CRANBROOK SCHOOL

2019
HSC Trial Examination

English (Advanced)

Paper 1 – Common Module: Texts and Human Experiences

Question and Answer Booklet

General Instructions
- Reading time – 10 minutes **(no writing during this time)**
- Working time – 1 hour and 30 minutes
- Write using black pen
- A Stimulus Booklet is provided with this paper

Total marks: 40

Section I – 20 marks (pages 2-7)
- Attempt Questions 1 - 4
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section II – 20 marks (page 9)
- Attempt Question 5
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section
- Start a new writing booklet for this section

This paper must not be removed from the examination room.

Disclaimer: *The content and format of this paper does not necessarily reflect the content and format of the HSC examination paper.*

Section I

20 marks
Attempt Questions 1 - 4
Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the question in the writing booklet. Extra writing booklets are available.

Your answers 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

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Question 1 - 4 (20 marks)

Examine **Texts 1**, **2**, **3, 4 and 5** on pages 3 – 9 of the Stimulus Booklet carefully and then answer the questions below.

Text 1 – Image and diagram

1. How do the photograph and diagram represent the emotions and qualities arising from human experiences? **3**

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End of question 1

Text 2 – Fiction extract

2. Reflecting personally on Text 2, explain how it challenges assumptions and ignites new ideas. **4**

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End of question 2

Text 3 – Poem

3. Explain how the poem represents the tension between the individual and the collective. **6**

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End of question 3

Text 4 and Text 5 – Non-fiction extracts

4. Compare how the extracts explore the significance of remembering and memories in individual and shared human experiences. **7**

Question 4 continued on next page

End of question 4

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Section II

20 marks
Attempt Question 5
Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the question in a SEPARATE writing booklet. Extra writing booklets are available.

Your answer you 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 5 (20 marks)

"For good purposes, even high purposes, the people of Salem developed a theocracy, a combine of state and religious power whose function was to keep the community together, and to prevent any kind of disunity that might open it to destruction by material or ideological enemies."

- Act One (An Overture), *The Crucible* by Arthur Miller

Evaluate the didactic and allegorical purpose of *The Crucible* in the light of Miller's statement, considering equally your own personal perspective of the text.

***didactic = to teach**

End of Paper 1

2019
HSC Trials Examination
Assessment Task 4

English (Advanced)

Paper 1 — Common Module: Texts and Human Experiences

Stimulus Booklet for Section I
and
List of prescribed texts for Section II

Pages

Section I
- Text 1 – Image 3
- Text 2 – Novel extract ..... 4 - 5
- Text 3 – Poem 6
- Text 4 – Non Fiction extract ..... 7 - 8
- Text 5 – Non Fiction extract 9

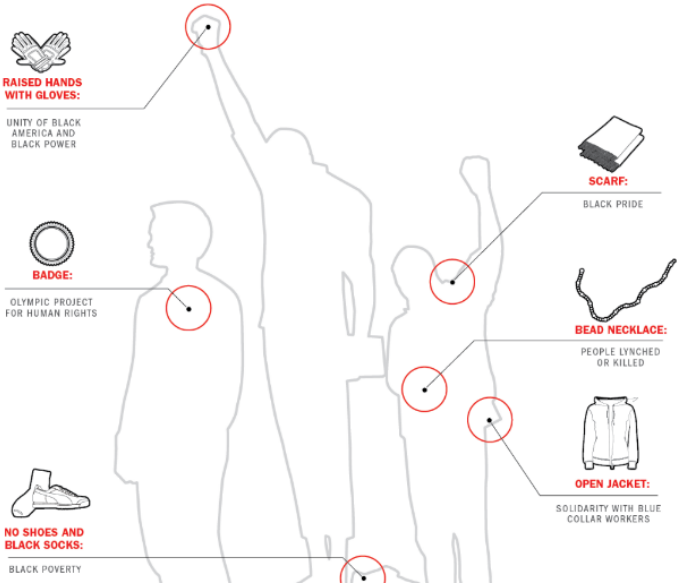
Section II
- List of prescribed texts ..... 10 - 11

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Section 1

Text 1 – Images





1968 Olympics Black Power Salute

**African-American athletes Tommie Smith and John Carlos each raised a black-gloved fist during the playing of the US national anthem, "The Star-Spangled Banner" (1968)*

Text 2 – Novel extract

January 2011

Marianne answers the door when Connell rings the bell. She's still wearing her school uniform, but she's taken off the sweater, so it's just the blouse and skirt, and she has no shoes on, only tights.

Oh, hey, he says.

Come on in.

