

STUDENT'S NAME:.....

ENGLISH TEACHER'S INITIALS:.....

BBA PRACTICE EXAMINATION 2017

ENGLISH Level Three

RESOURCE BOOKLET

91474 (3.3)

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

Credits: Four

Refer to this booklet to answer the questions for English 91474 (3.3).

Check that this booklet has pages 2-3 and that none of these pages is blank.

HAND THIS BOOKLET TO THE SUPERVISOR AT THE END OF THE ASSESSMENT.

Text A: PROSE

TEXT

In this passage, a New Zealand historian discusses the memorialisation of WORLD WAR 1 soldiers.

Myth and Memory

The First World War took its place in the collective memory and history of New Zealand over the twentieth century, changing with each generation to suit specific needs. In the public mind the war was defined, largely, by the two main land campaigns to which New Zealand contributed – Gallipoli, as a founding point for evolving concepts of national identity; and the Western Front as New Zealand’s defining experience of industrial-age warfare. None of this reduced the reality of those campaigns – or of the war as a whole – for the New Zealanders who fought it.

The First World War, at its heart, was an emotional journey. For those who fought it the war was a heart-rending rollercoaster that took them from the greatest heights of hope to the lowest depths of shattered idealism. It forced young men just a few years out of school to face horrors they could not have imagined in their worst nightmares. They had to anticipate being killed or wounded; they had to kill; and they had to endure that terror and do such unthinkable acts not just once, but many times, over first months and then years. All this was played out in a topsy-turvy world of mud, corruption and steel death that stood in contrast to the pleasant lands of home.

Any reasonable individual hurled into such a world could hardly be blamed for running from it at once – whatever the consequences. Yet these young men from New Zealand were not found wanting. They accepted the lot fate had handed them, knuckled down and did what had to be done – whatever the cost. The reasons why varied; for most it was a sense of duty to themselves, to their families, and to their country – meaning more than just New Zealand alone. But the task still demanded personal conviction, action and hope – a combination of emotions perhaps best summed up as courage. More than half of these young men were killed or wounded. Yet the cost of enduring this appalling world sapped the souls even of those who survived it, a burden that they had to carry for the rest of their lives. That demanded another form of courage; but again, these men did not shirk from the task.

Those who survived the legacy of gas and wounding got on with their lives, raised families, saw their sons through the next war, and took their place in the annual Anzac Day parades to remember their friends and comrades. For most the reality of their war remained with them; and the price they paid for fighting it was greater than most of their children and grandchildren knew. And they deserved their place in history. They had lived through one of the most intensely destructive wars in the history of the world. The sacrifices they had made helped shape New Zealand’s twentieth century society. Their legacy echoed into the twenty-first, remade for the new millennium. And as crowds gathered before the memorials in the cold dawn of successive Anzac Days, these brave and courageous men were remembered.

Refer to Text B to answer Questions Two and Three.

Text B: POETRY

Text B

Anzac Day, 2004

i.m. Martin Kelly, died 21 October 1917

So warm, so still, this afternoon;
even the bird song from the half
-bare trees, nonchalant and easy

5

above me as I thin the ranks
of carrot seedlings. Delicate,
green, each one that I'm easing out

a small most perfect plant. Just one
in five given a chance to grow;
now the rest, gone limp already,

10

will rot upon the compost heap
till they merge in uniform loam.
My young great-uncle, Martin,

15

was a country lad, a private
brought up in the Forty Mile Bush,
There was plenty of mud there too

in the raw, saturated paddocks –
black stumps, like taiaha, sticking
up behind the weatherboard house.

20

He couldn't wait to get away.
There is only one photograph:
clean-cut, clear eyed, in wool jacket

and military cap, badge glinting,
he deflects my curious gaze;
no one alive now who knew him.

25

In my mind I try to haul him
through the no-man's-land of time into
what's left of this mild April day –

30

before the light withdraws, before
the cold sets in again, before
the desultory birds fall silent.

'Anzac Day, 2004', *Leaving the Tableland*, Kerry Popplewell, Steele Roberts, Wellington, 2010

Glossed words

loam – soil

desultory – half-hearted