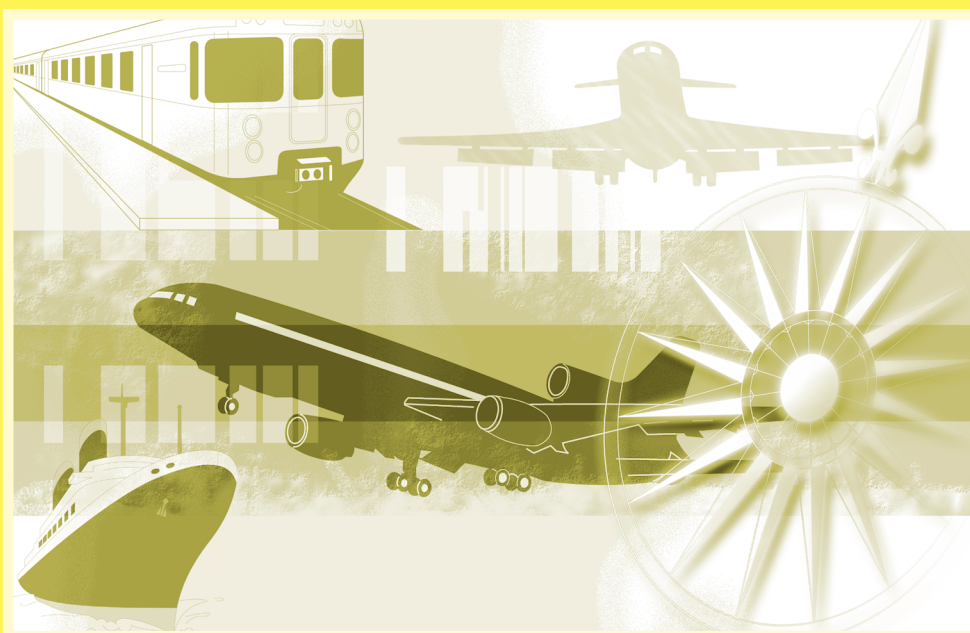


Book 2

Year 11



English

English

Year 11 Book Two



GOVERNMENT OF SĀMOA
MINISTRY OF EDUCATION, SPORTS AND CULTURE

Acknowledgements

The Ministry of Education, Sports and Culture would like to thank Graeme Lay for his vision, patience and hard work in putting together this valuable book.

The author and publisher would like to acknowledge and thank the following: the Frank Sargeson Trust for *An Affair of the Heart*; Kevin Ireland for an excerpt from his memoir, *Backwards to Forwards*; Graeme Lay for *The Christening*, *The Copier*, *Dusk Cries – Languedoc*, *the Pasifika Festival* and *The Legacy*.

Original drawings by: Liam Gerrard

Designed, edited and typeset by Egan-Reid Ltd, Auckland, as part of the Sāmoa Secondary Education Curriculum and Resources Project for:

© Government of Sāmoa Ministry of Education, Sports and Culture, 2003.

Reprinted 2004 with minor amendments.

Funded by the New Zealand Agency for International Development,
Nga Hoe Tuputupu-mai-tawhiti.

Printed through Egan-Reid Ltd.

Managing Contractor: Auckland UniServices Limited.

ISBN 982-517-044-1

TABLE OF CONTENTS

OTHER WORLDS	Unit 1: Novel Study: <i>A River Ran Out of Eden</i>	7
	Unit 2: Prepared Speeches And Debates	19
	Unit 3: Short Stories From Other Worlds	26
	Unit 4: Language Studies	58
	Unit 5: Comprehension	61
	Unit 6: Role Playing And Drama	68
GETTING IT TOGETHER	Unit 7: Comprehension Revision	70
	Unit 8: Language	82
	Unit 9: Formal And Informal Language	93
	Unit 10: Literature Revision	95
	Unit 11: Writing	102
	Unit 12: Research	108
	Unit 13: Drama	111
	Unit 14: Creating A Storyboard	112
	Unit 15: Exam Revision	114

INTRODUCTION

The two themes of Book One were **Relationships** and **My World**. In this book the two themes are **Other Worlds** and **Getting It Together**. The theme of Part 1 of this book, Other Worlds, means that the texts and activities based on them will be taken mainly from parts of the world other than Sāmoa: New Zealand, North America, the northern Pacific Ocean and Europe. Part Two, Getting It Together, is designed to help you revise all the English language skills you have learnt during this year's course, in preparation for the end-of-year examinations.

Part One: Other Worlds

One of the great pleasures people can get from reading is learning about people and their ways of life in other parts of the world. Because English is a language spoken and read by hundreds of millions of people all round the world, there are short stories, novels, poems and plays written in English by people living on every continent on Earth. These people write about their worlds, which are very different from yours.

Reading these works of literature from 'Other Worlds' can help us understand the cultures of other people, as well as improving our own language and communication skills. Through the literature of other English-speaking peoples we can 'travel' to Other Worlds without the inconvenience and cost of leaving home!

Part Two: Getting It Together

This second part of the book will concentrate on revising the reading and writing skills which you have learnt in the previous books, in preparation for your end-of-year English examinations. There will also be revision of the literary works you have studied — novels, poems and short stories — so that you can answer examination questions on literature topics with confidence.

Unit 1: NOVEL STUDY: A RIVER RAN OUT OF EDEN

Introduction

This novel, by James Vance Marshall, tells the story of a family living on one of the Aleutian Islands, in the far north of the Pacific Ocean. It tells of the troubles brought upon the family by the arrival of an outsider to their tiny, isolated community. It is a story which shows how a family's happiness can be threatened by greed, and has themes of love, longing and loyalty.



Figure 1.1
Aleut man using a harpoon.

