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# TRIAL HSC EXAMINATION ENGLISH ADVANCED

## PAPER 1: COMMON MODULE TEXTS AND HUMAN EXPERIENCES

### SECTION I: QUESTION & WRITING BOOKLET

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**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 and on all other pages with a box like the above one.

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**Total Marks****40****Section I – 20 marks** (pages 3 – 10)

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

**Section II – 20 marks** (page 11)

- Attempt Question 6
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

## **SECTION I**

**20 marks**

**Attempt Questions 1 - 5**

**Allow about 45 minutes for this section**

Read the texts on pages 4 to 13 of the Stimulus Booklet carefully and answer the correlating questions in this booklet, in the spaces provided. These spaces provide guidance for the expected length of responses.

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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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## Question 4

Use **Text 4 (pages 11 - 13 of the stimulus booklet)** to answer this question.

Explain the opening line of the prologue in relation to your understanding of individual human experiences.

**2 marks**

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## SECTION II

20

Attempt

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

marks

6

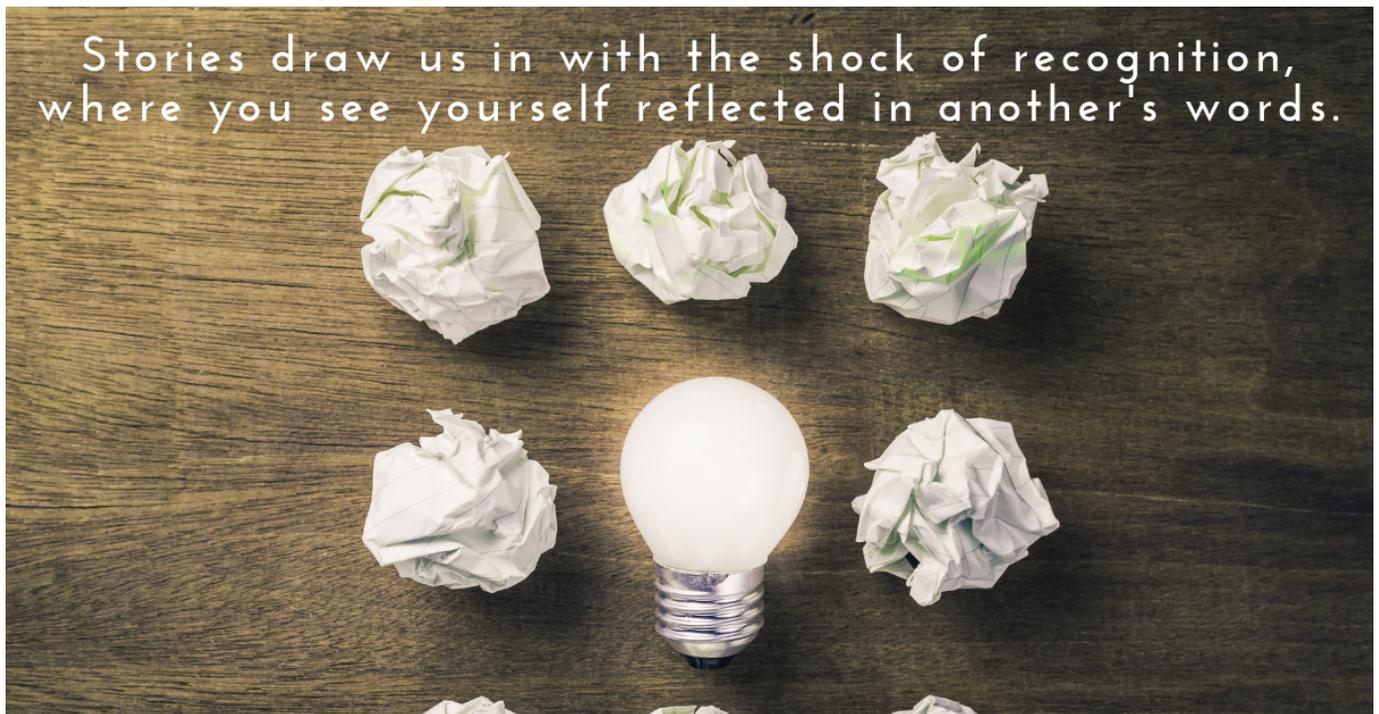
Question

Answer the following question in the Section II Writing Booklet. Extra writing paper is available if additional writing space is required.

