

# Assessment highlights 2021

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## English as an Additional Language

### Internal assessment 3

Extended response — imaginative spoken/multimodal response

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### Assessment overview

#### Context

In this unit, students studied the film *Lion*, directed by Garth Davis. The students explored how the text represents culture and human experience, while also considering other identified themes.

An additional element of study in this unit involved students examining how specifically chosen aesthetic devices and language features in a eulogy can celebrate and commemorate an individual's life.

The syllabus conditions require students to prepare a multimodal presentation of 6–9 minutes. The multimodal presentation must feature a combination of at least two modes, where one of those modes must be spoken/signed.

#### Task

Students were asked to prepare and present a eulogy from the perspective of a chosen character from the film *Lion*.

In the role of the chosen character, they were required to deliver a eulogy about another character in the film. The audience for the eulogy was funeral attendees.

## Student response

**Note:** The following sample is an unedited script of the authentic student response reproduced with permission. Any images or sources that do not have copyright approval have been redacted from the multimodal response. The response may contain errors and/or omissions that do not affect its overall match to the characteristics indicated in the top performance levels of the instrument-specific standards.

The student response contains a video of their multimodal presentation as well as the accompanying script. The video is available at [www.qcaa.qld.edu.au/senior/assessment/assessment-highlights/eal/spoken-performance](http://www.qcaa.qld.edu.au/senior/assessment/assessment-highlights/eal/spoken-performance).

## Sue Brierley – A Life Lived for Others

“Motherhood: All love begins and ends there”. Welcome to all of you. Today, we are remembering, honouring and above all, celebrating the life of Sue Brierley. She was born on May 14, 1954 in Hobart, Tasmania. I am her son, Saroo Brierley. I thank all family and friends for coming and I appreciate all those who have travelled great distances in honour of my mother. I would like to share a few of my favourite memories of her with you all and I hope they can convey how wonderful of a mother she was.

Born into an impoverished family in rural Tasmania, my mother had many obstacles growing up. She endured a volatile father as well as a traumatised mother. Embodying ‘every cloud has a silver lining’, the cruelty and violence she faced as a child ignited a vision inside of her. A vision of two lost, brown-skinned boys. She decided that there was nothing sacred in a biological family with no bonds and had a dedicated belief that a more authentic family could be created through adoption. Despite the numerous hardships thrown at her, she never once backed down. Determined to sever her cycle of despair, my mother made the selfless decision to not have a biological child.

I was just a foreign brown boy from the slums of India, yet she accepted me with loving arms and showered me with affection right from the moment I stepped off the plane into her warm embrace. For a timid child who had lost everyone he loved, this meant more than you can imagine. I still vividly remember the trip to my new home. Her loving gaze was locked on to me throughout the entire trip. Those comforting eyes assured me that I found myself a safe home. That night, my jaw dropped when she served me the biggest platter of beef for the first time. The abundance of food is something I gladly embraced and still enjoy to this day, as you can see. Contrary to other adoption stories, I had a relatively easy time adjusting thanks to her unconditional love. She didn’t just give me a home; she gave me a life.

My fondest memory of her was the very first birthday party she threw for me. She made a rich, chocolate cake that sank into my teeth like pillows of sweet indulgence. It was my first time receiving any sort of gift for my birthday. I remember with fondness the train set she gave me for my sixth birthday. It had an eye-catching red lining with a noisy clatter that brought me back to the suffocating train platforms in Calcutta. But Mum mended the pain connected to my hometown. What was once an agonizing nightmare recurring in my sleep, was replaced with a nostalgic memory that brought me warmth and security.

My mother pursued a lifelong dream to create a family that was authentic and open. Our skin tones were different, but she was no less of a mother to me. She had an extraordinary ability to make us feel stronger and more confident in our own identity. She would immerse herself in Indian culture

and even mastered how to make her signature butter chicken along the way. I know her friends can vouch for that. Her smile was like the sun breaking through the clouds and never failed to brighten up the room. We shared countless dinner parties and watched many cricket games together with friends. Sorry, but Australia is still better than India.

Her kindness is a quality I could talk for hours about. One recent example, it was our third trip to India since that emotional reunion with my biological mother, who is with us today. She spent the day with my biological mother cooking and taking care of my sister, Shekila. Seeing her radiating with so much joy filled my heart more than you could imagine. I'll admit, I still deeply regret leaving her in the dark and causing our family to crumble while I selfishly sought for my family in India. I was worried that searching for my biological family would threaten her deep belief in the genuineness of our family. But being the strong woman that she is, she remained patient and supported me through to the very end. I was so out of touch with reality that I failed to realise that my mother has always been the same understanding and compassionate woman that she is.

Mum truly had a heart of gold. In the last couple of years, she worked hard to promote overseas adoption programs. Despite her own health deteriorating, her altruism gave other lost children like me, another chance at life. I was able to study hotel management at my dream university and I owe it all to her. She was a symbol of selfless humanity and always lived her life for others.

I know her kindness will bring inspiration to many others. I hope her story sheds light on the 96,000 children that go missing each year in India. The tender love she showed to me, dad, Mantosh will never be forgotten. She showed me that family is not purely blood relations. I hope that her story uproots the stigma of adoption and encourages others to follow her legacy. I am so fortunate to be her son and it's an honour to call her my mum. May her compassionate flame continue to burn within all of us. Thank you again for recognising my mother as the wonderful woman she was.

## Reference list

*Missing Children's Statistics - Global Missing Children's Network*. Global Missing Children's Network. Retrieved 18 June 2021, from <https://globalmissingkids.org/awareness/missing-children-statistics/>.

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