



2023 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 9–11)

- 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 – Prose Fiction

How does Richard Powers’ prose fiction represent an appreciation of the natural world?

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Section II

20 marks

Attempt Question 6

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer this question in the Knox 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 the essay form
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Question 6 (20 marks)

Through the power of storytelling, we become more aware of human limitations.

Explore this statement with close reference to your prescribed text.

The prescribed texts for Section II are on page 10 and 11.



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 2

END OF PAPER



2023 Trial HSC Examination English Standard

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 – Multimodal: <i>A Grain of Truth</i> (2022) by Michael Leunig	2
• Text 2 – Letter: <i>Dear Son</i> (2021) by Thomas Major	3
• Text 3 – Feature Article: <i>My family were early pioneers of lockdown life</i> (2021) by Richard Glover	4 – 5
• Text 4 – Prose Fiction: <i>The Overstory</i> (2019) by Richard Powers	6
• Text 5 – Poetry: <i>'Refugee Prayer'</i> (2013) by Vuong Pham	7

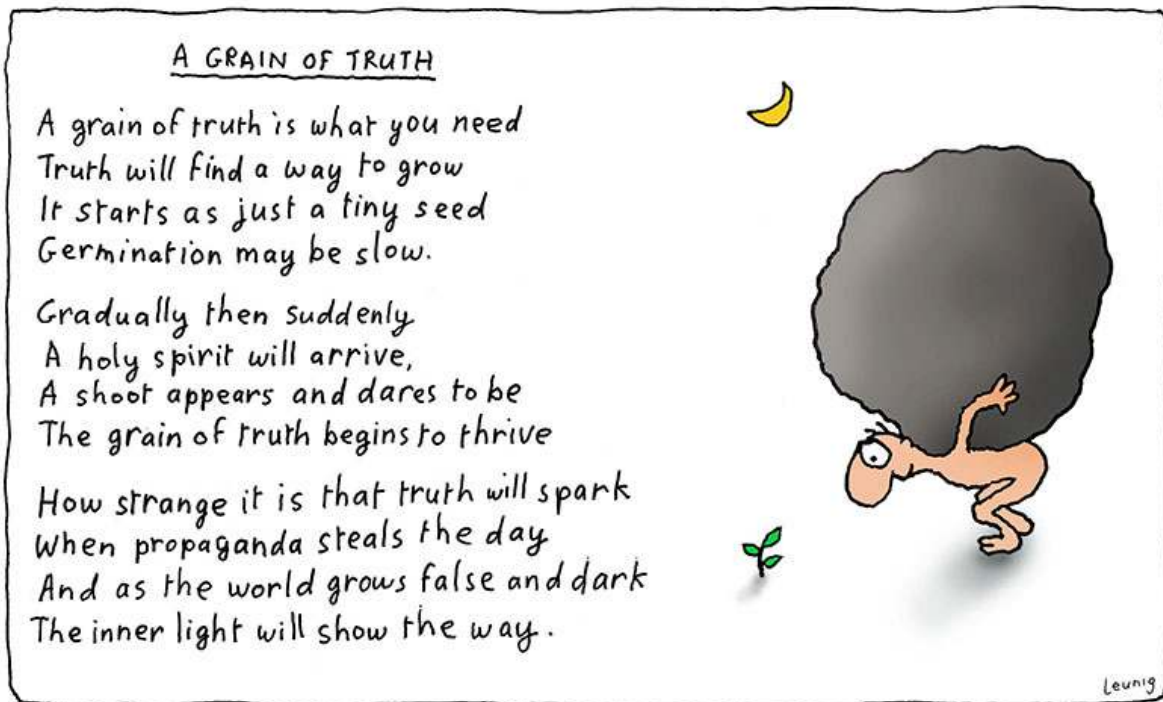
Section II

- The list of prescribed texts is provided on page 8 and 9.

