



ENGLISH STANDARD MOCK EXAM

2020

HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION

English Standard

Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

General Instructions

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Working time – 1 hour and 30 minutes
- Write using black or blue pen
- A Stimulus Booklet is provided at the back of this paper
- Write your NESΑ number where required

Total marks: 40

Section I – 20 marks (pages 2-6)

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

Section II – 20 marks (pages 7-14)

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

Section I

20 marks

Attempt Questions 1–5

Allow about 45 minutes to answer this section

Read the texts in the stimulus booklet carefully. Then answer questions 1 to 5 below.

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 (3 marks)

Use text 1 to answer this question.

How does the image convey significant ideas about the human experience of isolation?

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Question 2 (4 marks)

Use text 2 to answer this question.

Comment on how the poem represents human emotions associated with an experience that is both collective and individual. **4**

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Question 4 (4 marks)

Use text 4 to answer this question.

How does the fiction extract suggest that emotions can ignite new perspectives? **4**

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Section II

20 marks

Attempt question 6.

Allow about 45 minutes for this question.

Answer the question in the Section II 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
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Question 6 (20 marks)

‘Every individual human experience has a collective significance.’

Do you agree? Discuss this idea with close reference to your prescribed text.

List of prescribed texts for Section II:

Doerr, Anthony, *All the Light We Cannot See*, Fourth Estate/HarperCollins, 2015, ISBN: 9780007548699

Lohrey, Amanda, *Vertigo*, Black Inc, 2009, ISBN: 9781863954303

Orwell, George, *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, Penguin Classics, 2004, ISBN: 9780141187761

Parrett, Favel, *Past the Shallows*, Hachette Australia, 2013, ISBN: 9780733630491

OR

Poetry (p) or drama (d)/Shakespearean drama (S)

Dobson, Rosemary, *Rosemary Dobson Collected*, University of Queensland Press, 2012, ISBN: 9780702239113 (p) ‘Young Girl at a Window’, ‘Over the Hill’,

‘Summer’s End’, ‘The Conversation’, ‘Cock Crow’, ‘Amy Caroline’, ‘Canberra Morning’,

Slessor, Kenneth, *Selected Poems*, A & R Classics/HarperCollins, 2014, ISBN: 9780732299361 (p) ‘Wild Grapes’, ‘Gulliver’, ‘Out of Time’, ‘Vesper-Song of the Reverend Samuel Marsden’, ‘William Street’, ‘Beach Burial’

Harrison, Jane, *Rainbow’s End*, from Cleven, Vivienne et al, *Contemporary Indigenous Plays*, Currency Press, 2007, ISBN: 9780868197951 (d)

Miller, Arthur, *The Crucible*, Penguin Classics, 2000, ISBN: 9780141182551 (d)
Shakespeare, William, *The Merchant of Venice*, Cambridge University Press, 2014, ISBN: 9781107615397 (d/S*)

Nonfiction (nf), film (f) or media (m)

Winton, Tim, *The Boy Behind the Curtain*, Penguin, 2017, ISBN: 9780143785996 (nf)
‘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’

Yousafzai, Malala & Lamb, Christina, *I am Malala*, Weidenfeld and Nicolson/Orion, 2015, ISBN: 9781474602112 (nf)

Daldry, Stephen, *Billy Elliot*, Universal, 2000 (f)

O’Mahoney, Ivan, *Go Back to Where You Came From – Series 1*, Episodes 1, 2 and 3 and *The Response*, Madman, 2011 (m)

Walker, Lucy, *Waste Land*, Hopscotch Entertainment, 2010 (m)

Stimulus Texts for Section I:

Text 1:



Text 2:

Then and Now

by Oodgeroo Noonuccal

From book: *My people: a Kath Walker collection* [[Previous](#) | [Next](#)]

In my dreams I hear my tribe
Laughing as they hunt and swim,
But dreams are shattered by rushing car,
By grinding tram and hissing train,
And I see no more my tribe of old
As I walk alone in the teeming town.

I have seen corroboree
Where that factory belches smoke;
Here where they have memorial park
One time lubras dug for yams;
One time our dark children played
There where the railway yards are now,
And where I remember the didgeridoo
Calling to us to dance and play,
Offices now, neon lights now,
Bank and shop and advertisement now,
Traffic and trade of the busy town.

No more woomera, no more boomerang,
No more playabout, no more the old ways.
Children of nature we were then,
No clocks hurrying crowds to toil.
Now I am civilized and work in the white way,
Now I have dress, now I have shoes:
'Isn't she lucky to have a good job!'
Better when I had only a dillybag.
Better when I had nothing but happiness.

Text 3:

SAND AND SKY IN THE OUTBACK

by Mackenzie Griffith

Bouncing along a corduroy road at 5:30am, my head drowsily leaning against the bus window, I admired the Tiffany-blue sky and thought about upside down rivers.

Yesterday, on our 4-hour drive to Uluru, our tour guide turned his blonde head to face us and pointed outside. “That theh is the Finke riva! Oldest riva in the world!” His Aussie accent and bright eyes made everything sound positive and exciting. But I saw no river outside the window; I saw only a dry river bed, peppered with trees and shrubs along the sides. I pointed out this distinct lack of actual river to him.

