

mindset. For the first time in my life, I was surrounded by a multitude of Asian, a big difference from my limited interactions at the annual Chinese New Year's celebrations. At first, I gravitated towards framing friendships with white people, as that was the norm that I was accustomed to. But as I slowly settled in, I found myself in a diverse group of friends, in which two girls were Indian themselves. I vividly remember excitedly coming home and telling my mum, "Guess what? I have Indian friends now!" It was a weird sensation at first, something I had never experienced before. But as I grew closer with them, I felt a part of my identity resurfacing – a facet of myself that I had believed had been lost forever. Surprisingly enough, my newfound friends weren't steeped in Indian culture. Aside from their names, there was little to signal their Indian heritage. We were all quintessentially Australians. Our conversations consisted of topics that any other sixteen year olds would discuss, such as boyfriends, parties, and life post-graduation. These were topics that anyone, despite their ethnicity, could relate to. What set this experience apart, was that I was finally in an environment where my experiences which had once been seen as abnormal, were now the norm. It was a place where it wasn't peculiar that I had never seen my parents kiss, that I brought rice to school in a little thermos or that I abstained from eating beef. I finally felt like I belonged and felt my façade fading as my true identity resurfaced.

### FINDING THE BALANCE

My experience from assimilation to reclamation was a long and tough journey, but also a quite rewarding experience. Going from feeling like I had lost my cultural identity to learning that I can balance both my Indian heritage and Australian culture was truly essential. Whilst there are days where I still grapple with a feeling of foreignness, being surrounded by friends who have the same experiences as me, immediately suppresses my feelings of isolation. It is important to find the balance without our lives, whilst staying true to ourselves. Sometimes it takes losing a part of ourselves to learn its importance in the first place to allow us to grow into our true selves. It all works out in the end.

Nitya Malik

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'I felt a part of my identity resurfacing' exemplifies the experience of suppressing aspects of one's ethnicity and culture as unsustainable.

The example of bringing rice to school in the thermos as an indication of feeling acceptance without conforming is clever, as previously she explained that she was chastised for this by her peers.

The candidate returns to the idea of reclamation, encouraging and inspiring her audience to embrace their heritage and to seek acceptance.

## Activity: Signposting your writing

It is important to signpost your writing clearly to indicate genre/form. This allows your marker to clearly understand your form of writing and how you are engaging with the directives of the question. Below is a table that indicates how you might signpost in some forms of writing. In the blank columns of the table provided, identify some other forms of writing you are familiar with and the signposts you might include in order to demonstrate genre.

Persuasive Speech	Narrative	Open Letter	Feature Article
<p>Indicate who you are as a speaker – create a persona. Do not use your real name.</p> <p>Acknowledge/speak to a specific audience. This needs to be indicated across a speech.</p> <p>Use a variety of rhetorical devices that suit your purpose, audience and context.</p> <p>End with a call to action or pose a solution to a problem.</p>	<p>Use a title that indicates genre or a key event/moment/topic in the narrative.</p> <p>You could even indicate a chapter number to suggest where in the narrative your piece begins.</p> <p>Use clear conventions of narrative writing.</p>	<p>Indicate who the letter is addressed to.</p> <p>Provide a date.</p> <p>Open letters are usually published on various forums i.e., newspapers, websites, blogs etc. Indicate where the letter might be published.</p> <p>Use first person.</p> <p>Provide a sign off.</p>	<p>Indicate a publisher – e.g. The Times, The West Australian, National Geographic (should be suitable for your subject matter).</p> <p>Indicate a date published.</p> <p>Include a by-line.</p> <p>Create a headline.</p> <p>Write a lead paragraph.</p> <p>Use headings or subheadings.</p>
Television Script			

### Hint: Language patterns

It is important to consider how you will adopt language patterns when you are composing a persuasive text to give your work a distinctive appeal and to allow you to organise and shape meaning. Consider experimenting with the following language patterns to strengthen your work: repetition of certain phrases and verbs, a call and response pattern, juxtaposing viewpoints and dichotomies, anaphora, extended metaphors, motif, imagery and jargon.

## Question 11: Sample response two

This candidate has elected to compose a memoir about a young girl and her grandfather, set in Australia. The setting of this text draws on real world events and a current political landscape. The tension in this text comes from the way the candidate characterises Becky and her grandfather. As Becky grows up under the care and guidance of her grandfather, naive and acquiescent, she eventually begins to question his conservative world views. This response may have been improved through reconsidering the mode of a memoir, as the excellent utilisation of prose fiction/short story generic conventions may have warranted this choice of text type instead.

### Flames of Courage

A memoir in which a young girl who has lost herself finds courage to gain it back.

### Blank Paper

She was eight. She was sitting in the back with her legs dangling off her booster seat. A book sat in her lap but she was too enthralled by the way her Grandad switched gears as they entered the small country town of Greenbushes. He didn't believe in automatic cars; thought you weren't really driving in one. That this younger generation didn't know what it was like to be in full control of the car. So, Becky wanted to drive a manual too when she was older, even if she wasn't quite sure of the difference.

She lifted her gaze from his weathered and calloused hands, sunspots from the many years working on the fields in the sun, and watched him in the rearview mirror. He was talking to Grandma about someone named Gillard. The witch was disintegrating the nation. She was a dirty liar. Climate change was a hoax and those damn Greenies the architects of this deception. A "Vote for Labor" sign passed them in a red streak. Suddenly, those eyes met hers in the mirror "See that Rebecca? The devil's work," he declared.

Becky nodded vigorously, her brown pigtails bouncing. Labor and Greenies were evil. Climate change wasn't real. Grandad was so smart and knew so much about this politics stuff.

But she didn't know why she should believe this. All she knew was that Grandad was right. Her own opinions were taken from her before she even knew what she had lost. She was a blank canvas and her Grandad with quick brushstrokes filled her page with only one colour. She was malleable metal from the furnace, and under the repetitive cadence of his hammer, she was moulded into the shape he saw fit.

Past tense creates a mood of nostalgia and an atmosphere of vulnerability, through constructing the young person as naive and innocent. The use of pronouns 'she' and 'he', and juxtaposing youth and an older person foreshadows the eventual conflict.

The car functions as a metaphor for the grandad's paternalistic control over Becky.

'Weathered... callous... sunspots' further constructs the grandfather as stringent, hard and unyielding.

Utilisation of dialogue through subjective third person narration reinforces Becky's acquiescent and submissive attitude.

This is a good example of how to imply meaning to a reader, inviting them to interpret the grandad critically.

'Blank canvas... brushstrokes... Malleable metal... repetitive cadence... moulded' all work to construct Becky as a victim of her grandfather's domineering nature.

