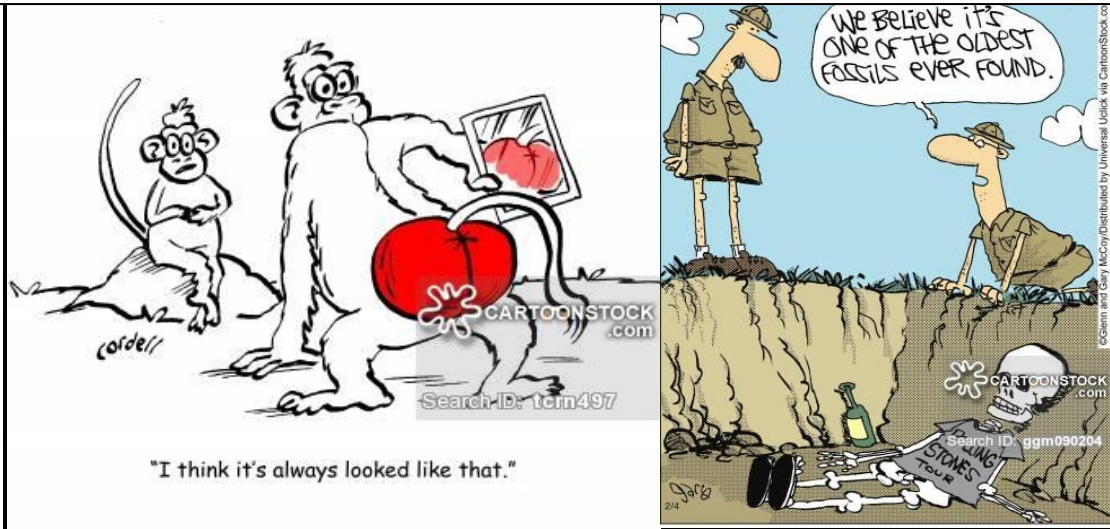


YEAR 12

DISCOVERY BOOKLET

MS TAUBE



"I think it's always looked like that."



Who discovers?

What do we discover?

How do we discover?

Discovery



Why do we discover?

What are advantages of discoveries? Positive consequences

What are the disadvantages of discoveries? Negative Consequences

Analysing Quotes on Discovery

<http://www.goodreads.com/quotes/tag/discovery?page=5>



For each quote, summarise what each person is suggesting about discovery and its importance.

1. "The real voyage of discovery consists not in seeking new landscapes, but in having new eyes."

Marcel Proust

2. "Man cannot discover new oceans unless he has the courage to lose sight of the shore." **Andre Gide**

Gide

3. "Perhaps, after all, America never has been discovered. I myself would say that it had merely been detected." **Oscar Wilde**

4. "The seeker embarks on a journey to find what he wants and discovers, along the way, what he needs." **Wally Lamb**

5. "It was the first time she'd discovered something she really didn't want to find, and she didn't know what to do once she'd found it." **Jodi Picoult**

6. "It's the unknown that draws people." [E.A. Bucchianeri](#)

7. "As time goes on, new and remoter aspects of truth are discovered which can seldom be fitted into creeds that are changeless." [Clarence Day Jr](#)

8. "Just because you can see it all, doesn't mean you know it all" [Taylor Rhodes](#)

9. "Some beautiful paths can't be discovered without getting lost." — [Erol Ozan](#)

10. "I don't like museums, I like labs." [Amit Kalantri](#)

Synonyms for Discover



Realise	Learn	Reveal
Enlighten	Understand	Determine
Uncover	Disclose	Find
Unveil	Unmask	Extract
Expose	Investigate	Illuminate

1. Select **EIGHT** words from the table above and use them in an opening sentence to a story.
 - a)
 - b)
 - c)
 - d)
 - e)
 - f)
 - g)
 - h)
2. Research **FOUR** more synonyms for the word 'discover'.
3. Research **antonyms** (opposite) for discover and write them in the box below.

Discovery Rubric: Important

http://www.boardofstudies.nsw.edu.au/syllabus_hsc/english/eng-std-adv-prescriptions-2015-20.html

Area of Study 2015–18: Standard and Advanced

Area of Study: Discovery

This Area of Study requires students to **e**_____ the ways in which the concept of discovery is **r**_____ in and through texts.

Discovery can encompass the **e**_____ of discovering something for the first time or **r**_____ something that has been lost, forgotten or concealed. Discoveries can be sudden and **u**_____, or they can emerge from a process of **d**_____ and careful planning evoked by curiosity, **n**_____ or wonder. Discoveries can be **f**_____ and intensely **m**_____ in ways that may be emotional, creative, intellectual, physical and spiritual. They can also be confronting and **p**_____. They can lead us to new worlds and **v**_____, stimulate new ideas, and enable us to **s**_____ about future possibilities. Discoveries and discovering can offer new **u**_____ and renewed perceptions of ourselves and others.

An individual's discoveries and their process of discovering can **v**_____ according to personal, cultural, historical and social **c**_____ and values. The impact of these discoveries can be far-reaching and **t**_____ for the individual and for broader society. Discoveries may be questioned or **c**_____ when viewed from different **p**_____ and their worth may be **r**_____ over time. The ramifications of particular discoveries may differ for individuals and their worlds.

By exploring the concept of discovery, students can understand how texts have the potential to **a**_____ or challenge individuals' or more widely-held **a**_____ and beliefs about aspects of human experience and the world. Through composing and responding to a wide range of texts, students may **m**_____ discoveries about people, relationships, societies, places and events and generate new ideas. By **s**_____ perspectives, students may deepen their understanding of the concept of discovery. Students consider the ways composers may **i**_____ them to experience discovery through their texts and explore how the process of discovering is represented using a variety of language modes, forms and features.

In their responses and compositions, students examine, question, and reflect and speculate on:

- their **o**_____ experiences of discovery
- the **e**_____ of discovery in and through their engagement with texts
- assumptions **u**_____ various representations of the concept of discovery
- how the concept of discovery is conveyed through the representations of people, relationships, societies, places, events and ideas that they encounter in the prescribed text and other related texts of their own choosing
- how the composer's **c**_____ of language modes, forms, features and structure shapes representations of discovery and discovering
- the ways in which exploring the concept of discovery may **b**_____ and deepen their understanding of themselves and their world.

unexpected	explore	provocative	fresh
invite	own	challenged	vary
deliberate	experience (2)	necessity	rediscovering
choice	experience	speculate	contexts
meaningful	make	represented	broaden
perspectives	reassessed	values	transformative
assumptions	synthesising	affirm	understandings

Defining Representation

Read the following quotes and discuss in pairs. Be prepared to submit your responses to the class.

Representation of the world, like the world itself, is the work of men; they describe it from their own point of view, which they confuse with the absolute truth.

Simone de Beauvoir

I don't want to imitate life in movies; I want to represent it. And in that representation, you use the colors you feel, and sometimes they are fake colors. But always it's to show one emotion.

Pedro Almodovar

It's traumatic to meditate on the availability of information through the Internet, or the way we perceive the world as a result. People don't experience things totally or viscerally anymore. It's all through representation, be it a record on YouTube or a post on a blog.

