



Level 2 English Course Book

**This book contains all the information you need to know
about your course this year.**



Name : _____

Teacher: _____

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INTRODUCTION

Welcome to Year 12 English! The world around us is in unrest, turmoil, disconnected from each other. In some ways, it feels like we are on the cusp of war or if nothing else, dissension across the world. So, what can we do here, in our little, stuffy classroom in the middle of GI, on this tiny island? Well we can look to the past, look to see if we as a society are repeating ourselves, see if we have a voice? Whether we care enough to shout (or in this case write).

Year 12 is about more freedom in writing, in what you read, in what you say. Our goal this year is to make sure you find your voice, and what you say is heard, but also to make sure that WHAT you have to say has value. Have no fear... I promise you, words can change the world. Approach this year with an open mind, don't step back but step up, enjoy it, attend extra tutorials, ask how to excel, aim for the top!



Your teachers are always there whenever you need, just **ask**!

NCEA

To gain NCEA certificates, you must reach a set total number of credits. These can be made up from Achievement Standards, Unit Standards or a mixture of both.

NCEA can be awarded at Level 1, 2 or 3.

- NCEA Level 1 Certificate Students must earn at least 80 credits.
- You will need to get 10 Literacy credits and 10 Numeracy credits to gain NCEA Level 1
- Students can gain NCEA certificates endorsed with merit or excellence if you have 14 credits of the particular grade. Four of those **must** come from your exams.

A GUIDE TO UNIVERSITY ENTRANCE: Entry to degree-level programmes from 2019

- NCEA Numeracy: 10 credits from Level 1 or above from specified achievement standards or three specific numeracy unit standards.
- NCEA Literacy: Five credits in reading and five credits in writing at Level 2 and above from specific standards.
- Level 3: Achievement of NCEA Level 3: 60 credits at Level 3, plus 20 credits at Level 2 or above.
- Students must gain 14 credits from each of three approved subjects.



Level 2 Course

<u>Achievement Standard</u>	<u>Description</u>	<u>Assessment</u>	<u>Credits</u>
91098 (2.1)	Analyse specified aspect(s) of studied written text(s), using supporting evidence	EXAM	4
91099 (2.2)	_____		
91100 (2.3)	Analyse significant aspects of unfamiliar written texts through close reading, supported by evidence		4
91101 (2.4)	Produce a selection of crafted and controlled writing	Portfolio of writing	6
91106 (2.9)	Form developed personal responses to independently read texts, supported by evidence	Written /Oral Assessment	4
91104 (2.7)	Analyse significant connections across texts, supported by evidence	Written/Essay	4

TOTAL: 25 CREDITS



Achievement Standard 91104 v1

Analyse significant connections across texts, supported by evidence

Sink your teeth into texts!

Achievement	Achievement with Merit	Achievement with Excellence
Analyse significant connections across texts, supported by evidence.	Analyse significant connections across texts convincingly, supported by evidence.	Analyse significant connections across texts perceptively, supported by evidence.

Students need to independently read/view/listen to four different texts.

- Texts should not be taken from those studied directly as part of a student's literature study.
- Texts need to connect to a common theme/idea and/or message.

Possible texts include: novels, graphic novels, biographies, autobiographies, films, dramas, short stories, poetry, short films, song lyrics, blogs, feature magazine articles, or newspaper columns.

Important things to note

- Text(s) must be suitable for **level 7 of the curriculum** and the age of the students (i.e., text(s) do not have a rating that prohibits their use for Level 2 NCEA students).
- Texts suitable for level 7 allow students to think critically and show a discriminating understanding (refer to level 7 achievement objectives for Listening, Reading, and Viewing). For example, newspaper stories are not generally acceptable for level 7 of the curriculum, whereas a column piece may well meet level 7.

Conditions

Assessment may use a combination of class time and homework time.

The student's personal responses can be delivered in a written and/or oral format, or a



combination of these. Teachers may specify the format required.

Remember throughout your response you MUST

- use evidence to support your points
- integrate your personal response to both the ideas you have engaged with and the way in which they have been presented
- DEVELOP the point you are making; stick with it and carry it through to PERCEPTION

For Merit and Excellence,

- you are attempting to make connections between the ideas in the texts and yourself, your society and the wider world in order to offer perceptive personal responses.
- You are encouraged to show some insight or originality in thought or reflection by: demonstrating significant personal understandings of, engagement with, and viewpoints in the texts making connections between texts, both in the way they present ideas and in other ways making links between the texts and yourself – making clear connections between the text and your personal experiences and prior understandings
- making links between the texts and the world – making clear connections with the social, cultural, literary, political, or historical contexts presented in the texts.

Look at these exemplars:

[Excellence Exemplar](#)

[Merit Exemplar](#)

[Achieved Exemplar](#)

Writing Frame

[Connections Writing Frame](#)



Achievement Standard 91106 v2

**Form developed personal responses to independently read texts,
supported by evidence**

‘Highly Recommended: What do you really think?’

Achieved	Achieved with Merit	Achieved with Excellence
Form developed personal responses to independently read texts, supported by evidence.	Form developed, convincing personal responses to independently read texts, supported by evidence.	Form developed, perceptive personal responses to independently read texts, supported by evidence

Students need to independently select, read, and recommend at least six texts.

- Texts should not be taken from those studied directly as part of a student's literature study.
- The students must form developed personal responses to each of the texts and support these with evidence.

Of the six texts selected,

- at least four must be written texts,
- two of which must be extended texts.
- The remaining two texts can be visual, oral, or written.

Possible texts include: novels, graphic novels, biographies, autobiographies, films, dramas, short stories, poetry, short films, song lyrics, blogs, feature magazine articles, or newspaper columns.

Important things to note



- Text(s) must be suitable for **level 7 of the curriculum** and the age of the students (i.e., text(s) do not have a rating that prohibits their use for Level 2 NCEA students).
- Texts suitable for level 7 allow students to think critically and show a discriminating understanding (refer to level 7 achievement objectives for Listening, Reading, and Viewing). For example, newspaper stories are not generally acceptable for level 7 of the curriculum, whereas a column piece may well meet level 7.

Implement checkpoints during the period of study to ensure students' steady progress, to provide encouragement, and to monitor the authenticity of their work.

Students can present their personal responses in a **written or oral format** or a combination of both. You need to agree which format/s their presentation will use. The task should take place over an extended period of time.

In prior teaching and learning, teachers need to:

- provide opportunities for student discussion of personal responses to texts, including making links between text and self and text and world
- include opportunities for students to select and independently read texts
- model possible progress logs for the reading process
- provide opportunities for development of the skills of written and/or oral delivery of personal responses.

Conditions

Assessment may use a combination of class time and homework time.

The student's personal responses can be delivered in a written and/or oral format, or a combination of these. Teachers may specify the format required.

Remember throughout your response you MUST

- use evidence to support your points
- integrate your personal response to both the ideas you have engaged with and the way in which they have been presented
- DEVELOP the point you are making; stick with it and carry it through to PERCEPTION

For Merit and Excellence.

- you are attempting to make connections between the ideas in the



texts and yourself, your society and the wider world in order to offer perceptive personal responses.

- You are encouraged to show some insight or originality in thought or reflection by: demonstrating significant personal understandings of, engagement with, and viewpoints in the texts making connections between texts, both in the way they present ideas and in other ways making links between the texts and yourself – making clear connections between the text and your personal experiences and prior understandings
- making links between the texts and the world – making clear connections with the social, cultural, literary, political, or historical contexts presented in the texts.
- You must have six text responses completed to fulfil the assessment and your grade is determined by reaching a particular grade in 4 or more text responses and the other 2 must be close to that grade boundary.