## Burning Embers

She is sixteen. She is sitting at the table with Grandad at its head. His eyes rest beneath furrowed brows. His shoulders cave inwardly, although he tried to sit straight. His skin is paper thin, stretched taut over bulging veins that lie beneath his skin like snakes hiding in the grass. He looks like one match could set him alight, yet his frail exterior only covers the unyielding boulder that lays in the path of a river.

Becky concentrates on scraping peas onto an upside down fork – she doesn't want another "eat with the pigs" lecture. His voice booms over her concentration, "... Trying to get more power and this weak nation will let them. Why should they get an extra parliament when they can vote like the rest of us?" Becky clenches her fists, the heat of indignation enveloping her. She knows better. But she dares not say her opinion – she lost that ability long ago. Saying her opinion only invites angry lectures and sharp retorts. To him socialism is communism. And they are all evil.

She used to find it endearing. She used to laugh when he would throw plastic water bottles in the fire and say, "take that Greenies." Now when he says, "I bet that's a woman driver," about a car swerving ahead during their manual driving practice, a flame licks up her throat. Now the chuckle is forced.

As he continues his rant during dinner, she makes sure she has the right number of nods. To control the flinch at the n word and slurs. She looks above him to the portrait of Queen Elizabeth II. Her eyes pierce down at her and her seemingly benevolent smile stretched taut. Becky wonders if the crown of expectations ever became too heavy.

The grandfather's clock ticks behind her. She fidgets with her nails. They're painted a pastel blue. Grandad had told her they should be nude to, "accentuate her natural beauty." She takes the chance to scrape them off.

Her demeanour becomes a carefully woven tapestry – a deliberate echo of the girl he had once esteemed. She doesn't want him to paint her the same colour as the communists. To think that she is evil. Ever since she found her own opinions it has been a battle waged within her. A quiet war that grows at her insides. The world says to be yourself, but she can't. She can't find the courage to reveal the fire that is threatening to burn out of control. The fire fuelled by words she dares not speak.

The decision to skip ahead in time indicates Becky's maturation, and her grandfather's dwindling power. Her romanticised view of her grandfather begins to disintegrate, which is symbolised through his ageing physical appearance.

References to recent referendums helps to contextualise this narrative, framing the grandfather as dogmatic and rigid.

Repetition of "she used to..." encourages the reader to consider how viewpoints can alter over time as people become more self-aware.

The Queen, as a symbol, is incorporated in an intriguing way. Becky does not liken her to her grandfather, but rather, relates to the Queen's own experience of feeling burdened by expectation, and having to force smiles to appease everyone.

The specification of nail colour further constructs the grandfather's tyrannical control of Becky.

Using fire as a metaphor creates tension and foreshadows rebirth.

### Bonfire

*She will be twenty five. She will be driving her Grandad home in her auto Prius. Her hair will be fire red – just as she had always wanted. Her nails will be black and she won't put a pastel coat over the top when she visits him. She will have found her voice and she will be free. Free to share her views without pouring water on her fire to make them more palatable for him.*

*She won't hesitate to call him out. She will fight fire with fire. She won't cower and try to redeem herself in his eyes. Instead, after each disagreement, she will arise anew like a phoenix. Now she has found herself, she won't let anyone make her lose it again.*

*She will let her fire burn. And she won't let anyone put it out.*

Prolepsis is utilised as a structural feature to convey Becky's hopeful future, where she is able to find her voice.

The decision to write in future tense leaves the reader questioning whether Becky will ever achieve this.

High modality emphasises that she will eventually find the courage to challenge her grandfather.

The metaphor of a phoenix is used to elaborate on the idea of rebirth and a coming of age narrative.

### **Activity: Somebody, wants, but...**

When composing imaginative texts, using this simple formula can help to ensure you are writing with a purpose, and with the aim of keeping your readership engaged.

#### **Somebody, Wants, But... (Then, So).**

Using the following table as a prompt, create an opening to a short story using the 'Somebody-Wants-But' formula. As you are crafting an opening, ensure you establish setting, a clear description of the protagonist, and foreshadow the conflict to come. Structurally, you may choose to utilise a linear narrative, or you can opt for a flashback, in media res, or disrupt the chronological order to hook the reader in. Follow the examples below and complete your own version of this table in your notes by adding in other examples of **Somebody, Wants, But... (Then, So)**.

Somebody	Wants	But
Becky - a young girl	... to find her voice	She is afraid of her overbearing grandfather
CEO of a mining company	... to audition for a play	His daughter is getting married
Mother of three young children	... to find a job	Her car won't start
A teenage boy who enjoys volunteering	... to solve a murder	He is having problems with his memory
An elderly man living in an aged care facility	... to go to the beach	He is not allowed to leave the facility

## Considering Question 12

Compose an imaginative text that adapts a traditional tale for a contemporary Australian context.

### Interpreting the question

To successfully respond to this question, candidates must write an imaginative text which transforms a traditional tale. Your response should resonate with a modern Australian context. One way that this can be achieved is through appealing to a modern or present-day Australian audience. A 'traditional tale' to adapt might include a cultural myth or legend, religious stories, fairytales and fables. Alternative interpretations of a 'traditional tale' could include generic plots or clichés; stories which have been repeated over time within popular culture and have become ubiquitous. A trope such as the quintessential 'love triangle' i.e. choosing-between-your-best-friend-and-your-lover would be permissible. Signalling to a recognisable and preexisting narrative will ensure that you are adhering to the demands of 'a traditional tale'. Candidates will be rewarded for nuanced and innovative responses which adapt a tale for an Australian context in an appealing and thought-provoking way.

An 'Australian context' requires candidates to have a strong understanding of context, and to consider social, political and cultural factors which permeate contemporary Australian society. Candidates may consider commenting on traditional Australian values such as mateship and egalitarianism, having a relaxed lifestyle, or even challenging longstanding attitudes such as 'the tall poppy syndrome'. For example, a reinterpretation of 'Romeo and Juliet', which comments on a class divide or racial tensions within Australia would be one possible interpretation. Another approach could be to adapt the Brothers Grimm, such as 'Hansel (Harry) and Gretel (Grace)', a short story which comments on the current housing crisis and youth homelessness. Alternatively, a reimagining of a classic novel such as William Golding's *Lord of the Flies*, set on Rottneest Island during COVID lockdowns, may offer an interesting perspective on the Australian value of mateship. Or, a rewrite of the opening chapter of J. R. R. Tolkien's *The Hobbit* from the point of view of an elderly person living in a retirement village in Busselton, may offer a sympathetic representation of elderly Australians as witty, stoic and formidable.

Taking the universal and broad appeal of a traditional tale and transforming it into a more specific representation of Australia is the key to unlocking the potential of this prompt.

