

Mock-up HSC examination

English Advanced

Paper 1- Texts and Human Experiences

General Instructions

- Reading time- 10 minutes
- Working time- 1 hour and 30 minutes
- Write using a black pen
- A Stimulus Booklet is provided with this paper

Total marks: 40

Section I- 20 marks (pages 2)

- Attempt questions 1-5
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section II- 20 marks (page 3)

- Attempt Question 1
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section 1

20 marks

Attempt questions 1-5

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

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

Examine **Texts 1a, 1 b, 2, 3 and 4** in the Stimulus Book carefully and then answer the questions below.

Question 1 (3 marks)

Use Text 1 (a) and 1 (b) to answer this question.

Compare how these two visuals represent the human experiences involved in conflict.

Question 2 (3 marks)

Use Text 2 to answer this question.

In what ways does the final stanza of the poem represent the complexities of the human experience?

Question 3 (4 marks)

Use Text 3 to answer this question.

Analyse how Flavel Parrett invites the reader to reflect personally and see the world differently.

Question 4 (3 marks)

'... I was more aware of our difference.'

Explain how the writer has explored the paradoxes in relationships

Question 5 (7 marks)

Analyse the ways distinctive perspectives of the human experience are conveyed in TWO of these texts.

In your response you **MUST** refer to TWO texts from Texts 1,2,3,4.

Section II

20 marks

Attempt question 1

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

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 your ideas using language appropriate to audience, purpose and context

Question 1

How has your understanding of the complexities of the human experience been shaped by the composer's language choices?

The prescribed texts are listed in the Stimulus Booklet

English Advanced

Paper 1- Texts and Human Experiences
Standard

Stimulus Booklet for Section 1
and

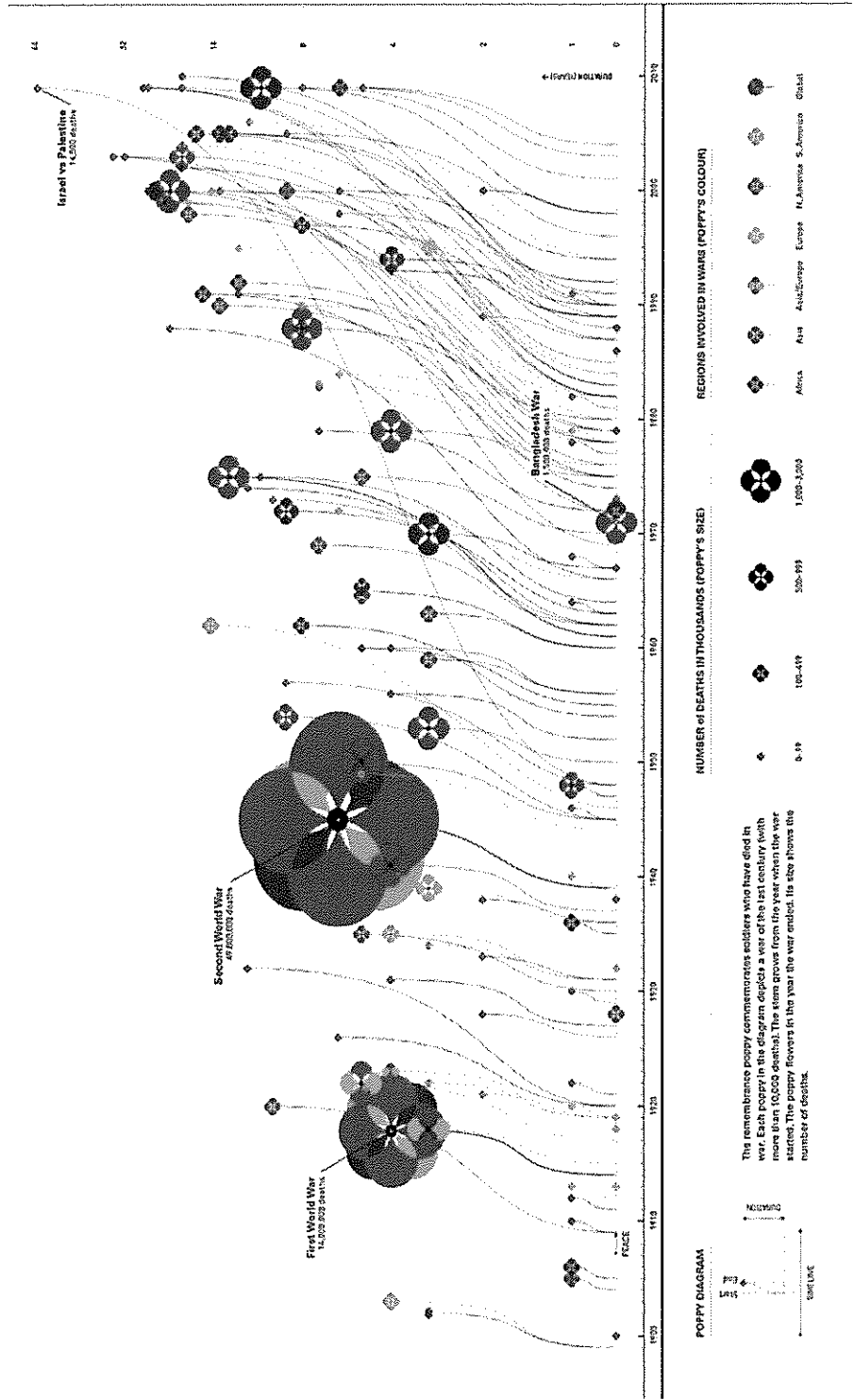
List of Prescribed texts for Section II

Section I	Pages
• Text 1 Visual	2-3
• Text 2 Poem.....	4
• Text 3 Short Story.....	5-6
• Text 4 Non-fiction extract.....	7

Section II

- List of prescribed texts 8-9

Text 1 (a) : Visual- Info-gram representing numbers killed in wars



Text 1 (b) Modern painting about contemporary wars



Text 2: Poem

The Door

Go and open the door.
Maybe outside there's
a tree, or a wood,
a garden,
or a magic city.

