



# SHORE

Exam Number:

**Year 12**  
**English (Advanced) Course**  
**HSC Trial Examination**  
**Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences**  
**Question Booklet**  
**2019**

**General instructions**

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Working time – 1 hour and 30 minutes
- Write using black or blue pen
- A Stimulus Booklet is provided with this paper

**Total marks – 40**

**Section I**

**Page 3 -8**

**20 marks**

- Attempt Section 1
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

**Section II**

**Page 9**

**20 marks**

- Attempt Question 2
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

**Note:** Any time you have remaining should be spent revising your answers.

**DO NOT REMOVE THIS PAPER FROM THE EXAMINATION ROOM**

BLANK PAGE

**Section I**

**20 marks**

**Allow about 45 minutes for this section**

---

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.
- 

**Examine Texts 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 in the Stimulus Booklet carefully and then answer the questions below.**

**Question 1**

Use **Text One** to answer this question.

**Marks**

Explain how the image conveys the contradictions in human experiences.

**4**

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---



**Question 3**

Use **Texts 3 and 4** to answer this question.

Compare how both texts represent differences in the way individuals experience the world.

**6**

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

Section I continues on Page 6

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

Section I continues on Page 7

**Question 4**

Use **Text 5** to answer this question.

Analyse how the writer explores the anomalies inherent in the human experience.

6

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

**Section I continues on Page 8**





## Section II

20 marks

Attempt Question 2

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the question in a SEPARATE writing booklet.

---

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 3 (20 marks)

Composers challenge responders' assumptions about the world through the representation of human experiences.

Discuss this statement with close reference to your prescribed text.

The prescribed text for Section II is:

- **Prose Fiction** – George Orwell, *Nineteen Eighty-Four*

**End of Section II**  
**End of Examination**

BLANK PAGE



# SHORE

Exam Number:

**Year 12**  
**English (Advanced) Course**  
**HSC Trial Examination**  
**Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences**  
**Stimulus Booklet for Section I**  
**2019**

**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

**Total marks – 40**

**Section I**

**Pages 3 - 8**

**20 marks**

- Text 1 – Image
- Text 2 – Fiction Extract
- Text 3 – Poem
- Text 4 – Poem
- Text 5 – Non-fiction Extract

**Note:** Any time you have remaining should be spent revising your answers.

**DO NOT REMOVE THIS PAPER FROM THE EXAMINATION ROOM**

BLANK PAGE

## Section I

20 marks

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

---

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
- 

### Text one – Image



Section I continues on page 4

## Text two – Fiction Extract, from *Bridge of Clay*

In the beginning there was one murder, one mule and one boy, but this isn't the beginning, it's before it, it's me, and I'm Matthew, and I here I am, in the kitchen, in the night – the old river mouth of light – and I'm punching and punching away. The house is quiet around me.

As it is, everyone else is asleep.

I'm at the kitchen table.

It's me and the typewriter – me and the old TW, as our long-lost father said our long-lost grandmother used to say. Actually, she'd called it the *ol'* TW, but such quirks have never been me. Me, I'm known for bruises and level-headedness, for height and muscle and blasphemy, and the occasional sentimentality. If you're like most people, you'll wonder if I'd bother stringing a sentence together, let alone know anything about the epics, or the Greeks. Sometimes it's good to be underestimated that way, but even better when someone sees it. In my case, I was lucky:

For me there was Claudia Kirkby.

There was a boy and a son and a brother.

Yes, always for us there was a brother, and he was the one – the one amongst us – who took all of it on his shoulder. As ever, he'd told me quietly, and deliberately, and of course he was on the money. There *was* an old typewriter buried in the old backyard of an old-backyard-of-a-town, but I'd had to get my measurements right, or I might dig up a dead dog or a snake instead (which I did, on both counts). I figured if the dog was there and the snake was there, the typewriter couldn't be far.

It was a perfect, pirateless treasure.

I'd driven out the day after my wedding day.

Out from the city.

Right through the night.

Out through the teams of empty space, and then some.

