

<b>Remembering the Stolen ones</b> <i>ancrage et territoire (axe 2 thème 3) /art et contestation (axe 1 thème 1)</i> The Stolen Generations were the children of Australian Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander who were removed from their families	
	How was Australia awareness raised on this peculiar issue and to what consequences?
At the end of the Unit, I will	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- know more about Australia</li> <li>- how Aborigines were treated under the Australian Government</li> <li>- how some authors successfully raised awareness</li> </ul>
What vocabulary will I need ?	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- remembrance</li> <li>- racism</li> <li>- feeling</li> </ul>
What grammatical structure will I need ?	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- past perfect</li> <li>- prétérit</li> <li>- comparison</li> </ul>
What documents will be used ?	<p><b>1- Australia, a country like no others</b></p> <p>1a- Australia a big country            1b- Australia fun facts            1c- Bill Bryson, <i>Down Under</i>, 2000 (chapter 1)</p> <p><b>2- the Stolen ones</b></p> <p>2a- dossier photos            2b – Meeting Sister Bragra, <i>Terra Nullius</i>, Claire Coleman, 2017            2c- <i>Follow the Rabbit Proof Fence</i>, Doris Pilkington, 1996</p> <p><b>3- remembering the Stolen Ones</b></p> <p>3a- <i>Taken Away</i>, a painting by Sally Morgan            3b-c-d-e : <i>Stolen</i>, Jane Harrison (the story of Anne, Shirley, Ruby and Jimmy).            3f- Prime Minister Kevin Rudd, MP - Apology to Australia's Indigenous people</p>
What will I learn about ?	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- the history of Australia</li> <li>- the reason why the Aborigines were treated this way</li> <li>- How the memory of this period slowly came back into light</li> </ul>
Final Task	You will deliver a speech in memory of The Stolen Generation

**Instructions for your Final Task :**

- 1- Choose your part and stick to it : are you a stolen descendant or a stealer descendant?**
- 2- make it convincing and touching**
- 3- remember to give purpose to your speech**

NAME AND SURNAME :

**UNIT 1- Remember the Stolen Ones**  
You will deliver a speech in memory of The Stolen Generation

	Qualité du contenu	Pt score	Cohérence de la construction du discours	Pt score	Correction de la langue orale	Pt score	Richesse de la langue	Pt score
C1	J'ai traité le sujet et j'ai produit un oral fluide, convainquant, étayés par des éléments (inter)culturels pertinents.	30	J'ai développé mon sujet de manière complexe, en me basant sur mes connaissances acquises et personnelles. Mon sujet a été traité de façon très approfondie sans que je n'ai recours à des notes écrites et je n'ai pas donné l'impression de réciter mon discours.	30	J'ai une langue correcte grammaticalement, y compris lorsque je mobilise des structures complexes, mon accent est authentique ou presque	30	J'utilise de manière pertinente un vaste répertoire lexical incluant des expressions idiomatiques, des nuances de formulation et des structures variées.	30
	B2 +	25	B2 +	25	B2 +	25	B2 +	25
B2	J'ai cherché à camper mon personnage de façon convaincante.	20	J'ai développé mon sujet de façon pertinente et cohérente. La gestion de mes notes étaient bonnes, je me suis adressée à mon public et j'ai su transmettre un vrai message.	20	J'ai une bonne maîtrise des structures simples et courantes. Les erreurs sur les structures complexes ne donnent pas lieu à des malentendus, j'ai une très bonne intonation,	20	Je produis un énoncé dont l'étendue du lexique et des structures sont suffisantes pour permettre des précisions et une variété des formulations.	20
	B1 + / B2 -	15	B1 + / B2 -	15	B1 + / B2 -	15	B1 + / B2 -	15
B1	Mon personnage manquait un peu de pertinence. Je n'ai fait qu'effleurer le sujet.	10	Je manquais de cohérence et de conviction par moment et je n'ai pas su convaincre mon public de ma légitimité	10	Je maîtrise des structures simples et courantes. Les erreurs sur les structures simples ne gênent pas la compréhension, j'ai un bon accent / je fais des efforts pour mon accent.	10	Je peux produire un énoncé mais je n'ai pas suffisamment de vocabulaire: je dois utiliser des périphrases et de répétitions	10
	A2 + / B1 -	7	A2 + / B1 -	7	A2 + / B1 -	7	AA2 + / B1 -	7
A2	J'ai tenté de développer mon sujet mais elle manquait de pertinence. Je n'ai pas parlé suffisamment longtemps	5	J'ai traité le sujet en terme simple, mon discours était bref, et les éléments juxtaposés. je n'ai pas cherché à me détacher de mes notes, je n'ai pas assez regardé mon public	5	Je produis un énoncé oral immédiatement compréhensible malgré des erreurs fréquentes, mon accent est trop français	5	Je peux produire un énoncé dont les mots sont adaptés à l'intention de communication, mais mon répertoire lexical est limité	5
	A1 vers le A2	4	A1 vers le A2	4	A1 vers le A2	4	A1 vers le A2	4
A1	Le sujet a été abordé, légèrement / l'oral était beaucoup trop court / les notes lues sans aucun efforts	3	J'ai traité le sujet en terme très simple, mon énoncé est ponctué de pause, de faux démarrages, d'hésitation	3	Je produis un énoncé oral globalement compréhensible mais il n'est pas facile de me comprendre	3	Je peux produire un énoncé intelligible malgré un lexique pauvre.	3
Pré-A1	J'ai rassemblé des mots isolés, en lien	1	J'ai rassemblé des notes, non articulées	1	Je produis un énoncé oral mais il est peu	1	Je peux produire quelques éléments	1

	avec le sujet.				intelligible.		stéréotypés.	
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niveau		A2				A2 +			B1 -			B1			B2 -			B2			B2+ / C1
Total point obtenus	0- 4	4 – 12				13-17			30-39			40-59			60- 70			80-100			100-120
NOTE s/ 20	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20

## 1- Australia, a country like no others

1a- Australia a big country : meeting point 1ère p 212



1b- Australia fun facts: distribution de la feuille, appropriation / mémorisation puis kahoot avec des questions sur les fun facts et la carte postale

1c- Bill Bryson, *Down Under*, 2000

échange autour des différents éléments de l'Australie (doc 1a et 1b) puis travail sur le texte de Bill Bryson:

présentation de Australia – différents éléments mentionnés, comment...