Read the novel closely. If you are not sure about your understanding of any of the events that happen in the story, go back and re-read that section of the novel until it is clear what has happened. As you read, note down the most important events in the novel's plot. *e.g. A storm strikes the island. Eric finds a golden seal and her pups.*

Keep this list of events and use it to help you do Activity 1.

As you read, remember to be aware of the most important features of a novel, which you have already learnt is an extended work of prose fiction. The key features of a novel are plot, setting, character, language and themes.

You will come across some unusual words during your reading of *A River Ran Out of Eden*. When you do, note down these 'new' words, in a special vocabulary section of your book. There will be language exercises based on these words in the next section of this book.

Activity 1

Plot

Below is a list of the most important events in the novel. They are not in chronological order (the order in which they actually happen in the book).

Rewrite the list, putting the events in the exact sequence in which they occur during the story.

- Crawford is washed up on the island's shore.
- Eric finds a golden seal and her pups.
- Jim marries Tania and takes her to Unimak Island.
- A terrible storm strikes the island.
- Crawford crosses the flooded river and brings Eric back.
- Jim and Tania bury Crawford and the Kodiak bear.
- Tania shoots at Crawford with the revolver.
- Tania and Jim have two children and live a very contented life.
- Eric tells Crawford about the golden seal.
- Crawford is attacked by the Kodiak bear.
- The golden seal and her pups swim away from Unimak Island.
- Crawford arrives at the family's house.
- Crawford promises Eric he won't shoot the golden seal.
- Jim gives Tania a revolver for her protection.
- Jim decides not to shoot the golden seal.
- Tania lets Crawford kiss her.
- Eric tells his father about the golden seal.

Activity 2**Setting**

Remember that the setting of a novel or short story is the time and place in which the story happens, for example, Robert Louis Stevenson's story *The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* is set in London during the nineteenth century; his novel *Treasure Island* is set in the Caribbean islands during the eighteenth century.

A River Ran Out of Eden is set on Unimak Island, which is one of the Aleutian chain of islands. Although Unimak Island is a real place, the events that occur in the story are fiction. The Aleutian chain of islands is in the distant north of the Pacific Ocean, not far from the North Pole. (Another name for a chain of islands is an archipelago.) In the north of the Pacific the climate is so cold that food crops cannot grow. There are many volcanoes, both live and extinct, in this part of the world, and powerful earthquakes are also common. The islands are shared between two countries: Russia to the west and the United States of America to the east. During World War II (1939–1945), when the United States of America was fighting against Japan in the Pacific Ocean, the Aleutian Islands became very important, because both Japan and the United States of America are close to the Aleutian archipelago.

The native people of these islands are called Aleuts. Related to North American Indian people, the Aleuts have their own language and way of life, which is based on hunting caribou (a kind of deer), trapping animals such as seals and foxes for their fur, and catching the salmon that live in the seas around their islands and in the rivers that flow down from the mountains.

Activity 3**Where Are The Aleutian Islands?**

In an atlas, find a map of the northern Pacific Ocean, and look for the Aleutian Islands. Copy the map into your books, colour it in, and name the main places on it. **Make sure you include the places listed below.**

- Russia (which used to be called the USSR, or the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics).
- Siberia.
- The Bering Sea.
- Kodiak town and Kodiak Island.
- Alaska and the Gulf of Alaska.
- The North Pole.

Activity 4**Draw A Map Of Unimak Island**

Read again those parts of the novel which describe Unimak Island and its landscape, especially chapter one. This time, as you read, note down the most important features of the island. Then draw a map of Unimak and its coastline, marking in clearly all its most important features.

Features to include on your map:

- Shishaldin.
- The Great Bank.
- The sandhills.
- The reefs and sandbars.
- The river and its estuary.
- The kelp beds.
- The ‘pillbox’.
- The barabara.
- The lagoons.
- ‘Secret Water.’
- The sod huts.
- Any other important features mentioned in the story.

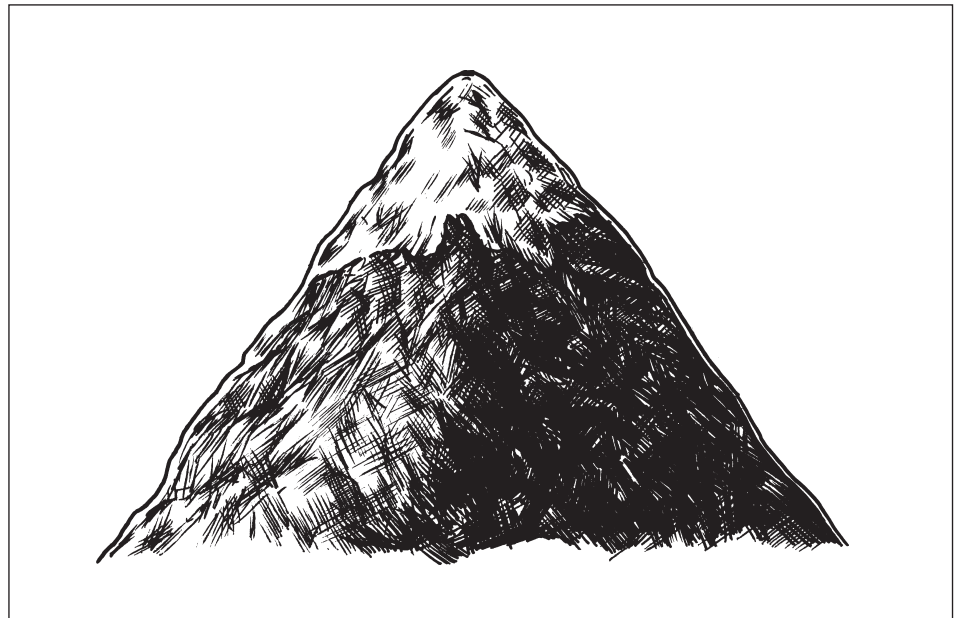


Figure 1.2
Volcanic Cone.