### Advice from teachers

- When planning your response, choose a tale and begin with adjusting just one element (the audience, the themes, the characters or the setting) to suit a contemporary Australian context.
- Ensure that you emphasise a message which is distinctively Australian, and is meaningful to Australian people.
- Alternative approaches to this question may include writing a 'creation story' from the point of view of an unreliable omniscient narrator, a Godlike figure who was given the job of creating Australia. The possibilities are endless.

## Question 12: Sample response one

This candidate has chosen to adapt Little Red Riding Hood into a short story that aims to represent the experiences of a young, British/Bangladeshi migrant on her way to visit her Dida. The strength in this response lies in the candidate's crafting of characters through speech tags and choice of diction, constructing the antagonist as a malevolent and lupine figure. Furthermore, the utilisation of imagery to portray a recognisable Australian setting is a standout feature of this text. Although this response does well to adapt a traditional tale for a contemporary context, it may have benefitted from further consideration as to how the ideas in this piece could resonate with Australian audiences, through further examination of issues like xenophobia and racial discrimination.

### Little Red Riding Hood

A draft blows into the train station, and a woman clad in a carmine shawl shivers in the cold. She – Nadia – is not used to these biting winds that come and go – that play tag-team with a hateful sun and chill of night. The latter comes soon, if the orange cast to what light falls into the station means anything.

Nadia bites her lip and fingers her bag. She hopes she gets home before that. She has her grandmother's medicines, and she's worried about navigating under the cowl of night.

A man to her left, haggard and wild-eyed, groans and thumps his fists against a wall. "When are these b\*ggers getting here, then?" Against her impulses, she agrees to herself. The trains came and went as they pleased – which was slowly. It wasn't much better in England, mind; but she found her feet tapping and her teeth grinding in impatience.

The man's frustration is carried by the small crowd of people around them. Universally tall and dark eyed, they hung about in a thick curtain of business men with briefcases their size and half again; of women with purses filled with work files and football fans with the woeful look of the loser's side. All of them, Nadia muses, a motely group of strangers, unified in their frustrations with Perth's train system.

Eventually, as do mountains erode and spread, the train arrives. It decelerates sullenly, stopping with a sad jerk. Nadia's relieved, but as she looks around she sees her fellows have not lost a dark cast to their eyes. She accustoms a like posture, and stomps into the train carriage.

Music blares from some stray school boy whose lost their headphones and a thick smell of MacDonald's pervades the train's stale air. Her legs ache for rest, but Nadia dares not ask anyone for their chair.

The utilisation of the verbs and adjectives 'biting', 'hateful', 'chill', 'play tag team' and 'bites...' create a sinister atmosphere. This diction has a double meaning and foreshadows the arrival of the wolf/antagonist.

The description of the unknown passenger as 'haggard ... wild-eyed ... groans and thumps ...' constructs him as malicious.

'Teeth grinding in impatience' further emphasises the atmosphere of tension and foreboding, and again, is a pun to draw a parallel between the traditional wolf and the haggard man, who is later named Jack.

A great description of passengers on a train, conveying societal malaise, mundanity and frustration.

The personification of the train further exemplifies the 'sullen' mood of the passengers.

Utilising sensory language, both audio and olfactory, further establishes the setting as a heterogenous group of people.

Her phone rings, a jubilant jingle her sister set for her. She hated the sound, but would never tell Farah that. Nadia grimaces at the sound for another reason, however, and as she thumbs at the phone screen she confirms: her grandmother's calling.

Slipping into the Bangla of her youth, she answers

"Where are you?" comes the voice, frantic and fearful. "I don't see you. Are you home?"

"No, Dida," Nadia replies, shifting her weight.

"I'm almost there. The train was a little delayed."

"You should have called!" comes the reprimand, and Nadia winces. "I'm sorry, Dida but —"

"Oi, quiet down, why don't ya?" barks a man beside her in English.

Nadia, blinking, turns to see the haggard man. His beard is grey and rough, like an old wolf's pelt. His eyes are distant, yet hungrily vicious, and his breath stinks of foul spirits. He is leaning toward her, muddy cheeked.

"Aii, are you listening?" Nadia's grandmother cries on the other end.

"Yes, yes — please Dida, I'll be a moment," she pleases, voice attaining high pitch.

"Ain't ya hearing me, mate? You speak English?"

Nadia nods eagerly, and as her grandmother shouts questions, hangs up.

"I can speak English," she tells the man. "Sir."

The man draws back, unsatisfied. His lip draws back in a lupine snarl. Still, Nadia thinks he is a little pleased with the 'sir' business. She doesn't imagine he receives much of that.

"Course you can," he says, grinning a sharp-toothed smile. "Why you gotta shout like that?"

Nadia feels herself blush. She stammers out an apology and now the man rests back on his haunches.

"Where are you from, anyway?" he looks her up and down and Nadia holds herself back from squirming under his gaze. "Afghanistan?" She shakes her head. "Britain", she wants to say, but "Bangladesh", is what leaves her mouth.

Alliteration is used to exemplify the way phones ringing often disrupts monotony, which signifies the rising action within the plot.

The speech tag 'barked' again is a clever use of zoomorphism to characterise the antagonist as lupine.

The introduction of the grandmother on the phone is a clever way to implement the original plot. Characterising them as a vulnerable Bangladeshi family also adds layers of meaning and nuance to the story, as it provides a commentary on how they are being racially targeted.

'Lupine snarl' is stated clearly to drive home the parallel between Jack and the original wolf.

Colloquial language and abbreviated language are used to characterise the antagonist as having a callous tone.



He nods to himself. "Thought you don' look right. You know where you're going?"

Nadia hesitates. She's not inclined to spill information, as a general rule, but the light outside the train windows has already fallen dark.

"I'm trying to get to Hawkfoot drive, off Roe Highway," she explains. A lie, but only a little.

He cocks his head. "Coincidence." He bears his crooked teeth in a yellow smile. "So am I. I'll show you the way."

They spoke briefly, or more so, the man continued speaking, as the train moved at an inch worm's pace to their stop. Nadia learnt the man's name was Jack, "After Ol' Cap'n Sparrow, hah!", and that he was a subcontractor for the local building operation. Apparently, it was being extended until the chief's son passed university.

The train comes to a rest at their stop, and Jack ambles out of the train car. He lopes over to the bus map, bounding over the escalator steps with the well timed ease of someone in his domain and began to ramble out the routes to take before Nadia even jostles out of the door. She thanks Jack for his help, and his long-toothed smile sent a glimmer of unease up her shoulder.

She spends the bus ride acutely uncomfortable, a prickling sensation running up her back. With all the time it takes, she's unsure that it even qualifies as a short cut, but she takes the opportunity to check her texts. Seven. From Dida. She is not pleased. Grimacing, Nadia tucks the phone away. Best to deal with that later.

