KIRRAWEE HIGH SCHOOL

2019

YEAR 12
HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE
TRIAL EXAMINATION

English Advanced
HSC Trial Examination
Paper 1 – Common Module: Texts and Human Experiences

General Instructions

- Reading time: 10 minutes
- Working time: 90 minutes
- Write using black or blue pen
- Place your NESA student number on each front page of your answer sheets
- This exam has TWO sections
- Attempt ALL sections
- If you do not attempt a question write 'non-attempt' on the relevant booklet
- Start **each section** in a new booklet
- If you use more than one booklet for a section then number each booklet in the following manner: 1/2, 2/2

Total marks – 40

Section I – Reading Section

20 marks
Allow approximately 45 minutes for this section

Section II – Extended Response

20 marks
Allow approximately 45 minutes for this section

Section I – reading (20 marks)

Your answers will be assessed on how well you:

- demonstrate understanding of the way perceptions of discovery are shaped in and through texts
- describe, explain and analyse the relationship between language, text and context

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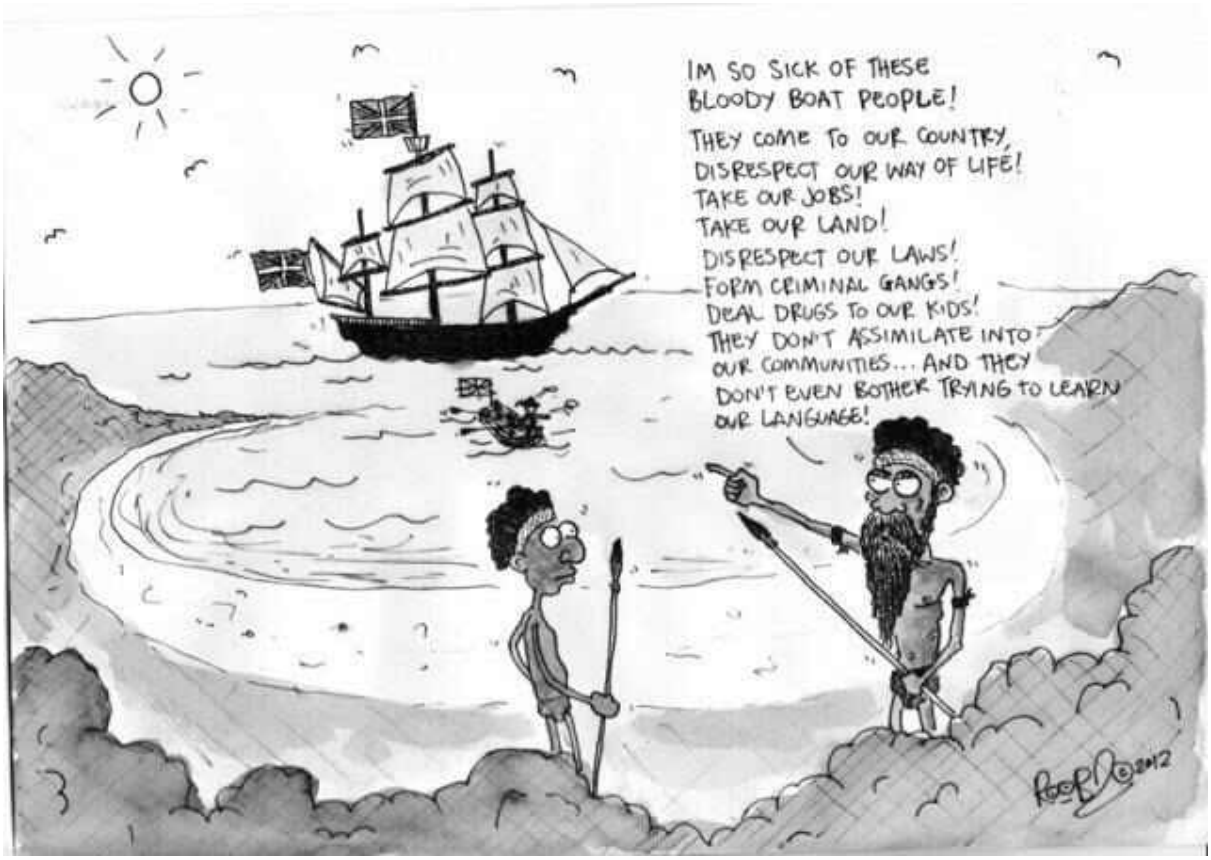
Question 1

Examine Texts **one**, **two**, **three** and **four** carefully and then answer the questions on page 6.

