



St George Girls High School
English Faculty

Office use only

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

Student Number

2019 Trial HSC 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 pen
- A Stimulus Booklet is provided
- Write your Student Number at the top of this page and pages 3, 5 and 7

**Total marks:
40**

Section I – 20 marks (pages 2–7)

- Attempt Questions 1–4
- Use the lines provided in this booklet to answer this section
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section II – 20 marks (page 8)

- Attempt Question 5
- Use the provided writing booklet to answer this section
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

Student Number

Question 4 (Continued)

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

End of Section 1

English Advanced

Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experience

Section II

20 marks

Attempt Question 5

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

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 5 (20 marks)

While we may have different experiences and attitudes to life, we all share the same fate.

Explore this statement with close reference to your prescribed text.

The prescribed texts are listed on pages 7–8 of the Stimulus Booklet.

End of paper



St George Girls High School
English Faculty

2019 Trial HSC Examination

English Advanced

Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

Stimulus Booklet for Section I

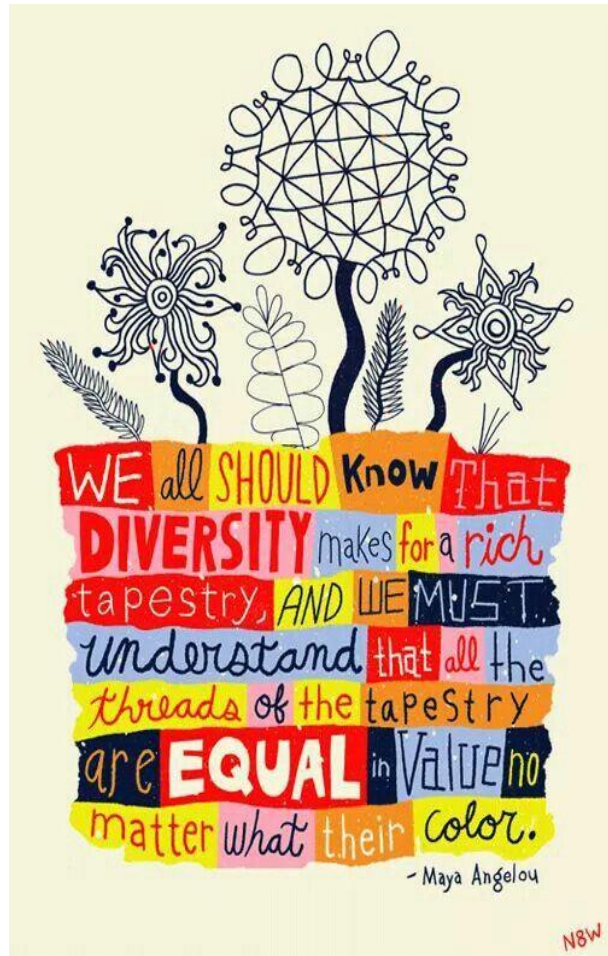
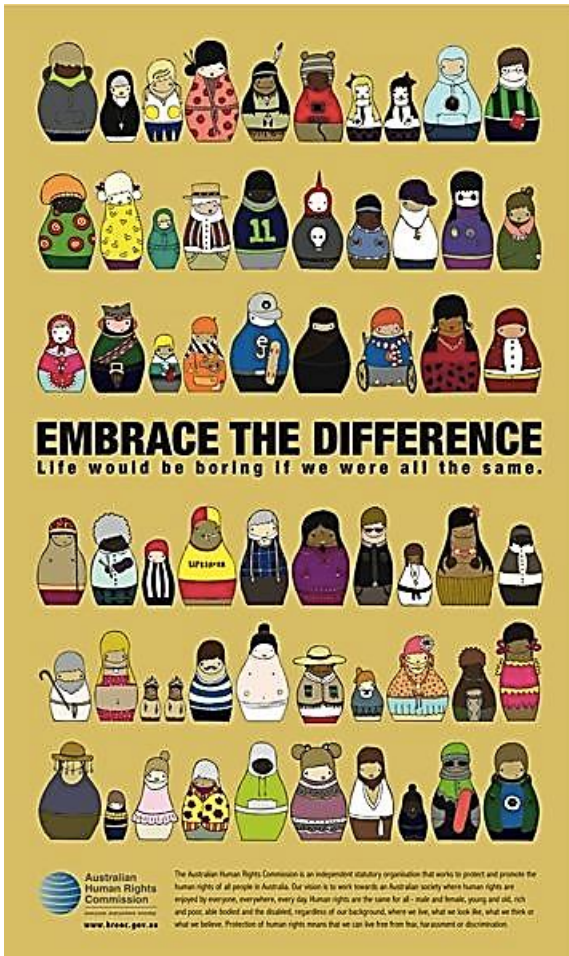
and