When she lands at Hawkroot, she feels a little bit glad that she lied about her street. She can't shake a feeling of being watched, and every rustle in the bushes makes her heart skip a beat. She crosses the road over to Owlmet turn, and follows the curve as well as she can under the ink-black sky.

She hears a growl behind her, and her blood turns to ice.

She quickens her pace, unsure of what's behind her and decides to call Dida anyway.

Any comfort would be appreciated. As she rings and hears the familiar gasp of her grandmother's voice, she –

"You dirty f\*cker!"

She twirls around and sees Jack, foaming at the mouth, narrow eyed.

The dialogue between Nadia and Jack is a little drawn out and requires some editing to keep the reader engaged.

The Captain Jack Sparrow reference is slightly confusing, alluding to a different traditional tale.

Strong use of verbs to describe the gait of the two characters, including 'ambles' and 'lopes' for Jack, which connotes a lupine movement, and 'bounding' and 'jostles' for Nadia, constructing her as flighty and nervous.

He spits on the ground, swaying. He has a bottle in his hand.

"You fucking lied to me. I thought you would, you pigs always do. I gave you a chance..." he continues to rant, each sentence shorter than the last and filled with more spite.

Nadia grasps her phone to her chest, panicking. "Dida," she begins, tenor rising, "call—"

The man lunged, his hands gripping her sides with a violent spark. Nadia cries out, in shock more than pain.

"Not a word —" flecks are spraying from his mouth. She looks at him for a moment, swears, and kicks out with her foot between his legs. As he howls, letting go, she takes flight, shouting to her grandmother,

where she was to call whatever the equivalent to 999 was. Yet, deep inside Nadia feels anger overpowering fear.

She's done with this sh\*t.

The climax of the narrative occurs when her fears are realised, and she is under attack.

Choice of diction conveys the malice of Jack; 'foaming ... spit ... flecks spraying ... howls' all convey him as animalistic and beastly.

The abrupt ending is quite metatextual, insinuating that Nadia will not become a victim like Little Red Riding Hood once did. This plot twist helps to reclaim the trope of the damsel in distress, suggesting that Nadia will defend herself and be triumphant.

### Activity: Adapting a traditional tale for an Australian context

Choose one of the following creative writing prompts, then draft a 300-400 word response.

1. Compose a scene between Romeo and Lady Capulet, where you utilise speech tags and language features to construct them as the protagonist and the antagonist. A noteworthy aspect of Sample Response One is the keen and savvy use of speech tags to construct the antagonist as lupine and animalistic.

Traditional Tale	Australian Context	Protagonist	Antagonist	Genre
Shakespeare's <i>Romeo and Juliet</i>	Comments on a class divide within Australia, where Romeo, a teenager living in government housing, falls in love with Juliet, who comes from a more affluent family.	Romeo	Lady Capulet	Novel/ Chapter – Romance

2. Using figurative language and imagery, describe the setting of an ominous Australian setting called 'The Gingerbread House'. Draw inspiration from Sample Response One, whereby the candidate excelled in their description of setting and the way they established a mood of foreboding.

Traditional Tale	Australian Context	Setting	Genre
'Hansel (Harry) and Gretel (Grace)'	Aim to comment on the current housing crisis and inflated cost of living.	'The Gingerbread House' – 2023 – rural setting – Western Australia.	Short Story – Post Apocalyptic

## Question 12: Sample response two

This candidate has elected to transform a 16<sup>th</sup> century Chinese novel, *Journey to the West*, into a short story about a young man seeking the approval of his family. *Journey to the East* adapts the story of 'The Monkey King' for an Australian audience through sustaining a recognisable Australian vernacular, and engaging with themes and ideas about family conflict and 'the tall poppy syndrome'. The strength of this response lies in the candidate's ability to use a first person narrator, 'The Kangaroo King', and construct an authentic, sympathetic and recognisable voice. Additionally, the candidate uses dream sequences, a heroic journey or bildungsroman plot structure, and a hint of magical realism, to construct a narrative which is charming, engaging and illuminating. This text aims to resonate with Australian men, through adopting the trope of 'the sentimental bloke' who challenges traditional male gender roles, as well as championing the resilience of a 'larrikin', who ultimately succeeds and finds happiness.

### Journey to the East

*Nan died. Sucks, but we saw it coming. Ripe old age of ninety eight, not bad for a lady who lived off a pack of ciggies and Coles frozen meals, I reckon. Biggest thing for me though is apparently I've been written out of the will. Which is bullshit, out of the twenty odd McKing grandkids I was always her favourite. Uncle Mitch said its cause I "ran off to Perth" or something but that ain't right surely. I was pursuing my career as a zoologist. They all mocked me for it, called me the 'Kangaroo King', a bunch cut ties with me for it. Banished me in a sense. But Nan always supported me and now she's gone and I dunno what to do. I gotta clear my name somehow but I can't afford to fly over to Melbourne, not with my rent going up.*

*So I made up my mind. I, Randy McKing, Kangaroo King, will make my journey across The Nullabor in my Ford Focus to reclaim my place in the Kingdom of my relatives in Melbourne. Heir to the throne I was and I'm gonna prove it. I called in sick to work, packed my things, loaded the tank and I was off.*

*6:30am was displayed on my dash as I left Perth. My Aircon was a bit shoddy so only one side worked, blowing my messy red hair across my face like a 2000s popstar. Gradually as I drove the houses disappeared and trees grew in their place. The Perth Hills rose up around me and soon I was on the open road; nothing around for miles. The trees shrunk and replaced themselves with fields of wheat and the sun beat down on my blue car, fading what little paint was left.*

*As I passed through York, I began to think about what I'd do when I got there. What I'd say to Uncle Mitch. "There's been a mistake! I'm Nan's favourite." Nah. Too whiny. I ain't a pussy.  
"Show me the will right now, lemme see for myself."*

Adapting an archaic Chinese story and manipulating the title is inventive.

Allusions to the original tale are incorporated. The surname McKing adapts the original 'Monkey King', and 'banished me in a sense...' refers to the plot line of the original tale.

Utilisation of first person narration and colloquial language, 'bullshit'... 'dunno'... 'gotta', construct the authentic voice of a young Australian male, who is unashamedly conversational and informal in tone.

The inclusion of the Ford Focus is humorous, constructing The Kangaroo King as a larrikin. This, juxtaposed against the medieval connotations, brings charm and intrigue to this composition.

Calling in sick to work is also funny, and is a contemporary Australian trope. Emphasis on the journey strengthens the universal appeal of this composition.

Using dialogue to talk to himself and rehearse what he will say also adds humour to this monologue.