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



Drawing on the stimulus above, evaluate how your prescribed text invites the responder to make connections between their world and the world of the text.

In your response, make detailed reference to the text you studied in the Common Module.

The Prescribed Texts set for study are listed in the Stimulus Booklet on pages 14 and 15.

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# **TRIAL HSC EXAMINATION ENGLISH ADVANCED**

## **PAPER 1: COMMON MODULE TEXTS AND HUMAN EXPERIENCES**

### **STIMULUS BOOKLET FOR SECTION I & LIST OF PRESCRIBED TEXTS FOR SECTION II**

| <b>SECTION 1</b> | <b>ITEM</b>                   | <b>PAGE(S)</b> |
|------------------|-------------------------------|----------------|
|                  | Text 1: Poem                  | 4 - 5          |
|                  | Text 2: Book Reviews          | 6              |
|                  | Text 3: Graphic Novel Pages   | 7 - 10         |
|                  | Text 4: Prose Fiction Extract | 11 - 13        |
| <b>SECTION 2</b> | List of Prescribed Texts      | 14 - 15        |

## **SECTION 1**

Read the following texts alongside the correlating questions.

Answer Questions 1 – 5 in the Section 1 Question and Writing Booklet.

## TEXT 1: POEM

### *Human Family*

I note the obvious differences  
in the human family.

Some of us are serious,  
some thrive on comedy.

Some declare their lives are lived  
as true profundity,  
and others claim they really live  
the real reality.

The variety of our skin tones  
can confuse, bemuse, delight,  
brown and pink and beige and purple,  
tan and blue and white.

I've sailed upon the seven seas  
and stopped in every land,  
I've seen the wonders of the world  
not yet one common man.

I know ten thousand women  
called Jane and Mary Jane,  
but I've not seen any two  
who really were the same.

Mirror twins are different  
although their features jibe,  
and lovers think quite different thoughts  
while lying side by side.

We love and lose in China,  
we weep on England's moors,  
and laugh and moan in Guinea,  
and thrive on Spanish shores.

We seek success in Finland,  
are born and die in Maine.  
In minor ways we differ,  
in major we're the same.

I note the obvious differences  
between each sort and type,  
but we are more alike, my friends,  
than we are unlike.

We are more alike, my friends,  
than we are unlike.

We are more alike, my friends,  
than we are unlike.

**By Maya Angelou**

(Poem downloaded from the website 'All poetry' <https://allpoetry.com/Human-Family>)

## TEXT TWO: BOOK REVIEWS

### **Andrew McMillan, Guardian Books of the Year**

'Unlike anything I've read before; part memoir, part novel, part experimental sound-poem, the book is a physical, living thing that shifts between humour and sadness with a deft beat of its wing.'

### **Philip Marsden, Spectator Books of the Year**

'One of the most surprising books this year, full of vitality and freshness... Part prose and part verse, the drama of a father and sons coping with loss and an outsize corvid\* in the house is comic, moving and ultimately uplifting.'

### **Sarah Crown, Guardian**

'Heartrending, blackly funny, deeply resonant, a perfect summation of what it means to lose someone but still to love the world – and if it reminds publishers that the best books aren't always the ones that can be pigeonholed or precis-ed\*\* or neatly packaged, so much the better.'

### **Kirsty Gunn, Guardian**

'Shows us another way of thinking about the novel and its capabilities, taking us through a dark and emotionally fraught subject, one airy page after another, as though transported by wings.'

