

YEAR 11 ENGLISH LITERATURE

Character: Cassandra Vasilikakis

To create a character is to lay bare the soul of a writer. To reflect their inner self. Their hopes, their fears, their passion, their pain. To a writer, they are not fictional. They are creations that embody a concept, a critique or a fondness, as real as you and I. Just like us, they have hopes and fears, passion and pain, things that drive them or hold them back. A good character is flawed, because if they are perfect, they are not *real*. One's perfection lies in their flaws.

This word for a fictional person also describes a real person - their identity, personality, what makes them unique. This is no coincidence, because to a writer, a character is *real*. They are written as though they could step off the page at any moment, and in the minds of a reader, they do.

缘分 (yuan fen) - an invisible string that brings people together: Alexis Zhang

When 缘分 is put directly into google translate it is most commonly translated into fate or destiny. However, these words do not truly encapsulate the meaning of this word, because fate and destiny are far too concrete, like something that has been set in stone for you.

Meanwhile, 缘分 is the idea that there are infinite possibilities that could occur, nothing is truly set in stone. Something can all change in the blink of an eye, and events can occur in ways that could have been wildly different. My sister often says 缘分 is how you meet people and make friends. It could be all changed by just sitting in a different place and yet somehow something brought you to this seat, which may have led to you meeting a lifelong friend.

If I had been put into a different class, or arrived late, or chosen a different school, people who I call my friends could have been nothing more than strangers in my life. This is something we commonly describe as luck or chance, but none of those words truly describe 缘分 because this word alone carries its own unspoken warmth whilst luck and chance can feel quite cold.

sunt, suntem, suntez, sunteti, sunte: Sofia Vrancianu Danila

(To belong to somewhere, origin) - The action of deriving from a place.

Sunt din Piatra Neamț, I am from Piatra Neamț.

(To exist, within or without) - Applicable to most any state, whether it be; your/a location, his/her emotion, or the possibility/hope - without a passage of time.

Sunt aici acum, I am here now.

(To be in ownership of) - Being in the possession and control of something of your own.

Lumele astea sunt ale mele, these worlds are mine.

to share: Yina Zhou

The idea of everyone sharing from a singular plate. Living in China, my family and I shared dinner in a way that uniquely reflected our culture. We'd set three dishes in the middle of the table and all dig in together. My sister and I frequently bickered over the larger pieces, and I made a habit of stealing the best bites right before she could. A whole fight over one bite.

One night, I had dinner at a friend's house and it made me realize the difference between my family routines. Instead of central dishes, I was handed a single plate divided into neat sections for my meat and veggies. It made me realize that while my friend's dinner was calm and orderly, I actually loved the lively, chaotic togetherness of sharing meals with my own family. It wasn't just eating our meals, it was eating together, to share a meal.

Caprichar: Megha Karthick

"A reminder to put your best effort into the things you do for people you love, with extreme care, love, and passion." [kah-pree-SHAHR]

To me, *caprichar* is not simply the beautiful act of putting your whole heart into the things you do for the people you love. It is choosing to care deeply, to go beyond what is expected, and to give your time, attention and passion simply because someone matters to you. It is love made visible in the smallest of gestures. Preparing a meal with care, opening your home to others, offering help, or doing something simply to make someone smile.

Caprichar reminds me of my parents. They have always had open arms, open hearts and an open home for anyone and everyone. Their love exists in the way they welcome people in, make space for them and give so generously of themselves. They have taught me that love is not always found in grand gestures, but in the quiet decision to give someone your very best.

If *caprichar* is a reminder to put your best effort into the things you do for the people you love, then my parents are my *caprichar*. They are the living embodiment of care, generosity and love, and when I think of the word, I think of them.

