

91474R



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MANA TOHU MĀTAURANGA O AOTEAROA

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## Level 3 English, 2017

### 91474 Respond critically to significant aspects of unfamiliar written texts through close reading, supported by evidence

2.00 p.m. Tuesday 14 November 2017

Credits: Four

## RESOURCE BOOKLET

Refer to this booklet to answer the questions for English 91474.

Check that this booklet has pages 2 and 3 in the correct order and that neither of these pages is blank.

**YOU MAY KEEP THIS BOOKLET AT THE END OF THE EXAMINATION.**

**TEXT A: PROSE**

In this passage, the writer describes the experience of working from home.

**Home, Sweet Home Office**

I sat down to write this 48 minutes ago. I brewed a pot of green tea, selected a playlist of songs I wouldn't be tempted to sing along to and opened my laptop.

And then? I watched two movie trailers, read a *Guardian* story about the merits of crunchy vs smooth peanut butter, fell down the rabbit hole of Twitter and its time-sucking relatives, checked my email (four times) and got in some serious training for the Staring Out the Window Olympics. 5

When you work from home (WFH), this is what's known as tumbling into the pit of distraction. Without a boss breathing down my neck, and no pressing deadline, it's easy to unclench from the task at hand.

But ever since I entered the labour market, I've wanted to work in the same real estate as my bed. I assumed it would involve mornings with Radio NZ, three-hour lunches and afternoons with Netflix. There would be long runs with the dog, time for culinary experimentation and leisurely visits to a deserted supermarket. 10

The best bit, though, was what I *wouldn't* have: irritating colleagues, fluorescent lighting and a tedious, expensive bus commute spent stuffed under someone's armpit. There would be no need to dress for success (some days there is no dressing, full stop), no stupid rules and no more passive-aggressive notes about cleaning the fridge. 15

Sadly, WFH remained out of my grasp for several decades: the small matter of a massive mortgage meant I had to drag myself through the calendar doing work I didn't like, in a place I didn't want to be, for people who didn't appreciate it. Until a few years ago, when I was mercifully able to untether myself from the corporate world. I felt like a kid on the first day of summer holidays. I stayed up late and slept in. I did phone interviews while unloading the dishwasher and pitched for work from the horizontal position. But most of my time was devoted to dreaming up new and creative Work Avoidance Schemes: perfecting my bagel-making skills, planting daffodil bulbs (I don't even like gardening) and reading. So much reading. Books and a sun-splashed garden would frequently swallow whole afternoons. 20 25

Not everyone was so thrilled with my new normal. Like many people, my husband was convinced WFH was some sort of code for '*Breaking Bad* marathon'. He once asked about the shape of my days: "I bet as soon as I leave for work, you turn off the phone and spend the rest of the time on the couch." Initially, the 'for worse' component of our marriage vows was severely tested. 30

There are downsides (if you can call them that, and I choose not to): I spend more hours in Ugg boots than a grown woman should and I sometimes have trouble convincing people that I have a 'real' job. Telling strangers I work from home is usually met with envious comments.

But WFH is my true north. I get to do what I'm passionate about, from a location I adore, while wearing clothing with elasticated waists. And if that isn't as painfully close to my dream job as it's possible to get, then I'm not sure what is. 35

**TEXT B: POETRY**

In this poem, the writer remembers a place he has visited.

**The Lighthouse Man**

*From a painting by Bill Burke*

I spent years imagining the lone adventures  
of the lighthouse man operating the signal at Pencarrow Head.  
As a kid, watching from our house down the coast,  
I could have sworn I caught a glimpse of the old man,  
struggling around the rocks in an old dinghy, 5  
checking his cray-pots and lines.

My sister had a different view:  
to her, the tower was the prison of a princess of the sea,  
a mermaid banished from her home,  
locked away till a prince arrived, 10  
to brave the road that twisted around the cliffs,  
and cunning enough to avoid the dragon  
searching the coast for noble and tasty rescuers  
(you could hear the growling of its stomach  
from fifty metres down the beach). 15

As I grew older, my lighthouse man became a stoic bachelor.  
Driven to his task by lost love, an uncaring family  
or a sense of detachment from civilisation,  
clinging to a sense of duty to similarly untamed men of the ocean—  
those captains who served only the laws and wants of nature, 20  
secure in the assuring durability of their mistress ships.

The years passed, and in danger of becoming a stubborn rock myself,  
I returned to that old coast with son in tow.  
The light still shone from the tower  
yet as I stood at the door, 25  
the dragon's growl and click  
became recognisable as the dreary whirrings of an old machine.  
But when the inevitable question arose,  
it was no time for spoiling fantasies of childhood,  
and dashing down the beach, 30  
ran two warriors,  
a dragon's flame singeing the soles of their feet,  
while an old man looked up from his dinghy behind the waves.