### **Thomas Morris, Irish Times**

'I loved Max Porter's *Grief is the Thing with Feathers* ... Part prose, part poetry, the book is a lyrical exploration of grief and healing; exquisite passages of brilliance and beauty abound throughout.'

### **'Pick of the Week', Sydney Morning Herald**

'Extraordinary ... This book is partly poetry, partly drama, partly fable, and partly essay on grief. It reads like a play with three voices: the bereaved father, the sons speaking with one voice, and Crow, the alarming visitor who helps them work through their loss. With its verbal inventiveness, vivid imagery and profound but never swamping emotion, this is as wild and gripping and original book as *Wuthering Heights*.'

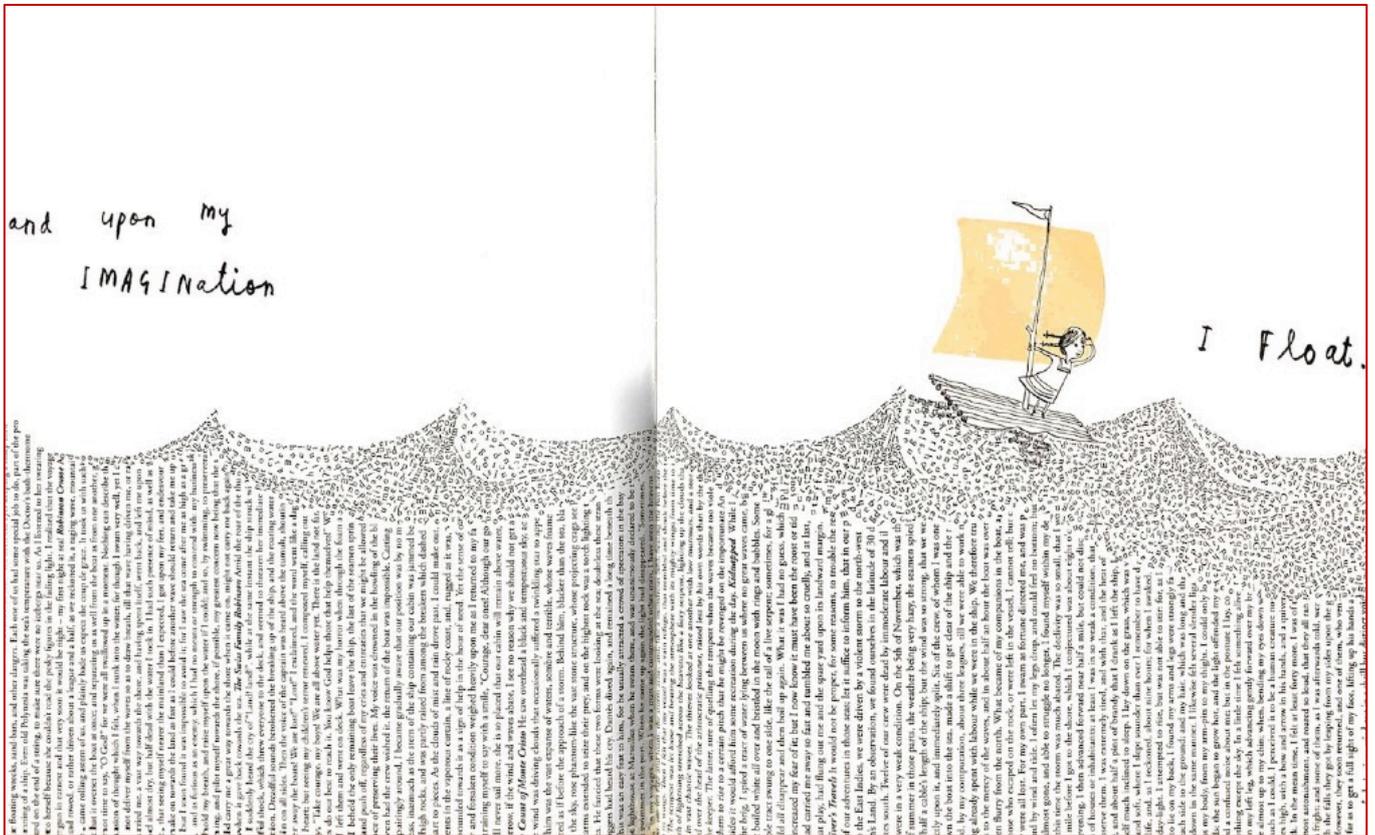
(Extracted from the first 3 pages of the Faber & Faber edition of the novel 'Grief is the Thing with Feathers' by Max Porter)