Activity 5 Characters

The four main characters in the novel are listed below. For each character, think of three adjectives which describe their personality well. Say whether or not you liked the character, then write a sentence saying why you liked or disliked them. Set out your answers like this:

Character	Adjectives to describe	Like or dislike?	Reason for liking or disliking
Tania Lee			
Jim Lee			
Eric Lee			
Crawford			

Activity 6 The Aleutian Language

Below is a list of five Aleutian words which are used in the novel. Beside the words is a list of meanings. Go back to the story, find the places where these Aleut words are used and see if you can work out their meanings. Then write down the five words, and opposite each word write its correct meaning, working out the meanings from their context in the story and choosing each meaning from the list provided beside the words.

Aleutian words

squaw
 'chi'chi' girl
 barabara
 anorak
 beleek hut

Meanings

A hut where salmon are smoked.
 A fur-lined jacket worn in cold climates.
 A name for an Indian woman.
 A word for prostitute.
 A word for an Aleutian house.

Activity 7 Vocabulary

On the next page are fifteen quotations from *A River Ran Out of Eden*. Each quotation contains a word in bold. Below the quotations is a list of definitions. Read the quotations carefully and from their context, try to work out what the words in bold mean. Then copy down the underlined words, and opposite each one, write its correct meaning, choosing from the list of definitions.

Quotations

- ‘. . . the **pinions** of the wild geese and cormorants . . .’
- ‘. . . the cracks are green with salt and **verdigris**.’
- ‘The left-hand side of his face was **disfigured**.’
- ‘They with the yellow hair’ are thought to be a rare **mutation** of the Pacific seals.’
- ‘Jim Lee valued his **reputation** as a hunter.’
- ‘A sudden breath of wind whispered among the **sedge** grass . . .’
- ‘The kelp was **undulating** rhythmically.’
- ‘A dull **ochre** light enveloped the island.’
- ‘. . . trembling at every note in the storm’s **cacophony**.’
- ‘He started to **remonstrate**, but she sprang up . . .’
- “‘Eric?’” Jim’s voice was **incredulous**.’
- ‘Twin **orbs** of fire swayed up from the floor.’
- ‘. . . the storm was raging now with sustained **malevolence**.’
- ‘. . . down and round, into a merciful **oblivion**.’
- ‘Jim’s voice was **compassionate**.’

Meanings

- Showing pity and wanting to help.
- Moving up and down in wavy movements.
- Shapes like balls or globes.
- Yellow-brownish colour.
- Deliberate harm.
- The wings of birds.
- Grass-like plants growing near water.
- Green rust on copper or brass.
- What people say about a person.
- A very harsh noise.
- Disbelieving.
- Genetic changes to creatures.
- Make a protest.
- Spoiled the appearance of.
- A state of being completely forgotten.

Activity 8**Comprehension**

Copy paragraph 2 of chapter 12 into your book (from ‘The tempo . . .’ to ‘. . . came to them soon.’), then answer the following questions, based on the language in the paragraph.

1. List the problems that Jim, Tania and Crawford had faced recently.
2. Give a synonym for these words: bereavement, tempo, truce, oblivion.
3. What do you think ‘doss down for the night’ might mean?
4. Which of these is the *main idea* contained in the paragraph:
 - a. Jim, Tania and Crawford had too many worries to cope with.
 - b. Jim, Tania and Crawford were too tired to care about their problems.
 - c. Jim, Tania and Crawford didn’t mind where they slept that night.
5. Copy out the key sentence in the paragraph which tells you what the main idea is.

Activity 9**Dramatic Episodes From The Novel**

Here are five especially dramatic episodes from *A River Ran Out of Eden*:

1. The storm strikes the island.
2. Eric discovers the golden seal.
3. Crawford brings Eric back across the flooded river.
4. Tania rejects Crawford’s advances to her.
5. Crawford is attacked by the Kodiak bear.

Read these five episodes. Choose the one you think is the *most* exciting, and:

- Summarise in your own words what happens during the episode (one paragraph).
- Explain how the author has made the episode exciting through his use of words.
- Describe one important fact that the reader learns from the episode.

Activity 10**Themes**

Here are five possible themes (very important ideas) of the novel:

1. Greed always leads to evil deeds.
2. A promise must never be broken.
3. Love is more important than money.
4. There is a danger of falling to temptation.
5. Unimak Island is similar to the Garden of Eden.

Choose which of the above themes you think is strongest in the novel, then write a paragraph saying why you believe it is the strongest theme, supporting your answer with incidents from the novel.

Activity 11**Research**

Work in pairs on this activity.

- The Aleutian people.
- The Aleutian Islands.
- Pacific fur seals.
- Pacific salmon.
- Kodiak bears.
- Rhododendrons.

After discussing the list of topics above and deciding which one interests both of you most, choose one of these important aspects of *A River Ran Out of Eden*. Then find as much information as you can about your topic, using library books, encyclopaedias, magazines and any other references you can to help you. Begin by writing down some key questions about your topic that people would like the answers to. *e.g. What do Aleutian people look like? How do they make a living? What language do they speak? Do Pacific fur seals live mainly on the land or in the sea? What do they eat? What climate and soils do rhododendrons grow best in? What size do they grow to? What colours are their flowers?* And so on.

Remember to use the information given to you in Book One, Part Two — Library Study and Research, to guide you.

Still working together, present your research findings in a formally written essay, one-and-a-half pages long, which also contains one relevant illustration of your topic.

