



# 2022 Trial HSC Examination English Advanced

## Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

### Student Answer Booklet

**General**

**Instructions:**

- Reading Time – 10 minutes
- Working Time – 1 hour and 30 minutes
- Write using black pen.
- Place ONE Student Number Sticker in the box above and on every second page in this booklet and the Knox writing booklet

**Total Marks: 40**

**Section 1 – 20 Marks** (pages 2-8)

- Attempt Questions 1 – 5
- Write your answers for Section 1 in this booklet only
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

**Section 2 – 20 Marks** (page 9–14)

- Attempt Question 6
- Write your answer for Section 2 in the Knox writing booklet only
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section







**Question 2 (continued)**

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**Question 3 (4 Marks)**

**Text 3 – Poem**

How is figurative language used to convey the paradoxical experience of ageing in Text 3?

**4**

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## Section II

20 marks

### Attempt Question 6

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer this question in the Section II Knox Writing Booklet.

Your answer will be assessed on how well you:

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- 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 the essay form
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### Question 6 (20 marks)

#### Prose Fiction

*(a) Anthony Doerr, **All the Light We Cannot See***

Storytelling reminds us that it is an essential human experience to be able to express our emotions and for someone to listen.

To what extent does your study of *All the Light We Cannot See* affirm or challenge the statement above?

**OR**

*(b) Amanda Lohrey, **Vertigo***

Storytelling reminds us that it is an essential human experience to be able to express our emotions and for someone to listen.

To what extent does your study of *Vertigo* affirm or challenge the statement above?

**OR**

**Section 2  
continues page 10**



**Prose Fiction (cont.)**

**(c) George Orwell, *Nineteen Eighty-Four***

Storytelling reminds us that it is an essential human experience to be able to express our emotions and for someone to listen.

To what extent does your study of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* affirm or challenge the statement above?

**OR**

**(d) Favel Parrett, *Past the Shallows***

Storytelling reminds us that it is an essential human experience to be able to express our emotions and for someone to listen.

To what extent does your study of *Past the Shallows* affirm or challenge the statement above?

**OR**

**Section 2  
continues page 11**



## Poetry

### (a) Rosemary Dobson, *Rosemary Dobson Collected*

Storytelling reminds us that it is an essential human experience to be able to express our emotions and for someone to listen.

To what extent does your study of *Rosemary Dobson Collected* affirm or challenge the statement above?

The prescribed poems are:

- \* 'Young Girl at a Window'
- \* 'Over the Hill'
- \* 'Summer's End'
- \* 'The Conversation'
- \* 'Cock Crow'
- \* 'Amy Caroline'
- \* 'Canberra Morning'

OR

### (b) Kenneth Slessor, *Selected Poems*

Storytelling reminds us that it is an essential human experience to be able to express our emotions and for someone to listen.

To what extent does your study of *Selected Poems* affirm or challenge the statement above?

The prescribed poems are

- \* 'Wild Grapes'
- \* 'Gulliver'
- \* 'Out of Time'
- \* 'Vesper-Song of the Reverend Samuel Marsden'
- \* 'William Street'
- \* 'Beach Burial'

OR

**Section 2**  
**continues page 12**



**Drama**

**(a) Jane Harrison, *Rainbow's End***

Storytelling reminds us that it is an essential human experience to be able to express our emotions and for someone to listen.

To what extent does your study of *Rainbow's End* affirm or challenge the statement above?

**OR**

**(b) Arthur Miller, *The Crucible***

Storytelling reminds us that it is an essential human experience to be able to express our emotions and for someone to listen.

To what extent does your study of *The Crucible* affirm or challenge the statement above?

**OR**

**(c) William Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice***

Storytelling reminds us that it is an essential human experience to be able to express our emotions and for someone to listen.

To what extent does your study of *The Merchant of Venice* affirm or challenge the statement above?

