

By exploring the world beyond we can explore the world within.

Anonymous

Asia–Pacific voices

Chapter overview

We live in a part of the world called the Asia–Pacific region. This region has enormous diversity, with the latest technology existing alongside traditional culture, and multinational corporations operating next to village workshops. As Australians, we can appreciate the rich cultures and creative talents of our neighbours, and explore their contribution to our country and our own culture. Exploring cultural diversity increases our understanding of our own identity. In this chapter you will explore issues shaping our Australian identity as you read and write different types of texts, thinking critically about events and ideas in our region and expanding your understanding of the world around you.

A different togetherness: being Australian today

Where we come from has a great influence on our lives, and where we live has a great influence on who we are. Our cultural backgrounds and experiences shape our attitudes towards others and the way we look at the world around us.

We have much more in common as human beings than we have differences as members of a particular race or culture. We all belong to families, we all have special interests and abilities, and we all live in a world facing issues in the future that will affect everyone. We all have a responsibility to demonstrate tolerance and harmony, celebrate difference and embrace cultural diversity.

Australia is a country shaped by many cultures. Throughout Australia's history, people from Asia, the Pacific and more distant countries have arrived as traders, immigrants, settlers and refugees. Many have come looking for new lives and opportunities for

themselves and their families. Many have faced war, famine, conflict, environmental disasters and poverty. Many refugees and asylum seekers risked their lives after being displaced from their own countries.

Over time, Australians of many cultural backgrounds have enriched our multicultural society, helping shape our Australian identity in the twenty-first century. Regardless of our cultural backgrounds, everyone who calls Australia home share a common bond, the bond of humanity. Our Australian identity is being continually shaped by the part of the world we live in, and by the people of the world who live and work here.



Chinese immigrants worked on the Australian goldfields in the 1800s.

A common humanity

The following poem by Indigenous Australian writer Oodgeroo, of the tribe Noonuccal, explores this idea of common humanity and Australian identity. Read the poem and then answer the questions that follow.

Oodgeroo Noonuccal

Oodgeroo of the Noonuccal tribe is one of Australia's most respected poets, a person who fought tirelessly to improve conditions for her people. Oodgeroo was also an educator, artist and activist who dedicated herself to writing and speaking on behalf of the rights of all Indigenous Australians.

ALL ONE RACE

By Oodgeroo of the tribe Noonuccal

POEM

Black tribe, yellow tribe, red, white or brown,
From where the sun jumps up to where it goes down,
Herrs and pukka-sahibs, demoiselles and squaws,
All one family, so why make wars?
They're not interested in brumby runs,
We don't hanker after Midnight Suns;
I'm all for humankind, not colour gibes;
I'm international, and never mind tribes.

Black, white or brown race, yellow race or red,
From the torrid equator to the ice-fields spread,
Monsieurs and senors, lubras and fraus,
All one family, so why family rows?
We're not interested in their igloos,
They're not mad about kangaroos;
I'm international, never mind place;
I'm for humanity, all one race.

Source: Oodgeroo of the tribe Noonucca (formerly Kath Walker)



Breakaway tasks

Remembering

- Using a dictionary or online resource, define the following words from the poem, 'All One Race'.
 - herrs
 - pukka-sahibs
 - demoiselles
 - squaws
 - brumby runs
 - monsieurs
 - senors
 - lubras
 - fraus
- How many different nationalities and races does Oodgeroo Noonuccal identify in her poem?

Applying

- With a partner, discuss the main message of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's poem.
- With the same partner, make a list of three arguments or ideas in the poem that support the main message.

Analysing

- Working in a small team, explain how the following language features relate to the message and ideas in the poem:
 - the lists in the first three lines of both stanzas
 - the repeating patterns of words in both stanzas
 - the inclusion of many contractions ('They're', 'don't', 'I'm', 'We're')
 - the regular rhyming pattern
 - the punctuation in both stanzas, which follows the same pattern.

Evaluating

- How does Oodgeroo Noonuccal's definition of 'race' differ from other definitions? Check some dictionary definitions before you answer this question.
- What is your response to the ideas Oodgeroo Noonuccal presents in 'All One Race'? Explain your own ideas, share them with another student, and then discuss them with your class.
- After reading the introduction to this module, why do you think our common humanity is important for the future, regardless of where we came from?
- In your small team, identify and explain three links between the ideas and messages in this poem and the module introduction on the previous page.

An Australian story

'The Two of Us' appears as a weekly segment in *The Age* and the *Sydney Morning Herald*. While it is always presented as an interview, the format is unusual because the interviewer's questions are not included. Instead, the two people being interviewed each tell their shared story.

THE TWO OF US

By Greg Bearup

NEWSPAPER

Geoffrey Lee, fifty-five, was twelve years old when he came to Australia, where he worked in his uncle's fruit shop while he put himself through school. Today he owns a grocery shop and a café in Ermington, in Sydney's west. Bilel Jideh, twenty-three, a son of Lebanese immigrants, worked in Lee's cafe while at school, and is now studying medicine.

Goffrey: We always had three or four kids helping out in the café or shop after school; washing dishes, peeling potatoes, sweeping the floors and refilling the fridges. They were mainly the kids of poor migrant families, looking for a bit of pocket money—some parents would come and ask me to give their kid a job, just to keep them on the straight and narrow.

Bill started working for us in about fifth class. Because of my own experiences, I always encouraged the kids to

study and to read, read, read. My own education was hampered by my poor English skills and I didn't want to see that happen to other kids. When things were quiet, or after work, I would sit down with them and go through their homework. Some of the kids might not be good at school, and I would try and teach them how to run a business. I tried to encourage them to do what they were good at.

When Bill first started working for me, to be honest, I didn't think there was much hope for him. He was a nice kid from a good Muslim family, but his communication skills were very poor: he spoke only Arabic at home and I couldn't get him to read anything. The best hope for him, I thought, would be an apprenticeship as a panel beater.

I have two daughters and both of them are very bright and both went to a selective high school. One of them topped the state in two subjects and went straight into



medicine at university. Bill came to me one day, when he was in year 9, and said he wanted to become a doctor, like my daughter. I said I would help him, but that it was probably too late for him to become a doctor. He brought in his reports: second last in every subject, and he was at one of the worst schools in Sydney. He asked me how much he needed to read each day—was one page enough? I told him my daughter read many books each week.

He was a bit shocked, but he was so keen. I got him to read everything from newspapers and magazines to novels. He began by reading one page a day, then three, then 10, then 150. He would do this every day, without fail.

He had a book and would write down all the words he didn't know, then learn them to improve his vocabulary. At night we would sit in the shop and go through his homework. On the weekends the shop was closed, but I would have to sort through the tomatoes to refrigerate the ripe ones. Bill would sit with his books; it was easier to study there because there were so many people living in his small house.

The school he went to was so bad, he had to virtually teach himself. It was a disgrace really. But his determination was amazing. At the end of year 9 he won a prize for most improved. At the end of year 10 he came first in a couple of subjects. In years 11 and 12 he came first in every single subject and was dux of the school. I was so proud of him and thought he might get a [university entry score] of 85. When he rang me and told me he got 96, I couldn't believe it, it was like a miracle. I cried.

He just missed out on medicine, but did a medical science degree and then honours; he had a high distinction average but even that was not enough to get into postgraduate medicine the first time. But he never gave up. He did some tutoring at the university, travelled overseas to Lebanon and then came back to drive a water truck while waiting to get into medicine. It was a Neverfail water truck and I used to think, 'That's appropriate for Bill because he's the never-fail man.'

Bilel: It was a very eccentric café, an old style Aussie café serving hamburgers with beetroot. There were lots of young wog kids like me working behind the counter and mopping the floors, and this lovely Chinese bloke who just wanted everyone to study.

When I first started working for him I had no idea what he was on about, with his talk of books. All my mates ever talked about were cars and girls—it was my prime ambition then to get into a gang, the Auburn Boys.

Geoff was so persistent, in a very nice way, with all the kids who worked there. He would talk to me about what I wanted to do and how I would get there. He would invite us over to his house for dinner, or take us to the Easter Show with his family. Everyone loved and respected him and his family.

I had this vague idea that I wanted to go to university, but had no concept of what that meant and how I could achieve it. My parents were loving and caring—beautiful people—but they came from a very poor background and had no education. They never checked my reports, or made me do my homework. I was never read to as a child—my friends at university can't comprehend that.

It took a few years of Geoff's persistence before things started to sink in. Two things influenced me. One was that my sister married an engineer, someone who had been to university! He showed me people like us could go to university. I was also inspired by what Geoff's daughters had done. One of his daughters invited me to her birthday party when she had finished school. She had gone to James Ruse [a selective high school] and there were all these really smart kids there. One had actually got a score of 100, the perfect score. All of them were so encouraging.

But I could not have achieved any of it without Geoff: he showed me the way. I still have my log book, with all my words that I could not understand written in it. I would write the words in red and the meaning in blue—it was Geoff's idea.

[My high school] was a really rough and hard school—only a few boys from each form ever got into university. Very few kids wanted to learn. I had ten different maths teachers for the HSC and no permanent physics or chemistry teacher—there was such a big turnover. Geoff, and his daughters, taught me how I could teach myself. I would print off the syllabus and learn everything I could and only go to the teachers when I needed help. Geoff would tell me not to waste their time with stuff I could figure out myself.

They had a tough job and were only too willing to help wherever they could. One, an English teacher called Miss O'Brien, took time off in her school holidays to help with my English. You never forget things like that. And I will never forget what Geoff did. He's gone from being my mentor to my friend.

My parents were so proud when I got into university—I am the first one from my entire extended family ever to go to university. You should have seen the feasts here, and in Lebanon! But Geoff was just as proud—he couldn't stop grinning for days.

