

91100R



NEW ZEALAND QUALIFICATIONS AUTHORITY
MANA TOHU MĀTAURANGA O AOTEAROA

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

Level 2 English, 2019

91100 Analyse significant aspects of unfamiliar written text(s) through close reading, supported by evidence

9.30 a.m. Tuesday 12 November 2019
Credits: Four

RESOURCE BOOKLET

Refer to this booklet to answer the questions for English 91100.

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 extract from a novel, the writer reflects on her life while driving through the morning traffic.

Boing Boing, Boing Boing

Freedom is something Rae thinks a lot about these days, as she goes from one address to another, *boing boing, boing boing*, five days a week, from one type of chaos to another. In each place there is an unholy mess, one confined to a desk and small space in an open-plan office, the other filling an entire house. Both seem, at this moment, on this midsummer Friday morning, insurmountable. 5

Boing boing, boing boing, she goes, from one address to another, repeatedly, five days a week. Where is the freedom in that?

What if, now that she has dropped off the children at Holiday Care, what if she were to turn her wheels towards the motorway and join the million or so others on their crowded commute, but to go the other way—*against the traffic*, as they say, though the traffic goes every which way, up and down, round and round. From an overbridge she sees the gridlock glinting below, most cars with a solo occupant grinding and halting their way from distant suburbs to newly built satellite business districts, from central towerblock apartments to far-flung industrial estates. A million commutes longer and more stressful than hers, which is only across two leafy suburbs to join an arterial road, and two blocks east from there. Twenty minutes. Three sets of traffic lights. Half an hour if the traffic is heavy. 10 15

Boing, boing. Back and forth, office, home, office, home, office, home, office as if she's caught in a giant rubber band, or one of Nellie's pink fluffy hair elastics. The weekends widen to a trip to the supermarket, to deadly hours at the cricket pitch while Ned's team loses another game—little inner-city softies, paler and thinner than less privileged teams bent on winning. 20

The wide streets, the stirring shops, the emptying houses, the sunburned gardens, the bus stops full of school kids, the cafes open since six, the two-dollar shops, dog walkers, the city workers, the cyclists, the heat, the traffic, the traffic, the traffic, the heat.

What if she were to hit the road south of the city, leaving it all far behind? She would drive until the lake of her childhood holidays opened up before her, the mountains behind summer-gaunt and grey as they would be at this time of year, the winter snows months away yet. The lake would be at its best in the autumn. The waters chill and deep. Morning mists and leaf fall. 25

Source (adapted): Stephanie Johnson, *The Writers' Festival* (Auckland: Random House, 2015), pp. 16–17.

TEXT B: POETRY

In this poem, the writer expresses the sense of wonder he feels as the moon travels through the night sky.

Missing the Magic

It wasn't a big deal, just a little boost of spirit
 starting with Daniel the TV weatherman. I know
 him so well we're on first name terms, at least
 in one direction. He said we'd have clear skies
 that night, a sunny day to follow, before the monster 5
 the Antarctic beast, would bury below snow
 all that he could touch. But I'd forgotten the phases
 of the moon, like emoticons in the paper
 showing its waxing and its waning, and by
 some sorcery, predicting the precise times it would rise 10
 and set, exact to the minute. So, stepping out
 the back at night I was startled by the moon
 pushing through the topmost trees on our closest
 hill, coming up through spiky branches
 as though it would be scored and scratched. 15
 I went inside for binoculars for a better look
 only to see when I came back a pockmarked face
 dissolving in entangling clouds.
 When I looked in the morning darkness for the paper
 the moon was now in front but slimmer 20
 as if those branches had scraped its sides away.
 It had journeyed all night from hill towards horizon
 and I knew that in between, I had missed the magic
 of that ghostly world when every tree or house
 every wall or fence appears to be half-formed 25
ethereal in a pearly light—a place enchanted
 for those hours, a world not ours.

Glossed word

ethereal extremely delicate and light in a way that seems not to be of this world

TEXT C: NON-FICTION

In this passage from a travel guide, the writer describes a family visit to Wellington.

A Capital Adventure

It's almost midday when we stumble on a bearded bloke clutching the spotted kiwi, ten minutes' drive from downtown Wellington. Her captor is plucking feathers, mindful of the creature's ferociously clawed feet—his forearm is already crossed with angry red slashes. "Go ahead and pat her," he tells us. So we do. Given that we are in Wellington for an urban family adventure, the intimate avian encounter at the Zealandia wildlife sanctuary is unexpected. 5

At the entrance, a smart new \$18 million interpretive centre knocks our socks off with its multi-media conservation-themed exhibits. Between the indoor techno-wizardry and the kilometres of bushy hiking trails and dams to ramble round, Zealandia is ideal for two curious boys with energy to burn. It is equally enjoyable for adults, much like the other items on our Wellington "must do" list. 10

This family trip to the capital city was never going to be a McHoliday. Generic eateries and overheated, unsanitary indoor playgrounds are revolting enough for parents on home turf; we have no intention of venturing near them on holiday. So we focus on activities that are fun and stimulating for everyone, with the kind of city food and experiences we can't find at home in the provinces. 15

The harbour and hills form handy geographic barriers that keep the cafes and museums, galleries, theatres and the waterfront nicely tucked up against each other so all the essentials are walking distance from our hotel. Even the airport and zoo are less than 15 minutes' drive from the compact, vibrant downtown core.

Outer space is also remarkably accessible. Carter Observatory's distinctive white domes sit 20 in the city's vast botanic gardens, a sedate cable car ride up from the main shopping drag of Lambton Quay. There's plenty here on Māori navigation and mythology, our southern skies and Kiwi astronomers. All four of us love watching an animated astronaut movie clip, then star-spotting on the planetarium's domed ceiling.

Inside Te Papa museum, our children lead the way to the giant squid lying in state in his 25 glass-topped coffin, largely ignoring the surrounding printed text in favour of creating lurid virtual squid on computer monitors. As an adult, I find our national museum thrilling and over-stimulating, magnificent and exhausting. The boys want to know if they can return the next day.

Actually, we'd all quite like another week in Wellington, now we know the nation's business 30 briefcase political power city is really just a giant playground.

Source (adapted): Sue Hoffart, "A Capital Adventure", in *Let's Travel*, found on <http://letstravelmag.com/a-capital-adventure/>.