English Stage 5 (Year 10) – assessment task stimulus texts

Digital stories

Contents

[About this resource 2](#_Toc183086104)

[Purpose of this resource 2](#_Toc183086105)

[Target audience 2](#_Toc183086106)

[When and how to use 3](#_Toc183086107)

[Texts and resources 4](#_Toc183086108)

[Stimulus texts 9](#_Toc183086109)

[Stimulus text 1 – ‘The Index Cards’ by Louis Nowra 9](#_Toc183086110)

[Stimulus text 2 – ‘I wandered lonely as a cloud’ by William Wordsworth 15](#_Toc183086111)

[Stimulus text 3 – extract from *Tales From the Arabian Nights* by Donna Abela (2019:11–13) 16](#_Toc183086112)

[Stimulus text 4 – The Masala of My Soul’ by Tanisha Tahsin 19](#_Toc183086113)

[Stimulus text 5 – ‘Nomad’ by Eleanor Swan 21](#_Toc183086114)

[References 24](#_Toc183086115)

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* In the desktop app, you will then need to select ‘Update entire table’. Your table numbers should then update to reflect your changes.

# About this resource

This assessment task stimulus texts booklet has been developed to assist teachers in NSW Department of Education schools to create and deliver teaching and learning programs and assessment that align with the [English K–10 Syllabus](https://curriculum.nsw.edu.au/learning-areas/english/english-k-10-2022/overview) (NESA 2022).

## Purpose of this resource

This assessment task stimulus texts booklet is not a standalone resource and aligns with the following support materials:

* Assessment task notification – Digital stories – interactive multimodal digital text (group composition) and individual reflection – Term 4
* Core formative tasks booklet – Digital stories
* Teaching and learning program – part 1 – Digital stories – Phases 1, 2, 5 and 6
* Teaching and learning program – part 2 – Digital stories – Phases 3 and 4
* Resource booklet – part 1 – Digital stories – Phases 1, 2, 5 and 6
* Resource booklet – part 2 – Digital stories – Phases 3 and 4
* Phase 2 – simple and complex ideas – PowerPoint
* Phase 3 – types of narrative structures – PowerPoint
* Phase 4 – exploring authority in the core text – PowerPoint
* Phase 5 – how to use Canva for Education – PowerPoint
* Phase 5 – reflective writing – PowerPoint
* Year 10 scope and sequence.

All documents associated with this resource can be found on the [Planning, programming and assessing English 7–10 webpage](https://education.nsw.gov.au/teaching-and-learning/curriculum/english/planning-programming-and-assessing-english-7-10).

## Target audience

This assessment task stimulus texts booklet is created as a student resource. It provides the full version of stimulus texts that students can transform for Part A – interactive multimodal digital text (group composition) of their assessment task. It has been designed for use by students in connection to the Year 10 ‘Digital stories’ assessment task and resources designed by the English curriculum team for the [English K–10 Syllabus](https://curriculum.nsw.edu.au/learning-areas/english/english-k-10-2022/overview) (NESA 2022). Links contained within this resource were correct as of 29 October 2024.

## When and how to use

The stimulus texts can be used by students to complete Part A – interactive multimodal digital text (group composition) of the assessment task. Students may choose, or be allocated, one of the stimulus texts to transform into an interactive multimodal digital text. The annotations provided in this resource are aligned with [National Literacy Learning Progression (V3).](https://www.australiancurriculum.edu.au/resources/national-literacy-and-numeracy-learning-progressions/version-3-of-national-literacy-and-numeracy-learning-progressions/)

The following is an outline of how this document can be used. Teachers can:

* provide students with the assessment task stimulus texts when issuing the assessment task notification and allow them to select a text to use for Part A and **Core formative task 1 – proposal and plan (group task)**
* adapt the assessment task stimulus texts to address the needs of students – the number of texts provided could be increased or reduced according to needs
* replace some of the texts provided with other suitable texts with which students have engaged during the Stage 5 course
* use the stimulus texts as a means of differentiating the task by allocating more challenging texts to students who require extension opportunities and more accessible texts to students who require greater support.

