

Perth Modern School

year 12 ENGLISH 2020

English

Name: Conor Stephens

Teacher: Ms Pilkington

Task 4: CoMPOSING

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| Year | 12 | Due Date | Thursday, Week 9 |
| Task Type | Composing  Take-home | Weighting | 7.5% |
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| Task  For this assessment there are FIVE topics. Produce a narrative text in response to ONE of the topics located overleaf. | | | |
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| Conditions   * Length: 700-1000 words * Presentation: size 12 font and 1.5 line-spacing * Your piece should demonstrate evidence of effective planning, drafting, editing and proofreading | | | |
|  | | | |
| Submission Requirements   * This assessment sheet * An edited draft that features clear corrections and/or annotations * A final copy of your piece * Your piece must feature a title * Authentication (to be explained) | | | |
|  | | | |
| Assessment Criteria   * Transforming and adapting texts for different purposes, contexts and audiences * Making innovative and imaginative use of language features * Using and experimenting with text structures and language features related to specific genres for particular effects * Using strategies for planning, drafting, editing and proofreading * Using accurate spelling, punctuation, syntax | | | |

**Topics**

1. Using two or more perspectives, produce a narrative text that explores a difference of opinion about an important issue.
2. Write a fictional narrative using the image below for inspiration.

A person flying through the air

Description automatically generated

1. Produce a narrative text in which one or more characters experience an unexpected, yet humorous event.
2. Write a fictional narrative which features two distinctly different characters in the same setting.
3. Create a fictional narrative which explores the following:  
     
   ‘Sometimes it is the people no one imagines anything of who do the things that no one can imagine.’  
    – Alan Turing, *The Imitation Game*

**Paradise Park Draft**

My old man fucked off when I was sixteen. The coppers ~~came and~~ sent me up north to live with my grandparents, Rocky and Liz. *They live in a Winnebago with a bunch of other old farts at a caravan park*, ~~and that’s where I spent my summer~~. As a kid, I liked my grandparents, they would ~~always~~ sneak me a sip of their wine when Dad wasn’t looking, which was pretty much always. Nowadays, they’re stuck up old biddies that couldn’t care less if I lived or died. Besides the oldies, the park is pretty much empty — it’s a deserted shithole. There was a janitor, but he up and left at the first whiff of gang warfare.

Across the other end of the caravan park was a grimy encampment of ~~a bunch of mad~~ bogans. The only semblance of authority they recognised was Queen Victoria Bitter. Some of them would patrol the park on some old quaddies, shirtless with thick silver chains choking their fleshy necks, greasy mullets being whipped out of shape by the passing wind. They ~~think they~~ own the park, they hate the oldies and the oldies hate them. Last week Liz got hammered on some senior discounted bundy rums and keyed Dazza’s car. Dazza’s dad started this mangy group a few years back, and then vanished without a trace.

Early one evening while the sunset painted a kaleidoscope of fiery colours across the Aussie sky, Rocky and Liz laid back in their camping chairs, each with a fresh 750 in their cadaverous hands. They were ~~totally~~ out of it, I’d seen more sober gacks back in Perth. They didn’t notice me leave, and if they did, they couldn’t care less.

I crept into the bogan hideout, wading through a sea of empty longnecks and dodging guy ropes as to not bring this precarious construction crashing down. The vicious stench of beer and weed assaulted my nostrils, the camp itself had more booze and sex than a Tazzie family reunion. It was the coolest thing I’d ever seen. *The beating heart of this beast was a crude throne of empty cans and bottles, perched atop it was Dazza*, clinging to his gatorade bong like it was his mother’s ashes. “Fuck off Gary!” he coughed, tendrils of smoke escaping his lips, “I don’t want to see you here.”

“Calm down Dazza. I want to have a chat.” Dazza smirked and hopped off his throne with ~~a~~ surprising grace.

“What do you want then? Spit it out, I’m a busy man.”

“I want in. I want to be one of youse.”

