



**Western Australian Certificate of Education
Examination, 2010**

**ENGLISH AS AN ADDITIONAL
LANGUAGE/DIALECT**
Written examination
Stage 2

Section One: Listening
Recording script

This is the 2010 WACE Examination in English as an Additional Language/Dialect, Stage 2, Section One: Listening.

You will hear two texts. Each text will be played twice. There will be a short pause between the first and second readings.

You may make notes at any time and answer the questions in the spaces provided in your Question/Answer Booklet.

Text 1 will begin in two minutes. Use this time to read the questions for Text 1.

(2 minute silence)

Text 1: A narrative about migration (First reading)

I am the voice you will hear. I am the narrator.

Sometimes when I have a quiet moment (which isn't very often these days) I find myself drifting back to times when I was a child and especially the time when Mum told us we would be leaving our tiny council house in England where I'd spent all of my life and going to Australia on a boat. We had thought about leaving England for years and Dad had become famous for his stories of what he would do once he reached the shores of his new home. Mum and Dad even got remarried, after being divorced before I was born, in order to satisfy the immigration regulations. And yet when the day arrived to inform the British immigration authorities of our acceptance of four passages to Perth Western Australia, Dad was looking pale. The time had come to make a decision that would change our lives forever and Dad just couldn't do it! No amount of persuasion could get him on the boat. So the opportunity of a four week cruise to unknown lands was not taken up. Only, that is, until six months later when Dad was given a second and final chance to say 'yes' and he did this time. The day we left it was cold and miserable. Nobody waved us off except for my sister's boyfriend of the time.

I was eight years old. My sister was 19 years old. On the boat we were given sittings for meals and, to my horror, mum, dad and my sister ate at one dining room sitting and me at the earlier sitting with three other children that I didn't know. I sat at the table without looking anyone in the eye and felt sick with shyness but eventually I came to know the three other girls eating with me every day as good friends.

We survived rough seas for several days in the Atlantic Ocean during which no one (except for us) was spied eating in the dining room. I spent my hard saved money on a stuffed toy koala costing twenty nine shillings and then wished I hadn't. My sister forced me to dress up as a ballerina in the ship fancy dress party. The same sister then became very friendly with the Italian ship steward and enjoyed having spaghetti thrown all over her in the crossing the line ceremony when we crossed the equator. Life was dreamlike. I had never been out of England before and I loved the endless days of sunshine and laziness.

On May 31st 1967 we first saw Western Australia - Fremantle Port. The rain was driving down and it was cold. The streets of Fremantle were badly lit and there were few people around except some sailors and late night fishermen. The buildings looked grey, run down and old. 'What have we done?' whispered my Mum. We had come from nothing in the hope of finding something. Dad had been a painter and decorator and Mum had been a cleaner during the week and a canteen lady at the local bus station on weekends. Life had been hard and we were poor. How could this be any better? The 'something' we were promised was looking very unappealing as we sailed into the port. It did not resemble images we had seen of people riding bicycles with no shoes on in warm sunny weather, lovely brightly coloured bungalows with blue roofs and cuddly furry animals wandering around in parks. We felt like we had been misled. At that instant I wanted to go home. I wanted what was known to me. I wanted to be English not Australian.

We were taken to a place called 'Silver City', so named because each house was made from a tin army hut used as an underground shelter during war times. Each hut was divided in half and housed two families. There were only two rooms so it was very warm and cosy but the walls were thin and Dad could be heard frequently telling the children of the family next door to go to sleep, thinking it was me. I hardly saw mum at all because she worked such long hours but this forced me to come out of my shell and I was happy. There were children everywhere to play with and I was surprised to find I enjoyed having my meals in a big canteen, even more so because this time my Mum was there to serve me. Suddenly I became more confident and outgoing. At school some kids treated us 'migrants' with a certain amount of suspicion making sure they didn't include us in their games and letting us know that we were second rate Australians but at home life was fun – trampolines in the big hall, youth clubs and new friends. I began to develop a new identity – that of 'a new arrival' - no longer completely English but not really Australian either.