Activity 12 **Imaginative Writing**

Imagine you are either Tania or Jim Lee and that you keep a journal. Write a page of the journal entry that you might have written the night after the events on the last page of the novel. (After you watched the golden seal and her pups swim away from the island.) Make sure your journal writing brings out the thoughts and feelings that you are experiencing after everything that has happened in the previous days.

Activity 13 **Visual Language**

Imagine that *A River Ran Out of Eden* has been made into a movie and that you have been asked to design and illustrate a poster to advertise the finished film. Draw such a poster, making it as attractive and interesting as you can.

Activity 14 **About The Author — James Vance Marshall**

From the back cover of the book, or any other reference you can find, read about the life of the author and write down six important things that happened to him during his life. Underline any particular events in his life which you think might have led him to write the novel *A River Ran Out of Eden*. Then write a sentence saying why you have underlined the events which you believe connect the author's life experiences with his writing in *A River Ran Out of Eden*.

One of James Vance Marshall's other books for young people, called *Walkabout*, is set in the Australian desert and was made into a very successful film. If possible, see if you can obtain a copy of the video of this film.

Activity 15**How Well Did You Read And Understand
A River Ran Out of Eden?**

Complete the following sentences to test your memory of some of the novel's most important facts.

1. Jim Lee was _____ years of age when the events in the novel happened.
2. Tania Lee was _____ years of age when she and Jim were married.
3. The scar on Jim's face was the result of a wound he had received during the war against the _____.
4. Jim's boat was called the _____.
5. The nearest town to Unimak Island was called _____.
6. The pelt of a golden seal could be sold for _____ thousand dollars.
7. Aleutians call golden seals '_____ _____ _____ _____'.
8. In the Aleutian Islands, the worst storms come in the _____ season.
9. Howard Hamilton Crawford spent his life poaching _____ and _____.
10. Tania was skilled at weaving _____ _____ from willow branches.
11. The volcanic mountain on the island was called _____.
12. Jim had taught his children never to break a _____.
13. Jim gave Tania a _____ to protect herself.
14. The volcanic lake on the island was known as '_____ _____'.
15. The family's home was called a '_____ '.

Activity 16**Using A Dictionary**

As you have already learned, the dictionary is one of the most valuable tools for learning English because it gives us the following information:

- The meanings of words.
- The spelling of words.
- The pronunciation of words.
- The origin (derivation) of words.
- The part of speech (noun, adjective, verb and so on) of each word.

To practise your dictionary skills, find the meanings of some of the 'new' words you have listed as you read the novel *A River Ran Out of Eden*. Then use each word in a sentence.

Activity 17**Vocabulary**

The following list of words comes from *A River Ran Out of Eden*:

rhododendron	dory	kelp	estuary
poaching	remote	yawl	pelt
mirage	spindrift	ford	spume
silhouette	foetid	sinuous	binoculars
resilient	oblivion	impetus	infectious
disconsolate	purblind	tumult	conflagration
inventory	precaution	ominous	malicious

1. Rewrite the list of words so that they are strictly in alphabetical order
e.g. binoculars, conflagration, disconsolate . . . and so on.
2. Find the dictionary meanings of the words on the list. To help you get started here is a dictionary entry for the word 'ford':

ford, noun and verb. 1. *n.* Shallow place where a river may be crossed by wading. 2. *vb.* To cross water by wading [Old English, ford].

3. Find the sentence in the novel that contains the word, and copy it into your books. *e.g. Here is the word 'ford', used in a sentence in A River Ran Out of Eden:*

*'He struck off at an angle up-stream, he picked a good route and he chose the right places to **ford** (verb) the channels.'*

4. Using the same word, make up a sentence of your own. Write its part of speech in brackets after the word. Here is an example:

*'The place where the river widened and became more shallow made it very suitable as a **ford**.'* (noun)

Here is an example of the complete exercise, this time using the word 'purblind':

purblind adjective. Partly blind, dim-sighted. [Middle English *pur* (e) blind].

Used in a sentence in the novel:

*'The Kodiak bear that sat patiently watching the pool was old, **purblind** and stumpy-toothed, and a bullet wound in his groin made him move stiffly with a drunken, crab-like lurch'.*

Used in another sentence:

*'Because he was **purblind** (adjective), the old man had to grope his way from the bedroom to the bathroom'.*

Now do the same for the rest of the words on the list.

Unit 2: PREPARED SPEECHES AND DEBATES

Introduction

In Year 9, Book One, you learnt about preparing and delivering a speech. The key factor in whether your speech is successful or not — whether it entertains and holds your audience’s attention — is careful planning. A well-planned speech is usually a successful speech because the speaker is more confident about delivering it.

Activity 1

Prepare A Speech

In keeping with this book’s theme, ‘Other Worlds’, your speech topic will be on a subject from another part of the world beyond Sāmoa. **Here is a list of topics to think about and choose from:**

- ▣ My first trip to another country.
- ▣ A country I would love to visit.
- ▣ The world’s most exciting city.
- ▣ A period in history that I would love to have lived in.
- ▣ The exotic food I like most.
- ▣ A foreign culture which fascinates me.
- ▣ Hinduism and what it can teach us.
- ▣ Islam and what it can teach us.
- ▣ Buddhism and what it can teach us.
- ▣ The European language I would most like to speak.
- ▣ A famous person in world history.
- ▣ The world of the stars and the planets.
- ▣ Why the United Nations is so important.

Choose an 'Other Worlds' topic that you are interested in and which you think will interest others. Then begin to prepare your speech. As you learnt in Year 9, when you make a speech you should aim to achieve four main goals. These are:

1. To provide your audience with interesting information.

You should give the people listening to you something which they did not know before about your topic. If your topic is Chinese Food, for example, you might include this information:

In China in the past the people suffered from many famines. Crop failures because of floods or droughts meant that food shortages were common, and because of this, the people had to learn to eat whatever was available, so they would not starve. Dishes such as birds' nest soup, ducks' feet, pigs' intestines, fish skin, bamboo shoots and sharks' fin soup probably originated during times of great hardship. Later the Chinese people learned to cook these unusual ingredients very skilfully, so that these dishes became part of the people's everyday cuisine.