Sufjan Stevens

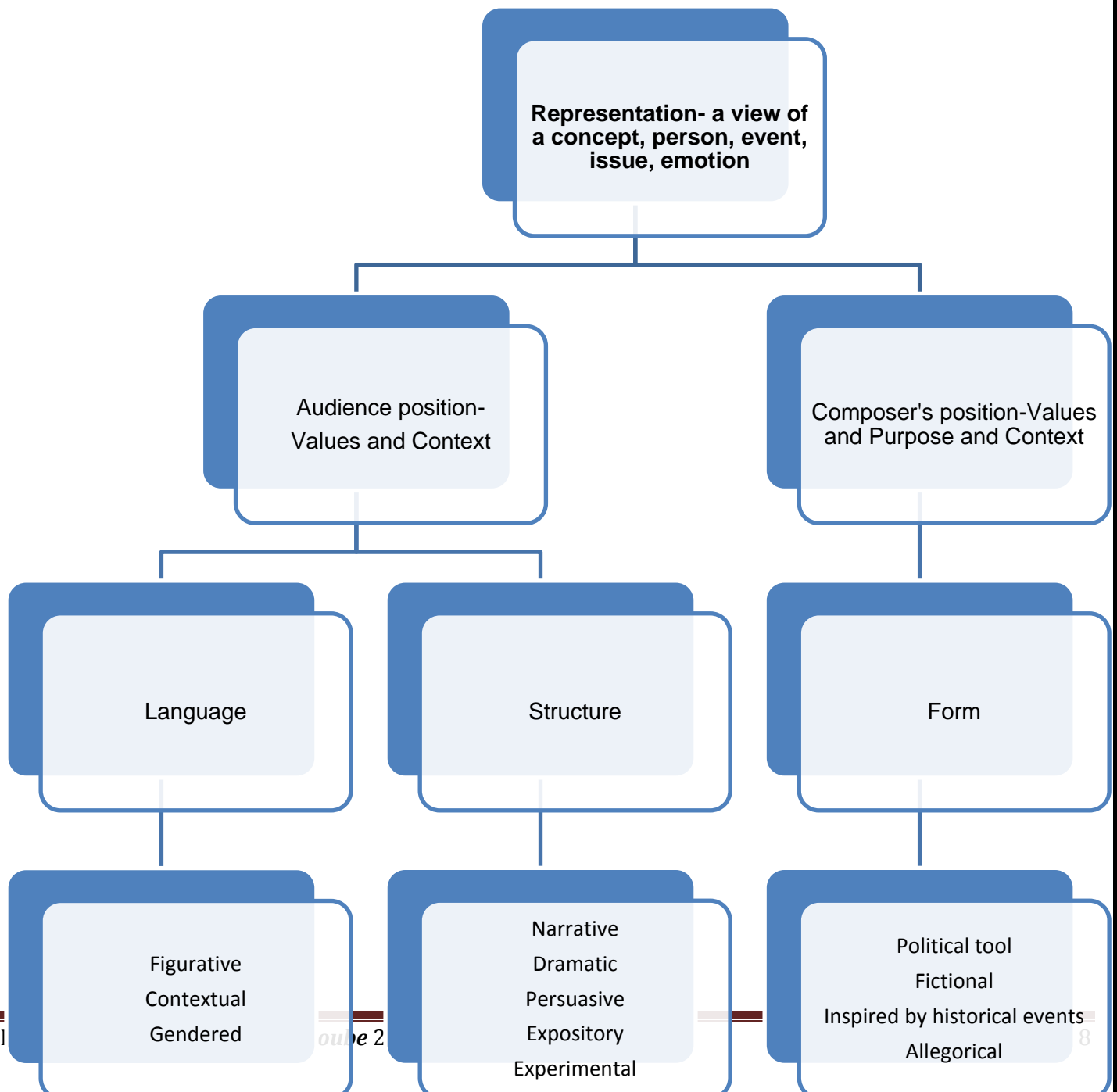
And you have to remember that I came to America as an immigrant. You know, on a ship, through the Statue of Liberty. And I saw that skyline, not just as a representation of steel and concrete and glass, but as really the substance of the American Dream.

Daniel Libeskind

We represent because:

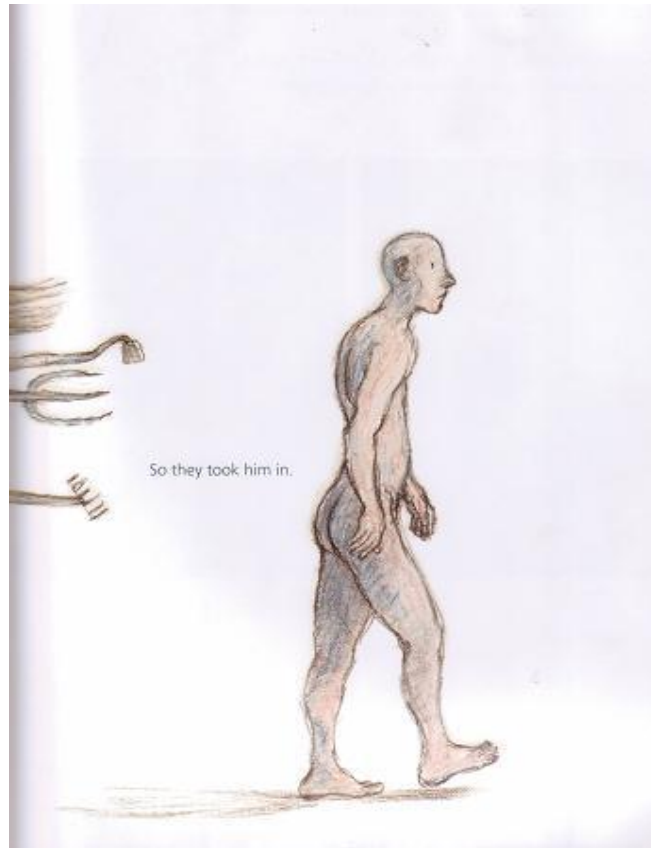
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Postmodernists argue that there is no absolute truth and that **meaning is constructed** by the composer and the responder. Thus, **representation is a process that uses signs and symbols, shared language between composer and responder,** to communicate certain truths, values and ideologies. What do we aim to do when we represent? We **aim to influence people** whether it is to encourage them to align their thinking with ours or to provoke them into contemplation and, potentially, action. How do we do this? We do this by tapping into the emotive and intellectual channels of language and form. Various emotive and symbolic language choices are used to encourage responders to condemn or admire characters placed in controversial or morally questionable situations. Contrast and tension are used to further develop our concentrated attitudes and responses to personalities, events and situations. In addition, the **medium of production** straddles the line between imaginary and real further reinforcing the blurred reality of the content and the manipulation of the composer. **All in all, representation occurs by everybody in a bid to promote their world view.**



Representation of Discovery: *The Island*

by Armin Greder



In the end, the innkeeper agreed to let the man have the scraps he would otherwise toss to the pigs, and they took him back to the goat pen. They strengthened the gate and took turns to guard him, so that in future he would not disturb them.

But despite this the man's presence continued to trouble the people.



They hadn't asked for him, but he was here. Their act of kindness had not been the end, merely a beginning. They had taken him onto their island and now he was part of their lives.

He haunted their days and often their dreams. Men frowned and muttered under their breaths. Women stayed in their kitchens, and mothers warned their children not to go near the goat pen.



The school teacher lectured about savages and their strange ways.

'He eats with his hands,' said the innkeeper. 'And he eats bones!'



'He will come and eat you if you don't finish your soup!' a mother warned her child.



'The children are scared of him,' lamented the school teacher that night at the inn.



'I am sure that he would murder us all if he could,' said the policeman.



'Foreigner Spreads Fear in Town,' said the newspaper in big black letters.



What is the composer suggesting about the people of the island? How do they perceive discovery of others? Why?	How is the composer showing this through visual and language techniques?	What is the message of the composer?
<p>➤ The islanders fear difference and prefer their insularity. The discovery of the newcomer elicits a sense of discomfort because they are not familiar with his culture/identity. They immediately delve into protective mode to protect their way of life.</p>		

Yolngu Boy

SYNOPSIS: www.yolnguboy.com

Caught in a collision between the modern world of rap, football, street cred and the oldest living culture on earth, Lorrpu, Botj and Milika are three Yolngu teenagers who once shared a childhood dream of becoming great hunters together. But things have changed and their paths are diverging. Botj is walking on the wild side, a lost soul in search of a place to belong. Milika is more interested in football and girls than any of the traditional knowledge he is being taught. Only Lorrpu seems to care about the dream any more.

Their paths are diverging, and he is the only one who can see it.

When Botj goes too far and finds himself on the wrong side of both black and white law, Lorrpu must weigh up his own future against saving his friend.

He persuades the boys to trek to Darwin to argue Botj's case with Dawu, a tribal leader. Leaving behind their community, they journey through the unforgiving wilderness of north-east Arnhem Land to Darwin. To survive, Lorrpu, Milika and Botj must draw on the ancient bush knowledge they were taught as boys and, most importantly, the bonds of their friendship.

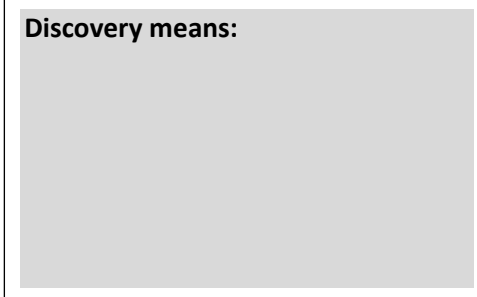
Yolngu Boy is about the search for identity, making the journey from adolescence to adulthood and the implications of belonging to a larger social group, whether it be a culture, a family or a group of friends.