Source: 'Good Weekend', *Sydney Morning Herald*, 6 May 2006

Breakaway tasks

Remembering

- 1 Why did Geoffrey Lee encourage the young people who worked in his shop to study?
- 2 Which cultural aspects of Bilel Jideh's family background made it difficult for him to succeed in his studies?

Understanding

- 3 How did Lee encourage Jideh to consider a different future for himself?
- 4 What first motivated Jideh to begin working towards his dream career?

Applying

- 5 Make a list of all the cultural references in this article—from food to family.

Analysing

- 6 Make your own list of the major influences that shaped Jideh's determination to succeed in his chosen career.
- 7 With a partner, locate in the profiles of Lee and Jideh two examples of each biography profile feature listed in the Writer's toolbox.

Evaluating

- 8 How important were the different cultural backgrounds of these two Australians in this story? Explain your response with examples from the article.



BIOGRAPHY PROFILES

A biography profile presents a person's life story. Key features include:

- background information—family, friends, significant people and events growing up
- comments by others on challenges, ambitions, achievements and significant events
- influences in the person's life—friends, family, work colleagues and other experiences
- issues and conflicts—events and how they were faced, positive and negative effects
- a conclusion—evaluation and reflection on the person's life and achievements.

Migrant experience

One of the most challenging experiences for anyone is being forced out of their own country into a different culture. The reasons may be war, environmental disaster, poverty, famine or civil conflict.

Our response as Australians to the experiences of people who face cultural conflict also reveals a great deal about our own cultural values and our own humanity. Exploring and understanding the experiences of people who have faced this enormous challenge is an important issue. Read the following extract, a first-hand account of such an experience from a Vietnamese refugee, and consider the questions that follow.

Dinh Tran

Dinh Tran was born in Vietnam and worked as a high school teacher after graduating from Saigon University. He left Vietnam as a 'boat person' and arrived in Australia in the early 1980s with his wife and two daughters. He worked in a number of factories before joining the Commonwealth Government public service.



FITTING IN

By Dinh Tran

It had been five hours since the plane had taken off from Kuala Lumpur and, bound as I was in my seat, my mind was overwhelmed with the past, flooded with memories from my childhood until the day I left my country—with no hope of returning. Among the thousands of images, I recalled the days I had worked as a high school teacher after graduating from the Faculty of Pedagogy, Saigon University, before the fall of Vietnam in 1975.

I recalled my five years under the communist regime, especially the time in 1977 when I stood on the third floor of a school building and looked down on the playground where the administrative staff were dividing a load of government-distributed meat into 54 parts, each weighing only about 500 grams.

Each part was placed on a piece of newspaper and marked with a number. Then all 54 teachers and school office staff drew a number which corresponded with one of the packages of meat. Once a week, we were given our meat like that.

I will never forget the three times I risked my life and the lives of my wife and our two children to escape from communist Vietnam. Especially the third time. My father had been paralysed six months earlier and he had lost both speech and movement. As I hugged his skinny shoulders, I couldn't stop myself crying like a child when I said those few words: 'Daddy! I am going now ...'

Tears ran down his cheeks as he looked silently into my eyes. That was the last time I saw him. He died four years later.

And I will never forget the moment when our 12-metre boat came into the joining waters of three nations—Singapore, Malaysia and Indonesia. For nine days, seventy-three refugees had squeezed into this boat and now we were nearly out of food and drink as well as petrol.

We were full of hope when a Singapore patrol boat approached us and we begged the young and handsome captain for help. He politely gave us anything we needed—water, food and petrol—then stunned us with an order to his men that they tow our boat at very high speed about 100 km away from Singapore waters. Before leaving, the captain gave us a stern warning: 'If you enter Singapore, we will kill you all.'

The Indonesian authorities treated us in a similar way, escorting us far away from their territories, then letting

us go. The Malaysians offered us something special: their ten navy ships came to scare us away.

We were very disappointed. There were now only two options for us: go back to Vietnam or illegally enter either Malaysia or Indonesia where there were refugee camps ...

At 2 am on the tenth day, all seventy-three people on the boat came to the agreement that we sink the boat ourselves. Behind this decision was a preference to be shot dead on land over dying slowly of thirst and hunger at sea.

I held my children (then aged 4 and 6) in each of my arms and jumped off the sinking boat. My bare feet were cut by sharp rocks and bled profusely. By 3 am we had completed the landing and an hour later we were discovered by Malaysian authorities. They kept us under supervision for eight days before transferring us to the refugee camp.

Three months later, my brother, who had been living in Australia since 1971, sponsored our entry into this country. Thanks to God, we all survived and gained freedom ...

I woke suddenly when the flight attendant announced that the aircraft was circling. From the plane's window, far below I could see Sydney stretched along the blue Pacific, the tiny green parks, red-roofed buildings and thousands of cars moving like ants ... I was unable to describe my feelings then. Mixed emotions engulfed my mind: excitement came with hope, joy and worry ...

A bus took us to Westbridge Migrant Centre at Villawood. I attended English classes for about three weeks, then dropped out to begin a job, a decision I took for three reasons:

- I did not want to receive unemployment benefits any longer because I did not mean to become a burden on Australia.
- Learning English was a long-term matter which I could do whenever I could during my life here.
- It was my responsibility to settle my family in Australia as quickly as possible.

Thanks to my sister-in-law's friend, my wife and I were employed in September 1980 as process workers in a factory producing aluminium building material at Caringbah in Sydney's south. We decided to move out of the Westbridge Centre to share accommodation with my sister-in-law's family in Cronulla ...





The home unit in which we shared accommodation, in Gerrale Street, faced Cronulla Park and South Cronulla Beach. It had two bedrooms and already housed four adults and two children; with our family there were now six adults and four children. We adults slept on the floor and reserved the two beds for the children. Readers may think this inconceivable, but we were happy: we could save money and help each other easily in a society where we had no other relatives or friends.

We lived in such conditions for nearly four months then my family moved to another rental two-bedroom unit in the same suburb. My wife and I worked the afternoon shift, from 3.30 pm to midnight, though I often worked overtime until 2 am. We took the train to Caringbah then walked 2 km to the factory ...

During our first Christmas in Australia I had to work since, because I had been employed for only three months, I did not qualify for holiday pay. About ten new workers, including myself, did the cleaning during the four weeks that the factory stopped its operation. We swept the floors, cleaned the machines and repainted the whole factory ...

That February, our children started schooling in Year 1 and kindergarten. I walked them to the nearby school in the morning, but in the afternoon they had to stay home by themselves because both my wife and I were at work. At that time, we did not know that leaving our children alone at home was against the law. Luckily, the crime was not perceived by society in 1981 to be as bad as it is now. Upon reflection, however, I would say to myself: 'Thank God. You have really blessed us.' ...

Almost every day (except weekends) I finished work at 2 am. After getting home, I took a shower quickly then I did three things. I corrected my wife's English exercises and prepared some more for her. Then I corrected my children's homework (in maths and English) and prepared new exercises for them. Finally, I did something for myself—I wrote down anything I wanted to learn from selected books ...

At work, every time I took a seat, I learned by heart what I had written earlier that morning; learning in a dusty environment, next to a noisy and hot machine with my ears plugged. I did this for many years, saving every minute and not engaging in idle chatter like some other

workers. As a result of my efforts, in 1985, I passed several written entry tests for office work.

Finally, I left the factory on January 19, 1986, to begin employment in a Commonwealth Government office the next day ... But working in an office presented another difficulty: understanding Australian people on the phone and in daily conversation. What I had learnt was only from books. In reality, it was quite different. To master this problem, I paid special attention to listening to the radio and TV at home. The difficulty gradually lessened.

Now after 15 years, we own a four-bedroom, full-brick house plus a two-bedroom home unit, which we have rented out. But the most valuable achievement of my family is that two of our three children (Leigh, 21, Tina, 20, and Leanne, 7) have completed their schooling with great success—the older one was dux in primary as well as in high school and both will graduate from university this year.

I am writing this article so that the following generations in my family will know how we came to Australia and what we did to overcome difficulties as non-English-speaking settlers. I hope my children will never forget that Australia was our benefactor. If my children become useful members in this society, that will be a sincere form of expressing our gratitude to Australia.

Source: *Sydney Morning Herald*, 13 January 1996

Analysing

- 6 Make a list of five significant challenges the family faced in their journey from Vietnam to owning their own home in Australia.
- 7 Why do you think Tran values his own education and his children's education so much?
- 8 With a partner, locate in Dinh Tran's story of 'Fitting In' two examples of each autobiographical writing feature listed in the Writer's toolbox.

Evaluating

- 9 What do you think are the messages Tran might want other Australians to remember most after reading his account of his experiences?

Creating

- 10 Record your own response to Dinh Tran's story. Compare his experiences with your own family journey, and record what you would say to Dinh Tran if you met him. Write about 300 words.
- 11 Write an autobiographical account of your life up to this point—early experiences you remember, significant occasions in your life so far, special places, possessions and people in your life. Use the Writer's toolbox as a guide for your writing. Write about 500 words.

Breakaway tasks

Remembering

- 1 Which country did Dinh Tran and his family escape from?
- 2 Which countries did they come into contact with on the way to Australia?
- 3 How were Tran and his family sponsored to move to Australia?

Understanding

- 4 What have been two of the most challenging and two of the most rewarding experiences in Tran's account of life as a refugee in Australia?
- 5 What does Tran mean in the last line, 'If my children become useful members in this society, that will be a sincere form of expressing gratitude to Australia'?



AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL WRITING

Key features of autobiographical writing include:

- factual information about places, times and events
- recreated experiences usually told in the first person—stories to explain what happened, when and why events occurred
- descriptions of people and places—family and friends, growing up, life experiences, significant places and events
- accounts about other people and how they influenced the writer
- reflections on the significance of people and events in the writer's life, giving opinions and evaluating past experiences.

