

Unit 1 Area of Study 2

Australian Identity

Writing Task 1

Personal Reflection

What does it mean to be reflective?

It means to write in a *number of voices*.

It means to look back at an incident from your life and explore how the events made an impact on you. This is *your personal voice*.

Based on what we have learnt about Australian culture, what you think of Australian Identity, link your personal voice to an exploration of what it means to be Australian. This is *your professional voice*.

How does your recount link to what other people (scholars, academics) think. When you reflect on this, this is *your academic or scholarly voice*. (This is the hardest voice to get across in your writing.)

Task Requirements-

Must be in first person perspective.

Must be past tense.

It must be descriptive- you are being assessed on your writing skills- not your story telling ability. (smell, sight, touch, sound, taste)

One incident only as the focus of your piece.

What is the purpose of your piece and who is the audience. Who is it written for?

Practice Prompt-

There is no true Australian Identity. It is just a myth, created in order to make us feel proud of our limited achievements.

Pride

After seven months back packing around Europe, there were a few things I was hanging for. Well apart from talking like a real Aussie to other true Aussies, I couldn't wait to get back to where the sun is warm, and the beer is cold. Not that I didn't like Europe, it was.....well cultural. "Chock fulla culture" as Gazza, my mate, said after viewing yet another bloody church in some unknown European city that as Paul Kelly says, looked like every bloody other European city. It's just that while I was away, I couldn't wait to get home.

The first thing I wanted to do was to show everyone that I was proud to be an Aussie. So I bought a ute, got pissed at the pub and had a pie. I went to the footy. I seriously thought about ways that others would know that I was proud of being Australian as well. It's one thing to love your country, but what's the point if nobody else knows? So I decided. Tattoo. Southern Cross. Upper arm. Would look bloody ripper in my wife beater!

Now I am not a wowser, but the thought of shoving a bloody big needle in my arm over and over again doesn't exactly appeal. I mean, I passed out when Gazza cut his big toe in Greece when he had a blow out in his thongs. But if a man decides to do something, he should go through with it 110%, well that's what my old man always said. Our ex Prime Minister, John Howard, talked about the sacrifice of young men of the Anzac, well I reckon this is a small sacrifice to show how proud I am of being an Aussie.

So I thought about it for a while. I looked at a number of different designs. I compared different tattooists. I compared prices. Basically I procrastinated as much as possible. The voice of my mum kept repeating in my head, 'you know what they say, one is too many and two is not enough...' Would it change who I was? What would it say to people on the street? Would they think, there goes a patriotic Aussie, or would they think I was some sort of no hoper bogan?

After much deliberation, I decided to go ahead. I mean the Greeks might have the ruins of their buildings, the English the palaces and royal family, but we Aussies have our spirit, our mateship and this is how I am going to show how proud I am of what we have.....