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Level 2 English, 2018

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

9.30 a.m. Monday 19 November 2018
Credits: Four

Achievement	Achievement with Merit	Achievement with Excellence
Analyse significant aspects of unfamiliar written text(s) through close reading, supported by evidence.	Analyse significant aspects of unfamiliar written text(s) convincingly through close reading, supported by evidence.	Analyse significant aspects of unfamiliar written text(s) perceptively through close reading, supported by evidence.

Check that the National Student Number (NSN) on your admission slip is the same as the number at the top of this page.

You should attempt ALL the questions in this booklet.

Pull out Resource Booklet 91100R from the centre of this booklet.

If you need more room for any answer, use the extra space provided at the back of this booklet.

Check that this booklet has pages 2–8 in the correct order and that none of these pages is blank.

YOU MUST HAND THIS BOOKLET TO THE SUPERVISOR AT THE END OF THE EXAMINATION.

TOTAL

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QUESTION ONE: PROSE

Refer to Text A, "In the Far Paddock", on page 2 of the resource booklet.

Analyse how the character's attitude towards trapping a rabbit changes.

In your answer you should include examples of techniques used in the text, and explain their effects. (These might include, but are not limited to: verbs, adjectives, and personification.)

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QUESTION TWO: POETRY

Refer to Text B, "The City of Empty Rooms", on page 3 of the resource booklet.

Analyse how language features are used to reveal the writer's reaction to the growth of the city.

In your answer you should include examples of techniques used in the text, and explain their effects. (These might include, but are not limited to: simile, metaphor, and contrast.)

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QUESTION THREE: NON-FICTION

Refer to Text C, "Dangling like a duck in a poulterer's window", on page 4 of the resource booklet.

Analyse how the writer reveals his opinions about adventure tourism.

In your answer you should include examples of techniques used in the text, and explain their effects. (These might include, but are not limited to: metaphor, contrast and repetition.)

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Extra space if required.
Write the question number(s) if applicable.

QUESTION NUMBER

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TEXT A: PROSE

In this extract, the writer goes to check on a rabbit trap.

In the Far Paddock

"I'm going hunting," I said, shoving myself off the packed mud. I grabbed a nearby stick and held it to my chin, aiming at the sullen sheep that dragged themselves around the paddock.

"Alrighty, but don't be too long eh, Missy? We've got a job to do this arvo, and I'll need your sharp shooting." Uncle Curly winked.

I scrambled up the grassy bank towards the far corner of the farm where Bully-Boy lazed in the parched grass, his tail flicking off fat bottle-green flies that collected on the patties in droves. I paused to scratch his upturned belly, bristly and warm in the afternoon heat. The old bull snorted, tongue lolling at the side of his mouth. I raced across the rest of the paddock, plunging into the bush. Yellow tangles of gorse grabbed at my skin and hair. Brown leaves crunched, my bare feet pounding them into the sandy track. Under every bush there seemed to be a rabbit hole or crumpled beer can. Pīwakawaka pitched and fell, snipping at clouds of gnats. Leaves rushed together around me. My heart boxed, my face prickled with heat. I slowed, as the dense brush opened out to a patchy clearing. Pieces of curling wire attached to homemade traps twisted amidst the foliage. A pile of powdery ash, encircled with charred stones sat in the flattened-out grass. There's always a story left behind in debris: a scrap of fur, bone and blood, a shower of feathers, boot-pressed into the mud.

With a leafy roof of kōwhai, a mossy stump rubbed smooth, this place held its hush and warmth like nowhere else could. I hadn't been there in nearly a week. Tucked amongst ferns a few feet away sat a wire cage. A muted blur of grey moved within. I crept over, peering through the rusty bars of the trap I had set. The rabbit was lying on its side, flip-flopping. Its hollowed ribcage rose and fell rapidly. Its delicate skull looked too small for its ears, one hung ragged and bloodied against the cage floor. Occasionally, it punched its back legs against the flap that had fallen blocking its escape. Wide black eyes, glinting red in the light, held my gaze. The bush suddenly seemed so vast. I sat back on my haunches taking in the rabbit's feeble kicks. I bit my lip.

"Some hunter you are," I sighed to myself, reaching over to lift the opening. The rabbit bolted, disappearing through the undergrowth. I wiped my hands, leaving copper smears on my shorts, listened to the distant whine of a truck, and Mum's voice, shrill and urgent, carrying over the trees.

Glossed word

pīwakawaka fantails (small birds)

Sources

Text A (adapted): Kate Railton-Jacks, "In the Far Paddock", *takahē magazine*, no. 88, December 2016, http://www.takahe.org.nz/t88/kate-railton-jacks/.

Text B: Thomas W. Shapcott, "The City of Empty Rooms", found on https://www.poetrylibrary.edu.au/poets/shapcott-thomas-w/the-city-of-empty-rooms-0752019.

