

91474R



NEW ZEALAND QUALIFICATIONS AUTHORITY
MANA TOHU MĀTAURANGA O AOTEAROA

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

Level 3 English, 2018

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

9.30 a.m. Wednesday 21 November 2018
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 outrunning the blues in the dark.

Vampire Running

One evening in early June, when I got grumpy at my husband for something that was entirely my fault, I realised I had become a woman who shouts. A lot. I didn't want to be a woman who shouts, especially for no reason.

Restless and ashamed of my outburst, I dug through the wardrobe for a polyprop and running shoes. It had been months since I'd dragged myself around Wellington's waterfront but I needed to move, to propel myself as far away from my poor husband — and my anger — as possible. 5

That first night I only made it as far as Point Jerningham, a 6 km round trip. My thighs ached and my lungs felt as though they were on fire. I stopped a couple of times. At one point, I was overtaken by a bloke walking his elderly greyhound. 10

Running into a headwind and / or horizontal rain in the pitch black is as miserable as you'd imagine it to be. Some nights I could barely feel my toes and because I couldn't bring myself to wear a head lamp, it wasn't always easy navigating the surprisingly poorly lit suburban streets. I constantly complained, but I ran anyway, finding something strangely comforting about the anonymity of darkness, of having the footpath largely to myself. 15

A friend referred to it as vampire running, my preference for exercising after 8 p.m. I didn't know how I felt about anything else but I liked the feeling of being outside when so many others weren't, as though following a dark ribbon of asphalt made me a little bit stancher than I actually am.

By the time winter had rolled up her sleeves, I was having a more meaningful relationship with my running shoes than with nearly everyone in my address book. Two or three nights a week, and sometimes on the weekend, I'd peel myself off a warm couch and head out, plodding down to Oriental Bay and winding along the waterfront to Balaena Bay and back. 20

I began to recognise the same people: the older chap with the bad varicose veins who grunted with nearly every step; the overweight couple with matching jackets who ran almost as slowly as I did, and the homeless guy near Freyberg Pool who would regularly bark commands at runners to pick up the pace (he once hissed at me "Real runners don't stop" when a bad stitch slowed my speed). 25

My relationship with running is a complex thing; as a child I was a competitive sprinter and it took me a long time to slow down, to convince my body not to run 100 m as fast as it could. 30

These days, I'm more of a fair-weather runner, but I do miss those night-time jaunts along the waterfront. Thankfully, my life no longer has any unexplained sadness in the middle of it, but there's something so seductive about vampire running that this winter I'll be heading out again into the dark and cold, regardless.

Sources

Text A (adapted): Sharon Stephenson, "Vampire Running", *North and South*, June 2017, pp. 62–64.

Text B: Claire Orchard, "Charms", found on <http://www.bestnewzealandpoems.co.nz/2016-claire-orchard.html>.

Image (adapted): <https://www.amazon.in/Funky-Monkey-Eiffel-Windmill-Bracelet/dp/B00PTZSE86>.

TEXT B: POETRY

In this poem, the writer recounts a drive through her old neighbourhood.

Charms

Driving along Main Street the old places dangle,
unpolished, from a tacky tarmac chain:
the squat, grey-rock women's hospital,
the chipped and faded boards of our grandparents'
ex-state bungalow. The Baptist church's cut-glass angles
now the River of Life Centre and, opposite,
my once-boyfriend's cubazoid, sunset brick-and-tile
studded with net-curtained windows.

The centrepiece of the collection, the high school, has
sustained some major alterations. The maths prefabs
have gone. The science labs, solid concrete blocks
that surely should have stood monument forever,
have been razed, entirely replaced by a rectangle-cut gem
of emerald grass set with three saplings.

Doubling back, I drive through the front gates
that, according to the sign, should be locked by now.
But tonight the car park is full of vehicles;
there's something going on in the hall. Parent-teacher
conferences? Careers night? At a crawl I complete
the circuit, passing the marae, the special needs unit;
both seem to have shrunk. At the exit, the mural
on the road-facing wall is unchanged,
its violently erupting volcano still showering
that unnamed wahine in ash and steam, her face
still wearing that vague, unfinished look.

Pulling up to the roundabout there's a faint figure
looming in the dusk, a teenage girl running
in front of my car. Her mate hesitates, looking
directly at me. I smile and wave at her and, although
she still seems unsure, she goes anyway.

I pass them, still running, pleated tartan skirts
flying. And then there's those god-awful imitation windmills,
a final faded pair of geegaws, smaller from this angle.



5

10

15

20

25

30

Glossed word

geegaws flashy or tacky ornaments, which are worthless aside from their sentimental value