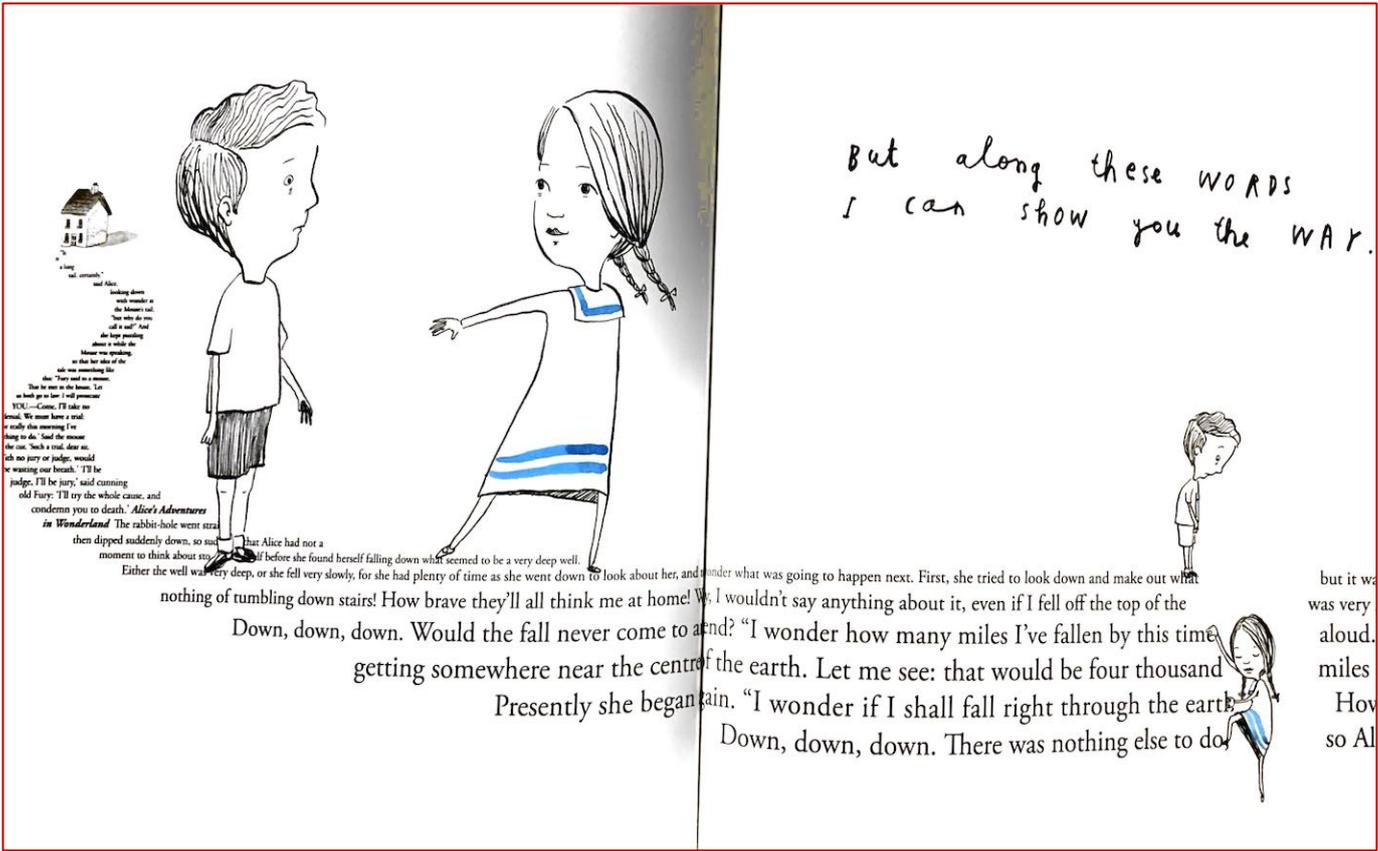
\* *Corvids* are a type of bird that belong to what is commonly known as the crow family (ravens, crows, magpies, jays, etc.). *Corvids* are said to be extremely smart birds.

