



NSW Education Standards Authority

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Centre Number

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Student Number

**2020** HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION

# English Advanced

## Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

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**General  
Instructions**

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Working time – 1 hour and 30 minutes
- Write using black pen
- A Stimulus Booklet is provided at the back of this paper
- Write your Centre Number and Student Number at the top of this page and page 5

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**Total marks:  
40****Section I – 20 marks** (pages 2–8)

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

**Section II – 20 marks** (pages 9–11)

- Attempt Question 5
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

## Section I

**20 marks**

**Attempt Questions 1–4**

**Allow about 45 minutes for this section**

Read the texts on pages 3–7 of the Stimulus Booklet carefully and then answer the questions in the spaces provided. These spaces provide guidance for the expected length of response.

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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 (5 marks)

**Text 1 — Internet article and Text 2 — Illustration**

How do these texts use a variety of language forms and features to communicate ideas about being creative?

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**Question 1 continues on page 3**



Question 1 (continued)

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**End of Question 1**





### Text 3 — Poem

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- 4 -

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Centre Number

**English Advanced**  
**Paper 1 — Texts and Human**  
**Experiences**

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Student Number

## Section I (continued)

### Attempt Questions 3–4

Answer the questions in the spaces provided. These spaces provide guidance for the expected length of response.

### Question 3 (4 marks)

## Text 4 — Nonfiction extract

Explain how this text examines the human experience of laughter.

[illegible]

**Question 3 continues on page 6**

Question 3 (continued)

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**End of Question 3**

## Text 5 — Prose fiction extract

This image shows a full page of white paper with horizontal dashed lines, typical of primary school writing paper. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.





Question 4 (continued)

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**End of Question 4**





## English Advanced

### Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

#### Section II

**20 marks**

**Attempt Question 5**

**Allow about 45 minutes for this section**

Answer the question in the Section II Writing Booklet. Extra writing booklets are available.

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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 5** (20 marks)

How effectively does your prescribed text tell stories to reveal both the personal and shared nature of human experiences?

The prescribed texts are listed on pages 10 and 11.

**Please turn over**

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 11**

Section II prescribed texts (continued)

- **Nonfiction**
  - Tim Winton, *The Boy Behind the Curtain*  
The prescribed chapters are:
    - \* *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*  
The prescribed episodes are:
    - \* *Series 1: Episodes 1, 2 and 3*  
and
    - \* *The Response*
  - Lucy Walker, *Waste Land*

**End of paper**

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**2020** HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION

# English Advanced

## Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

### Stimulus Booklet

	Pages
<b>Section I</b>	
• Text 1 – Internet article .....	3
• Text 2 – Illustration .....	3
• Text 3 – Poem .....	4–5
• Text 4 – Nonfiction extract.....	6
• Text 5 – Prose fiction extract.....	7

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### Text 1 — Internet article

Ideas for things come into one's head, or bits of ideas; you feel there's something – there's some meat on the bone, there's something there that lures you on. The more you think about it the more you're led into this new world and the more of that world you see. And part of having an idea is having some notion of how you would tell the story ... and the idea for the way to tell the story helps you to see what the story is. The story suggests the means, the means suggests the story; it's mutually dependent. And you don't have very much choice in the matter. Ideas come, characters suggest themselves, and the nature of the story and the nature of the characters dictates how it's going to be done.

MICHAEL FRAYN

### Text 2 — Illustration



– 3 –

### **Text 3 — Poem**

#### **It Begins with Darkness**

People file into the room, find their seats,  
fill up the air with chatter. The stage  
is bare except for a leather couch  
and a lamp on a chrome and bakelite\* stand.  
It's meant to be an old factory converted  
to an apartment – exposed pipes, a ceiling  
fit for a cathedral, polished oak floorboards.  
A man dressed in black makes an announcement  
about mobile phones. The lights go down.  
I don't know what I'm doing here,  
I just know that this is theatre, my son an actor.

I hear his voice before I see him. It's as loud  
as the wind swatting at a loose sheet of corrugated iron  
on the chook shed. When he comes on stage  
he swears five times in the first minute,  
all in the presence of a lady. I've a good mind  
to go down and slap him about the face,  
except that I'm sitting right in the middle of the row  
and it wouldn't be easy getting past all those knees.  
Then I remember that he's pretending  
to be someone else, that this is his job now.  
Soon everyone is laughing – they're smiling  
and nodding and taking in every move my son makes.

**Text 3 continues on page 5**



Text 3 (continued)

I've never been to a play before. It's not  
boilermaking, not the flying sparks from an arc welder\*\*,  
not the precision required for a submarine hull,  
nor the relief of taking off your helmet,  
gloves and apron and enjoying the coolness  
of a harbour breeze as you eat your lunch  
but it is, I guess, a different kind of trade.  
I watch more and it all happens before my eyes  
and I can see that he loves this lady,  
everyone can see it and I want to say, 'Son,  
what are you afraid of?' I want to reach out  
and lift him up as I did when he was two  
years old, riding a supermarket trolley  
and screaming as if he'd just discovered  
the power of his lungs. But I can't touch him now  
or even talk to him and I have this feeling  
that it will turn out badly, like the week you have  
the numbers in Lotto, but forget to buy the ticket.