Section I

Text 1 – Multimodal

A Grain of Truth by Michael Leunig



End of Text 1



Text 2 – Letter

Excerpt from *Dear Son* (2021) by Thomas Major

When I was a boy, there was a memory I would use as if it were a child's tattered comfort blanket. I'd pull the blanket out of a compartment in my mind after one of the many admonishments¹ from your Pop. It was a vivid and happy memory of a time when my father had showed his love for me, holding me high above him as he spun around. I remembered the sensation of flying through the air, looking into your Pop's laughing face, while behind him, the pictures on the walls flew by in a blur. A moment of nonsensical joy and unbounded fatherly love.

'Why can't he love me like he once did?' I would ask those pictures on the wall, as I drank the salty tears that ran down my face.

There were other joyous moments with your Pop when I was a toddler. And it is not as though there have been none since then. My dad softened a great deal in his later years. But while I was growing up, such affectionate moments were few and far between. I treasure each one.

As I said earlier, your pop comes from a very different time. To understand him, we need to understand his past.

Pop was born and raised on Waibene (Thursday Island) in Zenadth Kes (Torres Strait), near a tiny rocky island where only several generations before him, James Cook planted the British flag, falsely proclaiming the doctrine of *terra nullius* – that this continent and the adjacent islands were uninhabited.

Who knows how much of your Pop's harshness toward me was a result of the way society treated him? We will never know. He won't talk about it.

Son, for us to learn how to improve ourselves and the next generation of men, we can learn from our own feelings – what pleases or hurts us; what others do that causes feelings of jealousy or anger, and what affects how we trust someone. We can do better if we try to be perceptive and have empathy to improve how we relate to others.

End of Text 2

¹ a firm warning or reprimand.



Text 3 – Non-Fiction (Feature Article)

Excerpt from *My family were early pioneers of lockdown life* (2021) by Richard Glover

When I was growing up, my family was already COVID-19 prepared. My parents had no friends and we never went anywhere. All the food was frozen, kept in a massive freezer in the garage. You could lock our family down for months and none of us would have been the wiser.

Certainly, we never went on interstate holidays. Correction: we went once. To the Gold Coast.

The holiday was horrible. As a bookish, asthmatic, only-child I could find no one to play with, and – after spending most of my life indoors – was left looking like a lobster after 10 minutes in the Queensland sun. By day two I'd stick to any surface. If I sat for a moment on a vinyl banana lounge, I'd have to forgo a layer of skin just to stand up.

Of course, I later learnt that other families had regular holidays. Frankly, I doubt I was missing anything.

Those with siblings fought all the way up the Pacific Highway, accusing each other of "being in *my* space", "stealing *my* air" or "looking at the view though *my* window." They would then kick each other in the footwell, a crime of violence which at least offered plausible deniability.

In our car there were no siblings and no stopping – save for the necessary two-minute pause for chundering.

At least that was better than other families, in which the father used the trip as an educational opportunity, making constant detours to the State's Third Largest Tree, The Mid North Coast Museum of Old Farm Machinery, or The Courthouse designed by a Colonial Architect Who Was Once Famous.

All this, and yet when they finally arrived it was to stay in a caravan park so decrepit and disease-ridden you could get tinea just by walking past the shower block.

Far better to be our family, early pioneers of the pre-emptive COVID-19 lockdown.

My father did not practise strict social distancing, but none-the-less had a limited repertoire when it came to physical affection. A pat on the back was pressed into service to express nearly every human emotion, including love, reassurance, dismay, pride, displeasure and revulsion. The trick – at age nine or 10 – was to decode which meaning was being conveyed at the time.

More extreme – and more in keeping with today's lockdown – was my mother's attitude to hygiene. She'd have loved the COVID-19 restrictions as it would have given her an excuse to always wear a full-body hazmat suit. As it was, she had to make do with wearing white cotton gloves, which she would pull a little tighter whenever any other human being hove into view.

Text 3 continues page 5.



Text 3 (continued)

Later, when I had my own children, she would greet them when they came to her home on a visit, briefly patting each head with a hand encased in a white cotton glove. She'd then direct them to share a small vinyl footrest, which she'd placed in the centre of a large white bedsheet, spread out on the floor to protect her carpet.