After reading the synopsis, write down how this text may link to the discovery concept. What words link to discovery or rediscovering? Write the words in the table below.

As you are watching the film:

Write down words, images, ideas, significant quotes (from film) in the outer box that come to mind as you are watching the film. After you finish, work your way into the middle and compose your own definition paragraph of discovery.

Discovery means:



Fill in the following table:

What is the character discovering about self, others or society?	How are we shown this discovery?	What is the consequence and/or significance of the discovery?

Storyboard a Personal or Imaginative Discovery

Approaching the task:

1. What is the discovery you will represent using the storyboard?

- Finding a friend or losing a friend
- The pitfalls or potential of social media
- Learning about the world either by travel or on the news - disillusioned or reinvigorated by a news story or experience
- Love - you found love or realised you were loved
- New band or song - musical influences
- Maths solution - constantly failed but persistence led you to...
- During a science experiment you realised/learned something new
- A story from a parents' or relatives' past made you realise something or gain appreciation of someone and their struggles
- You discovered something positive or negative about yourself - self-discovery

2. How will you represent the discovery in SIX sequences?

Examples:

Social Media

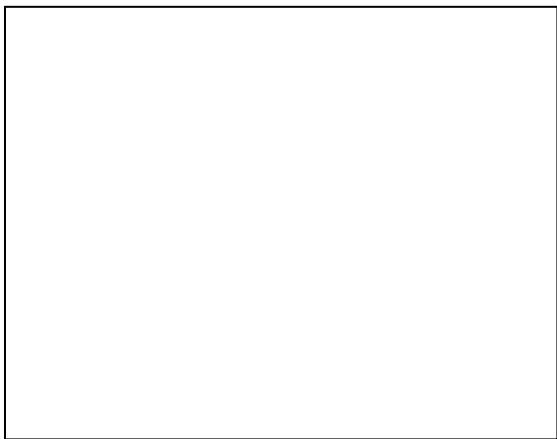
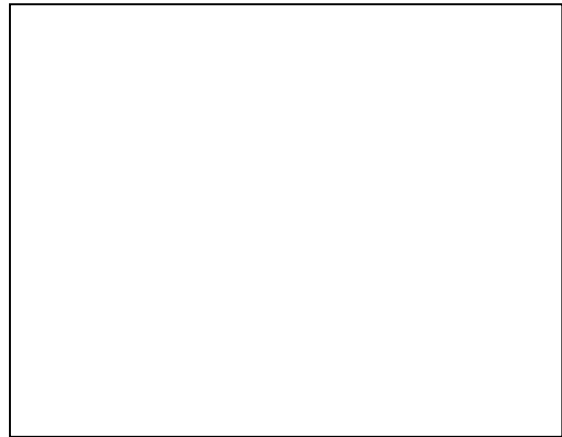
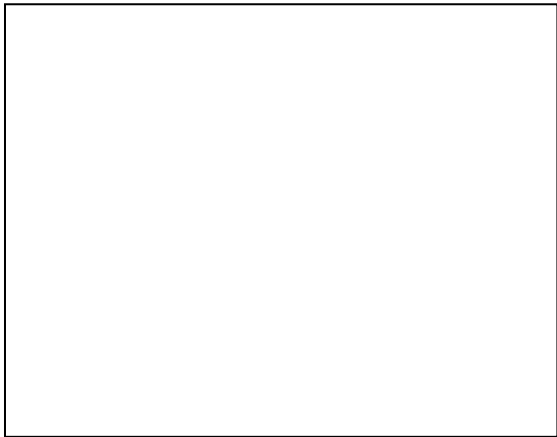
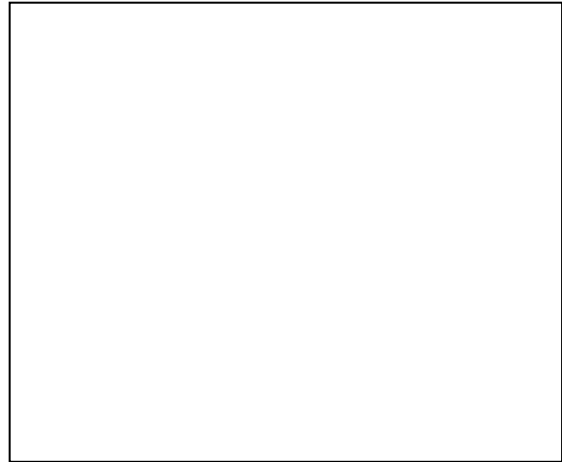
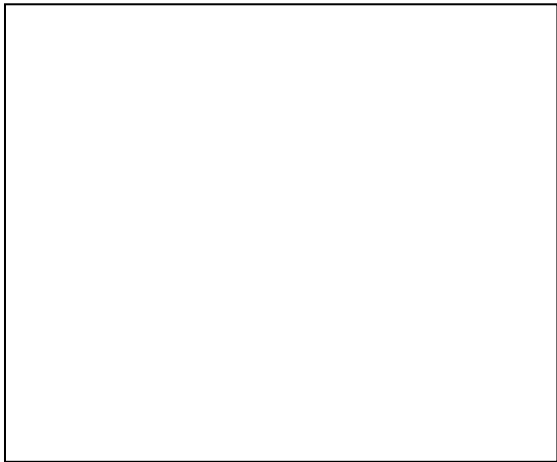
- a) One day you unexpectedly stumble upon a new app - find my family
- b) You download the app
- c) You start to navigate the features and get excited by the potential of the app
- d) You type in the information about the family
- e) You wait several days - nervous
- f) When there is no good news, you sigh with relief and discover you are happier not knowing than knowing

Music

- a) You are buying clothes in a shop and hear a particular song that 'strikes your fancy'
- b) You whip out your mobile phone and discover the band
- c) At home, you download the album
- d) Your dad hears you listening to the songs
- e) He was a fan of this band when he was teenager
- f) Your discovery is either positive or negative? Why?

Representation of Discovery: Storyboard

Write what is being depicted in each box in the space underneath the box.



Poem

Ulysses

By

**Lord
Tennyson**



How do the bolded and underlined words link to the concept of discovery?

It little profits that an **idle king**,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard and sleep, and feed, **and know not me.**
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees: All times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea: **I am become a name;**
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honor'd of them all;
And **drunk delight of battle** with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet **all experience is an arch** wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: But every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store **and hoard myself,**
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bounds of human thought.

**Who is Ulysses?
Research if you do
not know the answer.**

**What is the
persona's conflict?
What does he yearn
for? Why?**

This is my son, mine own Telemachos,
 To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle-
 Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfill
 This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
 A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
 Subdue them to the useful and the good.
 Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
 Of common duties, decent not to fail
 In offices of tenderness, and pay
 Meet adoration to my household gods,
 When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.
 There lies the port, the vessel puffs her sail:
 There gloom the dark broad seas. My
 mariners,
 Souls that have tol'd and wrought, and
 thought with me-
 That ever with a frolic welcome took
 The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
 Free hearts, free foreheads - you and I are
 old;
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;
 Death closes all: but something ere the end,
 Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
 Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
 The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
 The long day wanes: the slow moon
 climbs: the deep
 Moans round with many voices.

Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer
world.
 Push off, and sitting well in order smite
 The sounding furrows; for my purpose
 holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the
 baths
 Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us
 down:
It may be that we shall touch the Happy
 Isles,
 And see the great Achilles, whom we
 knew.
 Tho' much is taken, much abides; and
 tho'
 We are not now that strength which in
 old days
 Moved heaven and earth; that which we
 are, we are;
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but
strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to
yield.

Is this an effective poem on discovery? Explain.

Yes it is effective because:	No it is not effective because:

Disabled by Wilfred Owen (World War 1)

Disabled

"He" - nameless anonymity - this victim becomes representative of those whose lives have been ruined by war.

Caesura stop after 'elbow' functions to confront the reader with the extent of his disabilities.

Repetition of 'Voices' highlights his silence and social ostracism.

Ideas linked effectively by the use of alliteration 'gay', 'glow-lamps' & 'girls glanced'

The reality of what his injuries mean are foregrounded by his now being shunned by women.