écriture d'un texte à la manière de... Le Vésinet / Chatou / Croissy – Paris – Le Lycée Alain (au choix ou imposé)

lecture en classe

2a- photos: travail de repérage en mode un qui parle, l'autre qui écoute et qui doit retrouver sa photo (mettre plusieurs photo en commun)

rédaction pensées au moment où la photo est prise et pensée en retrouvant la photo des années plus tard

cf dossier photos



2a- (1).jpg



2a- (1).PNG



2a- (2).PNG



2a- (3).PNG



2a- (4).PNG



2a- (5).PNG



2a- (6).PNG

2b – Terra Nullius, Claire Coleman : repérage – compréhension  
rédaction (notée): pensées d'une personne autre.

Attribution au hasard: one of the child – another child – another missionary who approves / who disapproves of Sister Braga

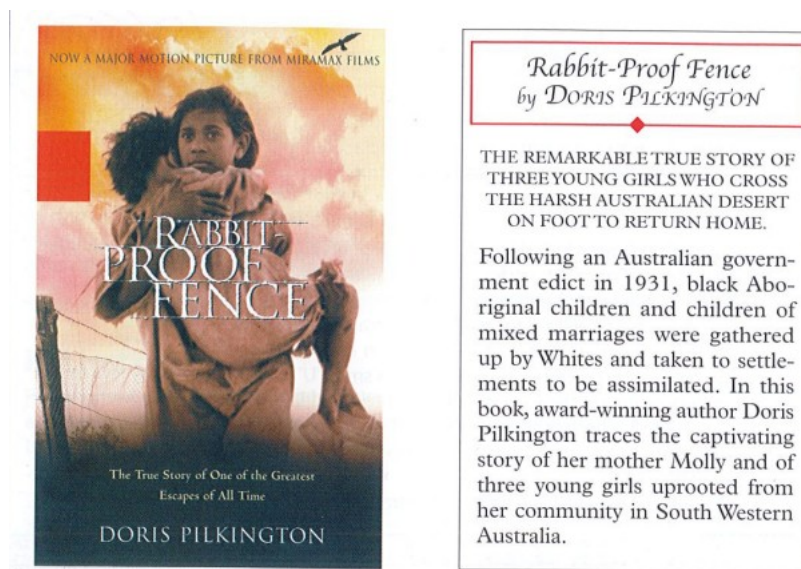
2c- The rabbit proof fence, Doris Pilkington, manuel 1ère meeting point p218-219

travail sur le document: remettre dans l'ordre

et constater avec les photos du document précédent

sentiment / présentation des personnages / contraste

rédaction : retrouvailles / découverte de la disparition



### 3- remembering the Stolen Ones

#### 3a- *Taken Away*, a painting by Sally Morgan:

travail sur la peinture, document iconographique:

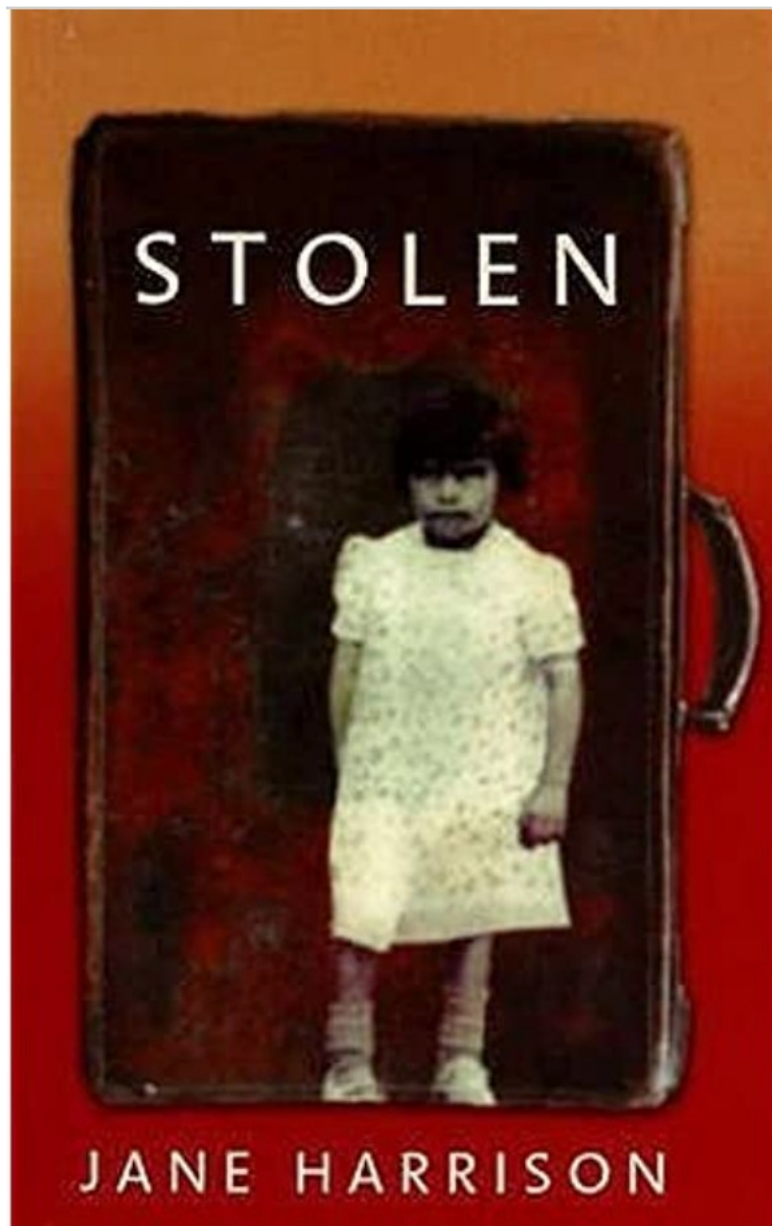
½ classe regarde la peinture et décrit à l'autre moitié qui la dessine sans la voir

Recap en commun sur les éléments importants / à retenir



3b-c-d-e : Stolen, Jane Harrison (the story of Anne, Shirley, Ruby and Jimmy)  
Travail texte par texte: ½ classe lit et explique à l'autre moitié de la classe  
Recap en commun  
Représentation théâtrale

Puis travail de réécriture: answer / echo / suite



*Stolen* is a play by Jane Harrison written in 1998. It is based upon the lives of five indigenous people who dealt with the issues of forceful removal by the Australian government.

Cf pdf:

histoire de Anne, Shirley, Ruby and Jimmy.

Travail texte par texte: ½ classe lit et explique à l'autre moitié de la classe

Recap en commun

Donner les textes au hasard aux élèves, former des groupes pour lecture, appropriation et mise en scène.