Look at these examples

<u>TEXT 1</u>	<u>TEXT 2</u>	<u>TEXT 3</u>	<u>TEXT 4</u>	<u>TEXT 5</u>	<u>TEXT 6</u>	<u>OVERALL GRADE</u>
A	M	M	E	M	M	Merit
E	M	M	E	E	E	Excellence

EXEMPLARS: From Not Achieved to Excellence

Log sheet for Students

<u>TEXT TYPE</u>	<u>TITLE and AUTHOR/DIRECTOR</u>	<u>DATE SUBMITTED</u>	<u>GRADE</u>
Extended Text			
Extended Text			
Any Written			
Any Written			
Visual/Written/Oral (highlight one)			
Visual/Written/Oral			



(highlight one)			
<u>FINAL Grade</u>	<u>Not Achieved / Achieved / Merit / Excellence</u>		

2.9 Personal Response Individual Sheets

TITLE			
AUTHOR/CREATOR			
LOG NUMBER	1	TEXT TYPE	
Important facts about this text that may be significant			

Short Summary of the Text

Response to an issue within the text/action of a character (Include at least 2 quotes)
--



How did it make you feel?
What did it make you think about?
Did it make you question
anything?

Link/relate the text to your experiences/your world/society/the world around you

Can we learn any lessons from the text? Did it make you think of anything you have experienced? How does the text relate to the world? Is there a message for people? Would you recommend it?



A.S 2.10 AS91107

Analyse aspects of visual and/or oral text(s) through close viewing and/or listening, supported by evidence

'Focusing on Film

Assessment Criteria

Achieved	Achieved with Merit	Achieved with Excellence
Analyse aspects of visual and/or oral text(s) through close viewing and/or listening, supported by evidence.	Analyse aspects of visual and/or oral text(s) convincingly, through close viewing and/or listening, supported by evidence.	Analyse aspects of visual and/or oral text(s) perceptively, through close viewing and/or listening, supported by evidence.

This standard involves making developed interpretations of meanings and effects of visual text(s), such as:

- ideas (eg themes, attitudes, beliefs, experiences, feelings, insights, meanings, opinions, thoughts, and understandings within the text)
- film techniques (eg [cinematography](#)(film techniques), [editing](#)(after filming), production design(setting), sound(sound effects, theme music), performance(dialogue) , rhetorical devices)
- other oral language techniques and structures (eg part text, whole text, narrative sequence, beginnings and endings) as used for particular audiences and purposes.



INSTRUCTIONS

This assessment activity requires you to [analyse significant aspects of film](#), using supporting evidence.

- You will be guided through a study of a visual text.
- You will select, closely view, and make developed interpretations of the meaning and effects of one **UNSTUDIED** film extract.
- You will present your analysis of significant aspects of the film(s) as a written report.
- You will be given **two hours** in class to write analysis notes for your scene and **two days** outside of class to write up your report for the assessment.
- **ONE** re-submission hour will be offered to selected students who have **ONE** specific issue for correction.
- An opportunity for appeal will be given to students other than those who are offered a re-submission.

Task 1: Select and view your text

- View the extract.
- View the extract again and storyboard, making notes on the techniques used by the director and how they relate to the director's purpose.
- View the extract again.
- Using your storyboard and the analysis chart provided, write your analysis notes.
- View the extract a final time.
- Revise your analysis. What could you add? What links can you make with your own life, ideas, and opinions?



STRUCTURE: TEMPLATE FOR YOUR PARAGRAPH

(REMEMBER YOU NEED 4 DIFFERENT TECHNIQUES TO ANALYSE)

- Stating technique/aspect and effect:
- Explaining HOW the director achieves this by using this technique:
- Explaining WHY he needs to make us, the viewer (Director's purpose – link to theme/ideas – impact on audience):
- Link to text as a whole and/or society. Use specific real life examples:

Overall your paragraph should explain how the aspects work together to build meaning, influence the audience and fulfil the directors purpose.

Lets see what this looks like in practice, using the example from the film Gattaca.

Below is a still from the scene the student analysed.

In the scene where Vincent walks down the staircase in their house, the dark industrial colours create a spare, clinical mood. This is created by the grey concrete walls and smooth steel of Vincent and Eugene's home. With small oblong windows, the brushed steel spiral staircase and vast empty ground floor, the house feels more like a bunker or factory than a flat. This is accentuated by the array of industrial scientific equipment we have seen Eugene using to harvest his DNA. The clinical atmosphere of their house reminds the audience that for the men, every aspect of their lives needs to be controlled and for Vincent, manufactured. Their living space is literally a factory that produces the genetic material Vincent needs to fulfil his role at Gattaca. Niccol wants the audience to understand that in this recognisable future, the precision and perfection the human race has achieved has come at the price of the more familiar messiness of chance and unknown possibility. This is one of the messages of the film: that despite the exactitude of the genetically engineered



world, it is the indefatigable human spirit – and its unwillingness to allow fear or science or proof or any other detectable evidence of insufficiency – that is the strongest determiner of success. And that despite how indefinable or chaotic ‘humanness’ may be, it is only through that inherently illogical belief in self that anyone can overcome cold hard reality and find the desire to strive for something better. The controlled industrial mood of their house contrasts with the fact that Vincent succeeds because of his own force of will and despite (or because of?) his messy genetic inheritance

Task 3: Checklist for your paragraphs

• Have I written about significant aspects of visual language features used in the film(s)?	
• Have I linked the use of specific language features to their effects?	
• Have I noticed how language features have been used together?	
• Have I linked the ideas that the language features help develop to myself or the wider world?	
• Have I linked the ideas that the language features help develop to human experience and society?	
• Have I understood the director’s purpose?	
• Have I thought about how the text’s genre might influence the text?	
• Have I got specific supporting evidence for my points from the text(s)?	

If you answer “No” to any of these questions, revise your analysis to provide the missing detail.

2. [Student exemplars](#)

3. [Marking Schedule](#): How we will be marking this assessment.



Achievement Standard (91101)
***Produce a selection of crafted and controlled writing
which develops, sustains and structures ideas***

Resource reference: English 2.4 (adapted resource)

Credits: 6

Achieved	Achieved with Merit	Achieved with Excellence
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Produce a selection of crafted and controlled writing which develops, sustains, and structures ideas. Produce a selection of crafted and controlled writing using language features appropriate to the audience and purpose to create effects. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Produce a selection of crafted and controlled writing which develops, sustains, and structures ideas convincingly. Produce a selection of crafted and controlled writing using language features appropriate to the audience and purpose to create convincing effects. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Produce a selection of crafted and controlled writing which develops, sustains, and structures ideas effectively. Produce a selection of crafted and controlled writing using language features appropriate to the audience and purpose to command attention.

Comments

Moderator Comments

Not Achieved/ Achieved/ Merit/ Excellence

Authenticity Statement:

- ☐ I acknowledge that this is my own work and I have not received any undue assistance.
- ☐ I acknowledge that I have not copied directly from the internet unless I have quoted my source of information.

Student Name:

Date:

I do/do not accept this as my final grade.

Student Signature:

Date:



Tasks for this assessment

Credits: 6 (over your two best pieces)

Assessment: Internal

1. “A Theme for all Seasons”

Introduction

In this activity you will develop your own narrative **inspired by a theme from one or both of your studied texts. This is your own creative piece** using a theme you have seen in your studied text.

- Your theme will be developed through a new character, created by you (as opposed to a character from the text), or interactions between two or more new characters
- The setting (time, place and social context) will be contemporary and one you have experienced yourself, in order to make your writing authentic and believable.