She turns and walks down the hall. He follows her, closing the door behind him. Down a few steps in the kitchen, his mother Lorraine is peeling off a pair of rubber gloves. Marianne hops onto the countertop and picks up an open jar of chocolate spread, in which she has left a teaspoon.

Marianne was telling me you got your mock[1] results today, Lorraine says.

We got English back, he says. They come back separately. Do you want to head on?

Lorraine folds the rubber gloves up neatly and replaces them below the sink. Then she starts unclipping her hair. To Connell this seems like something she could accomplish in the car.

And I hear you did very well, she says.

He was top of the class, says Marianne.

Right, Connell says. Marianne did pretty good too. Can we go?

Lorraine pauses in the untying of her apron.

I didn't realise we were in a rush, she says.

He puts his hands in his pockets and suppresses an irritable sigh, but suppresses it with an audible intake of breath, so that it still sounds like a sigh.

I just have to pop up and take a load out of the dryer, says Lorraine. And then we'll be off. Okay?

He says nothing, merely hanging his head while Lorraine leaves the room.

Do you want some of this? Marianne says.

She's holding out the jar of chocolate spread. He presses his hands down slightly further into his pockets, as if trying to store his entire body in his pockets all at once.

No, thanks, he says.

[1] **mock – trial examination**

Did you get your French results today?

Yesterday.

He puts his back against the fridge and watches her lick the spoon. In school he and Marianne affect not to know each other. People know that Marianne lives in the white mansion with the driveway and that Connell's mother is a cleaner, but no one knows of the special relationship between these facts.

I got an A1[2], he says. What did you get in German?

An A1, she says. Are you bragging?

You're going to get six hundred, are you?

She shrugs. You probably will, she says.

Well, you're smarter than me.

Don't feel bad. I'm smarter than everyone.

Marianne is grinning now. She exercises an open contempt for people in school. She has no friends and spends her lunchtimes alone reading novels. A lot of people really hate her. Her father died when she was thirteen and Connell has heard she has a mental illness now or something. It's true she is the smartest person in school. He dreads being left alone with her like this, but he also finds himself fantasising about things he could say to impress her.

You're not top of the class in English, he points out.

She licks her teeth, unconcerned.

Maybe you should give me grinds[3], Connell, she says.

He feels his ears get hot. She's probably just being glib and not suggestive, but if she is being suggestive it's only to degrade him by association, since she is considered an object of disgust. She wears ugly thick-soled flat shoes and doesn't put make-up on her face. People have said she doesn't shave her legs or anything.

SALLY ROONEY
Extract from *Normal People*

End of Text 2

[2] A1 – equivalent to A+
[3] grinds – tutoring

Text 3 – Poem

Poem number 76

I HAD been hungry all the years;
My noon had come, to dine;
I, trembling, drew the table near,
And touched the curious wine.

'T was this on tables I had seen,
When turning, hungry, lone,
I looked in windows, for the wealth
I could not hope to own.

I did not know the ample bread,
'T was so unlike the crumb
The birds and I had often shared
In Nature's dining-room.

The plenty hurt me, 't was so new,—
Myself felt ill and odd,
As berry of a mountain bush
Transplanted to the road.

Nor was I hungry; so I found
That hunger was a way
Of persons outside windows,
The entering takes away.

EMILY DICKINSON
(1830-1886)

Text 4 – Non fiction extract

Reality was a Chinese box, an infinite series of containers within containers.

There was a cable television in his grandfather's apartment, with more channels than A. had ever known existed. Whenever he turned it on, there seemed to be a baseball game in progress. Not only was he able to follow the Yankees and Mets of New York, but the Red Sox of Boston, the Phillies of Philadelphia, and the Braves of Atlanta. Not to speak of the little bonuses occasionally provided during the afternoon: the games from the Japanese major leagues, for example (and his fascination with the constant beating of the drums during the course of the game), or, even more strangely, the Little League championships from Long Island. To immerse himself in these games was to fill his mind striving to enter a place of pure form. Despite the agitation on the field, baseball offered itself to him as an image of that which does not move, and therefore a place where his mind could be at rest, secure in its refuge against the mutabilities of the world.

He had spent his entire childhood playing it. From the first muddy days in early March to the last frozen afternoons of late October. He had played well, with an almost obsessive devotion. Not only had it given him a feeling for his own possibilities, convinced him that he was not entirely hopeless in the eyes of others, but it had been the thing that drew him out from the solitary enclosures of his early childhood. It had initiated him into the world of the other, but at the same time it was something he could also keep within himself. Baseball was a terrain rich in potential for reverie. He fantasized about it continually, projecting himself into a New York Giants uniform and trotting out to his position at third base in the Polo Grounds, with the crowd cheering wildly at the mention of his name over the loudspeakers. Day after day, he would come home from school and throw a tennis ball against the steps of his house, pretending that each gesture was a part of the World Series game unfolding in his head. It always came down to two outs in the bottom of the ninth, a man on base, the Giants trailing by one. He was always the batter, and he always hit the game- winning homerun.