MY RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE

By Ken Chau

I prayed to God
when I was 13:

Dear God,

Please stop
Kingsley Beaumont
Andrew Child
Jimmy Hatgikyriazis
Con Katsambis
Peter Zographas
picking on me at school
for being too Chinese
and not Australian enough.

Amen.

I prayed three times
per day

in front of a *Made in Australia* mirror.
Though made in Australia

I still looked too Chinese
until Peter Hartman made them stop.

I believed in God
for the rest of the year.

Source: Ken Chau

- 6 What is ironic about the names of the people teasing the speaker in the poem?
- 7 What is ironic about the way Peter Hartman probably made the others stop teasing?

Evaluating

- 8 What is the main message the poet is communicating about Australia and Australians through this short poem?
- 9 With a partner, work through the poem carefully, recording your responses to the questions in the Writer's toolbox on analysing poetry on the next page, then write your own evaluation of the poem using the 'Putting it all together' questions. Write about 300 words.

IN MY HEAD I WAS ELIZABETH BENNET

By Lili Chan

chingchong won't
let you out of the pool
freckled mullet boy blocked my
exit to the ladder

i was 6 and didn't believe in
boys believed in boy germs so
i eggbeat water til he left.

in my head i was scout finch
elizabeth bennet
nancy drew
stepped back, startled
from my own reflection

i was 16 and i believed in boys
my brown eyed crush asked
why did you come here? as if
i needed permission to enter
the town. why?

but i had it good
my crush said pauline
hanson was right
but he didn't corner
me he didn't shove
her down my throat.

my brother didn't have it
so good. times
he came home shirt
ripped bag gaping
mouth lined with silence.

Source: Lili Chan

Breakaway tasks

Remembering

- 1 Make a list of the surnames of the children who were picking on the speaker in the poem.

Understanding

- 2 Why did the speaker in the poem say the following?
'Though made in Australia
I still looked too Chinese'
- 3 Why do you think the poet doesn't say how Peter Hartman made them stop?

Analysing

- 4 What is ironic about where the mirror was made?
- 5 What is ironic about the title of this poem after we know what happens?

Breakaway tasks

Remembering

- 1 What are two offensive words or phrases used by the six-year-old speaker in the first two stanzas?

Understanding

- 2 With a partner, do an online search of the following names from the poem, and briefly explain why the poet might have included them in her poem: Scout Finch, Elizabeth Bennet, Nancy Drew.
- 3 How had the world changed for the speaker in the poem between the ages of six and sixteen?
- 4 Why does her boyfriend 'crush' mention Pauline Hanson? (Do an online search if you need to.)
- 5 Why does she say her brother 'didn't have it so good'?

Analysing

- 6 With a partner, work through the poem carefully, recording your responses to the questions in the Writer's toolbox. Then write your own evaluation of the poem using the 'Putting it all together' questions. Share your responses with another pair.



ANALYSING POETRY

Poems use a small number of words to create rich and thought-provoking ideas and images. Poetry allows the composer to link their words to the form of the poem (the way the words are arranged on the page). The sound of the words is also important—when read aloud, a poem's ideas can also be communicated through sound patterns, just as in a song. Here is a guide to use when looking at poems.

Core ideas

- Who is speaking the lines?
- Who are the lines spoken to?
- What is the subject of the poem?
- What is being said about the subject?

Order of ideas

- What are the main ideas about the subject presented through the poem?
- Is there a noticeable order in the way the ideas are presented?
- Can you see any reason for this order of ideas?

Pattern of images

- What are the main images in the poem?
- How do these images link to the main subject and ideas in the poem?
- Does the order of the images suggest any thoughts about the poet's messages?

Pattern of words

- Does the poet use some poetic word devices to create these images or ideas, such as metaphors, similes, personification or symbols?

Pattern of sounds

- Are there any rhyming patterns at the end of lines?
- What effect does this pattern (or the effect when it is broken) have on the meaning or message of the poem?
- Which words carry the most stress (or emphasis) when said aloud?
- Does this pattern of stress also affect the meaning?
- Are any sounds echoed within the words or the lines of the poem?
- What is the effect of any echoes of sound on the meaning or message of the lines?
- Has the poet used any poetic sound devices such as alliteration, assonance or onomatopoeia? What is their effect and significance on the message of the poem?

The pattern of sentences

- How many sentences are there in each stanza?
- Is this significant for the poem's messages?
- Where do the sentences begin and end?
- Does this pattern relate to any other ideas in the poem?
- How is punctuation used to influence the way the poem is read and understood?

Putting it all together

Read the poem aloud two or three times.

- Does the title tell you more about the poem's ideas?
- How do the images relate to the poem's ideas?
- How do the sound patterns link to the images and ideas in the poem?
- How does the structure of the poem—sentences, word choices, punctuation, layout on the page, spelling and line breaks—relate to the main ideas and messages in the poem?
- What do you think the poem is saying about the main subject?
- How well do you feel the poet is communicating their messages and ideas?

Strands in action

Core tasks

- 1 Locate a family friend or family member who has migrated to Australia. Prepare a set of interview questions to record their experience and explore their views about Australia and its cultural diversity. Use the accounts of the different people in this module to give you ideas for interview questions.



CONDUCTING AN INTERVIEW

The main purpose of an interview is to discover a person's opinions, attitudes, feelings, memories, beliefs, experiences or thoughts. The form of presentation can vary, such as a family record, an online journal, a podcast, a vodcast, a class presentation or a published article. An interview might comprise the following elements:

- general questions, which are used to find out about a person's background
- questions that are framed to allow the speaker to talk about their experiences, thoughts and feelings
- the use of words in the questions that are particularly relevant to the person being interviewed
- questions and answers that have a mixture of past, present and future tenses, depending on the topic of the question
- questions that are more casual and colloquial than if they were written
- questions that often take up points from earlier answers to explore ideas and opinions further
- a final question to review the topic, or look to the future or other viewpoints, rather than a formal conclusion.

- 2 Form a small group and share different family experiences of education, food, travel, migration and careers. Create a mind map to show the ways in which cultural experiences have shaped and influenced your family's life in this country.

- 3 The issue of immigration and migrant settlement in Australia is a sensitive and important one. With a partner, draw up a table of two columns and write a summary of the arguments people have put forward to support or oppose immigration to Australia. Then, with another pair, discuss and evaluate the views people have offered about:

- reasons for needing new migrants
- reasons for refusing or limiting the numbers of migrants
- benefits and costs of migration in the past
- changing world events and their impact on migration
- future economic needs in Australia and migration
- humanitarian obligations and international treaties
- other arguments for or against migration.

- 4 Using the Writer's toolbox on persuasive writing, write a 500-word article to explain your own views about migration in Australia, and your reasons for holding these views.



PERSUASIVE WRITING

- Persuasive writing presents details in an appealing or emotional way (emotive language, words of empathy).
- It informs and influences the reader's attitudes and opinions.
- It includes anecdotal evidence, personal opinions and dramatisation of events.
- The opening paragraph in persuasive writing gives the writer's view and includes emotive appeals and illustrative examples.
- Supporting paragraphs in persuasive writing provide colourful examples, personal anecdotes, subjective opinions—all related to events, personalities or ideas.
- The conclusion in persuasive writing contains a personal appeal, public awareness statement or opinion declaration, reinforcing sympathy for the writer's experiences or viewpoint.

Extra tasks

- Each of us has many different cultural influences shaping our lives and the world around us. Within a time limit set by your teacher, find as many individuals as you can in your class who can agree to the points below:
 - knows the names of three different kinds of pasta
 - can say 'hello' or 'goodbye' in three different languages
 - plays a sport that originally comes from England
 - likes Mexican food such as nachos and burritos
 - knows which country celebrates St Patrick's Day
 - speaks another language at home (some or all of the time)
 - is related to someone from a Pacific island
 - has eaten at an Indian restaurant
 - knows the main religion of Indonesia
 - has a grandparent who was born outside Australia
 - has travelled to an Asian country
 - has family members who migrated to Australia
 - can name the Indigenous community that is the traditional custodian of the local area
 - has one parent with family ancestors in Europe
 - can name five different Asian dishes
 - knows one cultural tradition in a Pacific country
 - has travelled to New Zealand.

After you have finished and found a winner, discuss as a class what these cultural influences mean for our family, our community and our country.

- The biography profiles and autobiographical accounts in this module are written in a personal and persuasive style. With a partner, select one of these pieces of writing and use the Writer's toolbox on persuasive writing to locate one example of each of these persuasive writing features:
 - an opening paragraph that gives the writer's view with illustrative examples
 - paragraphs that include supporting evidence, personal experience stories, subjective opinions and persuasive arguments
 - a conclusion that includes a personal appeal or public awareness statement, and reinforces the reader's sympathy and understanding for the writer's experiences and views
 - a number of linked paragraphs that present details of experiences in an emotional and appealing way
 - anecdotal evidence, personal viewpoints and dramatisation of events. This may also include emotive language.
- Form a small group and record your viewpoints about the following issues to share with the class.
 - What do you see as the greatest problems facing people who are forced to move to a country with a very different culture from their own?
 - What are the benefits of reading and thinking about families from very different cultures who have faced the challenges of migration and threats to their cultural identity?
- With a partner, make a collection of the letters to the editor of the major daily newspapers, online or in hardcopy, for at least a week. Select letters that focus on issues of migration, cultural identity and or cultural differences. Examine the different viewpoints, evidence, persuasive techniques and writing styles used to communicate opinions and ideas. Go to **Pearson Reader** and look for viewpoints on racism.
- In her poem 'All One Race', Oodgeroo Noonuccal says 'I'm international, never mind place'. With a partner, discuss how you think this relates to the idea of global citizenship. How might viewing yourself as a global citizen affect how you think about different cultures in relation to your own?
 - With your partner, using 'All One Race' as a starting point, write and perform your own poem about being a global citizen.