The town itself was a hard, distant storyland; you could see it from afar. There was all the straw-like landscape, and marathons of sky. Around it, a wilderness of low scrub and gum trees stood close by, and it was true, it was so damn true: the people sloped and slouched. This world had worn them down.

It was outside the bank, next to one of many pubs, that a woman told me the way. She was the uprightest woman in town.

'Go left there on Turnstile Street, right? Then straight for say two hundred metres, then left again.'

She was brown-haired, well-dressed, in jeans and boots, plain red short, an eye shut tight to the sun. The only thing betraying her was an inverse triangle of skin, there at the base of her neck; it was tired and old and criss-crossed like the handle of a leather chest.

**Section I continues on page 5**

‘You got it then?’

‘Got it.’

‘What number you lookin’ for, anyway?’

‘Twenty-three.’

‘Oh, you’re after the old Merchisons, are you?’

‘Well, to tell you the truth, not really.’

The woman came closer and I noted the teeth of her now, how they were white-and-gleaming-but-yellow; a lot like the swaggering sun. As she approached, I held my hand out, and there was she and I and her teeth and town.

‘My name’s Matthew,’ I said, and the woman, she was Daphne.

By the time I was at the car again, she’d turned and come back, from the money machine at the bank. She’d even left her card behind, and stood there now, with a hand at centre-hip. I was half way into the driver’s side and Daphne nodded and knew. She knew near to almost everything, like a woman reading the news.

‘Matthew Dunbar.’

She said it, she didn’t ask.

There I was, twelve hours from home, in a town I’d never set foot in in all my thirty-one years, and they’d all been somehow expecting me.

MARCUS ZUSAK

**Section I continues on page 6**

Text three – Poem

Trampolining

The fattest eternity is childhood,  
minutes stuffed with waiting  
and the just-there world  
deferred to an afterlife of joy  
where magically we outgrow  
what could tell us what to do:

we sat cross-legged on the floor, quiet  
as the glad-wrapped biscuits on the supper-table,  
a summer school night boiling over  
with nightmare prayers  
in somebody's Adelaide living room  
fed air by a cooler on rollers,

our pastor bellowing at the helm,  
hell's ore in his flame-cheeks.  
Gorby, Reagan and Thatcher\* went  
chasing round his head with bombs:  
*explode the world* and bring  
the roaring-back of God-the-parent!

The grown-ups stamped their thonged  
and sandalled feet on the carpet:  
the mortgages and what they worked for,  
the chip pan bubbling every night at six,  
the hand-me-downs all forced to fit  
*oh take it Satan, it's all yours . . .*

Any day we'd be whooshed up to heaven;  
and the kids at school, their parents,  
cousins, dogs,  
sucked up and funnelled  
into Hell's gated suburb, far out  
where no public transport would travel.

But my brother and I were saving up  
for a trampoline: it's coming required  
every cent of our faith  
that we might be allowed to remain  
in the human world a bit longer,  
to have it and jump on it: to believe  
in the leaden feet sunk in the cool summer grass,  
the springy canopy shooting us up  
above the apple trees, all day and well into dusk,  
touching heaven with our hair,  
our tongues, our fingertips, then somersaulting,  
shrieking and tumbling

back down into the miracle, or whatever  
it was: the thing not yet taken, the present-tense  
cast off by the adults for the kids to play with.

PETRA WHITE

\*Gorby, Reagan and Thatcher: Political leaders of USSR, USA and UK during the Cold War.

Section I continues on page 7



**The Woman Alone**

She's waiting  
at the airport with her family,  
waiting to go alone  
to the other side of the world.

The eldest girl  
won't look at her, the youngest  
looks at everyone,  
takes comfort in Arrivals.

In this frail hour,  
this empty Pacific,  
her husband sits rigid  
at her side. She snakes her arm around

Him, watches time  
tumbling down Departures  
until the boarding call  
that sounds like an answering service.

