



HIGHER  
SCHOOL  
CERTIFICATE  
TRIAL EXAMINATION

STUDENT NUMBER \_\_\_\_\_

2020

**BAULKHAM HILLS HIGH SCHOOL**

# English Advanced

## Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

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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 paper

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**Total marks:  
40**

**Section I – 20 marks** (pages 2–7)

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

**Section II – 20 marks** (pages 8–11)

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

## Section I

**20 marks**

**Attempt Questions 1–5**

**Allow about 45 minutes for this section**

Read Texts 1, 2, 3 and 4 in the Stimulus Booklet carefully and then answer the questions in the spaces provided. These spaces provide guidance for the expected length of response.

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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 1 (3 marks)**

#### **Text 1 – Prose non-fiction**

Explain how Text 1 evokes the experience of winter in the Illawarra.

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**Question 3** (3 marks)

**Text 3 – Feature Article**

How does Ella Ward use a parallel structure to connect her experiences to those of her grandfather?

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**Question 4** (4 marks)

**Text 4 – Autobiographical extract**

How does Jeanette Winterson convey the conflict that can occur between individuals?

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**English Advanced**  
**Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences**

**Section II**

**20 marks**

**Attempt the question**

**Allow about 45 minutes for this section**

Answer the question in the writing booklet. 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 6 (20 marks)**

Individuals are both challenged and enriched by significant encounters within collective human experiences.

Discuss this with specific reference to your prescribed text.



**Prescribed texts 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***

**William Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice***

**Nonfiction:**

**Tim Winton, *The Boy Behind the Curtain***

**Malala Yousafzai and Christina Lamb, *I am Malala***

**Film:**

**Stephen Daldry, *Billy Elliot***

**Media:**

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

**Lucy Walker, *Waste Land***

**End of Question 6**





**BAULKHAM HILLS HIGH SCHOOL**

**Trial HSC 2020**  
**English Advanced**

**Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences**

**Stimulus Booklet**

<b>Section I</b>	• Text 1 – Prose non-fiction .....	2
	• Text 2 – Poem .....	3
	• Text 3 – Feature Article .....	4
	• Text 4 – Autobiographical extract .....	6

## Section I

### Text 1 — Prose non-fiction

#### Winter in the Illawarra\*

First, before the season, before all seasons, you should know Dharawal country. In our talking about the cold (*dagura*) and change (*murayung*) and the cold wind (*buruwi*) we should roll the words in our mouths. Because what can be said about a season that hasn't already been written in English? There is nothing new under the sun or moon or stars or cold-rain-filled-clouds rolling in from the Alpine. Perhaps I could show you and not tell?

You could take the coast road here or arrive from over the hinterland. You could descend into the slice of coast, past all the fern and forest. When you arrive at sea level and, if no one is here to welcome you in person, you can thank the high and low ground and the fresh and salt water yourself. You could travel light years, watch the canoes gliding over the surface of the water. Nature is on time in the eruption and retreat of flowers, foliage, tides and fish foraging in coves.

You can visit Nana's house - she'll have a hot plate for you. You can sit in Poppy's place in the sunroom with the telly on. Footy season: whether you scrum or scramble, there's a game to watch. You can put your feet up in woolly socks, have a hot chocolate. Take your time. And if you look beyond the telly, out the window, you'll see the grevillea still in bloom and the honey-eaters, lorikeets and wattle birds arriving to drink from the stem, all season, all year long. And then wander out to Lake Illawarra, enter the canoe and you can catch a few bream and luderick fish. Through the mouth of the estuary you could catch a break too, make sure the wetsuit reaches your wrists and ankles. The Pacific is deep and cold and blue.

Grieve all the days you didn't embrace the sun last season. All the days it was too difficult to face the light. It isn't winter that is coming but the pause before spring, that interval between shows, the chance to ready yourself against the world.

I am always at home and I am never there, never here. I'm always at the altar of the beach, high in the dunes under a hoodie, single serve of paper-wrapped hot chips, watching the grey water drop away into the abyss.

TARA JUNE WINCH

\*The Illawarra is a coastal region situated immediately south of Sydney

## Text 2 — Poem

### Strange

For the very young everything is strange  
Even before they can pronounce the word  
(Or spell it); comforts and terrors come,  
And puzzlement is always within range:  
The carolling of some early-morning bird,  
The noises that tap (or beat) upon the drum  
Of consciousness, the growing dawn and dark,  
The rain, the human voices near and far, the stark  
Hungers and thirsts - what can they mean  
When mornings shuffle past in blurred  
Succession, or crowd around with murmuring voices?  
Who can explain the sun, the stars, the moon,  
Or time, that ever-mysterious medium  
Through which the world of phenomena appear and disappear?

And yet even the not-so-young  
May be forgiven if, at times, it seems  
Worlds within worlds (present, future, past)  
Collide as they do in dreams...  
In the supermarkets of the universe  
We roller-skate at speeds too fast  
To assess the value of anything except the price  
Of roller skates (or at least, the last  
Price when we bought the present wobbly pair).  
In the expanding aisles we hurtle through,  
Let's take time out from visiting the nearest zoo –  
Is anything more strange than *me* - and *you*?

BRUCE DAWE

### Text 3 — Feature Article

#### Letters from My Grandfather

On an Anzac Day we're all forced to be apart, I've stumbled across a portal of connection and remembrance. In between working from home, schooling from home and cleaning my home, I've been journeying through centuries and hemispheres. Self-isolation is changed the way we see things. In my case, the restrictions saw me eyeing off the innocuous-looking green ring binder on my bookshelf. As the meme goes, "Our grandparents had to go to war, you just have to sit on the couch." I'd been sitting on the couch. I wondered what it felt like to go to war.