The term 'younger' refers to his youthful innocence before war - the world has forever changed for him - yet his age remains young while he has become prematurely 'old'.

Owen's use of the verb 'poured' implies the boy's unwitting responsibility for his fate - his naivety has cost him dearly.

'One time' again reminds the reader of his recent past which now seems so long ago.

The term 'Meg' is a Scottish term for a young woman. This becomes a representative term for all women who will no longer feature in his life.

The colon after the word 'lie' emphasises the crime that has been committed.

He sat in a wheeled chair, waiting for dark,

And shivered in his ghastly suit of grey,

Legless, sewn short at elbow. Through the park

Voices of boys rang saddening like a hymn,

Voices of play and pleasure after day,

Till gathering sleep had mothered them from him.

About this time Town used to swing so gay

When glow-lamps budded in the light blue trees,

And girls glanced lovelier as the air grew dim,-

In the old times, before he threw away his knees.

Now he will never feel again how slim

Girls' waists are, or how warm their subtle hands.

All of them touch him like some queer disease.

There was an artist silly for his face,

For it was younger than his youth, last year.

Now, he is old; his back will never brace;

He's lost his colour very far from here,

Poured it down shell-holes till the veins ran dry,

And half his lifetime lapsed in the hot race

And leap of purple spurted from his thigh.

One time he liked a blood-smear down his leg,

After the matches, carried shoulder-high.

It was after football, when he'd drunk a peg,

He thought he'd better join-He wonders why.

Someone had said he'd look a god in kilts,

That's why; and maybe, too, to please his Meg,

Aye, that was it, to please the giddy jilts

He asked to join. He didn't have to beg;

Smiling they wrote his lie: aged nineteen years.

Colour references to 'dark' and 'grey' establish the disorienting mood

Without arms, he has no means of propelling himself - therefore 'wheeled chair' rather than 'wheelchair' - totally helpless.

Voices of 'boys' and 'play' only serve to sadden him further.

Sleep 'mother's' his pain - his isolation from the outside world is emphasised by sleep providing the only respite.

Elegiac tone - he 'used to' in days gone by. Past and present effectively juxtaposed.

Needless loss (sacrifice) the term 'threw' stressing his reckless, and unthinking act - enlists without any thought to the possible consequences.

'Now' highlights his physical and psychological loss - his identity and future fundamentally changed.

The reversal is total, youth can never be recaptured - prematurely aged - happened so recently and so quickly.

Evocative understatement colour - connotations on many levels, blood, youth, exuberance, health,

The injuries he sustained are described in active verbs 'poured', 'ran', 'lapsed', 'leap' and 'spurted'. This helps bring the scene to life for readers.

The term 'peg' is slang for drink.

His plight is emphasised by his being under-aged when he was accepted. The authorities are more culpable for their accepting him with smiles.

Owen emphasises first why he did not join up - this underscores the misguided reasons why he did.

Germans he scarcely thought of; all their guilt,
And Austria's, did not move him. And no fears
Of Fear came yet. He thought of jewelled hilts
For daggers in plaid socks; of smart salutes;
And care of arms; and leave; and pay arrears;
Esprit de corps; and hints for young recruits.
And soon, he was drafted out with drums and cheers.

This is part of the 'lie' referred to in Anthem to Doomed Youth, 'young recruits' swept up by the patriotic hype of the warmongers.

Recalls the earlier sporting image of being hailed as a football hero. His injuries are much serious rather than superficial but regardless of his sacrifice, no 'crowds' now cheer him home.

Some cheered him home, but not as crowds cheer Goal.
Only a solemn man who brought him fruits
Thanked him; and then inquired about his soul.

The solemn man with his fruit and enquiries about his soul is the only one who thanks him - the incongruity of this image again stressing the boy's ruined life.

His dismissal by "the women's eyes" foregrounds his social alienation. Bed provides the only escape, the despair in his inner monologue emphasised by the exclamation mark and repeated rhetorical question.

Now, he will spend a few sick years in institutes,
And do what things the rules consider wise,
And take whatever pity they may dole.
Tonight he noticed how the women's eyes
Passed from him to the strong men that were whole.
How cold and late it is! Why don't they come
And put him into bed? Why don't they come?

The reference to 'Now' stresses that there can be no alternative to his present state - this is his fate and he has no chance to change it.

Write a creative composition where you turn the poem into a story and retell the disillusionment of the soldier. Focus on representing the realisations of the main character.

The Goal Is Peace

Can an Israeli soccer team,
and its Arab star, triumph
over hate? | BY SARAH WILDMAN

ABBAS SUAN had heard the taunts before. The boos, the jeering. The shouts of "Terrorist!" from opposing fans. The star midfielder had listened to this ugliness and worse during his years playing for Bnei Sakhnin, a scrappy soccer team named for the Galilean town that had long been his family's home.

But for this game Abbas Suan was wearing the blue and white of Israel's national soccer team. Though he was one of just two Arab Israelis on the otherwise Jewish squad, the team was united and playing for Israel. Surely the fans would be behind him.

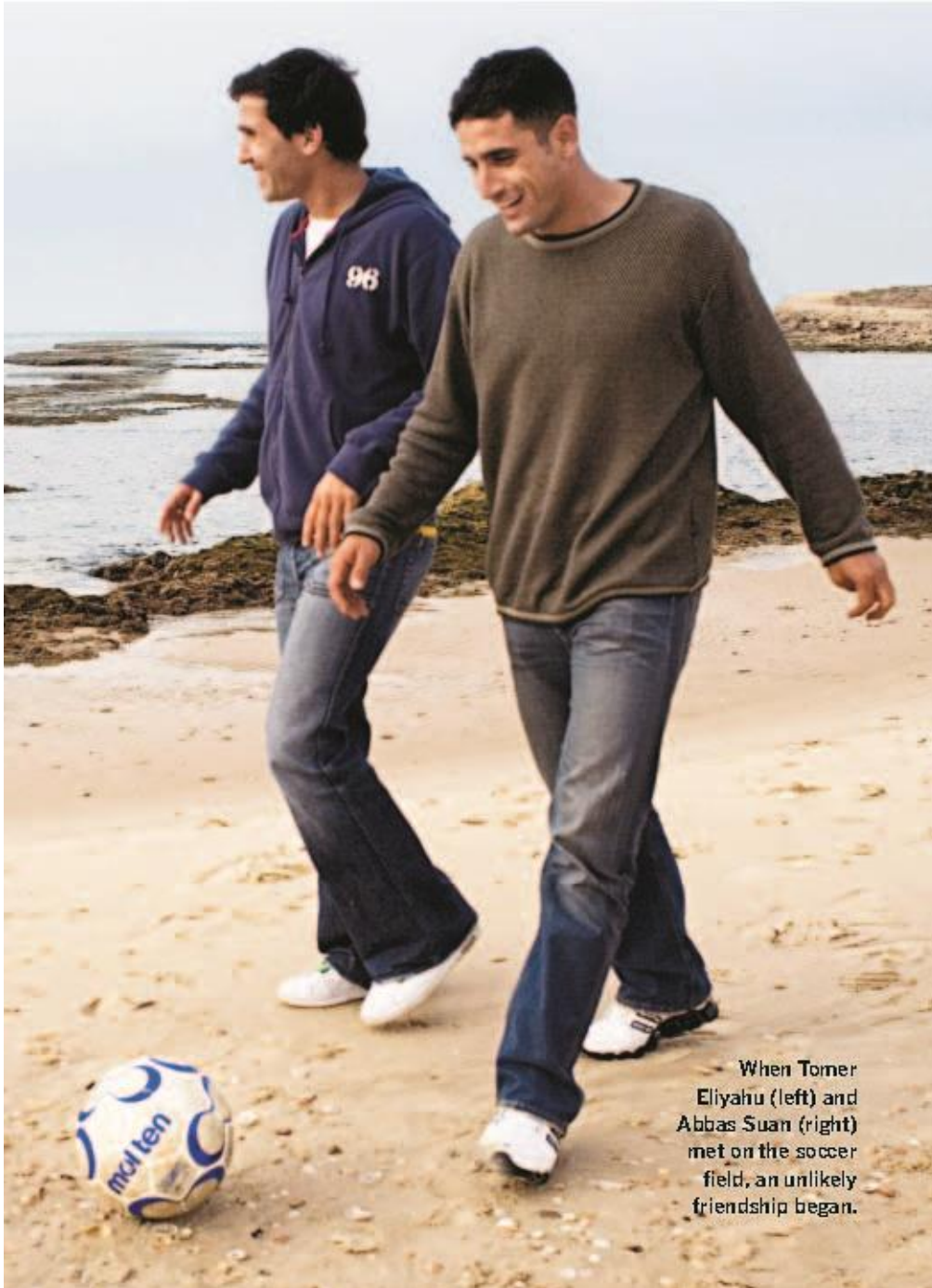
Yet for so many Israelis, living under the menace of terrorism is a

daily reality where suicide bombings are routine and where spending time in a café or shopping mall can be a life-or-death decision. For some Israelis, every Arab face is that of a potential killer, and distinguishing between the vast majority of peaceful Arabs and the violent radicals is not a risk worth taking.