The stage is dark again and he's not swearing now  
and the lady's really pleased to see him  
and she burns this scrap of paper and it flares up,  
bright and yellow in the darkness  
and the flame flickers across his forehead  
and I glimpse in my son's face the unmistakable  
features of my father who is ten years dead.  
Although the three of us won't ever meet again,  
I'm sure Dad would have loved this – a story  
that takes a whole evening in the telling  
and a small fire that leaps and glows  
and transfixes us, for as long as it burns.

ANDY KISSANE

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\* bakelite      *an early form of plastic used to make electrical equipment*  
\*\* arc welder      *arc welding is a process that is used to join metal to metal*

**End of Text 3**

## Text 4 — Nonfiction extract

### *On Laughter*

Laughter is a universal phenomenon, which is not to say a uniform one. In an essay entitled ‘The Difficulty of Defining Comedy’, Samuel Johnson remarks that though human beings have been wise in many different ways, they have always laughed in the same way, but this is surely doubtful. Laughter is a language with a host of different idioms: cackling, chortling, grunting, chuckling, shrieking, bellowing, screaming, sniggering, gasping, shouting, braying, yelping, snickering, roaring, tittering, hooting, guffawing, snorting, giggling, howling, screeching and so on. It can come in blasts, peals, gales, gusts, ripples or torrents, blaring, trumpeting, trickling, swirling or piercing. There are also different ways of smiling, from beaming, smirking and sneering to grinning, leering and simpering. Smiling is visual and laughter primarily aural ... In fact, most of the forms of laughter I have just listed have little or nothing to do with humour. Laughter may be a sign of high spirits rather than amusement, though you are more likely to think things funny if you are feeling euphoric in the first place. Physical modes and emotional attitudes can be combined in a variety of ways, so that you can titter nervously or derisively, bray genially or aggressively, giggle with surprise or delight, cackle appreciatively or sardonically and so on.

TERRY EAGLETON  
Extract from *Humour*

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## Text 5 — Prose fiction extract

Normal Phantom was an old tribal man, who lived all of his life in the dense Pricklebush scrub on the edge of town. He lived amidst thickets of closely growing slender plants with barely anything for leaves, which never gave an ant an inch of shelter under a thousand thorny branches. This foreign infestation on the edge of Desperance grew out of an era long before anyone in the Phantom family could remember ...

The Pricklebush mob says that Normal Phantom could grab hold of the river in his mind and live with it as his father's fathers did before him. His ancestors were the river people, who were living with the river from before time began. Normal was like ebbing water; he came and went on the flowing waters of the river right out to the sea. He stayed away on the water as long as he pleased. He knew fish, and was on friendly terms with gropers, the giant codfish of the Gulf sea that swam in schools of fifty or more, on the move right up the river following his boat in for company. The old people say the groper lives for hundreds of years and maybe Normal would too. When he talked about the stars, they said he knew as much about the sky as he did about water. The prickly bush mob said he had always chased the constellations: *We watched him as a little boy running off into the night trying to catch stars*. They were certain he knew the secret of getting there. They thought he must go right up to the stars in the company of proper fish when it stormed at sea, when the sea and the sky became one, because, otherwise, how could he have come back?

"How you do that?" was the question everyone asked.

"The water doesn't worry me," Normal Phantom answered simply, although he knew that when his mind went for a walk, his body followed.

Everyone in Desperance was used to the sight of Normal's jeep driving north to meet the river's edge. It was the only vehicle he had ever owned. Always, the small tinnie boat, full of dints, a stray bullet hole or two, strapped onto the roof. A vessel purchased with cross-country road transport in mind, much more than water safety.

They say he knew these deep muddy waters better than the big salties: crocs that got tangled up in the nets in the middle of the night. Glassy-eyed monsters that came over the side of his tiny craft looking for action with the big river man. Jaws charging for a winner-takes-all kind of fight in the swamping boat, snapping in full flight, water splashing up into a storm with the swishing, thrash, thrash, thrashing of an angry tail against the side of the boat. People like to remember Normal saying in melancholy fashion (faking a thoroughly modern Americanised impersonation of a presidential Captain Hook): those snapping jaws meant diddly squat to him. Meanwhile, he moved like a hopping hare, fumbling for what seemed like ages to find the gun. Normal ended hundreds of lives of prehistoric living fossils this way, with his gun pointing all over the place in a turmoil of water and thick leather crankiness, until he made a direct hit between the eyes of the reptile caught in an instant of moonlight.

In this otherwise quietly living population of about three hundred people, no living soul remembered what the port had looked like before. No picture could be put on display in a showcase at the museum of scarce memorabilia, because no one at the time of the heyday thought it was worthwhile to take a photo. But everybody knew that this was Normal's river.

ALEXIS WRIGHT  
Extract from *Carpentaria*

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