List of prescribed texts for Section II

	Pages
<hr/> Section I	
• Text 1 – Posters	2
• Text 2 – Poem	3
• Text 3 – Autobiography extract	4
• Text 4 – Fiction extract	5–6
<hr/> Section II	
• List of prescribed texts	7–8

Section I

Text 1 — Posters



Japanese Maple

Your death, near now, is of an easy sort.
So slow a fading out brings no real pain.
Breath growing short
Is just uncomfortable. You feel the drain
Of energy, but thought and sight remain:

Enhanced, in fact. When did you ever see
So much sweet beauty as when fine rain falls
On that small tree
And saturates your brick back garden walls,
So many Amber Rooms and mirror halls?

Ever more lavish as the dusk descends
This glistening illuminates the air.
It never ends.
Whenever the rain comes it will be there,
Beyond my time, but now I take my share.

My daughter's choice, the maple tree is new.
Come autumn and its leaves will turn to flame.
What I must do
Is live to see that. That will end the game
For me, though life continues all the same:

Filling the double doors to bathe my eyes,
A final flood of colours will live on
As my mind dies,
Burned by my vision of a world that shone
So brightly at the last, and then was gone.

CLIVE JAMES

Text 3 — Autobiography extract

The following passage describes the writer's thoughts when she begins to lose her sight.

At first it seemed that everything had stopped. And in a sense it had. With sight threatened, everything had to stop: working, reading, writing, errands, walking, visiting. I was grounded and afraid. The first days passed in furious debate. On the one hand a list of rationalisations, often in the form of requests for reassurance, as I recounted the wonders of modern pharmacology. 'Surely,' I said. 'In this day and age.' Etc. On the other hand, there was blind terror, the terror of blindness. A darkness from which there would be no escape, trapped forever in a hot black box. Not just a dimmed world in which the centre of my field of vision blurred while the edges flickered, but a world of darkness: a world that is present to others, but you open your eyes and it's not there; nothing is there, only blackness, and wherever you put your foot, the blackness slips away taking you further into it.

On that first weekend, I was besieged with memories and fears. Every detail of my past, every occasion on which I had been cast into loneliness or danger, revisited me in a grotesque, magnified form. I was ten years old and Clarissa Larkin, a mean girl I never liked, shut me in the coal hole. Her brother upstairs, who was supposed to be looking after us, lay on his bed reading poetry and dirty magazines. I screamed, I remember screaming, and the realisation that I could scream until I was nothing but a voice, and forcing myself to sit quiet and still watching through the crack in the door for Clarissa's mother's thick stockinged legs, she'd have to come back sooner or later; and in the meantime breathing in, breathing out, as if I consisted of nothing but a heart and lung, contracted into these essentials, warding off the spirits and the rats that lived down in the dark where the coal used to be and now there was a rustling junk heap of old bed-springs and bicycle parts. And then I was dancing, and my first boyfriend left me on the sidelines and chose another, and there I was for all to see abandoned and alone. Self-pity is a heady drug; once it starts one's whole life can be composed of wretched incidents.

I rang Ettie. She came down on the train, bringing with her the angel that has flown over her bed for twenty years, an angel to guard over me. As neither of us had the reach to hang her from the ceiling she lay stranded on the table, a beautiful reminder. Ettie's old hands stroked my hair; she hushed me like a baby; she cooked food; she made up my bed with fresh sheets. 'The fear is enough,' she said, encouraging me to dwell there, to learn its shape, to feel its edges. 'Don't build on it with memories and slights.' She had spoken to the doctor, she knew the risk, and she knew that total darkness was the fear I conjured, and not the prospect that was offered. 'What is the fear?' she asked. 'What is its real nature?' It was not a question I could accept with grace, and I wept afresh when she said that if I shifted my way of seeing (she used that word), what this episode offered was an opportunity.

