

Common internal assessment 2025 — Phase 1

Stimulus book

Essential English

General instruction

- Work in this book will not be marked.



Queensland
Government

QCAA

Queensland Curriculum
& Assessment Authority

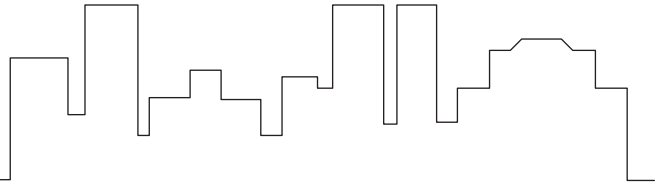
Stimulus 1

Context

This online article is published in a national weekend magazine, *My Musing Moments*.

Except Me

by Wello Sayronov



It's early morning and I'm standing in a long queue listening to people order their own personalised version of caffeine — a violet-infused flat white, a peppermint-crusting skinny mocha, and a vanilla latte laced with 12 shots of espresso. Really?

Finally, I reach the counter and my simple order of a cappuccino prompts a grateful smile from the barista.

I walk outside; the air is crisp.

A quiet mood settles over the city streets stretching out with military precision in every direction, multiple lanes marching towards unknown horizons. I turn in a circle, watching the traffic lights' patterns painting grids of colour. Green. Yellow. Red. Green. Yellow. Red. Green. Yellow. Red. Repeat. Repeat. Repeat.

Walls of glass, steel and concrete stretch above me. Up. Up. Up. *Behind* me. *In front* of me. *Beside* me. Every skyscraper sentinel stands to attention. Still. Silent.

I walk for blocks, absorbing scents of freshly baked bread, sizzling spices and flowers in bloom.

I pass different styles of architecture:

- elegant church spires
- contemporary cube-like entertainment precincts
- heritage buildings lining cobbled alleyways that branch off like veins
- shopfronts plastered with languages from everywhere around the world
- sparkling signs advertising famous global shopping brands, both luxury and budget.

After stopping at a food van, I walk on, hot chips replacing coffee.

People spill out of the buildings, a trickle at first, and then a torrent. Soon, the footpath streams with a flood of people in suits of black, navy and grey, faces focused.

High heels click-clack. Coughs and sneezes punctuate traffic hum. Horns beep. Muffled phone conversations in languages from four corners of the earth blend together.

Everyone seems to move together, knowing which potholes to avoid ... where to stand for buses. These are unspoken rules, a mosaic of mysteries, a tapestry of untold knowledge.

A frenzied energy erupts. I'm jostled, hemmed in, swept along with the human tide. I surrender to its chaotic zig-zagging as people diverge and dart across each other's paths.

Eventually, the suits of black, navy and grey vanish into the surrounding glass towers and a new mottled mass of colour replaces the earlier serious mood. An excited energy bubbles around me, floating and popping. I find myself side-stepping left and right, dancing backwards and forwards as people chatter, laugh and joke. There's no rhythm, just movement.

It suddenly seems as if anything goes in the city, as clothing ranges from beachy to glitzy, formal to casual, suits to running gear.

Around us, ibis scavenge through overflowing bins, magpies warble, and cooing pigeons waddle (expertly) under people's feet. More bird varieties chirp overhead.

All the while, people are hailing taxis, jumping into rideshares, flagging down buses.

I turn the corner and discover City Hall (built in the 1800s) where people are congregating in conversation, and huddling in groups. But instead of clashing in a din of noise, it all somehow makes sense.

I move from one group to another, none of them too far apart, and observe diverse groups having a wide range of conversations.

I sit and listen. As dusk arrives, bats appear to feast on fruit. But no-one notices.

People set up homes on footpaths. But no-one notices.

Sirens wail. But no-one notices.

No-one ... except me. ●

Stimulus 2

Context

This poster was placed on a local library wall by a City Living Association.

People, stories and community



Harmony. Heart. Home.



City Living Association

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