Possible themes from The Great Gatsby and Othello are:

- A lack of self-insight, or social awareness, and the tragic outcomes that may result
- Prejudice – the insecurities generated when outsiders arrive and how people deal with this
- Expectations vs reality – misinterpretation
- The consequences of social and moral decay for vulnerable individuals
- Idealism in conflict with the compromises of the real world

This is not an exhaustive list. If you have other ideas, discuss these with your teacher.

You will write a statement of intent to begin your piece. In order to keep your writing a manageable length, you might use this statement to outline context or action that occurs immediately before or after the period of time covered in your writing. Think of your piece as a ‘snapshot’ rather than the whole story.

You will be assessed on your ability to:

- *develop and sustain one or more central theme/lesson through your character study*



- *craft your writing to achieve a stylistic coherence throughout the piece through your deliberate use of a range of language techniques*
- *structure the piece clearly and effectively*
- *use writing conventions accurately (although you can also break rules for purpose and effect).*

Your thematic character study will be at least 600 words long (**aim for 800-900**). It should be appropriate for a readership of your peers and your English teacher.

PLANNING YOUR NARRATIVE

Think about the texts that you have studied in English this year and select a theme as the focus of writing.

Use the template below to begin brainstorming ideas for your writing:

Possible themes for me to explore in my writing:

Possible contemporary settings for my writing (remember to set your writing in settings you are familiar with):

TIME:

PLACE:

SOCIAL CONTEXT – what's going on within this setting?

Possibilities for character – what characteristics will help you to develop your theme?



Will your writing be more effective in the first/second/third person point of view? Why?

What might happen to your character within your chosen setting to help present your theme?

This advice on how to develop your character is adapted from the 'Prologues and Epilogues' task:

1. CHARACTER PLANNING

Answer each of the following questions, referring to detailed evidence from your studied text to back up your answers.

How does your character appear? (Description, Typical Actions)

Think about how they dress, walk, move, their age, body type, facial expressions, mannerisms, etc

How does your character speak? (Dialogue)

Think about what their voice sounds like as well as what types of things they might say

Where is your character? (Surrounding)

Think about their surroundings – are they outdoors or inside? What is the weather like? Describe the things your character might take an interest in or react to if he/she were to walk through or spend time in this setting. How might these things reflect the type of person your character is?



My character is similar to...

What are some things you could compare your character to (ie. similes and metaphors)? Do they remind you of anything?

What is your character's personality?

Think of their likes and dislikes, their typical emotions and the ways they deal with problems, a particular thing that makes the person original or interesting

What historical and cultural contexts have shaped this character? How?

2. PLOTTING YOUR CHARACTER PIECE

Other Characters? Who are the other characters that your main character will meet in the description? How will they contrast with your main character?

Conflict or Problem? Will your character/s face conflict? Or will they have to react to a problem of some sort? Describe the conflict or problem

Reacting to the Conflict / Problem. How will your character react to the problem/conflict? What challenges does your character face in trying to fix the problem/conflict. How will you show any character change once the problem is dealt with?

To begin your writing you will write a statement of intent that answers the following questions. There is an example of this in the exemplar that follows :

- Which theme from the original story/ies am I going to develop?
- What situation do I want to put the character into?
- Which key qualities of the character/s is it important to show?
- What attitudes should the character/s express?
- How should language be used to develop character?

3. DRAFTING YOUR CHARACTER PIECE

a. Develop your notes into your first Google doc draft about your chosen character.



- b. Go through your first draft and make improvements to your descriptions, the way that the dialogue you use reveals character, the actions you use to reveal character, the way that you use character reactions to settings and other characters to reveal character.
- c. Check your writing for errors. Correct punctuation, spelling and grammar.
- d. Complete a final edit of your draft. Your teacher will give feedback on it and you will polish it for final submission at the end of term 3

WRITER'S CHECKLIST

Are there original metaphors or similes in my writing?	
Have I tried extending these similes/metaphors?	
Have I tried replacing nouns and verbs with more specific ones?	
Have I created patterns of verbs and adjectives through my description?	
Do my sentence lengths vary and is there a reason why they vary?	
Have I <i>shown</i> the reader what my character is like rather than simply telling them? Ie through how they react to other characters, how they react to aspects of the setting, both through what they say and what they do?	
Is the tense the same throughout the entire piece?	
Does every sentence make sense with no words missing?	
Have I used a dictionary to correct the spelling of any words I was unsure of?	
Have I used capital letters for the beginning of sentences and proper nouns?	
Have I used commas to indicate to the reader where a pause is?	
Are apostrophes used to indicate where something belongs to someone and where letters are missing from words?	

Here is an example of an effective character interaction piece. Once you have read it, consider the themes it presents and how the writer used the characters and their interactions to achieve this purpose.

Broken Eggshells: *Zarah Butcher-McGunnigle* of Western Springs College took third place in the 2007 Sunday Star-Times competition. Judge David Hill praised her story's authenticity, economy and "disciplined energy".



The phone is ringing. My eyes click open and I glance at the clock. Three past one - in the morning. The phone shrills and shrills like a metallic bird. Panic flurries in my chest. I fumble into the hallway. "Hello?"

"Howdy. It's Isabel . . . Isabel necessary on a bicycle?!"

"What?"

"It's me, Mandy - Isabel Grace! Is it too late to ring?"

"Uh . . . " I wipe my eyes. "Well, I was in bed."

"Oh, sorry Mandy. I just had to speak to you . . . I haven't spoken to you for ages . . ."

"OK . . ." I'm too tired to point out that I saw her just the other day.

"Well, you know I had this idea. You know that shop near that wine shop - it's empty now. It's up for rent. And I thought, what would really go well there would be a cafe! Don't you think? There aren't many around there and it gets busy so people would definitely come . . ." Her words are buzzing, too bright for the shadows in the hall and my grey nightgown. They flap through my fogged head. "I've planned out the menu. For breakfast, well, brunch, there would be . . . mixed grain muesli - two flavours: apricot and almond and coconut and currant. Do you think coconut and currant go well together? I thought of it myself."

"Um, I guess so . . ."

"And I'd have poached egg on toast with . . . either roast pumpkin spread or avocado . . . and pancakes with - no hang on. I'm not very good at making pancakes. Waffles would be easier, wouldn't it? But actually I could have savoury waffles for lunch . . . with chutney. And salad. That would be nice wouldn't it?"

"Yeah, but, um, Isabel, can I ring you back? In the morning or something?"

"It is the morning!"

"You know what I mean. When there's daylight."

"Well, well, OK. But, can I just tell you that I think I'm going to focus on my art again. I want to take photos again. Black and white. I've planned out some I want to take . . . wouldn't it be cool if I went into town and took a photo of all these people walking, like, across the road in those big herds like they do in town, and then you had just one person standing, static, in the middle? And everyone else was sort of blurred, you know?"

"Yeah . . . sounds good, but I'll talk to you later, OK?"

"OK." The only light is coming from the square of frosted glass in the front door. The outside lamp is on; I can see fat moths whirring around it.

"I thought about doing a photo, maybe a series of photos, of paper dolls. Those paper doll chains. And in one I could have scissors . . ."

"Yes, Isabel. That sounds good. But I'll call you tomorrow - I mean, in the morning, OK?"

"OK. But can you come round? We can catch up! I'm going to make banana cake! I've got rotting bananas here! The fruit flies have moved in! Ha, ha!"

"Yeah -"

"Wait, no, come on Friday. Friday - otherwise I'm too busy. OK?"



"OK Isabel. Goodnight."

"Goodnight Mandy-Pandy. Bonsoir."

I hang up. Then I crawl back into bed, pulling my fuzzy blanket over me.