Text one – graphic



Text two – poem

The Facts of Art

By Natalie Diaz

The Arizona highway sailed across the desert—
a gray battleship drawing a black wake,
halting at the foot of the orange mesa,*
unwilling to go around.

Hopi* men and women—brown, and small, and claylike
—peered down from their tabletops at yellow tractors, water trucks,
and white men blistered with sun—red as fire ants—towing
sunscreen-slathered wives in glinting Airstream trailers
in caravans behind them.

Elders knew these bia* roads were bad medicine—knew too
that young men listen less and less, and these young Hopi men
needed work, hence set aside their tools, blocks of cottonwood root
and half-finished Koshari* the clown katsinas,* then
signed on with the Department of Transportation,

were hired to stab drills deep into the earth's thick red flesh
on First Mesa, drive giant sparking blades across the mesas' faces,
run the drill bits so deep they smoked, bearding all the Hopi men
in white—*Bad spirits,* said the Elders—

The blades caught fire, burned out—*Ma'saw* is angry,* the Elders said.
New blades were flown in by helicopter. While Elders dreamed
their arms and legs had been cleaved off and their torsos were flung
over the edge of a dinner table, the young Hopi men went
back to work cutting the land into large chunks of rust.

Nobody noticed at first—not the white workers,
not the Indian workers—but in the mounds of dismantled mesa,
among the clods and piles of sand,
lay the small gray bowls of babies' skulls.

Not until they climbed to the bottom did they see
the silvered bones glinting from the freshly sliced dirt-and-rock wall—
a mausoleum* mosaic, a sick tapestry: the tiny remains
roused from death's dusty cradle, cut in half, cracked,
wrapped in time-tattered scraps of blankets.

Let's call it a day, the white foreman said.
That night, all the Indian workers got sad-drunk—got sick
—while Elders sank to their kivas in prayer. Next morning,
as dawn festered on the horizon, state workers scaled the mesas,
knocked at the doors of pueblos that had them, hollered
into those without them,

demanding the Hopi men come back to work—then begging them—
then buying them whiskey—begging again—finally sending their white
wives up the dangerous trail etched into the steep sides
to buy baskets from Hopi wives and grandmothers
as a sign of treaty.

When that didn't work, the state workers called the Indians lazy,
sent their sunhat-wearing wives back up to buy more baskets—
katsinas too—then called the Hopis *good-for-nothings*,
before begging them back once more.

We'll try again in the morning, the foreman said.
But the Indian workers never returned—
The bias and dots calls to work went unanswered,
as the fevered Hopis stayed huddled inside.

The small bones half-buried in the crevices of mesa—
in the once-holy darkness of silent earth and always-night—
smiled or sighed beneath the moonlight, while white women
in Airstream trailers wrote letters home

praising their husbands' patience, describing the lazy savages:
such squalor in their stone and plaster homes—cobs of corn stacked
floor to ceiling against crumbling walls—their devilish ceremonies
and the barbaric way they buried their babies,
oh, and those beautiful, beautiful baskets.

* **Mesa –** the American English term for tableland: an elevated area of land with a flat top and sides that are usually steep cliffs.
* **Hopi –** Native American tribe in Arizona.
* **bia –** Bureau of American Affairs.
* **Koshari –** Legal bill passed in 1924 to acknowledge Native Americans in Virginia.
* **Katsinas –** A spirit being.
* **Ma'saw –** Hopi God of the underworld.
* **Mausoleum -** A tomb.

Text three – **web page**

The face of climate change: how Inuit youth lead the fight to save the Arctic

Maatalii Okalik is taking the young voice of the Canadian Arctic to the global climate change talks in Paris: 'We're the ones really affected by it'.

By Leyland Cecco in Iqaluit, 2015

Alethea Arnaquq-Baril, an Inuit filmmaker, is one Arctic youth fighting for Inuit issues to be heard in Paris.

Maatalii Okalik is tired of seeing polar bears as the face of climate change. "Make it an Inuit face. We're the ones that are really affected by it," she told the Guardian from Paris.