Kisses. Tears. Promises,  
promises. She goes,  
settling for the journey  
at a window's tiny vowel, mouths love

To her girls back in the lounge,  
watches as they go.  
Then she's off the earth,  
she's looking into the clouds,

going nowhere  
she hasn't been before.  
She remembers how she flew  
through her Degrees,

she remembers  
all the books and talk,  
the sweet boys. How clever,  
how careless she was.

The plane plunges  
into the distance.  
Asleep in the sibilant rush,  
she rests her head on a stranger's arm.

JOHN FOULCHER

**Section I continues on page 8**

## Text five – Non-fiction Extract, *The Clockwork Condition* from *The New Yorker*

‘We called the chessboard white – we call it black,’ says Bishop Blougram in Robert Browning’s poem. In other words, an optimistic view of human life is as valid as a pessimistic one. But whose life do we mean – that of the entire race or that of the inconspicuous fragment of it each of us calls ‘myself?’ I think I am optimistic about man: I think - however slowly or painfully – he will solve his major problems just because he is aware of them. As for myself, all I can say is that I am growing old, my sight is blurring, my teeth always need attention, I cannot eat or drink as much as I once did, I am more and more frequently bored. I cannot remember names, my reason works slowly, I have spasms of envy of the young and resentment at my own imminent decay. If I had a burning faith in personal survival, this gloom of senescence\* might be greatly mitigated. But I have lost this faith and am unlikely to recover it. Sometimes I have a desire for immediate annihilation, but the urge to remain alive always supervenes. There are consolations – love, literature, music, the colourful life of the southern city in which I spend much of my time – but these are very fitful. There is a bigger and more abiding consolation - the fact that I am free to write what I wish, that I have to follow no clock, that I need call no man ‘sir’ and defer to him through fear. But such freedom brings its own compunctions: I feel guilty if I do not work; I am my own tyrant. The things I have now, I needed most when I was young. I remember Goethe’s dictum: ‘Beware of wishing for anything in youth, because you will get it in middle age.’

I recognise that I am better off than most, but I do not regard myself as having opted out of the agony and anxiety that plague men and women who are slaves to lives they did not choose and denizens of communities they hate. I think especially of citizens of the great industrial towns – New York, London, Bombay, my own Manchester. ‘In the sweat of thy brow, shalt thou earn bread.’ the book of Genesis says it best. The maintenance of a complex society depends increasingly on routine work, work with no zest or creativity. The things we eat, clothes we wear, places where we live become increasingly standardised, because standardisation is the price we pay for the prices we are able pay. Life ticks along for most of us like a Woolworth’s alarm clock. We grow used to the rhythm imposed on us by our need to subsist: soon we get to like our bondage.

The burden of making one’s own choices is, for many people, intolerable. To be tied to the necessity of deciding for oneself is to be a slave to one’s will. I remember when, at the age of twenty two, I joined the British Army. At first I resented the discipline, the removal of even minimal liberty, Soon my reduction to a piece of clockwork began to please me, soothe me. One of a squad, obeying orders with the whole squad, forbidden to ask questions or to question orders – I was after four years of rigorous academic life, having a delicious vacation from having to be *choosing* all the time. I can, after six years of that, sympathise with the civilian who is unhappy about making his own decisions – where to eat, whom to vote for, what to wear. It is easier to be *told*: read this novel, seventy five weeks on the best seller list; don’t see that movie it’s artsy-shmartsy.

Perhaps there is something to be said for conformity in social life when our working lives have so little room for rugged individualism: it is painful to be an expert on Spinoza in the evenings and a machine expert for the rest of the day. And there is something in our gregarious makeup which makes us want to conform. Even rebels conform against conformity - the uniform of long hair, beard, chinos, beads and protest songs on the guitar. A man has to conform to a pattern of work in order to feed himself and his family; a man may find it natural or convenient to conform in his social tastes. But when patterns of conformity are imposed by the state, then one has a right be frightened. Unfortunately the political conformity which leads to coloured uniform, a flag, a slogan, a muzzle on free speech, tends to work on a willingness to conform in non-political areas.

ANTHONY BURGESS

*\*Senescence: the condition or process of deterioration with age.*

End of Question 1

BLANK PAGE