I sleep in. It's nine when I finally wake up. I'm late for my job. I jolt upright. Suddenly Johnathan is there, in the doorway, smiling.

"What the hell are you doing here?"

"I used my key. I tried to ring you."

"I'm late for work!" I throw off the covers. Johnathan places his hand on my waist, kisses my nose.

"Ring and say you're sick. I did. We can go out to breakfast."

"But . . ." I think of my stack of marking. In the mirror my reflection raises its eyebrows. "OK . . ." I hear myself agree, and in 15 minutes we are out the door.

I forget about Isabel. Johnathan and I go to the park; feed the ducks. We drive to the waterfront and watch the boats on the glittering harbour. "When are you going to say yes?" Johnathan asks me, his left hand resting against mine.

"What?" I say, quizzical, and then I look down where he is stroking my naked ring finger.

"When it's the right time," I answer with a wry smile.

I call Isabel mid-afternoon. No one answers. I dial the number again. Still no one picks up.

The days melt into each other; Friday arrives. The sky is thick with clouds so I don't put out the washing. I drive to Isabel's. Grey splinters of rain fall onto the windscreen.

The curtains are tightly drawn - furrowed brows. I wait on the peeling porch. The door opens.

"Amanda . . ." Her eyes are apprehensive; the kind that makes others apprehensive too. "Hello . . ." Her pale face is like a startled deer. "Come in . . ."

"How are you?"

"Good . . ." she says - a reflex - I can see the black ellipses hanging in the air.

I follow her into the living room. She is wearing a dressing gown that has lost its fluff. I sit down on the couch. She perches. She sighs - stares at nothing. Her expression is glazed, as though even though I'm here, she's not. "Tea," she suddenly says. "Do you want tea?"

"OK," I nod. She fills the kettle. As it bubbles and boils, furls of steam trace a long crack in the window. "What happened?" I point.

"Oh, the heat, the steam from the jug. It'll probably break completely soon." She goes to the pantry.

"You'll have to have this cup. The rest are dirty. Expensive china. Don't break it." I glance at the small towered city of dishes on the bench. She fills my cup. "Shit!" some of the hot water splashes on her wrist.

"Quick, run it under the cold tap!"

I finish making my tea. We go back to the living room.

"Is that your camera?" I touch a charcoal-coloured case on the table.

"Yeah."

"Taken many photos?"



"No." she rubs her eyelids. "I don't know how I . . . I don't know . . ." she mutters.

I sip my tea. My tongue burns. "Look! Look at all this crap everywhere. There's a chickpea on the ground! I had chickpea curry two weeks ago!"

"Well, you've been busy," I say. She gazes at me, blank as a sheet of paper.

"Busy doing nothing." She chews her thumbnail.

"You look tired," I say. She has grey smudges under her eyes.

"Mmm."

"How is your writing going then?" I ask. "Did you send off that thing to the publisher?"

She shrugs. "No. It's not very good."

"It seemed good to me."

"Well what do you know!" She looks away; folds her arms. I bite my lip. "I don't mean it like that," she says quietly. "You know what I mean. I just . . . oh, I don't know. Nothing I do is solid. I do bits and pieces and I'm always just waiting . . ."

I trace my cup handle with a finger. "What was that cafe you were talking about?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing," she shakes her head sadly. I nod, and imagine her as a large empty jug, sitting on the counter next to the sink.

"Life is just passing me by."

"Isabel, you're only 31."

"So? You've got a great job you're happy with, an almost-husband, probably kids down the line . . ."

"Oh, Isabel, come on. Well if you aren't into the writing right now, then do your art again, like you said."

"Oh, what's the point?"

We are both quiet. The room is heavy with the grey, grainy quietness. I drink the last of my tea. She rubs her eyes again, then glances at her watch. Biiiiiinnnnng! I jump at the noise. "What is it?"

"The banana cake." I thought I'd smelt something. She gets up; takes my cup. On the way to the sink she drops the cup. I go to the kitchen and see her kneeling on the grimy tiled floor, bone- white shards in her hands. "Oh, dear."

"F---," she says. "F---." her voice is crumbled, like stale bread. "F---." She is crying.

"Isabel?" She is weeping; she is quivering. I don't know what to do. "You're not OK are you?" I say. She hobbles up, leaning on one knee, shambles towards the oven. She jerks open the door and slides out the tin. Two saucers; a knife; a spoon; a tea towel - "You're probably supposed to let it cool first . . ." She digs the knife deep into the cake. I notice a salty tear fall onto my piece. I pick up the plate. "Well," I say, taking a mouthful. "This is very delicious. Moist and light . . ."

She nibbles, mouse-like. I feel the card in my pocket, ready to pull out and present. Waiting for the right time.

I take another bite and my mouth feels gritty. I glance down and see bits of eggshell. I don't say anything. I eat every crumb.



A Theme for All Seasons Excellence Exemplar

STATEMENT OF INTENT:

By writing this text I wish to convey the theme of disillusionment with society, which I found prevalent in the text I studied e.g The Great Gatsby, The Catcher in the Rye and Lars and the Real Girl. I am putting my main character into a last hour of his life situation. In this text the character will be going through an activity in the bar then back to his apartment with hints throughout of something strange about him yet the reader will not uncover this till the last few sentences. This strangeness will be primarily to do with his wife but this will not be apparent until the end of the text which will finally give have a big reveal. For me it is important to portray my character as disillusioned at the end of the text, however throughout the text it is important to show just how normal he is in terms of his age group and how his disillusionment has been sparked due to his middle age lifestyle. It is important to me that I express my characters bitterness towards his middle aged situation in order to create a portrait of his perspective on the world and how this leads to his ultimatum. In order to develop my character I will use a lot of description in the way he talk, specifically the way in which he speaks and cuts other characters dialogue off intermittently.

The picture frame

He cocked his head back and emptied the contents into his mouth. A wave of warmth came over him like a candle-lit bath . He paused for a second, loosening his tie as his airway recoiled from the burn of the liquor. Whiskey to be exact. He liked his whiskey, it was a good kick to him, and right now just what he needed.

He slowly lowered the glass to the table, making a conscious effort to not spill the ice across the bar like he had done with his last drink. He looked up from the space he occupied on the mahogany bench in an involuntary effort to catch the bartender's eye. He was no longer there, instead he was staring back at himself through the grubby perspective of the mirror the lined the wall opposite the bar. Their eyes locked. He was not a vain sort yet the subject of his appearance suddenly intrigued him. At a glance he was not a stand out character. He had an ordinary face, the sort you walk past everyday on the way to work. It was the sort of face that proposed to you a five percent fixed interest rate or handed a mound of papers across the desk, asking you to sign here, here and here so your wife could claim half your assets. An ordinary business-like face, topped off with a sparse collection of grey (which he thought made him look quite sophisticated) fibres forming a conventional crew cut. His attire followed the same theme, dark navy pinstripes, forming an expensive yet ill-fitting department store suit. It was the type of suit that a man with no dress sense wore in order to fit the part of his nine - five. The suit hung off him like wet laundry on the line, hiding away a half century of bad eating habits. He acknowledged that the reflection he was presented with confirmed the notion



of his work, an ordinary business-like type. This normally would have pleased him as it was important to act the part when you the CEO of high ranking advertising agency, however on this particular night it did not.

"Excuse me sir", said a hospitable voice, momentarily piercing his alcohol induced haze.

"Heya, Jim", his head bowed, analysing the grains of wood which formed the bar. "Fill me up another one would--"

"J-james, sir.."

"Pardon me", said the grey haired man in a bout of confusion.