And so as Suan jogged onto the field, he could tell something was wrong. Every time he touched the ball, all he heard were taunts. Suan was rattled, yet not surprised. Though a citizen of Israel, Suan knew that to many of his countrymen, he was first an Arab. It's an identity he has worn like an indelible mark since birth.

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PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEPHANIE SINCLAIR



When Tomer Eliyahu (left) and Abbas Suan (right) met on the soccer field, an unlikely friendship began.

Back in 1948, the year Israel became a state, Suan's family moved to Sakhnin, a poor Arab town nestled in the hills of Galilee. By remaining inside Israel instead of heading for the West Bank or Gaza Strip, the family joined 160,000 other Arabs in becoming citizens of the new Jewish nation. In the six decades since, Suan's family found themselves, like so many other Arab Israelis, wedged in the middle of an ever-simmering conflict:

We aren't Jews and Arabs here,

Their cousins are in the West Bank and Gaza, but their political representatives are in the Israeli parliament.

The town Suan knew as a boy was desolate. Just one paved road, and no sewage system for the overcrowded neighborhoods. As a child, he thought he'd always live in Sakhnin, working in construction like his father. But a larger world opened up for him in elementary school, when he started playing soccer. At 16, Suan made it onto Sakhnin's senior squad, a team that would ultimately be the only Arab-Jewish mixed club in its division; it would also be the poorest.

Israeli soccer teams are financed by their local towns and sponsors. In Sakhnin, money for sports is in short supply, and many sponsors won't invest in a team that includes both Jews and Arabs. Sakhnin's practice field is a mud pit, more like a place that kids might adopt for a pickup game of tag rather than a professional soccer team's home turf.

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Their coach, Eyal Lachman, knew what his players were up against. He used the poor environment—cramped locker rooms, no hot water, the muddy field—as motivation and reminded them, We aren't Jews and Arabs here; we are family.

After all, Arab players didn't just play alongside Jews on the Sakhnin team; against a backdrop of terrorism, prejudice, and rock-bottom facilities, they learned to know and trust them.

And no two players became better friends than Suan and a Jewish recruit named Tomer Eliyahu.

Eliyahu joined Sakhnin in 2003 with a fair dose of trepidation. "I didn't know what I was getting into," he recalls. But at the first team meeting, he realized there was none of the tension he'd come to expect at a gathering of Arabs and Jews. Since Eliyahu and Suan are both midfielders, the pair trained together daily, talking about careers and soccer, meeting each other's families.

"I am very often in his house," says Eliyahu. "I can also say that I'm not only at Abbas Suan's home, but I've been invited to every third house in Sakhnin!" he laughs.

Eliyahu never had an Arab friend before joining the team, and it was eye-opening for him. As a Jew in Israel, "you don't really feel racism," says Eliyahu. "The racism is against the Arabs." He felt "very, very uncomfortable" when bigots would taunt

Suan during games with chants like “Death to the Arabs” echoing through the crowd. Soccer is cursed the world over with racist fans who use the sport to fight out age-old aggressions; still, Eliyahu heard things shouted at Suan in his own country that “should never be permitted.”

While Suan was unlikely to win over hard-core racists, most soccer fans in Israel—Arabs and Jews—followed his game with increasing awe. Despite

says the coach. We are family.

being the most impoverished team in the league, Sakhnin steadily began winning game after game, leading the press to dub the players the “Cinderella team.” And thanks to Suan, the squad was doing something it had never done before: vying for the State Cup—a feat akin to playing in the World Series.

The whole season was playing out like a Hollywood film. In May 2004, 35,000 fans—including thousands of Sakhnin residents—watched the hard-scrabble squad, led by co-captain Suan, roust the Haifa team in a decisive 4-1 victory. It was Sakhnin’s *Hoosiers* moment.

“I never knew Abbas Suan before I joined Sakhnin,” says Eliyahu, “but now everyone knows who he is.” Both the national lottery and McDonald’s adopted Suan as a spokesman, and posters of a smiling Suan holding French fries began to dot the roads of Arab villages. “He’s one of the most media-saturated players in this coun-

try,” exclaims Eliyahu proudly. But the State Cup win also led to something else: a spot on Israel’s national team.

Suan was one of only two Arab Israelis selected for the national team, an all-star group of players hand-picked from all the local Israeli clubs. Eliyahu was thrilled to see his friend rise to the elite level. And for the town of Sakhnin, Suan became a local hero.

That’s not to say that ethnic tensions melted away. Arab Israelis have

played on the national team before, but it never gets easier. As Israel contends with the loss of Ariel Sharon, and as the Palestinians elect the anti-Israel party Hamas into power, the small country at the nexus of the Muslim, Christian and Jewish worlds seems more fractured than ever. But Suan is determined to use his position to change the way Israeli society sees its Arab citizens. And he believes that athletes can set an example: by relating to one another as teammates or even rivals, by the dialogue they establish as friends. “I think we get along better than politicians do,” Suan has said.

Of course, being a national soccer star isn’t just about being an ambassador for tolerance. Suan and the team were gearing up for some serious European competition in qualifiers for the World Cup—the most prestigious event in soccer, a global competition that occurs once every four years. And Eliyahu was his friend’s biggest sup-



Suan (19) and his teammates celebrate after "The Kick" against Ireland in 2005.

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

porter; after all, he was "the leading player of Sakhnin!"

The Israeli national team's first match-up pitted the underdog squad against a former World Cup winner and soccer powerhouse—France. Israel was so dismissed as a contender by the soccer world that not a single network even bought the television rights.

But then something odd happened. Israel held on: The score was tied when the game ended. And in World Cup qualifying games, a tie means both teams are still in the hunt. And that wasn't all; over the next few months, Israel continued to stay in the hunt, winning games and tying France and Switzerland two times each. It seemed that if the Israelis couldn't eke out a win, they'd at least make sure

they didn't lose. And the media, no longer ignoring Israel, had found its next Cinderella story. *Sports Illustrated* called them the "Cardiac Kids of the Mediterranean."

Soon the Israeli national team was playing on its own soil again, hosting a strong Irish national squad that was heavily favored to win the game and capable of knocking Israel out of the tournament. True to predictions, Ireland scored early and didn't give up the lead. The score was still 1-0 heading into the last minutes of play. Without some sort of miracle, Israel's hard-fought ride would be over, and the nation would be out of World Cup contention for another four years—which at that moment felt like an eternity.

The entire town of Sakhnin was

either perched on the edges of white plastic chairs outside Suan's family home or huddled around the TV set in a nearby café, smoke spiraling out of water pipes as the tension mounted. Eliyahu watched, too, praying the team could pull off another "cardiac" moment. The country held its breath. Even the sold-out 40,000-seat stadium outside Tel Aviv seemed hushed.

And then, in the last moments of the game, a powerfully kicked ball flew 25 yards through the air and tore past the Irish goalie's gloves.

"Suaaaaaaaaaaaaaan!" yelled the television commentators as the crowd and Israeli players exploded in cheers. Suan had just tied the game. His mouth opened in a yell and he dropped to the ground to pray. Abbas Suan had single-handedly kept the Jewish state's World Cup hopes alive.

Fans poured into the streets with flowers and cheers. Suan's phone began ringing off the hook with well-wishers. Ahmed Tibi, an Arab Israeli

member of parliament, exclaimed, "No Arabs, no goals!"—a wry nod to the abhorrent taunts of racist soccer fans who had chanted, "No Arabs, No Terror!" Suan was even touted nationwide as "The Hero of Israel."