2. You should explain to your audience how something came about, or how something works.

Explanation is an important part of your topic. As an example:

Chinese food should be cooked very quickly, preferably over a gas flame, in a special curved frying pan called a wok. Vegetables in particular should be cooked for just a few minutes, and must be tossed constantly so that they are all cooked evenly. By quickly stir-frying the vegetables in this way, they retain their goodness.

3. If you are adopting a particular point of view in your speech, you will want to persuade your audience that your point of view is the best one. You might say:

Chinese food is the best in the world. It is healthier than other foods because it is fresh and because it has many vitamin-rich vegetables. Because it is cooked quickly the ingredients retain their goodness. No other food is better for you than Chinese food!

4. You must also aim to entertain your audience.

This means that you should give your speech in such a way that your audience will listen carefully to everything you say. Amusing them is the best way to do this. For example, you might say:

Just listen to this list and try to tell me that Chinese food isn't mouth-watering. Sweet and sour pork, crab-stuffed prawns, braised duck with pineapple, steamed pork buns, lemon chicken, deep-fried crabs' claws, crispy fish in chilli sauce, honey-coated chilli chicken, watermelon in ginger wine, lychees and mandarin ice cream . . .

In preparing your speech, follow these steps:

1. Note down all the interesting ideas and information connected with your topic, using library books, newspapers or magazines to obtain the information you will present.
2. Organise the information you have found into the order you want to present it — sort into the parts that will go at the beginning, in the middle and at the end. The information should 'flow' smoothly from one section to the next.
3. Learn the information thoroughly, so you can recall it without looking at the notes. Go over it all several times, until you know exactly what you will say.
4. Think of 8–10 headings which summarise the different blocks of information which you will present in your speech.
5. Make your 'cue cards'. As you learnt earlier, these are small pieces of cardboard which can fit into the palm of your hand, on which you write the main headings for your topic and a brief summary of the information under each heading.
6. Practise delivering your speech, by yourself or with friends and family, until you are confident that you can speak in front of the class, just using your cue cards for reference.

Remember that the beginning of a speech is a very important part of it, because you must catch the attention of your audience right from the start. One way to do this is to begin with an interesting question; another is to tell a very short story that then leads into the main part of the speech.

For example, a speech on the topic, Los Angeles — My Favourite City, might begin:

Los . . . Angeles . . . The name is Spanish. But what does it mean in English? Los Angeles . . . What does the name look like in English? Angles? Maybe, but City of the Angles sounds very boring. So what other English word does Los Angeles resemble? Angels! Yes, the Spanish settlers who came to California way back in the sixteenth century decided that their new settlement would be called 'City of the Angels'. And that's what the place has been known as ever since . . .

After your opening statement, which has captured the attention of your audience, you then go on to the central part of your speech, which will contain most of your ideas and information.

The ending of your speech should be forceful and clear, summarising the topic and your point of view towards it. Make your last statement short and direct.

Remember to keep in mind these important points when making your speech:

- Take several slow, deep breaths before you begin to speak. This will help to calm your nerves and steady your voice.
- Stand up straight while speaking, but also do your best to be relaxed.
- 'Eye contact' with your audience will help to keep them listening to what you say.
- Always use cue cards, never read your speech from sheets of notes.
- Don't rush your speech. Take it slowly.
- If you feel nervous, stop speaking altogether and take a deep breath or two. Again, this will help to calm your nerves.
- Use your free hand to make gestures from time to time, to emphasise a point you are making.
- Occasionally, make a deliberate pause in your speech, to make your audience listen more keenly to what is coming next.

The class will judge each of the speeches. Do this in the following way:

Head up a sheet of notepaper, **Speech Judging**. Under the heading write two sub-headings, **Content** and **Delivery**. Remember, 'content' means 'what the speaker talks about'; 'delivery' means 'the way the speaker talks'. Make a list of each speaker's name as they give their speech, and award them marks out of 10, a maximum of 5 for content and 5 for delivery. Judge the content and delivery according to the following criteria:

Content	Delivery
<p>5 out of 5 Very interesting information, made me listen intently right through.</p>	<p>5 out of 5 Spoke very clearly and in a way that allowed me to hear every word.</p>
<p>4 out of 5 Interesting information, kept me interested almost all the time.</p>	<p>4 out of 5 Spoke quite clearly, so that I could hear nearly everything that was said.</p>
<p>3 out of 5 Quite interesting, but had some dull bits too.</p>	<p>3 out of 5 Spoke so that I heard most things, but mumbled at times.</p>
<p>2 out of 5 Not very interesting most of the time.</p>	<p>2 out of 5 Mumbled during most of the time, so I couldn't hear much of the speech.</p>
<p>1 out of 5 Very uninteresting all the way through.</p>	<p>1 out of 5 So unclear that it was very hard to hear anything during the speech.</p>

Debating

As you learned in Year 9, Book Three, a debate is a formal discussion on a set subject, between two teams, an affirmative team and a negative team. 'Affirmative' means 'in agreement with': 'Negative' means 'against'. There are three members in each debating team and a set time allowed for each speaker.

A debate discusses the arguments for and against a controversial (an argumentative) statement, called the moot. Each team has to present as many arguments as they can to support their side of the moot. Each member must speak as well as they can to convince the audience and the judge that they are right. The person who judges a debate is called an adjudicator.

A chairperson controls a debate, calling on each speaker, in turn, to present their arguments. All statements made by team members should be directed to the chairperson.