"The names James, sir..", the waiter announced awkwardly, unsure what reaction to expect from the drunken man slumped in front of him. The grey haired man looked up, slowly adjusting his eyes to a slender young figure. "...Jim ended his shift at midnight sir", still unsure what reaction to expect from this perplexed drunk man in front of him.

"Oh.. sorry there old sport", he said placidly, looking up at the young bartender in a trance-like extolment, of whom stood out in the lousy bar like a beacon in the night. "Whiskey on the rocks, wouldya old sport?"

In a swift motion the bartender spun around and retrieved an ornate bottle of whiskey from the top shelf. "You're the boss", he acknowledged, pouring the gold liquid in the glass. Ice cubes bobbing up and down like children in sea. He planted the glass in front of the grey haired man. "So my friend, it is awfully late. What is a man like you doing in a joint like this?"

The grey haired man retrieved the glass and brought it up to eye level, twisting it around, admiring it like some foreign object. He cocked his head back, raised the glass and downed the gold liquid in one satisfying movement. He paused for a second. "Today was me and my wife's wedding anniversary", twisting the glass in his hands, admiring the intricate patterns embedded upon it.

"Why congratulations my--"

"Twenty one god damned years", he muttered under his breath.

"Well that is certainly something... congratulations to you".

Still twisting the glass, no longer admiring however, instead staring right through it with an emotionless look in his eyes. "You know we've been together twenty one years.. twenty one years and you wouldn't have thought it was even twenty one days. All the acknowledgement I get is a kiss on the cheek and a formal congratulations; you'd have thought I was being granted an award not celebrating a god damned...", trailing off into an inaudible mumble. The bartender's face like a possum in the spotlights, trying to conjure up any condolence his young mind had to offer. "Oh I remember when we first were found each other, two lost young souls we were. We had it back then".

"Had.."

"It's a beautiful thing you know. When two people can be so in sync. Love really is a beautiful thing.", twisting the glass. "The thing is with love is that it... you get married and it's supposed to be forever... but the love never lasts forever, well at least it's not the same as it was in the beginning. One day you wake up and realise that you merely just exist under the same roof together. The two of you are still the same but the... oh why am I burdening a poor young soul like you with this nonsense. You wouldn't happen to have the time wouldya?"

The bartender, dazed with the melancholy of the man's being, paused for a second before glancing



at his watch. "Quart too two it is".

The grey haired man averted his gaze from the whiskey glass and met eyes with the bartender. A certain tenderness occupied his eyes. "Fill me up one wouldya old sport, one for the road eh?"

The bartender produced a glass, ice and poured in another measure of the gold liquid, however this time not so routinely but with an utmost sincerity about it. No longer pouring a drink for a dollar, instead pouring a drink for a friend. The man smiled, raised the glass and for one last time poured the contents down his throat. He put the glass down and exhaled a calm breath. "Goodnight old sport", he said before getting up and walking towards the exit.

"Sir...", he cried in alarm, stepping backward involuntarily into the back bar, the glassware gossiped briefly. There was a brief silence. "Would you like me to call you a taxi, sir..?"

"Oh don't you worry old sport... I ain't in no hurry to get where I'm going". He turned around, walking out the door into the dead of the night.

*

After a minute of drunken fumbling the door was open and he stepped into the house. The sudden warmth provided a sense of comfort to his late night state. The house he and his wife lived in was a nice one storey, two bedroom villa. They hadn't yet managed to produce an occupant for that second room, they were still working on it.

The walk had sobered him up and he headed to the kitchen, it was wise to get something to eat he thought, his stomach had mainly consisted of beer and whiskey for the good part of the night. He opened the fridge. Half a bottle of milk, a carton of eggs and the leftovers from last night's roast. "Doesn't go to work yet can't manage to pick up the groceries", he muttered to himself.

He was tired. He directed himself towards the bedroom, making a point to not trip up on the boxes that lined the hardwood floor like mines on a battlefield. Upon entering his bedroom he saw her. On the other side of the bed his wife, he now remembered why he loved her. It was that first love sort of feeling all over again, her waiting there for him like some Greek goddess lying on the clouds. He moved over to his side of the bed and sat down. His mouth formed a smile. He reached over, opened his draw and produced a .38 Calibre Smith & Wesson pistol. He cocked the piece and raised it to his temple. He let out a breath before firing one shot through his temple. His body went limp and he fell back onto the bed. His wife's eyes stared at him with a cold gaze out of the picture frame.



Credits: 6 (over your two best pieces)
Assessment: Internal

2. “Prologues and Epilogues”

Introduction

In recent years contemporary novelists have produced sequels to some of the great classics. Some of them include:

- a sequel to Jane Austen’s *Pride and Prejudice* which suggests what might have happened once Mr Darcy and Elizabeth are married
- a sequel to Daphne du Maurier’s *Rebecca* which looks at what happened once Mandalay was burnt to the ground
- a sequel to Margaret Mitchell’s *Gone with the Wind* which continues the romance of Scarlet O’Hara and Rhett Butler.

In this activity you will develop your own description based on a character you know well from your Level 3 written or visual text studies, but which will describe action that occurs outside of the original text. The character study that you write needs to show your central character behaving in a way that is typical of his or her behaviour in the original film or novel, however you will place him or her in a new situation. This new situation will be set either before or after the events of the novel, or possibly during the events of the novel if they were not shown or described in the studied text. Your writing should be based on one incident.

You will be assessed on your ability to:

- *develop and sustain one or more central ideas throughout the prologue or epilogue*
- *craft your writing to achieve a stylistic coherence throughout the piece through your deliberate use of a range of language techniques*
- *structure the piece clearly and effectively*
- *use writing conventions accurately (although you can also break rules for purpose and effect).*

Your prologue or epilogue will be at least 600 words long (**aim for 800-900**). It should be appropriate for a readership of your peers and your English teacher.



PLANNING YOUR PROLOGUE OR EPILOGUE

Think about the texts that you have studied in English this year. Choose a character you would like to be the focus of your writing. Your writing should be at least 600 words long (**aim for 800-900**). It should **develop ideas** based around a character you know well from your recently completed text study.

1. CHARACTER PLANNING

Answer each of the following questions, referring to detailed evidence from your studied text to back up your answers.

How does your character appear? (Description, Typical Actions)

Think about how they dress, walk, move, their age, body type, facial expressions, mannerisms, etc

How does your character speak? (Dialogue)

Think about what their voice sounds like as well as what types of things they might say

Where is your character? (Surrounding)

Think about their surroundings – are they outdoors or inside? What is the weather like? Describe the things your character might take an interest in or react to if he/she were to walk through or spend time in this setting. How might these things reflect the type of person your character is?

My character is similar to...

What are some things you could compare your character to (ie. similes and metaphors)? Do they remind you of anything?

What is your character's personality?

Think of their likes and dislikes, their typical emotions and the ways they deal with problems, a particular thing that makes the person original or interesting

What historical and cultural contexts have shaped this character? How?

2. PLOTTING YOUR PROLOGUE OR EPILOGUE

Other Characters? Who are the other characters that your main character will meet in the description? How will they contrast with your main character?



Conflict or Problem? Will your character face conflict?
Or will they have to react to a problem of some sort? Describe the conflict or problem

Reacting to the Conflict / Problem. How will your character react to the problem/conflict?
What challenges does your character face in trying to fix the problem/conflict. How will you show any character change once the problem is dealt with?

Before sketching out an incident that will be the focus for your character description, ensure that you have satisfactory answers to the following questions:

- Which part of the original story do I want to connect my narrative to?
- What situation do I want to put the character into?
- Which key qualities of the character is it important to show?
- What attitudes should the character express?
- How should language be used to develop character?