Unlike us, many families didn't stay. They survived the two year minimum period and went back to the United Kingdom or paid to go back earlier. Identity is a strange thing and many people spend their whole lives searching for it. They can move from country to country searching for who they are and their place in the world.

To this day, over forty three years later, I am unsure about my identity. I am an Australian citizen and a British subject. I have dual nationality and two passports. I have lived in both countries for equal amounts of time and yet I remain the person I was when I was eight – a citizen of a time that no longer exists. This must be the feeling of all those who are uprooted from what they have come to know as their birth place. Home is memories and stories. Home is a feeling rather than a place. Home is different things to different people.

(1 minute silence)

Text 1: (Second reading)

Sometimes when I have a quiet moment (which isn't very often these days) I find myself drifting back to times when I was a child and especially the time when Mum told us we would be leaving our tiny council house in England where I'd spent all of my life and going to Australia on a boat. We had thought about leaving England for years and Dad had become famous for his stories of what he would do once he reached the shores of his new home. Mum and Dad even got remarried, after being divorced before I was born, in order to satisfy the immigration regulations. And yet when the day arrived to inform the British immigration authorities of our acceptance of four passages to Perth Western Australia, Dad was looking pale. The time had come to make a decision that would change our lives forever and Dad just couldn't do it! No amount of persuasion could get him on the boat. So the opportunity of a four week cruise to unknown lands was not taken up. Only, that is, until six months later when Dad was given a second and final chance to say 'yes' and he did this time. The day we left it was cold and miserable. Nobody waved us off except for my sister's boyfriend of the time.

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Now answer the question/s for Text 1.

(4 minute silence)

Text 2 will begin in two minutes. Use this time to read the questions for Text 2.

(2 minute silence)

Text 2: An interview between George Negus and Stephen 'Baamba' Albert (First reading)

I am the first voice you will hear. I am George Negus, the interviewer.

I am the second voice you will hear. I am Stephen Albert.

GEORGE NEGUS: Good evening and welcome to *Dimensions in Time*. Tonight I interview one of Western Australia's foremost aboriginal actors, Steven "Baamba" Albert. For a while Stephen left Broome and moved to Canberra to become the inaugural chairman of the National Aboriginal Education Committee. He then went back home in 1980 and eventually starred in the two smash hit musicals 'Bran Nue Dae' and 'Corrugation Road'. In Broome and elsewhere these days he's probably better known by the name of 'Baamba'.
Stephen, Baamba, nice to see you.

STEPHEN ALBERT: Thanks George.

GEORGE NEGUS: Now, tell me, Baamba, I've just seen Bran Nue Day and the Broome we see, that's old Broome, isn't it?

STEPHEN ALBERT: Yes. There used to be a lot of those old shacks there. When I first started off, over in Morgan camp, we used to have shacks like that too. And we set off from one end of town to the other, with our spears, going on the bridge, and we'd pass these old shacks and you'd smell the aroma of the different foods. You'd know which one was Chinaman, which one was Malay, and which... Just the aroma, just from going on the beach.

GEORGE NEGUS: That's fantastic. Because I notice in stuff that you've written, you actually say that Broome was a very...was and probably still is, a very caring society.

STEPHEN ALBERT: Oh, yes George it sure is.

GEORGE NEGUS: One of the stories you tell is that there was a butcher in Broome who only charged people what he knew they could afford.

STEPHEN ALBERT: Oh, yes . Well, Broome was a small town and they would, er... Like if I went for a piece of steak, it might cost me five dollars. You'd come along, and you'd get, you know...your whites and all that, he'd charge you 10 dollars.

GEORGE NEGUS: So there was a black price and a white price almost?

STEPHEN ALBERT: Yes. I think he had something like that.

GEORGE NEGUS: Or a local Broome price and a non-local price. Has tourism changed the town ?

STEPHEN ALBERT: The town has changed and, um...but the people themselves, like the local people, I don't think they've changed that much. And they sort of... Broome was a funny place and if there's anything new that comes along , we tend to roll with the flow.

