



2022

TRIAL HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION

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Centre Number

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Student Number

English Advanced

Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

Morning Session
Monday, 1 August 2022

**General
Instructions**

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Working time – 1 hour and 30 minutes
- Write using black pen
- A Stimulus Booklet is provided with this examination
- Write your Centre Number and Student Number on the top of this page

**Total marks:
40**

Section I – 20 marks (page 2)

- Attempt Questions 1 – 5
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section II – 20 marks (page 3)

- Attempt Question 6
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

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Section I

20 marks

Attempt Questions 1 – 5
Allow about 45 minutes for this section

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

In your answers 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
-

Read **Texts 1, 2, 3 and 4** in the Stimulus Booklet carefully and then answer the questions.

Question 1 (3 marks)

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

In what ways does the text represent hope as integral to human endeavour?

Question 2 (4 marks)

Use **Text 2** to answer this question.

Analyse the tension between the emotions and the intellect in the father's contemplation of letting go.

Question 3 (3 marks)

Use **Text 3** to answer this question.

How does the poem communicate the difficulty of conveying the trauma of lived experience?

Question 4 (4 marks)

Use **Text 4** to answer this question.

How does the narrator use contrast to express the spectrum of human emotion?

Question 5 (6 marks)

Use **Text 3** and **Text 4** to answer this question.

Compare how **Text 3** and **Text 4** represent the power of story to convey insights into the human spirit.

Section II
20 marks

Attempt Question 6
Allow about 45 minutes for this section

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

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
-

Question 6 (20 marks)

The danger for us all is to believe that everything is what it seems.

To what extent is this statement true of the human experience represented in your prescribed text?

The prescribed texts are listed on pages 8 – 9 of the Stimulus Booklet.

End of Examination



English Advanced

Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

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

Section I	Pages
Text 1 Image	2
Text 2 Fiction extract	3–4
Text 3 Poem	5
Text 4 Nonfiction extract	6–7
Section II	
List of prescribed texts.....	8–9

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Section I

Text 1 – Image



“The world of reality has its limits; the world of hope is limitless ...”

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Text 2 – Fiction extract

Letting Go

When his daughter had announced that she had made an important decision - an announcement casually dropped into the telephone conversation they had had before their lunch at the Canny Man's in Morningside Road - Dr Macgregor had experienced a distressingly familiar pang of dread. Ever since Pat had chosen to spend her gap year in Australia, he had been haunted by the possibility that she would leave Scotland and simply not return. Australia was a world away, and it was full of possibilities. Anybody might be forgiven for going to Melbourne or Sydney - or even to Perth - and discovering that life in those places was fuller than the one they had led before. There was more space in Australia, and more light - but it was also true that there was there an exhilarating freedom, precisely the sort of freedom that might appeal to a nineteen-year-old. And there were young men, too, who must have been an additional lure. She might meet one of these and stay forever, forgetful of the fact that vigorous Australian males within a few years mutated into homo Australiensis suburbis*, into drinkers of beer and into addicts of televised footie, butterflies, thus, into caterpillars.

So he had spent an anxious ten months wondering whether she would come back to Scotland and upbraiding himself constantly about the harbouring of such fears. He knew that it was wrong for parents to think this way, and had told many of his own patients that they should stop worrying about their offspring and let go. "You must be able to let go," he had said, on countless occasions. "Your children must be allowed to lead their own lives." And even as he uttered the words he realised the awful banality of what he said; but it was difficult, was it not, to talk about letting go without sounding like a passage from Kahlil Gibran's *The Prophet*, which had views on such matters. The trouble with *The Prophet* was that it all sounded so profound when you first encountered it, and yet it was the sort of thing that one grew out of - just as one grew out of Jack Kerouac**. It was entirely appropriate to have *The Prophet* on one's shelves in one's early twenties, but not, he thought, in one's forties, or beyond. One must be prepared to let go of *The Prophet*.

And although he gave this advice to people, he found it difficult - almost impossible, in fact - to practise it himself. He and his wife, Maureen, had only one child; she was their future, not only in the genetic sense, but in an emotional one too. In the case of Dr Macgregor himself, this was particularly true. He enjoyed cordial relations with Maureen, but there was a distance between them which he realised could never be bridged. It had been apparent from the earliest years of the marriage that they really shared very few interests, and had little to talk about. Her energies were focused on public causes and on her own, largely dysfunctional family. She had two difficult sisters and one difficult brother, and these siblings had duly spawned difficult and demanding children. So while she nominally lived in Edinburgh, in reality she spent a great deal of her time moving from relative to relative, coping with whatever crisis had freshly emerged. The sister in Angus - the one who drank - was particularly demanding. This manipulative sister really wanted Maureen to live with her, and to this end she longed for Maureen's widowhood, and said as much, which was tactless. There are many women whose lives would be immeasurably improved by widowhood, but one should not always point that out.

The absenteeism of his wife had its natural consequence. Pat became for him the focus of his family feeling; she was his best friend, and, to the extent that the father and daughter relationship permitted, his confidante. Of course he knew of the dangers of this; that the investing of one's entire world in a child was to give a powerful hostage to fortune, and that he should develop other friendships and ties. But he had somehow failed to do that.

Text 2 continues on page 5

Text 2 (continued)

So it was natural that he should feel trepidation about any decision that Pat should make, because that decision could always be to go back to Australia. That was what he dreaded above all else, because he knew that if she did that, he would lose her. He wanted her to stay in Edinburgh, or go to Glasgow at the most. Her choice of St Andrews University was perfect in his mind; that was just up the road and completely unthreatening. Now, in the cluttered surroundings of the Canny Man's, he steeled himself for impending loss. "You said that you'd made a major decision?"

