

Sample paper # 1

2019 – Onward.

Higher School Certificate Examination

English (Standard).

Paper 1 – Common Module.

Texts and Human Experiences.

<p>General Instructions</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">• Reading Time – 10 minutes• Writing Time – 1 Hour and 30 minutes.• Write using dark blue or black pen.	<p>Total marks: 40</p> <p>Section I – 20 marks.</p> <p>Attempt Question 1. Allow about 45 minutes for this section.</p> <p>Section II – 20 marks.</p> <p>Attempt Question 2. Allow about 45 minutes for this section</p>
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Section I

20 marks

Attempt Questions 1

Allow 45 minutes for this section.

Answer the question on pages 2 – of the Paper 1 Writing booklet. Extra writing booklets are available.

Your answer will be assessed on how well you:

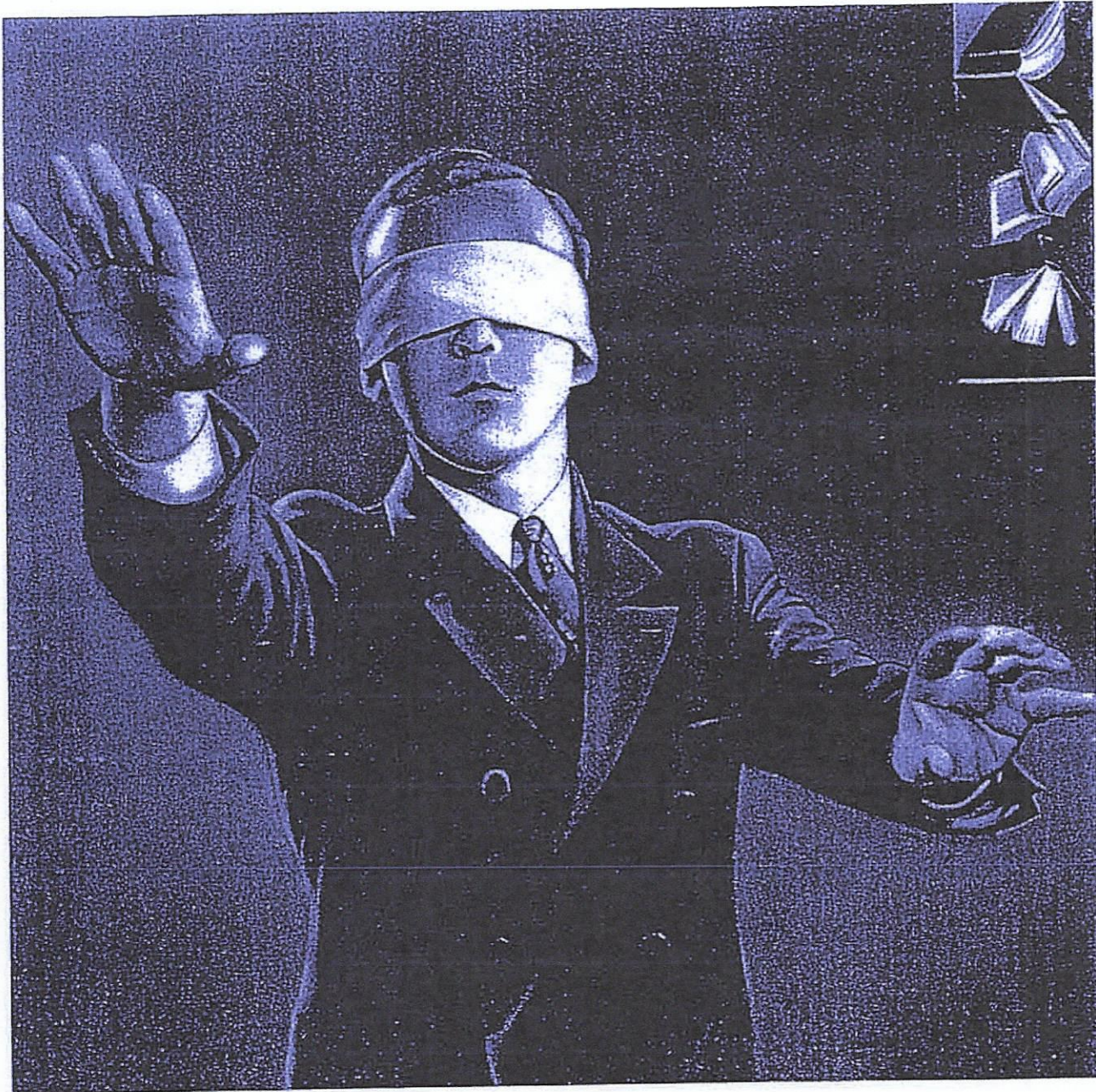
- **Demonstrate understanding of human experiences in texts.**
 - **Analyse, explain and assess the ways human experiences are represented in texts**
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Question 1 (20 marks)