**OR**

**Section 2  
continues page 13**



**Non-Fiction**

**(a) Tim Winton, *The Boy Behind the Curtain***

Storytelling reminds us that it is an essential human experience to be able to express our emotions and for someone to listen.

To what extent does your study of *The Boy Behind the Curtain* affirm or challenge the statement above?

The prescribed chapters are:

- \* '*Havoc: a Life in Accidents*'
- \* '*Betsy*'
- \* '*Twice on Sundays*'
- \* '*The Wait and the Flow*'
- \* '*In the Shadow of the Hospital*'
- \* '*The Demon Shark*'
- \* '*Barefoot in the Temple of Art*'

**OR**

**(b) Malala Yousafzai and Christina Lamb, *I am Malala***

Storytelling reminds us that it is an essential human experience to be able to express our emotions and for someone to listen.

To what extent does your study of *I am Malala* affirm or challenge the statement above?

**OR**

**Section 2  
continues page 14**



**Film**

**(a) Stephen Daldry, *Billy Elliot***

Storytelling reminds us that it is an essential human experience to be able to express our emotions and for someone to listen.

To what extent does your study of *Billy Elliot* affirm or challenge the statement above?

**OR**

**Media**

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

Storytelling reminds us that it is an essential human experience to be able to express our emotions and for someone to listen.

To what extent does your study of *Go Back to Where You Came From* affirm or challenge the statement above?

**OR**

**(b) Lucy Walker, *Waste Land***

Storytelling reminds us that it is an essential human experience to be able to express our emotions and for someone to listen.

To what extent does your study of *Waste Land* affirm or challenge the statement above?

**End of Section 2**

**END OF PAPER**



# 2022 Trial HSC Examination English Advanced

Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

Stimulus Booklet for Section I

And

List of Prescribed texts for Section II

## Section I

## Page(s):

- **Text 1 – Cartoon:** *Daily Cartoon*: June 3<sup>rd</sup> (2021) by Avi Steinberg 2
- **Text 2 – Letter:** Excerpt from *Dear Son* (2021) by Stan Grant 3 – 6
- **Text 3 – Poem:** ‘*Affirmation*’ (2006) by Donald Hall 7
- **Text 4 – Prose Fiction:** Excerpt from *Bewilderment* (2021) by Richard Powers 8 – 10
- **Text 5 – Poem:** ‘*Before Paradise is Lost*’ (1973) by Grace Chia 11

## Section II

- The list of prescribed texts is provided on page 12 and 13.



**Section I**  
**Text 1 – Cartoon**

Daily Cartoon: Friday, June 3<sup>rd</sup> by Avi Steinberg



*“Careful, they say that blue light and the world falling apart can affect your sleep.”*

**End of Text 1**



## Text 2 – Letter

Excerpt from *Dear Son* (2021) by Stan Grant

To my boys,

Listen to this.

Bumaldhaany Babin.

Listen to those words.

Each night I would drive past the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital in Sydney, wind down my window and yell those same words.

Bumaldhaany Babin.

My father – your Pop – was in the neurology ward, he had lost his speech and his movement. He had taken a heavy fall and suffered a severe brain trauma. The bleeding had formed a clot. He was eighty years old and there was no guarantee he would come back from this.

Bumaldhaany Babin.

The Bumaldhaany are our warriors. My father is my Babin. I knew that somewhere in that hospital, he could hear me. COVID restrictions meant that I could not see him in the Intensive Care Unit. Only my mother – your Nan – was allowed in. But my boys, he could hear me; I was sure of that. Our language would find him, and he would fight because that's what Wiradjuri warriors do: we fight.

Your pop had been sick before. He had already undergone brain surgery for a benign cyst. He had been in deep pain. Every part of his body ached and he suffered



Text 2 (continued)

blinding headaches. In his quiet moments he had told my uncle he didn't know if he could go on. Or if he even wanted to.

The magpies came. Garru. He saw them in a dream. They were on the front lawn of his house and they were talking. The Garru were Dad's father and his grandfather. They spoke to him in our language and they told him it wasn't his time. There was more he had to do.