Too demanding. This was a delicate situation and I didn't want to blow it. My mind ran endless possibilities of what I could say as the clicks clicked by on the speedo.

The Nullabor is called The Nullabor for a reason. It's god damn boring. Flat fields whipped away as my eyes grew drowsy. 6:30pm. I had been driving for twelve hours now. I needed to stop but there weren't any towns or establishments for another three hours. I had spotted a clear place on the side of the road and pulled over. I extracted my swag from the hood of the car and pitched it down wind from the car's protective form. Setting an alarm, I tried to sleep.

My dreams were vivid and lucid. The stars above whirled into colours. The colours whirled into shapes. Shapes became people. Faces. Events.

Nan was sitting in her rocking chair, knitting and smoking. Us cousins ran around in the yard. Cousin Janine and Cousin Ben threw a call at me. As I fell back I glimpsed Nan scold them.

I fell through the ground to another scene. It was Christmas. The heat was unbearable but the food smelled good. I was sitting in the pool on a floaty. Someone tipped it and I fell. As I was falling I glimpsed Uncle Mitch snicker at me.

I fell into the water and sunk, and kept sinking. Like a stone.

Down.

Down.

Down.

I landed on something hard. It was floorboards. Looking around there was no water, only Nan's old home. A corridor stretched ahead of me and someone called my name.

"Randy! Randy! Randy McKing! Where are you!"

The calling morphed into beeping as my alarm went off, pulling me from my sleep. Man I never liked my family.

Getting back in the car I resumed my journey, somewhat confused at my visions. What could they possibly mean?

Night after night across The Nullabor these dreams continued. From each smug roadhouse wherever I slept they followed me like a shark.

'Flat fields whipped away' utilises figurative language to highlight the vastness of the Australian landscape, which is something uniquely Australian.

The inclusion of the term 'swag' further characterises Randy as a classic, Australian bloke, resourceful and unpretentious.

Short, punctuated sentences emphasise the beginning of the dream sequence.

The dream sequence is left open for the reader to interpret, as it aims to reveal events from the past which strengthen Randy's claim that he was the favourite.

Uncle Mitch is characterised as malicious, turning Randy's floaty over, symbolising Mitch's disloyalty and betrayal.

Indentation and repetition of the word 'down' amplifies the experience of falling, further drawing the reader into the meaning of the dream sequence as a symbolic representation of Randy's childhood experiences.

*It took me three days to get to Adelaide. It's not much but the swathe of buildings across the landscape provided something of comfort for my weary eyes. I reckon Adelaide has never been regarded with this much admiration before. I called into a motel on the edge of town and sat outside to get some fresh air. I peeled the sweaty hair out of my face and looked up to see a man walking towards me.*

*He was deathly thin and stank. His hair was falling out and he stumbled as he walked. His skin hung off him like hand-me-down clothes and his eyes were red, clearly high as a kite. Nevertheless, he plonked himself down on the edge of the carpark curb next to me and said;*

*"Bloody STINKA today ain't it?"*

*"Yep," I managed to grimace back to him.*

*"What's ya name mate?" He asked me.*

*"Randy."*

*"I don't remember mine." It was like he sobered up in a millisecond. He said it so clearly, so succinctly, and with such sorrow it nearly brought me to tears.*

*"Why not?" I asked, not sure what else to say.*

*"Once I had a family," he said. "We bickered. I never felt like I belonged. I travelled away but when my pops died it brought me back. I tried so hard to redeem myself in the eyes of the people who never loved me and to no surprise it never worked. I turned to drugs. It broke me."*

*He looked me straight in the eyes.*

*"I'm a broken man Randy McKing. Don't try to be someone you're not. Your Nan is gone. You're banished from the kingdom of heaven. Be the Kangaroo King.*

*With that the man got up and walked away. He passed behind a tree and vanished.*

*Quite frankly I was shook. I wracked my brain, trying to remember if I'd seen him before but nothing came to my mind. A complete stranger just told me a mirror of my life and how it ends. I looked at my hands and I questioned what I was doing. Nan wasn't rich. There was nothing really of value she could've left behind. So it wasn't for money.*

*I guess.*

*I guess this has all been for glory?*

*To prove something?*

*But to who?*

*Not Uncle Mitch, for sure.*

*I never really understood why I needed my family. Why did I care so much about proving myself to them when they never cared about me?*

As Randy grapples with his past and tries to confront his future, the journey across the Nullabor functions as a metaphor for his struggle to accept his family's rejection and betrayal.

Including a joke about Adelaide is distinctly Australian in humour.

Introducing a new character, in the form of 'a spiritual guide' resonates with the original tale.

Utilisation of colloquial language constructs the man as a 'fair dinkum' Aussie bloke.

The informal tone of the man alters as he reveals his sad story to Randy. Code switching between informal and formal tones is a distinctively Australian social technique, stemming from 'the tall poppy syndrome'.

Incorporating surrealist and mythological elements into the narrative through dream sequences and oracular characters pays homage to the original tale.

Randy's epiphany is highlighted through rhetorical questions.

This path would break me.

I realised I had not been banished from the kingdom of heaven but rather found it in my home in Perth.

I never picked up the phone from my family again. Never answered their texts. I returned to my work at the Zoo. I continued my studies into Australian Marsupials.

I, Randy McKing, am the Kangaroo King and I don't need to prove anything to anyone.

Footnotes:

The story is an adaption of the Chinese mythological tale of the Journey to the West, a collection of stories around the Monkey King trying to return to the Kingdom of Heaven by redeeming himself after he was banished. Journey to the East of course changes this to Randy realising he doesn't need to redeem himself for people who don't care for him. Fighting with relatives about a deceased relative is a common Aussie trope, especially in traditionally white farming families. I believe that this story will resonate with many Australians in the modern context, especially its themes of finding identity and also proving oneself and how that's not always necessary to do. Just 'be yourself' is the message, be the Kangaroo King despite what everyone tells you.

The resolution accentuates the message of self-acceptance, conveying Randy's transformation from angst and suffering to equanimity, clarity and aplomb.

Footnotes clarify the interpretation of the original tale. However, statements like this should not be relied upon. It should be clear how the question has been addressed in the composition.

### Hint: Timed Conditions

One of the crucial skills you will need to learn is how to execute a good response under timed conditions. There are different ways that you can set yourself up for success; two options are:

1. Put a number of composing prompts into a randomiser app, or into a hat, and choose one at random. Give yourself 12 minutes to write an opening. Do this frequently.
2. Spend time crafting a polished version of a text, and then, aim to handwrite it under timed conditions. Try not to copy the text out, and let yourself make alterations as you go along.

