St George Girls High School

English Faculty

2019 Trial HSC Examination

English Extension 1

General Instructions	• Reading time – 10 minutes • Working time – 2 hours • Write using black pen • Complete each section in a separate writing booklet
Total marks: 50	**Section I – 25 marks** (page 2–3) • Attempt Question 1 • Allow about 1 hour minutes for this section **Section II – 25 marks** (page 4) • Attempt Question 2 • Allow about 1 hour for this section

Section I — Common Module — Literary Worlds

25 marks
Attempt Question 1
Allow about 1 hour for this section

Answer the question in one of the provided writing booklets. Complete each section in a new writing booklet. Extra writing booklets are available.

Your answer will be assessed on how well you:

- demonstrate an understanding of the ideas and values of Literary Worlds and how they are shaped and reflected in texts
- craft a sustained composition appropriate to the question demonstrating control of the use of language

Question 1 — Creative and critical response (25 marks)

Use **Text 1** to answer this question.

(a) The final line of the extract from *Closed for Winter* states: "This is what happened." **15**

Compose a piece of imaginative writing in which you imagine what occurred that day and why it has stayed in the narrator's memory.

Your response should draw on your knowledge and understanding of the module Literary Worlds

(b) Critically analyse the way in which your creative choices in your writing for part (a) invite the reader into your literary world and explain how these choices borrow or diverge from the stylistic features of Blain's text. **10**

Your response should draw on your knowledge and understanding of how language features and forms are crafted to express complex ideas, attitudes and experiences.

Text 1 — Novel extract

Even this early in the morning it is hot. Everything is still, stunned and helpless in the relentless shimmer. The Labrador from across the road has surrendered. She lies, tongue hanging out, in the shade of the scrappy almond tree by the fence. Underfoot, the asphalt seems to melt, black sticky tar, sweet smelling and soft to the tread.

Frances leads. I follow. There are no other people on the street and it is quiet, weekday quiet, with the desolation that descends once the working day has begun. Mothers who stay at home stay inside with the blinds down and the doors shut. They know what today will be like and there is no sign of possible relief in the sky. No wisp of cloud, no faint breath of wind, no hint of change.

Question 1 continues on page 3

I walk at least ten feet behind, watching Frances ahead of me, the swing of the narrow hips, the long-legged stride, and I wish I could be like that. I do not run up alongside her. I have been forbidden. She may be my friend at home but outside it is a different matter and I obey her orders. Without question.

Across Military Road and to the other side, we pass the Brownswords' and I look in, hoping Tamara will be out the front and allowed to come to the beach with us. But the yard is empty and the front door closed. Even if she had been there, it is unlikely Mrs Brownsword would have agreed. Frances is not responsible enough, in fact she is *A bad influence*. I know. I have heard it whispered, even spoken aloud in my presence and I blush each time, ashamed and angry at my inability to defend my sister.

Down Grange Road, the last stretch which is not so bleak as the rest, and at the end, over a slight rise, there is The Esplanade, stretching for miles and beyond that the sea.

Frances crosses the road and stands, the jetty and the kiosk to her left, waiting for me to catch up. This is where we always confer, briefly, quickly, not long enough for any of Frances's friends to see us together. Although it is unlikely that any of them will be here yet. Frances likes to come early, to sunbake before they arrive so her dark tan will seem effortless, like all her attributes, and not something she has had to work on. Like the way she smokes, practised in secret, drawback perfected, before she made it public, or the lazy flick of her hair, blow-dried at home to look like it just did that, by itself. I know this but I say nothing because I, too, admire. I watch and I learn because I want to be like that. To look like I don't care. One day.

This is the plan. I will stay near the shallow pools to the right of the jetty. I will not swim unless Frances is there to watch me. I must not bother Frances under any circumstances. Frances will come and get me at lunchtime.

But –

Frances looks at me impatiently. What question could there be?

I close my mouth and wait, squinting in the glare, for her to turn and walk ahead, along the wooden planking that leads down through the white-hot sand and the dry grasses to the beach. I will follow at a discreet distance and at the end of the path, I will turn to the right, Frances to the left.

This is what happened.

GEORGIA BLAIN
Extract from *Closed for Winter*

Section II: Electives

25 marks
Attempt Question 2
Allow about 1 hour for this section

Answer the question in one of the provided writing booklets. Complete each section in a new writing booklet. Extra writing booklets are available.

Your answer will be assessed on how well you:

- demonstrate an understanding of the ideas and values of Literary Worlds and how they are shaped and reflected in texts
- craft a sustained composition appropriate to the question, demonstrating control of the use of language

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Question 2 — Elective 2: Worlds of Upheaval (25 marks)

Writers are the record keepers and moral conscience of their times.

To what extent is this your experience of the texts you have studied? In your response, refer to TWO prescribed texts and at least ONE related text of your own choosing.