\*\* *Precis-ed* - a concise summary of a book, article, or other text.

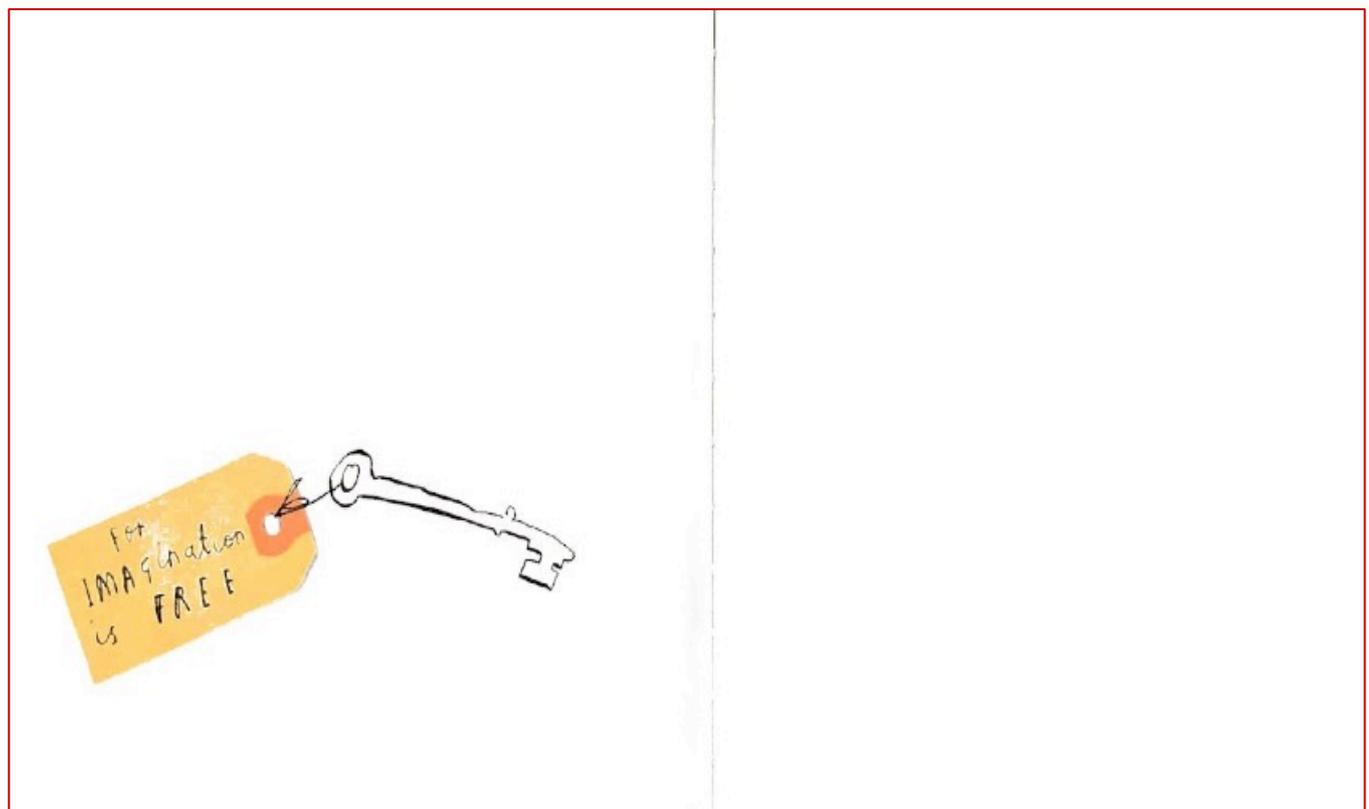
# TEXT THREE: GRAPHIC NOVEL

## A Child of Books









**By Oliver Jeffers and Sam Winston**

(Pages 1 - 2, 5 - 6, 9 - 12 and 23 - 30 scanned from the Candlewick Press edition of this text.)

## TEXT FOUR: PROSE EXCERPT

### Prologue from *The Jane Austen Book Club*

Each of us has a private Austen.

Jocelyn's Austen wrote wonderful novels about love and courtship, but never married. The book club was Jocelyn's idea, and she handpicked the members. She had more ideas in one morning than the rest of us had in a week, and more energy, too. It was essential to reintroduce Austen into your life regularly, Jocelyn said, let her look around. We suspected a hidden agenda, but who would put Jane Austen to an evil purpose?

Bernadette's Austen was a comic genius. Her characters, her dialogue remained genuinely funny, not like Shakespeare's jokes, which amused you only because they were Shakespeare's and you owed him that.

Bernadette was our oldest member, just rounding the bend of sixty-seven. She'd recently announced that she was, officially, letting herself go. "I just don't look in the mirror anymore," she'd told us. "I wish I'd thought of it years ago. . . .

"Like a vampire," she added, and when she put it that way, we wondered how it was that vampires always managed to look so dapper. It seemed that more of them should look like Bernadette.

Prudie had once seen Bernadette in the supermarket in her bedroom slippers, her hair sticking up from her forehead as if she hadn't even combed it. She was buying frozen edamame and capers and other items that couldn't have been immediately needed.