"Every day I remember," Suan later said. "I remember not the goal but the feeling, seeing the whole stadium rise."

In the end, despite never losing a match, the Israeli soccer team did not qualify to compete in the World Cup finals. A complicated point system favored other teams. But it almost doesn't matter. Suan has used his moment in the spotlight since "The Kick" to make a call for peaceful coexistence: "Sport can open the door to social change."

Besides, one need only look to Suan and Eliyahu's friendship for proof that peace in this divisive region is possible, and reaching a goal like that is more important than any goal Suan makes on the field.

WHAT A LONG, STRANGE TRIP IT'S BEEN

My wife and I had just returned from our first trip to New York City and were showing our photographs to my sister. The highlights were my shots of the Statue of Liberty, taken from every conceivable angle.

"Wow," she said, suitably impressed. "I didn't know it rotated." JOHN SANDERS



A shabby, run-down motel in Stillwater, Oklahoma, had succumbed to the ravages of the wind. Doing nothing to help improve its image, the marquee now reads "Best Rat_s in Town." TAMARA BEARDSLEY

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1. How does the feature article represent the importance of challenging assumptions in a bid to develop awareness of others and self? This should be answered in TWO_THREE paragraphs and should refer to textual evidence and techniques.

A REPORT FOR AN ACADEMY by Kafka

<https://records.viu.ca/~Johnstoi/kafka/reportforacademy.htm>

Esteemed Gentlemen of the Academy!

You show me the honor of calling upon me to submit a report to the Academy concerning my previous life as an ape.

In this sense, unfortunately, I cannot comply with your request. Almost five years separate me from my existence as an ape, a short time perhaps when measured by the calendar, but endlessly long to gallop through, as I have done, at times accompanied by splendid people, advice, applause, and orchestral music, but basically alone, since all those accompanying me held themselves back a long way from the barrier, in order to preserve the image. This achievement would have been impossible if I had stubbornly wished to hold onto my origin, onto the memories of my youth. Giving up that obstinacy was, in fact, the highest command that I gave myself. I, a free ape, submitted myself to this yoke. As a result, however, my memories have increasingly closed themselves off against me. If people had wanted it, at first the entire gateway which heaven builds over the earth would have been available to me for my journey back, but as my development was whipped onwards, the gate simultaneously grew lower and narrower all the time. I felt myself more comfortable and more enclosed in the world of human beings. The storm which blew me out of my past eased off. Today it is only a gentle breeze which cools my heels. And the distant hole through which it comes and through which I once came has become so small that, even if I had sufficient power and will to run back there, I would have to scrape the fur off my body in order to get through. Speaking frankly, as much as I like choosing metaphors for these things—speaking frankly: your experience as apes, gentlemen—to the extent that you have something of that sort behind you—cannot be more distant from you than mine is from me. But it tickles at the heels of everyone who walks here on earth, the small chimpanzee as well as the great Achilles.

In the narrowest sense, however, I can perhaps answer your question, nonetheless, and indeed I do so with great pleasure.

The first thing I learned was to give a handshake. The handshake displays candor. Today, when I stand at the pinnacle of my career, may I add to that first handshake also my candid words. For the Academy it will not provide anything essentially new and will fall far short of what people have asked of me and what with the best will I cannot speak about—but nonetheless it should demonstrate the direct line by which someone who was an ape was forced into the world of men, in which he established himself firmly. Yet I would certainly not permit myself to say even the trivial things which follow if I were not completely sure of myself and if my position on all the great music hall stages of the civilized world had not established itself unassailably.

I come from the Gold Coast. For an account of how I was captured I rely on the reports of strangers. A hunting expedition from the firm of Hagenbeck—incidentally, since then I have already emptied a number of bottles of good red wine with the leader of that expedition—lay hidden in the bushes by the shore as I ran down in the evening in the middle of a band of apes for a drink. Someone fired a shot. I was the only one struck. I received two hits.

One was in the cheek—that was superficial. But it left behind a large hairless red scar which earned me the name Red Peter—a revolting name, completely inappropriate, presumably something invented by an ape, as if

the only difference between me and the recently deceased trained ape Peter, who was well known here and there, was the red patch on my cheek. But this is only by the way.

The second shot hit me below the hip. It was serious. It's the reason that today I still limp a little. Recently I read in an article by one of the ten thousand gossipers who vent their opinions about me in the newspapers that my ape nature is not yet entirely repressed. The proof is that when visitors come I take pleasure in pulling off my trousers to show the entry wound caused by this shot. That fellow should have each finger of his writing hand shot off one by one. So far as I am concerned, I may pull my trousers down in front of anyone I like. People will not find there anything other than well cared-for fur and the scar from—let us select here a precise word for a precise purpose, something that will not be misunderstood—the scar from a wicked shot. Everything is perfectly open; there is nothing to hide. When it comes to a question of the truth, every great mind discards the most subtle refinements of manners. However, if that writer were to pull down his trousers when he gets a visitor, that would certainly produce a different sight, and I'll take it as a sign of reason that he does not do that. But then he should get off my back with his delicate sensibilities.

After those shots I woke up—and here my own memory gradually begins—in a cage between decks on the Hagenbeck steamship. It was no four-sided cage with bars, but only three walls fixed to a crate, so that the crate constituted the fourth wall. The whole thing was too low to stand upright and too narrow for sitting down. So I crouched with bent knees, which shook all the time, and since at first I probably did not wish to see anyone and wanted to remain constantly in the darkness, I turned towards the crate, while the bars of the cage cut into the flesh on my back. People consider such confinement of wild animals beneficial in the very first period of time, and today I cannot deny, on the basis of my own experience, that in a human sense that is, in fact, the case.

But at that time I didn't think about that. For the first time in my life I was without a way out—at least there was no direct way out. Right in front of me was the crate, its boards fitted closely together. Well, there was a gap running right between the boards. When I first discovered it, I welcomed it with a blissfully happy howl of ignorance. But this hole was not nearly big enough to stick my tail through, and all the power of an ape could not make it any bigger.

According to what I was told later, I am supposed to have made remarkably little noise. From that people concluded that either I must soon die or, if I succeeded in surviving the first critical period, I would be very capable of being trained. I survived this period. Muffled sobbing, painfully searching out fleas, wearily licking a coconut, banging my skull against the wall of the crate, sticking out my tongue when anyone came near me—these were the first occupations in my new life. In all of them, however, there was only one feeling: no way out. Nowadays, of course, I can portray those ape-like feelings only with human words and, as a result, I misrepresent them. But even if I can no longer attain the old truth of the ape, at least it lies in the direction I have described—of that there is no doubt.

Up until then I had had so many ways out, and now I no longer had one. I was tied down. If they had nailed me down, my freedom to move would not have been any less. And why? If you scratch raw the flesh between your toes, you won't find the reason. If you press your back against the bars of the cage until it almost slices you in two, you won't find the reason. I had no way out, but I had to come up with one for myself. For without that I could not live. Always in front of that crate wall—I would inevitably have died a miserable death. But according to Hagenbeck, apes belong at the crate wall—well, that meant I would cease being an ape. A clear and beautiful train of thought, which I must have planned somehow with my belly, since apes think with their bellies.

I'm worried that people do not understand precisely what I mean by a way out. I use the word in its most common and fullest sense. I am deliberately not saying freedom. I do not mean this great feeling of freedom on all sides. As an ape, I perhaps recognized it, and I have met human beings who yearn for it. But as far as I am

concerned, I did not demand freedom either then or today. Incidentally, among human beings people all too often are deceived by freedom. And since freedom is reckoned among the most sublime feelings, the corresponding disappointment is also among the most sublime. In the variety shows, before my entrance, I have often watched a pair of artists busy on trapezes high up in the roof. They swung themselves, they rocked back and forth, they jumped, they hung in each other's arms, one held the other by the hair with his teeth. "That, too, is human freedom," I thought, "self-controlled movement." What a mockery of sacred nature! At such a sight, no structure would stand up to the laughter of the apes.

No, I didn't want freedom. Only a way out—to the right or left or anywhere at all. I made no other demands, even if the way out should also be only an illusion. The demand was small; the disappointment would not be any greater—to move on further, to move on further! Only not to stand still with arms raised, pressed against a crate wall.