Use these notes to write a **statement of intent** to begin your writing. A model of what this might look like is at the start of the exemplar at the end of this task.

3. DRAFTING YOUR PROLOGUE OR EPILOGUE

- a. Develop your notes into your first Google doc draft about your chosen character.
- b. Go through your first draft and make improvements to your descriptions, the way that the dialogue you use reveals character, the actions you use to reveal character, the way that you use character reactions to settings and other characters to reveal character.
- c. Check your writing for errors. Correct punctuation, spelling and grammar.
- d. Complete a final edit of your draft. Your teacher will give feedback on it and you will polish it for final submission at the end of term

WRITER'S CHECKLIST

Are there original metaphors or similes in my writing?	
Have I tried extending these similes/metaphors?	
Have I tried replacing nouns and verbs with more specific ones?	



Have I created patterns of verbs and adjectives through my description?	
Do my sentence lengths vary and is there a reason why they vary?	
Have I <i>shown</i> the reader what my character is like rather than simply telling them? Ie through how they react to other characters, how they react to aspects of the setting, both through what they say and what they do?	
Is the tense the same throughout the entire piece?	
Does every sentence make sense with no words missing?	
Have I used a dictionary to correct the spelling of any words I was unsure of?	
Have I used capital letters for the beginning of sentences and proper nouns?	
Have I used commas to indicate to the reader where a pause is?	
Are apostrophes used to indicate where something belongs to someone and where letters are missing from words?	



Below is an Excellence exemplar for “Prologues and Epilogues” writing.

My writing will centre on Rahim Khan, Amir’s mentor, in The Kite Runner. I will be focusing on the development of his character, from when Baba and Amir leave for America for safety, to when he travels to Hazarajat, and rekindles his relationship with Hassan. Some information from Rahim Khan’s perspective is provided in two chapters towards the conclusion of the text, given that without it, writing through his perspective would be considerably harder, due to the physical separation that occurs between him and Amir. I will be writing from first person past tense narrative point of view, and will be focusing especially on a few important plot events: When he travels to Hazarajat to find Hassan, when Baba dies of cancer in America, when Hassan and his wife are killed by Taliban insurgents.

They say that saying goodbye is never easy. I once treated such overused clichés with scorn, but as I watched Baba and Amir leave for America, I realised why clichés were used so often. Because they get to the heart of the matter with a few strokes of a pen. It was Kabul in the 1970’s, and many people were emigrating overbroad, amid fears of further political unrest and violence. Baba, fearing for their safety, made plans to stay in America until peace had returned, intending to return to his house in Afghanistan someday. I know now that it was a futile hope, that there could ever be peace in Afghanistan again. Yet, part of me still believes that *If I had talked to Baba, or If I had confronted Amir for what he did*, that things might have gone differently. But that was the past. Times have changed, people have moved on, and all I have left to my name is my story. It does not bear thinking of what might have happened if I had the *Ghayrat*, the *courage*, to act differently.

When Baba left for America, he left me his treasured house, to tend to and look after until the day that he returned. It was a task that I accepted joyously at first, but I soon came to realise the responsibilities that had been placed upon me unknowingly. Baba had the characteristic of all successful business men- the uncanny ability to sense the ‘calm before a storm’, and to shift the blame to the next in charge. Of course, it was a relatively calm day in October 1982, when the fighting really began. It was a crisp, cold day; some premature frost was coating the ground outside Baba’s house. I walked around our neighbourhood for exercise, my arthritis worsening since Baba’s departure. As I stopped near a copse of leafless trees, I became aware of loud booming noises, some distance away near the city centre. Over the next hour, it became clear that a riot was taking place. The sound became louder, to the point that small icicles were falling off the roof with each noise. Staying in the house the entire day, I heard what appeared to be multiple gunshots; with accompanying screams showing their violent nature. The fighting persisted through the night, and when it cleared, there was a mess. Broken glass, blood and beggars all intermingled in the streets, the cries of the injured and the dying mixing with the morning call to *namaz*. I was not aware of it then, but the last peaceful day that Kabul would experience in a long time had already passed.

Time went on, and things got worse. I could no longer deny myself my age; getting out of bed, cleaning the house, and walking around the neighbourhood were things that I would



have embraced more in youth, if I had been aware of how quickly they passed. My arthritis was getting worse, and I limited myself to more basic activities, for fear of awakening the vengeful creature that now resided within my bones. Slowly but inevitably, the house fell into a state of disrepair. Paint buckled and peeled, windows moulded over and cracked, and Amir and Hassan's precious 'Wall of Ailing Corn' was no more. Of course, it was not all bad, *if* you consider watching daily TV coverage from Jalalabad, while bedridden good. Eventually, in June 1986, I had had enough. By then, it seemed to me that Baba's house was beyond repair, and I would not have been able to repair it myself- getting out of bed in the morning was a chore. I decided to find Hassan.

I hobbled down the road to the neighbourhood bus stop, and waited for the bus that would take me to Hazarajat. Of course, it was never that easy. I waited through the afternoon and into the night, when I realised that no self-respecting bus driver would *dare* to go near Hazarajat- various rumours and tales had been spun about the native *Hazara* people, and not one of them good. I arranged for a truck, driven by Baba's old friend, Raja. Raja was a stocky man, with a shuffling gait and a piggish look on his face, but nevertheless he accepted to drive me to Hazarajat. "*Of course I could drive you. I must uphold my Nang, my honour.*" Leaving Kabul that night in Raja's beat-up truck, I wondered why Hazaras had always been punished and regarded as second-class citizens. It was not as if they had committed horrendous crimes against Afghanistan. That was when I realised an important fact of life: *History is always written by the victor*. Hazaras never had, and probably never would, do anything against Pashtuns- the repercussions would be too great. And yet, as I went to collect a servant in a previous life, whom I now needed in my old age, I wondered if there could be any benefits to what I was doing, or whether I would just rend open old wounds and inflict further damage.

After 2 days and restless nights riding in Raja's truck, we reached Hazarajat. The palms and greenery that I had come to associate with Afghanistan, living in Kabul all my life - were gone. In their place, were hundreds of houses, made out of mud brick and thatching. There was broken glass and dead animals on the ground - the Soviets had already defiled this place. And yet, there were children playing on the rutted streets. It surprised me greatly, to see happiness in such a dismal time and place. Stopping to ask, it seems the locals were also aware of it, when I asked for directions to Hassan's house. "*Take the road heading west, over there - see where those kids are playing? Head up there for about a mile, and then turn right. He's probably in the fields at the moment, but Farzana is most likely at home.*"

Hassan's house was like any other in Hazarajat - a squat mud brick building, with a short fence surrounding it. Inside, I could hear a woman singing to some dated, grainy music on a record player. The smell of Na'am bread wafted out, and I saw a collection of flowers inside their garden. Again, I wondered the legitimacy of my quest. Was it my right to ask Hassan to return to Kabul to work, and to be treated as a second-class citizen, when he had made a life for himself here? Thinking back to the children in the streets, I realised that the people of Hazarajat, free from racial discrimination and left to their own devices, were content and



happy with their lives. I almost went back to Kabul then.

To a life that was almost not worth living, so that Hassan could live the rest of his life in peace. But to be trapped in bed, immobilised by my advancing arthritis, was a fate worse than death. I steeled myself, and stepped into the courtyard of the house that Hassan had built with his own hands.

Convincing Hassan that it was worthwhile to return to Kabul was difficult beyond measure. Who could blame him? - I wanted to rip his life out from under him, and force him back into servitude. I learned that a few years before, Ali had been killed by a dormant landmine outside of town. I will never forget the thought I had at that moment - that Ali's crooked leg had finally gotten the better of him. Hassan asked about Baba, and I told him the news. I myself had only recently been grieving for Baba's death, and Hassan's reaction to what I told him made me feel like a monster. Hassan cried then, with great tears of shameless, irreconcilable grief. I stayed that night in his abode, and his tears shook the very foundations of his house, and the occupants within.