Jeu fait en classe.

Faire imaginer le décor, les bruits, les mimiques

Représentation théâtrale

Puis travail de réécriture: answer / echo / suite

3f- Prime Minister Kevin Rudd, MP - Apology to Australia's Indigenous people

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=y1-9NO6G\\_dw](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=y1-9NO6G_dw)

CO sur 3 minutes 30

voir si découpage possible pour faire recouper les informations et faire faire une CO à 3 (?)

Bill Bryson: texte entier:

Australia is, after all, mostly empty and a long way away. Its population, about 19 million, is small by world standards – China grows by a larger amount each year – and its place in the world economy is consequently peripheral; as an economic entity, it is about the same size as Illinois. From time to time it sends us useful things – opals, merino wool, Errol Flynn, the boomerang – but nothing we can't actually do without. Above all, Australia doesn't misbehave. It is stable and peaceful and good. It doesn't have coups, recklessly overfish, arm disagreeable despots, grow coca in provocative quantities or throw its weight around in a brash and unseemly manner (...)

Australia is the world's sixth largest country and its largest island. It is the only island that is also a continent, and the only continent that is also a country. It was the first continent conquered from the sea, and the last. It is the only nation that began as a prison. It is the home of the largest living thing on earth, the Great Barrier Reef, and of the most famous and striking monolith, Ayers Rock (or Uluru to use its now official, more respectful Aboriginal name). It has more things that will kill you than anywhere else. Of the world's ten most poisonous snakes, all are Australian. Five of its creatures – the funnel-web spider, box jellyfish, blue-ringed octopus, paralysis tick and stonefish – are the most lethal of their type in the world. This is a country where even the fluffiest of caterpillars can lay you out with a toxic nip, where seashells will not just sting you but actually sometimes go for you. Pick up an innocuous coneshell from a Queensland beach, as innocent tourists are all too wont to do, and you will discover that the little fellow inside is not just astoundingly swift and testy, but exceedingly venomous. If you are not stung or pronged to death in some unexpected manner, you may be fatally chomped by sharks or crocodiles, or carried helplessly out to sea by irresistible currents, or left to stagger to an unhappy death in the baking outback. It's a tough place. And it is old. For 60 million years, since the formation of the Great Dividing Range, Australia has been all but silent geologically, which has allowed it to preserve many of the oldest things ever found on earth – the most ancient rocks and fossils, the earliest animal tracks and riverbeds, the first faint signs of life itself. At some undetermined point in the great immensity of its past – perhaps 45,000 years ago, perhaps 60,000, but certainly before there were modern humans in the Americas or Europe – it was quietly invaded by a deeply inscrutable people, the Aborigines, who have no clearly evident racial or linguistic kinship to their neighbours in the region, and whose presence in Australia can be explained only by positing that they invented and mastered ocean-going craft at least 30,000 years in advance of anyone else in order to undertake an exodus, then forgot or abandoned nearly all that they had learned and scarcely ever bothered with the open sea again. It is an accomplishment so singular and extraordinary, so uncomfortable with scrutiny, that most histories breeze over it in a paragraph or two, then move on to the second, more explicable invasion – the one that begins with the arrival of Captain James Cook and his doughty little ship HMS Endeavour in Botany Bay in 1770. Never mind that Captain Cook didn't discover Australia and that he wasn't even a captain at the time of his visit. For most people, including most Australians, this is where the story begins. The world those first Englishmen found was famously inverted – its seasons back to

front, its constellations upside down – and unlike anything any of them had seen before, even in the near latitudes of the Pacific. Its creatures seemed to have evolved as if they had misread the manual. The most characteristic of them didn't run or lope or canter, but bounced across the landscape, like dropped balls. The continent teemed with unlikely life. It contained a fish that could climb trees; a fox that flew (it was actually a very large bat); crustaceans so big that a grown man could climb inside their shells. In short, there was no place in the world like it. There still isn't. Eighty per cent of all that lives in Australia, plant and animal, exists nowhere else. More than this, it exists in an abundance that seems incompatible with the harshness of the environment. Australia is the driest, flattest, hottest, most desiccated, infertile and climatically aggressive of all the inhabited continents. (Only Antarctica is more hostile to life.) This is a place so inert that even the soil is, technically speaking, a fossil. And yet it teems with life in numbers uncounted. For insects alone, scientists haven't the faintest idea whether the total number of species is 100,000 or more than twice that. As many as a third of those species remain entirely unknown to science. For spiders, the proportion rises to 80 per cent. I mention insects in particular because I have a story about a little bug called *Nothomyrmecia macrops* that I think illustrates perfectly, if a bit obliquely, what an exceptional country this is. It's a slightly involved tale but a good one, so bear with me please. In 1931 on the Cape Arid peninsula in Western Australia, some amateur naturalists were poking about in the scrubby wastes when they found an insect none had seen before. It looked vaguely like an ant, but was an unusual pale yellow and had strange, staring, distinctly unsettling eyes. Some specimens were collected and these found their way to the desk of an expert at the National Museum of Victoria in Melbourne, who identified the insect at once as *Nothomyrmecia*. The discovery caused great excitement because, as far as anyone knew, nothing like it had existed on earth for a hundred million years. *Nothomyrmecia* was a proto-ant, a living relic from a time when ants were evolving from wasps. In entomological terms, it was as extraordinary as if someone had found a herd of triceratops grazing on some distant grassy plain. An expedition was organized at once, but despite the most scrupulous searching no one could find the Cape Arid colony. Subsequent searches came up equally empty-handed. Almost half a century later, when word got out that a team of American scientists was planning to search for the ant, almost certainly with the kind of high-tech gadgetry that would make the Australians look amateurish and underorganized, government scientists in Canberra decided to make one final, pre-emptive effort to find the ants alive. So a party of them set off in convoy across the country. On the second day out, while driving across the South Australia desert, one of their vehicles began to smoke and sputter, and they were forced to make an unscheduled overnight stop at a lonely pause in the road called Poochera. During the evening one of the scientists, a man named Bob Taylor, stepped out for a breath of air and idly played his torch over the surrounding terrain. You may imagine his astonishment when he discovered, crawling over the trunk of a eucalyptus beside their campsite, a thriving colony of none other than *Nothomyrmecia*. Now consider the probabilities. Taylor and his colleagues were 800 miles from their intended search site. In the almost three million square miles of emptiness that is Australia, one of the handful of people able to identify it had just found one of the rarest, most sought-after insects on earth – an insect seen alive just once, almost half a century earlier – and all because their van had broken down where it did. *Nothomyrmecia*, incidentally, has still never been found at its original site. You take my point again, I'm sure. This is a country that is at once staggeringly empty and yet packed with stuff. Interesting stuff, ancient stuff, stuff not readily explained. Stuff yet to be found. Trust me, this is an interesting place.