The two children would sit on it warily, back-to-back, the older one generously choosing to stare at a blank wall so that his younger brother might be able to see the TV. They'd be shedding germs while they silently sat there, of course, but my mother was relatively relaxed – safe in the knowledge that, at the end of their visit, she'd be able to gather up the sheet, soak it in some sort of hospital-grade disinfectant, and thus removing any biological evidence of their visit.

At the time, this behaviour was bordering on the mean-spirited, and could certainly be labelled "un-grandmotherly", but under COVID-19 it suddenly looks like a sensible precaution.

All the same, at least we were COVID-ready – even if it was a half century before such strict precautions were required. Just think of us as ahead of our time.

And, even better, at least we missed out on those terrible family holidays.

End of Text 3



Text 4 – Prose Fiction

Excerpt from *The Overstory* (2019) by Richard Powers

THEY FOLLOW A SWITCHBACK down into a distant drainage until the path turns into a rivulet of mud. Two miles in, the trail vanishes and the two of them must bushwhack. Light sifts through the canopy. He watches her cross a carpet of starflower massed with sorrel. Mere months ago, by her own account, she was a nasty, jaded, narcissistic person with a substance abuse problem, flunking out of college. Now she's –what? Something at peace with being human, in league with something very much not.

The redwoods do strange things. They hum. They radiate arcs of force. Their burls spill out into enchanted shapes. She grabs his shoulder. “Look at that!” Twelve apostle trees stand in a fairy ring as perfect as the circles little Nicky once drew with a protractor on rainy Sunday's decades ago. Centuries after their ancestor's death, a dozen basal clones surround the empty centre, all around the compass rose. A chemical semaphore² passes through Nick's brain: Suppose a person had sculpted any of these, just as they stand. That single work would be landmark of human art.

Alongside the pebbly creek they come to a downed giant that, even sideways, is taller than Olivia. “We're here. Just to the right, Mother N said. This way.”

He sees it first: a grove of trunks size hundred years old, running upward out of sight. The pillars of a russet cathedral nave. Trees older than movable type. But their furrows are spray-painted with white numbers, like someone tattooed a living cow with a butcher's diagram showing the various cuts of meat hiding underneath. Orders for a massacre.

Olivia lifts the Handycam to her face and films. Nick slips off his backpack, floats weightless for a few steps. A rainbow of spray come from his pack. He lays them in a patch of young horsetails: half a dozen colours from across the spectrum. Cherry in one hand, lemon in the other, he wanders toward a marked tree. He studies the white strokes already there. Then he lifts the can and sprays.

Later, her video will be edited, fitted out with voice-over, and sent to every sympathetic journalist in the Life Defence Force address book. For now, the sound track is the hundred cries of the forest punctuated by awe—*How do you do that?*— up close to the microphone. Nick returns to his palette on the forest floor and picks two more hues. He paints, then steps back to appraise his handiwork. The species are as wild as any that inhabit a museum's collection cabinet. He goes on to the next numerical-defaced tree and starts again. Soon enough, the numbers disappear, past recognition, into butterflies.

End of Text 4

² Semaphore, method of visual signalling, usually by means of flags or lights.



Text 5 – Poetry

'*Refugee Prayer*' by Vuong Pham

When I think about peace
I always think about a calm place
white
awash with sounds
wind lifting dunes
like the curls of a fossil
somewhere
where the gun does not point at my father
an me
nor beats my mother
I remember the day Communist soldiers stole
her wedding ring
tossed it on the ground
where the red opal stirs memory
bleeding this changeling to madness
somewhere
where there is no machine gun rattle
as mother tucks me in bed
while she whispers a prayer
for an island across the sea
away from this rubble of a country
lying awake on the refugee boat
listening to the vast ocean
making conversation
peace
 peace
 peace

End of Text 5

End of Section 1



Section II

The prescribed texts for Section II are listed below:

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End of Section II

End of Paper