GEORGE NEGUS: So you think it's going to be possible for Broome to remain Broome? All that wonderful history, all that romance, all that multiracialism, you know, all that wonderful old architecture that we saw there - the Broome-style buildings. Do you think that if people continue to want to go to Broome as tourists, that it can still retain its charm and its history?

STEPHEN ALBERT: Yes, that's what I think we have to put the balance of... If they have that fine balance, I think it'll remain like that. But you've always got to... One of the things now is like... I was just talking to one of your staff, anyhow, saying that everything's just about five minutes away, you know? Even the airport.

GEORGE NEGUS: Right.

STEPHEN ALBERT: It's only five minutes away.

GEORGE NEGUS: So it's very compact?

STEPHEN ALBERT: Yes ... But now, I think, they will have to shift the airport to make it into a bigger international airport. So then we have to shift... So what's happening is that you're starting to expand a bit.

GEORGE NEGUS: So, Broome's got a lot of facilities that many other country towns wouldn't have?

STEPHEN ALBERT: Yes, we have got a lot of facilities. We have, um...like even with the...because we have got a lot of musicians in Broome, see? So we've got about three studios where you can actually record music.

GEORGE NEGUS: And more fantastic music coming out of them, as you know only too well.

STEPHEN ALBERT: That's right George.

GEORGE NEGUS: Tell us about 'Bran Nue Dae'. I think many people want to see 'Bran Nue Dae' again or 'The Son of Bran Nue Dae' or 'Bran Nue Dae 2'. What would you call it, do you think?

STEPHEN ALBERT: Oh, still 'Bran Nue Dae'.

GEORGE NEGUS: Just 'Bran Nue Dae'?

STEPHEN ALBERT: A revised version of 'Bran Nue Dae'.

GEORGE NEGUS: It was breakthrough stuff, wasn't it?

STEPHEN ALBERT: Yes. When we...when we came to Melbourne. And it was just fantastic. And the people in Victoria, you know, or everywhere. When we went to, um...people just, um... Because we do our...we sort of take there...have our Broome language, you know? Our Broome English, but everybody understood.

GEORGE NEGUS: Can you give me an example of Broome language, Broome English?

STEPHEN ALBERT: Oh, well, like 'What do you know?' - I'd say, 'How're you going, bubbly?'

GEORGE NEGUS: Bubbly?

STEPHEN ALBERT: 'Bubbly' is 'brother' or your 'best friend'.

GEORGE NEGUS: Bubbly?

STEPHEN ALBERT: Bubbly. Yes.

GEORGE NEGUS: Fantastic!

STEPHEN ALBERT: How are you going, bubbly? Yeah.

GEORGE NEGUS: That's very... I've never heard that before. So that's...that's uniquely Broome?

STEPHEN ALBERT: Yeah. sure is mate.

GEORGE NEGUS: That's great. We could talk forever, Baamba, we really could. It's been fantastic talking to you. But you've lived in Darwin, you've lived in Perth. You lived in Canberra. Broome's definitely home?

STEPHEN ALBERT: Oh, yeah. We've got a saying. "You swim in Canberra beach, you always go back for another swim."

GEORGE NEGUS: Once is enough, then back you go.

STEPHEN ALBERT: Then you go back.

GEORGE NEGUS: Fantastic. Lovely talking to you.

STEPHEN ALBERT: Good on you thanks.

(1 minute silence)

Text 2: (Second reading)

GEORGE NEGUS: Good evening and welcome to *Dimensions in Time*. Tonight I interview one of Western Australia's foremost aboriginal actors, Steven "Baamba" Albert. For a while Stephen left Broome and moved to Canberra to become the inaugural chairman of the National Aboriginal Education Committee. He then went back home in 1980 and eventually starred in the two smash hit musicals 'Bran Nue Dae' and 'Corrugation Road'. In Broome and elsewhere these days he's probably better known by the name of 'Baamba'.
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STEPHEN ALBERT: Then you go back.

GEORGE NEGUS: Fantastic. Lovely talking to you.

STEPHEN ALBERT: Good on you thanks.

Now answer the questions for Text 2.

(4 minute silence)

This is the end of Section One.
You may continue with the rest of the paper.

Supervisors, please turn off the sound equipment.