



--	--	--	--	--

Centre Number

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

Student Number

NSW Education Standards Authority

2023 HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION

English Advanced

Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

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

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

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

Section II – 20 marks (pages 9–11)

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



Question 2 (4 marks)

Text 2 – Memoir extract

Analyse Langbroek’s representation of the emotional impact of new places.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

If you need additional space to answer Question 2 use the lines below.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....



Question 3 (4 marks)

Text 3 – Feature article extract

How does Hamblin expand the reader’s understanding of the paradoxes of consumerism?

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

If you need additional space to answer Question 3 use the lines below.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

English Advanced

Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

Section II

20 marks

Attempt Question 6

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

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
-

Question 6 (20 marks)

‘A text can ignite ideas about collective human experiences that enrich our view of the world.’

To what extent do you agree with this statement in relation to your prescribed text?

In your response, make close reference to your prescribed text.

The prescribed texts are listed on pages 10 and 11.



NSW Education Standards Authority

2023 HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION

English Advanced

Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

Stimulus Booklet

	Page
Section I	
• Text 1 – Prose extract	2
• Text 2 – Memoir extract	3
• Text 3 – Feature article extract	4
• Text 4 – Nonfiction	5
• Text 5 – Poem	6

Text 1 – Prose extract

One extraordinary time, I felt the strangeness of an unfamiliar terrain ... A strange new pressure of wet pebbles and the tickle of moist sand pushing itself between toes that until then had walked only in dry, dusty earth. As I pushed my feet into that new gritty dampness, the sensation grew upwards and soaked my body in its rough, but velvety, texture. The rubbing of those grains of sand made dry, almost-humming noises that were strange in my ears. I hear that uneasy teeming still, and how its noise became grinding reverberations, discordant* with the rhythm of my goodalu** and of my kujiga.***

I was a child and I'd travelled a long way from my home. I was visiting the ocean. They said:

*go walk on the beach,
go swim in the ocean*

and the sand I found there was such a foreign thing. It wasn't anything like the hot dust and gravel of my place ...

The sand on that beach created a million minuscule pressure points under my soles. It tried to swallow my feet and the salt water rushed to carry off small shells and seaweed that caught in my toes. For me, then, sand and shells and seaweed remained just what they were. I struggled to listen or think or feel or see or believe their indecipherable story. There was no story talking to my bones, into my soul ...

At home now, the sharp edges of the gravel biting into my feet remind me to tread wisely and the dust between those hard edges softens and gentles the way into new stories. On that long-ago day, standing on the edge of the ocean, I struggled to take that salty air inside my body and though during the course of my life I have built a friendship with the ocean sand, it is the gravel and dust that are home for me. And, like the becoming of good friendships, I crave that gravel and dust comfort, away from that other place, the place of sand, that makes odd noises in my ears.

DEBRA DANK

from *We Come With This Place*

* discordant

(of sounds) harsh and jarring

** goodalu and *** kujiga

words from the Gudanji language that indicate concepts about the heart and soul

Text 2 – Memoir extract

It is no great revelation that certain countries or cities can become shorthand for a feeling; that their very name becomes one with an ethos or experience. Hawaii. Thailand. New York. The name of the place automatically conjures a mental picture. So much so that when you say you are going there others immediately intuit what sort of holiday or experience you will have.

Of course, this is not necessarily the case ... Just as we don't know the inner workings of each other's lives, so it is with a foreign country. We have no idea of the way in which it will open up to us, and us to it. And yet we think we do.

Few places on earth, it seems, conjure up more of an emotional response than Italy. It is a land that transcends cliché by simply piling on more of them: afternoon slumbers and wine, church bells and saints, terracotta-coloured villas and washing hanging over balconies, grapevines and pasta, and glittering seas and venerated* old people. It is cobbled thoroughfares and picture-book villages, Pinocchio and families in the piazza, sliced meats and summer fruits, and music on the streets and romance. It is golden light caressing – not just the ancient stone buildings upon which it alights but also those blessed to bask in its rays. Falling in love with a country is like falling in love with a person. You are initially tentative. You start off with a few dates. With a country drive; with dinner. If that goes well, you return for more. Magical outings in which it feels everything is brushed with possibility. Suddenly, your heart is singing. You have never looked better. You feel alive – like your true, unfettered** self. You are open and happy and free. You laugh. You see things differently.

Mostly, falling in love is not so much about the reality of the other person as it is about how they make you feel *about yourself*.

I wasn't looking to fall in love with Italy. I wasn't expecting it. It just happened.

KATE LANGBROEK
Ciao Bella!

* venerated *respected*
** unfettered *unrestricted*

Buy Experiences, Not Things

Live in anticipation, gathering stories and memories.

