridge and the shortest history—
that's what I learnt.

Prince Alfred Bridge they called it—built
last century—by the pioneers as
they opened up the lands for progress.
Our teachers said so.
How many river gums were felled? What
were their names before they were rearranged
across the river—once their life blood.
What was their history?
My Grandmother said this place is old.
She said my teachers don't know the stories.
I listened.
On a bad day you could be beaten
for asking the wrong questions about
the short history and the long bridge.
At school I learnt to hold my tongue.

The water under the bridge ripples over
my memory now. The bend of the
Murrumbidgee—a deep archive—
flows steady and slow.
I walk on the bridge and I remember how
long it used to take to cross on my little
legs clinging tight to the side rail as huge
wheat and wool trucks thundered over the
ancient planks laden with the wealth
of the nation.

Sometimes the river rose so high it swallowed
the bridge and the town. Short history almost
washed away by higher, older tides.
No trucks now. The bridge long ago closed—
steel and concrete girders bypass the town.
The wealth of the nation rumbles down
different roads.

On the other side I look back across
the flood plains. The old stone convent on
the hill is empty.
I come back after seeing the world.
I hear my Grandmother again.
The bridge is short now.
But this history of place is still
deep and long.

JEANINE LEANE

## Text 3 – Fiction extract

## The world in your head

The first trip I ever took was across the fields, on foot. It took my parents a long time to notice I was gone, which meant I was able to make it quite some distance. I covered the whole park and even reached the river.

Clambering up onto the embankment, I could see an undulating ribbon, a road that kept flowing outside of the frame, outside of the world. If you were lucky, you might catch sight of a boat there, one of those great flat boats gliding over the river in either direction, oblivious to the shores, to the trees, to the people who stand on the embankment. I dreamed of working on a boat like that when I grew up – or even better, of becoming one of those boats.

It wasn't a big river, only the Oder, but I, too, was little then. It was more than enough for me. It seemed enormous. It flowed as it liked, essentially unimpeded, prone to flooding, unpredictable.

To me, of course, the river paid no attention, caring only for itself, those changing, roving waters into which – I later learned – you can never step twice.

Every year the river charged a steep price to bear the weight of those boats – because each year someone drowned in the river, whether a child taking a dip on a hot summer's day, or some drunk who somehow wound up on the bridge, and, in spite of the railing, still fell into the water.

Standing there on the embankment, staring into the current, I realized that – in spite of all the risks involved – a thing in motion will always be better than a thing at rest; that change will always be a nobler thing than permanence; that that which is static will degenerate and decay, turn to ash, while that which is in motion is able to last for all eternity. From then on, the river was like a needle inserted into my formerly safe and stable surroundings, the landscape composed of the park, the greenhouses with their vegetables that grew in sad little rows, and the pavement with its concrete slabs where we would go to play hopscotch. This needle went all the way through, marking a vertical third dimension; so pierced, the landscape of my childhood world turned out to be nothing more than a toy made of rubber from which all the air was escaping, with a hiss.

For my parents, travelling was confined to the holidays.

Theirs was the generation of motorhomes, of tugging along behind them a whole surrogate household. A gas stove, little folding tables and chairs. A plastic cord to hang laundry up to dry when they stopped and some wooden clothes pegs. A ready-made picnic set: coloured plastic plates and utensils, salt and pepper shakers and glasses.

They'd set up in the designated areas, at campsites where they were always in the company of others just like them, having lively conversations with their neighbours surrounded by socks drying on tent cords. The itineraries for these trips would be determined with the aid of guidebooks that painstakingly highlighted all the attractions. In the morning, a swim in the sea or the lake, and in the afternoon an excursion into the city's history, capped off by dinner, most often out of glass jars: goulash, meatballs in tomato sauce. You just had to cook the pasta or rice. Then, the reluctant decamping after, although all journeys remained in the same metaphysical orbit of home. They weren't real travellers, they left in order to return. They returned to collect the letters and bills that stacked up on the chest of drawers. To bore their friends with photographs of their trip. This is us in Carcassonne. Here's my wife with the Acropolis in the background.

That life is not for me. Clearly, I did not inherit whatever gene it is that makes it so that when you linger in a place you start to put down roots. I've tried a number of times, but my roots have always been shallow; the littlest breeze could always blow me right over. I don't know how to germinate. I'm simply not in

possession of that vegetable capacity. I can't extract nutrition from the ground, I am the anti-Antaeus*. My energy derives from buses, the rumble of planes, trains' and ferries' rocking.

OLGA TOKARCZUK

Extract from *Flights.*

* Antaeus: Greek god, the son of the Earth goddess Gaea**.** Whenever Antaeus touched the Earth (his mother), his strength was renewed.

## Text 4 – Non-Fiction Extract

Travel is, for me both a prison and an escape. The lure of adventure in exotic lands will enslave me forever in its seductive promises. It will never let me go. It offers me a flashy, glittery moment of escape, however brief, from the mundane worries and obligations of everyday life.

It is never an escape, of course. One doesn't run away from anything. The tentacles of concern, need and responsibility reach out and grab us by our throats. Nagging thoughts of unpaid debts, appoints to be kept, and a living to be made have followed me wherever I've gone, no matter how far.

My task has grown increasingly simple – learn as much about other lands and other people as I can, then, tell as many people as I can about what I've learned. Tell them that the world is all of ours to share in as equitable manner as possible. Tell them that we are all alike in the ways that are important.

We all share the same goals, dreams and aspirations. We want enough to eat, a safe place to sleep, a good future for our children and some time to have fun. Granted, petty tyrants will arise from time to time to upset the world's ideal balances. But, in the end, human spirit will survive and prosper.

I believe strongly that the more we know about each other, the less chance there will be for conflicts to arise among the nations of the world. It is difficult to hate those whom we know and understand. Hate arises from misinformation and a lack of person-to-person intermingling.

Why do we travel? The French theologian, Blaise Pascal, noted: "The sole cause of man's unhappiness is that he does not know how to stay quietly in his own room."

Freud suggested that men travel to escape the oppressions of their own families.

Travel teaches people things that they could learn in no other way. It is a process of collecting - collecting culture, experiences and souvenirs.

Travel means freedom in all of its various forms. "Getting away" is one such freedom.

It can make the mind become alive, especially if one travels alone. It makes one truly responsible for everything that happens, both good and bad. There is no blame to assign to others.

The best travel profits from being on the very edge of danger. Our experiences are enhanced from pushing back the envelope, from taking things to the precipice.

Why do we travel? We can measure the rewards by the trophies and collections, the photographs, the souvenirs, the bragging rights and the delicious one-up-manship.

Our restlessness comes from something in our genes. We need to find out who and what is in that next valley. We need to meet those peculiar people whom we see from our position on top of the hill.

But, for all their bravado, travellers tend to be aggravating bores. Many just glide across the surface of other cultures without learning anything of depth or value.

They come back home having learned only how to visit many countries in a limited time and how not to get cheated by the conniving locals.

The final point of travel, the raison d'etre, is always individual and very personal.

It is always oneself whom we encounter while traveling. We meet, of course, many other people, other physical parts of the world, other times carved into stone and overgrown by the jungle both of nature and man's foolish mistakes, but, still and always, we find ourselves.

If we are lucky, we will like and respect what we've found.

DONALD E. SMITH
Extract from *Travel and the Human Condition*