Bello: Mason Villella

Word forms: Bello (masculine), Bella (feminine) Adjective, Italian

1. Beautiful, lovely, something called in warmth, faith and spirit. A nickname from someone wiser and more experienced than you, a grandmother, great aunt, parents. Memories of calling out in rows of cordon tomato plants, vines weaving across dirt and homemade wooden pikes in an afternoon glow of nostalgia; not just warmth, but comfort, tranquillity, and temporary equanimity.
2. Scents of crespella, homemade pizza and linguini in a kitchen known by generations: children, parents, cousins, aunts and uncles - an entire family. The food is ready, time to gather when the word is called. The family gathered at a table, in celebration, in happiness, in sadness, in togetherness.
3. A fond farewell, in hopes of seeing again, often preceded by ciao, in a great aunts' case, done through tears. It always makes it harder to leave them. An old front porch, weathered,

steps once easy to climb, banisters as barriers for beloveds. A love deeper than skin, that cannot die.

Panagia: Leo Angelatos

1: noun - all holy. A direct title for the mother of god, the virgin mother mary.

2: adjective - expression of emotion, when a disobedient act has your yaiya exclaiming ‘ahh panagiamu!!’ (Oh, Christ!) (how could you!) feelings only described as the painful disappointment of the woman whose suffering would bring you to shivers.

3: prayer - holiest of people. Contained in the prayers of saints and sex workers, Christ worshippers and criminals, for even the most wretched of souls are drawn to Mother Mary's holiness and seek salvation in damnation.

4: origin - Pan = all/every,

all-encompassing the hearts of my people, drawing the holy spirit to all of us.

Through all our suffering

In every one of our prayers

Hagia = holy

For the holiness of her existence so immense, signifying the glory of being touched by God.

Kissed by the son

And formed in the infinite will of the holy spirit

恭喜發財，万事如意

恭 (kong) 喜 (hei) 发 (faat) 财 (choi) , 万 (maan) 事 (si) 如 (yu) 意 (yi)

Tingting Sun

Said unanimously amidst the annual red and gold adorned Chinese celebration, its clunky literal translation is “*great happiness and prosperity, things will happen in your way.*” And that in itself demonstrates its indefinable meaning it holds to me.

It is both something one wishes to another as to adhere to filial piety, and something I once wished I didn't have to say. The panic of receiving a red envelope and having to rewire my English brain to Cantonese ironically, felt foreign. Scrambling to put what little knowledge weekly Chinese school taught me into neatly expressed four-character phrases was too much to compute in a split second under the awkwardness of meeting my relatives for only the seventh time. Do I wish them good health? But what if she takes my wish for her prosperity as offensive? ...did I just call my aunt old?

Truly terrifying to have that burden at ten years of age, speaking a tongue I am only acquainted with. And at these times, it becomes my saving grace. If Chinese New Year had a slogan, it would be this. So popularly used, so applicable to everyone and everywhere. When the time comes to graciously receive my red envelopes with two hands, I repeat: “恭喜發財，万事如意”，without fear of accidentally insulting any more relatives.

Ire: Maya Shapiro

In English, the word **ire** has one of the simplest definitions in the dictionary. It means “*anger*,” but anger doesn’t explain the feeling that bleeds through my bones when my emotions consume me. It doesn’t embody the feeling of self-loathing that is outwardly expressed as deteste. To me, anger is formulated yet unhinged; it is something constructed, something allowed. Ire possesses. It is the wrong within your brain you were born with and may never change. It is everything you wish to part from yourself yet impossible to banish. Anger is abuse I have chosen; ire is abuse that has chosen me. I am abusive, but not willingly. I am owned by my ire.

I beg for freedom.

I will never escape.

ציור

Mika Bergman

The word **ציור** in hebrew directly translates to “*drawing*”, however it may also translate to “*painting*” as they are both counted as drawn “*art*” (אמנות). I remember when I was first learning English there were many new words I had to learn as English had so much more detail and I had to be much more specific when talking. I found it to be true that while English is very inclusive and detailed, Hebrew and the culture that comes with speaking it, was less straightforward.

By grouping things such as drawings and paintings under the same word, it leaves the word “*art*” to count more things with less description. So, while there are “*specific words*”, as with English, such as פסל (sculpture), **ציור** is almost an umbrella term for most things to do with art, which reflects the culture that is inclusive with its language and leaves room for interpretation. In English there is little room to leave for interpretation when speaking but in Hebrew there is more freedom, which extends both to the feeling of the language and the influence it has over the soul of the speaker.