Text B images: http://journals.openedition.org/etudescaribeennes/10496 (top) and © Ilya Genkin, http://www.genkin.org/cgi-bin/photo.pl/australia/gold-coast/au-gold-coast-surfers-paradise-0015 (bottom).

Text C (adapted): Joe Bennett, "Trussed like a duck to shuffle the plank", in *A Land of Two Halves* (London: Scribner, 2004), pp. 112–113.

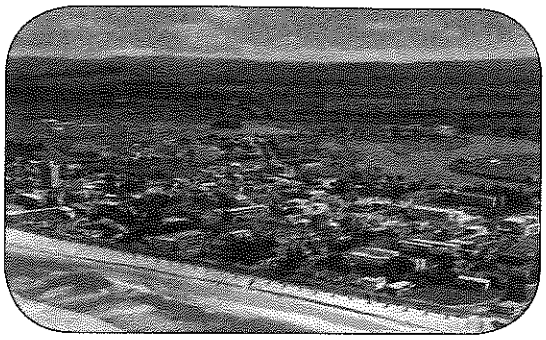
TEXT B: POETRY

This poem depicts the development of the city of Surfer's Paradise on Australia's Gold Coast.

The City of Empty Rooms

Once, when it was a village,
Its natural walls were the long beach
Energised by the surf and the repetition of surf,
And behind the sand hills, the river
Sodden with mangroves and scuttle of crustaceans. 5
A few fishermen, then a dirt road
And the first hotel. The rest is history.

The river is a puzzle of canals
And bridges. The fibro sheds
Were like seed-pods; the sandy soil 10
Is now a forest of towers.
Instead of foliage
There are lights in every room
Instead of flowers there are balconies and glass.
At night, in the city of empty rooms 15
Like small plagues of hairy caterpillars
Cars move in dense processions
Of set patterns.
Three a.m. Four a.m. In some of the forest towers
Not even one light sets out signals. 20
Ten a.m. In all of the thousand bedrooms
If one figure moves it is an event:
Like a spouting whale, or like a lone sea eagle.



Surfers' Paradise in the 1960s (above) and today

Glossed word	
fibro	an inexpensive building material (abbreviation of "fibrolite")

TEXT C: NON-FICTION

In this extract, the writer recounts his experience of a bungy jump from a bridge.

Dangling like a duck in a poulterer's window

"We'll count you down from five."

They counted fast. On "Go!" I flung myself outwards as I had been advised to do, diving onto the air as if onto a mattress. At the exact moment when it was too late to go back, I wanted to go back. Then gravity grabbed me. I was conscious of its sudden seizure, aware of my utter powerlessness.

And then I was bouncing. I had no sense of having come near the water. I bounced two, perhaps three times, each with a moment's weightlessness at the top. And then I was dangling. Dangling from a bridge by my ankles like a duck in a poulterer's window.

My shirt had untucked from the waistband of my trousers and was rumpled around my chest, exposing my stomach. I felt the cold on my flesh. I didn't feel triumphant. I didn't feel exhilarated. I did feel some degree of relief, but mainly I felt strangely silly. To gain some dignity, some control, I pulled myself up into a half-pike, but couldn't hold the position for long.

A yellow dinghy pushed out into the current and the bungy rope lowered me towards it. The youth in the dinghy held out a pole for me to grab and I was laid on my back in the boat like a baby having its nappy changed. The youth asked me how it was. I said it was great. But I was lying. It was OK.

What was missing in this adventure was adventure. What was missing from this perilous act was peril.

New Zealand is recognised as the capital of the synthetic adventure industry and Queenstown is the capital of that capital. But I don't think it's a particularly New Zealand thing. Most of the people who are tied onto rubber ropes, strapped into jet-boats, slung beneath hang-gliders, or otherwise towed, suspended, rolled, dropped or flung are foreigners. Most come from the rich societies of Europe, North America and Asia. They lead urban lives, dedicated to the avoidance of risk. Their societies are moving towards the abolition of bad luck. Bad luck is somebody's fault. And somebody can be sued.

But swaddled lives are unsatisfactory. They lack danger. So the rich people come to New Zealand to get a fix of danger. Conveniently, New Zealand is a distant natural wilderness that hosts a safe English-speaking civilisation with good coffee and modern hospitals. So even to make the journey here is a sort of bungy jump. It has the hint of adventure, the salty-blood taste of risk, but it is safer than crossing the road. But you can't buy a T-shirt saying, "I crossed the road, and survived."

When the youth finally untrussed me, I was relieved to sit up, to be autonomous again, and even more relieved to clamber out of the dinghy and up the steps back to the bridge. A pair of employees pumped my hand and gave me a certificate saying that I had received "an instant injection of adrenaline and euphoria."

I hadn't. I had been frightened but that was all. My job was to take a single step. I was 86 kg of paying luggage.

Glossed word

poulterer — a specialist butcher who sells poultry (such as chicken and ducks)