Student Number

Sydney Girls High School

2022 TRIAL HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE 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 - A Stimulus Booklet is provided with this Question and Writing Booklet - Write your Student Number at the top of this page - Additional writing paper will be provided if required
Total Marks: 40	**Section I – 20 marks** (pages 3-9) - Attempt Questions 1-5 - Allow about 45 minutes for this section **Answer on the lines provided** **Section II – 20 marks** (page 10-13) - Attempt ONE question from Questions 6(a)-6(n) - Allow about 45 minutes for this section

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Section I
20 marks

Attempt Questions 1–5

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Read the texts on pages 3-7 of the Stimulus Booklet carefully and then answer the questions in this booklet, in the spaces provided. These spaces provide guidance for the expected length of responses.

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

Question 1 (4 marks)

Text 1 – Poem

How does the poem use imagery to represent the human experience of anticipation?

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Question 2 (4 marks)

Text 2 – prose fiction extract

How has the composer represented the human experience of unexpected outcomes?

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Question 3 (3 marks)

Text 3 – Non-fiction extract

How does the composer challenge our understanding of the way human beings perceive reality?

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Question 4 (3 marks)

Text 4 – Prose fiction extract

How does the composer ignite new ideas about individual experiences?

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Question 5 (6 marks)

Text 1 – Poem and Text 2 – prose fiction extract

Compare the ways in which the **Text 1** and **Text 2** use literary devices to represent human experience.

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End of Question 5

English Advanced
Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experience

Section II

20 marks
Attempt ONE question from Questions 6(a) – 6(n)
Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the question in the Section II 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 6 (20 marks)

Prose Fiction

(a) Anthony Doerr, *All the Light We Cannot See*

To what extent does the exploration of human experience in *All the Light We Cannot See* invite you to reconsider your understanding of courage?

OR

(b) Amanda Lohrey, *Vertigo*

To what extent does the exploration of human experience in *Vertigo* invite you to reconsider your understanding of resilience?

OR

(c) George Orwell, *Nineteen Eighty-Four*

To what extent does the exploration of human experience in *Nineteen Eighty-Four* invite you to reconsider your understanding of loneliness?

OR

– 10 –

Question 6 (continued)

(d) Favel Parrett, *Past the Shallows*

To what extent does the exploration of human experience in *Past the Shallows* invite you to reconsider your understanding of loss?

OR

Poetry

(e) Rosemary Dobson, *Rosemary Dobson Collected*

To what extent does the exploration of human experience in Dobson's poetry invite you to reconsider your understanding of ageing?

The prescribed poems are:
* *Young Girl at a Window*
* *Over the Hill*
* *Summer's End*
* *The Conversation*
* *Cock Crow*
* *Amy Caroline*
* *Canberra Morning*

OR

(f) Kenneth Slessor, *Selected Poems*

To what extent does the exploration of human experience in Slessor's poetry invite you to reconsider your understanding of struggle?

The prescribed poems are:
* *Wild Grapes*
* *Gulliver*
* *Out of Time*
* *Vesper-Song of the Reverend Samuel Marsden*
* *William Street*
* *Beach Burial*

OR

Question 6 (continued)

Drama

(g) Jane Harrison, *Rainbow's End*, from Vivienne Cleven et al., *Contemporary Indigenous Plays*

To what extent does the exploration of human experience in *Rainbow's End* invite you to reconsider your understanding of acceptance?

OR

(h) Arthur Miller, *The Crucible*

It is the complexity of John Proctor's characterisation that makes this play a compelling representation of human conflict for the audience.
Explore this statement in relation to your response to the play.

OR

Shakespearean Drama

(i) William Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice*

To what extent does the exploration of human experience in *The Merchant of Venice* invite you to reconsider your understanding of deception?

OR

Nonfiction

(j) Tim Winton, *The Boy Behind the Curtain*

To what extent does the exploration of human experience in *The Boy Behind the Curtain* invite you to reconsider your understanding of independence?

The prescribed chapters are:
* *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*

OR

Question 6 (continued)

(k) Malala Yousafzai and Christina Lamb, *I am Malala*

To what extent does the exploration of human experience in *I am Malala* invite you to reconsider your understanding of strength?

OR

Film

(l) Stephen Daldry, *Billy Elliot*

To what extent does the exploration of human experience in *Billy Elliott* invite you to reconsider your understanding of commitment?

OR

(m)Ivan O'Mahoney, *Go Back to Where You Came From*

To what extent does the exploration of human experience in *Go Back to Where You Came From* invite you to reconsider your understanding of fear?

The prescribed episodes are:
* *Series 1: Episodes 1, 2 and 3*
     and
* *The Response*

OR

(n) Lucy Walker, *Waste Land*

To what extent does the exploration of human experience in *Waste Land* invite you to reconsider your understanding of power?