Doc retravaillé:

### 1c- Australia Is an interesting place

Australia is, after all, mostly empty and a long way away. Its population, about 19 million, is small by world standards – China grows by a larger amount each year – and its place in the world economy is consequently peripheral; as an economic entity, it is about the same size as Illinois. From time to time it

sends us useful things – opals, merino wool, Errol Flynn, the boomerang – but nothing we can't actually do without. Above all, Australia doesn't misbehave. It is stable and peaceful and good. It doesn't have coups, recklessly overfish, arm disagreeable despots, grow coca in provocative quantities or throw its weight around in a brash and unseemly manner (...) Australia is the world's sixth largest country and its largest island. It is the only island that is also a continent, and the only continent that is also a country. It was the first continent conquered from the sea, and the last. It is the only nation that began as a prison. It is the home of the largest living thing on earth, the Great Barrier Reef, and of the most famous and striking monolith, Ayers Rock (or Uluru to use its now official, more respectful Aboriginal name). It has more things that will kill you than anywhere else. Of the world's ten most poisonous snakes, all are Australian. Five of its creatures – the funnel-web spider, box jellyfish, blue-ringed octopus, paralysis tick and stonefish – are the most lethal of their type in the world. This is a country where even the fluffiest of caterpillars can lay you out with a toxic nip, where seashells will not just sting you but actually sometimes go for you. Pick up an innocuous coneshell from a Queensland beach, as innocent tourists are all too wont to do, and you will discover that the little fellow inside is not just astoundingly swift and testy, but exceedingly venomous. If you are not stung or pronged to death in some unexpected manner, you may be fatally chomped by sharks or crocodiles, or carried helplessly out to sea by irresistible currents, or left to stagger to an unhappy death in the baking outback. It's a tough place. And it is old. For 60 million years, since the formation of the Great Dividing Range, Australia has been all but silent geologically, which has allowed it to preserve many of the oldest things ever found on earth – the most ancient rocks and fossils, the earliest animal tracks and riverbeds, the first faint signs of life itself. At some undetermined point in the great immensity of its past – perhaps 45,000 years ago, perhaps 60,000, but certainly before there were modern humans in the Americas or Europe – it was quietly invaded by a deeply inscrutable people, the Aborigines, who have no clearly evident racial or linguistic kinship to their neighbours in the region, and whose presence in Australia can be explained only by positing that they invented and mastered ocean-going craft at least 30,000 years in advance of anyone else in order to undertake an exodus, then forgot or abandoned nearly all that they had learned and scarcely ever bothered with the open sea again. It is an accomplishment so singular and extraordinary, so uncomfortable with scrutiny, that most histories breeze over it in a paragraph or two, then move on to the second, more explicable invasion – the one that begins with the arrival of Captain James Cook and his doughty little ship HMS Endeavour in Botany Bay in 1770. Never mind that Captain Cook didn't discover Australia and that he wasn't even a captain at the time of his visit. For most people, including most Australians, this is where the story begins. (...). Eighty per cent of all that lives in Australia, plant and animal, exists nowhere else. More than this, it exists in an abundance that seems incompatible with the harshness of the environment. Australia is the driest, flattest, hottest, most desiccated, infertile and climatically aggressive of all the inhabited continents. (Only Antarctica is more hostile to life.) This is a place so inert that even the soil is, technically speaking, a fossil. And yet it teems with life in numbers uncounted. You take my point again, I'm sure. This is a country that is at once staggeringly empty and yet packed with stuff. Interesting stuff, ancient stuff, stuff not readily explained. Stuff yet to be found. Trust me, this is an interesting place.

Bill Bryson, *Down Under*, chapter 1 (abridged), 2000

doc Terra nullius claire coleman

When I saw the squalor they lived in, without any of the conveniences that make our lives better, dirty and seemingly incapable of being clean, I was horrified. When I discovered they had intelligence I was surprised. When I was told their souls had not been saved I resolved to do something about it. – THE REVEREND MOTHER MARY SANTESLOSH JACKY WAS

RUNNING. There was no thought in his head, only an intense drive to run. There was no sense he was getting anywhere, no plan, no destination, no future. All he had was a sense of what was behind, what he was running from. Jacky was running. The heave of his breath, the hammering of his heart were the only sounds in his world. Through the film of tears and stinging, running sweat in his eyes there was nothing to see, only a grey, green, brown blur of woodland rushing past. Jacky was running. Other days he had felt joy at the speed, at the staccato rhythm of his feet, but not today. There was no space in his life for something as abstract – as useless – as joy. Only a sense of urgency remained. Jacky was running. Sister Bagra paced the oppressively dark, comfortably stuffy halls of her mission in silent, solitary contemplation. She was dedicated to her duty, to bring faith to these people, if they could be called people; to bring religion, to bring education to these savages. An almost completely thankless task, a seemingly pointless, useless task. The recipients of her effort seemed totally incapable of appreciating what was being done for them, even going so far as resenting her help. No matter how much she questioned the validity of the task at hand, it mattered not. She twisted, writhed, fought like a hooked eel, trying to throw off the pointy bit of steel in its mouth, inside her head where nobody else could see. She moaned, bitched and complained behind her nearly always expressionless visage, careful to ensure nobody else would ever know about it. She would persevere, she would fulfil her duty to the best of her ability. They may be out in the middle of nowhere, there may be nobody to see them bar the ubiquitous Natives, but that was no reason to allow decorum to slide. The walls glowed faintly; an observer would guess rightly that in daylight they were a blinding pure white. The sort of white that hurts your eyes if you are foolish enough to stare at it for too long. There would not be a speck of dirt on the walls, no sand on the floor, no scuffs, nothing to demonstrate that the building was used. An army of hands kept her halls spotless. Her robes, her habit was too thick, too stiff, too warm for this ridiculously hot place, yet to not be dressed in the full dress of her Order was unthinkable. She would never suffer a lowering of the standards of any of the women under her command, and she was always far harder on herself than she was on them. Far better to pray, again, and then again that the weather in this godforsaken place where she had found herself would get better, get cooler, or wetter. Her role, her duty was to suffer through discomfort if needs be; her job was to be disciplined, to teach discipline, to bring the Word to the ungodly, so suffer she must. There was no escaping the certainty that she did not belong in this place, it was too hot and too dry and the food – the quickest way to earn her ire, the easiest way to unleash her famous temper was to mention the food. Certainly, there were local plants and animals that the savages seemed to relish, but surely she could not be expected to actually eat them. Attempts were being made to grow crops from home but they were hampered by the lack of rain and lack of farming expertise. So many people kept arriving: troopers, shopkeepers and merchants, missionaries and thieves. What they needed was just one decent farmer. Over half the colony were still totally reliant on rations delivered by ship from home, and what arrived was barely edible after the months of transit. Most of it was barely edible before it even left home, after what they had to do to make it survive the trip. Once it arrived at the colony it still had to be transported overland in the heat to the mission. The food, don't get her started about the food. Stopping suddenly as if startled, she listened. She could hear the susurrus of voices – no intelligible words, just the faintest of tiny noises like the scurrying of the infernal mice that infested this unliveable hellhole no matter what measures they took to eliminate them. Wrapped in the comfort of her accustomed silence she followed the faint, bare trace of sound, finally tracking it down to the correct door. Talking after lights out, and in that jabber as well – that nonsense the Natives use instead of language. Will the little monsters never learn? She opened the door and slipped through it, the hems of her neat pressed habit cracking like a whip with the speed; she moved so fast