Amma: Karthika Konatham

People often translate Amma as “*mother*” but to me, it means much more than that. It is the first word I learned to say, the word I still call out when I need comfort and the word that makes me feel at home no matter where I am. I was born in Australia, but Telugu has always been part of my life because of my parents. Even though I speak English every day at school, the moment I hear my mum call my name in Telugu or ask “*Have you eaten?*” I feel warmth that English cannot fully express to me. When I hear the word Amma, I don't just think of one person. I think of home after a long day or the smell of fresh food, family gatherings and the traditions my parents have worked hard to pass on to me.

Love: Cleo Leary-Ennor

I grew up in an English household, basic words of what I thought was a bland language. Things like bike or banana, no comparative meaning, just a common noun. Many words appear this way and through experience of consuming common media on rom-coms and romance novels, I believed 'love' was the same. Now as I grow older in this life, I experience this personally. It appears in many forms. In your heart, mind, soul, stomach or throat. With your family, pets, partner, friends even inanimate things like your childhood home or your favourite colour. However, most importantly it appears within yourself. '*The art of self-love*'. Once one can learn this and become capable of loving within, it unlocks the ability to love in a deeper, further sense beyond yourself. It can hurt, it can heal and it can feel warm or disappointing. It can be intentional, unexpected, slow or fast and no matter how it occurs, endures or ends it always provides one thing. A lesson and experience valuable to learning and growing and love is many things but one: simple.

चाय-Chai (hindi): *Dhriti Chauhan*

To some, chai might be a sweet, milky, cinnamon-ey drink that they have when they are bored of their usual flat white, a '*chai tea latte*', a bridge to try and relate to those they will never understand. To me, chai is a constant, a thread, its spicy aroma and amber colour lacing my memories, good and bad, enthralling and mundane. Every day, the simmer of the tea leaves on the stove marks my parents waking up at dawn and relaxing at dusk, like clockwork, assuring me of their presence. When I'm unwell or upset, its bitter spice and ginger envelope me in comfort.

The night before a wedding, my cousins and I will be lost in excited chatter over steaming cups of chai, whispering so we don't wake our parents. I watch the adults use chai as bait to check up on their friends, then try and coerce them into staying for dinner. In my culture, chai is an excuse, an excuse to connect with others in times of celebration, loss and most importantly, for absolutely no reason at all except just to accompany one another. Chai is not the watered down, overpriced drink sold at Starbucks, it is a reliable, long-standing thread, a constant that weaves through memories and binds people together.

"Perfect": Felicity Constance

I think this word means something to me in a different way. I've come to realise by now that perfect doesn't exist and if I expect something that doesn't exist and don't achieve it then I'm declining already into disappointment immediately. But more than this, perfect to me is imperfect. If there's no way for me to improve at something I'm terrified to be at peaking at the skill and never being able to do it in the same way. For me, being perfect or perfect at something is illogical and it should instead be "*what I'm happy with*". Especially since if we set a hefty goal like perfection as our status quo, we're bound to plunder.

Ami Jabo na: Jinia Ganguly

Where are you from? A question that stumbles me to this day. How can I ignore my roots, the country that has served my family for generations, providing us a sense of belonging and identity. But how can I ignore the country where I spent most of my childhood, the land that has gifted me the opportunities and relationships I have today. An immigrant has no singular answer.

For me it all started with the phrase “*Ami Jabo na*”. The phrase means “*I don't want to go*” in Bengali. The phrase echoed in the airport halls, a place that recorded the last hug, last kiss, last goodbye with my grandparents. I wept, pleading to stay at home. My parents uttered the very same words but unlike my cries theirs came in quiet with tears. I left my grandparents. They left their home. I later realised “*ami jabo na*” is more than a cry from an immigrant. It’s the language of every unwanted goodbye.

Intelligence: Tom Horan

“*Intelligent*” has been a word I’ve often used to describe myself for a very long time, which is egotistical, sure, but not necessarily wrong. It’s a funny word, though. It presents intelligence as a binary yes or no, something you are or you aren’t, as if intelligence could be quantified by a single measurement.

The binary also reinforces another way people view intelligence, that it’s bestowed upon birth. This view that some people are just gifted relegates the “*unintelligent*” as forever dumb and dismisses the intelligent as smart by no effort of their own.