Bernadette's favorite book was *Pride and Prejudice*; she'd told Jocelyn that it was probably everyone's favorite. She recommended starting with it. But Sylvia's husband of thirty-two years had just asked for a divorce, and Jocelyn would not subject her, the news so recent and tender, to the dishy Mr. Darcy. "We'll start with *Emma*," Jocelyn had answered. "Because no one has ever read it and wished to be married."

Jocelyn met Sylvia when they were both eleven years old; they were in their early fifties now. Sylvia's Austen was a daughter, a sister, an aunt. Sylvia's Austen wrote her books in a busy sitting

room, read them aloud to her family, yet remained an acute and nonpartisan observer of people. Sylvia's Austen could love and be loved, but it didn't cloud her vision, blunt her judgment.

It was possible that Sylvia was the whole reason for the book club, that Jocelyn wished only to keep her occupied during a difficult time. That would be like Jocelyn. Sylvia was her oldest and closest friend.

Wasn't it Kipling who said, "Nothing like Jane when you're in a tight spot"? Or something very like that?

"I think we should be all women," Bernadette suggested next. "The dynamic changes with men. They pontificate rather than communicate. They talk more than their share."

Jocelyn opened her mouth.

"No one can get a word in," Bernadette warned her. "Women are too tentative to interrupt, no matter how long someone has gone on."

Jocelyn cleared her throat.

"Besides, men don't do book clubs," Bernadette said. "They see reading as a solitary pleasure. When they read at all."

Jocelyn closed her mouth.

Yet the very next person she asked was Grigg, whom we none of us knew. Grigg was a neat, dark-haired man in his early forties. The first thing you noticed about him was his eyelashes, which were very long and thick. We imagined a lifetime of aunts regretting the waste of those lashes in the face of a boy.