The chairperson is helped by a timekeeper, who times each speaker and ensures that they don't speak for longer than they should. The timekeeper rings a warning bell once, one minute before the end of the time given to each speaker, then twice when their speaking time is finished.

Because a debate is a formal discussion, it must follow clearly set out rules and keep strictly to the time limits. The following is the order in which a debate is carried out.

1. THE LEADER OF THE AFFIRMATIVE TEAM (speaks for four minutes)
2. THE LEADER OF THE NEGATIVE TEAM (speaks for four minutes)
3. THE SECOND SPEAKER FOR THE AFFIRMATIVE (speaks for four minutes)
4. THE SECOND SPEAKER FOR THE NEGATIVE (speaks for four minutes)
5. THE THIRD SPEAKER FOR THE AFFIRMATIVE (speaks for four minutes)
6. THE THIRD SPEAKER FOR THE NEGATIVE TEAM (speaks for four minutes)
7. THE LEADER OF THE NEGATIVE TEAM now 'sums up' (speaks for two minutes)
8. THE LEADER OF THE AFFIRMATIVE TEAM now 'sums up' (speaks for two minutes)

As you have learned, to prepare for a debate you must:

- Choose two teams of three speakers — one for the affirmative, one for the negative.
- Choose a leader for each team.
- Use a dictionary to help you define the words in the moot.
- Decide the order in which each team member will speak, and the arguments each speaker will use.

Activity 2**Your Debate**

Form two teams of three from the class, choose a chairperson, then debate the moot:

'That it should be compulsory for other worlds to be explored by Sāmoan students'.

Begin the planning for your debate by 'brainstorming' in a group, i.e. discussing and noting down all the relevant ideas which could be used by your team during the debate. Discuss also definitions of key words in the moot, such as 'compulsory', 'explored' and 'students'. What exactly is meant by these words and how can you use the meaning to help your arguments?

The whole class will be the adjudicator for your debate. Have a show of hands at the end to see which team, the affirmative or the negative, the class thought was the more convincing during the debate.

Unit 3: SHORT STORIES FROM OTHER WORLDS

Here are four short stories by authors from other parts of the world. Read the stories closely, paying particular attention to their settings, characters and themes. Then answer the questions which follow the four stories.

Indian Camp

by Ernest Hemingway (1898–1961)

At the lake shore there was another rowboat drawn up. The two Indians stood waiting.

Nick and his father got in the stern of the boat and the Indians shoved it off and one of them got in to row. Uncle George sat in the stern of the camp rowboat. The young Indian shoved the camp boat off and got in to row Uncle George.

The two boats started off in the dark. Nick heard the oar-locks of the other boat quite a way ahead of them in the mist. The Indians rowed with quick choppy strokes. Nick lay back with his father's arm around him. It was cold on the water. The Indian who was rowing them was working very hard, but the other boat moved further ahead in the mist all the time.

'Where are we going, Dad?' Nick asked.

'Over to the Indian camp. There is an Indian lady very sick.'

'Oh,' said Nick.

Across the bay they found the other boat beached. Uncle George was smoking a cigar in the dark. The young Indian pulled the boat way up the beach. Uncle George gave both the Indians cigars.

They walked up from the beach through a meadow that was soaking wet with dew, following the young Indian who carried a lantern. Then they went into the woods and followed a trail that led to the logging road that ran back into the hills. It was much lighter on the logging road as the timber was cut away on both sides. The young Indian stopped and blew out his lantern and they all walked on along the road.

They came around a bend and a dog came out barking. Ahead were the lights of the shanties where the Indian bark-peelers lived. More dogs rushed out at them. The two Indians sent them back to the shanties. In the shanty nearest the road there was a light in the window. An old woman stood in the doorway holding a lamp.

Inside on a wooden bunk lay a young woman. She had been trying to have her baby for two days. All the old women in the camp had been helping her. The men had moved off up the road to sit in the dark and out of range of the noise she made. She screamed just as Nick and the two Indians followed his father and Uncle George into the shanty. She lay in the lower bunk, very big under a quilt. Her head was turned to one side. In the upper bunk was her husband. He had cut his foot with an axe three days before. He was smoking a pipe. The room smelled very bad.

Nick's father ordered some water to be put on the stove, and while it was heating he spoke to Nick.

'This lady is going to have a baby, Nick,' he said.

'I know,' said Nick.

'You don't know,' said his father. 'Listen to me. What she is going through is called being in labour. The baby wants to be born and she wants it to be born. All her muscles are trying to get the baby born. That is what is happening when she screams.'

'I see,' Nick said.

Just then the woman cried out.

'Oh, Daddy, can't you give her something to make her stop screaming?' asked Nick.

'No. I haven't any anaesthetic,' his father said. 'But her screams are not important. I don't hear them because they are not important.'

The husband in the upper bunk rolled against the wall.

The woman in the kitchen motioned to the doctor that the water was hot. Nick's father went into the kitchen and poured about half the water out of the big kettle into a basin. Into the water left in the kettle he put several things he unwrapped from a handkerchief.

‘Those must boil,’ he said, and began to scrub his hands in the basin of hot water with a cake of soap he had brought from the camp. Nick watched his father’s hands scrubbing each other with the soap. While his father washed his hands carefully and thoroughly, he talked.

‘You see, Nick, babies are supposed to be born head first but sometimes they’re not. When they’re not they make a lot of trouble for everybody. Maybe I’ll have to operate on this lady. We’ll know in a little while.’

When he was satisfied with his hands he went in and went to work.

‘Pull back that quilt, will you, George?’ he said. ‘I’d rather not touch it.’

