

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, 2019

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

9.30 a.m. Wednesday 13 November 2019
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, instead of going straight to his grandmother's house, Colin decides to go past the deep pool near the hut where he used to play when he was younger.

An encounter at the creek

Was it Herbert Muskie's whistling that drew him to the pool, even though he whistled for himself? Colin heard it, thin and private, before he came round the bend. Then he heard someone blowing through his lips with a rubbery sound. He saw bits of froth drifting on the green slow water. He crept on a little way and put his head round the trunk of a tree and had his first sight of Herbert Muskie, standing waist-deep in the creek. 5

He was white with soapsuds. They were pasted down his arms and across his shoulders. Froth blossomed in his armpits and stood like whipped cream on top of his head. He soaped his belly and tried to reach his back. Whatever his other faults, Herbert Muskie was clean. He soaped all the creases in his fat and scraped the suds out with his fingernails.

Colin lay under the ferns and watched. He saw the man's behind gleaming like an eel's belly in the water. He saw him roll and submerge and come up with his head as smooth as an egg and the black hair on his chest pasted down like slime. He squirted creek water from his mouth like a draughthorse peeing, and washed around his ears and dug in them, wiggling his finger. When the soap jumped from his hand he submerged again to pick it up. He put the yellow cake between his teeth, keeping his lips curled to avoid the taste, and swam on his back to the deep part of the pool, where he rolled over like a whale. He was good in the water. He lobbed the soap on to the bank and dived deep and came up with handfuls of creek mud. Floating, he smeared them on his belly and laughed. He could float so well, Colin thought, because he was so fat. 10 15

I'd better get out of here, he thought. He saw the man's shirt and shoes and trousers on the bank. He did not want to see him come out with nothing on. Turn your eyes the other way, his mother often said. This was one time when he'd obey. Fat blokes were often bad-tempered, probably because of all the weight they carried round, and this one didn't look as if he'd like being watched, even though he moved in the pool with no weight at all. 20

Source: Maurice Gee, *The Fat Man* (Penguin UK, 2008), found on Google Books, <https://books.google.co.nz/books?id=jLG8JCCpZgC>

TEXT B: POETRY

This poem refers to types of dance from throughout the Pacific: *siva* (Samoa), *ta'olunga* (Tonga), *meke* (Fiji), and *tamule* (Cook Islands).

On Joining Pasifica

(for Jo)

When I first met you
 we were learning to siva
 wearing lavalava tied in awkward knots
 our work clothes carefully folded away
 both of us 5
 learning a new dance
 both of us
 finding a different way to move
 through life

We have hustled and bustled 10
 and power-walked well
 somehow
 sacrificing the grace
 and ease of movement
 our grandmothers held in their hands 15

When we met
 both of us
 were trying to remember
 that earlier beat

Both of us trying to reclaim 20
 a new dance from old memories
 both us standing shyly
 in the back-row
 trying to siva in our sports socks
 both of us searching for a rhythm 25
 we'd never quite
 been able to find
 within ourselves

All of us trying to find time
 to ta'olunga 30
 to meke
 to tamule
 to siva
 into our truest selves

TEXT C: NON-FICTION

This article is from a US-based website that presents “1000 Awesome Things”.

#953 – When cashiers open up new checkout lanes at the grocery store

Though I hate to admit it, I am a slow, indecisive mess in the grocery store checkout lane.

Since I am an extremely cheap person, I watch the prices scroll up on screen like a hawk, often saying things like “Oh, I thought that was on sale,” or, “Actually, I don’t really want that anymore,” forcing the cashier to call in price-checks to the unresponsive produce department or find a temporary home for the pack of melting Fudgsicles I’ve decided to leave off my list last minute. 5

And because I’m watching the screen so closely, I start late and take forever to bag my groceries and pay, awkwardly leaving my shopping cart blocking the lane for the next customer, a metal criss-crossed castle knight enforcing a firm “Thou shall not pass” law in its trademark silence. 10

Yes, I clog up the line and annoy everybody behind me. I’m one of four People You Don’t Want To Stand Behind in the grocery line, together with:

- Fidgety Grandma, who, on cue, dumps a pile of warm nickels on the counter to pay and then slowly counts them out by sliding them across the counter with her index finger
- Flyer Guy, who hands the cashier a dog-eared flyer from home, forcing him or her to manually tear out all the coupons while everybody waits 15
- No-Math Jack, who sneaks in piles of extra items onto the Express Lane and acts like it’s no big deal.

Yes, those tense, winding checkout lanes can be a pretty rough go sometimes. It’s not easy out there. You have to watch the anxiety levels, take deep breaths, keep that blood pressure in check. 20

That’s why there are few things better than a spritely new cashier hopping onto the scene, grabbing the ‘next lane please’ sign from the end of the belt, flicking on the lightbulb above their station, and offering a loud, beaming “Next customer, please!” to the scowling, stressed-out masses. 25

When that cashier lightbulb goes on, a bright warm glow showers down upon everybody waiting. People like me feel less guilty about holding up the line and folks at the end win the big front-of-the-line jackpot. Yes, it’s one, giant mood swing, one massive swelling of goodwill, complete with buzzing chatter, a few laughs, and even the occasional crinkly plastic sound of a tightly wound frowning turning upside down. 30

And sure, there’s a bit of line etiquette to sort out. Who gets first dibs on this new empty lane, after all? But it’s almost always better for everybody, regardless of what happens. So most of us, we just smile and enjoy the ride.

AWESOME!

Source: Neil Pasricha, “When cashiers open up new check-out lanes at the grocery store”, found on <http://1000awesomethings.com/2008/08/26/953-when-cashiers-open-up-new-check-out-lanes-at-the-grocery-store/>