

91100R



NEW ZEALAND QUALIFICATIONS AUTHORITY
MANA TOHU MĀTAURANGA O AOTEAROA

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

Level 2 English, 2017

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

2.00 p.m. Tuesday 21 November 2017

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, the writer thinks about the meaning of a photograph.

Why not?

My brother asks me why I photograph the sky. He asks to see the picture, and I hand him my phone.

“Why?” he says, because when he looks back up at the horizon all he sees is a Tuesday morning. He doesn’t see how fast the sun has risen behind the clouds. He doesn’t see the way the cotton layers have peeled away to reveal spindles of light straining to brush the grass. 5

I’m so busy contemplating the sky that I almost forget his question. I glance at the sunrise on my phone before I put it back in my pocket. I’m not sure how to answer him.

I could say how this sunrise, this Tuesday morning, will never be seen again by any human being, ever. It’ll spiral up and fly away with each passing minute. Lost to the wind, unless someone sticks out a hand to catch it, clutches it tight so that even if it’s been torn and crumpled it can’t slip away. 10

I could tell him about the way the houses wink at me in the orange light. About the sun-soaked grass, the tiny blades dancing in their sparkling dew dresses. I’d point at the bare tree branches stretching up to reach the sky. I’d tell him that this Tuesday morning is sitting in my pocket now, safe from time. 15

He’d probably laugh at me, tell me to stop worrying about taking photographs of everything. “Live in the moment.” And I’d laugh right back at him. When I’m old, when my face is tissue-paper tearing with every smile, I won’t have to grasp frantically at my memories as they fall away like sand in an hourglass. They’ll be safe, stored in gilded crystal frames on my desk instead of the fragile murk in my mind. Tuesday morning, the single moment of the sun 20 being carried up over the hills by purple clouds, will be frozen forever. Memories slip away with time, I’d tell him. But photographs, they’re permanent.

But I don’t say any of that when I look back at him. Instead, I take out the photograph again, of the clouds rolling and tumbling across the sky. Sun like a halo over the hills, trees waltzing with each other to a sudden gust of wind. A few tiny pixels on my phone. 25

“Why?” my brother asks again.

“Well,” I say, not bothering to hide my smile, “why not?”

Source: (adapted): Catherine Norman, “Why not”, in Tessa Duder, James Norcliffe, Glyn Strange (eds), *They Call Me Ink: A collection of writing by New Zealand teenagers* (Christchurch: Clerestory Press, 2016), p. 18.

TEXT B: POETRY

This poem depicts a group of musicians going to an unusual place to be photographed.

Exposure

Before the ridge they rested against		<u>polyprop</u> tops were stuck with sweat.	
the trunks of tōtara on the eastern flank.		The conductor shed his and was lashed	
Single-file, bodies swaying under	5	by the whip of snow-crossed air.	25
grey rumps of packs, instruments safely		Perched on the outcrop he raised	
sheathed, the compass pointing west.	10	his baton. They formed a semi-circle	30
Past the tree line into the brittle		finding footholds on uneven rock.	
alpine terrain and relentless wind		Songs of violins flew as the camera	
remembering not to look up	15	swooped. Through the lens they were stark:	35
when the thwack of the chopper		black coat tails, black dress against the <u>brindled</u> earth.	
sounded. By the time they arrived	20		

Glossed words

polyprop	fabric used in outdoor clothing (abbreviation of "polypropylene")
brindled	mostly brown, but mixed with other colours

TEXT C: NON-FICTION

This extract explores the role of the brain in interpreting how the senses experience the world.

The Power of the Mind

Daylight was fading fast and the jungle trail steep, slippery and unfamiliar. This was a forest of snakes. There were unseen pit vipers coiled in deadly poise on saplings, the dreaded fer de lance hidden among the damp leaves, hard enough to see in daylight, impossible in the half-light of dusk. And of course there were ants; bullet ants that pack a punch worthy of a wasp, columns of marauding army ants and tiny, aptly named fire ants. Any grab at a branch alongside the slippery trail could find something venomous. All this my wife, G, would have normally taken in her stride if it were not for the bats. Hundreds of them—possibly rabid, probably diseased—swooped through the damp forest, sometimes inches from her face. Occasionally one would actually brush past and she could feel its soft wing tips ruffle her hair—no doubt a prelude to an attack. A sinister mist, blood-red in the sunset, rose through the forest to complete the picture that was straight out of a horror movie. This was G’s nightmare.

Twenty metres further down the trail, I was in another world. It was a magical evening—the fierce Guatemalan afternoon heat had mellowed and it was pleasantly warm. The chorus of crickets and frogs was getting into top gear and the noisy macaws were settling down for the night. A couple of troops of howler monkeys roared their mutual defiance in the distance. A soft mist rose from the rainforest below the escarpment we’d climbed and we were heading back to our rough camp for dinner. It had been a great day. The crimson sunset was a dramatic backdrop to the bats that pursued insects among the tree trunks. They darted with the grace of swallows, in silent pursuit of the blinking fireflies and moths. Occasionally one would even brush past me, intent on catching a moth that had been attracted to my headlamp. For a wildlife fanatic like me, this was as good as it gets!

That a common set of sensations can evoke such disparate emotions is due in no small part to an organ represented by a pair of almond shaped structures and associated tissue within the brain. This is the amygdala and you would do well to understand it, for even when working normally, it is responsible at least in part for your state of anxiety, fear and emotional wellbeing. Put simply, your brain processes sensory information, recognises the information for what it is (“That’s a bat”) and the amygdala wraps that recognition in a blanket of fear, empathy, admiration, contempt or whatever emotion is linked to that image by previous experience (“THAT’S A BAT!!!!”).

Glossed word

fer de lance poisonous snake