*June 24, 1918: Dear Prairie Lady - Want to go to the station with me yesterday? Come on. The train is on the North Spur so we'll have to hurry to get there on time... Then we pull out. Women are there in droves to cling hands, through windows and weep. Mrs Savage smiled, always will I remember it - and said 'Well done, Leon, give 'em hell!' and all the while she was crying inside - I know it.*

In 1918 my great-grandfather was serving in the dog days of World War 1. He was 21, passionately in love and - oh boy - could he write. For 12 months James ('Jim') sent letters of love, pain and all that fell in between, to his sweetheart Katherine ('Kay'). My grandma, Jim's daughter, painstakingly transcribed the originals and gifted them to me on my 24th birthday.

We all have so much time at the moment. So I'm taking this project slowly. Each night I approach the next letter. I try not to read ahead (although, some would say, my very existence is the ultimate plot spoiler).

*July 1918: In the French city of (edited) we met Jane. She was all that my fevered imagination had suggested that a cafe girl ought to be, and she spoke English with an accent novelists speak of as 'charmingly broken' meaning that you couldn't understand her. She also had the English faculty of charging three times what her champagne was worth, so that before we got through we were all charmingly broke*

Like us, Jim and Kay were living through a collective trauma. They were simultaneously witnesses and players. It feels foreign to live through a time that will be imparted to others, endlessly, through books, films and media that doesn't yet exist. We're breathing history that doesn't have a final chapter. Was Jim as burdened by pre-emptive self-awareness as we are now? I doubt it. Because his letters don't speak to historical events and world-changing decisions. They're simply verbal steps, just one foot in front of the other, with little idea of what lies ahead.

Text 3 continues on the next page

Text 3 continued

*October 24, 1918: As to narrow escapes – I used to think that I would enjoy telling about one or two that I might have, but I don't. There have been so many of them that they seem commonplace, somehow... I lost my horse – we used to think that was something to talk about. Well, it isn't. I guess I've seen a dozen of them fall, at different times, within twenty yards of me. I've gone through a swamp full of gas at night - I've taken part in an action on the line... I did some little of the fighting, and I'm damn sure I did my share of the retreating.*

Surprisingly though, it's not descriptions of front-line warfare that make the letters so captivating. It's the humour, the small observations, and the ardent passion of a young man for his sweetheart. I find comfort in this and the lesson it teaches us now.

In the midst of the worst, little things are still important. A smoky room in rural France. The phosphorescence breaking on the bow of a ship. A night's rest under four blankets on a German-built bunk. And throughout it all, love.

*August 16, 1918: Oh, Lady, my heart aches to be back with you - and I know that the longer I stay away and the more roughness I run into on my road, the more I'll appreciate you and all that you stand for when I come back.*

The activity of transcribing Great-Grandpa's correspondence has been restorative, almost meditative. And it's brought my extended family back into my house. Each time I sit at my desk, a small crowd enters the room. I'll leave the last words to Jim, because he was so good with them. This Anzac Day, he's reminded me to take heart, be brave, and know how much we'll appreciate things when this is all over:

*July, 1918: I think - that if I ever get back - this affair will have done me a lot of good. Happiness, as they say, is never appreciated unless it is paid for.*

ELLA WARD

## Text 4 — Autobiographical extract

### *Why Be Happy When You Could Be Normal?*

*Jeanette Winterson wrote a semi-autobiographical novel called *Oranges Are Not the Only Fruit*. In her autobiography, Winterson recalls the argument she had with her mother about the book.*

For most of my life I've been a bare-knuckle fighter. The one who wins is the one who hits the hardest. I was beaten as a child and I learned early never to cry. If I was locked out overnight I sat on the doorstep till the milkman came, drank both pints, left the empty bottles to enrage my mother, and walked to school.

We always walked. We had no car and no bus money. For me, the average was five miles a day: two miles for the round trip to school; three miles for the round trip to church.

Church was every night except Thursdays.

I wrote about some of these things in *Oranges*, and when it was published, my mother sent me a furious note in her immaculate copperplate handwriting demanding a phone call.

We hadn't seen each other for several years. I had left Oxford, was scraping together a life, and had written *Oranges young* — I was twenty-five when it was published.

I went to a phone box — I had no phone. She went to a phone box — she had no phone.

I dialed the Accrington code and number as instructed, and there she was — who needs Skype? I could see her through her voice, her form solidifying in front of me as she talked.

She was a big woman, tallish and weighing around twenty stone. Surgical stockings, flat sandals, a Crimplene\* dress and a nylon headscarf. She would have done her face powder (keep yourself nice), but not lipstick (fast and loose).

She filled the phone box. She was out of scale, larger than life. She was like a fairy story where size is approximate and unstable. She loomed up. She expanded. Only later, much later, too late, did I understand how small she was to herself. The baby nobody picked up.

But that day she was borne up on the shoulders of her own outrage. She said. 'It's the first time I've had to order a book in a false name.'

I tried to explain what I had hoped to do. I am an ambitious writer.

Mrs Winterson was having none of it. She knew full well that writers were sex-crazed bohemians\* who broke the rules and didn't go out to work. Books had been forbidden in our house and so for me to have written one, and had it published, and had it win a prize ...

The beeps — more money in the slot — and I'm thinking, as her voice goes in and out like the sea, 'Why aren't you proud of me?'

Jeanette Winterson

**Crimplene:** crease-resistant fabric

**\*bohemian:** a person with artistic or literary interests who disregards normal standards of behaviour