### Activity: Grammar matters

When composing texts, it is important to have a strong grasp of when to utilise commas. Correct punctuation enhances the clarity and fluidity of your response, directing your reader to pause, and take a breath. Commas are used to separate clauses, to create lists, coordinate adjectives, or to introduce direct speech.

Insert commas into the following examples from Sample Response Two.

1	So I made up my mind. I, Randy McKing, Kangaroo King, will make my journey across The Nullabor in my Ford Focus to reclaim my place in the Kingdom of my relatives in Melbourne. Heir to the throne I was and I'm gonna prove it. I called in sick to work, packed my things, loaded the tank and I was off.
2	"Bloody STINKA today ain't it?" "Yep," I managed to grimace back to him. "What's ya name mate?" He asked me.
3	With that the man got up and walked away.
4	I needed to stop but there weren't any towns or establishments for another three hours.
5	Quite frankly I was shook.
6	From each smug roadhouse wherever I slept they followed me like a shark.
7	It's not much but the swathe of buildings across the landscape provided something of comfort for my weary eyes.
8	Man I never liked my family.

## Considering Question 13

Craft the opening of **one** imaginative text and the opening of **one** persuasive text using a similar idea generated from the stimulus below.

### Interpreting the question

Candidates must craft both an imaginative and a persuasive text to be successful in adhering to the demands of this prompt. The texts they compose should be openings. Candidates who write longer texts which go beyond an introductory segment will not gain any advantage. The two texts must engage with a 'similar idea', one that has been derived from the stimulus.

An 'opening' of an imaginative text may include an effective title, exposition, a description of setting, structural features such as in media res or disrupting the chronological order, and a foreshadowing of the rising action or conflict. An 'opening' of a persuasive text must gain the attention of the reader and establish a clear contention and viewpoint, with the purpose of persuading a specific audience. A key discriminator will be the way in which candidates address a similar idea in both texts. Stronger responses may juxtapose their texts to create a thought-provoking examination of an idea. The word 'similar' does not require candidates to use an identical idea across both texts.

When drawing inspiration from this image, candidates may identify ideas which relate to sustainable energy and resources, travelling or adventure, cultural norms and traditions, experiences of serenity, clarity and peacefulness or even the idea of simplicity vs. materialism. A possible approach to this prompt could be to explore the universal idea that individuals require the support of their community, to avoid alienation and rejection. An opening to a short story could introduce a charitable central protagonist: a cyclist who takes great pride in delivering community donated flowers to low-cost funeral homes. Contrastingly, the complementary persuasive text could be a post by an anonymous participant in a community Facebook group, detailing how flowers have been stolen from their front yard. This approach to the prompt would serve the purpose of contrasting individuals as either altruistic or unethical.

Another idea could be to focus on the idea of tribalism and discrimination. Candidates could craft a transcript for the opening of a scene within a dystopian film, where a female voiceover explains how society has been separated into arbitrary ideological factions and recalls the simplicity of her youth where she was free to ride her bicycle across the city. To further examine this idea, the second text could be an introduction from a magazine article, written by an environmentalist, which examines Twitter mobbing, trolling and cancellation culture. Both texts, when read side by side, would aim to promote the importance of democratic values, such as freedom of movement and freedom of speech.

### Advice from teachers

- When tackling this prompt, the key is to illustrate your understanding of text structures. Ensure you utilise paragraphing effectively and carefully consider how you are going to begin and end your paragraph/s for the greatest impact.
- Sophisticated responses will craft two shorter texts of equal integrity which inform each other, leaving a lasting impression on the reader.



## Question 13: Sample response one

This candidate has chosen to focus on the similar idea of consumerism across two texts. The imaginative text centres around a woman who sells flowers at a Sunday market in China to earn her living, only to be stymied by a large-scale distributor. The candidate then approached their persuasive response by critiquing society's obsession with consumerism, labelling it as a dubious, 'religious ideal'. The strength of this response lies in the candidate's ability to engage with a similar idea across both texts, and to successfully engage the reader. However, this response would have benefitted from a more robust focus on text structures, to ensure both texts were accurate 'openings'. This could have been achieved through carefully adhering to the generic conventions of expositions and introductions for each text type.

### What A Rose is Worth

A narrative exposition.

*Watery sun threatened to disappear behind ominous dark clouds. Pedalling between shade and sun, she rode at a slow pace, the weight of roses, daisies, gardenias, lotuses and various other popular assortments weighing heavy on the ground.*

*Doubt had seeped into her mind once again.*

*Failure, rejection, loss, poverty all felt a thousand times heavier than the flowers on her back.*

*The shame of returning home empty-handed had tortured her dreams since the last market.*

*Driven by fear, she pedalled on. Through puddles of murky water, over mounds of rubbish and dirt that defined these back-streets of China. Sleek black cars whipped by with names she could not read. Tinted windows reflected a pale, skinny woman, with thin hair and faded blue jeans that drooped around her legs.*

*It took a moment to realise that she was staring at herself. A hollow version of what she once was.*

*The bustle of China's Sunday markets rang in her ears. She slid her bike into one of the few remaining slots, looking well-used and frail like the rest. "No, no, no, this is my stall Auntie, please!" A young, pale-faced girl begged the harsh-looking woman, standing possessively inside the minute tent.*

*"I find, I keep," she replied, in the broken speech of their class.*

*Fortunately, no one had claimed her stall. Light blue colours danced with yellow stripes all around the covers, attracting attention and admiration that she desperately needed.*

*About half her roses had survived the journey. With cold, shaky hands, she placed them gently on the table.*

*"Roses in front," she murmured, repeating her grandmother's words, who had given her this opportunity. Everyone loved roses. They didn't*

Oxymoronic language, personification and hyperbole are utilised to convey a dichotomy between the beauty of the flowers and the woman's negative emotions.

Setting is established through creating a stark juxtaposition between affluence ('sleek cars') and poverty ('rubbish ... dirt ... backstreets'), foreshadowing the conflict to come.

Conflict between stallholders emphasises the struggle for survival experienced by the underclass.

A recollection of her grandmother's words highlights the generational poverty experienced by the protagonist.

have to know how far she walked to pick them. They didn't have to know the cost of stealing them. They didn't have to know the redness of her blood that seeps into the petals, as she walks back home.

The screech of expensive tyres on cheap gravel roads made her head snap up, body tense.

"Not you," she thought, "not today."

Polished men in black suits stepped confidently out of the truck. When she looked closer, she saw delicate patterns woven into the fabric. Roses.

The truck doors slip open, revealing hundreds of gorgeous, vibrant, fully blossomed roses. Blood red. Customers turned to gasp at the beauty within this truck, turning their back to the yellow and blue tent. She, herself, had never seen roses so red, or all so perfectly blossomed. She wondered if they too, cut their fingers on the thorns.