End of paper

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Sydney Girls High School

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English Advanced

Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

Stimulus Booklet

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Section I

Text 1 – Poem

Journey, the North Coast

Next thing, I wake-up in a swaying bunk
as if on board a clipper
clambering at sea,
and it's the train that booms and cracks,
it tears the wind apart.
The man's gone
who had the bunk below me. I swing out,
close his bed and rattle up the sash—
there's sunlight rotating
off the drab carpet. And the water sways
solidly in its silver bowl, so cold
it joins through my hand.
I see, where I'm bowed,
one of those bright crockery days
from so much I recall.
The train's shadow, like a bird's,
flees on the blue and silver paddocks,
over fences that look split from stone,
and banks of fern,
a red bank, full of roots,
over dark creeks, where logs are fallen,
and blackened tree trunks.
Down these slopes move,
as a nude descends a staircase,
slender white eucalypts;
and now the country bursts open on the sea—
across a calico beach unfurled,
strewn with flakes of light
that make the compartment whirl.
Shuttering shadows. I rise into the mirror
rested. I'll leave my hair
ruffled a bit, stow the book and wash-bag
and city clothes. Everything done, press the latches
into the straining case
that for twelve months have been standing out
of a morning, above the wardrobe
in a furnished room.

Robert Gray

Text 2: Prose Fiction

She had debated, in the frivolity of the beginning, whether to build a hole or a tower; a hole, because she was fond of hobbits, or a tower – well, a tower for many reasons, but chiefly because she liked spiral stairways.

As time went on, and she thought over the pros and cons of each, the idea of a tower became increasingly exciting; a star-gazing platform on top; a quiet library, book-lined, with a ring of swords on the nether wall; a bedroom, mediaeval style, with massive roof-beams and a plain hewn bed; there'd be a living room with a huge fireplace, and rows of spicejars on one wall, and underneath, on the ground level, an entrance hall hung with tapestries, and the beginnings of the spiral stairway, handrails dolphin-headed, saluting the air.

There'd be a cellar, naturally, well stocked with wines, home-brewed and imported vintage; lined with Chinese ginger jars, and wooden boxes of dates. Barrels round the walls, and shadowed chests in corners.

All through the summer sun she laboured, alone with the paid, bemused, professional help. The dust obscured and flayed, thirst parched, and tempers frayed, but the Tower grew. A concrete skeleton, wooden ribs and girdle, skin of stone, grey and slate blue and heavy honey-coloured. Until late one February it stood, gaunt and strange and embattled, built on an almost island in the shallows of an inlet, tall in Taiaroa.

It was the hermitage, her glimmering retreat. No people invited, for what could they know of the secrets that crept and chilled and chuckled in the marrow of her bones? No need of people, because she was self-fulfilling, delighted with the pre-eminence of her art, and the future of her knowing hands.

But the pinnacle became an abyss, and the driving joy ended. At last there was a prison.

From *The Bone People* by Keri Hulme

Text 3 – Text 3 non- fiction: magazine article

The Dress was a meme, a viral photo that appeared all across social media for a few months. For some, when they looked at the photo, they saw a dress that appeared black and blue. For others, the dress appeared white and gold. Whatever people saw, it was impossible to see it differently. If not for the social aspect of social media, you might have never known that some people did see it differently. But since social media *is* social, learning the fact that millions saw a different dress than you did created a widespread, visceral response. The people who saw a different dress seemed clearly, obviously mistaken and quite possibly deranged. When the Dress started circling the internet, a tangible sense of dread about the nature of what is and is not real went as viral as the image itself. At times, so many people were sharing this perceptual conundrum, and arguing about it, that Twitter couldn't load on their devices. The hashtag #TheDress appeared in 11,000 tweets per minute, and the definitive article about the meme, published on WIRED's website, received 32.8 million unique views within the first few days.

For many, the Dress was an introduction to something neuroscience has understood for a long while: the fact that reality itself, as we experience it, isn't a perfect one-to-one account of the world around us. The world, as you experience it, is a simulation running inside your skull, a waking dream. We each live in a virtual landscape of perpetual imagination and self-generated illusion, a hallucination informed over our lifetimes by our senses and thoughts about them, updated continuously as we bring in new experiences via those senses and think new thoughts about what we have sensed. If you didn't know this, for many the Dress demanded you either take to your keyboard to shout into the abyss or take a seat and ponder your place in the grand scheme of things.

Before the Dress, it was well understood in neuroscience that all reality is virtual; therefore, consensus realities are mostly the result of geography. People who grow up in similar environments around similar people tend to have similar brains and thus similar virtual realities. If they do disagree, it's usually over ideas, not the raw truth of their perceptions.

After the Dress, well—enter Pascal Wallisch, a neuroscientist who studies consciousness and perception at NYU. When Pascal first saw the Dress, it seemed to him that it was obviously white and gold, but when he showed it to his wife, she saw something different. She said that it was obviously black and blue. "All that night I was up, thinking what could possibly explain this." He felt like a biologist learning that doctors had just discovered a new organ in the body.