This was your Pop's mission – to save our language. As a boy he had spent time with his grandfather Budyaan out in the scrub. Old Budyaan spoke seven languages and he taught Dad his Wiradjuri. Budyaan yelled out to Dad one day in the main street of town and a cop heard him. The old man was arrested and jailed.

When he came out, he said he would never speak our language again. He saved it only for when Dad was with him, out where no white man could hear him. Your Pop spent a lot of years just surviving. Just putting food on the table. For Blackfullas, life was hand to mouth. One day at a time, one town after another, one backbreaking job then one more and one more.

Pop has got scars all over his body: scars of survival. Scars from the boxing tents; scars from the sawmills; scars from the coppers. Then there are scars we don't see; scars that he keeps hidden. Scars of the soul that don't heal. Your Pop is scarred from Australia.



Text 2 (continued)

There have been times he has been angry. When I was a boy, I saw that anger and sometimes I felt it too. I don't blame him now. It was all he knew. He had to save me from the life he had been forced to live. He had to make me tough and get me ready for the blows that were surely to come.

Other times Dad – your Pop – was just sad. I saw that deep well of pain behind his eyes. They were black eyes, dark pools of history. So much history, so much anger, so much hurt. And all we have left is us. Just us, holding ourselves against the world.

You never got to see that. Life has been easier for you. And I'm glad for that. I am so glad that you boys don't know what it is like to not know where you will live from one week to the next. You don't know what it is like to be hungry, or to watch your mother go to the charities and ask for help, for food. I'm glad you don't have my memories. And I'm glad I don't have my dad's memories.

You have seen the best of your Pop. You've seen a softer side of him. Isn't he beautiful? By the time you came along, he didn't need his muscles anymore. He didn't have to shape up to the world, he had survived and he'd found a way to speak back. His way. His words. Our words.

Bumaldhaany Babin.

Your Pop has given you the most wonderful gift. He has given you our language. Because of him, Wiradjuri is



**Text 2 (continued)**

protected and preserved forever. He has written it all down in the Wiradjuri dictionary. A whole generation of people speak our language now because your Pop saved it.

That's what keeps him alive. That's what the Garru said to him when he was sick. It wasn't his time yet.

But we are losing him. I know we won't have him forever. And I'm scared, boys. I am scared because I'm not ready. I am scared because I'm not man enough yet to live without him in the world. I need him to fight just a bit longer to give me time to grow.

When he is gone, I will have to take his place. I will have to plant my feet in our soil and pull all of our strength from the earth. I will have to stand under the stars and speak to Baiame to ask him to make me a man.

We spend our lives preparing for this, my boys. Remember when you were young and we would drive from Sydney to Nan and Pop's house? Remember those long drives? We used to stop at Yass to get petrol and have lunch, not just for the food but because it marked the start of Wiradjuri Country: your Country.

Remember how I told you about the land? You would look at the rocks and the hills. I told you how the land dipped into a valley and rose on the other side: that side was home. You watched how the sun hit the trees and how the earth flattened out and how creeks cut across it like blood veins.

**End of Text 2**



### Text 3 – Poem

'Affirmation' (2006) By Donald Hall

To grow old is to lose everything.  
Aging, everybody knows it.  
Even when we are young,  
we glimpse it sometimes, and nod our heads  
when a grandfather dies.  
Then we row for years on the midsummer  
pond<sup>1</sup>, ignorant and content. But a marriage,  
that began without harm, scatters  
into debris on the shore,  
and a friend from school drops  
cold on a rocky strand.  
If a new love carries us  
past middle age, our wife will die  
at her strongest and most beautiful.  
New women come and go. All go.  
The pretty lover who announces  
that she is temporary  
is temporary. The bold woman,  
middle-aged against our old age,  
sinks under an anxiety she cannot withstand.  
Another friend of decades estranges himself  
in words that pollute thirty years.  
Let us stifle under mud at the pond's edge  
and affirm that it is fitting  
and delicious to lose everything.