This resource aligns with the completed Year 10 sample scope and sequence which can be found on the [Planning, programming and assessing English 7–10 webpage](https://education.nsw.gov.au/teaching-and-learning/curriculum/english/planning-programming-and-assessing-english-7-10).

## Texts and resources

A succinct overview of the texts required for the teaching and learning program is outlined in the table below. This brief overview provides the name and details of each text, the syllabus requirement being addressed and points of note.

Table 1 – assessment task stimulus texts booklet and their links to the text requirements

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| ****Text**** | ****Text requirements**** | ****Annotation and overview**** |
| ****Abela D (2019) *Tales from the*** Arabian Nights**, Currency Press, Australia.******1500 words from this text are reproduced and made available for copying and communication by NSW Department of Education for its educational purposes with the permission of Currency Press, Australia. This has been made possible as permission has been granted by Donna Abela. We are grateful for their support in the development of this resource. This resource is licensed up until 30 May 2027.** | The text helps meet the [Text requirements for English 7–10](https://curriculum.nsw.edu.au/learning-areas/english/english-k-10-2022/overview#course-requirements-k-10-english_k_10_2022) as it allows students to engage meaningfully with a drama text, experience fiction regarded as quality literature by Australian authors, and explore a range of cultural, social and gender perspectives.**EN5-RVL-01** requires students to interpret complex texts.This drama text has elements of a complex text as per the [National Literacy Learning Progression (Version 3) (NLLP) (V3)](https://www.australiancurriculum.edu.au/resources/national-literacy-and-numeracy-learning-progressions/version-3-of-national-literacy-and-numeracy-learning-progressions/) Text Complexity scale.The text utilises complex vocabulary that requires contextual knowledge to understand and relies heavily on allegory to represent the refugee experience.It is important to note that this play is a retelling of the folk tales drawn from The Arabian Nights*.* Husain Haddawy’s adaptation and English translation of The Arabian Nights (2008) influenced Donna Abela’s retelling in *Tales from the Arabian Nights* (2019). Most of the tales and the play itself explore serious ideas and some of these relate to death. Ensure you read the text in its entirety before selecting it for study. Ensure it is appropriate for the local context. | The extract from the text titled ‘The Tale of The Man with Two Dogs’ can be found in the program [Shining a new (stage) light – Year 9, Term 2.](https://education.nsw.gov.au/teaching-and-learning/curriculum/english/english-curriculum-resources-k-12/english-7-10-resources/stage-5-year-9-term-2-shining-a-new-stage-light) The drama text uses dramatic conventions and allegory to represent the refugee experience, compelling audiences to consider the implications of stereotypical depictions of groups or communities. An exploration of the drama text's allegorical argument about the treatment of refugees may not be suitable for all students. Teachers should consider the suitability of this exploration for students within their classes, particularly those from refugee backgrounds. It may be more suitable to consider the thematic concerns of the play. This could include considering an exploration of: frame narrative; the role of storytelling in our society; broader concerns such as the representation of cruelty or kindness; or the responsibility of those with power and the impact of that power on others. |
| ****Nowra L (2011) ‘The Index Cards’ in Kennedy C (ed)** The Best Australian Stories 2011**, Black Inc, Australia. ISBN 9781863955485.******This text has been reproduced and made available for copying and communication by NSW Department of Education for its educational purposes. This has been made possible as permission has been granted by AMANITA Pty Ltd providing the services of LouisNowra. This resource containing the copy of the short story is licensed up until November 2027**.**** | The text helps meet the [Text requirements for English 7–10](https://curriculum.nsw.edu.au/learning-areas/english/english-k-10-2022/overview#course-requirements-k-10-english_k_10_2022) as it is an example of short prose by an Australian author.**EN5-RVL-01** requires students to use a range of personal, creative and critical strategies to interpret complex texts. This short story has elements of a highly complex text as per the [NLLP (V3)](https://www.australiancurriculum.edu.au/resources/national-literacy-and-numeracy-learning-progressions/version-3-of-national-literacy-and-numeracy-learning-progressions/) Text Complexity scale.There are multiple voices in the text: that of the narrator and that of the protagonist. The relationship among characters is complex and implied. The text includes the unique structural element of revealing character through a series of questions and comments with an implied response.The vocabulary used in the text requires explicit teaching to support comprehension. | ‘The Index Cards’ can be found in the program [Novel voices – Year 10, Term 1](https://education.nsw.gov.au/teaching-and-learning/curriculum/english/english-curriculum-resources-k-12/english-7-10-resources/stage-5-year-10-novel-voices). This short story provides an exploration of a unique character, Gladys. The story is initially told from the point of view of Gladys’s neighbour. As the story progresses, this point of view shifts and Gladys’s characterisation is revealed through a series of short comments and questions written on a series of index cards that are found after her death.The text provides opportunities to explore how composers use point of view and characterisation to position a responder and how this can shift within a text.As the text contains references to drug use and racial stereotyping, it is important that teachers read the text in its entirety and consider the suitability of the text for their contexts before selecting it as a text to be studied. |