Go and open the door.
Maybe a dog's rummaging.
Maybe you'll see a face,
or an eye,
or the picture of a picture.

Go and open the door.
If there's a fog
it will clear.

Go and open the door.
Even if there's only
the darkness ticking,
even if there's only
the hollow wind, even if
nothing
is there,
go and open the door.

At least
there'll be
a draught.

Miroslav Holub

Text 3: Short story

LEBANON - by Favel Parrett

My brother and I were watching TV after school. I had a lot of homework to do – to get done – and it was worrying me like it always did, but I did not want to start. Not yet. I just wanted some time to not have to do anything.

My brother turned to me and asked me where Lebanon was. He was in year four and I was in my first year of high school. I told him I didn't know.

'A man came to talk to us about Peace,' he said. 'He was from Lebanon.'

There were often talks about Peace at our school. All I knew about being a Quaker was that there were minutes of silence when we were meant to think about Peace, and there was grey. Grey uniforms and grey walls.

I got up off the couch and walked over to the small bookcase that was really just a shelf squeezed in between the chimney and the wall. We had a two-volume edition of the World Book Encyclopaedia. They were brown and black, maybe they were leather, and WORLD BOOK was written in gold letters down the spine. Mum had won them in a raffle and that was lucky because I often needed to use them for homework.

I took down the L-Z volume and carried it back to the couch. I opened it up to the beginning of L.

LEB.

Lebanon is a small independent republic at the eastern end of the Mediterranean Sea. The name of the country comes from the snow-capped Lebanon Mountains. In the Arabic language it is called LUB-NAN. Lebanon's capital and largest city is Beirut.

I read it out loud and my brother nodded like he knew, like he was being reminded of something that had just slipped his mind. There was a map of Lebanon – long and thin and by the sea. There were also a few black and white pictures. One of a giant cypress tree, and one of some ancient ruins with Roman-like columns standing tall without a roof. There was a photo of a smart-looking city with lots of cars and people walking in the streets and bright white art-deco buildings against the sky. One building had a sign on the rooftop that said RIVOLI in huge curly writing.

The caption read – *Place des Canons, Beirut – 1969.*

On the next page there was another picture of the city, only there were no cars and no people walking and the art-deco buildings were gone or so altered that there was nothing there to recognize. Smoke rose from missing rooftops and everything was blackened or grey. Everything different. The city had been smashed to pieces.

The caption read – *Beirut 1982: Operation Peace for Galilee.*

My eyes scrolled down the page then, down all the columns about all the wars in Lebanon. The Civil War and the War with Israel and the War with the PLO. My brother had stopped looking at the pictures; he stopped looking at the book altogether and rested back against the couch.

‘No one wins a war,’ he said, and he breathed in heavily. ‘That’s what the man said he had come to tell us. No one wins a war, we just all lose. He showed us some photos of his family and he passed them around and told us they were all gone.’

I closed the book and sat with it heavy on my lap. The TV was still on but we were not watching it. Eventually I got up and walked over to the bookcase. I stood there in the corner with the World Book in my hands and the room was very still.

‘Is the man going to stay here now?’ I asked, and I meant forever. I meant was the man going to stay here in Hobart forever.

But my brother just shrugged. His eyes were back on the TV and he wasn’t thinking about the man from Lebanon anymore.

Only I was.

The story was inside me now. I knew I would remember the man even though I had never even seen him or heard him speak. I didn’t know if he was old or if he was young, but I would think about him, here, living on this island without any of the people he loved or even knew at all. Here, so far away from home, knowing that he could never return to the place he remembered because it was gone.

Acknowledgement: “*Lebanon*” by Favel Parrett
Used by permission of Favel Parrett

Text 4: Nonfiction extract from Like My Father, My Brother

. . . I have this dream sometimes, that I am small and standing at a door. The door is orange and has a window above it. Through this window, which is slanted open, I can hear my brother and my father. I am outside the door. They are playing a game on the other side. I am calling out, trying to get their attention, but the door remains closed.

My brother often sold me his old clothes. He would dangle them in front of me and offer them at a price. There was never any negotiation. If I refused to pay the price, he threw them out with a mocking, regretful expression. I bought many of his clothes but they never sat on me properly. I was taller than him, but skinnier, and his clothes were already worn by the time they got to me, so that I looked like a lost scarecrow. I rarely saw myself wearing them though. I made a point of not looking at myself. Instead I focused on the way I had seen my brother wear them, the ease with which he moved inside his skin. I was fascinated by his surface.

All of my brother's friends used to call me by his name. They added junior at the end as if I were his son, and so I was known, but apart from the history we shared, I was more aware of our difference. My brother has a broad Australian accent that he had acquired within a year or so of our arrival, and he blended in at school in every way. My own accent still carried the thick, stumbling textures of Holland. I was much taller than the people around me and solitary.

My brother could pick up any sort of sporting equipment and act like he had been using it for years and he had an easy contempt for those who didn't have that natural ability.

When he was eighteen he said to me, 'Have you ever actually stopped to look at yourself?'

There was such derision in his tone that I flew into a rage. I described in great detail how he had always put me down, how he had oppressed me, made my life hell despite the fact that I had only ever admired him. He turned white, as if all of this was news to him. After that, he'd sometimes find ways of praising me. He'd tell me that I was better with words than he was, that I was the clever one.

I was used to admiring my brother because it was all that I had ever seen other people do . . .

MICHAEL SALA

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*
- 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 II