### Consumerism as a Religious Ideal

The opening to a TED Talk by Psychology Professor Dylan Lowe.

Viktor Labeau said it best: "We seek our spiritual satisfaction in consumption." This was coming from a man in the 1960s. If only he were around today!

TikTok, Instagram, television, advertisements. The rapid evolution of our technological society has uprooted any remains of morality, as we dive wholly and completely into the religion of consumerism.

Consumerism comes with a variety of definitions, but most broadly it describes a society where status, values, self worth and identity is determined by the purchasing of goods and services. We, as a Western society, have mastered this act. You would think, by now, that we are satisfied. 20 million tonnes of waste is produced by Australian citizens per month, so one may think we have finally tired of our consumerist ideals. However, this is far from the case. McCrindle, in 2020, studied the psychology behind our obsession with material satisfaction. This study found that 56% of consumers lose interest in their goods or services within two days of purchasing. 48 hours. And then we buy again. So starts this perpetual cycle, bringing us not 'spiritual satisfaction' but rather into a state of insatiable greed. I too am a victim to the cycle of consumerism. Just yesterday, I bought myself the iPhone 15, while having a perfectly functional Samsung at home.

Why?

Because the ads, the Instagram, TikTok told me to.

'Polished men in black suits...' characterises them as a symbol of wealth and oppression.

The candidate concludes Text 1 once the conflict has been established, adhering to the conventions of an opening.

Establishing a clear text type through signposting the mode orients the reader.

Introducing the idea of consumerism as a religion causes the reader to draw a parallel between this text and the previous text.

Inclusive language indicates the target audience for the speech, Western society, provoking the audience to consider their own habits of consumption.

Research and statistics are adopted to bolster the contention that western society is overtly materialistic.

Personal anecdote is used to add credibility to the speaker, through acknowledging their own part in the issue.

To truly investigate the psychological effects of consumerism, we must turn to a manufacturing powerhouse, China. Order anything online these days, and you can pretty much guarantee a 'Made in China' label to come with it. But behind China's economic dominance as leading producers in our modern world, the medieval separation of class is materialising once more. As we consume more, we look for cheaper prices, better deals. This comes at a cost, however. China's average wage is approximately 60% lower than the required minimum for Australian workers, over 18 years of age. That is why your new fridge is half the price of the one from the local store. Religion itself is supposed to promote equality and justice, however, the consumerist faith has neglected the poor and vulnerable. Our economy is expanding at a rapid pace, and those who cannot keep up, will not survive.

A critical tone is adopted to scapegoat China's involvement in mass production, alleging that they mistreat their working class.

The utilisation of the adjective 'medieval' is derogatory, conveying the speaker's attitude of disdain towards social structures which are hierarchal and oppressive, promoting democracy as the panacea.

The final sentence draws a strong parallel between the idea in Text 1, and the experiences of the woman, with the idea in Text 2; that the consumerist faith neglects the poor and the vulnerable.

### Activity: Ways to improve your writing

Practising for the Composing section is the best way to really be prepared for it. Try the following strategies to achieve greater success in your exam:

- **Practise writing for a variety of audiences:** Try using a specific form such as a speech or a feature article and rewrite it for different audiences.
- **Reflect on texts for which you were the target audience:** These might include speeches that you have sat through at school or letters explaining situations or procedures for you. Consider how well these texts catered for you. What changes would you make?
- **Practise writing in different forms:** Take a question from the 2022 English ATAR course examination, such as Questions 13 or 14, where candidates could choose what form of genre to write in. Create a situation connected to the quote from Question 11 and use it as a catalyst for writing in at least two different forms.
- **Use your past writing:** Read the feedback from your teachers with a critical eye. Use your journal to practise implementing the suggestions made by your teacher. Rewriting to enhance a former iteration is excellent practice for improving your writing.
- **Practise writing under timed conditions:** Turn on a 60-minute timer, choose a question, plan and write.
- **Create a glossary of words:** Make a record of words you encounter that are unfamiliar or appeal to you. Include a definition for each word and an example of it in a sentence.

## Question 13: Sample response two

This candidate has chosen to focus on the similar idea of bike riding as having a positive impact on individuals and their communities. In tackling quite a complex prompt, with many elements to address, this candidate has chosen to compose an imaginative text which incorporates generic conventions of the dystopian genre to introduce a mysterious cyclist who brought beauty and wonder to a once Utopian society. Their persuasive text focuses on the benefits of riding a bicycle, using a jovial and upbeat tone, personal anecdote and high modality to promote the idea. To improve, this candidate needed to address all elements of the prompt, through ensuring that both texts were strictly openings, without aiming to write complete texts. Furthermore, the second response may have benefitted from rethinking the choice of genre, due to the candidate's decision to utilise an informal tone.

### Chapter 1

#### "He Rode At Night."

*They spoke of a man who rode through the streets of the city at night. He would ride on his bicycle around the entire urban area, from the tangerine skies of the setting sun, through the enchanting moonlit yawns of the night, and to the melancholy, tired groans of the golden, rising sun.*

*Very few ever saw him. He was a ghost of the concrete buildings. A spirit of the streetlights. A wisp in the hustle and bustle of the nighttime city life. Those who were fortunate enough to see him only did from their apartment windows, high up in the clouds. Little children would spot him and yell out to their parents. Some could even liken him to the allure of Santa Claus, with how much children gleamed yellow in jubilation at the prospect of seeing him for the first time.*

*Although, unlike Santa Claus, he wore remarkably unremarkable clothes. A dark red plaid shirt, jeans that had lost their youthful blue to the sands of time, and a straw hat that cast a foreboding shadow over his face that shrouded his thoughts in a darkness of mystery. Some have even speculated he wore a hospital white face mask. Was it to conceal his identity from the outside world? Was it to keep himself warm in the chilling shocks of the lightless outside? Was it to protect himself from the ghostly germs of the urban jungle around him?*

*Every morning, the city would wake to find something that alluded to a bike near that area. Tracks from his trusty bicycle dancing along the stretch of a sidewalk. Beautiful orchids planted in parks that breathed life into the suffocating sprawl of asphalt, a graffiti painting as enchanting that even governments would be so cruel as to cover them up. He was the city's treasure. Everyone loved him.*

Signposting indicates the opening of a novel.

Assonance is utilised within the opening sentence, which encourages the reader to become absorbed. Personification, alliteration and onomatopoeia are used to construct the city as a living entity.

Metonymy of 'him' constructs the protagonist as mysterious and allusive, encouraging reader engagement through suspense.

What seems to be third person limited narration enhances the allure of the protagonist.

Rhetorical questions are used to provoke the audience and create uncertainty.

The mysterious cyclist is constructed as an enigma, with a benevolent purpose: to bring beauty and life to an otherwise monotonous and despairing city.