Perhaps the “*gift*” that smart people have is not smartness itself, but the feeling that one is smart. A love of learning imparted upon oneself by parents/teachers/elders/mentors, encouraging you that you can learn and understand, creating a positive feedback loop.

Perhaps if everyone has the right mentors and the right amount of faith in themselves, we could all be gifted.

Cianalas: Emma Lindsay

A profound homesickness or longing, especially for a place, time, or people that may never return.

It's weird to think that a language I don't speak has a word to describe exactly what I feel for my home. I've had to tell many people what it is, but I don't even know if I'm saying it right. Every day I feel like a fraud for thinking I'm Scottish, when I've been here for so long. But as I talk to my friends and the people around me, there is always this barrier that presents itself. We say different things; we think different things. I will never understand what they grew up with on Australian soil with Australian families.

The friends back in Stewarton say things I don't fully understand, and it becomes clear every day. I am too Australian for Scotland, and too Scottish for Australia. All I have is Cianalas, a profound longing for a home that is 16,900 km away.

Tita (Tagalog - Filipino) - English Translation (Auntie/Aunt): *Mia Roberts*

Being an auntie means holding a special role of family connection, cultural respect, or close friendship. An auntie means you are a sister to one's mother. Tita is auntie in Tagalog. I recently became a tita. My sister gave birth to her baby and as we are half Filipino, she gave me the wonderful privilege of being referred to as '*Tita Mia*'. It's what we call our aunties on my mother's side, and what they called theirs. We've continued to be referred to as Tita in Tagalog rather than Auntie in English.

We decided to continue to carry our culture, our language. Not many people know how to speak Tagalog, which is sad. It's sad that people continue to have a confused look on their faces when I announce that I have luckily become a Tita. Although what's not sad is the special meaning it carries in our family. Yes, Tita is just a word, just the meaning of auntie in another language. Although, being called Tita carries special meaning, warmth and love. Although it's just a word, the deep and vulnerable feeling it brings along with it said aloud, is so much more than '*just a word*'. I am now a Tita, and I will continue to be referred to as one, and have the future generations get called it too. When you google Tita, all that comes up is the translation to 'aunt/auntie' but what google doesn't show is the heartwarming feeling it comes with. I shall carry the honor of being called Tita with pride and remember its true meaning that it carries.

Dugma - Role model: *Isla Rood*

This isn't a word commonly heard in Australia, because it is a Hebrew word. Translated it means "*role model*" or "*leading by example*." I learned this word through my Jewish youth camp and the older I get, the more common it becomes in my vocabulary. When I was younger, I was constantly being asked who my role models were, "*who has been dugma in your life, Isla?*" and as I grew from a camper to a counsellor I fully realized the responsibility and power that comes with this word.

All my life I chose to follow my role models footsteps, following their good example. I have recently realized that I can have dugma with me all the time, my own kindness and actions can reflect on my friends, and my good actions and mindset can positively reflect on those around me.

Chiquitito - tiny, very small, or cute: *Jackson Torres*

From my earliest memories of this life the one word that comes to mind is chiquitito, but not just a butchered pronunciation coming from the uncultured mouth of an old white man, but the proper latin dialect rolling off the tongue of the 4-foot 7 immigrant Nana who would call me this every day. She still at my grown age of 16 will call me little boy in Spanish because, despite me being over a foot taller than her, will always be that small little child to her. The warmth this word gives me, the way it hugs my ears and pulls up the creases of the mouth formulate a smile, it feels like home. When there's a pit in my stomach, it provides it with the care it needs to keep me going in life. It brings me back so I can keep moving forward.

Gezellig – cozy: *Lily Wever*

The word spoken daily among the Dutch, ga-zeh-lug, is one of many in the Dutch language that has no true English translation. It makes me laugh when people try to pronounce it, since the “G” sound in Dutch is one that not many can master without thorough practice and determination, and its used twice in this particular word, making it twice as difficult. The best way I can describe this feeling is warmth, coziness, and pleasant togetherness. The Dutch use it when making plans, after conversation dies down and leaves a warm buzz in the air, hearing about your weekend, or enjoyable moments that you share with loved ones.