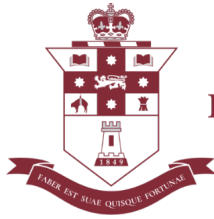


NESA NUMBER



FORT STREET HIGH SCHOOL

2020 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 or blue pen
- A Stimulus Booklet is provided at the back of this paper

### Total Marks: 40

Section I - 20 marks (pages 2-6)

- Attempt Questions 1-4
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section II – 20 marks (page 7)

- Attempt Question 5
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

**Section I**

**20 marks**

**Attempt Questions 1-4**

**Allow about 45 minutes for this section**

Read the texts on pages 3-6 of the Stimulus Booklet carefully and then answer the questions in the spaces provided. These spaces provide guidance for the expected length of the responses.

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In your answer you 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)**

What does Text One highlight about the significance of small moments on our sense of self?

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**Section I continues on page 3**

**Section I (continued)**

**Question 2 (4 marks)**

Analyse how Text Two uses imagery to reflect on the importance of relationships to human experiences.

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**Section I continues on page 4**

**Section I (continued)**

**Question 3 (5 marks)**

Compare how Text Three and Text Four represent the influence of history on identity.

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**Section I continues on page 5**

**Section I (continued)**

**Question 4 (7 marks)**

Compare how Text Five and ONE other text from the Stimulus Booklet represent the impact of memories on our lives.

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## **Section II**

**20 marks**

**Attempt Question 5**

**Allow about 45 minutes for this section**

Answer the question in the Writing Booklet. Extra writing booklets are available.

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In your answer you 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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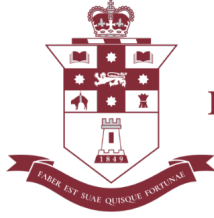
### **Question 5 (20 marks)**

To what extent does your prescribed text challenge assumptions about human experiences?

**End of Section II**

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FORT STREET HIGH SCHOOL

2020 TRIAL HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION

# English Advanced

## Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

Stimulus booklet for Section I

and

List of prescribed texts for Section II

Section I	Pages
- Text 1 Speech.....	3-4
- Text 2 Poem.....	5
- Text 3 Autobiography Extract.....	6
- Text 4 Painting.....	7
- Text 5 Novel extract.....	8
 Section II	
- List of prescribed texts.....	9

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## Section I

### Text One – Speech

#### Nobel Prize Lecture

The first photograph I ever experienced consciously is a picture of my mother from before she gave birth to me. Unfortunately, it's a black-and-white photograph, which means that many of the details have been lost, turning into nothing but grey shapes. The light is soft, and rainy, likely a springtime light, and definitely the kind of light that seeps in through a window, holding the room in a barely perceptible glow. My mum is sitting beside our old radio, and it's the kind with a green eye and two dials—one to regulate the volume, the other for finding a station. This radio later became my great childhood companion; from it I learned of the existence of the cosmos. Turning an ebony knob shifted the delicate feelers of the antennae, and into their purview fell all kinds of different stations— Warsaw, London, Luxembourg and Paris. Sometimes, however, the sound would falter, as though between Prague and New York, or Moscow and Madrid, the antennae's feelers stumbled onto black holes. Whenever that happened, it sent shivers down my spine. I believed that through this radio different solar systems and galaxies were speaking to me, crackling and warbling and sending me important information, and yet I was unable to decipher it.

When as a little girl I would look at that picture, I would feel sure that my mum had been looking for me when she turned the dial on our radio. Like a sensitive radar, she penetrated the infinite realms of the cosmos, trying to find out when I would arrive, and from where. Her haircut and outfit (a big boat neck) indicate when this picture was taken, namely, in the early sixties. Gazing off somewhere outside of the frame, the somewhat hunched-over woman sees something that isn't available to a person looking at the photo later. As a child, I imagined that what was happening was that she was gazing into time. There's nothing really happening in the picture—it's a photograph of a state, not a process. The woman is sad, seemingly lost in thought—seemingly lost.

When I later asked her about that sadness—which I did on numerous occasions, always prompting the same response—my mother would say that she was sad because I hadn't been born yet, yet she already missed me.