Rich cultures, rich customs

Cultural diversity enriches Australian society, bringing to this land a fascinating world of cultural experiences, interesting customs, unique foods and rich traditions.

Some people might express uncertainty, or even concern, about the influences different cultures have within Australian society, but the contribution of waves of migration over the centuries has enriched this country and shaped its unique identity. People from Asia and the Pacific and other places around the world have introduced Australians to many different ideas, traditions and beliefs, and we learn a great deal from people with different experiences, different views and different customs.

Some cultural traditions and customs are interesting because they differ so much from our own experiences. Some traditions and beliefs can create challenges for people living in Australian society as they may encounter prejudice, different cultural values or even legal restrictions. An understanding of other cultural traditions and beliefs enriches our understanding of our own culture, and our appreciation of the world around us.

Western Samoan tattoo

Read the following short story, an account of the important Western Samoan custom of tattooing, written from the perspective of a Samoan woman recalling her father's experience when she was eight years old.

Emma Kruse Va'ai

The author of *Ta Tatau*, Emma Kruse Va'ai, was born in Western Samoa in 1956. She was educated in Samoa and New Zealand, and trained as a teacher. She has published many stories, and lectures at the University of Samoa.



TA TATAU

By Emma Kruse Va'ai, Western Samoa

I was eight years old when my father came home quite late one evening. As he came through the door, I noticed that he stooped a little and that his shirt had been rolled up and was stuck under his armpits. Hiding my curiosity, I went back to doing my homework, but noticed that when he sat down he winced and didn't lean back and stretch out in the comfortable and easy way he usually did.

'Are you all right, Manu?' I asked.

'Ia,' he replied haltingly.

I kept watching him until, apparently impatient, he said, 'Be a good girl, Sarona, and get Mama's fan. OK?'

'Now,' he said, 'just fan my back. Ah! No, no—more gently!' And I wondered what terrible thing could have happened that caused a little fanning to give him so much pain. I slowed down my fanning and soon had it right.

'Good, good,' he said. He breathed in deeply, and then out very slowly, as if letting the air leave too quickly might hurt him. As he did this, I thought to move round him and look at his back where I was fanning him.

'Uola—it's a picture!' I said, staring open-mouthed and feeling very confused at the lines and patterns. You know, we were always being told not to draw on anything—not on the walls, not on books—nor on bodies, for that matter.

'Who did it? Who drew the lines, Manu? Who put the picture on your back?' I asked him.

'Oh—just another—man,' he breathed.

'Why did he do it—and did he use a ruler? Will it rub off?'

'No it will never come off,' he told me, wincing, 'and keep the fan going, my daughter—it eases the pain.'

At that moment my mother, Sala, appeared, carrying my little brother wrapped up in a towel. 'There's your father, there's your sister,' she sang to the laughing Fatu as she came towards us. Then she paused as she realised my father was not responding to her. Two more steps, and then she knew.

'Why?' she asked, tight-lipped. Fatu was quiet, and peeped out from the towel with one wide eye, almost as if he were frightened. 'Why have you made yourself suffer—why must you make me suffer?' she asked my father.

'I've begun it now and have to finish it.'

Nothing more was said between them that night, nor did they speak to each other throughout the rest of what became a very long month.

The following morning I woke late and felt mad with myself because my father had already left. I knew my mother was also mad with him, but unlike other times when she had been angry with the whole world, she seemed quiet and gently tired, and I very much wanted to put my arms around her.

'After school, come home quickly, Rona,' she said.

'I'll run all the way Mama,' I told her as I reached up to kiss her, and then stooped to kiss Fatu, who pulled my hair as Mama hugged me and pretended to straighten the back pleats of my school uniform.

After school my mother sent me to collect gogu and ti leaves. I collected quite a few from Aunty Mele's tree and some from our old Fofu down the road. No one asked any questions—which made me feel a bit disappointed. I suppose everyone knew why I was collecting the gogu and ti leaves.

That evening my father was actually limping when he was brought home by his older brother. In fact, he could hardly stand up, and had to be supported. My uncle said, 'Malo, Sala, be brave—it will be over soon.'

My mother's eyes filled with tears, but they didn't melt. She smiled stonily and thanked him for helping my father.

'Lots of cold water and leaves,' my uncle said, 'and don't dry his clothes in the sun; dry them in the shade. And don't sleep with him either!' he laughed.

My mother didn't laugh. She already had a bowl of ice water and a cloth ready to ease the pain. 'He'll try to sleep, and I'll stay awake,' she told my uncle, who kissed Fatu and me goodbye, then left.

That night, wearing nothing but his lavalava, my father slept on the floor on a bed of leaves. He slept face downwards and my mother sat beside him, spreading cold cloths across his back, pressing them gently, peeling them off, dipping them into cold water, and starting all over again. The only sounds that could be heard were my father's suppressed wincing and drawn-out breathing, and water trickling into a bowl when a cloth was squeezed.

For two weeks our lives revolved around my father. I gathered leaves and my mother kept the refrigerator well stocked with water. Of course, we lived in town and didn't have a proper Samoan fale which would have been cooler and better suited to my father's condition. As the days passed his tatau spread steadily and increasingly across his back, then moved forward and round his ribs, across his buttocks and down onto his legs until it was just below his knees. His legs were tattooed one at a time, and there wasn't much design on the front of them—which meant that in these places the tatau was mainly black and the needle pricks which drove in the ink were very close together.

For a while, when his knees were being tattooed, my father could scarcely walk because the skin



thickened into a tight, wet, sticky seal. Each step he took broke the skin and the whole process looked as if it were pure agony. As the tatau grew, so did the pain. He lost weight and strength, and he seemed to need support all the time—even for as simple a thing as getting up from a chair. I fanned him whenever I could. I wasn't used to seeing him so weak and helpless, and it was the least I could do. But I had to admit to myself that the designs were beautifully symmetrical—even if they did keep oozing, and had to be wiped with a cold sponge.

One day when my uncle had been called away to a meeting, Mama and I went to pick my father up. The car stopped about ten metres away from the fale. There were about six men there and my mother told me not to look, but just to talk to Fatu—but I looked as well. One man sat away from the rest, leaning against one of the posts. He was strumming a guitar and singing. The others sat in a kind of circle around someone they leaned over and looked down at. It reminded me of the day when my family was visiting my mother's village, and we sneaked over to the Women's Committee house to see a woman giving birth. We never saw anything—just a lot of women round the mother-to-be.

I said, 'Where's Manu, Mama?'

'He's coming soon, Rona,' she told me. 'Now be patient.' And then I saw a foot sticking out from the group. It was my father's foot, and the men were holding him down. I started to cry, and Fatu started to cry too.

'Oi, Rona, stop crying,' my mother said, as tears began to well up in her eyes too. 'Those men aren't just holding him down—they're helping him because of the pain the tattooing causes.'

'Then why doesn't he stop having it done? Why does he hurt himself so much?'

'Because he wants to have a pe'a,' Sala said slowly.

'Why?' I insisted.

'Because it's important to him,' she said quietly. 'Because if something's important to you, then you have to be prepared to endure all the pain and suffering that's necessary in order to get it and keep it.' I didn't really understand this, because getting the salu from my mother for my various escapades was quite sufficient, and I couldn't see that any more pain was necessary.

The last part of the tatau was around the navel, and by that time the healing process had started



in the areas where the tattooing had begun. The patterns across my father's back now looked like grey welts because of the scabs forming on the cut skin. There was also a noticeable and distinctive smell—not unpleasant, but not entirely fresh either. It was the smell of a healing tatau.

Because the scabs were very dry and very itchy, the cold-water treatment was abandoned and, instead, grated coconut was roasted until it was hot and then it was scooped onto a thin cloth which was tied securely into [a] ball. When hot oil started seeping through the cloth, the ball was pressed firmly onto the healing parts. This procedure seemed to give my father a great deal of relief.

After a while, everyone could see that between us we didn't have enough hands to look after my father, and that because of its European style, our house wasn't cool enough. My father decided to go home to his village where he could get better treatment. Once he was there, swimming in the salt water sped up the healing process, and his many young cousins sat with him in the airy and open fale. Some of them fanned him. Others kept a small fire going and roasted the shredded coconut over it. Because it was more comfortable for him not to wear any clothes, I knew the fale was no place for me, and I made the most of the sea and my extended family until I had to return to our house with my mother and go back to school.

When my father returned to us ten days later, he was so much stronger that he gave me a big hug and a kiss, and swung Fatu up into the air. After he had greeted us, he went into the kitchen and turned Mama round to face him. He held her very gently, and she seemed to cry very quietly for a long time.

Source: Paul Grover (ed.), *Voices Nearby: An Anthology of Asia-Pacific Writing*, Rigby Heinemann, 1997



fale: traditional Samoan house

gogu: plant used in traditional Samoan medicine

lavalava: wrap-around shirt-like garment worn by men and women in Samoa

pe'a: tattoo

salu: brush, here used to smack

ta tatau: type of tattoo for a man

ti: plant used in traditional medicine

Breakaway tasks

Remembering

- 1 How does the writer first react to her father's tattoo?
- 2 How does the man's wife treat her husband during the tattooing process?

Analysing

- 3 This story is told through the eyes of an eight-year-old child, even though an adult writes it. Locate three examples in which the writer has used a small child's perspective to describe events in the story, but the reader is meant to have a deeper insight into what has really happened. Briefly explain each example.
- 4 With a partner, work through the short story and locate and highlight the following features as explained in the Writer's toolbox:
 - introduction
 - complication
 - climax
 - resolution.

Compare your findings with another work group, and then with the class.

Evaluating

- 5 Why can a child's point of view be an effective writing technique in a story?
- 6 What are the main differences you can see in this story between male and female views about tattooing in the Samoan culture?
- 7 What do you think are contemporary Australian attitudes towards tattooing and body piercing among different age groups and cultural groups in Australia? Form a small group and brainstorm a range of different perspectives.