| ****Swan E (2020) ‘****[Nomad](https://www.whitlam.org/what-matters-2020-finalists-1/2020/8/10/nomad-1)****’, Frensham School (runner-up, Year 11/12 category, 2020).******This text has been drawn from the** [**Whitlam Institute **'****What Matters?' writing competition webpage****.****](https://www.whitlam.org/what-matters) **The English curriculum team has licence agreements with each of the writers. We are grateful for their support in the development of this resource. This agreement commences 24 February 2023 and ends 24 February 2027.** | The text helps meet the [Text requirements for English 7–10](https://curriculum.nsw.edu.au/learning-areas/english/english-k-10-2022/overview#course-requirements-k-10-english_k_10_2022) as it is taken from a writing competition. It is a finalist piece of writing (quality literature) written by a young Australian author. The story is representative of political, social and cultural perspectives.**EN5-RVL-01** requires students to use a range of personal, creative and critical strategies to interpret complex texts.This text has elements of a complex text as per the [NLLP (V3)](https://www.australiancurriculum.edu.au/resources/national-literacy-and-numeracy-learning-progressions/version-3-of-national-literacy-and-numeracy-learning-progressions/) Text Complexity scale. A hybrid prose and poetry text, it contains unique structural features that enhance its meaning and impact. The complex abstract ideas of the text are well-developed and synthesised. | ‘Nomad’ can be found in [Representation of life experiences – Year 9, Term 1](https://education.nsw.gov.au/teaching-and-learning/curriculum/english/english-curriculum-resources-k-12/english-7-10-resources/stage-5-year-9-term-1-representation-of-life-experiences).This reflective narrative presents a distinctive style through the narrative voice. This is achieved through the way the author plays with form. The author expresses an opinion about the restrictions students face when writing responses to set questions. |
| ****Tahsin T (2020) ‘****[The Masala of My Soul](https://www.whitlam.org/what-matters-2020-finalists-1/2020/8/10/the-masala-of-my-soul)****’, Hurlstone Agricultural High School (competition winner and winner Year 9/10 category, 2020).******The texts have been drawn from the Whitlam Institute** ['What Matters?' writing competition webpage](https://www.whitlam.org/what-matters)**. The English curriculum team has licence agreements with each of the writers. We are grateful for their support in the development of this resource. This agreement commences 24 February 2023 and ends 24 February 2027**.**** | The text helps meet the [Text requirements for English 7–10](https://curriculum.nsw.edu.au/learning-areas/english/english-k-10-2022/overview#course-requirements-k-10-english_k_10_2022) as it is taken from a writing competition. It is award-winning (quality literature) and written by a young Australian author. The story is representative of social and cultural perspectives.**EN5-RVL-01** requires students to use a range of personal, creative and critical strategies to interpret complex texts.This text has elements of a complex text as per the [NLLP (V3)](https://www.australiancurriculum.edu.au/resources/national-literacy-and-numeracy-learning-progressions/version-3-of-national-literacy-and-numeracy-learning-progressions/) Text Complexity scale. This text uses less common vocabulary related to food and cooking. Subtle inferences and implicit meanings are evident in this imaginative text that uses more subtle modal language to convey and opinion. | ‘The Masala of My Soul’ can be found in [Representation of life experiences – Year 9, Term 1.](https://education.nsw.gov.au/teaching-and-learning/curriculum/english/english-curriculum-resources-k-12/english-7-10-resources/stage-5-year-9-term-1-representation-of-life-experiences) This memoir-style narrative sends a powerful message about the impact of racial profiling on young people who are struggling to reconcile their culture and heritage with their sense of self as an Australian citizen. The author uses extended metaphor and imagery to construct an anecdotal narrative. |
| ****Wordsworth W (1798) ‘Lines Written in Early Spring’ in Coleridge S and Wordsworth W** Lyrical Ballads, with a Few Other Poems**.******A version of this is available at** [Project Gutenberg](https://www.gutenberg.org/cache/epub/12383/pg12383-images.html#section3a:~:text=1804%0AMain%20Contents-,%22I%20wandered%20lonely%20as%20a%20cloud%22,-Composed%201804.%E2%80%94Published)**. This work is in the** [public domain**.**](https://smartcopying.edu.au/guidelines/copyright-basics/how-long-does-copyright-last/) | The text helps meet the [Text requirements for English 7–10](https://curriculum.nsw.edu.au/learning-areas/english/english-k-10-2022/overview#course-requirements-k-10-english_k_10_2022) as students are required to engage with a collection of poetry, and a range of fiction and non-fiction texts that are widely regarded as quality literature.**EN5-RVL-01** requires students to read texts that are complex in their ideas and construction.This poem contains a range of archaic words, phrases and multiclause sentences with less common constructs which align to elements of the highly complex level of the Text Complexity scale as per the [NLLP (V3)](https://www.australiancurriculum.edu.au/resources/national-literacy-and-numeracy-learning-progressions/version-3-of-national-literacy-and-numeracy-learning-progressions/). It provides students opportunities to engage with ideas with several levels of inferred meaning. | ‘I wandered lonely as a cloud’ can be found in the program, [Reshaping the world – Year 10, Term 2](https://education.nsw.gov.au/teaching-and-learning/curriculum/english/english-curriculum-resources-k-12/english-7-10-resources/stage-5-year-10-reshaping-the-world). This is a challenging poem that is accessible to all learners after language and content support. It engages readers with context, literary value, and code and convention.Responders may engage with the Romantic ideal of the sublime that is evident in the natural world and humanity’s connection to it.A study of this text will allow for the development of reading skills, and the appreciation of poetry and the ways in which composers use language features as a form of expression. |