she was almost invisible. Two children were kneeling beside their beds whispering prayers to whatever primitive god, or gods, they worshipped. Surely they were newcomers to the mission school if they knew no better. They would soon know, that much was certain; both would be in solitary before dawn. Why wait, why not this instant? She dragged the little animals by their too thick, too curly hair, chastising them in a constant hissing monotone, ignoring their screamed, unintelligible complaints. They had fallen before she had dragged them through the kitchen courtyard, past the new plantings she had been eyeing earlier that day in anticipation of their future fruit. The dead weight of the children was no hindrance to Bagra in her fury, they left two uneven runnels in the gravel and dust. At the far side of the dusty red-brown courtyard, past the straggling green, yellow, brown weeds that needed pulling by the too-lazy Natives, was a neat line of three sheds. They were rough but strong, constructed of sheets of iron and local wood, barely the size of kennels. Two of them she opened, the bolts sliding with a snick like a drawing blade, and the windowless doors were yanked ajar. The screech of the doors opening was even louder than the wailing of the children as they were each in turn dumped unceremoniously in a box. They kept wailing after the doors were locked, screaming more of their jabber. She suspected that they were new to the mission but surely someone had told them enough to fear the 'boob' as the Natives called it. Some other little monster would have terrified them with the story. Sister Bagra had never bothered to learn the noises the Natives made instead of speaking; she could not see the point of learning a language so close to extinction. She berated them in hers, totally unconcerned whether or not they could understand her. Kicking each door once for emphasis, the sheet metal emitting a yell like a cross between thunder overhead and a church bell, she stormed away. In the dormitories the other children were silent in deep pretence of sleep. To hear Sister Bagra at all was rare, to hear her in a fury was something few forgot. Like an ill-mannered ghost she stamped and clattered her way back to her room to pray for the strength to survive these little beasts, this terrible place. Several hours later, over an irritatingly bland breakfast – the best the nuns and their Native servants could pull together from the rations they had claimed, begged, cajoled or scavenged from the last ship and from the poorly grown crops of the local Settlers – Sister Bagra held court. 'We will continue to try and help these "people".' Her voice was firm, leaving no room for dispute. The word 'people' she said in such a manner, with such venom, as to leave no doubt she did not consider the Natives people at all. Pausing to think, to choose her words, she continued, 'We will do our best, whether or not they can be helped.' One of the younger sisters was new to the mission – only days, a couple of weeks at most, off the latest ship. She was too new to know when to open her mouth and when to stay silent. 'Are we so sure they have souls to save?' Sister Bagra stared blankly at the young woman, trying to recall anything about this nun: even her name would be a start, a handle to hang other information on. She recalled nothing; it was as if the girl had arrived unannounced to the table from the ether. Racking her brain for at least a name, she almost forgot she had been asked a question, rather, a question had been thrown into the air of the room and someone would have to answer it. She was that someone. 'They have language. It might be vulgar, it's horrible really, but they can communicate with each other. They have names. They have at least enough intelligence to learn a little; they must have souls.' A name swam into her vision, faint but she could read it: Mel, that was the foolish child's name. Sister Bagra waved a slice of toasted bread – the poorly made primitive bread she tolerated, although she hated it – in a long bony hand for emphasis. 'What souls they have, we will save. Whatever it is they use for brains we will educate it –' she smiled the self-satisfied smile the other sisters most likely hated though they should be scared to say it, '– whether they like it or not.' Jacky ate his meagre dinner crouched furtively in the dappled golden light under spreading branches. It was not a lot of food, certainly not the abundance talked about in the

old stories the older Natives told each other. An old servant had heard about it from his father who had heard it from his grandfather: there was a time before the Settlers, when everybody had plenty of everything. It was, however, something – a handful of small apples from the ground under a tree in a too-neat park, a couple of eggs stolen from the cages the Settlers keep their birds in. Nobody prefers raw eggs over cooked. The texture is too much like mucus: not quite drinkable, not quite chewable. Jacky drank them down as if he was starving. He was not starving, not yet, although he had been hungry a long time. He knew too well what it was like to be hungry. He knew hunger well enough to eat anything he could get, whenever he got it. His frame, slight for his size, short for his apparent age, was all the evidence needed that he had been a long time underfed. Only his muscles were mature; he had the aura of wiry strength earned during a lifetime of hard work. His muscles and his scars, his body made of barbed wire and leather, betrayed that his life had not been easy. A young man, not much

## **2b – Meeting Sister Bagra**

Sister Bagra paced the oppressively dark, comfortably stuffy halls of her mission in silent, solitary contemplation. She was dedicated to her duty, to bring faith to these people, if they could be called people; to bring religion, to bring education to these savages. An almost completely thankless task, a seemingly pointless, useless task. The recipients of her effort seemed totally incapable of appreciating what was being done for them, even going so far as resenting her help. She would persevere, she would fulfil her duty to the best of her ability. They may be out in the middle of nowhere, there may be nobody to see them bar the ubiquitous Natives, but that was no reason to allow decorum to slide.