At the Paris climate conference, the bear is a trope on banners and posters. Politicians and activists are taking note of the Arctic's plight, invoking sprawling vistas and vulnerable wildlife as a cautionary tale. "This summer, I saw the effects of climate change first-hand in our northernmost state, Alaska," Barack Obama said in his opening remarks at the conference. "Where the sea is already swallowing villages and eroding shorelines; where permafrost thaws and the tundra burns; where glaciers are melting at a pace unprecedented in modern times."

But Okalik, President of Canada's National Inuit Youth Council, says the soaring rhetoric of saving the Arctic is not enough. "Inuit continue to be the human barometer of climate change," she said. "They have been saying to the international community for years that climate change is happening at a rapid pace." If action if going to be taken on preserving life in the Arctic, she argued, traditional Inuit knowledge and experience needs to be included.

Iqaluit, the capital of the Canadian Arctic, is the centre of a quickly changing landscape. Photograph: Leyland Cecco/The Guardian >

Bound by tundra, rock and frigid waters, Iqaluit is more than 2,700 miles from Paris.

Far removed from the world's climate deliberations, it's the centre of a quickly changing landscape. It's also the Canadian Arctic's capital and the consummate frontier city, with a rapidly growing population. The median age of the territory is below 25, and one-third of the residents are under the age of 15. The Arctic is young.

For the Arctic's new generation, the last decade has been one of hollow promises in the face of ongoing crises. The territory is powered on costly diesel fuel, it lacks sufficient housing, and the cost of living is too high for many Inuit residents. Annual pilgrimages of political leaders to the north have been, for the most part, political theatre, accompanied by photo ops and platitudes to the residents asking for more money to alleviate the glut of problems in the region.

Two months ago, Okalik used her role as head of the National Inuit Youth Council to question federal candidates before the Canadian election. “If elected and as our voice in Ottawa, do you commit to implementing the 94 calls to action put forth by the Truth and Reconciliation Commission, and what specific measures will you take?” she asked to heavy applause from the crowd. As the moderator pointed out, she was one of the few young people in the crowd.

Two months later, she travelled to Paris for the COP21 conference as an Arctic delegate, representing the Nunavut territory to monitor the talks and lobby for the inclusion of indigenous voices in the agreement. With many elders lacking the tools to engage the international community, Okalik sees a clear role in discussions for her generation.

< *The median age of the territory is below 25, and one-third of the residents are under the age of 15. Photograph: Leyland Cecco/The Guardian*

“Inuit traditional knowledge has identified the impacts of climate change,” she told the Guardian. “Hunters know animal migration routes and how they’ve changed. We want traditional knowledge to be included as a valid form of evidence.”

Elders have told her the environment has changed dramatically over the years. While sea ice is the most common indicator of climate change, hunters have noticed more subtle changes. Seventy years ago, she is told, hunters could eat polar bear meat raw, with no consequence. Now, it must be boiled for more than six hours to prevent the harmful effects of trichinella. Ring seals, an Inuit favourite, are being pushed out of traditional hunting grounds by larger harp seals. The hunts now yield less, and the sea ice has grown increasingly unpredictable for experienced hunters.

This hamstringing of an older generation, many of whom grew up in forced resettlement outpost camps and speak Inuktitut as their mother tongue, means that important voices in the community often go unheard. For Arnaquq-Baril, it’s the younger generation who are emerging with the strongest voice.

There was a time Inuit were discouraged from taking pride in their heritage, Okalik says. But the shame imbued within the community is fading quickly. Her generation is eager to absorb traditions and skills suited to thriving in a hard environment.

She studied political science and human rights at university, “but I put my experience hunting and cleaning skins and sewing *kammiqs* [boots] as my formal education”, she said.

This push for renewed pride and identity among Inuit youth emerges from a generation bookended by crisis. In October, red dresses dotted the capital. Hung on doors by friends and families, the garments were meant to commemorate young Inuit women lost to domestic violence. Suicide rates among Inuit youth are some of the highest in the world. “There isn’t one Inuk who hasn’t had someone close to them affected by suicide. It is so rampant and devastating and happens at such a high rate that it’s almost normal now,” says Okalik.

< A dress hangs outside a house to commemorate the high number of indigenous women who are victims of violence. Photograph: Leyland Cecco/The Guardian

Much of this stems from a not so distant history, when Inuit were forced into government-run residential schools. The aim was to assimilate them into the Christian students, mirroring a southern lifestyle. “My mother’s generation was constantly told being Inuk is not good enough,” says Franco Buschemi, an emerging stand-up comic. To make sense of tragedy and pain, he takes an unconventional approach: he tells jokes.