## Stimulus texts

**Teacher note**:these texts be used by students as a stimulus for Part A – interactive multimodal digital text (group composition) of the **Year 10, Term 4 – Digital stories assessment notification.** These have all been drawn from the previous sample Stage 5 programs located on the [Planning, programming and assessing English 7–10 webpage](https://education.nsw.gov.au/teaching-and-learning/curriculum/english/planning-programming-and-assessing-english-7-10).

### Stimulus text 1 – ‘The Index Cards’ by Louis Nowra

**Differentiation note**: ‘The Index Cards’ is a more challenging text and could be suggested as the stimulus text for high potential and gifted learners.

When I found the index cards she had been dead for a fortnight. I was about to put my rubbish in the bin on my landing when I saw the words Tell Number 14, that I want him to stop that noise. They were written on a pink index card which had fallen from a cardboard box stuffed into the bin. I pulled out the box and dozens of index cards fell out in a rainbow of colours — pink, green, white, blue and yellow. They all had writing on them, from a single word to a paragraph, in handwriting that was beautiful on most cards but on others was merely a scribble or smudge. What intrigued me, of course, is that I am number 14. For weeks Gladys had banged her Zimmer frame against my door and when I answered it she would shout hoarsely at me without articulating a word. Then she’d thrust a blue index card into my face. It said, in beautiful cursive script, Stop that music. Turn off your TV! I was never playing CDs or watching television when she’d knock on my door. Occasionally I'd invite her in to see my living room, but she’d never believe me. She'd yell incoherently, her spit splattering my face, after which she would thrust another blue index card in front of me that anticipated my reply: You are a liar! You turned the music off when you heard me at your door! It was no wonder I thought she was barmy and there were times when I heard her thumping my door that I pretended I wasn't home. It was probably her relatives who had cleaned out the apartment and gotten rid of anything they didn’t want or couldn't sell. The cardboard box with its index cards was obviously a part of the cleanup. I glanced at some of the cards and saw that they were divided up into colour codes. Yellow cards had written instructions that were obviously daily chores (*Tea. Would you run the bath? Time for lunch? I need to have a nap*) with three cards containing just a single word (*Yes. No. Please.).* Blue cards contained abuse directed at me. White, pink and green were more informal questions and statements that seemed directed towards one person, a nurse called Ken. Curious as to what had gone on with she and the nurse, I put the cards in what I thought was roughly their order and, after guessing what some words were, began to read:

Who are you?