The walls glowed faintly; an observer would guess rightly that in daylight they were a blinding pure white. The sort of white that hurts your eyes if you are foolish enough to stare at it for too long. There would not be a speck of dirt on the walls, no sand on the floor, no scuffs, nothing to demonstrate that the building was used. An army of hands kept her halls spotless. Her robes, her habit was too thick, too stiff, too warm for this ridiculously hot place, yet to not be dressed in the full dress of her Order was unthinkable.

She would never suffer a lowering of the standards of any of the women under her command, and she was always far harder on herself than she was on them. Far better to pray, again, and then again that the weather in this godforsaken place where she had found herself would get better, get cooler, or wetter. Her role, her duty was to suffer through discomfort if needs be; her job was to be disciplined, to teach discipline, to bring the Word to the ungodly, so suffer she must. There was no escaping the certainty that she did not belong in this place, it was too hot and too dry and the food – the quickest way to earn her ire, the easiest way to unleash her famous temper was to mention the food.

Certainly, there were local plants and animals that the savages seemed to relish, but surely she could not be expected to actually eat them. Attempts were being made to grow crops from home but they were hampered by the lack of rain and lack of farming expertise. So many people kept arriving: troopers, shopkeepers and merchants, missionaries and thieves. What they needed was just one decent farmer. The food, don't get her started about the food.

Stopping suddenly as if startled, she listened. She could hear the susurrus of voices – no intelligible words, just the faintest of tiny noises like the scurrying of the infernal mice that infested this unliveable hellhole no matter what measures they took to eliminate them. Wrapped in the comfort of her accustomed silence she followed the faint, bare trace of sound,

finally tracking it down to the correct door. Talking after lights out, and in that jabber as well – that nonsense the Natives use instead of language. Will the little monsters never learn? She opened the door and slipped through it, the hems of her neat pressed habit cracking like a whip with the speed; she moved so fast she was almost invisible. Two children were kneeling beside their beds whispering prayers to whatever primitive god, or gods, they worshipped. Surely they were newcomers to the mission school if they knew no better. They would soon know, that much was certain. She dragged the little animals by their too thick, too curly hair, chastising them in a constant hissing monotone, ignoring their screamed, unintelligible complaints. They had fallen before she had dragged them through the kitchen courtyard, past the new plantings she had been eyeing earlier that day in anticipation of their future fruit.

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*Terra nullius*, Claire Coleman, 2017

doc complet: Terra nullius claire coleman

When I saw the squalor they lived in, without any of the conveniences that make our lives better, dirty and seemingly incapable of being clean, I was horrified. When I discovered they had intelligence I was surprised. When I was told their souls had not been saved I resolved to do something about it. – THE REVEREND MOTHER MARY SANTESLOSH

JACKY WAS RUNNING. There was no thought in his head, only an intense drive to run. There was no sense he was getting anywhere, no plan, no destination, no future. All he had was a sense of what was behind, what he was running from. Jacky was running. The heave of his breath, the hammering of his heart were the only sounds in his world. Through the film of tears and stinging, running sweat in his eyes there was nothing to see, only a grey, green, brown blur of woodland rushing past. Jacky was running. Other days he had felt joy at the speed, at the staccato rhythm of his feet, but not today. There was no space in his life for something as abstract – as useless – as joy. Only a sense of urgency remained. Jacky was running. Sister Bagra paced the oppressively dark, comfortably stuffy halls of her mission in silent, solitary contemplation. She was dedicated to her duty, to bring faith to these people, if they could be called people; to bring religion, to bring education to these savages. An almost completely thankless task, a seemingly pointless, useless task. The recipients of her effort seemed totally incapable of appreciating what was being done for them, even going so far as resenting her help. No matter how much she questioned the validity of the task at hand, it mattered not. She twisted, writhed, fought like a hooked eel, trying to throw off the pointy bit of steel in its mouth, inside her head where nobody else could see. She moaned, bitched and complained behind her nearly always expressionless visage, careful to ensure nobody else

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## **1b- Fun facts about Australia**

### **1. The Australian Alps get more snow than the Swiss Alps**

While many people visit Australia for its brilliant beaches and year-round sunshine, the Australian Alps, straddling New South Wales and Victoria, are a mecca for skiing enthusiasts. Snow usually falls between June and September, meaning Australia is the perfect place to get your skiing fix during the northern hemisphere summer.

### **2. 90% of Australians live on the coast**

The large deserts of central Australia mean that the vast majority of the population live on the shores of this enormous country. The large cities of Perth, Sydney and Melbourne are iconic places to visit, with buzzing centres and a multitude of beaches, from the sands of Bondi to the surf of Trigg. Outside of the major hubs, there are hundreds of smaller beach towns where you can appreciate Australia's beautiful coastline. 3. Tasmania has the cleanest air in the world The wildlife is an extension of the unique animals of Australia, where the Eastern Quoll, now considered extinct on the mainland are commonly sighted in the fertile farmland of Tasmania.

### **3. Tasmania has the cleanest air in the world**

The island of Tasmania is the ideal spot to experience the great outdoors - with air as clean as Antarctica, around one-third of the state is a national park or World Heritage protected. It is a walkers paradise, with trails and walkways winding over the whole island, where the coastal paths reveal impressive views over Wineglass Bay and the Bay of Fires. The wildlife is an extension of the unique animals of Australia, where the Eastern Quoll, now considered extinct on the mainland are commonly sighted in the fertile farmland of Tasmania.

### **4. The Great Barrier Reef is the largest eco-system in the world**

The Great Barrier Reef is the pride and joy of Australia, made up of nearly 2,500 individual reefs and visible from space. It stretched halfway down the eastern coast of the country, meaning there are plenty of places to use as jumping-off points to explore the kaleidoscopic coral.

### **5. Australia has over 60 separate wine regions**

The majority of the wine regions are in New South Wales and Victoria.

### **6. Fraser Island is the largest sand island in the world**

The sandy shores of Fraser Island are a highlight of any trip to Queensland. Hervey Bay is the jumping-off point for exploring the island, the clear blue waters of Lake MacKenzie surrounded by the white sand shore and the serenity of Champagne Pools, where you can swim in the shallow pools at the edge of the ocean. There are 150 dingoes on the island so it is a great opportunity to spot one of Australia's famous wild dogs but keep your distance as they are wild animals and can be aggressive if approached.

### **7. Indian Pacific train has the longest straight section of train track in the world**

Australia boasts a number of spectacular [rail journeys](#). Between Sydney and Perth lies the Indian Pacific, the railway that snakes its way across the country through the stunning Blue Mountains into the outback towards the mountainous Flinders Ranges.