Pat looked at her father. "Yes. I've decided not to go to St Andrews after all."

He caught his breath. She was returning to Australia. How few were the words needed to end a world.

ALEXANDER MCCALL SMITH

Extract from *Espresso Tales: The Latest from 44 Scotland Street*, 2005

Polygon, An Imprint of Birlinn Limited

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* homo Australiensis suburbis

a Latin phrase meaning, Australian suburban male

** Jack Kerouac

*an American writer best known for the novel *On the Road* (1957), which became an American classic. It articulated youthful dissatisfaction with the repressive climate of the United States after World War II.*

Text 3 – Poem

The Immigrant's Song

Let us not speak of those days
when coffee beans filled the morning
with hope, when our mothers' headscarves
hung like white flags on washing lines.
Let us not speak of the long arms of sky
that used to cradle us at dusk.
And the baobabs—let us not trace
the shape of their leaves in our dreams,
or yearn for the noise of those nameless birds
that sang and died in the church's eaves.
Let us not speak of men,
stolen from their beds at night.
Let us not say the word

disappeared.

Let us not remember the first smell of rain.
Instead, let us speak of our lives now—
the gates and bridges and stores.
And when we break bread
in cafés and at kitchen tables
with our new brothers,
let us not burden them with stories
of war or abandonment.
Let us not name our old friends
who are unravelling like fairy tales
in the forests of the dead.
Naming them will not bring them back.
Let us stay here, and wait for the future
to arrive, for grandchildren to speak
in forked tongues about the country
we once came from.
Tell us about it, they might ask.
And you might consider telling them
of the sky and the coffee beans,
the small white houses and dusty streets.
You might set your memory afloat
like a paper boat down a river.
You might pray that the paper
whispers your story to the water,
that the water sings it to the trees,
that the trees howl and howl
it to the leaves. If you keep still
and do not speak, you might hear
your whole life fill the world
until the wind is the only word.

TISHANI DOSHI

in *Everything Begins Elsewhere*, 2013
Copper Canyon Press <https://www.coppercanyonpress.org>
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Text 4 – Nonfiction extract - memoir

No Friend but the Mountains: Writing from Manus Prison

Where have I come from? From the land of rivers, the land of waterfalls, the land of ancient chants, the land of mountains... People would run to the mountains to escape the warplanes and found asylum within their chestnut forests... Do Kurds have any friends other than the mountains?

The Raft of Purgatory/Moons Will Tell Terrible Truths

*Rescued. Relocated/
A second boat/
Another journey from Indonesia/
Another trial; a test of the will/
Unsure we will reach safety/
Purgatory*.*

The scorching sun is branded right into the middle of the sky. In the most intimate way possible, that searing sun shrouds the ocean, which resembles a warped mirror extending far away ... boundless. The waves approach and depart, occasionally rocking our small white fishing vessel which rests beside a grand cargo ship, as massive as a building. Our small craft is like a tiny pebble lying serenely under the shadow of a weighty boulder. The sun appears larger than usual; its radiation streams down, melting skin, smelting us, perhaps the only creatures on that enormous expanse, that wide open sea.

The British cargo ship above us is packed with red and blue containers, arranged so that they reach up to the ceiling of sky, a sky that doesn't host a single cloud. From the deck the sailors aim hoses at our boat and its passengers, soaking us, a people whose scent now embodies the sea. Hairy-chested men compete to take showers – committing acts of stupidity just to rinse themselves under the hot sun. They are all in a frenzy to get one over on another. The women are collapsed on seats on the lower level of the boat, sitting shoulder to shoulder on dilapidated red chairs. Some hold small children in their arms, little kids with bruised and swollen lips.

I can't fully make out the sailors from where I stand on the deck of our boat below. Only their blond heads are visible. It's easy to imagine their eyes; blue eyes, eyes the colour of the ocean. The ocean we have been rescued from. The sailors pull up the hoses and moments later a small platform is lowered down to the deck of our boat with individual packets of biscuits, containers of water, and numerous packages of cigarettes; it descends from above as the men aboard reach out their hands from below. The whole encounter with that British ship has been characterised by extraordinary kindness. We have quite forgotten about the violence, insults, swearing, and tears of our previous experiences with the authorities.

When they saw these offerings, you could see the men's spirits lifting. Each one fights to claim the largest share of the small load. Those married men – men whose wives were left stranded on the lower floor – exert greater effort than the rest. They raise hell until they can clutch a few extra packets of biscuits. They seem to be displaying a form of exuberant masculinity, driven by their overwhelming sense of duty, by a responsibility to fill the stomachs of their families, to feed them at any cost. Wild wolves all of them, hungry wolves, devouring and ripping at entrails. Every now and then they snarl at one another.

Text 4 continues on page 7

Text 4 (continued)

After this scrum, the young men immediately light up cigarettes ... soiling the air with murky smoke, polluting like a dark cloud. The top deck of the boat quickly becomes smothered in it.

They inhale that smoke with deep desire – it journeys through lungs, through stomachs, through dry intestines, through barren intestines – the smoke that is exhaled is infused with the taste of starvation. The flavour of a few days of hunger.

There was no justice, none at all, no egalitarian solution, no morally just outcome.

BEHROUZ BOOCHANI

translated by Omid Tofighian

No Friend but the Mountain: Writing from Manus Prison, 2018

Picador Australia

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* purgatory (*noun*)

a place or state of suffering inhabited by the souls of sinners who are compensating for their sins

a place or state of suffering

End of Text 4