Where’s Jean?

She didn’t tell me she was retiring.

Jean’s husband lives off her like a bludger. He used her money to drink like a fish. Now she has to care for him. She’s a wonderful woman.

How old are you? You look twelve.

I have to use these cards. Didn’t you see my files? I can’t talk. I have cancer of the tongue.

I don’t care if you have other patients, surely you should read their files before you visit them?

I don’t want a man nurse. I want a woman.

Ring them, tell your bosses I want a female. I don’t like being naked in front of a man. Nurse or no nurse.

Yes, I understand that you’re understaffed and I’m grateful for these visits as I can’t look after myself. I miss Jean. She was more than a nurse, she was a friend.

Do you hear that noise? Like an engine idling.

She’d check my blood pressure, give me painkillers, bathe me, heat up my baby food because I can’t eat solids.

How long have you been a community health nurse?

So I’m your guinea pig?

Those photographs on the top of the bookshelf are my nieces and nephews on my sister’s side. They're older now.

I used to be quite stylish. See how well cut my dress is. Look how lovely my perm is. It’s years since I had a perm.

No, I never had children. Never married. Came close once - a long time ago.

The baby food and soup are in the kitchen. It’s the only food can swallow. Not too hot either. It burns my mouth.

You don’t have to tell me — I smell lamb chops cooking in the apartment across the landing and I feel so hungry and want to eat real food.

Those are an original Wedgewood dinner service. My parents’ wedding gift. They’re worth quite a lot.

Where were you yesterday, Ken? I’m supposed to have four visits a week.

What do you mean you didn’t know? Jean was organised. You're not.

Can’t you do it right? Jean always found a vein.

You are a flatterer but one of the reasons I don’t look eighty is that I didn’t smile when I was a girl so I wouldn't get laugh lines.

I want a bath now. I feel clammy in this heat.

(Waterlogged card) Not so (*hard?).*

Never married. During the war I dated a Pommy. He did the dirty on me. I’ve never trusted men since. Are you married?

I wish you hadn’t told me that. Men should love women, not other men.

Do you hear that noise?

Take off your shoes. Feel the noise coming through the floorboards.

You must be deaf!

If you won’t go and tell him — then I will!

I went down there and the liar said he wasn’t playing any music.

Why hasn’t my niece come?

Phone again! Phone her again!

I’m going demented with that noise.

You look as though you've slept in a rubbish tip.

Why did your tooth fall out?

Why would you use heroin?

It’s a weakness. Take me to the bank. I'll get out $500 for you, 80 you can buy a new tooth.

He was a Pommy, that’s all. Handsome and a cad. I could have sued him for breaking his promise to marry me. You could do that, years ago. Now women are not protected from cads.

No, never. I was not a playgirl. No man for me after the Pommy.

The dentist did a nice job. You don’t look such an idiot with a new front tooth.

It's not quite a hum but one with a thump thump thump sound.

I know. I look like a concentration-camp victim.

You can laugh, but old age is dreadful.

Tie my purse to my Zimmer frame. That way muggers won't get it.

I gave you a new tooth, why are you so lazy? Take out the rubbish, please.

YOU ARE A LIAR! You didn’t ask him about the noise.

Don’t sulk.

THE NOISE IS NOT IN MY HEAD!

Why do you spend your money on nightclubs and a good time? I own this apartment. I went without.

If there’s one thing I hate it’s your smirking.

That needle really hurt. Jean could find my veins.

Where’s my niece?

She’s not interstate. She lives in Earlwood.

She would have told me if she left.

She said she did? I don’t remember.

Why are you crying?

Nonsense. Maybe you were in the wrong. I’ve lived alone for sixty-three years. You'll get used to it. Is yesterday Monday or Tuesday?

