Section I

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

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

Text 1 – Image.

Explain how Blak Douglas invites viewers to reflect on the human impact of the Lismore floods in 'Moby Dickens'? (3 marks)

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Question 2

Text 2 – Poen.

Explain how poem explores the speaker's connections to people and places. (3 marks)

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Question 3

Text 3 – Internet article.

Analyse how Erik Hoel uses a variety of literary devices to reflect on his experiences. (4 marks)

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Question 4

Text 4 – Feature Article.

Analyse how Ellie's response to the sights and sounds of Circular Quay has been shaped by the writer. (4 marks)

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Question 5

Text 1, 2, 3 and 4

Compare the ways unique personal insights into human experience are revealed in **TWO TEXTS** from **Texts 1, 2, 3 or 4.** (6 marks)

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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.

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

How effectively does your prescribed text represent the ways human experiences are influenced by emoitions? (20 marks)

In response, refer to your prescribed text.

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Normanhurst Boys High School

2022

Higher School Certificate

Trial Examination

English Advanced

Paper 1 — Area of Study

Stimulus Booklet for Section I

Section I

Text 1 – Image (page 2)

Text 2 – Poem (page 3)

Text 3 – Internet Article (page 4)

Text 4 – Fiction (pages 5-6)

Text 1 – Image

Winner: Archibald Prize 2022 - 'Moby Dickens' - BLAK DOUGLAS

*Blak Douglas' portrait of Wiradjuri artist Karla Dickens, who lives on Bundjalung Country in Lismore, is a metaphor for the disastrous floods that hit northern NSW in early 2022.

Text 2 – Poem

See You Tonight

We're losing light now, but never rhythm,
spilling between house and yard.
Mum's got her feet up, and I'm making that
curry you all like. Dad's in the shed but he'll
hear if we call. The sky burns vermilion behind
the gum stretching from our trickle of South
Creek, a corella keening in its hollow. Every night
is this one, the same sun browning our shared
limbs on its way to sink over city that's too far for
us to care. Take long walks, play with the dogs,
tell me how was work after I scream at you for
stealing my shoes again. Did you see that big roo
coming in? Heat rising from the scrub. Go look
at Mum's new quilt, she used the red blossom print
you liked. At the table, tell the one about finding
the owl in the van, remember those white gums across
from the old house. We always said we'd swim the
dam one day. You play bunyip, I'll be dropbear.*
Your arm still hurts some nights from my bike,
So do my dreams. If all we get from history
is each other, isn't that plenty? I hope this living
is long enough for me to bathe your children, to
brush their hair. I'm saving them that book of
bush songs, those gumnut onesies. Cicadas wail
to the moon watching us above silhouettes.
Didn't she ever tell you that one? It's all good,
I will, I will, I will.

EVELYN ARALUEN

*bunyip, dropbear – mythical Australian animals

Text 3 – Internet article

The Joy and Privilege of Growing Up in an Indie Bookstore

There are only about 2,000 or so independent bookstores in the United States, and I was lucky enough to grow up in one of them. In 1972, when books sold for around 75 cents, my mother Susan Little, opened her bookstore, 'The Jabberwocky', in Newburyport, Massachusetts.

Being a single mother and raising two kids meant that my mom spent most of her life working at the store, so that's where I spent the majority of my time as well. A beneficiary of neglect, I read what I could reach. Up, up, up the shelves! Greedy thin arms outstretched. Running a bookstore is not exactly lucrative, and most profits went back into the store. For years, the plumbing at home was broken, so in the morning I bathed for school via water heated on the stove and poured into the bathtub for a few inches of warm water. But despite financial troubles there's a sense in which my childhood was immensely privileged—a pauper in the material world, I was a sultan in the world of ideas.

My childhood friends and I would sleep there sometimes, while my mother went on all-night manic work sprees to keep the store afloat. A bookstore at night is a whole other world to a child, full of secrets, sometimes frightening, creaking and large and filled with corridors of shelves. A child moving through these is a sprite entering another world, a sybaritic sensorium,* wherein you can plop down at any point, spread out a book, and enter some other point-of-view.

In one of Umberto Eco's lesser-known works, *The Mysterious Flame of Queen Loana*, an amnesiac narrator returns to his childhood home after a stroke to try to recover his memories. The book documents his obsessive process of recreating his personality, which he does by assembling and reviewing the pop culture artifacts of his youth: the striking old posters, Italian cartoons and translations, dusty records, and rereading the old books, pulp adventures and serious literature both, viewing it all again with childlike eyes such that everything, every dame in trouble, every hero carrying her in his arms, every shadow of a villain with a gun, takes on again that density of meaning that only the youngest have access to.