- 8 What is your response to this story? What did you learn about Samoa and tattooing? What is your opinion of Samoan tattooing customs?
- 9 Why do you think this cultural tradition is so important and so respected in Samoan society?
- 10 What are the strong cultural traditions within Australian society, and why are these important to Australians?

Creating

- 11 Imagine you are the narrator's mother, Sala. You are writing a personal letter to a close friend. Using this story, and the hints about the thoughts and feelings revealed through it, give your own explanation for:
 - why your husband has done this
 - how the children have reacted
 - your views about ceremonial male tattooing.



SHORT STORIES

A short story can be read in one sitting, has few main characters and only one or two settings. It usually focuses on one main conflict and finishes with a twist or a punchline. A short story writer might aim to entertain, to present an issue or to challenge ideas through their story. A short story contains:

- a **conflict**, dilemma or problem, leading to
- a series of actions or **complications**, resulting in
- a **climax** or crisis, and ending with
- a **resolution** or conclusion (expected or unexpected).

A short story captures a reader's attention, develops characters, setting and action quickly, and includes a tightly focused ending. Words need to be thoughtfully chosen to create the pace and impact of the short story. The style and tone of a short story are also important features to consider. A short story usually contains the following structure:

- an **introduction** to quickly establish setting, characters and plotline of the story
- **rising action** to develop a series of complications, conflicts or crisis points for the characters
- a **climax** to create a peak event or situation where the main conflict or crisis occurs
- a **resolution** to include a satisfying ending that resolves the conflicts or leaves the reader with a new idea or insight.

Binding feet and arranging marriages

Read this extract from a well-known autobiography by Jung Chang, about her experiences growing up in China.

WILD SWANS: THREE DAUGHTERS OF CHINA

By Jung Chang, China

My great-grandfather, Yang Ru-shan, was born in 1894, when the whole of China was ruled by an emperor who resided in Peking ...

My great-grandfather was the only son, which made him of supreme importance to his family. Only a son could perpetuate the family name—without him, the family line would stop, which, to the Chinese, amounted to the greatest possible betrayal of one's ancestors. He was sent to a good school. The goal was for him to pass the examinations to become a mandarin, an official, which was the aspiration of most Chinese males at the time. Being an official brought power, and power brought money ...

Following the custom, my great-grandfather was married young, at fourteen, to a woman six years his senior. It was considered one of the duties of a wife to help bring up her husband.

The story of his wife, my great-grandmother, was typical of millions of Chinese women of her time. She came from a family of tanners called Wu. Because her family was not an intellectual one and did not hold any official post, and because she was a girl, she was not given a name at all. Being the second daughter, she was simply called 'Number Two Girl' (Er-ya-tou). Her father died when she was an infant, and she was brought up by an uncle. One day, when she was six years old, the uncle was dining with a friend whose wife was pregnant. Over dinner the two men agreed that if the baby was a boy he would be married to the six-year-old niece. The two young people never met before their wedding. In fact, falling in love was considered almost shameful, a family disgrace. Not because it was taboo—there was, after all, a venerable tradition of romantic love in China—but because young people were not supposed to be exposed to situations where such a thing could happen, partly

because it was immoral for them to meet, and partly because marriage was seen above all as a duty, an arrangement between two families. With luck, one could fall in love after getting married.

At fourteen, and having lived a very sheltered life, my great-grandfather was little more than a boy at the time of his marriage. On the first night, he did not want to go into the wedding chamber. He went to bed in his mother's room and had to be carried in to his bride after he fell asleep. But, although he was a spoiled child and still needed help to get dressed, he knew how to 'plant children,' according to his wife. My grandmother was born within a year of the wedding, on the fifth day of the fifth moon, in early summer 1909. She was in a better position than her mother, for she was actually given a name: Yu-fang. Yu, meaning 'jade,' was her generation name, given to all the offspring of the same generation, while fang means 'fragrant flowers.' ...

My grandmother was a beauty. She had an oval face, with rosy cheeks and lustrous skin. Her long, shiny black hair was woven into a thick plait reaching down to her waist ...

But her greatest assets were her bound feet, called in Chinese 'three-inch golden lilies' (*santun-gin-lian*) ... The sight of a woman teetering on bound feet was supposed to have an erotic effect on men, partly because her vulnerability induced a feeling of protectiveness in the onlooker.

My grandmother's feet had been bound when she was two years old. Her mother, who herself had bound feet, first wound a piece of white cloth about twenty feet long round her feet, bending all the toes except the big toe inward and under the sole. Then she placed a large stone on top to crush the arch. My grandmother screamed in agony and begged her to stop. Her mother had to stick a cloth into her mouth to gag her. My grandmother passed out repeatedly from the pain.

The process lasted several years. Even after the bones had been broken, the feet had to be bound day and night in thick cloth because the moment



they were released they would try to recover. For years my grandmother lived in relentless, excruciating pain. When she pleaded with her mother to untie the bindings, her mother would weep and tell her that unbound feet would ruin her entire life, and that she was doing it for her own future happiness.

In those days, when a woman married, the first thing the bridegroom's family did was to examine her feet. Large feet, meaning normal feet, were considered to bring shame on the husband's household ...

The practice of binding feet was originally introduced about a thousand years ago ... Women could not remove the binding cloths even when they were adults, as their feet would start growing again. The binding could only be loosened temporarily at night in bed, when they would put on soft-soled shoes. Men rarely saw naked bound feet, which were usually covered in rotting flesh and stank when the bindings were removed. As a child, I can remember my grandmother being in constant pain. When we came home from shopping, the first thing she would do was soak her feet in a bowl of hot water, sighing with relief as she did so. Then she would set about cutting off pieces of dead skin. The pain came not only from the broken bones, but also from her toenails, which grew into the balls of her feet ...

My grandmother was considered the belle of the town. The locals said she stood out 'like a crane among chickens.' In 1924 she was fifteen, and her

father was growing worried that time might be running out on his only real asset—and his only chance for a life of ease. In that year General Xue Zhi-heng, the inspector general of the Metropolitan Police of the warlord government in Peking, came to pay a visit.

Source: Jung Chang, *Wild Swans: Three Daughters of China*, HarperCollins, 1992

Breakaway tasks

Remembering

- 1 Why was an only son considered important?
- 2 How old was Jung Chang's great-grandfather when he married her great-grandmother?
- 3 Why was the author's great-grandmother not given a name when she was born?

Understanding

- 4 Why was the custom of binding feet introduced?
- 5 What were the effects of foot-binding on women's feet?

Analysing

- 6 With a partner, use this extract to make a brief note of key cultural beliefs in early Chinese society regarding:
 - the role of children
 - the position of women
 - the purpose of marriage
 - views about beauty
 - the paths to success for men and women.
- 7 Chang combines the retelling of actual historical events with fictional narrative. Do you think that this is a valid or useful way to recount family history? Explain your answer.

Evaluating

- 8 With a partner, work through the extract, locating and highlighting three features of biography (see the Writer's toolbox on biography profiles in Module 1). For each feature, explain briefly why it is important in this account of Jung Chang's great-grandmother, great-grandfather and grandmother.
- 9 Which of Jung Chang's family members did you find most interesting? What made their life experiences interesting?



Strands in action

Core tasks

- 1 Form a small group and write a list of family rituals, traditions and customs that are part of your families' lives and experiences. Consider special occasions, special family events, religious customs and cultural traditions. Then discuss and record your personal response to the following questions.
 - a What are the significant rituals and traditions that have been part of my life as I have grown up? What are my family's views about these rituals and their importance, and what is my view now?
 - b How did my parents combine the different family rituals and traditions from both sides of their own families? Has one family's cultural traditions become more important in my family, and if so, why?
 - c How has the culture (or cultures) I have grown up in influenced my career choices, my music and clothing tastes, my sports interests, my favourite foods and family celebrations, my hobbies and family relationships?
- 2 *Wild Swans* describes some extraordinary experiences in one family's life story. A family's biography is shaped by events and choices family members have made in the past. Talk with members of your own family and begin a record of some of your family stories. Consider the way the lives, locations and relationships of family members have been affected by major events such as wars, the Great Depression, the Cold War, conflicts in Asia, environmental change and other conflicts and social changes. Begin by writing about one family member's experiences that helped shape your family story. Use the Writer's toolbox on biography profiles in Module 1.
- 3 Choose a contemporary individual or one from the past whose life and personality you have found interesting. Use the library and online resources to write your own 500–1000-word biography. Use the Writer's toolbox on biography profiles in Module 1 to assist you. Share your biography with other students in the class.

Extra tasks

- 1 Use the Writer's toolbox on debating (on the next page) to prepare some informal class debates on one or more of the following topics:
 - That traditions are for old people
 - That some customs and rituals are more important than others
 - That it is children who need rituals, not adults
 - That Australians do not value cultural traditions
 - That rituals are disappearing from Australian life
 - That a society without cultural traditions is dead
 - That cultural traditions are irrelevant in contemporary Australia
- 2 Refer to the *Wild Swans* extract.
 - a Imagine you are interviewing the grandmother of Jung Chang twenty years after these events occurred. With one or two other students, prepare five questions you would most like to ask her about her marriage, her family and her life. For assistance, look at the Writer's toolbox on conducting an interview in the Strands in action for the last module.
 - b After preparing your five interview questions, swap them with those of another group. Use the *Wild Swans* extract to compose the responses this woman might have given to the questions. Record your interview as a podcast or written script.
 - c Share the two interviews after combining the two groups, and consider the main similarities and differences in your two interviews.
- 3 Search your library and the internet for tales and accounts of other interesting customs and traditions about tattooing from different countries in Asia and the Pacific, including Samoa. Look for stories of events and experiences that are different to your own cultural experience. Select the most interesting stories or accounts to read aloud. Share them in groups and compile an online resource for class exploration and discussion.

