

90851R



NEW ZEALAND QUALIFICATIONS AUTHORITY  
MANA TOHU MĀTAURANGA O AOTEAROA

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## Level 1 English, 2018

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

9.30 a.m. Monday 12 November 2018  
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: POETRY**

In this poem, a young boy is thinking of other things while herding cows to the milking-shed.

**The farm-boy rides a Yamaha**

Skinny shoulders blistered by the sun,  
 freckles prominent across his serious face,  
 the ten-year-old herds slow cows  
 towards the milking-shed.  
 Back and forth behind them 5  
 the eager dogs bound and skip  
 watching for a sign  
 but he gives none.  
 —He is wearing blue and gold,  
 silk and leather, 10  
 numbered helmet that glitters in the sun.  
 The guttural lowing of the cows  
 are roars from great excited crowds  
 of watching people.  
 These tufts of tussock 15  
 veering his machine aside  
 are hillocks on his dangerous  
 and lonesome victory ride,  
 when, the gate ahead a checkered flag,  
 he guns into the cloud of dust 20  
 to roar across the finish line  
 bettering the record time.

Then,  
 wiping his face  
 on his scarf of silk, 25  
 he bails the cows  
 and prepares to milk.

Source: Vernice Wineera, "The farm-boy rides a Yamaha", in Reina Whaitiri and Robert Sullivan (eds), *Puna Wai Kōrero: An Anthology of Māori Poetry in English* (Auckland: Auckland University Press, 2014), p. 371.

**TEXT B: NON-FICTION**

In this passage, the writer reflects on aspects of his first year at high school in the late 1950s.

**Things aren't what they used to be**

It took about half an hour to get from Harbour Terrace to Boys' High. I biked up Albany Street, then pushed the abominably heavy Raleigh most of the way up London Street to the grey and white stone buildings with the prominent pointy towers in Arthur Street. The R. A. Lawson-designed building was built in 1885 and remains one of the town's most prominent and imposing features. The school is one of the oldest in the country, dating back to 1864, a legacy of colonising Scottish Presbyterians' unshakeable belief in the importance of a sound education based on classical foundations. 5

I found the school atmosphere oppressive and harsh; chilly, with a bleak formal aura, inclining to rigour. Here was a place that seemed to agree that to spare the rod was to spoil the child; an ideal habitat for stalking and roaming bullies. Here a boy had to learn to fight for himself, stand on his own two feet. 'Men' were those who could take 'their medicine' and bear up uncomplainingly. Very Darwinian; not a caring environment, as is said today. It was clear to me why some boys called the school "Colditz Castle". 10

I found some of the teachers memorable; a few were intimidating at times. "Black Mac" McInnes taught Latin. He was brusque, acerbic, occasionally witty, and sometimes mean and nasty. M. G. McInnes taught at Boys' High for over 40 years and was a fixture by the time I turned up; no wonder he seemed only to be going through the motions. I learnt that the Romans spent quite a lot of time outside of Italy, in Britain and in Gaul. My father, peering in a textbook, looked at me and said, "Gaul: the Romans certainly had a lot of that". 15

Mac had us chanting verbs, starting with *amo, amas, amat*. He threw chalk at inattentive boys. A few miscreants were given cuts on the hand with the cane. One boy was told to bend over and put his head under the desk. A whack from the cane caused the victim's head to jerk up and the back of his swede clunked the wood. Someone said Mac was too familiar with the habits of the Romans. I could have kicked him in his declensions. But a fair few of the boys thought his disciplinary methods funny; probably a reaction borne of the personal relief that someone else, not them, was being beaten. 20 25

**Glossed words**

Darwinian	referring to Charles Darwin's theory of evolution that organisms which survive are those that adapt best to their environment
Colditz Castle	a castle in Germany, used to house prisoners of war during World War II, from which it was supposed to be impossible to escape

**TEXT C: NARRATIVE PROSE**

In this passage, the writer describes a tavern and its owner.

**The Waystone Inn**

It was night again. The Waystone Inn lay in silence, and it was a silence of three parts.

The most obvious part was a hollow, echoing quiet, made by things that were lacking. If there had been a wind it would have sighed through the trees, set the inn's sign creaking on its hooks, and brushed the silence down the road like trailing autumn leaves. If there had been a crowd, even a handful of men inside the inn, they would have filled the silence with conversation and laughter, the clatter and clamour one expects from a drinking house during the dark hours of night. If there had been music ... but no, of course there was no music. In fact there were none of these things, and so the silence remained. 5

Inside the Waystone a pair of men huddled at one corner of the bar. They drank with quiet determination, avoiding serious discussions of troubling news. In doing this they added a small, sullen silence to the larger, hollow one. 10

The third silence was not an easy thing to notice. If you listened for an hour, you might begin to feel it in the wooden floor underfoot and in the rough, splintering barrels behind the bar. It was in the weight of the black stone hearth that held the heat of a long-dead fire. It was in the slow back and forth of a white linen cloth rubbing along the grain of the bar. And it was in the hands of the man who stood there, polishing a stretch of mahogany that already gleamed in the lamplight. 15

The man had true-red hair, red as flame. His eyes were dark and distant, and he moved with the subtle certainty that comes from knowing many things.

The Waystone was his, just as the third silence was his. This was appropriate, as it was the greatest silence of the three, wrapping the others inside itself. It was deep and wide as autumn's ending. It was heavy as a great river-smooth stone. It was the patient, cut-flower sound of a man who is waiting to die. 20

Source (adapted): Patrick Rothfuss, *The Name of the Wind* (London: Gollancz, 2011), p. 1.