He leaned forward mischievously, “Thing abou’ rivas in ‘stralia is, some of ‘em ah upside down.”

I thought he was yanking my chain at first. Turns out, though, in some dry river beds the water flows *beneath* the surface. You can spot it by the river gums and other plants that grow along their banks, rooting far into the soil to tap the subterranean water.

The Finke is in fact the oldest river in the world, dating back over 300 million years, before humans or even dinosaurs. It cuts through the red centre of the continent for 600 kilometres, serving as the artery for Australia’s giant stone heart – Uluru.

The more I thought about it, the more upside down the whole place seemed. The soil was such a blazing red that it felt like walking on a sunset, silver-leaved acacia constellations spotted the landscape, and mountains had flat tops that felt more like bases than summits. Sometimes, on overcast grey days, the silver trees blurred into the sky, and neither up nor down was easily discernible.

“That theh is a desert oak!” Our guide continued, interrupting my musings. The trees were only 10-feet tall or so, and most of them were black, bereft of foliage. Our spritely guide informed us that they took many years to grow, extending their tap roots deep down to suck up the few nutrients the desert provides, and when they finally struggled to a decent height they were struck by lightning, which germinated their seeds and created a ring of new baby

oaks around them. I found out later that most global mythologies associate the oak tree with a god of thunder and lightning.

As we continued along the pocked road, a family of wild horses appeared, running alongside our lumbering bus, before turning into the desert and melting into the landscape. Brumbies, or feral horses of Australia, are the descendants of lost or escaped horses. Much like the feral camels that roam the land, people underestimated the animals' ability to survive without us, and now that they've flourished in the wild, so much so that they pose a real threat to Outback's delicate native ecosystem.

Still, they were beautiful, and if the ground was the sky, as I suspect it might have been, their wings were invisible.

Our guide turned back around to face the front and proceeded to blast Men at Work's "Down Under" through the stereo system.

Text 4:

Fiction extract: from *Through the Tunnel* by Doris Lessing

Jerry ran straight into the water and began swimming. He was a good swimmer. He went out fast over the gleaming sand, over a middle region where rocks lay like discoloured monsters under the surface, and then he was in the real sea - a warm sea where irregular cold currents from the deep water shocked his limbs.

When he was so far out that he could look back not only on the little bay but past the promontory that was between it and the big beach, he floated on the buoyant surface and looked for his mother. There she was, a speck of yellow under an umbrella that looked like a slice of orange peel. He swam back to shore, relieved at being sure she was there, but all at once very lonely.

On the edge of a small cape that marked the side of the bay away from the promontory was a loose scatter of rocks. Above them, some boys were stripping off their clothes. They came running, naked, down to the rocks. The English boy swam towards them, and kept his distance at a stone's throw. They were of that coast, all of them burned smooth dark brown, and speaking a language he did not understand. To be with them, of them, was a craving that filled his whole body. He swam a little closer; they turned and watched him with narrowed, alert dark eyes. Then one smiled and waved. It was enough. In a minute, he had swum in and was on the rocks beside them, smiling with a desperate, nervous supplication. They shouted cheerful greetings at him, and then, as he preserved his nervous, uncomprehending smile, they understood that he was a foreigner strayed from his own beach, and they proceeded to forget him. But he was happy. He was with them.

They began diving again and again from a high point into a well of blue sea between rough, pointed rocks. After they had dived and come up, they swam around, hauled themselves up, and waited their turn to dive again. They were big boys - men to Jerry. He dived, and they watched him, and when he swam around to take his place, they made way for him. He felt he was accepted, and he dived again, carefully, proud of himself.

Soon the biggest of the boys poised himself, shot down into the water, and did not come up. The others stood about, watching. Jerry, after waiting for the sleek brown head to appear, let out a yell of warning; they looked at him idly and turned their eyes back towards the water. After a long time, the boy came up on the other side of a big dark rock, letting the air out of his lungs in a spluttering gasp and a shout of triumph. Immediately, the rest of them dived in. One moment, the morning seemed full of chattering boys; the next, the air and the surface of the water were empty. But through the heavy blue, dark shapes could be seen moving and groping.

Jerry dived, shot past the school of underwater swimmers, saw a black wall of rock looming at him, touched it, and bobbed up at once to the surface, where the wall was a low barrier he

could see across. There was no one visible; under him, in the water, the dim shapes of the swimmers had disappeared. Then one, and then another of the boys came up on the far side of the barrier of rock, and he understood that they had swum through some gap or hole in it. He plunged down again. He could see nothing through the stinging salt water but the blank rock. When he came up, the boys were all on the diving rock, preparing to attempt the feat again. And now, in a panic of failure, he yelled up, in English, 'Look at me! Look!' and he began splashing and kicking in the water like a foolish dog.

They looked down gravely, frowning. He knew the frown. At moments of failure, when he clowned to claim his mother's attention, it was with just this grave, embarrassed inspection that she rewarded him. Through his hot shame, feeling the pleading grin on his face like a scar that he could never remove, he looked up at the group of big brown boys on the rock and shouted, Bonjour! Merci! Au revoir! Monsieur, monsieur!' while he hooked his fingers round his ears and waggled them.

End of paper