“~~Bloody hell~~ we’re not just gonna let you in, we are *an organisation*, we have structure ~~and class~~.” Dazza gestured widely out across the expanses of his kingdom, *one bogan immediately hurled his guts up and fell over*. “Ah don’t worry about him, Davo just can’t handle gack like the rest of us.”

“~~What if I gave you information?~~ What if I told you all the old bastards are headed down to the bowls club for Senior’s night as we speak?”

“Blimey that’ll be a riot. Ok you’re in, ~~but~~ before we go I need you to do one thing.” Dazza made a sly motion to someone behind me.

“Anything.” ~~From behind,~~ I heard the grating buzz of rusty clippers, a steely hand clamped down on one shoulder and ran the clippers across my head. A crowd of bogans emerged from the shadows, ritualistically chanting “Mullet! Mullet! Mullet!” Two thick clumps of my hair fell onto the beer-soaked floor.

“Welcome to the Bogang, Gazza.”

We rolled up to the bowls club fifteen deep, Dazza’s crappy ute tray almost buckling under our weight. I could see them through the foggy, stained windows, Rocky and Liz were having a laugh with Marv. The thunderous crack of the creaky door flying off of its hinges brought all of the old farts to attention. The stench of death and old people hung in the air. Rocky caught my eyes, his face a drunken mess, “Ah what’s cracking my boy, nice of you to-“ his slurred speech was cut off as a beer can struck his beef jerky forehead, leaving a nasty welt.

“How’s that for a war story old man! Boy’s, keep the bloody shotguns coming.” *Dazza shouted*, madly gesturing towards a primitive supply chain of bogan’s guzzling VB’s and hurling the drained cans into the crowd of seniors. In the back of the club a crusty skeleton rose to his feet, a can instantly whipped into his skull, but he shrugged it off.

“Dazza watch out! Marv’s been dosed out on pain killers since his hip replacement, ~~he can’t feel anything~~.” I shouted, but it was pointless. Marv charged over, brandishing his cane. The potent rage that burned behind his eyes ~~was~~ fuelled by ~~his~~ PTSD, determination, and lots of morphine. As he wound up to deliver a shattering blow to Dazza’s kneecap he slipped and fell, his arthritic bones crunching as he landed. “Oh no, did grandpa have a fall?” Dazza taunted, a cheeky grin now plastered to his face.

The battle continued for all of three minutes. Turns out when your enemies all have cataracts and dementia it’s pretty easy to win. We only suffered two casualties, Bazza, who copped some dentures to the forehead, ~~leaving a gnarly gash~~, and Lazza, who got an old knitting needle shoved through his ear. The oldies were fine, just some bruising, a couple crushed egos, and one heart attack. We started piling back into the ute when a bony hand clamped down on my ankle, it was Liz. “Gary-” she moaned, I cut her off,

“It’s Gazza.”

I reclaimed my ankle and joined the rest of the gang, *and we rode back to the campsite under the pin-pricked blanket of darkness. We whipped down the dirt road*, shattering the ambience of the sleepy bush with the roar of our laughter and Dazza’s modded engine, our home-grown mullets dancing in the ragged night-time breeze. I looked at Dazza and couldn’t help but smile, I finally had a real family.

**Paradise Park - Conor Stephens (Final Edited Submission)**

*Produce a narrative text in which one or more characters experience an unexpected, yet humorous event.*

My old man fucked off when I was seventeen. The coppers sent me up north to live with my dad’s dad and his wife, Rocky and Liz. They live in a Winnebago at a caravan park with a bunch of other old farts. As a kid, I liked them, they would always sneak me a sip of their wine when Dad wasn’t looking, which was pretty much always. Nowadays, they’re alco’s that couldn’t care less if I lived or died. Besides the oldies, the park is pretty much empty — it’s a deserted shithole. There was a janitor, but he up and left at the first whiff of gang warfare.

Across the other end of the caravan park was a grubby encampment of bogans. The only semblance of authority they recognised was Queen Victoria Bitter. Sometimes they would patrol the park on some old quaddies, shirtless with thick silver chains choking their fleshy necks, greasy mullets being whipped around by the passing wind. They ‘own’ the park, they hate the oldies and the oldies hate them. Last week Liz got hammered on some senior discounted bundy rums and keyed Dazza’s car, that’s what really set this war into motion.