Examine texts 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 carefully and then answer the questions on page 8.

Section I

Text 1 – Image



Illig, P. (2014). *Epistemology* [Painting]. Denver, Colorado. Reproduced with permission.

* Epistemology is the study of knowledge and justified belief

Text 2 – Poem

BEAUTIFUL OLD AGE

by David Herbert Lawrence

It ought to be lovely to be old
to be full of the peace that comes of experience
and wrinkled ripe fulfilment.

The wrinkled smile of completeness that follows a life
lived undaunted and unsoured with accepted lies.
If people lived without accepting lies
they would ripen like apples, and be scented like pippins*
in their old age.

Soothing, old people should be, like apples
when one is tired of love.
Fragrant like yellowing leaves, and dim with the soft
stillness and satisfaction of autumn.

And a girl should say:
It must be wonderful to live and grow old.
Look at my mother, how rich and still she is!

And a young man should think: By Jove
my father has faced all weathers, but it's been a life!

Lawrence, D. H. (1929). "Beautiful Old Age." In *Pansies: poems*. Martin Secker, London. Out of Copyright

* Pippins are a variety of apple

Text 3 – Fiction Extract

He dived into the water and all the pieces came together: everything was liquid and it was in being liquid that everything became clear. The water parted for him, the water caressed him, the water obeyed him. He swam, he propelled himself through the water; the muscles that moved as they should, the power of his limbs, his lungs and his heart which breathed and beat in a harmony that was clean and efficient. Only in the water were he and the world unsullied*. He swam, far beyond mind, aware only of body; and then, coming up for air, he had left even his body behind, and though the exertion continued, though every muscle kept working as it should have, he was wondering if on those long drives through desert and plain, through morning and night, his father's body didn't also seamlessly forget pain and forget time – that the drive, like the swim, was the only constant, the heart beating and the lungs breathing, and whether the long desert roads were liquid as well, not heat and dust but clear and clean like water. Danny calculated the distance his father had just travelled. He knew that it was nine hundred kilometres to Sydney from Melbourne; he drew a map at the edge of his vision, a palimpsest* over the solid black lines and the blue tiles, it was etched out on the floor of the pool. He hurtled across the continent, an Atlantis beneath his torpedo body. It had to be at least three times that distance from Melbourne to Perth, four times that from Perth to Sydney. Melbourne to Perth, he breathed, three thousand, Perth to Sydney, he breathed, four thousand, Sydney to Melbourne, he breathed, one thousand; eight thousand kilometres in just under a week. Danny's body came back to him, he felt a strain in his right deltoid*; not pain exactly, but a soreness, a twitch, a paper-thin faultline from favouring his right. That was why Coach said he had to change his stroke. He'd poked Danny in the chest, hard, so Danny had to stumble back: 'You are lazy, you are not doing enough work, there, *there*.' Coach punched his triceps on his left arm. '*There*, you must do work there.' Danny let his left arm separate the water, and the water split and created a space for him, searching his body for other fissures and creases. He exhaled, he kicked, he brought his hand to the wall and touched the cool tile. His body shuddered from the pain, burning as it fed ravenously on itself, consuming the fluids released over the last two hours. He let his forehead touch the wall as he floated in the water, trembling, shuddering. Eight thousand kilometres. He could have swum that, Danny thought. He could have swum forever.

Tsiolkas, Christos. (2014). *Barracuda*. (p. 132-133). Allen & Unwin, Crows Nest, NSW. Used with permission.