I don’t want a bath today.

Put that photo of my niece against the wall. I don’t like her anymore. She’s getting my money and yet she won’t visit.

I like history shows. They bring back memories.

I thought you were a fool. Now I know you are. Fancy not having heard of Winston Churchill.

TURN IT UP LOUD. TURN THE TV UP LOUD, SO I CAN’T HEAR THAT NOISE AGAIN.

It’s not in my head. Don't be unkind to me, Ken.

I’m afraid of dying and yet I have to. That way I will find peace and quiet.

The lift is broken again. I’m stuck here until they fix it. Last time it took three days.

It’s that dirty Egyptian miser. He runs the block and won't buy a new lift.

Where’s the Wedgewood serving plate?

I can’t have broken it. I never take it out of the cabinet. I must be going mad.

What?

I need something stronger. The pain is terrible.

I don't (feel?*)* so good.

NOISE!!!

I have cotton wool in my ears to stop the noise. It doesn’t work.

Don't bathe me. My body is too sore.

Every time I look at the cabinet there is less Wedgewood crockery. What is happening to it, Ken?

I don’t remember breaking them.

God take me. I’m going mad. I’m a skeleton.

Your eyes are unkind today.

Don’t laugh at me.

I thought I'd die here. I need hospital.

Call ambul ...

Doctor.

I'm dying doc

noise.

noi

no

doc

*(*undecipherable)

The last card was impossible to read. Not so much words as a scribble done by a drunken spider dipped in ink. I remember talking to her nurse only once, even though the cards seem to suggest Gladys sent him down to complain about the noise often. He knocked on my door to say that Gladys was convinced I was causing her intolerable pain by playing my music and TV at loud volumes. Ken was about thirty years old, gaunt with the lived-in and lined face of an ex-junkie. I showed him my apartment and he could see I wasn’t causing any of the noise Gladys thought she heard. He showed little interest in anything except for a small silver art deco sculpture of a woman's face. He picked it up, examined it quickly and announced that it was worth quite a lot. As he was leaving my apartment he turned back and said, ‘She’s a pain in the arse. The noise is all in her head. She’s driving me mad.’ With that he left. It was the first and last time I saw him.

### Stimulus text 2 – ‘I wandered lonely as a cloud’ by William Wordsworth

**Differentiation note**: ‘I wandered lonely as a cloud’ is a more challenging text and could be suggested as the stimulus text for high potential and gifted learners.

I wandered lonely as a cloud

That floats on high o'er vales and hills,

When all at once I saw a crowd,

A host, of golden daffodils;

Beside the lake, beneath the trees,

Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine

And twinkle on the milky way,

They stretched in never-ending line

Along the margin of a bay:

Ten thousand saw I at a glance,

Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they

Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:

A poet could not but be gay,

In such a jocund company:

I gazed—and gazed—but little thought

What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie

In vacant or in pensive mood,

They flash upon that inward eye

Which is the bliss of solitude;

And then my heart with pleasure fills,

And dances with the daffodils.

### Stimulus text 3 – extract from Tales From the Arabian Nights by Donna Abela (2019:11–13)

**Differentiation note**: this extract from Tales From the Arabian Nights is an accessible text that could be used by most learners for this assessment task.

A SMUGGLE becomes *a* BEGGAR GIRL.

BEGGAR GIRL: Sir? Look at me. I’ve got nothing. No food, no house. Just hope that you might help me.

MAN WITH TWO DOGS: Of course I’ll help you. What can I do?

BEGGAR GIRL: Marry me. Take me home on this boat, and protect me from the storms of life. If you judge my words, not what I look like, I promise you, I will reward your kindness.

MAN WITH TWO DOGS: Marry you?

The MAN WITH TWO DOGS looks at her. His heart flutters and he goes all gooey.

Yes!

The DOGBROTHERS cheer and sing half-heartedly as they load the boats with merchandise.

DOGBROTHERS: [singing] Smelly spices

Silky tassels

Fancy fabric

Comfy carpets.

All aboard who are going aboard!

*The* MAN WITH TWO DOGSand theBEGGAR GIRLboard the ship*.* They dance and twirl and fall asleep in each other’s arms. TheDOGBROTHERSraise the anchor, sail the choppy sea, and are seasick again.