DEBATING

Introduction

- Begin with a clear opening statement and address the audience.
- Provide a clear and fluent definition of the topic.
- Present your line of argument.

Body

- Organise your supporting arguments and evidence into a set of points to present.
- Include facts, quotations and interesting anecdotes or examples in your speech.
- Link your points and argument so the audience hears one flowing speech.
- Rebut the opposition's arguments by using your line of argument and supporting evidence and examples.
- Integrate your rebuttal into your own speech so it is part of your argument and is used to support your case.
- Use strong, convincing and authoritative language. Capture your audience's interest with an entertaining and interesting manner; expressive language and powerful content.

Conclusion

- Briefly summarise your argument in a decisive and attention-grabbing manner.
- Finish with a statement that shows conviction and control, bringing the audience to your side of the argument, and include a memorable conclusion.

4 Many Australians from Asian cultural backgrounds have achieved success in their chosen pursuits. Use your library and internet research skills to investigate the life of Asian Australians who have made a significant contribution to Australian life and what it means to them to achieve recognition within Australian society. Some people you can look up are:

- media and entertainment: Annette Shun Wah, Kylie Kwong, Anh Do, Lawrence Leung, Tanveer Ahmed, Joy Hopwood, Caroline Tran
- sports: Peter Bell
- social and community work: Alice Pung, Tan Le, Phuoc Tan
- science, medicine and technology: Victor Chang
- arts and culture: Shaun Tan, Jenny Kee, Nam Le, Khoa Do, Georgina Naidu, Kate Benyon, Vanessa Woods, Quan Yeomans, Hoa Pham

- politics and public life: John So, Harry Chan, Thao Nguyen, Jason Yat-Sen Li, Allan Wu, Ken Chan.

5 Go to **Pearson Reader** and look up the Multicultural Australia website and the Sounds of Australia website. Use these websites to prepare a list of features of Australian customs and traditions that reflect the diversity of Australian culture and cultural heritage. Create a slideshow and audio presentation to illustrate interesting features of Australian rituals, customs and traditions that make this a unique culture within our part of the world. Present it to the class.



Web Destination



Victor Chang



Tanveer Ahmed



Jenny Kee



Kylie Kwong

A place in the world

Many Australians say that they know very little about the cultures and peoples of many Asian and Pacific countries. American and European television, films and books heavily influence us and there seems to be little space for voices from other countries (even if their national language is English, as it is in Singapore and New Zealand). A country's stories, poems and plays reflect the culture and character of its people, so it is important to hear their voices to appreciate their view of the world, and their place in our wider world.



Across the Pacific

Read these poems about people and life in the Pacific region.

Albert Wendt

Albert Wendt was born in Samoa. In 1977, he set up the University of the South Pacific Centre in Samoa and has held professorships at various other universities. He was the winner of the 2010 Commonwealth Writer's Prize—Asia and Pacific, and has published six novels as well as numerous short stories, poetry and plays.

MASTER FUTURE

By Albert Wendt, Samoa

POEM

Master Future struts down
the street
in black jeans, got
two bob for the movie
Tarzan in the Promised Land.

Mr Past watches
from the market-place,
suffers a fatal stroke,
will be buried
according to his rank.

Master Future doffs his cap:
his prayer for Mr Past
has an American accent.

Source: Paul Richardson & Ken Watson (eds), *Postcards from Planet Earth*, Oxford University Press, 1990

Konai Helu Thaman

Konai Helu Thaman was born in Tonga and now lives in Fiji, where she teaches at the University of the South Pacific. She holds the UNESCO Chair in Teacher Education and Culture, and is a widely published poet.

DO NOT DESPISE ME

By Professor Konai Helu Thaman, Tonga

POEM

Please do not despise me if I am
too old in the head and shoulders
too inadequately schooled
in the ins and outs of today
but since I've lived three score years
and am not high or low
wise or wealthy, I would
be grateful if I'm just accepted
as your other grandmother
who cannot speak English

Source: 'Langakali' Mana Publications, 1981

There is not one Pacific
Only one common theme
That development is certain
Though foreign
And coconuts will continue
to fall,
the Pacific ocean will camouflage
superficial dreams
and the faint sound of drums
will still be heard
if we pause a while to listen.

Source: Te Rau Maire, Cook Islands Ministry of Culture, 1993

Breakaway tasks

Understanding

- 1 What is the change the poet of 'Master Future' is most concerned about?
- 2 Why might the grandmother in 'Do Not Despise Me' be feeling embarrassed and rejected?
- 3 What are three reasons the poet offers in 'Our Pacific' to suggest there is not one Pacific?

Applying

- 4 What are five major issues facing the peoples of the Pacific nations in the twenty-first century?
- 5 What might Australia's role be in helping our Pacific neighbours deal with these issues?

Analysing

- 6 Each of these poems looks at the culture of one Pacific nation, and the impact of change on the people and their land. What do you see as the major changes and challenges facing Australia's culture, society and landscape in the twenty-first century?

Evaluating

- 7 How might Australia's location in the Pacific region assist our country in facing the challenges ahead? Explain your response with examples and evidence.
- 8 With a partner, select one of these poems and, using the Writer's toolbox on poetry in Module 1, analyse and evaluate the poem. Then present your analysis and evaluation to another pair who chose a different poem.

Vaine Rasmussen

Vaine Rasmussen was born in the Cook Islands and is an economist at the South Pacific Commission in New Caledonia. She has published widely, compiled the first anthology of Cook Islands writing and edits a literary magazine.

OUR PACIFIC

By Vaine Rasmussen, Cook Islands

POEM

There is not one Pacific
There are many
From the solid slopes of Mount Hagen and Porgera's
wealth in the west
To the Pearl locked islets of Tuamotu's east
From the chilly tips of Maoridom south
To the borders of the Northern territories and her
mysteries that span from equator to Cancer.

There is not one troubled region
There are many
Trade links and nuclear free zones
cohabit with foreign assistance
and internal discord,
my sister does not speak with me anymore
and old ways of doing things are re-looked at
Children go to faraway places
and babai pits lie idle and still.



i buried my old dreams
folding the serviettes into pure-white flowers
i paid my last respects to a land that no longer
belonged to me
since then the home in my heart
has been sent into eternal exile
on departing Australia now
i experience death again
in the famous land of exiles
a wanderer has nowhere to go
i, a bird of passage that faces a new disaster to survive
i, a lone wolf with his soul tied to the far corners of the
earth
i used to have two tongues
one chinese and the other English
is used to have two hearts
one east and the other west
but i have nothing left now
only this instinct to wander again

Source: Ouyang Yu

Exploring Asia

Asia is a region with enormous diversity, a rich and at times troubled history and an area that is driving change and development throughout the world. As Australia considers its place in the Asia-Pacific, people in Asia are also considering their past, their present and their future. Read these poems and respond to the questions that follow.

Ouyang Yu

Ouyang Yu writes in English and Chinese. He is a translator and the editor of *Otherland*, Australia's only Chinese language literary journal. Ouyang Yu has written many poems about being Chinese in Australia. His best known books of poems are *Songs of the Last Chinese Poet* (1997) and *Moon Over Melbourne* (1995).

SECOND DRIFTING

By Ouyang Yu

i remember i died once
when i left china
the sky on my way to an alien country
was strewn with an ashen memory
among the comings and goings of people in the airport
no-one came to my funeral
i sang an elegy in a low voice
for my grey past
over the blue pacific ocean

Breakaway tasks

Understanding

- 1 Why might the poet feel like he 'died' when he left China, and that no one came to his 'funeral'?
- 2 Why had China become 'a land that no longer belonged to me'?
- 3 Why does the poet experience death again when he leaves Australia and travels overseas?
- 4 Why do you think the poet calls Australia 'the famous land of exiles'?

Analysing

- 5 Why do you think the poet describes himself as 'a wanderer' with nowhere to go, 'a bird of passage that faces a new disaster to survive' and 'a lone wolf with his soul tied to the four corners of the earth'?
- 6 What does the poet mean when he says he has 'nothing left now'? What might he have lost?
- 7 With a partner, analyse this poem using the Writer's toolbox on poetry in Module 1.

Evaluating

- 8 What do you think is the poet's message about the experience of being both Chinese and Australian?
- 9 Why do you think the poet is feeling this way?

Creating

- 10 Imagine you are about to leave Australia and move to China. What would be ten features of Australian life and culture you would miss the most? What ten features of Chinese life and culture do you think would be the most fascinating?
- 11 Write a poem about the experience of leaving your most familiar possessions, places and people in Australia, and the feeling you would have travelling to a new and very different world.

Ken Chau

Ken Chau is an Australian-born Chinese poet based in Melbourne. His poems have been published in Australia, France, Hong Kong, Singapore, the United Kingdom and the United States of America.

THE FAMILY TREE

By Ken Chau

POEM

Grandfather unfurled a yellowing scroll
with the calligraphy of the family tree
and twenty-eight generations rolled out
into the lounge room.
Only the male family members were there
the diamonds of the family
the ones who carry on the family name
the female family members cast off
to the blank scroll of oblivion
as if they were never born.

Source: Ken Chau

Breakaway tasks

Understanding

- 1 Why were no female family members included in the family tree?
- 2 Why are the male family members called 'diamonds'?
- 3 What does the poet mean by the last line 'as if they were never born'?

Applying

- 4 How many generations back can you go in your family tree?
- 5 Why does the poet call his family tree 'the calligraphy of the family tree'?
- 6 What is 'the blank scroll of oblivion'?

Analysing

- 7 What reasons might the poet have for placing every third line in a stanza on its own? (Hint: look at what these one-line stanzas are saying.)
- 8 This poem is composed of just two sentences. What is the main difference between the ideas in the first sentence and the ideas in the second sentence?
- 9 Which key words from the poem suggest it is about a culture quite different to the Australian culture, and which key words are very typically from an Australian cultural background?