By James Hamblin

In the journal *Psychological Science* last month, Gilovich and Killingsworth, along with Cornell doctoral candidate Amit Kumar, expanded on the current understanding that spending money on experiences “provide[s] more enduring happiness.” ...

Essentially, when you can’t live in a moment, they say, it’s best to live in anticipation of an experience. Experiential purchases like trips, concerts, movies, et cetera, tend to trump material purchases ...

Experiential purchases are also more associated with identity, connection, and social behavior. Looking back on purchases made, experiences make people happier than do possessions. It’s kind of counter to the logic that if you pay for an experience, like a vacation, it will be over and gone; but if you buy a tangible thing, a couch, at least you’ll have it for a long time. Actually most of us have a pretty intense capacity for tolerance, or hedonic adaptation*, where we stop appreciating things to which we’re constantly exposed. Phones, clothes, couches, et cetera, just become background. They deteriorate or become obsolete. It’s the fleetingness of experiential purchases that endears us to them. Either they’re not around long enough to become imperfect, or they are imperfect, but our memories and stories of them get sweet with time. Even a bad experience becomes a good story.

When it rains through a beach vacation, as Kumar put it, “People will say, well, you know, we stayed in and we played board games and it was a great family bonding experience or something.” Even if it was negative in the moment, it becomes positive after the fact. That’s a lot harder to do with material purchases because they’re right there in front of you.

* hedonic adaptation

returning to a stable emotional state after a high or low

Text 4 – Nonfiction – opinion piece

One of the most regrettable trends in the modern habitus* is that of endless self-narrativisation**. Think of how the contestants describe themselves on any ... reality TV show: they cannot just be living their lives – they must be overcoming adversity. Nobody describes themselves primarily in terms of their role in society or community; nobody is simply chilling. They are *triumphing over [insert hardship real or imagined]*; they are *just a kid from [whichever state they're from], trying to make it in the world*. They present themselves as being the hero of their own monomyth, currently slogging their way through Act 2 of 3, striving to reach the cathartic denouement when they have slain all the dragons standing between them and success.

The ever-present mark of this infuriating way of speaking is the word 'journey'. How I have come to hate this word, which is now encrusted on the discourse like pigeon [poop] on public furniture. My interior-decorating journey. My reactive-dog journey. My sciatica journey. My breastfeeding journey. My yoga journey. ... please, make it stop ...

The main problem with everyone constantly nattering on about their journeys is that most people's lives, unless you know and care about them as an individual, are excruciatingly boring. Their joys are boring; their tragedies are boring; their passions and grudges are boring. But the ubiquity of My Journey makes people think that their lives will become interesting, if only they are shoehorned into this redemptive story of adversity, resilience, hard work and eventual reward. It's just not so! ...

Another problem is that, to the extent other people's lives are interesting, this one-size-fits-all way of talking about them instantly extinguishes anything you might care to hear about. It sands off all the rough edges, all the bits that don't make sense, the parts where people broke the rules or didn't get what they expected. All of this is reduced to "an obstacle on the journey", made to play a pre-defined part in the story ...

In the face of this adversity, and in an effort to overcome the hardships that have been visited upon me ... I am embarking on a journey to ban the word 'journey'. Yes, it will be difficult ... But these are just obstacles on my journey, and I will triumph over them in order to achieve my destiny: living in a world where the word 'journey' is banned.

ELEANOR ROBERTSON

* modern habitus

modern society

** self-narrativisation

crafting your personal story

Text 5 – Poem

Being here

It has to be a thin world surely if you ask for
an emblem at every turn, if you cannot see bees
arcing and mining the soft decaying galaxies
of the laden apricot tree without wanting
symbols—which of course are manifold*—symbols
of so much else? What's amiss with simply the huddle
and glut of bees, with those fuzzed globes
by the hundred and the clipped out sky
beyond them and the leaves that are black
if you angle the sun directly behind them,
being themselves, for themselves? I hold out
my palms like the opened pages of a book
and you pile apricots on them stacked three
deep, we ask just who can we give them to
round here who haven't had their whack of apricots
as it is? And I let my hands tilt and the plastic
bag that you hold rustles and plumps with their
rush, I hold one back and bite into it and its
taste is the taste of the colour exactly, and this
hour precisely, and memory I expect is storing
for an afternoon far removed from here
when the warm furred almost weightlessness
of the fruit I hold might very well be a symbol
of what's lost and we keep on wanting, which after
all is to crave the real, the branches cutting
across the sun, your standing there while I tell you,
'Come on, you have to try one!', and you do,
and the clamour of bees goes on above us, 'This
will do', both of us saying, 'like this, being here!'

VINCENT O'SULLIVAN

* manifold *many and various*