* unsullied – pure, unblemished

* palimpsest – something re-used or altered (for example, a manuscript) but still bearing visible traces of its earlier form

* deltoid – the muscle on the top of the shoulder

Text 4 – Nonfiction

Tiger

by Patricia Dreyfus

What fearful symmetry lay behind his gaze?

We hung on to the roll bar of the open Land Rover, as the driver careened down the dirt track, through the thick overhanging trees. Early that morning we had crossed the Rapti River, the boundary of Chitwan National Park in Nepal. We were holding a permit that allowed us to explore only until sundown. We could feel the atmosphere cooling from the heat of the day. The forest shadows were long and the sun dipping behind the jagged snow-covered Himalaya peaks. The river lay four miles ahead and it was vital that we be across it by 6pm sharp.

Chitwan is one of the last tiger sanctuaries in the world, and by order of the Nepalese Army, no one is allowed in the park after dark. We were told that if you are seen in the park after the curfew time, you are assumed to be a poacher and you will be shot. It was twilight, and from the expression on our guide's face and the hard grip of our driver's hands on the steering wheel, we believed this to be no idle threat.

Over the strain of the motor I heard my daughter's voice, a whisper but clear to us all, a call that stopped the wheels of the machine in mid-rotation: 'Tiger.'

The driver cut the motor; now the buzz and click of the jungle insects were the only sounds. Even the birds were still. Carol stood on the back of the Rover, her finger pointing just beyond the side of the road.

We followed the direction of her hand and there, fifty feet from the path, in the long wheat-coloured grass, his back to us, stood the tiger. He was a giant, about half again as big as a male lion. Solitary, he turned, now facing us, and lay his great body down. Like an illusion he disappeared, his stripes a perfect camouflage in the shadows of the forest and the long yellow grass.

We moved from the Rover, and edged to the verge of the road, not daring to go closer. I stayed toward the rear wheels, a little separate from the others who were near the front. We all strained to see, and seemed to blink in unison to try to capture what now seemed like a mirage.

The tiger raised his massive head separating his power from the passive grasses, and turned his gaze toward me, his golden eyes skimming over me, an insignificant intrusion in his world.

Then, he turned again, and studied me, then stared directly at me, into me. I could see the black slits narrow in the amber of those eyes. His body tensed and moved slightly forward, the muscles of his haunches tightened, the skin of his pelt trembled with tension. He held me there by his beauty, and an authority I cannot yet name.

Text 4 continues on page 6

Text 4 (continued)

I felt the others move back closer to the Rover. I could not look away from the tiger. I was defenceless, frozen in awe. My legs felt heavy, the backs of them ached, and I knew I could not run.

Unable to breathe, I waited for his decision. It was his alone. Then, the yellow eyes left me, his body relaxed and he lowered his head. Shaking with relief and afraid to cry, I breathed deeply. We slipped back into the Rover, all silent, as we raced for the river.

I have a tiger's tooth, one that our guide presented to me, now cracked and dull, resting on my table. The tooth is curved, long and ivoryed, a scimitar, once sharp and fearsome, bloodied and bared, a symbol of terror to its prey. The majesty is gone, only suggested, now just a small part of a once powerful beast.

How like the tiger's tooth I have become. Once I was strong, in control of my territory, but time has dulled and cracked me. I am a woman camouflaged by age. Younger people, strangers, unbidden, call me "Mom" or "Grandma". They look but they do not see, they cannot distinguish the tiger of my soul, the power that is mine. They glimpse only the cracked tooth on the table.

I smile and forgive them, for I have seen the tiger and he has seen me.

Dreyfus, P. (2009). Tiger. In J. O'Reilly, L. Habegger, & S. O'Reilly (Ed.s), *The best travel writing: true stories from around the world* (pp. 184-186). Travelers' Tales. Palo Alto, California. Used with permission

End of Text 4

The day they climbed, it was threatening to snow. The sky was the colour of steel and seemed to hang just above the tops of the bare trees.

The castle was called Ravenscraig, which was satisfactory, even though there were no real ravens.

Why did they climb it that day, as a vanguard snowflake tumbled from the darkening sky? Probably because no-one in his right and adult mind would have done it then and it was a necessary part of their attack on life to defy practical judgment.