If it were indeed possible to re-enact the mysterious alchemy that makes a person become who they are, there'd be no doubt one could recreate my entire persona from the contents of The Jabberwocky. Just start low and go up, up, up the shelves!

What more can a bookstore kid turned author say about independent bookstores? That they are the best place to grow up? Obviously. What more can I say about *my* bookstore? I can say that there is a particular view when you walk in the store through double doors, a perspective from a raised annex with stairs that descend down to the shelves, a view that looks out over the panoply of covers and the occasional browsing figure, and that there is a redolent smell, and music in the air. The experience is so powerful, coiled so tightly around my cortex, that I expect it to be the last thing I see. The doors will open to a small jingle, and I'll walk through them, see those pretty books lined up and smell that sweet cloistered air, and in a final metamorphosis I'll also become only words.

ERIK HOEL
Extract from *The Joy and Privilege of Growing up in an Indie Bookstore.*

* sybaritic - self-indulgent

* sensorium - appeal to the senses

Text 4 – Prose fiction extract

Circular Quay: she loved even the sound of it.

Before she saw the bowl of bright water, before she saw the blue, unprecedented, and the clear sky sloping upwards, she knew from the lilted words it would be a circle like no other, key to a new world.

The train swung in a wide arc to emerge alongside sturdy buildings and there it was, the first glimpses through struts of iron- work, and those blurred partial visions were a quiet pleasure. Down the escalator, rumbling with its heavy body-cargo, through the electronic turnstile, which captured her bent ticket, then, caught in the crowd, she was carried outside.

There was confusion at first, the shock of sudden light, all the signs, all the clamour. But the vista resolved and she saw before her the row of ferry ports, each looking like a primary- colour holiday pavilion, and the boats, bobbing, their green and yellow forms toy-like, arriving, absorbing slow lines of passengers, departing. With a trampoline heart she saw the Bridge to her left: its modern shape, its optimistic uparching. Familiar from postcards and television commercials, here now, *here-now*, was the very thing itself, neat and enthralling. There were tiny flags on top and the silhouetted ant forms of people arduously climbing the steep bow. It looked stamped against the sky, as if nothing could remove it. It looked indelible. A *coathanger*, guidebooks said, but it was so much grander than this implied. The coherence of it, the embrace, the span of frozen hard-labour. Those bold pylons at the ends, the multi- millions of hidden rivets.

From somewhere drifted the sound of a busking didgeridoo with an electronic backbeat, *boum-boum, boum-boum; boum-boum, boum-boum*. The didgeridoo dissolved in the air, thick and newly ancient.

For tourists, Ellie thought, with no disparagement. For me.
For *all* of us. *Boum-boum, boum-boum.*

In the democratic throng, in the pandemonium of the crowd, she saw sunlight on the heads of Americans and Japanese; she saw small children with ice-creams and tour groups with cameras. She heard how fine weather might liberate a kind of relaxed tinkling chatter. There was a news-stand, with tiers of papers in several languages trembling in a light breeze, and people in booths here and there, selling ferry tickets behind glass. There was a human statue in pale robes, resembling something-or-other classical, and before him a flattened hat in which shone a few coins. A fringe of bystanders stood around, considering the many forms of art.

Ellie turned, like someone remembering, in the other direction. She had yet to see it fully. Past the last pier and the last ferry, there was a wharf with a line of ugly buildings, and beyond that, yes, an unimpeded view.

It was moon-white and seemed to hold within it a great, serious stillness. The fan of its chambers leant together, inclining to the water. An unfolding thing, shutters, a sequence of sorts. Ellie marvelled that it had ever been created at all, so singular a building, so potentially faddish, or odd. And that shape of supplication, like a body bending into the abstraction of a low bow or a theological gesture. Ellie could imagine music in there, but not people, somehow. It looked poised in a kind of alertness to acoustical meanings, concentrating on sound waves, opened to circuit and flow.

Yes, there it was. Leaning into the pure morning sky.

Ellie raised her camera and clicked. *Most photographed building in Sydney.* In the viewfinder it was flattened to an assemblage of planes and curves: perfect Futurism. Marinetti might have dreamt it.

Text 4 (continued)

Ellie felt herself at the intersection of so many currents of information. Why not be joyful, against all the odds? Why not be child-like? She took a swig from her plastic water-bottle and jauntily raised it: *cheers.*

She began to stride. With her cotton sunhat, and her small backpack, and this unexpected quiver in her chest, Ellie walked out into the livelong Sydney day. Sunshine swept around her. The harbour almost glittered. She lifted her face to the sky and smiled to herself. She felt as if – yes, yes – she was breathing in light.

GAIL JONES
Extract from *Five Bells*