Evaluating

- 10 What would you say are the poet's two main messages, and how does he convey these messages?
- 11 What is your own response to the ideas and opinions in this poem? Give reasons for your viewpoint.



Strands in action

Core tasks

- a** With a partner, prepare five questions for a person who has grown up in, lived in or visited an Asian or Pacific country. Ask about their memories of the place, their experiences and their hopes for the future of the region.
b Give these five questions to two or three people who have lived or visited the Asia–Pacific region. You might show them some of the poems from this module. Record their answers, with permission, as a podcast or vodcast, or as a series of written notes.
c With your small group, prepare a presentation of the variety of ideas, views and experiences people have encountered, and your own reflections on what you have learnt from this experience. You could create a digital story, a photostory or a slideshow presentation for the class.
- a** Use your internet search skills to locate observations, viewpoints and accounts of experiences of people from countries in Asia and the Pacific. Create your own online file of ideas and opinions, and then share them with another student.
b Prepare a commentary or write a poem to explore your response to the major issues in Asia and the Pacific, and the implications for Australia as we move into the future.

Extra tasks

- With a partner, select two of the poems from this section for a close study. Note the similarities and differences in ideas, poetic techniques and style of writing. Then state what you think these two poets might say are the best ways for the Asia–Pacific region to deal with growing Western influences and the impact of change on their cultures.
- Design a poster to promote a new collection of poems about the Asia–Pacific region. You might use ideas and words from the poems in this section, and also employ graphic design software.
- Use the ideas and images in the poems in this section to create a three-minute dramatic sketch exploring the changes and challenges facing people in the Asia–Pacific region. You might focus on one poem, or use a variety of ideas and images from a number of the poems. Form a small group to create your characters, your setting and your dialogue, focusing on the central changes and challenges explored in this module.
- From everything you have read, researched, discussed and explored about people and cultures in the Asia–Pacific region, write your own poem comparing the world you know in Australia with those very different worlds of our neighbours nearby.

Questioning your culture

Our experiences growing up are some of the most powerful and enduring experiences of our lives. But they are often experiences over which we have very little control, and sometimes very little understanding. While we are growing up, our hearts and minds are being shaped by the culture and world we inhabit.

The power of stories to explore the world we live in, and to explore the world of the past and the future is so strong that we deeply value films, books, articles and plays. These art forms often use the power of story to investigate the deepest truths and the most difficult questions. People in the Asia-Pacific region have stories that are unique and fascinating, and there is much to learn from them.

Read this story of a young girl and the impact of the traditional custom of an arranged marriage on her life and the life of everyone around her.

Sally Anne Pipi

Sally Anne Pipi (now Bagita) is from Central Province, Papua New Guinea. She was educated in Queensland, and was one of the first Papua New Guinean writers to publish short stories. She works at the Gordon International Primary School in Port Moresby, Papua New Guinea.

THE RELUCTANT BRIDE

By Sally Anne Pipi, Papua New Guinea

Through her window Ikena stared at the ominous shapes appearing in the breaking dawn and wished the sun would never rise and thus spare her the day ahead. Today she was to be married to Boga, a man she considered a clumsy, unattractive pig.



'Ikena! Ikena! Open the door and get your breakfast.' It was her mother, who was silently sharing her daughter's unhappiness. For months, Ikena had idled away the days, sometimes reluctantly helping Boga's mother with the housework, in the gardens or doing the shopping. She had never spoken to Boga. As she herself put it to her friends, 'It's too dangerous to talk to a wild boar when your hatred reaches boiling point at the very sight of him.'

'Ikena! Ikena!' Her mother was now pounding on the door. Slowly, Ikena got up from the window seat and opened the door to take the tray her mother offered her. Her mother showed no reaction at the sight of Ikena's tear-stained face and puffy eyes.

'When breakfast is over,' her mother said calmly, 'get ready, as Lea will be calling for you.' That was all and she was gone.

No offer of encouragement, Ikena thought, no offer of last minute advice. It's too bad. I can't win. She thought of how her brothers had belted her a couple of weeks before the engagement because she would not consent to the marriage, and how they used to drag her around by the hair.

'They have sold me like a prize pig,' she said aloud, then remembering the tray on her lap, she ravenously tackled the food to ease her tension.

When she had finished, she took the tray and went into the kitchen. There, she found Boga's

sister, Lea, already waiting for her. The two girls left and Ikena's mother looked after them sadly, wondering why her daughter hated this young man, who seemed to be so gentle. She wondered if it was the thought of a new way of life, of leaving her customary way, that was eating at the girl's heart.

By lunch time the girls were back with Ikena carrying her wedding gown in a paper box.

During the midday meal Ikena said nothing and her parents thought it better to leave her alone. Then, she went to her room for a short rest. In the afternoon Lea came back to help her dress, and the bridal party was whisked away to the church, which was already packed with guests, friends and relatives. Silently and masterfully her father led her up the aisle while a soloist in full voice sang 'The Wedding'. In front of the altar the groom came out to meet the bride and so, for the last time, Ikena's father left her.

'In the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit ...' the Minister began the service. Then 'Namo Badina Dirava' was sung in the Motu language of Papua, ending in a lovely 'Amen'.

'Before we continue the marriage service,' the Minister called out, 'if anyone has anything against this marriage please come forward.'

The waiting was an eternity to the bride who became even more irritated when she glanced sideways at Boga. Idiots! Doesn't anyone want to save me? she thought bitterly.

The Minister continued. 'Now that we have no objections from the congregation we shall continue the service.' Silently the congregation witnessed the proceedings. Ikena was aware of nothing until Lea pressed her arm. Then, she was back on earth in time to take her vows.

'Do you, Ikena, take this man as your lawful wedded husband?'

'I do,' she replied automatically. 'Till death do us part.' The Minister then turned to Boga.

'Do you, Boga, take this woman for your lawful wedded wife?'

'I do.'

Ikena was surprised, wondering why Boga had not said, 'till death do us part.'

'Repeat after me now,' continued the Minister. 'In sickness and in health, in trouble and in pain, in good times and in bad, in kindness and in sorrow, shall I abide with thee till death.'

The exchange of rings took place, then Boga led his bride down the aisle while the choir sang 'Hail to the Bride'.

Outside the church, well-wishers and photographers lined the pathway. Click went the cameras but the bride did not smile. Boga was disturbed but kept on smiling as if nothing was wrong. At the reception, happy guests thronged the hall but the wedding dance had to be cancelled due to the obvious unhappiness of the bride.

Boga felt even more uneasy, and when they reached home that evening he decided to play along with her.

'Ikena,' he said. 'You can have the room to yourself. I will sleep out on the verandah.'

One evening, Ikena's mother came to the house and asked Ikena to go and see her father who was not very well. Ikena knew it was just an excuse to take her away. Gossip had got around and because of the bride price, her family was ashamed. At the house, her brothers beat her and then turned her out, hoping she would feel too ashamed to enter her in-laws' house again.

It was dusk, and no one saw her wandering away to the foothills where her grandmother used to make her gardens. There, she found refuge in a cave, beside which a little stream ran. Only Ikena and her grandmother knew about this cave. It was covered over with vines and shrubs. No one ever came this way. The grass was so overgrown, the whole place looked like a jungle.

In the cave she found a small fish net, which her grandmother had used when she was alive, to trap fish. There, she settled down for the night and there she dwelled, living on the forgotten vegetables and the fish from the stream.

The marks on Ikena's body began to heal and she lost count of the days. She began to reason with herself over the whole affair, from the engagement to the wedding. She kept asking herself whether she would ever change her mind about Boga, but it all seemed so difficult and impossible. So she decided to forget everything and live as a hermit for the rest of her life.

But one evening, while she was scraping her baked yams, she heard the faraway roar of a car engine. She was sure the sound was growing louder and seemed to be coming her way, so she extinguished the fire and retreated into the cave with her food. She waited for a long time. Nothing happened, and she began to eat her meal.

Sure, now, that all was well, Ikena was just lying down to sleep when she heard footsteps. How could this mysterious person know of her hideout unless it was one of her brothers coming to murder her, she thought. Whoever it was that was approaching, she decided, she must not allow herself to be seen.

The footsteps stopped by the stream as if the intruder was wondering whether to go on or not. Then she heard her name being softly called.

'Ikena. Ikena can you hear me?' She dared not answer and fearfully waited for the next move.

The caller too waited for any sounds or sign of answering calls. But when none came, at the top of his lungs he began to yell, 'Ikena! Ikena! Can you hear me? It's me, Boga.'

Reluctantly, Ikena came out to emerge behind him, almost sending the poor fellow into the stream for fear that a spirit had answered his call.

'Oh! It's you! I thought I had lured your grandmother's spirit out into the open. Where did you come from?'

'From there,' Ikena said, pointing to the thick layer of vines over the cave. When Boga lifted the vines he found to his surprise an entrance to the cave and an airy hall inside.

'Here,' said Boga, holding out a bag to Ikena. 'Go in and change into something decent.'

Ikena looked at Boga then opened her mouth as if to say something but decided not to. She slowly took the bag from him and made for the cave.

'I am taking you to the Y,' Boga explained, before Ikena reached the entrance. 'The matron is expecting you.'

Ikena stopped where she was and without turning around asked, 'Why?'

'Because that's where you should be,' said Boga. 'You will be free there. You can forget everything and start again.' Boga paused, trying desperately to find the right words. 'What you need,' Boga continued, 'is happiness. And happiness is all that matters.'

Ikena stood for a moment without a word then abruptly entered the cave.

Boga went and sat by the stream. He felt self-pity well up inside him. I won't permit my parents to force me into another unhappy marriage, he thought. Once Ikena was out of the way, Boga planned to go to Bougainville to work. He would never return to Hanuabada.

He stood up as Ikena put down the bag near him. Taking hold of the bag he led the way through the grass and bush to where he had left the car. As they came out into the clearing Ikena wiped away a tear and slid her hand in his.

