



KNOX GRAMMAR SCHOOL

Place *Student Number Sticker* here

2025 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 the Knox writing booklet

Total Marks: 40

Section 1 – 20 Marks (pages 2 - 7)

- 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 8 –10)

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



Question 4 (3 marks)

Text 4 – Image

How does the artist represent the spirit of hope?

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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:

- 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 6 (20 marks)

Composers shape texts in memorable ways to illuminate the unique experiences of others.

To what extent do you agree with this statement in relation to your prescribed text?

In your response make close reference to your prescribed text.

The prescribed texts for Section II are on pages 9 and 10.



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



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2025 Trial HSC Examination English Advanced

Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

Stimulus Booklet for Section I

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Text 1 – Memoir

(NOTE: Raynor Winn and her husband lost their farm in a legal battle, just as her husband was diagnosed with a terminal illness. She and her husband decided to begin a long, solitary walk along the coastal road of Devon and Cornwall in England in order to reconnect with nature and find what was important to them.)

Wind ripped in from the west, roaring through the grey broil of cloud, hurling the cumuli east into Devon long before their water burden hit the ground. I stood outside the tent in the darkness and let the wildness in. Swirled up, bound up in the storm's ecstasy, part of a cycle of molecules without end. Contained, boundless, imprisoned, set free.

I'm a farmer and a farmer's daughter; the land's in my bones. The end of August: September was coming when I should have the sheep penned in the corner of the field. Catching and upturning each one, trimming the hooves, dosing for worms, preparing the ewes for the ram. Turning the earth, ready for sewing the winter corn, autumn preparing for spring, in defiance of the winter to come. I'm cut free from that connection, from the meter of my existence, floating lost and unrooted. But I can still feel it.

As a child I was sent to the field to collect a ewe and her newborn lamb, to carry the lamb for the ewe to follow, to bring them both safely to the shelter; I picked the lamb up but realised the ewe was about to give birth to a second. So I waited, lying on my back in the wet spring grass, clouds rushing overhead, the ewe only feet away, giving birth, as the first lamb found its feet. I knew then that I was one with everything, the worms in the soil, clouds in the sky; I was part of it all, within everything, and everything was within my child's head. The wild was never something to fear or hide from. It was my safe place, the thing I ran to.

I'd feared I would lose it, that tie to reality, when our land was lost. Sitting in the grass, wet air rushing past, roaring overhead, the dangerous, self-willed, uncontrolled, wild strength of the wind filled me up. Caught up by the storm. Held up. Bonds rebound, chelated*. Released. Regained. I could never lose it; I was as much the storm as I was the dry dust and the high-pitched call of the oystercatchers.** All material things were slipping away, but in their way a core of strength was beginning to re-form.

*chelated – a chemical term meaning to bond with something to make an even stronger material

**Oystercatchers – a breed of water bird

The Salt Path, Raynor Winn, 2015



Text 2 – Non-fiction extract

There are a few things as startling as encountering an unearthly glow in the wild. Glow worms. Ghost mushrooms. Fireflies. Flashlight fish. Lantern sharks. Vampire squid. Our forest floor and ceilings, our ocean depths and fringes are full of luminous beings, creatures lit from the inside. And they have, for many centuries, enchanted us, like glowing missionaries of wonder, emissaries* of awe.

Is there anything more beautiful than living light?

Before science explained the phenomenon in its various forms, it was the stuff of myth and legend. Aristotle puzzled over damp wood that glowed in the dark. The Japanese imagined fireflies to be the souls of the dead, or, more specifically, of samurai killed in battle. Sailors aboard ships gliding through luminescent blooms thought the seas were on fire; they spoke of ‘burning seas’, ‘milky oceans’ or ‘smouldering coals’ on the water; Aristotle referred to ‘exhalations of fire from the sea’.

For me, today, these lights are the perfect metaphor for flashes of life in the middle of the dark, or joy in difficult times.