“How can you miss me when I'm not there yet?” I would ask.

I knew that you miss someone you've lost, that longing is an effect of loss.

“But it can also work the other way around,” she answered. “Missing a person means they're there.”

This brief exchange, someplace in the countryside in western Poland in the late sixties, an exchange between my mother and me, her small child, has always remained in my memory and given me a store of strength that has lasted me my whole life. For it elevated my existence beyond the ordinary materiality of the world, beyond chance, beyond cause and effect and the laws of probability. She placed my existence out of time, in the sweet vicinity of eternity. In my child's mind, I understood then that there was more to me than I had ever imagined before. And that even if I were to say, "I'm lost," then I'd still be starting out with the words "I am"—the most important and the strangest set of words in the world.

And so a young woman who was never religious—my mother—gave me something once known as a soul, thereby furnishing me with the world's greatest *tender narrator*.

Olga Tokarczuk

**End of Text One**

## Text Two - Poem

*Elegy*  
*For my father*

I think by now the river must be thick  
with salmon. Late August, I imagine it  
as it was that morning: drizzle needling  
the surface, mist at the banks like a net  
settling around us — everything damp  
and shining. That morning, awkward  
and heavy in our hip waders, we stalked  
into the current and found our places —  
you upstream a few yards and out  
far deeper. You must remember how  
the river seeped in over your boots  
and you grew heavier with that defeat.  
All day I kept turning to watch you, how  
first you mimed our guide's casting  
then cast your invisible line, slicing the sky  
between us; and later, rod in hand, how  
you tried — again and again — to find  
that perfect arc, flight of an insect  
skimming the river's surface. Perhaps  
you recall I cast my line and reeled in  
two small trout we could not keep.  
Because I had to release them, I confess,  
I thought about the past — working  
the hooks loose, the fish writhing  
in my hands, each one slipping away  
before I could let go. I can tell you now  
that I tried to take it all in, record it  
for an elegy I'd write — one day —

when the time came. Your daughter,  
I was that ruthless. What does it matter  
if I tell you I *learned* to be? You kept casting  
your line, and when it did not come back  
empty, it was tangled with mine. Some nights,  
dreaming, I step again into the small boat  
that carried us out and watch the bank receding —  
my back to where I know we are headed.

Natasha Trethaway

**End of Text Two**

### Text Three – Autobiography Extract

*First, Second, Third, Fourth*

At school we learnt explorers. In tablets of milk chocolate, kids could collect an entire set of explorer trading cards. For a brief moment in history class we were presented with archival drawings of Indigenous men, standing one-legged, their rude parts red-clothed, spears in hand; the women were savage and noble, never dressed. *That's all?* I thought. *Well, that's not me*, I realised. We wore jeans, and lived in the commission house, not a humpy. I grew up with a brother, whose father is Torres Strait Islander; a sister, whose mother is my father's sister and is Wiradjuri and whose father is Barkindji; and another brother, who is my cousin. They are darker than me. They are more Indigenous than me. I think I saw life through the lens of a writer from a young age: I never knew how I felt, but wondered how it felt for them. Race was the paradigm that I didn't fit. But we were proud. We are still proud.

I'm still looking down, and I want to yell out to the young girl with bucked teeth, in fluorescent bike shorts; I want her to *look up!* Let me count the ways I love thee. Count the ways I was Aboriginal even if no one is playing AFL on our NSW street. Count the ways you belong somewhere. I'd get dropped off at the Aboriginal Medical Centre for teeth pulling, cavity filling, for painting workshops in the old garage shed out back. I have friends there; it's where I completed my first dot painting, experienced my first kiss, smoked that first cigarette. We got to go on Aboriginal camp once a year, celebrated NAIDOC day annually. Sometimes it feels as if I don't remember anything. I remember almost nothing. Memories are cryptic, translucent blimps rising and bursting, a slice of a life without the details coloured in.