But, on one faithful day, he stopped.

Gone were his bike tracks, his bouquet of flowers across the city. His gorgeous murals. No one ever saw him again; not even for a split second. The city mourned. As the men who rode at night disappeared, so did the thriving Utopia of the city. Buildings fell into disrepair, parks laid dead in pitiful seas of depleting brown leaves, and children cried for they no longer had a man on a bike to get excited for. No one in the city had a man on a bike to get excited for.

But what of the man? Why did he stop? Why would he let the city go to ruins? Why would he let my city go to ruins? Many have tried to search for the man, and all have failed. No one has ever succeeded in locating the bike rider and breathing life back into the city.

That's why I'm going to be the first.

### To Bike or Not to Bike? Not Even a Question!

The Sydney Morning Herald

By Gavin Wu, November 30, 2023.

The summer season is almost upon us here down under! It's the perfect weather to relax, take a dip in the pool, and indulge ourselves in eating a lot of ice cream. A LOT of ice cream.

For me, whenever I hear that it's time to break out the Hawaiian shirt, that usually means one thing: bike riding. I picked bike riding as a hobby two years ago today, and it would be an absolute understatement to say that it hasn't changed my life for the better. And to think that a number of years ago, I couldn't even ride one!

It puzzles me whenever some Australians proudly declare that they can't ride a bike to save their life. Learning to ride a bike is such an essential skill, especially since bikes are universally used in every country from every walk of life. Bikes make transport exponentially easier, as you don't have to cover those great distances on foot, and you don't risk the costs and dangers of driving your car everywhere in this car-centric country we all live in.

There are also huge benefits to bike riding from a fitness and health standpoint. Cycling is one of the most efficient forms of exercise out there, and I am more than prepared to provide a multitude of studies to prove that to all of you. And it's not just an excuse; crucially, biking as a lifestyle can be hugely impactful in bettering your mental health. Just the act of disciplining yourself into a hobby that can have immeasurable

Once the backstory has been established, including character and setting, the candidate disrupts the timeline to bring the reader to the present.

'Parks laid dead in pitiful seas of depleting brown leaves...' enhances the construction of the present setting as Dystopian.

The switch to first person narration functions as a plot twist, or teaser, that the narrator has an active and possibly heroic role within the dystopian world.

Text 2 references Shakespeare within the title as a pun to entice the reader.

A jovial and anticipatory tone is used to draw the reader in.

Informal language is used ('break out the Hawaiian shirt') to position the reader to feel acquainted.

Hyperbole is used to exaggerate the benefits of riding a bike in comparison to public transport.

Appeals to pathos i.e. appealing to the fears and the guilt of the reader promotes the contention that more people should take up bike riding.

Stating that they are more than prepared to provide evidence insinuates that this would hypothetically happen later in the text.

*benefits to your day-to-day life can make you feel extremely happy knowing that you are only doing favours to that amazing body of yours by going out for a breath of fresh air on a bike ride.*

Choice of diction, including 'immeasurable... extremely... amazing...' all work to promote the viewpoint.

*I hope that by the time you finish reading this article, you too will see why it would be foolish and maybe even life threatening to not take up biking as soon as possible. It did me a whole bunch of favours, I see no reason why it wouldn't do you any.*

A call to arms and direct language are used, although as structural/persuasive features, they may be more appropriate to incorporate later within a persuasive text.

### **Hint: Creating your own checklist for a persuasive text**

Use a checklist like the one below to build your arsenal of skills for creating convincing persuasive writing:

- title and subtitle
- identifies the audience and context in the exposition
- a clear sense of voice that is identifiable and sustained
- a clear conclusion that emphasises the purpose of the text
- incorporates a call to action
- supporting points
- evidence to back up supporting points
- recognisable language patterns
- uses a range of language devices with the intention to persuade:

*alliteration    repetition    inclusive language    direct address*  
*hyperbole    metaphor    personification    simile    anaphora*  
*epistrophe    asyndeton    polysyndeton    rhetorical question*

## Activity: Vary your narrative structure

Many imaginative texts follow a similar narrative structure known as Freytag's pyramid, which is a standard plot progression that follows a linear/chronological path. This looks like:

- exposition
- rising tension
- conflict
- climax
- falling tension
- resolution.

However, this is not the only way to structure a narrative. Below is a list of alternate narrative structures accompanied by a brief description. A quick google search will provide you with more detailed explanations of each structure along with examples.

### The hero's journey

The hero's journey follows a series of stages, including: the hero existing in the ordinary world, the call to adventure followed by the refusal of the call, meeting the mentor, crossing the threshold, facing tests, allies and enemies, approach to the inmost cave, the ordeal, the reward, the road back, the resurrection and finally the return with the elixir.

### The story circle

This is a variation on the hero's journey and was developed by *Rick and Morty* co-creator Dan Harmon. This approach follows the protagonist through eight stages. These eight stages are broader than the more specific steps in the hero's journey and can therefore be applied to lots of different stories. The steps for the story circle are: a character is in a zone of comfort, but they want something, then enter an unfamiliar situation, adapt to it, get what they wanted, pay a heavy price for it, then return to their familiar situation, having changed.

### Fichtean Curve

This structure puts the central characters through a series of obstacles in order to achieve their goals. There are multiple crises faced by the characters to keep the reader interested. This narrative structure begins with an inciting incident, then a first, second, third and fourth crisis, followed by a climax and the falling action.

You can also experiment with a range of structural devices to create interest in your writing:

- start in media res
- use a cyclical structure
- utilise motif
- include narratorial commentary
- shift point of view
- use juxtaposition and contrast.

Experiment with different narrative structures and devices. Try and write a narrative, then re-write it again and again, each time varying your approach and adding in new elements.

## Composing Section - create your own handy checklist

Create your own checklist below as a way to critique and edit your own practice responses, as well as review your own processes and strategies when tackling the Composing section of the exam. Use the headings in each section as a guide to your checklist. Devise at least four to five criteria in each section that you may need to follow in order to produce a good composing response.

Engagement with the question	E.g. Did I breakdown the key words and concepts of the question for my own understanding before attempting to write a response?	✓
Content and purpose		



## A final word

We hope that the activities, hints and, in particular, the sample responses have given you lots of ideas and a really strong framework for your own revision. This book helps answer the question: 'How do I study for English?' The answer is simple: in addition to the lessons you receive from your teacher, use this book as a guide. Start with the general information and activities to highlight any general gaps in your preparation. Then work with each of the sections, depending on your areas of weakness or need.

Remember, the samples in this book were written by people just like you: people who applied themselves to improving their skills. Your work could be published in this book next year. Good luck with your English studies and in your English ATAR course examination in November.