Early one evening while the sunset painted a kaleidoscope of fiery colours across the Aussie sky, Rocky and Liz unwound in their camping chairs, each with a fresh 750 in their cadaverous hands. They were out of it, I’d seen more sober gacks back in Perth. They didn’t notice me leave, and if they did, they couldn’t care less.

I crept into the bogan campsite, wading through a sticky sea of empty longnecks and goon bags, dodging guy ropes as to not bring this precarious canvas construction tumbling down. The vicious stench of beer and weed assaulted my nostrils, the camp itself had more booze and sex than a Tazzie family reunion. It was the coolest thing I’d ever seen. The beating heart of this beast was Dazza, who sat perched atop a crude throne fashioned of empty cans and bottles. He clung to his gatorade bong like it was his own mother’s ashes. “Fuck off Gary!” he coughed, tendrils of smoke escaping his lips, “I don’t want to see you here.”

“Calm down Dazza. I want to have a chat.” Dazza smirked and hopped off his throne with surprising grace.

“What do you want then? Spit it out, I’m a busy man. This bong won’t rip itself.”

“I want in. I want to be one of youse.”

“We can’t just let you in, we are a professional organisation, we have structure.” Dazza gestured widely out across the expanses of his shabby kingdom, one bogan immediately keeled over and hurled his guts up. “Ah don’t worry about him, Hazza just can’t handle a hangover like the rest of us.”

“What if I told you all the old bastards are headed down to the bowls club for Senior’s night right now?”

“Blimey that’ll be a riot. Fine you’re in. Before we go I need you to do one thing.” he said, making a sly motion to someone behind me.

“Anything.” I heard the grating buzz of rusty clippers, a steely, calloused hand clamped down on my shoulder. The shuddering thrum of the clippers grazing my skull was oddly comforting. A crowd of bogans emerged from the shadows, ritualistically chanting “Mullet! Mullet! Mullet!” Two thick clumps of my hair fell onto the beer-soaked floor.

“Welcome to the Bogang, Gazza.”

We rolled up to the bowls club, fifteen of us tightly crammed into the tray of Dazza’s crappy ute. I felt like one of those boat people I saw on the telly. The tray violently trembled, it’s arhythmic convulsions echoing through my feet to my fingertips. I could see them through the foggy, stained windows, Rocky and Liz sharing a laugh and a pint with Marv. The thunderous crack of the mouldy wooden door hurtling off of its hinges brought all of the old farts to attention. The stench of death and old people hung in the air, the decrepit wooden floor was tacky with decades of spilt beer and god knows what else. Rocky caught my eyes, his face a drunken mess, “Ah what’s cracking my boy, nice of you to-“ his slurred speech was abruptly cut off as a beer can struck his beef jerky forehead, leaving a nasty welt.

“How’s that for war old man! Boy’s, keep the bloody shotguns coming.” shouted Dazza, madly waving towards a primitive supply chain of bogan’s guzzling VB’s and hurling the drained cans into the crowd of seniors. In the back of the club a crusty skeleton shakily rose to his feet, a can instantly whipped into his skull, but he shrugged it off.

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The battle continued for all of three minutes. Turns out when your enemies all have cataracts and dementia it’s pretty easy to win. We only suffered two casualties, Bazza, who copped some dentures to the forehead, and Lazza, who got an old knitting needle shoved through his ear lobe. The oldies were fine, just some bruising, a couple crushed egos, and one heart attack. We started piling back into the ute when a frigid, bony hand squeezed my ankle, it was Liz. “Gary-” she moaned, I cut her off.

“It’s Gazza.”

I retrieved my ankle from her gaunt grip and joined the rest of the gang. We rode back to the campsite under the pin-pricked blanket of darkness, whipping down the dirt road, fracturing the ambience of the sleepy bush with the roar of our laughter and the ute’s engine, our home-grown mullets dancing in the ragged night-time breeze. I looked at Dazza and couldn’t help but smile, I finally had a real family.