Today I see clearly that without the greatest inner calm I would never have been able to get out. And, in fact, I probably owe everything that I have become to the calmness which came over me after the first days there on the ship. And, in turn, I owe that calmness to the people on the ship.

They are good people, in spite of everything. Today I still enjoy remembering the clang of their heavy steps, which used to echo then in my half sleep. They had the habit of tackling everything extremely slowly. If one of them wanted to rub his eyes, he raised his hand as if it were a hanging weight. Their jokes were coarse but hearty. Their laughter was always mixed with a rasp which sounded dangerous but meant nothing. They always had something in their mouths to spit out, and they didn't care where they spat. They always complained that my fleas sprung over onto them, but they were never seriously angry at me because of it. They understood well enough that fleas liked being in my fur and that fleas are jumpers. They learned to live with that. When they had no duties, sometimes a few of them sat down in a semi-circle around me. They didn't speak much, but only made noises to each other and smoked their pipes, stretched out on the crates. They slapped their knees as soon as I made the slightest movement, and from time to time one of them would pick up a stick and tickle me where I liked it. If I were invited today to make a journey on that ship, I would certainly decline the invitation, but it's equally certain that the memories I could dwell on of the time there between the decks would not be totally hateful.

The calmness which I acquired in this circle of people prevented me above all from any attempt to escape. Looking at it nowadays, it seems to me as if I had at least sensed that I had to find a way out if I wanted to live, but that this way out could not be reached by escaping. I no longer know if escape was possible, but I think it was: for an ape it should always be possible to flee. With my present teeth I have to be careful even with the ordinary task of cracking a nut, but then I must have been able, over time, to succeed in chewing through the lock on the door. I didn't do that. What would I have achieved by doing it? No sooner would I have stuck my head out, than they would have captured me again and locked me up in an even worse cage. Or I could have taken refuge unnoticed among the other animals—say, the boa constrictors opposite me—and breathed my last in their embraces. Or I could have managed to steal way up to the deck and to jump overboard. Then I'd have tossed back and forth on the ocean for a little while and would have drowned. Acts of despair. I did not think things through in such a human way, but under the influence of my surroundings conducted myself as if I had worked things out.

I did not work things out, but I did observe things with complete tranquility. I saw these men going back and forth, always the same faces, the same movements. Often it seemed to me as if there was only one man. So the man or these men went undisturbed. A lofty purpose dawned on me. No one promised me that if I could become like them the cage would be removed. Such promises, apparently impossible to fulfill, are not made. But if one makes the fulfillment good, then later the promises appear precisely there where one had looked for them earlier without success. Now, these men in themselves were nothing which attracted me very much. If I had been a follower of that freedom I just mentioned, I would certainly have preferred the ocean to the way out

displayed in the dull gaze of these men. But in any case, I observed them for a long time before I even thought about such things—in fact, the accumulated observations first pushed me in the proper direction.

It was so easy to imitate these people. I could already spit on the first day. Then we used to spit in each other's faces. The only difference was that I licked my face clean afterwards. They did not. Soon I was smoking a pipe like an old man, and if I then also pressed my thumb down into the bowl of the pipe, the entire area between decks cheered. Still, for a long time I did not understand the difference between an empty and a full pipe.

I had the greatest difficulty with the bottle of alcohol. The smell was torture to me. I forced myself with all my power, but weeks went by before I could overcome my reaction. Curiously enough, the people took this inner struggle more seriously than anything else about me. In my memories I don't distinguish the people, but there was one who always came back, alone or with comrades, day and night, at all hours. He'd stand with the bottle in front of me and give me instructions. He did not understand me. He wanted to solve the riddle of my being. He used to uncork the bottle slowly and then look at me, in order to test if I had understood. I confess that I always looked at him with wildly over-eager attentiveness. No human teacher has ever found on the entire earthly globe such a student of human beings. After he'd uncorked the bottle, he'd raise it to his mouth. I'd gaze at him, right into his throat. He would nod, pleased with me, and set the bottle to his lips. Delighted with my gradual understanding, I'd squeal and scratch myself all over, wherever it was convenient. He was happy. He'd set the bottle to his mouth and take a swallow. Impatient and desperate to emulate him, I would defecate over myself in my cage—and that again gave him great satisfaction. Then, holding the bottle at arm's length and bringing it up once more with a swing, he'd drink it down with one gulp, exaggerating his backward bending as a way of instructing me. Exhausted with so much great effort, I could no longer follow and would hang weakly onto the bars, while he ended the theoretical lesson by rubbing his belly and grinning.

Now the practical exercises first began. Was I not already too tired out by the theoretical part? Yes, indeed, far too weary. That's part of my fate. Nonetheless, I'd grab the proffered bottle as well as I could and uncork it trembling. Once I'd managed to do that, a new energy would gradually take over. I lifted the bottle—with hardly any difference between me and the original—put it to my lips—and throw it away in disgust, in disgust, although it was empty and filled only with the smell, throw it with disgust onto the floor. To the sorrow of my teacher, to my own greater sorrow. And I still did not console him or myself when, after throwing away the bottle, I did not forget to give my belly a splendid rub and to grin as I do so.

All too often, the lesson went that way. And to my teacher's credit, he was not angry with me. Well, sometimes he held his burning pipe against my fur in some place or other which I could reach only with difficulty, until it began to burn. But then he would put it out himself with his huge good hand. He wasn't angry with me. He realized that we were fighting on the same side against ape nature and that I had the more difficult part.

It was certainly a victory for him and for me when one evening in front of a large circle of onlookers—perhaps it was a celebration, a gramophone was playing, an officer was wandering around among the people—when on this evening, at a moment when no one was watching, I grabbed a bottle of alcohol which had been inadvertently left standing in front of my cage, uncorked it just as I had been taught, amid the rising attention of the group, set it against my mouth and, without hesitating, with my mouth making no grimace, like an expert drinker, with my eyes rolling around, splashing the liquid in my throat, I really and truly drank the bottle empty, and then threw it away, no longer in despair, but like an artist. Well, I did forget to scratch my belly. But instead of that, because I couldn't do anything else, because I had to, because my senses were roaring, I cried out a short and good "Hello!" breaking out into human sounds. And with this cry I sprang into the community of human beings, and I felt its echo—"Just listen. He's talking!"—like a kiss on my entire sweat-soaked body.

I'll say it again: imitating human beings was not something which pleased me. I imitated them because I was looking for a way out, for no other reason. And even in that victory little was achieved. My voice immediately

failed me again. It first came back months later. My distaste for the bottle of alcohol became even stronger. But at least my direction was given to me once and for all.

When I was handed over in Hamburg to my first trainer, I soon realized the two possibilities open to me: the zoological garden or the music hall. I did not hesitate. I said to myself: use all your energy to get into the music hall. That is the way out. The zoological garden is only a new barred cage. If you go there, you're lost.

And I learned, gentlemen. Alas, one learns when one has to. One learns when one wants a way out. One learns ruthlessly. One supervises oneself with a whip and tears oneself apart at the slightest resistance. My ape nature ran off, head over heels, out of me, so that in the process my first teacher himself almost became an ape and soon had to give up training and be carried off to a mental hospital. Fortunately he was soon discharged again.

But I went through many teachers—indeed, even several teachers at once. As I became even more confident of my abilities and the general public followed my progress and my future began to brighten, I took on teachers myself, let them sit down in five interconnected rooms, and studied with them all simultaneously, by constantly leaping from one room into another.

And such progress! The penetrating effects of the rays of knowledge from all sides on my awaking brain! I don't deny the fact—I was delighted with it. But I also confess that I did not overestimate it, not even then, even less today. With an effort which up to this point has never been repeated on earth, I have attained the average education of a European man. Perhaps that in itself would not amount to much, but it is something insofar as it helped me out of the cage and created this particular way out for me—the way out of human beings. There is an excellent German expression: to beat one's way through the bushes. That I have done. I have beaten my way through the bushes. I had no other way, always assuming that freedom was not a choice.