'For what?' I wept.

'For solitude,' she said. She was right: for years I had avoided that empty space we call solitude, filling up my life with work and lovers, distractions of every sort. 'Go into it,' she said, 'and you'll find it richer than you expect.'

DRUSILLA MODJESKA

Text 4 — Fiction extract

One winter night when he was eleven years old, Patrick walked out from the long kitchen. A blue moth had pulsed on the screen, bathed briefly in light, and then disappeared into darkness. He did not think it would go far. He picked up the kerosene lamp and went out. A rare winter moth. It was scuffing along the snow as if injured and he could follow it easily. In the back garden he lost it, the turquoise arcing up into the sky beyond the radius of the kerosene light. What was a moth doing at this time of year? He hadn't seen any for months. It may have been bred in the chicken coop. He put the hurricane lamp onto a rock and looked over the fields. Among the trees in the distance he saw what looked like more bugs. But this was winter! He moved forward with the lamp.

The distance was further than he thought. Snow above the ankles of his untied boots. One hand in a pocket. The other holding a lamp. And a moon lost in the thickness of clouds so it did not shine a path for him towards the trees. All that gave direction was a blink of amber. Already he knew it could not be lightning bugs. The last of the summer's fireflies had died somewhere in the folds of one of his handkerchiefs.

He waded through the snow, past outcrops of granite, and into the trees where the snow was not as deep. The lights still blinked in front of him. Now he knew what it was. He crept on into the familiar woods as if walking into, testing the rooms of a haunted house. He knew who it was but he did not know what he would see. Then he was at the river. He put the lamp down beside the oak and walked in darkness towards the bank.

The ice shone with light. It seemed for a moment that he had stumbled on a coven, or one of those strange druidic rituals – illustrations of which he had pored over in his favourite history book. But even to the boy of eleven, deep in the woods after midnight, this was obviously benign. Something joyous. A gift. There were about ten men skating, part of a game. One chased the others and as soon as someone was touched he became the chaser. Each man held in his hand a sheaf of cattails¹ and the tops of these were on fire. This is what lit the ice and had blinked through the trees.

They raced, swerved, fell and rolled on the ice to avoid each other but never let go of the rushes¹. When they collided sparks fell onto the ice and onto their dark clothes. This is what caused the howls of laughter – one of them stationary, struggling to shake off a fragment that had fallen inside his sleeve, yelling out for the others to stop.

Patrick was transfixed. Skating the river at night, each of them moving like a wedge into the blackness magically revealing the grey bushes of the shore, his shore, his river. A tree branch reached out, its hand frozen in the ice, and one of them skated under it, crouching – cattails held behind him like a flaming rooster tail.

Text 4 continues on page 6

Text 4 (continued)

The boy knew they were the loggers from the camp. He longed to hold their hands and skate the length of the creek slowing down through cut rock and under bridges and into town with these men, knowing they would have to return to those dark cabins by the mill.

It was not just the pleasure of skating. They could have done that during the day. This was against the night. The hard ice was so certain, they could leap into the air and crash down and it would hold them. Their lanterns replaced with new rushes which let them go further past boundaries, speed! romance! one man waltzing with his fire...

To the boy growing into his twelfth year, having lived all his life on that farm where day was work and night was rest, nothing would be the same. But on this night he did not trust either himself or these strangers of another language enough to be able to step forward and join them. He turned back through the trees and fields carrying his own lamp. Breaking the crust with each step seemed graceless and slow.

So at this stage in his life his mind raced ahead of his body.

MICHAEL ONDAATJE

¹ cattails, rushes — tall marsh plants with fuzzy heads

End of Text 4

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*

Section II continues on page 8

Section II prescribed texts (continued)

- **Nonfiction**
 - Tim Winton, *The Boy Behind the Curtain*
The prescribed chapters are:
 - * *Havoc: A Life in Accidents*
 - * *Betsy*
 - * *Twice on Sundays*
 - * *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*
- **Media**
 - Ivan O'Mahoney, *Go Back to Where You Came From*
The prescribed episodes are:
 - * *Series 1: Episodes 1, 2 and 3*
 - and
 - * *The Response*
 - Lucy Walker, *Waste Land*

End of Section II