

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, 2016

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

9.30 a.m. Thursday 10 November 2016
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: NARRATIVE PROSE

In this passage, the narrator remembers an eventful road trip.

It Was Over Before it Began

I'm 10. Dad has decided that this summer the whole family are going on a road trip. My sisters, step-mum and I are going on a journey with him from Dunedin, where we live, all the way back to our tūrangawaewae on the East Cape, Ruatoria.

An epic mission, made more difficult by the fact that the car is an ironically named Triumph 2000. It was made in 1972 and is exactly the colour of poo. 5

The baby's strapped in the middle of the back seat. Eight-year-old is perched on her folded-up duvet, a schoolbag full of togs and pyjamas at her feet. A thermos flask, Christmas presents, pegs for the tent are arranged along the back window so that they won't go flying on tight corners, and so that Dad can still see. The boot is sat on once, twice, three times to make it clutch tightly on to everything else you're supposed to take with you on an epic road trip. 10

There is a dog but he can't fit in the Triumph 2000. Nor can the pig or the chickens or the cat. So Tom, a mate of my Dad's other mate, is going to house-sit while we're away.

I sit on my best sweatshirt. The one I hope my new cousins will think is stupidly cool. It stops the hot leather from sticking to the back of my legs.

Dad ducks his head and folds himself into the driver's seat; he pats step-mum's leg reassuringly and winks in the rear-view. 15

Tom waves from the verandah. The dog barks goodbye. And the journey begins.

Fifty-three minutes later, on the hill before Waitati on State Highway 1, the Triumph 2000 dies. Smoke pours from the poo-coloured bonnet. Dad is so deflated he doesn't even swear. He just stands there quietly and waits. 20

A guy in a ute who has lots of tools and knows about cars eventually helps us get started again. But he thinks we need a new part.

There is not enough money for a new part and an epic road trip. So we turn around and go back.

When we pull into the driveway all the doors of the house are open and Tom is playing Prince on the record player. I hope he laughs when we tell him about the breakdown. 25

Dad goes inside to put the jug on. We can unpack later, he says.

Glossed word

tūrangawaewae historical place of belonging

TEXT B: POETRY

In this poem, a child's feelings are influenced by what she sees and hears around her.

What Story's That, Then?

Mice big as teapots come into a story
 I overhear a mother reading to a child on the bus
 along Musselburgh Rise. The child,
 a finger stuck for the last few minutes
 in one nostril, is past boredom. She detests 5
 the mice, the ridiculousness of teapots.
 I don't hear what else is in the story,
 presumably worse, the child now crying
 at the insult to reality she is expected
 to attend. Then a dog, a greyhound, 10
 skinny as a one-line drawing of a dog,
 is on the crossing near Countdown with a woman
 whose ambition, you might say about her
 in a story, was to be a ball, and in time
 to roll rather than waddle. Its collar is studded 15
 with fake gems, its lead lolly pink.
 The dog looks as if he hates it. The child
 is elated. Both hands make squashy stars pressed
 on the window. "God," she says, "God," and the mother,
 embarrassed in front of the two women and the one 20
 other man on the bus besides the driver and myself,
 says loudly, "Doggie, doggie," but the child is grinning
 from there into town. She has seen the world, and named it.

Glossed words

detests	strongly dislikes
elated	filled with happiness

TEXT C: NON-FICTION

In this passage, the writer describes how he feels about seafood, and why he feels this way.

You're 100% Wrong About ... Seafood

I can't stomach seafood. The tentacles, the whatever the hell that muck is that comes out of shells, and the general stench that accompanies any form of meddling with it, it's all well beyond my pale.

Yet many, if not most people, think I'm mad. Maybe it's because we live on islands. All that water and much of it jammed with fishy critters with nothing else to do but swim around waiting for a hook, net or camera-wielding diver. 5

I guess it'd be silly not to try eating it, if only as a bit of utu for sharks and coral reefs. And I have, I really have, it's just that it tastes, well, disgusting. Actually that doesn't quite go far enough, it also smells pretty disgusting too, even from an impressive distance. There's a fish market in Newmarket I don't even like driving past unless the vents are off and the windows are up. Kind of like the old Westfield freezing works in Otahuhu. 10

Yet I do my damndest not to impose my bad taste on others. For instance, I do little more than recoil like Dracula drenched in holy water before throwing open every window in the house and gasping for breath whenever I get home to find the missus has scooped a sneaky salmon in the past few hours. You can't be fairer than that. 15

I even once spent a weekend at the Whitianga Scallop Festival. There was absolutely no escape. Even my beer—and I required plenty—tasted fishy.

If you've nerded out on the sci-fi masterwork *Dune* you'll be familiar with how the melange spice of Arrakis gradually works its way into every pore of your being, causing all manner of side effects, including blue-on-blue eyes. That was just like me, except with essence of seafood and mad, staring, red-rimmed eyes. 20

For hour upon hour I was jostled by fish-crazed punters slurping kina, chugging scallops and feasting on all manner of slimy kaimoana. But it's okay, after a half-dozen showers with a pot scaler and several sessions of psychotherapy, I can almost watch *Finding Nemo* again.

So, really, what is it about seafood? Have you looked at an oyster? But the thing is that I really wished I liked it, loved it even, because life would be so much easier and I wouldn't have the same old conversation every time I turned down a prawn cocktail. It doesn't make me a bad person, really. 25

Glossed word	
utu	revenge