



NSW Education Standards Authority

2023 HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION

English as an Additional Language or Dialect (EAL/D)

Paper 1

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- General Instructions**
- Reading time – 10 minutes
 - Working time – 1 hour and 30 minutes
 - Write using black pen

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- Total marks:** 45
- Section I – 30 marks** (pages 2–7)
- This section has two parts, Part A and Part B
- Part A – 15 marks
- Attempt Questions 1–4
 - Allow about 30 minutes for this part
- Part B – 15 marks
- Attempt Question 5
 - Allow about 30 minutes for this part
- Section II – 15 marks** (page 8)
- Attempt Question 6
 - Allow about 30 minutes for this section

Section I — Module A: Texts and Human Experiences

30 marks

Part A – 15 marks

Attempt Questions 1–4

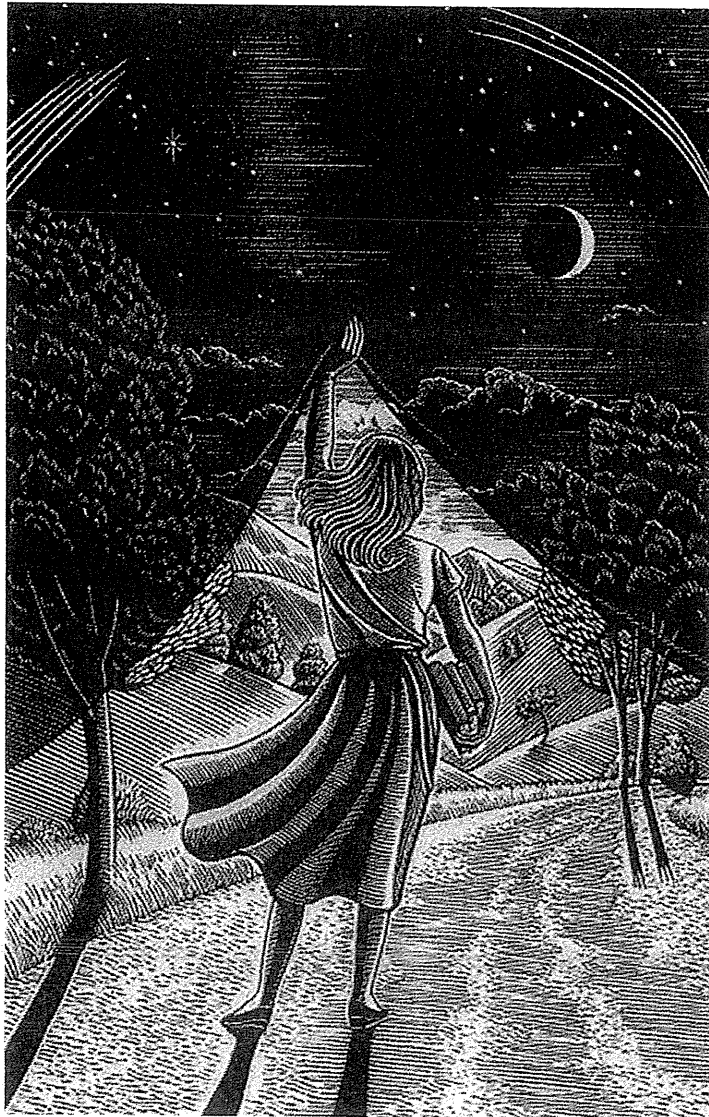
Allow about 30 minutes for this part

Examine Texts 1, 2, 3 and 4 carefully and then answer the questions in the Paper 1 Answer Booklet.

Your answers will be assessed on how well you:

- demonstrate understanding of human experiences in texts
- demonstrate understanding of the ways language shapes and expresses perceptions

Text 1 — Image



UNKNOWN

The Gold Bangles

In my bedroom dresser, in a little red box
sit two gold bangles.
They are pure yellow gold
and the pair are a set, though I believe
they once belonged to part of a bigger set
some time ago.
They were given to my grandmother
and passed down to my mother
upon her marriage.
They are very simple, wide bands and
wear and age have pitted the surface
and begun to affect
the integrity of their modest design.
I imagine they were the kind of thing
that could be melted down
and refashioned into more ornate* jewellery
or sold by weight quite easily
depending on the circumstances.
I believe many girls at the time
in those Punjabi** villages
would have been presented with similar items
by their parents before they departed
on their long journeys.
My mother wore them on her journey to England.
When I hold them in my hands
I like to think not of that long period
when she owned them
but the time before that,
her waiting for Papaji***
by the gate (like so many other gates)
her wrists,
still unadorned and naked.

MONA ARSHI

* ornate *elaborately decorated*
** Punjabi *a region in India*
*** Papaji *father*

Text 3 — Film review

Past Lives is already one of the year's best films

Near the beginning of Celine Song's brilliant debut film *Past Lives*, two little Korean girls are choosing their English names as part of the family preparation for immigration to Canada. Na Young, age 12, can't quite settle on one; they all sound ridiculous to her. But then her father suggests "Lenore," Nora for short, and she likes the sound of that. She'll be Nora. In this new place, she'll be someone new.

But she is leaving someone behind: Hae Sung, her closest friend, perhaps an innocent sweetheart. They compete for grades and walk home from school together, and when she leaves he's quietly devastated. The future, for him, has changed shape.

Past Lives is a miraculous little film ... steady and slow and haunted ... Every life choice is an opening of a door into the future — but going through one door means choosing not to enter another, a fact we rarely grasp when we're young. The older we get, the more the unopened doors shimmer in memory, ghostly reminders of the lives we might have led. The people we might have been. The people we might have been *with* ...

Who we are today is dependent on the chain of past lives we've led, and our connection to one another is a product of those lives as well. The people with whom we find ourselves entangled — friends, partners, loves — are all part of it. Who we are to one another in this life will have some bearing on the next ...