Buschemi recalls reactions to poking fun at a rash of suicides in Canada’s northern territory that have led it to issue a state of emergency. “It’s pretty dark,” he admits. “But Inuit love to tell jokes.” His material is infused with enough social commentary to disarm his audience, but also to get them thinking. “The comedy I’m doing is northern art. There are jokes that you have to understand the culture of living in the north,” he says.

As the world awaits a decision from Paris, Inuit youth draw optimism from the success of their ancestors adapting to thrive in the Arctic. “So much has happened in the last 70 years alone when it comes to Inuit having to quickly react and respond to change,” says Okalik. Using traditional knowledge, she feels the global south could do the same.

Text 4 – Non-Fiction

The following is the introduction note at the beginning of non-fiction book, I Am the Grand Canyon.

In the wilderness of broken plateaus where the Colorado has worn its awesome canyon across northern Arizona, a peaceful group of Indian people was dwelling in 1974 at the bottom of a nearly inaccessible gorge in Havasu Canyon. These people were the Havasupai. Their community formed one of the tiniest, most isolated federal Indian reservations in the United States. More than three hundred Havasupais lived on a total of 518 acres in this canyon. By 1974 they had become so crowded that just to carry on daily life meant to tread in some minor way on a neighbour's resources. A hundred more of their people had to live and work elsewhere; Havasu Canyon afforded them no room.

The people living in this canyon did not choose such a way of life. Once they were occupants of the lands along the Grand Canyon's south rim, ranging as far south as the present locations of Flagstaff and Williams. For more than seven centuries, the Havasupai pursued a hard but rewarding life there. They used the land with care and treated it with respect, believing they would stay in that place as long as there should be Havasupai. They welcomed visitors to their hard land and shared with them whatever it afforded.

One day, invaders appeared from the other side of the earth and said the Havasupais homelands were so beautiful they should be reserved for viewing, and the Havasupai were made to leave. All that remained to them of their homeland was the narrow bottom of Havasu Canyon.

Although the government officially restricted them to Havasu Canyon in 1882, the Havasupai continued to use part of their old lands outside the canyon. But they were forbidden to live there as a tribal community any longer, a situation they were to endure for nearly a century. The government had other plans for the three million acres over which the Havasupai once roamed. As W. P. Hermann, Grand Canyon Forest Reserve supervisor, wrote at the turn of the 20th Century:

> The Grand Canyon of the Colorado River is becoming so renowned for its wonderful and extensive natural gorge, scenery and for its open and clean pine woods, that it should be preserved for the everlasting pleasure and instruction of our intelligent citizens, as well as those of foreign countries. Henceforth, I deem it just and necessary to keep the wild and unappreciable Indian from off the Reserve…

Yet the Havasupai remained industrious and hospitable people, for they believed good people work hard and share. Even so, the federal government's actions until 1974 indicated the United States viewed the Havasupai as little better than a nuisance. But then the 425 Havasupai people came again to Congress – for the eighth time since 1908 – in a last chance appeal for the just restoration of their land. They found themselves plunged into their most desperate battle for survival since 1882, and, against all odds, they won. I Am the Grand Canyon is the story of their victory and of the terrible, dark years they lived through to earn it. The story continues with the years that have followed.

- *Stephen Hirst,* 2007

End of text four

Section I Question 1
Attempt all parts of this question
20 marks
Allow about **45 minutes** for this section
Answer the question on a separate writing booklet.

Your answers 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 (continued)

Text one – graphic

(a) What human experience is being explored and how is it shown? **3**

Text two – poem

(b) What human experience is being portrayed and how is it represented? **4**

Text three – article

(c) What connections are established between human experiences and the wider world in this text, and how are they explored? **6**

Text four and ONE other – Comparative

(e) Compare the ways human experience shapes identity in **TEXT 4** and **ONE** other text of your choosing from **TEXT 1, 2 or 3**. **7**

End of Question 1

Section II Question 2
Extended Response

20 marks
Attempt Question 2
Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the question in a SEPARATE 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

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Question 2

How has your study of your prescribed text shaped and challenged your understanding of individual and collective human experiences? In your answer you must explore ONE prescribed text.

Prescribed texts:

Merchant of Venice, by William Shakespeare

Waste Land, by Sarah Gavron

End of paper