**Challenge text excerpts – first reading**

Title? Genre? Method of narration? Concepts? Ideas? Ideologies? Cultural ideas?

POSITIONING?

**Text 1 “Do you believe…?”**

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| **“Do you believe that a child can die in the middle of the Pacific Ocean?”**Do you believe that **a child** can **die**in the middle of the Pacific Ocean?His boat in the middle of the oceanthe whole ocean surrounding himwhile **we have a soft drink**coffee or beer.**We** say this coffee is too sweetit’s not very good for our healthbut he hasn’t got a cup of sweet coffeeeven a drop of water.His **mother’s tears** can’t save him. | **He** looks **like a dried tomato**.**He** holds his **little** hands tightly.**He** dies with his eyes open.God can’t even save him.You can hear the sea **waves cry** and the wind call his name.You can see**Hell** waving to him.**He** is dyingWithout a drop of water.**He** is deadIn the middle of the Pacific Ocean |

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**Text 2 “The Greater Good”**

For years, they endured the **agony** of the **Earth dying** of **pollution** and animal and plant species **disappearing**. Water **unfit to drink**. Air difficult to breathe. Humans **dying** from bacteria and diseases released by the thawing of the tundra and ice at the Arctic and Antarctic. **Wars** waged over liveable regions. Ordinary **violence** **killing** so many. **Survivors** crippled As the population dwindled, the world began to recover. The two of them watched and listened to news reports, the **wailing** of **victims.**

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**Text 3 “Battlefield”**

Fall in. Today we begin the first part of your training. I encourage you to listen well, consider carefully, and action appropriately. Clearly, a code is required for navigating public transport, and today, we will explore the cyphers that enable you to unlock that code. The well-prepared traveller needs a carefully crafted strategy for engagement, tactics for negotiating the battle, and the requisite amount of self-faith and resilience. Fortunately, as a skilled code breaker, I have emerged as a capable public transport warrior of some repute, and today, for your benefit and development, I will share The Secrets of Successful Engagement.

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**Text 4 “ A Savage Claw”**

9 August.—A good deal of interest was abroad concerning the dog which landed when the ship struck, and more than a few of the members of the S. P. C. A., which is very strong in Whitby, have tried to befriend the animal. To the general disappointment, however, it was not to be found; it seems to have disappeared entirely from the town. It may be that it was frightened and made its way on to the moors, where it is still hiding in terror. There are some who look with dread on such a possibility, lest later on it should in itself become a danger, for it is evidently a fierce brute. Early this morning a large dog, a half-bred mastiff belonging to a coal merchant close to Tate Hill Pier, was found dead in the roadway opposite to its master’s yard. It had been fighting, and manifestly had had a savage opponent, for its throat was torn away, and its belly was slit open as if with a savage claw.

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**Text 5 “Stop playing the victim”**

*In this teen monologue, Sally visits her best friend and is yet again met with her friend’s negative attitude that she is sick of dealing with for so long.*

**Sally**:  I’m trying to understand something.  Why is it that when I talk to you about things that make me happy you always get down?  Whenever I talk to you about things that upset me, you always get so involved.

Do you want me to be miserable in my life?  I feel as though the only way for us to have any relationship is when things are bad.  I don’t want things to be bad.  I want to talk about good things.  I want to hear you tell me good things.  Why is that so hard for you?  Do you realize that every time I come over here you have nothing nice to say.  You are always complaining and moaning about your work, your boyfriend, your family, your apartment…you never have anything happy going on it seems.

It’s like the only way you can exist and communicate is by raging against something.  Doesn’t that exhaust you?  It takes more energy to be miserable than be happy.  Try being happy and stop playing the victim all the time.

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**Text 6: “The Drover’s Wife”**

**THE** two-roomed house is built of round timber, slabs, and stringy-bark, and floored with split slabs. A big bark kitchen standing at one end is larger than the house itself, veranda included. Bush all round—bush with **no** horizon, for the country is flat. **No** ranges in the distance. The bush consists of stunted, rotten native apple-trees. **No** undergrowth. **Nothing** to relieve the eye save the darker green of a few she-oaks which are sighing above the narrow, almost waterless creek. Nineteen miles to the nearest sign of civilization—a shanty on the main road.

The drover, an ex-squatter, is **away** with sheep. His wife and children are left here **alone.**

Four **ragged, dried-up-looking children** are playing about the house. Suddenly one of them yells: **“Snake**! Mother, here’s a snake!”

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 **Text 7: “The Stones” (Full text)**

I love to go out on summer nights and watch the stones grow. I think they grow better here in the desert, where it is warm and dry, than almost anywhere. Or perhaps it is only that the young ones are more active here.

Young stones tend to move about more than their elders consider good for them. Most young stones have a secret desire which their parents had before them but have forgotten ages ago. And because this desire involves water, it is never mentioned. The older stones disapprove of water and say, "Water is a gadfly who never stays in one place long enough to learn anything." But the young stones try to work themselves into a position, slowly and without their elders noticing it, in which a sizable stream of water during a summer storm might catch them broadside and unknowing, so to speak, push them along over a slope or down an arroyo. In spite of the danger this involves, they want to travel and see something of the world and settle in a new place, far from home, where they can raise their own dynasties, away from the domination of their parents.

And although family ties are very strong among stones, many have succeeded; and they carry scars to prove to their children that they once went on a journey, helter-skelter and high water, and travelled perhaps fifteen feet, an incredible distance. As they grow older, they cease to brag about such clandestine adventures.

It is true that old stones get to be very conservative. They consider all movement either dangerous or downright sinful. They remain comfortably where they are and often get fat. Fatness, as a matter of fact, is a mark of distinction.

And on summer nights, after the young stones are asleep, the elders turn to a serious and frightening subject -- the moon. which is always spoken of in whispers. "see how it glows and whips across the sky, always changing its shape," one says. And another says, "Feel how it pulls at us, urging us to follow." And a third whispers, "It is a stone gone mad."

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**Text 8: “The Cell”**

It is a unique sound. A cell door has no handle, either outside or inside; it cannot be shut except by being slammed to. It is made of massive steel and concrete, about four inches thick, and every time it falls to, there is a resounding crash as though a shot has been fired. But this report dies away without an echo. Prison sounds are echoless and bleak.

When the door has been slammed behind him for the first time, the prisoner stands in the middle of the cell and looks around. I fancy that everyone must behave in more or less the same way.

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Text 9: Barn Burning





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**Text 10: The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe**

“It means,” said Aslan, “that though the Witch knew the Deep Magic, there is a magic deeper still which she did not know. Her knowledge goes back only to the dawn of time. But if she could have looked a little farther back, into the stillness and the darkness before Time dawned, she would have read there a different incantation. She would have known that when a willing victim who had committed no treachery was killed in a traitor’s stead, the Table would crack and Death itself would start working backward.”

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You should more fully interpret and analyse by applying all applicable text-centred and world-context-centred strategies in second reading. Annotate the text as you read.