FIRST DOGBROTHER: I hate them.

SECOND DOGBROTHER: Freeloading on us.

FIRST DOGBROTHER: It stinks.

SECOND DOGBROTHER: It’s not right.

FIRST DOGBROTHER: We should complain.

SECOND DOGBROTHER: We could mutiny!

FIRST DOGBROTHER: Turn into pirates.

SECOND DOGBROTHER: And get famous and put in books!

FIRST DOGBROTHER: And achieve our criminal potential.

SECOND DOGBROTHER: And get girlfriends.

FIRST DOGBROTHER: Yeah, girlfriends.

SECOND DOGBROTHER: Let’s chuck ‘em overboard.

FIRST DOGBROTHER: Yeah. Come on!

The DOGBROTHERS throw the MAN WITH TWO DOGS and the BEGGAR GIRLoverboard and sail away. KING SHAHRAYAR enjoys this*.*

MAN WITH TWO DOGS: Help! My wife! Save her! Where is she?

The BEGGAR GIRL transforms into a SHE-DEMON.

BEGGAR GIRL: I’m here, hubby, saving you.

MAN WITH TWO DOGS: But, you’re a…

BEGGAR GIRL: She-demon. And your loser brothers tried to drown us. Hold on, babe. Nice and tight.

The SHE-DEMON grabs him and flies across the sea*.*

MAN WITH TWO DOGS: Next thing, I’m in the air, with my wife who was a beggar who is now a she-demon flying me over the choppy sea and back to the roof of my house!

They land*.*

I didn’t know I married a she-demon!

BEGGAR GIRL: I am one of the good ones. When I saw you, I was lovestruck, baby. Totally gaga. I wanted your heart to throb and your head to spin, so I changed shape. When you didn’t shun me in that beggar girl get-up, I knew you were a kind soul. I’ve rewarded your kindness by saving your life. But now, babe, I’m off to obliterate your brothers.

MAN WITH TWO DOGS: What?

BEGGAR GIRL: Sink their ship, let them gurgle and perish.

MAN WITH TWO DOGS: No! Please don’t kill them.

BEGGAR GIRL: You were nearly shark lunch because of them.

MAN WITH TWO DOGS: They’re still my brothers. And if I let you kill them, I’ll be as bad as they are, won’t I?

BEGGAR GIRL: Okay, pumpkin. I won’t kill them.

KING SHAHRAYAR: But what are you going to do to them?

The BEGGAR GIRL utters an incantation*.*

BEGGAR GIRL: If his brothers are good men

Let them stay men

But if his brothers are vicious and nasty

Let them change into dogs

By the will of the Creator of Everything.

### Stimulus text 4 – The Masala of My Soul’ by Tanisha Tahsin

**Differentiation note**: ‘The Masala of My Soul’ is an accessible text that could be used by most learners for this assessment task.

I gaze at my Grandma-whom I call Nanu-with wonder as she placed the still bubbling pot of curry on the table. In her eyes, I see a twinkle. Of love? Of Fairy dust, maybe?

Where I'm from we call that spice. A sensation that runs through your body - more than a feeling, spice is an emotion in itself that resonates within you. Stronger than magic - it's a way of life.

I inhale the through my nose till there is no longer space in my lungs, and I'm overcome with joy.

I'm embraced by the aroma of cumin and cardamom, saffron and cinnamon, garam masala and garlic. The nature of these spices encompasses an experience that transcends my very senses.

I spoon some on to my plate, along with some rice, and I begin dancing in my seat.

Every tickle of tumeric, every zinging of ginger and the torching of my tongue reminded my soul of being home.

In my head, it repaints memories of hot summer days splashing in the riverbank, flying through ricefields, drowning in confectionery from my village's local sweet shop. Adventures of racing to the rooftop of a 12 storey building, getting scratched by stray cats, giggling on the way to the farm till our bellies ached. It reminds me of my cousins' loving smiles; grins that echoed “this is what makes life beautiful: home”.

But I didn't always see the beauty in my home. For so long, I saw ugliness.