The first part was easy, red rock and red earth, speckled here and there with snow, and some light to see the loom of the ancient stones. How old? Heaven knows, but old enough to have seen deaths, battles, different days. Old enough.

The climb was a commitment, an equation of increasing danger, each foot up a little steeper and a little darker and the snow, not falling thick but steady, gathering on ledges, waited for a trembling foot.

“Ah!” The dark one, leading, slipped, showering his friend with snow and dirt and fear. They grinned, shakily and almost invisibly at each other and looked down: in memory, on swirling sea and the backs of gulls, but that may be fantasy. It may have been only a little height, but surely it is remembered this well because it really was high enough for fear?

They had come to that moment in any climb which measures courage. Too far to go back, yet still so far to go with tiring muscles, faltering nerves.

They had not known it when they started (which is how inexpert they were) but the last part could only be climbed by inching up a chimney, back to one side, feet to the other, in compression like a spring of bone and flesh. They looked at it and puffed dubiously.

The dark one led, for it was his day. The other watched him go, pleased at his skill, aware he had to follow. Then it was his turn. Once, three quarters of the way up, a spasm of cramp stabbed his calf. His breath stopped and he made the pain go away by thought, by will. A revelation, that it could be done! At last, a ridge behind his shoulders, moving air in his face, he reached the top. No help, for it was a thing to do yourself.

On the top they lay side by side, feeling the snow land on the backs of their hands and bare legs, melting in their tousled hair, tension draining from them like water.

Inside the castle was a single room, huge, craggy-walled, with a door you had to lean on even to move. When it was shut, you could feel the velvet blackness on the surface of your eyes and hear things scuttling about. They did not stay long listening to the dark for as it had turned out, it had been the climb that mattered.

They went down the easy way, through a quiet park and deepening snow, to their homes and recriminations for being late, and dirty, and selfish.

But nothing could touch Alistair and me, that day.

Question 1 (continued)

Text 1 - Image

- (a) How does the image suggest human experience? 3

Text 2 – Poem

- (b) How does the text invite the reader to explore how age shapes human experience? 3

Text 3 – Fiction Extract

- (c) Analyse how the writer’s use of language conveys how a sense of sense is formed from human experiences. 4

Text 4 – Nonfiction

- (d) Analyse how the writer’s use of layered language and the tiger shapes distinctive human experiences to be intensely meaningful. 5

Text 5 Memoir

- (e) “A revelation, that it could be done!” 5

Justify how this text reveals the personal nature of human experiences.

In your response, make close reference to the text.

End of Question 1

Section II

20 marks

Attempt Question 2.

Allow 45 minutes for this section.

Answer the question on pages 9 – 10 of the Paper 1 Writing booklet. 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 2 (20 marks)

In what ways does *'Go Back To Where You Came From'* offer new insights into the anomalies in human behaviours and motivations when confronting challenging experiences.

Explore this statement with close reference to your prescribed text.

The prescribed texts are listed on the on the next page.

Question 2 continued on page 10.

Question 2 (continued).

The prescribed texts are:

Prose fiction

- Doerr, Anthony: All the Light We Cannot See.
- Lohrey, Amanda: Vertigo.
- Orwell, George: Nineteen Eighty-Four.
- Parrett, Favel: Past the Shallows.

Poetry or drama or Shakespearean drama

- Dobson, Rosemary: Rosemary Dobson Collected.
'Young Girl at a Window', 'Over the Hill', 'Summer's End', 'The Conversation', 'Cock Crow', 'Amy Caroline', 'Canberra Morning'.
- Slessor, Kenneth: Selected Poems.
'Wild Grapes', 'Gulliver', 'Out of Time', 'Vesper-Song of the Reverend Samuel Marsden', 'William Street', 'Beach Burial'.
- Harrison, Jane: Rainbow's End.
- Miller, Arthur: The Crucible.
- Shakespeare, William: The Merchant of Venice.

Nonfiction, film or media

- Winton, Tim: 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'.
- Yousafzai, Malala & Lamb, Christina: I am Malala.
- Daldry, Stephen: Billy Elliot.
- O'Mahoney, Ivan: Go Back to Where You Came From – Series 1, Episodes 1, 2 and 3 and The Response(2011).
- Walker, Lucy: Waste Land (2010).

End of Question 2.