We'd known Jocelyn long enough to wonder whom Grigg was intended for. Grigg was too young for some of us, too old for the rest. His inclusion in the club was mystifying.

Those of us who'd known Jocelyn longer had survived multiple setups. While they were still in high school, she'd introduced Sylvia to the boy who would become her husband, and she'd been maid of honor at the wedding three years after they graduated. This early success had given her a taste for blood; she'd never recovered. Sylvia and Daniel. Daniel and Sylvia. Thirty-plus years of satisfaction, though it was, of course, harder to take pleasure in that just now.

Jocelyn had never been married herself, so she had ample time for all sorts of hobbies.

She'd spent fully six months producing suitable young men for Sylvia's daughter, Allegra, when Allegra turned nineteen. Now Allegra was thirty, and the fifth person asked to join our book club.

Allegra's Austen wrote about the impact of financial need on the intimate lives of women. If she'd worked in a bookstore, Allegra would have shelved Austen in the horror section.

Allegra got short, expensive haircuts and wore cheap, sexy shoes, but neither of those facts would have made any of us think twice if she hadn't also, on occasions too numerous to count, referred to herself as a lesbian. Jocelyn's inability to see what had never been hidden eventually became offensive, and Sylvia took her aside and asked why she was having so much trouble getting it. Jocelyn was mortified.

She switched to suitable young women. Jocelyn ran a kennel and bred Rhodesian Ridgebacks. The dog world was, as it happily turned out, awash in suitable young women.

Prudie was the youngest of us at twenty-eight. Her favorite novel was *Persuasion*, the last completed and the most somber. Prudie's was the Austen whose books changed every time you read them, so that one year they were all romances and the next you suddenly noticed Austen's cool, ironic prose. Prudie's was the Austen who died, possibly of Hodgkin's disease, when she was only forty-one years old.

Prudie would have liked it if we'd occasionally acknowledged the fact that she'd won her invitation as a genuine Austen devotee, unlike Allegra, who was really there only because of her mother. Not that Allegra wouldn't have some valuable insights; Prudie was eager to hear them. Always good to know what the lesbians were thinking about love and marriage.

Prudie had a dramatic face, deep-set eyes, white, white skin, and shadowed cheeks. A tiny mouth and lips that almost disappeared when she smiled, like the Cheshire cat, only opposite. She taught French at the high school and was the only one of us currently married, unless you counted Sylvia, who soon wouldn't be. Or maybe Grigg—we didn't know about Grigg—but why would Jocelyn have invited him if he was married?

None of us knew who Grigg's Austen was.

The six of us—Jocelyn, Bernadette, Sylvia, Allegra, Prudie, and Grigg—made up the full roster of the Central Valley/River City all-Jane-Austen-all-the-time book club. Our first meeting was at Jocelyn's house.

**By Karen Joy Fowler**

(Excerpt from pages 1 – 5 of the J.P. Putnam's Son Book edition of this novel)

## SECTION II

The prescribed texts for Section II are:

- **Prose Fiction**

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

- **Poetry**

- Rosemary Dobson, *Rosemary Dobson Collected*

The prescribed poems are:

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

- Kenneth Slessor, *Selected Poems*

The prescribed poems are:

- *Wild Grapes*
- *Gulliver*
- *Out of Time*
- *Vesper-Song of the Reverend Samuel Marsden*
- *William Street*
- *Beach Burial*

- **Drama**

- Jane Harrison, *Rainbow's End*, from Vivienne Cleven et al., *Contemporary Indigenous Plays*
- Arthur Miller, *The Crucible*

- **Shakespearean Drama**

- William Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice*

- **Nonfiction**

- Tim Winton, *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*
- Malala Yousafzai and Christina Lamb, *I am Malala*

- **Film**

- Stephen Daldry, *Billy Elliot*
- Ivan O'Mahoney, *Go Back to Where You Came From, Series 1: Episodes 1, 2 and 3 The Response*
- Lucy Walker, *Waste Land*

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