Past Lives evolves with its characters into their 30s, when the shape of their paths starts to be defined. When Nora and Hae Sung reconnect again — this time with the addition of Nora's writer husband Arthur (John Magaro) — those shadowy doors from the past they didn't even realize they were shutting start to shimmer ...

At every pass, *Past Lives* chooses understatement. Nora and Hae Sung and Arthur are vibrantly aware that they're living inside the template of a familiar story — the kind where childhood sweethearts connect, but an obstacle is in their way — except that they don't feel like they're storybook characters, and they don't act like them, either. Instead, they talk about work and life and one another with frankness* and affection, with understanding and reason. It's a relief, and elevates *Past Lives* to something very near perfection, crafted with attention to the moment.

It's hard to imagine *Past Lives* not being one of 2023's most talked-about films, and it richly deserves the honor ... it is also sprinkled with silences and unfilled spaces and absences; what's not there is as important as what is.

So it's unbearably wistful**, landing its story with a gentle kindness that somehow turns the bittersweet into something beautiful. If our lives are not filled with infinite possibilities, the ones with which we find ourselves entangled — at least in this life — are to be counted as gifts.

ALISSA WILKINSON

* frankness *blunt honesty*

** wistful *full of regret for the past*

Text 4 — Fiction extract

Earlier this year, we had moved cities together, and bought an apartment near the deep bowl of the bay. So far, we'd had one winter there: short days, the strongest winds we had ever felt, but everything still new. Sometimes, it felt like we were two climbers who had come up to a plateau, quiet, awed, and a little stunned to have finally found a place of rest. I thought of the mornings there, when I would doze, often listening to the sounds of Laurie getting ready for work: the percolator* on the stove, the shower running, the smell of coffee, his boots on the wooden floors. If the cat came in, I would hear first the gentle tacking of her feet, and then feel the weight of her as she lay across my chest, purring so deeply I could feel the tremor in my own throat. I liked the apartment. The front room had a view of the bay. You could undo the latch and slide back the glass door, which had a row of small white squares across the face, faded and peeling, and look out to a sea that, in the first few months, had been grey like the rain, or pale like the edge of a blue cup. Most of the rooms had two doors, and you could walk in a circular fashion from the front room to the kitchen to the hallway and then to the bedroom, almost like a theatre set. From any room, you were always seeing the suggestion of another, as in a painting where the subject gazes into a mirror, looking at something just out of sight. I liked most of all the days when I could wander about barefoot, never even needing to leave the apartment ... In the kitchen, there were old floorboards that felt soft and creaking and warm. I'd go from room to room, vaguely tidying as I went. There were books left open on the floor, cups, newspapers, our jackets and clothes, blankets unmade and drawn into corners or slung over chairs. I'd bring the cups and plates into the kitchen and wash them while looking out into the small patch of garden, where the weeds grew freely ...

Another time, the power cut out and we dug up a head-torch and a few low candles from one of the still-unpacked moving boxes. While the storm went on outside, we went round and placed them at various guiding points throughout the house. When I lit them in the kitchen, it smelt briefly of birthday cakes. I remember cooking a simple dinner, pulling the skins off the tomatoes in the near-darkness, going by feel rather than by sight. Laurie had put the record player on, and danced slowly and achingly in front of the cat, who continued to glower** from her cushion on the floor. We could barely see the food on the table, noticing only the shapes and textures of the vegetables in their bowls. I had taken the washing in and sheets were hung and draped over the rack, a ladder, a glass door. Outside, we could hear that the wind was strong, but inside, it was still. I remembered thinking, as we ate, how such happiness could come from such simple things.

JESSICA AU

Extract from *Cold Enough for Snow*

* percolator *a machine for making coffee*

** glower *angrily stare*

The prescribed texts are:

- **Prose Fiction** – Allan Baillie, *The China Coin*

or

- Favel Parrett, *Past the Shallows*

- **Poetry** – Oodgeroo Noonuccal, *My People*

The prescribed poems are:

- * *Last of His Tribe*
- * *The Young Girl Wanda*
- * *The Unhappy Race*
- * *Corroboree*
- * *Gifts*
- * *We Are Going*
- * *The Past*

or

- Ken Watson (ed.), *The Round Earth's Imagined Corners*

The prescribed poems are:

- * Sujata Bhatt, *The Stare*
- * Carol Ann Duffy, *Originally* and *Yes, Officer*
- * Miroslav Holub, *Brief Thoughts on Laughter*
- * Gwyneth Lewis, *Flyover Elegies*
- * Mudrooroo, *City Suburban Lines*
- * Dennis O'Driscoll, *In Office*

- **Drama** – Jane Harrison, *Rainbow's End*
from Vivienne Cleven et al., *Contemporary Indigenous Plays*

- **Nonfiction** – Ernesto 'Che' Guevara, *The Motorcycle Diaries*

or

- Alice Pung, *Unpolished Gem*

or

- Malala Yousafzai and Christina Lamb, *I am Malala*

- **Film** – Rachel Perkins, *One Night the Moon*

- **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*

End of Question 5

Section II — Focus on Writing

15 marks

Attempt Question 6

Allow about 30 minutes for this section

Answer the question on pages 14–20 of the Paper 1 Answer Booklet. Extra writing booklets are available.

Your answer will be assessed on how well you:

- organise, develop and sustain your ideas
 - control language appropriate to audience, context and purpose
-

Question 6 (15 marks)

‘Reading is about opening yourself up to surprises. Each book you read should take you away from where you started. And this is what life should be like; you should always be open to surprises.’

Use ideas in the stimulus above to compose an imaginative, persuasive, or discursive piece of writing that explores the power of a surprise.

End of paper