In the morning, a remarkable change of stance was apparent. Hassan was no longer crying, and his face had the steeled look of grim purpose. He was wearing totally black clothes out of respect; for Baba was *like a father* to him. Insisting that he and his family was to return to Kabul, I could only watch as they uprooted their life and headed into the unknown, all at my request. It disgusted me, how anyone could have such control over his fellow man. I made a silent vow, to show Hassan and his family the respect they deserved.

I let Hassan and his family move into the top floor of Baba's house. Seeing as how I was now, in my age, nearly immobile, I thought it was a fitting reward. Hassan brought light back into my life, a happiness and joy I had not experienced in years. Wherever he went, happiness was sure to follow. His heart and virtues were pure and innocent, which made what happened shortly afterwards all the more abhorrent.

It was early 2001 when the last shreds of the life I used to lead were finally blown away. It was an early morning in spring. After Hassan and his family moved into the upper floor of the empty house, they tried their best to make it seem as if the last decade and a half had simply ceased to be. A decade and a half of torment. A decade and a half of wondering if Baba and Amir would ever return home. A decade and a half of watching myself wither away into nothing, my health and hope a shrivelled husk of what it once was. And they had tried to cover it up. To make it seem as if it had never happened. Maybe I am a bitter old fool, but I hated Hassan for that. I hated him for being able to forget the past.

Over the past few months, my health had continued to deteriorate further. It was now a daily struggle to keep food down, and to hold onto what little scraps of energy I had left. But it was a beautiful morning. Birds were chirping outside, and much of the random acts of violence that had shaken Kabul for the past few years had ceased for the time being. It would have been an easy feat for me to forget the events that had transpired, to fool myself into thinking that Amir was going to run down the well-worn stairs at any moment, and that Hassan would



follow. I almost let myself believe this, but some part of my conscious mind stopped me. *Life can never go back to the way it was before*, I thought bitterly. *Amir is unable to forgive himself for what he has done. But I can at least try to help.*

Saying goodbye was never easy. I had to leave the house, as now at the end of my life, I was of little use to Hassan or his family. To think that I spent much of my later life, trying to put things right after Amir's actions shocks me. I cannot think of anything else so futile. But I can at least try one more time. I left the house that same morning, amid Hassan's laments, and Farzana's pleas for me to stay. But I cannot.

Months passed, and Hassan and I grew increasingly distant. I am now in a ramshackle hut on the outskirts of Peshawar, with my past growing ever more clouded, and the future looking just as uncertain. I learned of the horrific deaths of Hassan and Farzana at the hands of the Taliban, but all I can do in my old age is sit and wait for things to change. I called Amir, and told him what needs to be done.

There is a way to be good again.

Prologues Epilogues Excellence Exemplar (Based on characters from *The Great Gatsby*)

My white silk dressing gown cloaked the couch. Brushing the dressing gown with my fingers, I created ripples in the pond of silk. I could see my toes peeking out from underneath it at the end of the couch. Neatly painted red. I had them done last week by an Italian girl. Her english was very poor and from her attire I would consider her to look a bit like a quiff, but she wasn't much of a talker. Something I am less inclined to do nowadays.

My dressing gown was a gift from Tom. One of his better gifts I must say. He brought it back with him from his trip to Paris, after the accident. I used to stand in front of my mirror draping myself in it's silk. It reminded me of the white headlights of the car that night covering my body. Tom left shortly after the accident. A couple of days after if I remember correctly. Leaving me with the child and the hooch. I most definitely drank that. I remember inviting everyone and anyone round to join me, as if we were recreating one of Gatsby's parties. But my house doesn't compare. No matter how much whiskey I drank, and champagne, my house still resembled its old self. I've asked Tom why we couldn't have moved. How grand Gatsby's house was, filled with so many gorgeous things.

Looking through my french doors I can see the rain splattering over the concrete. I think it was meant to rain today. Oh how dull my life is now. I can hear the footsteps of our maid making her way along



the corridor. She needs to learn how to pick up her feet when she walks, no man wants to marry an elephant.

“Excuse me Miss your daughter is asking for you.”

I roll my eyes, “I’m tired, just keep her in her room. Butt me before you leave.” I am repeatedly requested for, can’t she just keep her in the crib. She knows I don’t do anything before 11am, at the earliest.

As the maid’s plump brown fingers strike the match Tom comes storming in, his face scrunched up and brushed red. I immediately take a long drag of my freshly lit cigarette, and lean back into the couch. I know what this will be about.

“Daisy! What the fuck have I told you about spending. We are in a depression for fucks sake.” He stood there hands waving in the air as he puffed away on his fag. His eyes darting around the room, trying to make sense of me.

His manner bored me now. When he got back from Paris I was showered in gifts, french perfumes, hand made dresses covered in jewels. And now. Now all we do is lounge around at home, Tom complaining about my laziness and taking the odd drive into town. This lifestyle is so plain.

“I needed some new shoes.” I replied sharply. My mouth still wrapped around my fag and my body still sprawled along the couch.

“You don’t need new shoes if you have nowhere to go.” He smirked and turned to face the garden. “I don’t know who you think you are but you need to get it through your skull that you can’t go off spending my money like that.”

“Gatsby could have beat this! I can see us now riding horses in the desert somewhere. He had things Tom.” I let out a laugh. His angry face brought me such joy, winding him up was the only fun I had around here. “He was successful, you were at the parties, you saw.”

Tom’s face now resembled a cat’s arse, nothing too much out of the ordinary. I turned to face the glass french doors. My garden looking dreary, the rain crashing down and the flowers wilted. The water level slowly rising in the lake as Tom stood there smoking and lecturing me. However the blur of Gatsby’s house could still be seen across the lake, even with no lights to illuminate it. The lake now looked so bland without its bright allure. Gatsby always had such exquisite taste. The faded outline of the house still perfectly portrayed its grandness and how filled it once was. I closed my eyes and the gold plated french doors opened. I walked up the stairs looking over my shoulder to see my new red tasseled dress grazing the marbled stairs as I walked up. Gatsby’s dark figure outlined at the bottom of them. I turned to the golden rail, clenching it with my jewel covered fingers. I



continued to walk through *bedrooms swathed in rose and lavender silk and vivid with new flowers, through dressing-rooms and pool rooms, and bathrooms with sunken baths*. I opened my eyes. Brought back to this dump, Tom still stood droning on about money. It's always about money, but never about actually using it. His infatuation with saving money was growing old.

My daughter then came waddling in. The maid nowhere to be seen.

"Oh give us a cash sweetheart." I leaned down and picked her up, she planted a soft kiss on my cheek. She was clothed in a white dress, with a pink ribbon tied at her waist. At least she was able to look reasonably in season. "Now go and play, mother is talking to daddy, who is insisting we live in East Egg." I popped her down on the floor smudging the pink lipstick off her cheek. The maid then entered the room, finally, and took her away. Meeting my husband's glaring eyes I took another long drag of my fag.

"You're going to burn a hole in my face staring at me like that." I said. "I have to take care of my complexion nowadays, considering I can no longer buy any products worth using."

"You spoilt bitch."

I moved off the couch, my silk gown floating behind me as I made my way to the drinks cabinet. The white silk wrapped around my husband's legs as I glided past him. I took the lid off the whiskey bottle, the glass feeling cold in my hand.

"Don't get yourself in a lather sweetheart." I said softly in his ear.