Later when he started to operate Uncle George and the three Indian men held the woman still. She bit Uncle George on the arm and Uncle George said, ‘Damn squaw bitch!’ and the young Indian who had rowed Uncle George over laughed at him. Nick held the basin for his father. It all took a long time.

His father picked the baby up and slapped it to make it breathe and handed it to the old woman.

‘See, it’s a boy, Nick,’ he said. ‘How do you like being an intern?’

Nick said, ‘All right.’ He was looking away so as not to see what his father was doing.

‘There. That gets it,’ said his father and put something into the basin. Nick didn’t look at it.

‘Now,’ his father said, ‘there’s some stitches to put in. You can watch this or not, Nick, just as you like. I’m going to sew up the incision I made.’

Nick did not watch. His curiosity had been gone for some time.

His father finished and stood up. Uncle George and the three Indian men stood up. Nick put the basin out in the kitchen.

Uncle George looked at his arm. The young Indian smiled reminiscently.

‘I’ll put some peroxide on that, George,’ the doctor said.

He bent over the Indian woman. She was quiet now and her eyes were closed. She looked very pale. She did not know what had become of the baby or anything.

‘I’ll be back in the morning,’ the doctor said, standing up. ‘The nurse should be here from St. Ignace by noon and she’ll bring everything we need.’

He was feeling exalted and talkative as football players are in the dressing-room after a game.

‘That’s one for the medical journal, George,’ he said. ‘Doing a Caesarean with a jack-knife and sewing it up with nine-foot, tapered gut leaders.’

Uncle George was standing against the wall, looking at his arm.

‘Oh, you’re a great man, all right,’ he said.

‘Ought to have a look at the proud father. They’re usually the worst sufferers in these little affairs,’ the doctor said. ‘I must say he took it all pretty quietly.’

He pulled back the blanket from the Indian’s head. His hand came away wet. He mounted on the edge of the lower bunk with the lamp in one hand and looked in. The Indian lay with his face toward the wall. His throat had been cut from ear to ear. The blood had flowed down into a pool where his body sagged the bunk. His head rested on his left arm. The open razor lay, edge up, in the blankets.

‘Take Nick out of the shanty, George,’ the doctor said.

There was no need of that. Nick, standing in the door of the kitchen, had a good view of the upper bunk when his father, the lamp in one hand, tipped the Indian’s head back.

It was just beginning to be daylight when they walked along the logging road back toward the lake.

‘I’m terrible sorry I brought you along, Nickie,’ said his father, all his post-operative exhilaration gone. ‘It was an awful mess to put you through.’

‘Do ladies always have such a hard time having babies?’ Nick asked.

‘No, that was very, very exceptional.’

‘Why did he kill himself, Daddy?’

‘I don’t know, Nick. He couldn’t stand things, I guess.’

‘Do many men kill themselves, Daddy?’

‘Not very many, Nick.’

‘Do many women?’

‘Hardly ever.’

‘Don’t they ever?’

‘Oh, yes. They do sometimes.’

‘Daddy?’

‘Yes?’

‘Where did Uncle George go?’

‘He’ll turn up all right.’

‘Is dying hard, Daddy?’

‘No, I think it’s pretty easy, Nick. It all depends.’

They were seated in the boat. Nick in the stern, his father rowing. The sun was coming up over the hills. A bass jumped, making a circle in the water. Nick trailed his hand in the water. It felt warm in the sharp chill of the morning.

In the early morning on the lake sitting in the stern of the boat with his father rowing, he felt sure that he would never die.

The Copier

by Graeme Lay

Moana received the phone call at the Downtown Post Shop where she worked, not long after she got back from lunch upstairs in the Food Hall. The voice on the phone was a man's, and it sounded hurried, as if he was attending to something or someone else as he spoke.

'Is that . . . Ms Moana Tere?'

'Yes.'

'You are the dancer?'

'I'm in a dance group.'

'I saw you on the ferry the other night. The travel agents' function. The man who organised the function gave me the name of the leader of your group, and he gave me your work number.'

'Oh.'

'The thing is . . . ' There was a pause while he said something to someone else, his voice muffled so that she couldn't hear the details. Then he spoke to her again. 'As I was saying, I work for an advertising agency. Next week we're launching a new photocopier for a client of ours. There's a prize for the salesperson who sells the most photocopiers before the end of July. A free trip to Hawaii, for two. I thought it'd be good to have a bit of Hawaiian dancing at the launching of the new model. To get the flavour of the competition, to kick it off well.'

Moana gave a little laugh. 'But I'm not Hawaiian, I'm Rarotongan.'

There was a slight pause, before the man said, 'No worries, these guys won't tell the difference. And I thought your dancing the other night on the boat was terrific. The launching's next week, in Takapuna. Your act would only take about ten minutes. And we'd be prepared to pay you a fee, of course.'

Moana held the phone to her ear for a few moments before she replied. She was pleased that the man had remembered her out of all the girls in the group, but she had never before danced all by herself. Some extra money would be handy, though, especially as she was saving for her fare to Tahiti at Christmas, to stay with Aunty Hine. She only needed the fare, but that was very expensive. But to dance by herself?

‘What about drummers? I have to dance to something?’

‘I thought about that. Our budget doesn’t run to drummers too, but I thought maybe you’d have a tape, a CD maybe . . . ?’ His voice trailed away hopefully.

‘I’ve got some CDs.’

‘Good, I’m sure they’ll do. So, what do you think?’

A CD would be okay, Moana thought, if they had decent speakers. And the man sounded all right, not too bossy. It wasn’t as if she wasn’t used to working for papa’a either, in fact she was the only Raro at the Downtown Post Shop, and she liked it. Working for them wasn’t as hard as some Raros made out. When she first started she had made lots of mistakes with the computer, but the others had been kind about it, they didn’t laugh at her. Not like all those coconuts she’d worked with at the Mangere shop; they gave her a hard time if she made a booboo, which was why she left. Islanders were meant to be kind to one another, but she didn’t believe that any more. They could be mean to other Islanders, especially the ones who had been here for a long time — they thought they had the city all sussed out. Now that she’d got used to working with mostly papa’a, she didn’t mind them at all. But the ones at this shop were mostly women, and this was a man. That might make it harder.