The spectrum of light we can see—the primary colors we call red, green, and blue—are specific wavelengths of electromagnetic energy, Pascal explains. These wavelengths of energy emanate from some source, like the sun, a lamp, a candle. Because most natural light is red, green, and blue combined, a lemon absorbs the blue wavelengths, leaving behind the red and green to hit our retinas, which the brain then combines into the subjective experience of seeing a yellow lemon. The colour, though, exists only in the mind. In consciousness, yellow is a figment of the imagination. The reason we tend to agree that lemons are yellow (and lemons) is because all our brains pretty much create the same figment of the imagination when light hits lemons and then bounces into our heads.

If we do disagree over what we see, it's usually because the image is ambiguous in some way, and the brain of one person is disambiguating the image in a way another person is

not. You've likely seen a few of these: the duckrabbit for example, which sometimes looks like a duck and sometimes looks like a rabbit. Or the Rubin vase, which sometimes looks like a vase and sometimes looks like two people facing in silhouette.

But the Dress was something new. The same light was going into everyone's eyes, and every brain was interpreting the lines and shapes as a dress, yet somehow all those brains weren't converting that dress into the same colours. Something was happening between perception and consciousness, and he wanted to know what that was.

Pascal's hunch was that different people saw different dresses because when we aren't sure what we are seeing, when we are in unfamiliar and ambiguous territory, we disambiguate* using the layers of pattern recognition generated by neural pathways, burned in by experiences with regularities in the external world. In other words, in novel situations the brain usually sees what it expects to see.

Pascal says this was well understood in colour vision. We can tell a sweater is green when our closet is very dark, or a car is blue under a cloudy night sky, because the brain does a little Photoshopping to help us in situations where differing lighting conditions alter the appearance of familiar objects. We each possess a correction mechanism to preserve object identity in the face of changing illuminations. It does that by altering what we experience to match what we've experienced before.

Pascal figured the photo of the Dress must have been a rare, naturally occurring version of the same phenomenon. The photo had been taken on a dreary day. It was taken with a cheap phone. One portion of the image was bright, and the other was dim. The lighting was ambiguous. Pascal explained that the colour that appeared in each brain was different depending on how each brain disambiguated the lighting conditions. For some, it disambiguated the ambiguous as black and blue; for others, as white and gold. People's brains accomplished this by lying to them, by creating a lighting condition that wasn't there. What made this image different, he says, was that different brains told different lies, dividing people into two camps with incompatible subjective realities.

In other words, when the truth is uncertain, our brains resolve that uncertainty without our knowledge by creating the most likely reality they can imagine based on our prior experiences.

Another example was the different reactions to the Covid-19 vaccines as they rolled out to the public in 2020. Most people weren't experts on vaccines or epidemiology, so the information on how it worked and what to do was both novel and ambiguous. To resolve that uncertainty, people used their prior experiences with vaccines and doctors, their existing levels of trust in scientific institutions, and their current attitudes toward the government to make sense of it all. For some, that led to the conclusion that vaccines were probably safe and effective. For others, it led to a hesitancy that matured into suspicions of conspiracy. For both, the people who saw things differently seemed blind to the truth.

When we encounter novel information that seems ambiguous, we unknowingly disambiguate it based on what we've experienced in the past. But starting at the level of perception, different life experiences can lead to very different disambiguations, and thus very different subjective realities. When that happens in the presence of substantial uncertainty, we may vehemently disagree over reality itself—but since no one on either side is aware of the brain processes leading up to that disagreement, it makes the people who see things differently seem, in a word, wrong.

WIRED magazine 2016

*Disambiguate means to remove uncertainty of meaning

Text 4 – Prose fiction extract

She called herself Aleph* but her library card said she was Alice something or other. She was an artist, a transient and a gleaner**, who lived on the streets when she wasn't in rehab, and the address she used to get her library card belonged to a local shelter. The pseudonym, her nom de guerre, made some kind of sense.

She was infamous among the librarians for an unauthorized site-specific installation she had done a year earlier, consisting of labyrinthine trails that led through the Library's collection. She called it 'Forking paths".

 While some of the librarians objected to finding odd things stuck in the books, Cory always felt a little thrill when she stumbled across the girl's strange scraps and leavings. They were like clues in a treasure hunt: cryptic notes, postcards, gum wrappers, faded Polaroids, pressed flowers, movie tickets, job ads and more. At first glance they seemed random and accidental, and yet you could sense a subtle, underlying pattern, too, a narrative determination or sense of purpose that was controlling the choice of this book over that one.

Cory has never actually followed any of the trails from beginning to end-assuming there was a beginning or an end- but she was intrigued. The paths held the promise of a journey being undertaken or meaning being made. Once she found a slip of paper in handwriting made to look like typewriter font, tucked inside an old edition of *Grimm's Fairy Tales.* She re-shelved the book, and later, when she went back to look for it, she found someone had taken it out. She felt a small pang of jealousy then, wondering who had found the clue and if they were having a journey that could have been hers.

From *The Book of Form and Emptiness* by Ruth Ozark

*The first letter of the Semitic alphabet.
** a gleaner is one who collects what is left over or discarded by others

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