Donald Hall, "Affirmation" from *White Apples and the Taste of Stone: Selected Poems, 1946-2006*. Copyright © 2006 by Donald Hall.

**End of Text 3**

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<sup>1</sup> A pond in summer which is in full bloom.



## Text 4 – Prose Fiction

Excerpt from *Bewilderment* (2021) by Richard Powers

*BUT WE MIGHT NEVER FIND THEM?* We'd set up the scope on the deck, on a clear autumn night, on the edge of one of the last patches of darkness in the eastern U.S. Darkness this good was hard to come by, and so much darkness in one place lit up the sky. We pointed the tube through a gap in the trees above our rented cabin. Robin pulled his eye from the eyepiece—my sad, singular, newly turning nine-year-old, in trouble with this world.

“Exactly right,” I said. “We might never find them.”

I always tried to tell him the truth, if I knew it and it wasn't lethal. He knew when I lied, anyway.

*But they're all over, right? You guys have proved it.*

“Well, not exactly proved.”

*Maybe they're too far away. Too much empty space or something.*

His arms pinwheeled as they did when words defeated him. We were closing in on bedtime, which didn't help. I put my hand on his wild auburn mop. Her color—Aly's.

“And what if we never heard a peep from out there? What would that say?”

He held up one hand. Alyssa used to say that when he concentrated, you could hear him whirring. His eyes narrowed, staring down into the dark ravine of trees below. His other hand sawed the cleft of his chin—a habit he resorted to when thinking hard. He sawed with such vigor I had to stop him.

“Robbie. Hey! Time to land.”

His palm pushed out to reassure me. He was fine. He simply wanted to run with the question for another minute, into the darkness, while still possible.

*If we never heard anything, like ever?*

I nodded encouragement to my scientist—*easy does it*. Stargazing was finished for tonight. We'd had the clearest evening, in a place known for rain. A full Hunter's Moon hung fat and red on the horizon. Through the circle of trees, so sharp it seemed within



Text 4 (continued)

easy reach, the Milky Way spilled out—countless speckled placers in a black streambed. If you held still, you could almost see the stars wheel.

*Nothing definitive. That's what.*

I laughed. He made me laugh once a day or more, in good stretches. Such defiance. Such radical skepticism. He was so me. He was so her.

"No," I agreed. "Nothing definitive."

*Now, if we did hear a peep. That would say tons!*

"Indeed." There would be time enough another night to say exactly what. For now, it was bedtime. He put his eye up to the barrel of the telescope for a last look at the shining core of the Andromeda Galaxy.

*Can we sleep outside tonight, Dad?*

I'd pulled him from school for a week and brought him to the woods. There had been more trouble with his classmates, and we needed a time-out. I couldn't very well bring him all the way down to the Smokies only to deny him a night of sleeping outside.

We went back in to outfit our expedition. The downstairs was one great paneled room smelling of pine spritzed with bacon. The kitchen reeked of damp towels and plaster—the scents of a temperate rain forest. Sticky notes clung to the cabinets: *Coffee filters above fridge. Use other dishes, please!* A green spiral folder of instructions spread on the battered oak table: plumbing quirks, fuse box location, emergency numbers. Every switch in the house was labeled: *Overhead, Stairs, Hallway, Kitchen.*

Ceiling-high windows opened onto what, tomorrow morning, would be a rolling expanse of mountains beyond mountains. A pair of piled rustic sofas flanked the flagstone fireplace, emblazoned with parades of elk, canoes, and bears. We raided the cushions, brought them outside, and laid them on the deck.

*Can we have snacks?*



Text 4 (continued)

“Bad idea, buddy. *Ursus americanus*. Two of them per square mile, and they can smell peanuts from here to North Carolina.”