My beautiful memory takes me back to darker, masala-less days. Days where I was once stuck in a town where no other girl had copper skin like mine, or spice enduring tastebuds, or brokenly spoke a jumbled concoction of languages.

Days where my Nanu, old and non-English speaking would walk me to school and back. Though her bones ached and her legs struggled, she'd hold her hand out to me every day as she guided me to school. Though Nanu's hands were warm and welcoming, I refused to hold them. I didn't want anybody to think I associated with her, because I wasn't a hijab-wearing, old, non-English speaking girl. I was just like everyone else,

Or I wanted to be.

I stole whitening creams from my auntie's cabinets, hoping I'd become white enough that my classmates didn't notice I was from a country where people lived in tin houses and didn't have wifi and ate curry almost every day. I cut jeans into shorts, hoping I'd fit in. I stopped speaking my native language because I refused to accept who I was, where I was from, and what made me, me.

No child should ever have to feel like they don't belong because of the colour of their skin, or the dialect they speak, or what they eat.

Then why do we live in a world where this happens every day? To people like you and me, or even our family or friends.

Our children should be able to grow up proud of their identities, their cultures, their homes.

I finally take a bite.

And as the taste of home hugs me tight, I gaze back into Nanu's eyes with a heavy but loving heart.

This is what matters to me, and I know it matters to her too.

### Stimulus text 5 – ‘Nomad’ by Eleanor Swan

**Differentiation note**:‘Nomad’ has been used as the stimulus for the sample student assessment responses in this program. This text may be appropriate for those students who require additional support, as there are sample responses for both Part A – interactive multimodal digital text (group composition) and Part B – individual reflection.

I sit at a desk, pen to paper. Mind sluggishly attempting to write something. I stare once again at the instructions:

'Write a persuasive essay on what political issue matters to you.”

I half-heartedly begin to write some wishy-washy essay on sexism and the glass ceiling, but the words are coming as slow as a YouTube video with bad internet. My hand twitches whilst holding the pen, dying to fill the page with different words.

It wants to go places.

Places other than the ones I am forced to stay in. My hand feels like a teenager who is fidgeting in their seat for a chance to explore the world. To no longer write essays on the importance of public transport.

I have a nomadic mind.

It wants identity.

It wants to express itself.

It wants to tell a story. A story that hasn't been told yet. A crazy story. It could have dragons,

witches, robots... who knows! It wants to express how I see the world. The little details that

define my humanity. The fact that I always turn power points off if they're not being used.

The fact that I run my fingers over my eyebrows when I'm anxious. These little, quirky

details define me so much better than any work of the Bronte sisters, rewritten to be in my

'voice'.

We grew up as creative beings. In preschool we made artworks out of pasta and glitter

paint. In primary school we dressed up in tiaras and capes and pretended to be the ruler of

a kingdom, conversing with our multiple imaginary friends on what magical plans we had for

the day. We starred as trees in our school plays and sang songs about the alphabet and

albino kangaroos with the biggest smiles on our faces.

We didn't need to be taught to do those things. We just needed the time.

Now that we're in high school, creativity looks different.

Singing requires lessons where you have to sing scales and memorise different Italian words

that indicate tempo, dynamic and style. Writing is about political issues, following the same

template of point, explanation, example and link to thesis. Narrative writing is restricted to

rewriting works of classical literature from the perspective of another character. We have

been conditioned to groan when asked to read a book or a play, leaving teachers to remind

us of the importance of Shakespeare every year in English.

Only $100 million dollars allocated to the Arts.

No government department dedicated to the Arts but instead to 'communication, transport

and infrastructure'.

COVID 19 putting the arts industry in a position of life or death.

This isn't what art was supposed to be.

Artistic expression is the way society has developed since the cavemen drew the stories of

their lives on cave walls. It is the definition of civilisation: to have moved past the level of

survival, giving us time to express ourselves artistically.

...

My name is Eleanor.

I have things that I want to say.

A vision of my world.

A world where colours are so bright that they startle me.

A world where music is my heartbeat.

I want to tell you who I am.

I want you to hear my silly stories.

I want to sing as loud as I can.

I want to dance from my heart, not from Tik Tok.

I want to watch plays and movies, listen to music and look at artworks.

But I can't do that without art.

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