### **8. The Great Ocean Road is the world's largest war memorial**

The Great Ocean Road is one of the most famous [drives in Australia](#), with stunning views and scenic vistas along the route. Built by returning soldiers after World War One, the road was dedicated as a memorial to those who died fighting and was designed to connect the isolated communities that clung to the edge of Victoria's rugged coastline.

### **9. 80% of the animals are unique to Australia**

The animals of Australia are some of the most interesting in the world, from cuddly marsupials to a huge variety of birds. There are so many opportunities to experience the wildlife of the country, from zoos and parks to spotting these unique creatures in the wild.

## 10. 2.5 km of Uluru is underground

The vast rock of Uluru sits in the red centre of Australia, surrounded by scrubland and sacred to various Aboriginal tribes in the area. It is one of the few places on the earth to be listed twice as a UNESCO World Heritage site, both on the cultural and natural lists. Amazingly around 2.5km of the rock is thought to be underground connected to the Olgas, where the rock emerges again 16 miles away.

Name : \_\_\_\_\_

### LLCER – DST 1 Stolen Generation -

**Prenez connaissance du dossier composé des documents A, B et C et répondez en anglais à la consigne suivante (500 mots environ) :**

**Paying particular attention to the specificities of the three documents, show how they interact to draw attention to the remembrance of the making of Australia, as a nation.**

#### DOCUMENT A :

They took me from my family when I was just a little thing, took me from my mother, from my father. They took me far away and made me work, I didn't even know where my family were, didn't even know I had a family poor thing. I never saw them again. – BOBBY KEN JACKY WOKE

AS the first tentative tendrils of light worked their way through the trees, clawing through the branches, pushing softly through the leaves. It was not the light that had woken him, rather it was a relentless gnawing hunger. If the pain hadn't caught his attention, the grumbling of his stomach, almost a roar, nearly a scream, would have. Not that this was intolerable, it was even normal. There were few times in his memory that he had been given or even stolen enough to eat. There was no time to mope, to fear, to eat or even to be hungry. He knew the Troopers would still be out there, still searching for him, and his only chance was to move as fast as he could. He knew he could go a day or two without food; hunger had been a normal punishment for minor mistakes, small rebellions. It would take a couple of days before hunger made him weak or foolish. So, for the moment at least, running was more important than eating. Move was what he did, as fast as he could away from the settlements, away from the roads, through the bushland, through dripping trees and scratching, tangling, grabbing bushes. He tripped, almost fell, on clumping grasses, stumbled over unexpected, hidden rocks, slid back almost as much as he climbed on gravel-clad hillsides.

There was no opportunity to think where he might be going; all that mattered was getting away from the house, away from the settlement and away from the Troopers. The Settlers would be afraid of the bush, of the deep woodland, so different from their home. That would be the safest place for him in whatever tangled, green and brown, scratchy and dirty, trackless and untidy scrub he could find. North-east was the best direction, the settlement from which he had escaped was west. Native servants don't move around much, but when they arrived at the station, from other stations, they mostly came from the south and the west. He'd been told most of the settlements were to the south and west, in that part of the world at least. North and east were drier, the woods thicker, the Settler population thinner, north and east should be safer.

Unfortunately, soon they would have the help of a Native tracker, someone from his own people, or someone like his own people, someone from far away so they would not feel too much compassion, to help them find him. A good tracker, a skilled tracker, a clever tracker would not make his escape as easy; he really had to get moving fast, but not too fast. He needed to be fast, yet careful; no amount of speed would be enough if he left signs of his passage even Settlers could follow. If he was careless enough there were trackers out there who would be able to track him even in the dark, he would never escape them. Chunks of red-brown ironstone, shapeless boulders like stuck-together pebbles, were scattered between the trees, most knee-height and a few as tall as his waist. He bounded

from rock to rock as fast as he could. There were rumours of trackers who would not be fooled even by such a move, though he had to try something. Rain, if it would come, would be a mixed blessing at best. The hammering of water on the ground would clear some of his track away, making it harder, even for a good tracker, to find him. On the other hand, if it rained it would not be as hot, and the Settlers would travel easier. When the rain cleared, as it always does, the wet ground would hold tracks even better than when it was dry. Jacky knew he lacked the experience to decide what was best, not that it really mattered in the middle of a drought. He could wish for rain but he was unlikely to get it. It was good to be out in the bush again, even though it was not his own bush, the bush around his barely remembered home. He could not quite see, though he strained his mind's eye, the forest back home. Yet he knew these trees felt wrong, they were not his trees, that was all he had left of home, a half-lost feeling. Behind him now were the foreign-looking, alien-feeling houses of the Settlers, the strange trees they had planted to make it look more like wherever it was they had come from. That at least was a relief. For the moment it didn't even matter which direction home was in, at least he was away. For fleeting moments while running he could almost forget his desperate peril. In those moments he ran for the joy of it, free in mind and body, his own man, running in his land. They did not last long, those moments; soon he was reminded that he was being hunted and the grim determination returned, the joy receded. All day he ran while the sun kept him just warm enough, lit his path, forced hope into his heart. 'Where there is life, there is hope'; it felt that day like 'where there is light, there is hope'. The light that day was bright. He ran, as if hope was entirely fuelled by the sun.--

*Terra nullius*, Claire Coleman, 2017

## **DOCUMENT B :**

January 26 1788 is the day Sir Arthur Phillip raised the British flag at Warrane (Sydney Cove) to claim the land as a British Colony. This day marks the beginning of a long and brutal colonisation of people and land. On 26 January each year people in Australia are asked to celebrate a national holiday, now called Australia Day. But Australia Day celebrations are not generally embraced by Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people, as well as some non-Indigenous people. For many First Nations people this day is recognised as Survival Day or Invasion Day. Because from this day in 1788 onwards, First Nations people suffered massacres, land theft, stolen children and widespread oppression at the hands of the colonising forces. For First Nations people, January 26 is a day of mourning the history that followed the arrival of Sir Arthur Phillip and the First Fleet.

There are many reasons why the 26 January and 'Australia Day' are controversial, painful and traumatic for First Nations people. A lot of Australians have some idea about the violent and devastating history of colonisation in Australia since 1788. But far less understand that colonialism and the effects of colonisation still exist today. And, that the legacy of racism plays out in every aspect of Australian society. Australia did not become a nation until 1901 when the six British colonies united to form the Commonwealth of Australia. In 1931 the Victorian Government signed off on a proposal to make the Monday nearest to 26 January a public holiday called Australia Day, forming a long weekend. By 1935 the other states and territories followed in the forming of a long weekend, near to 26 January. It wasn't until 1994 that 26 January was declared a national public holiday.