*No way!* He held up a finger. *But that reminds me!*

He ran inside again and returned with a compact paperback: *Mammals of the Smokies*.

“Really, Robbie? It’s pitch-black out here.”

He held up an emergency flashlight, the kind you charge by cranking. It fascinated him when we arrived that morning, and he’d demanded an explanation of how the magic worked. Now he couldn’t get enough of making his own electrons.

We settled into our makeshift base camp. He seemed happy, which had been the whole point of this special trip. Lying down on beds spread out on the slats of the sagging deck, we said his mother’s old secular prayer out loud together and fell asleep under our galaxy’s four hundred billion stars.

**End of Text 4**



## Text 5 – Poem

'Before Paradise Is Lost' – Grace Chia (1973)

On the way home  
my son and I spot  
a squirrel on a tree  
hugging a fruit, its jaws  
gnaws it down to seed,  
its feet clasped to the trunk  
defying gravity like Spiderman  
suspended at right angles;  
eyes bright, tail startled,  
body brown as bark.

In plastic playgrounds,  
my son chases butterflies  
nectaring on ixoras<sup>2</sup>,  
he shoots water guns at  
red soldier ants refusing  
to drown as a lemming line of  
the black garden kind queue  
for a Chupa Chups slowly  
melting into soil.

We've seen cousins  
of Godzilla slithering their tails  
up the walls of our home  
or caged for a parade in zoos,  
or basking wild in the sungei canals<sup>3</sup>  
of muck green we can't quite call  
a river or a stream;  
a majestic monitor lizard,  
tongue long as a whip,  
hide thick as tarmac,  
amphibious as Merlion<sup>4</sup>.

Tonight, the cold is stirring  
through a congealing air;  
kamikaze moths are back,  
night flies singe their wings to light;  
mosquitoes await in the dark  
like vampires about to feed.

As the meat sizzles on the pan,  
I watch the blood ooze to a clot while  
my son crouches in his room  
playing huntsman, a glass becomes bell  
jar to trap a winged bug he calls his pet.

I wonder how long the bread he  
feeds the diptera<sup>5</sup> will keep it  
alive, or will it be driven mad enough  
to escape and attack us as we feast,  
us humans with our titles and rights  
to an island we think belongs to us  
and not them, oblivious to creatures  
that too inhabit this space?  
Have we mammals forgotten  
the prehistory of origins predating  
the migratory boats of our two-legged  
ancestors who turned this jungle  
as concrete as paradox?

My son sees his world more  
clearly than my myopia,  
he feels the heartbeat throbs  
through the unheard sounds of  
bees and ants no bigger than  
a fingertip even as I file  
down my line of work daily  
like a machine. He teaches me  
to smell the roses brewing  
in every tea leaf I steep  
stirring my soul awake as  
I relearn how to infuse and uplift  
my life with my child's  
wide-eyed, unspoilt nature,  
even as the day turns dark  
and something tasting of a storm  
in the unmoving wind  
churns steam to a rising cumulus.

**End of Text 5**

**End of Section 1**

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<sup>2</sup> Ixora is a genus of flowering plants

<sup>3</sup> Sungei Ulu Pandan ("Pandan Canal") is typical of the canals in Singapore with a low-flow channel in the centre, widening significantly above for high volume and flow rates during downpours.

<sup>4</sup> The Merlion is a mythical creature with a lion's head and the body of a fish that is widely used as a mascot and national personification of Singapore.

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<sup>5</sup> Flies are insects of the order Diptera.



## Section II

The prescribed texts for Section II are listed below:

- **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*

- **Nonfiction**

- Tim Winton, *The Boy Behind the Curtain*

- \* *Havoc: A Life in Accidents*

- \* *Betsy*

- \* *Twice on Sundays*

- \* *The Wait and the Flow*

- \* *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 – Series 1: Episodes 1, 2 and 3* and

- \* *The Response – Lucy Walker, Waste Land*

**End of Section II**

**End of Paper**