'I don't want to go to the Y,' she said.

Source: Paul Grover (ed.), *Voices Nearby: An Anthology of Asia-Pacific Writing*, Rigby Heinemann, 1997

Breakaway tasks

Remembering

- 1 Which Papua New Guinean cultural traditions and customs influence the decisions of Ikena and her family in this story?
- 2 What does Boga do to help Ikena escape this marriage?

Understanding

- 3 Make a list of the events that indicate Ikena is not happy with this marriage.
- 4 Where do you see the climax of this story—the marriage day, when Ikena leaves her husband, when she meets Boga outside the cave, or at the end when Ikena decides to stay with him? Give reasons for your choice.

Analysing

- 5 Create a concept map outlining the characters and themes in the story.
- 6 By his words and actions, Boga indicates a number of times that he, too, is not happy with this marriage. Locate words and actions he uses to communicate his feelings.

Evaluating

- 7 What is the story's viewpoint about arranged marriage? Discuss with a partner.
- 8 What is your own viewpoint about the issues raised in this story?
- 9 What are some implications for people who read or view stories from different cultural perspectives when considering moral choices, or issues of right and wrong?

Creating

- 10 Rewrite the story from Boga's viewpoint, considering his feelings before, during and after the wedding ceremony.

Amy Choi

Amy Choi is a travel writer, and contributes to *The Weekend Australian*. She also has a column in *The Age*, in which she writes about things she buys from op shops. She lives in Melbourne.

THE RELATIVE ADVANTAGES OF LEARNING MY LANGUAGE

By Amy Choi, China

I was never particularly kind to my grandfather. He was my mother's father, and he lived with us when I was a teenager. I remember him coming into the lounge room one night, and when he went to sit down, I said to my brother, 'I hope he doesn't sit down'. I didn't think my grandfather understood much English, but he understood enough, and as I watched, he straightened up again, and without a word, returned to his room. I was twelve years old.

My grandfather wrote poetry on great rolls of thin white paper with a paintbrush. He offered to read and explain his poems to me several times over the years, but I only let him do it once. I'd let my Chinese go by then, which made listening to him too much of an effort. Though I was raised speaking Chinese, it wasn't long before I lost my language skills. I spoke English all day at school, listened to English all night on TV. I didn't see the point of speaking Chinese. We lived in Australia.

Monday to Friday, Grandad went to the city, dressed in a suit with a waistcoat, a hat, and carrying his walking stick. He would take the bus to the station, the train to the city, the tram to Little Bourke Street. On Mondays, he'd be sitting at a large round table at Dragon Boat Restaurant with other old Chinese men. Tuesdays to Fridays, he was at a small square table by himself with a pot of tea and a Chinese newspaper. I watched him leave in the morning and come back in the afternoon, as punctual and as purposeful as any school kid or office worker, for years.

One afternoon, he didn't come home until well after dark. We assumed he'd got off the bus at the wrong stop or had turned into the wrong street at some point, forcing him to wander around a bit before finding his way home.

A month after that, he tried to let himself into a stranger's house. It looked just like our house. The yellow rose bush, the painted timber mailbox, even the Ford Falcon parked out the front were the same. But it was the home of a gentle Pakistani couple who let him use the phone to call us ...

From that day forward, Grandad was only allowed to go to the city if someone accompanied him. Once or twice during the school holidays that task fell to me ...

When he was about to board the wrong tram or turn round the wrong corner, I'd step forward to take him by the elbow and steer him back on course. He'd smile innocently and seem glad to see me. 'Hello there, Amy. Finished school already?' Then he'd look away and forget I was ever there.

He'd been diagnosed with a brain tumour and, three months later, he died.

At the funeral, my sadness was overshadowed by a sense of regret. I'd denied my grandfather the commonest of kindnesses. I was sixteen years old.

I am now twenty-six. A few weeks ago, during a family dinner at a Chinese restaurant, the waiter complimented my mum on the fact that I was speaking to her in Chinese ... Mum told the waiter I had stopped speaking Chinese a few years into primary school, but that I had suddenly started up again in my late teens.

I have often wondered how aware my mum is of the connection between Grandad's death and my ever-improving Chinese. Whenever I am stuck for a word, I ask her. Whenever I am with her, or relatives, or a waiter at a Chinese restaurant, or a sales assistant at a Chinese department store, I practise ...

Textbooks and teachers are not necessary, since I am only interested in mastering the spoken word. I am not interested in the written word or in the many elements of Chinese culture of which I am ignorant. I am not trying to 'discover my roots'. I am simply trying to ensure that the next time an elderly relative wants me to listen to them, I am not only willing, I am able.

Source: Alice Pung (ed.), *Growing up Asian in Australia*, Black Inc., 2008

Breakaway tasks

Remembering

- 1 How did the young Choi show she was not interested in her grandfather?
- 2 How did her grandfather spend his days?

Understanding

- 3 What impact did the death of her grandfather have upon Choi?
- 4 What does the writer mean when she says she is not trying to discover her roots?

Evaluating

- 5 Three times in this extract the writer mentions her age. What is her reason for doing this?
- 6 What does the writer mean by the final sentence of this personal narrative?

Creating

- 7 Rewrite the story from the point of view of Choi's mother or grandfather.

I had the lead roles in my school productions. My mum got frustrated:

'When I gif you piano lessons supposed to be hobby, not a job. Stop this stupidity. If you school leader how you go to concentrate on studies?'

When I received my university entrance score, I was happy. I finished top of my drama class and I had a fulfilling school experience. But when I told my mum my results, the first thing she said was, 'What did your friend get?'

I told her.

'How come you didn't get higher than her?'

In her eyes I was a disappointment—I had made her lose face.

My mum has made me lose face, too. When I had a lead role in a school production, I invited my family to come and watch. I was so excited that my mum would see me shine, that she would see the love and energy of my performance. During interval, I saw her car driving away.

...

For the past two years I have been a working actor in Melbourne, and not once has she come to see me perform. I don't invite her any more.

Source: Alice Pung (ed.), *Growing Up Asian in Australia*, Black Inc., 1995

Diana Nguyen

Diana Nguyen is a Melbourne-based actor who has performed in the Melbourne Comedy Festival. She also works as a community-liaison officer and volunteers with community radio and theatre groups.

FIVE WAYS TO DISAPPOINT YOUR VIETNAMESE MOTHER

Diana Nguyen

Step One: Become an Actor

Like many Asian parents, my mum bought me a piano when I was three years old. So from early on in life, I was a performer. I danced, sang and acted in primary school. My mum was proud of me. I know she was proud because I heard her gossip:

'Oh, Diana, she sings. She is having her piano exam tomorrow. I put so much money into her piano and ballet classes.'

...

My mother's dream was for me to be rich, successful and healthy. She wanted me to be a doctor. But I didn't pick the right subjects in high school to become a doctor. Instead, I did drama and all the humanities subjects and joined school charity groups to fill in my time. I was in a band.

Breakaway tasks

Understanding

- 1 Why does the writer misspell words and use incorrect grammar when writing dialogue for her mother?
- 2 In what ways does the writer see she has been a disappointment to her mother?

Applying

- 3 With a partner, locate and highlight the key features of this piece of autobiographical writing (see the Writer's toolbox on autobiographical writing in Module 1).

Evaluating

- 4 What would you say are four or five important principles you should hold onto if you are a parent raising a child?

Creating

- 5 Write a short account of some significant experiences from your own childhood that involved you, your parent(s) and your own dreams or ambitions. Write about 500 words.

Strands in action

Core tasks

- 1 Work in a group of four. Each group member chooses one of these characters from the story *The Reluctant Bride*.
 - Ikena
 - Ikena's mother
 - one of Ikena's brothers
 - Boga's sister, Lea
- 2 Work in a group of five. Each group member selects one of the following special occasions for investigation:
 - the birth of a new baby
 - birthday celebrations
 - coming-of-age celebrations and ceremonies
 - New Year celebrations
 - ceremonies and customs at funerals.

Imagine you are this character and, after Ikena has run away from Boga, write a letter to a close friend to explain your feelings and views about what has happened. Write about 300 words. Then compare your letter with the letters of other group members. Discuss the different points of view expressed in them.

Investigate the traditional customs and rituals in your own culture and in one culture from the Asia–Pacific region. Prepare a visual presentation to show the similarities and differences, and then give your own evaluation of this special occasion and the various ways it is commemorated. Present your findings to your group.

Extra tasks

- 1 The celebration of marriage is often powerfully influenced by cultural traditions and expectations. What are the typical customs associated with marriage in your own culture? Prepare a brief guide for young people who do not know about:
 - courtship traditions and advice
 - marriage preparations for the bride and groom
 - wedding ceremony customs and traditions
 - the wedding reception
 - the honeymoon.Prepare a summary using a serious, witty or satirical style and tone. Include your own views about these traditions and customs. You can present your guide as a speech, a digital story or a slideshow presentation.
- 2 Imagine you have been commissioned by Tourism Australia to prepare a young traveller's guide to a country in the Asia–Pacific region as part of a new promotion to enhance tolerance and regional identity. In a small group research:
 - sights
 - activities
 - accommodation
 - food
 - shopping.
- 3 Use resources from travel agents and websites to assist you. Prepare an online or physical display to promote your destination, and as a class vote on the most impressive presentations.
- 3 Work in a small group. Each group member selects a country from the Asia–Pacific region. Identify the major religion in your chosen country, and use your library and internet research skills to investigate the following:
 - main gods or spirits
 - types of festivals
 - ways of worship
 - main beliefs
 - sacred stories and texts
 - special symbols and rituals
 - sacred places and objects.Compare your findings with those of other group members—and then prepare a spoken or online presentation for the class in which you explore the similarities and differences in religious beliefs and practices in the Asia–Pacific region.