Paul Gorrie, a Gunai/Kurnai, Gunditjmara, Wiradjuri and Yorta Yorta man, speaking to the Aware Project, also sees it as a day of mourning because of the long term consequences of colonisation: "All over the world, when communities have traumatic experiences, there are long term consequences. Their children and grandchildren are affected, and depending on whether and how wrongdoings are acknowledged and continuing problems are addressed, the trauma tracks down the generations... Australians of today are not directly responsible for what happened in the past. But it is part of our shared history as Indigenous and non-Indigenous Australians and, together, we are responsible for what happens in the future."

Dr Tom Calma AO, Aboriginal elder of the Kungarakan people and Chancellor of the University of

Canberra, makes the point that “Indigenous Australians have felt the impact of racism from ‘day one’ in white Australian history.” So First Nations people are being asked not only to celebrate Australia on the day colonisation began, but to celebrate a country which won’t even include them in its Constitution.

The movement to “Change the Date” calls for a different date to celebrate the national holiday. The purpose of changing the date is to recognise that many people value having a special day to celebrate the place they call home, while also acknowledging the traumatic context and history that 26 January in particular represents. Suggestions for alternative dates include 1 January (the anniversary of Federation in 1901), 8 May (“May 8” sounds like “mate”) 27 May (the anniversary of the 1976 Indigenous referendum), and many more. The proposal to Change the Date is meant to be inclusive of all people who live in Australia, including First Nations people.

However, simply changing the date is not enough to change the narratives and systems in Australia that continue to oppress and disadvantage First Nations people. Further education of wider Australia on the history of colonisation, as well as understanding and acknowledgment of the issues important to First Nations people is also part of the conversation and proposal around changing the date.

Another growing movement is to abolish Australia Day. This means to cancel the national holiday, the concept of Australia Day and what it celebrates. It is argued that without significant changes in key areas of justice relating to First Nations people, there is nothing to celebrate. These areas include social justice, legal restitution, widespread acknowledgement of Australia’s true history, treaty, self-determination (the power of self-governance) and constitutional recognition.

The movement highlights that the things commonly celebrated on Australia Day such as equality, freedom, opportunity, and our national identity are not reflective of the experience of First Nations people and indeed many other people in Australia. Advocates in this movement also describe how the nationalistic pride often celebrated around Australia Day is rooted in racist, colonial history, values and behaviours.

<https://www.commonground.org.au/learn/australia-day>

**DOCUMENT C : The first fleet to Terra Nullius - <http://nationalunitygovernment.org/> (cf tableau)**

À video projeter:



**LLCER – DST 1 : STOLEN GENERATION**

	<b>Qualité du contenu</b>	<b>Pt score</b>	<b>Cohérence de la construction du discours</b>	<b>Pt score</b>	<b>Correction de la langue écrite</b>	<b>Pt score</b>	<b>Richesse de la langue</b>	<b>Pt score</b>
C1	J'ai montré mes connaissances approfondies sur la Stolen Generation + les impacts, lien fait avec les textes vu en classe. Connaissance fine et claire de l'histoire de l'Australie sur ces évènements là. Explication sur le titre : terra nullius et lien fait entre les 3 documents	30	Difficultés de reconnaissances des torts des Australiens blancs, conséquence de la célébration de l'arrivée des colons en Australie, division de la société : au moment de la colonisation (aide de certains aborigènes contre leur propre peuple) et par la suite. Evocation des attentes des Arborigènes	30	J'ai une langue correcte grammaticalement, y compris lorsque je mobilise des structures complexes.	30	J'utilise de manière pertinente un vaste répertoire lexical incluant des expressions idiomatiques, des nuances de formulation et des structures variées.	30
	B2 +	25	B2 +	25	B2 +	25	B2 +	25
B2	Connaissance étayée de la Stolen Generation lien fait entre le passé et le présent évocation d'élément propre de l'histoire de l'Australie	20	Chisme dans la société évoqué, passé présent. Evocation des problématiques soulevés par la célébration de Australia Day lien fait entre les 3 documents	20	J'ai une bonne maîtrise des structures simples et courantes. Les erreurs sur les structures complexes ne donnent pas lieu à des malentendus	20	Je produis un texte dont l'étendue du lexique et des structures sont suffisantes pour permettre des précisions et une variété des formulations.	20
	B1 + / B2 -	15	B1 + / B2 -	15	B1 + / B2 -	15	B1 + / B2 -	15
B1	Quelques connaissances historiques sur l'Australie explication simple des textes : Stolen generation, problématique soulevée par Australia Day, caricature mais peu de lien entre les différents documents	10	Documents traités les uns après les autres, le lien est difficilement fait entre les 3 documents explications peu structurées, trop vagues paraphrases ou résumé simple mais sans explications	10	Je maîtrise des structures simples et courantes. Les erreurs sur les structures simples ne gênent pas la lecture.	10	Je peux produire un texte mais je n'ai pas suffisamment de vocabulaire: je dois utiliser des périphrases et de répétitions	10
	A2 + / B1 -	7	A2 + / B1 -	7	A2 + / B1 -	7	A2 + / B1 -	7
A2	J'ai traité le sujet et produit un écrit court et peu étayé.	5	J'ai exposé une expérience ou un point de vue en utilisant des connections élémentaires	5	Je produis un texte immédiatement compréhensible malgré des erreurs fréquentes.	5	Je peux produire un texte dont les mots sont adaptés à l'intention de communication, mais mon répertoire lexical est limité	5
	A2 -	4	A2 -	4	A2 -	4	A2 -	4
A1	J'ai amorcé une production écrite en lien avec le sujet	3	J'ai énuméré des informations simples et brèves.	3	Je produis un texte globalement compréhensible mais il n'est pas facile de me comprendre	3	Je peux produire un texte intelligible malgré un lexique pauvre.	3
Pré-A1	J'ai rassemblé des mots isolés, en lien avec le sujet.	1	J'ai rassemblé des notes, non articulées	1	Je produis un écrit mais il est peu intelligible.	1	Je peux produire quelques éléments stéréotypés.	1

niveau		A2				A2 +			B1 -			B1			B2 -			B2			B2+ / C1
Total point obtenus	0- 4	4 – 12				13-17			30-39			40-59			60- 70			80-100			100-120
NOTE s/ 20	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20