As he sat through those long summer days in his grandfather's apartment, he began to see that the power of baseball was for him the power of memory. Memory in both senses of the word: as a catalyst for remembering his own life and as an artificial structure for ordering the historical past. 1960, for example, was the year Kennedy was elected president; it was also the year of A's Bar Mitzvah, the year he supposedly reached manhood. But the first image that springs to his mind when 1960 is mentioned is Bill Mazeroski's homerun that beat the Yankees in the World Series. He can still see the ball soaring over the Forbes Field fence–that high, dark barrier, so densely cluttered with white numbers–and by recalling the sensations of that moment, that abrupt and stunning instant of pleasure, he is able to re-enter his own past, to stand in a world that would otherwise be lost to him.

Inevitably, A.'s memories of baseball were connected with his memories of his grandfather. It was his grandfather who had taken him to his first game, had talked to him about the old players, had shown him that baseball was as much about talk as it was about watching. As a little boy, A. would be dropped off at the office on Fifty-seventh Street, play around with the typewriters and adding machines until his grandfather was ready to leave, and then walk out with him for a leisurely stroll down Broadway. The ritual always included a few rounds of Pokerino in one of the amusement arcades, a quick lunch, and then the subway– to one of the city ball parks.

Now, with his grandfather disappearing into death, they continued to talk about baseball. It was the one subject they could still come to as equals. Each time he visited the hospital, A. would buy a copy of the New York Post, and then sit by the old man's bed, reading to him about the games of the day before. It was his last contact with the outside world, and his eyes closed. Anything else would have been too much.

PAUL AUSTER

Extract from *The Invention of Solitude,* Memoir

End of Text 4

Text 5 – Non Fiction extract

This rescue occurs to me as a series of distorted and broken images. Just like a scene from a film consisting of a few frames, separated from one another but interconnected: hands waving; men on the brink of exhaustion; the dark of the ocean; the presence of the motorboat; the dark ocean; bodies pulled up into the boat, completely debilitated; and finally the sound of the motorboat moving away, and the wake it produces. The waves continue to bash and beat at our bodies; the spikes protruding from the wood continue to stab and cut us from below. Attack from two sides continues. The ripping sensation continues, tearing us away from this spar – the sense we are being pushed to surrender continues. My eyes look for one thing and one thing only: the motorboat.
I am imprisoned for a spell under the oppressive waves. I resist, using all the power my muscles can muster. When my head reaches the surface I look around for the motorboat in a crazy panic. And then an incredible, wondrous vision from beyond imparts to me:

Righteous is the one who can see /
I horrify, like a wayward sensibility /
But, my god, could I ever be a frightening being? /
I, I who was never anything more than a flimsy, stray kite /
Upon the rooftops of a misty sky . . .

The attacks of the foaming waves now seem wilder than ever before. Perhaps with the arrival of the boat, the sea has quickened, intent on swallowing its sacrifice – or its sacrifices. The motorboat seems inadequate. It collects four more people from the group of us hanging off the wood. We are now a disjointed chain. Out of all the passengers, only a few are left – we few who have waited for hours and hours as prey for the black angel of death. We may be wounded, but we are still fighting. . .
The sea seems to have an extraordinary desire to pull down the piece of wood and its distressed and exhausted passengers. The wood has become sodden and starts to sink – it could all be over at any moment. I have nothing left and can't even wave my arms. I black out for a second. But letting go of this spar means certain death.

The motorboat returns suddenly. It circles around us. It adds some small waves to the deadly larger waves assailing us and then stops. Immediately, hands reach out to save me. I feel like a small animal caught in the talons of a skilled hunter.

Moments later a number of young sailors heave my bony, wounded body up over the sides of their ship; their arms smell like the sea. They lay me out on the dry deck. I lie flat on my face and my ears register the wailing and crying of our traumatised group.

The ocean has performed its sacrifice /
That river . . . this sea . . . /
The meeting of both at this juncture.

The Blue Eyed Boy is dead.

BEHROUZ BOOCHANI
Extract from *No Friend But The Mountains: Writing from Manus Prison,* Autobiography

End of Section I

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 10

Section II prescribed texts (continued)

- **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