If I review my development and its goal up to this point, I do not complain, but I am not content. With my hands in my trouser pockets, the bottle of wine on the table, I half lie and half sit in my rocking chair and gaze out the window. If I have a visitor, I welcome him as is appropriate. My impresario sits in the parlor. If I ring, he comes and listens to what I have to say. In the evening I almost always have a performance, and I could hardly be more successful. When I come home late at night from banquets, from scientific societies, or from social gatherings in someone's home, a small half-trained female chimpanzee is waiting for me, and I take my pleasure with her the way apes do. During the day I don't want to see her, for she has in her gaze the madness of a bewildered trained animal. I'm the only one who recognizes that, and I cannot bear it.

On the whole, at any rate, I have achieved what I wished to achieve. You shouldn't say it was not worth the effort. In any case, I don't want any human being's judgment. I only want to expand knowledge. I simply report. Even to you, esteemed gentlemen of the Academy, I have only made a report.

CONNECTING THE TEXTS

In pairs, mark a tick next to the texts that share similar ideas from the rubric. When you start to see connections, it makes it much easier to discuss the concept of discovery.

Discovery Rubric	Wildman- feature	Owen- poem		Kafka- short story
discovering something for the first time				
rediscovering something that has been lost, forgotten or concealed				
sudden and unexpected				
emerge from a process of deliberate and careful planning				
evoked by curiosity, necessity or wonder				
fresh and intensely meaningful in ways that may be emotional, creative, intellectual, physical and spiritual				
confronting and provocative				
lead us to new worlds and values				
stimulate new ideas, and enable us to speculate about future possibilities				
offer new understandings and renewed perceptions of ourselves and others				
individual's discoveries and their process of discovering can vary according to personal, cultural, historical and social contexts and values				
impact of these discoveries can be far-reaching and transformative for the individual and for broader society				
may be questioned or challenged when viewed from different perspectives				
their worth may be reassessed over time				
The ramifications of particular discoveries may differ for individuals and their worlds				
students can understand how texts have the potential to affirm or challenge individuals' or more widely-held assumptions and beliefs about aspects of human experience and the world				
students may make discoveries about people, relationships, societies, places and events and generate new ideas.				
Students consider the ways composers may invite them to experience discovery through their texts				
Students may deepen their understanding of the concept of discovery				

Now, deconstruct TWO of these texts and then compose an essay exploring how they represent the concept of discovery.

Related Text Scaffold: Discovery

Name of text: _____

Author: _____

Time published: _____

Context Information (personal, historical, social, cultural):

Summarise the text ideas (plot):

<i>Thesis on Discovery</i>	<i>Character actions and motivations which prove this thesis</i>	<i>Textual Evidence(Quotes) and Techniques which support this thesis and character</i>
Discoveries can offer new understandings and renewed perceptions of ourselves and others		

<i>Thesis on Discovery</i>	<i>Character actions and motivations which prove this thesis</i>	<i>Textual evidence(quotes) and techniques which support this thesis and character</i>

Why is this text a suitable related text for your prescribed text?

Related Text Scaffold: Discovery

Name of text: _____

Author: _____

Time published: _____

Context Information (personal, historical, social, cultural):

Summarise the text ideas (plot):

<i>Thesis on Discovery</i>	<i>Character actions and motivations which prove this thesis</i>	<i>Textual Evidence(Quotes) and Techniques which support this thesis and character</i>
Discoveries can offer new understandings and renewed perceptions of ourselves and others		

<i>Thesis on Discovery</i>	<i>Character actions and motivations which prove this thesis</i>	<i>Textual evidence(quotes) and techniques which support this thesis and character</i>

Why is this text a suitable related text for your prescribed text?

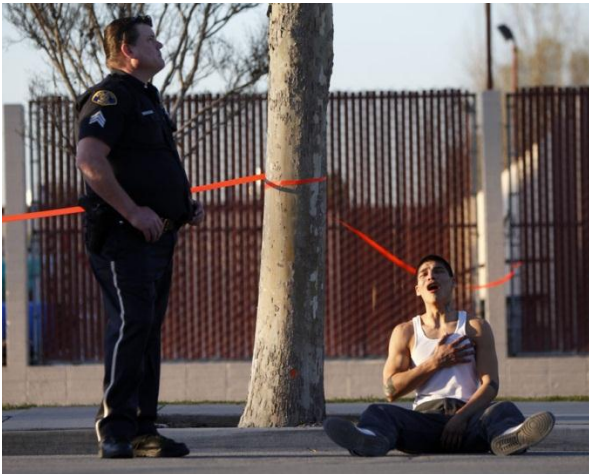
Creative Writing Activities: Discovery and Inspiration for Writing

1. Choose one of the following stimulus pieces as the basis for an imaginative piece of writing:

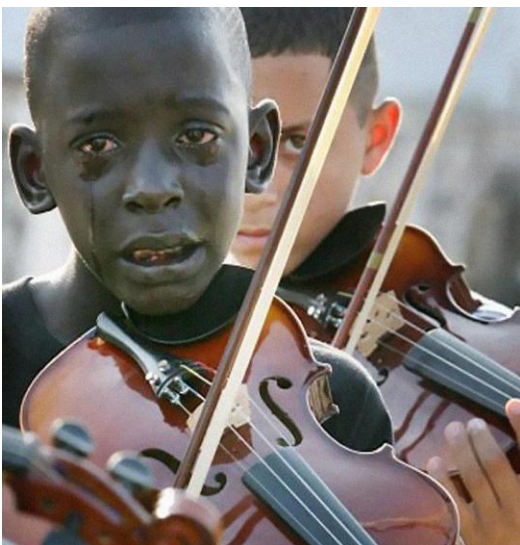
<http://www.boredpanda.com/must-see-powerful-photos/>



A Russian soldier is playing an abandoned piano in Chechnya in 1994. Why is the piano there? How did he discover it? What memories does this piano uncover?



Young man just found out his brother was killed. What are the consequences of this discovery? Was he his only brother? Was he at fault? Who made the discovery?



Diego Frazão Torquato, 12 year old Brazilian playing the violin at his teacher's funeral. The teacher had helped him escape poverty and violence through music. What did the student feel when he first discovered music? How did the discovery make him feel? Is Diego using music to numb the pain of losing his teacher too? What piece is Diego playing? Is it the first piece of music he discovered or the last piece his teacher had taught him.

Stimulus statements:

1. The discovery left me trembling.
2. The moment he lifted his face toward me, I knew that life would never be the same again.
3. 'It's not what you discover that is important', she smiled. 'It's how you do it.'
4. Each time I had a relationship breakdown, I discovered another piece of the puzzle that was me.
5. What I found would turn the world on its head and make me rich beyond all measure.
6. The old man sat in the café, silently sipping his tea. Each time the doorbell jingled as another customer came in his face lifted in hope and then sank in disappointment.
7. 'What have you got there?' The little girl danced around her brother, trying to see what he was so desperately trying to conceal.
8. 'Illumination', he muttered, 'is the first step towards frustration.'
9. 'I don't think you should tell her. It could change everything.'
10. 'The public have the right to know but do they really want to know?'
11. It was the first time the lion had seen a human. He was curious and edged closer to the truck.
12. The house on the hill had a long, bloody history but nobody seemed to think the Robinsons deserved to know that story before they bought the house. The general consensus was that they would find out soon enough.
13. 'Explorer? Does anyone do that anymore? '
14. 'My great grandfather was here when your people discovered our land. He said it was the beginning and end of a life.'
15. A school reunion can make you rediscover your insecurities or uncover the ones you didn't know existed.
16. 'The net is the greatest discovery of all time. It has democratised information and brought whole communities together. What else could be more important than that?'

Further writing activities to be completed in class:

- 1) **Work in pairs:** each individual writes the opening to a creative piece and then the pair swaps so each can write the conclusion.
- 2) Choose one of the texts studied earlier in the booklet. Imagine you are one of the characters in the texts. Create an imaginative piece in any style (except poem), exploring the concept of discovery and its importance.
- 3) **Create your own discovery box and bring it to class** – four to five items. In groups of four people, share the objects/items. Students can guess as to their significance and why you chose them. The group then creates a group narrative around one of the most interesting objects brought in.
- 4) Write a ten line simile poem on Discovery.
- 5) Write a letter to a government authority/wealthy patron asking them for money to support your quest to discover _____. Provide convincing reasons and use plenty of persuasive techniques to ensure you are successful.
- 6) Write down FIVE things you wish were not discovered and why. For example, the GPS app allows parents to monitor the whereabouts of their children. Has this discovery promoted a further lack of privacy or is it a security measure that is a reflection of solid parenting?