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90851R



NEW ZEALAND QUALIFICATIONS AUTHORITY
MANA TOHU MĀTAURANGA O AOTEAROA

QUALIFY FOR THE FUTURE WORLD
KIA NOHO TAKATŪ KI TŌ ĀMUA AO!

Level 1 English, 2017

90851 Show understanding of significant aspects of unfamiliar written text(s) through close reading, using supporting evidence

9.30 a.m. Monday 13 November 2017

Credits: Four

RESOURCE BOOKLET

Refer to this booklet to answer the questions for English 90851.

Check that this booklet has pages 2–4 in the correct order and that none of these pages is blank.

YOU MAY KEEP THIS BOOKLET AT THE END OF THE EXAMINATION.

TEXT A: PROSE

In this passage, two boys have decided to try to explore a local river and go fishing for eels.

Into the River

The water upstream was slower and deeper. The sort of place where the big ones lived. About a hundred metres in was a stand of bush where the bank reared up high and the stream snaked in a series of deep pools.

This was the place. This was where the big ones lurked. No bootlaces here. They'd all get eaten. You wouldn't want to swim here either. Who knew what was lurking in the reeds under the banks? The big ones could live for fifty or sixty years: this was where they grew old and clever. 5

The boys crouched by the fence. Goldsmith's farmhouse, although two hundred metres away, was in clear view. They would be spotted as soon as they put their foot up onto the first wire. Without saying a word, Wiremu flattened out and slid underneath. Te Arepa followed. They slithered, eel-like, close to the water. It was slow. They must not raise their heads: Goldsmith would get a clear shot. They wouldn't have a chance. 10

Halfway to the trees there was a place where the cattle had come down to drink. The ground was cut up and there was no way to stop the stinking mud clinging to them. In some places their fists sank deep into the hissing mud before it became solid enough to push forward. Every now and then Wiremu rolled over to check that Te Arepa was keeping up. With about forty feet to go they were tired. Tired and foul with mud. It took all their willpower not to get up and run the remaining distance. But they didn't. They had come too far for that. 15

When Wiremu finally reached the fenced-off bush he wriggled under the last wire and sat up, panting. Te Arepa lay still in the mud looking at the older boy enviously. The last ten feet yawned before him. 20

"Come on! Come on Reps, nearly there!"

And so he was. Moments later he was through and sitting in the dense bush, next to his friend. They both looked back at how far they had come. It was an achievement. Not everyone could have done that. This must surely be the beginning of something special. 25

The bush had been fenced off and left for years. It towered above them, the broad leaves only letting through chinks of light. There was no wind here, and the only sound was the murmur of the water and the warble and cackle of some distant tūī. Neither boy spoke now, aware of something powerful here, a presence that needed to be respected. The forest floor was damp and soft under their feet. No stones: just dead leaves and rotting branches. The trees were huge and it was impossible to see any distance ahead through the tangle of creepers and spindly koromiko. Te Arepa could see the tension on Wiremu's face: it was as if he was holding his breath. They both knew they were in a danger zone. 30

Source: Ted Dawe, *Into the River* (Auckland: Mangakino University Press, 2012), pp. 11–12.

TEXT B: POETRY

In this poem, the writer considers a familiar piece of furniture.

Kitchen Stool

This stool
lives in my pantry
I move it around
whenever I want something from the top shelf
or the cupboard above the fridge
or the shelf in the hall cupboard where I keep
spare blankets and pillows.

5

When I'm cooking I put the stool by the bench
with the scrap bucket on it, for the rubbish
that making a meal produces.

10

Sometimes if I'm very tired, or feeling pensive
I sit on the stool
and make a cup of tea
and look out the kitchen window.

It's also handy
if someone wants to talk to me while I'm cooking tea.

15

I've had this stool for about ten years
my mother gave it to me
it belonged to her mother before that
it came with another stool, and a matching table
I smashed the other stool, once years ago
when I was very very angry
I gave the table to my sister
when she needed it more than I did
and then she moved on, and gave it away.

20

25

But this stool is still here
I guess it's been in the kitchens of women like me
for over fifty years
and I don't suppose I'll be getting rid of it
any time soon.

30



Sources

Text: Georgina Stewart, "Kitchen stool", in Reina Whaitiri and Robert Sullivan (eds), *Puna Wai Kōrero: An Anthology of Māori Poetry in English* (Auckland: Auckland University Press, 2014), p. 272.

Image: <http://thewindsorworkshop.co.uk/other-chairs/>.

TEXT C: NON-FICTION

In this passage, the writer comments on a museum exhibit featuring the bedrooms of 26 teenagers.

More than just a place to sleep

If a man's home is his castle, a teenager's bedroom is her showroom, put together with as much care as the stained jeans slung perfectly on the hips or the unbrushed hair pulled immaculately into a scruffy bun.

Carey Newson curated this show as part of her research into the material culture of the teenage bedroom. It is an attempt to conserve the evolving museum of identity and experience that adolescents build around themselves during these important yet transient years. 5

The rooms are filled with objects and mementos from everyday activities, a sort of 3-D scrapbook.

The blurred line between child and adult, between home comfort and independent rebel, is one of the most prominent themes of the display. In one room, a soft toy pokes its head out of a blue set of shelves stacked haphazardly with books, on top of which perches a red Accident & Emergency sign presumably stolen from a hospital. "As soon as I walk in there it's like a sigh of relief," says Pearl, its 17-year-old occupant. "It's so tuned to me ... I just feel it's like a house inside a house." 10

Freya, 15, has swaddled her room in a warm, red glow, where stuffed toys mingle among more elegant cushions on the bed. Large flowers have been hand-painted on the walls and a Monet print of a bridge over water lilies is framed with twinkling fairy lights. "It's, like, my space and I put things up that I like, that are special to no one else," Freya says. 15

To be sure, from J. D. Salinger to Kurt Cobain and many more besides, the teenage experience has been well documented. However, Newson wanted to capture not just the soul-searching nature of these few years in a person's life but the way the experience has changed over the generations. 20

One of the most notable differences between the life of teenagers today and that of their parents' youth is the advent of social media. Whereas teenagers in the sixties and seventies would have relied on the family telephone in the hall—a much more exposed place to conduct their personal life—their children manage their social affairs from the safety of their own rooms. 25

This makes the bedroom a more personal, private space, where a young person can speak on the phone without an adult presence. But it's also a more public space, where a teenager might be having five conversations at once—including visual ones, using FaceTime or Snapchat for instance, that allow the other person to see the room. The changes reflect our increased ability to work and socialise from our own rooms—and also, perhaps, a more liberal attitude towards parenting. 30

Source (adapted): Lauren Davidson, "The mess in your teenager's bedroom? It's art, apparently", in *The Telegraph*, 2 October 2016, <http://www.telegraph.co.uk/property/news/the-mess-in-your-teenagers-bedroom-its-art-apparently/>.