He spun around grabbing my shoulders and lifting me slightly off the ground. The back of his hand then went straight across my face. I fell to ground and wiped the blood off my face. He stood over me, neither of us fazed or surprised. Taking a drag of his cigarette, he brought me into his embrace. The dressing gown draped around us both, surrounding us in the headlights of that night.



Level: Three Credits: 6 (over your best two pieces)
Assessment: Internal

3. “My opinion matters...”

You will write an opinion piece in which you seek to persuade your reader to share your point of view on a topic. You will choose your topic yourself. You will persuade your reader to agree with you through the tone of your writing (e.g. use of irony), language choices (e.g. use of emotive language) and structure (e.g. beginning with an anecdote that hooks the reader). Your teacher will introduce you to strategies to help you get started. This will include looking at examples of persuasive writing and highlighting the specific things that make them effective.

Before beginning your own writing, you will examine and discuss several exemplars and pieces written by professional writers.

You will be assessed on your ability to:

- *develop and sustain one or more central ideas on your selected topic throughout the column*
- *craft your writing to achieve a stylistic coherence throughout the piece through your deliberate use of a range of language techniques*
- *structure the piece clearly and effectively*
- *use writing conventions accurately (although you can also break rules for purpose and effect).*

Your column will be at least 600 words long (**aim for 800-900**). It should be appropriate for a readership of your peers and your English teacher, as well as suitable for publication in a school newspaper.

You should explore your chosen issue(s) in a way that is relevant to people your age.

- *As mentioned, columnists are not bound by the requirements of formality normally applied to editorials, articles or feature writing.*



- You can draw upon your own **experiences and anecdotes** to illustrate your point(s). **Satire** may be a useful tool to highlight absurdities or to **provoke** a reaction from your reader. Thus, while you are seeking to **persuade** your reader –and make him or her think deeply about the issue(s) you raise, you can be more **informal** in your use of language and the way you **structure your ideas** than in, say, an essay.
- Think of this piece as a cross between an essay and creative writing in that you are presenting an **argument** (like an essay) but you have far more freedom in terms of **structure, syntax and diction**.

Girls, it's time to face real world by Deborah Hill Cone

Monday Apr 8, 2013 The New Zealand Herald

"Mum, that's as beautiful as Princess Leia and Han Solo kissing against a sunset."

I find this a somewhat disturbing sentence from my 8-year-old daughter. I thought I had thoroughly brainwashed her as far as gender-roles go. But I obviously need to swing into Lara Croft attack mode and cluster-bomb any residual candy-floss pixie-dust fantasies about romance and marriage. I have become aware of late that the whole marriage fairy-tale construct is still alive and well even among young women who were brought up on PC stories like Princess Smartypants (who just wanted to live in her castle with her pets and do exactly as she pleased). How can it be that educated, intelligent young women who use words like dirigisme and understand Chinese geopolitics are actually Disney Princess Zombies in disguise?

Bright female graduates still seem to think their would-be husbands are going to beep down in a twinkly spaceship and rescue them from drudgery. The latest reminder that this crazy-making myth is alive and well is Susan Patton, who became an international media sensation last week when she wrote a piece for her former university, Princeton, urging young women to be quick about snagging a Princeton man, like her son. She stated that one of the main goals for female students attending her school should be finding a husband that will come up to their high standards. "For most of you, the cornerstone of your future and happiness will be inextricably linked to the man you marry," high-achiever Patton writes. To repeat the emetic comment from another high achiever, Facebook's Sheryl Sandberg: "The most important career choice you'll make is who you marry."

As a graduate of Melville High School in Hamilton, I can tell you Ivy League broads something for nothing: this is top-shelf drivel. To clarify: I'm not against marriage. My parents were married for 58 years and had a bath together every morning where they would discuss liberal politics. But when it comes to advice to snare a rich husband, my mum, who got a law degree and an LLM in her 60s, would be the first to say "Amazeballs". Actually, she might not, but she would agree it's utter tosh to



expect a man to rescue you.

I am constantly surprised that modern women, who in many other regards are Tina Fey-level cynical, are still under the misapprehension that they're going to find their identity in marriage. This will be to a man who is higher status than them, possibly an internet tycoon in a black turtleneck who despite ruthlessly making billions is also uncannily sensitive. This man does not exist.

News flash ladies: men who have their own helicopters do not read Oprah's Book Club suggestions and have deep-eyed talks about intimacy. How can it be that you suckers are still buying this con? Rip off your frilly bonnets and get into the real world. Even if, for argument's sake, you do find this logically implausible man, marrying him is no guarantee of endless back rubs. Life does not always turn out how you planned. (Disclosure for non-regular readers: I'm divorced.)

Sheryl Sandberg says women should think carefully about who they marry but does anyone choose a betrothed because: "He looks like he will take up residence on the sofa and smoke pot and play X-Box for years at a time?" or "This one will be a keeper till he runs off with his Bikram Yoga instructor?" Marrying the "right" man is never going to be a safeguard from the chaos and insecurity of life. People change, people leave, people get sick. No matter how many Ivy League degrees you have you're not immune from the terrifying randomness of life and its inevitable disappointments. Having a high-status role as a bourgeois wife is no safeguard either. The inner strength to cope with failure and regret is something no one else, not even the wealthiest most feathery-stroker husband, can give you.

So, unlike Patton, the advice I would give to young women at university is to fill your head with lots of interesting ideas (dirigisme means a hands-on interventionist government). Deciding who you are going to be is far, far more important than who you marry. May the force be with you (but going solo rather than with Han Solo.)



Credits: 6 (over your best two pieces)
Assessment: Internal

“Things That Make You Go Hmmm...”

Assessment Task: Column

In this activity you will write a **commentary or opinion piece** suitable for publication in the **column section of a school newspaper**. You should choose a topic that will be **relevant and interesting to young people**. You should build on a single idea or theme that is reflected in some way in the title of your piece.

To create a sense of **coherence** you might **integrate a motif or other linking device through your writing**. You can be **witty, satirical, serious, self deprecating, even provocative**, but you will be expected to write in a controlled way and use language techniques skilfully to create deliberate effects.

Before beginning your own writing, you will examine and discuss several exemplars and pieces written by professional columnists.

You will be assessed on your ability to:

- *develop and sustain one or more central ideas on your selected topic throughout the column*
- *craft your writing to achieve a stylistic coherence throughout the piece through your deliberate use of a range of language techniques*
- *structure the piece clearly and effectively*
- *use writing conventions accurately (although you can also break rules for purpose and effect).*

Your column will be at least 600 words long (**aim for 800-900**). It should be appropriate for a readership of your peers and your English teacher, as well as suitable for publication in a school newspaper.

You should explore your chosen issue(s) in a way that is relevant to people your age.



- Columns differ from editorials and feature articles which tend to be more formally expressed, objective and informative. Columnists can be **provocative and opinionated** and use a wide range of **distinctive styles** to interest, challenge and entertain readers.
- Columnists attract regular readers often because their readers **recognise and enjoy their writing styles**.
- As mentioned, columnists are not bound by the requirements of formality normally applied to editorials, articles or feature writing.
- You can draw upon your own **experiences and anecdotes** to illustrate your point(s). **Satire** may be a useful tool to highlight absurdities or to **provoke** a reaction from your reader. Thus, while you are seeking to **persuade** your reader –and make him or her think deeply about the issue(s) you raise, you can be more **informal** in your use of language and the way you **structure your ideas** than in, say, an essay.
- Think of this piece as a cross between an essay and creative writing in that you are presenting an **argument** (like an essay) but you have far more freedom in terms of **structure, syntax and diction**.

[Column Writing Development](#)