



NSW Education Standards Authority

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Centre Number

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Student Number

**2023** HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION

# English Standard

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

- 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

**Section I**

**20 marks**

**Attempt Questions 1–5**

**Allow about 45 minutes for this section**

Read the texts on pages 2–6 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 (4 marks)**

**Text 1 – Poem**

Explain how Greenacre represents the value of shared experiences.

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**If you need additional space to answer Question 1 use the lines below.**

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**Question 2 (5 marks)**

**Text 2 – Feature article extract**

How does Dahl use personal experience to show the reader the importance of kindness?

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

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**Do NOT write in this area.**

**Question 3 (3 marks)**

**Text 3 – Prose extract**

Why does Dank prefer ‘that gravel and dust comfort, away from that other place’?

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

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**Question 4 (4 marks)**

**Text 4 – Memoir extract**

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

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**Question 5 (4 marks)**

**Text 5 – Feature article extract**

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

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**If you need additional space to answer Question 5 use the lines below.**

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## English Standard

### 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.

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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 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.



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# English Standard

## Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

### Stimulus Booklet

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• Text 2 – Feature article extract .....	3
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• Text 4 – Memoir extract .....	5
• Text 5 – Feature article extract .....	6



## Text 1 — Poem

### Time Capsule

Sitting on the kitchen shelf  
the tea leaves tin  
held pride of place  
in the running of the house  
from breakfast through to dinner.

'Would you like a cup of tea?'  
my mother would question  
one and all as a welcome  
and a kind of mental setting  
for family and guests.

Many lives and times have  
passed through that tin,  
the ritual of 'one for each  
person and one for the pot'  
almost counting out our years  
as a family of four children  
was suddenly one at home

and I can still see them all  
waiting round the table  
for the tea to brew  
until my father would pour  
each cup carefully,  
not one drop would he spill.

Into the seventies  
the teapot reigned supreme  
until suddenly the tea bag  
had slipped in like a sniper,  
picking off the minutes  
of conversation, as if  
there was no time to lose.

Now we sift through our parents  
belongings to share what can  
be sold or used and I grab  
the tea leaves tin, thinking this,  
of all things drew our family  
together, by cup, by spoon.

MIKE GREENACRE

## Text 2 — Feature article extract

When I was three years old, I experienced the definition of welcome. My mother's next-door neighbours, Joyce and George, built a gate in our shared garden fence, so that I could visit as often as I wanted. I took this invitation quite far and I began running away daily at bath time in order to sit at their table and share what was often, to my unbridled delight, deep-fat fryer chips ... Alas, we moved and no neighbour has offered the same reception since.

A welcome is an indefinable, nebulous\* thing and yet we're all acutely aware of the warmth of it, along with the frost of its opposite. At the wedding of dear Syrian friends, in the garden of friends of theirs who were strangers to us, my husband and I were pulled into the synchronized fray of a joyful, stomping Dabke\*\* dance and it felt like coming home.

Conversely, we've all been somewhere where we have experienced being left out in the cold, on an imaginary doorstep, counting the minutes until we can get back in the car ... there is no excuse for inviting people to come and stay only to meet them with a barren fridge, or dirty sheets and towels.

As a furious, spiky 16-year-old, I went to stay the night with a school friend and her mother plied\*\*\* me with welcome, until I softened. She asked me what I wanted to do with my life; she was interested ... In the morning, she brought me breakfast in bed. A croissant with raspberry jam, orange juice and a cafetiere\*\*\*\*. And I can conjure the taste of it, 26 years later. They were so generous somehow, these simple acts, in the face of adolescent rebellion and alienation. That lovely mother melted me back down to my original form, just by being kind.

SOPHIE DAHL  
*The Idea of Welcome*

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\* nebulous      *vague, ill-defined*  
\*\* Dabke        *a cultural dance*  
\*\*\* plied        *generously gave*  
\*\*\*\* cafetiere    *a coffee pot*

### Text 3 — 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*

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\* discordant

(of sounds) harsh and jarring

\*\* goodalu and \*\*\* kujiga

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

## Text 4 — 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!*

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\* venerated                      *respected*  
\*\* unfettered                    *unrestricted*

# Buy Experiences, Not Things

Live in anticipation, gathering stories and memories.

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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.

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\* hedonic adaptation

*returning to a stable emotional state after a high or low*