For a long stretch of time in my twenties, I preferred lamplight to sunlight, but along the rim of our broad coastline, I hunted for sunlight trapped in water. At the end of the week my friends and I would often throw tents into car trunks and drive north of Sydney for several hours until we reached, in darkness, a place called Seal Rocks.

The beach there was unspoiled, untamed, brimming with wildlife. We’d park our cars and run into the black sea, diving and swirling under the moon, watching a silvery, sparkling ribbon of phosphorescence trail behind our limbs. The tiny little sea creatures that absorbed the light of the sun were stirred up by thrashing; we were streaming sequins, or galaxies, in our wake. In truth they were phytoplankton that were reacting chemically to movement – generating energy from sunlight (photosynthesis) to drive light-producing chemical reactions when stirred up – but it seemed magical. These living lights became a kind of symbol of joy and abandon for me, and I tried to find more ways to experience them and companions who would love them as much as I did.

**emissaries* – messengers

Phosphorescence, Julia Baird, 2019



Text 3 - Poem

With Change

The land is crying for us to care
care that blood waters its soil more than rain
The seasons have shifted, but humanity stays the same

hurting the hurting

Our withering sensibility,
like dry eucalyptus ready to catch a flame

If it all burns, let our succumbing smoulder
and smoke smother everything

Be done with the dying

A cocoon is not a coffin for the butterfly,
but a temporary holding

In the morning, when heat signals our unfolding,
the children will rise

like mushrooms miraculously appearing from the darkness,
connected to everything

Like green soldiers—strong in trunk and deep in root—
they will thrive like we always promised.

With lily pond quiet fears and dragonfly dreams
rippling sonar signals into pregnant space,
they will rise

Rise with the white cockatoo,
who carries freedom on its wings
and a song in its lungs
so penetrating we'll have no choice but to join in

with the crying
with the caring
with the change

Aurora Liddle-Christie, 2025

Text 4 – Image



Welcome to the land of freedom - An ocean steamer passing the Statue of Liberty: Scene on the steerage deck / from a sketch by a staff artist, 1887. Library of Congress Washington DC, published in Encyclopaedia Britannica.



Text 5– Prose fiction extract

Eighteen years have gone by, and still I can bring back every detail of that day in the meadow. Washed clean of summer's dust by days of gentle rain, the mountains wore a deep, brilliant green. The October breeze set white fronds of head-high grasses swaying. One long streak of cloud hung pasted across a dome of frozen blue. It almost hurt to look at that far-off sky. A puff of wind swept across the meadow and through her hair before it slipped into the woods to rustle branches and send back snatches of distant barking - a hazy sound that seemed to reach us from the doorway to another world. We heard no other sounds. We met no other people. We saw only two bright, red birds leap startled from the centre of the meadow and dart into the woods. As we ambled along, Naoko spoke to me of wells.

Memory is a funny thing. When I was in the scene, I hardly paid it any attention. I never stopped to think of it as something that would make a lasting impression, certainly never imagined that eighteen years later I would recall it in such detail. I didn't give a damn about the scenery that day. I was thinking about myself. I was thinking about the beautiful girl walking next to me. I was thinking about the two of us together, and then about myself again. It was at that age, that time of life when every sight, every feeling, every thought came back, like a boomerang, to me. And worse, I was in love. Love with complications. Scenery was the last thing on my mind.

Now, though, that meadow scene is the first thing that comes back to me. The smell of the grass, the faint chill of the wind, the line of the hills, the barking of a dog: these are the first things, and they come with absolute clarity. I feel as if I can reach out and trace them with a fingertip. And yet, as clear as the scene may be, no one is in it. No one. Naoko is not there, and neither am I. Where could we have disappeared to? How could such a thing have happened? Everything that seemed so important back then - Naoko, and the self I was then, and the world I had then: where could they have all gone? It's true, I can't even bring back her face - not straight away, at least. All I'm left holding is a background, pure scenery, with no people at the front.

Norwegian Wood, Haruki Murukami, 1987