Salvage ... I'm standing with Dad at the little shop manned by no one at the local garbage dump – we'll find treasures there. I pleaded to have the surf-brand schoolbag, to invite my friends over in the afternoon. I still feel guilty for wanting more than my parents could offer. We went bushwalking. Dad went away working in the bush – he brought back gifts. We went to Lightning Ridge, slept in tents, mattresses beside the fire pits. Those were our holidays.

Salvage ... There are no artefacts. Not a *guluman* or *coolaman*\*, not the one that my grandmother bought on a bus trip to Alice Springs. Her souvenir is at my aunt's house, the last time I saw it she had the *guluman* in the kitchen, high on a shelf. She took it down for me: it used to be in our house growing up; its design was for carrying babies, or collecting berries, or for digging at tuber roots, but this one was a souvenir that was now collecting dust. Quiet truths, unspoken history, that's what lurks growing up, that's what's never dredged up straight from the mouths of rivers.

Tara June Wench

\* Guluman or Coolamon is a traditional Australian Aboriginal carrying vessel

End of Text Three

Text Four- Painting

*Outsider*



Gordon Bennett

**End of Text Four**

**Text Five - Novel Extract**

## *On Earth We're Briefly Gorgeous*

Seeing the letters on the boy's chest, the woman remembers her own name. The possession of a name, after all, being all they share. "Lan," she says. "Tên tôi là Lan." My name is Lan. Lan meaning Lily. Lan the name she gave herself, having been born nameless. Because her mother simply called her *Seven*, the order in which she came into the world after her siblings.

It was only after she ran away, at seventeen, from her arranged marriage to a man three times her age, that Lan named herself. One night, she brewed her husband a pot of tea, dropping a pinch of lotus stems to deepen his sleep, then waited till the palm-leaf walls shivered with his snoring. Through the flat black night, she made her way, feeling one low branch after another.

Hours later, she knocked on the door to her mother's house. "Seven," her mother said through a crack in the door, "a girl who leaves her husband is the rot of a harvest. You know this. How can you not know?" And then the door closed, but not before a hand, gnarled as wood, pressed a pair of pearl earrings into Lan's grip. The mother's pale face erased by the door's swing, the lock's click.

The crickets were too loud as Lan stumbled toward the nearest streetlamp, then followed each dim post, one by one, until, by dawn, the city appeared, smeared with fog. A man selling rice cakes spotted her, her soiled nightgown torn at the collar, and offered a scoop of sweet rice steaming on a banana leaf. She dropped down in the dirt and chewed, eyes fixed on the ground between her coal-shaded feet. "Where are you from," the man asked, "a young girl like you wandering at this hour? What is your name?"

Her mouth filled itself with that lush sound, the tone forming through the chewed rice before the vowel rose, its protracted ah, pronounced Laang. Lily, she decided, for no reason. "Lan," she said, the rice falling, like chipped light, from her lips. "Tên tôi là Lan."

Surrounding the boy soldier, the woman, and the girl is the land's verdant insistence. But which land? Which border that was crossed and erased, divided and rearranged? Twenty-eight now, she has given birth to a girl she wraps in a piece of sky stolen from a clear day.

Sometimes, at night, the girl asleep, Lan stares into the dark, thinking of another world, one where a woman holds her daughter by the side of a road, a thumbnail moon hung in the clear air. A world where there are no soldiers or Hueys\* and the woman is only going for a walk in the warm spring evening, where she speaks real soft to her daughter, telling her the story of a girl who ran away from her faceless youth only to name herself after a flower that opens like something torn apart.

Ocean Vuong

\* Hueys: The nickname for the utility military helicopters used by Americans during the Vietnam War

**End of Text Five**

**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 and Samuel Marsden*
- *William Street*
- *Beach Burial*

- **Drama**
  - Jane Harrison, *Rainbows's End*
  - Arthur Miller, *The Crucible*
- **Shakespearean Drama**
  - William Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice*
- **Nonfiction**
  - Tim Winton, *The Boy Behind the Curtain*
  - Malala Yousafzai and Christine Lamb, *I am Malala*
- **Film**
  - Stephen Daldry, *Billy Elliot*
- **Media**
  - Ivan O'Mahoney, *Go Back to Where You Came From*
  - Lucy Walker, *Waste Land*

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