‘Are you there, Moana?’

‘Yes.’

‘So, what do you think?’

‘Is it next Friday?’

‘Yes, the tenth. But I’ll need to see you first, over at the venue, so we can organise the act properly. We could do that after you finish work on, say, Wednesday? Would that suit?’

‘Okay,’ said Moana.

The bus swept up the harbour bridge like a plane taking off, and for a few moments Moana felt she was airborne. Far below, to her left, were a couple of yachts and a tiny, steep-sided island that looked as if it had come from an illustration in a child’s adventure story. Staring down at the water far, far below, Moana could see men leaning out over the sides of the yachts as they heeled over, and their backs seemed only a tiny distance from the white-flecked water.

She got off in Takapuna and walked along the busy street towards the address that the advertising man — Patrick — had given her. As she walked past the trendy shops she felt that she had arrived in another country almost. Hardly a brown face anywhere, nearly all papa'a — European people — walking, shopping, driving. Heaps of Chinese, too. At least in Mount Wellington there was more of a mixture of people. Mrs Barber, the Post Shop staff supervisor, lived in Northcote, and she'd given Moana instructions: 'Walk up the street and two blocks past Westfield, and it's on your left. Just after the traffic lights.' She was outside the building ten minutes earlier than the arranged time.

It was a new-looking building, white, with clean lines and a large, freshly sealed carpark alongside. The ground floor was unoccupied, as he had told her, and she went straight up the stairs to the first floor, then along a passage. At the end of the passage it opened out onto a long, wide room with a low ceiling and a pale pink carpet. At one end of the room was a platform, a shiny curtain drawn back on both sides, and electrical equipment — cords, power boards, plugs, lights — were strewn about the floor.

Three men were busy with the equipment, stepping over flexes, adjusting lights, inserting and re-inserting plugs, fiddling with volume and tone controls. Moana stood in the doorway and waited to be noticed, and one of the men came over to her, stepping over the entrails of flex.

'Hi,' he said. 'It's Moana, isn't it? I'm Patrick.'

His face was thin and he hadn't shaved, because his cheeks were covered in a gingery stubble. He wore jeans and a white T-shirt which was tight on his lean torso. There was a silver ring in his right ear, his fair hair was tied back in a ponytail and he made constant grooming movements over it with his left hand as he talked.

'You'll be on for eight to ten minutes, but we'll start the CD a few seconds before the curtains come apart. You'll have to dance in front of the copier, but try to keep to one side of it, because the machine's the centrepiece of the event. There'll be coloured lights flashing on it, and a spotlight for you.' Rather worriedly, he added, 'You brought the CD?'

She produced it from her bag and he took it over to one of the technicians, who placed it in a big cassette player beside the stage. Drum beats filled the room, rapid and insistent. Patrick nodded approvingly.

‘Cool stereo,’ said Moana.

‘Ought to be. Cost a fortune.’ He motioned for it to be turned down, and the drumming subsided. ‘Now, is this a big enough space?’

She studied the area. It wasn’t very big, not when you took the platform into account. And she really needed to be above the audience, on a stage. But still . . .

‘I’ll try it,’ she said. ‘Take the CD back to the start, please?’ Removing the blue pareu from her bag, she wrapped it round her hips, kicked off her sandals. ‘Okay,’ she called to the technician. ‘Play.’

Loud but melodious music poured from the speakers, and with it Moana began to move, her hands tracing graceful patterns in the air, hips swaying, her bare feet dragging a little in the pile of the carpet. She was aware that the men in the room were all looking closely at her, but that didn’t bother her. That was the way it should be. She had been dancing since . . . since . . . there was no time she could remember when she hadn’t danced.

Hands raised high, she glided across, back, forward, across again. Patrick held up his hand.

‘Not too far this way, you’ll obscure their view of the machine.’

Moana stopped, put her hand up to her mouth and started to laugh. It was about the silliest thing she had ever heard of, dancing for a photocopy machine. As the number ended, the music faded away.

‘Is that it?’ asked Patrick.

‘No, there’s the drum dance. That first track you heard. I should do that last.’

Looking at his watch anxiously, he said, ‘How long does that take?’

‘About four minutes. Together they’ll take about . . . eight minutes?’

He nodded, although he still seemed worried about something. ‘That sounds about right. Now let’s take it right through. Greg, play the track again please.’

Moana removed her pareu, put her sandals back on. She had gone right through the action song and the drum dance, and had remembered not to obscure the view of what Patrick called ‘the product’. There was enough room, just, and she could tell by the way the men had watched her that it would be okay, that the show would work. But Patrick still hadn’t mentioned the money. How much would she get paid? She didn’t like to ask, that seemed a bit rude. When the group danced; Roi always handled the money side of it, she had never had to before. Still, because she was performing on her own, it was up to her to sort it out, she decided. Putting the CD back in her bag, she said, ‘I’m going now, I have to catch the bus back into town.’

‘Right. We’ll see you on Friday then. At a quarter to six.’

‘Yes. Um, we haven’t talked about the money. For the dancing.’

‘Oh, no.’ He looked away, blinked, stroked his ponytail. ‘The thing is, we’re still working on the budget with our client. And I’m the creative director, not the financial manager.’ Giving her his anxious smile, he added, ‘But don’t worry, it’ll be worth your while. And do keep a list of any expenses you incur.’ Taking a card from his jeans pocket and giving it to her, he said, ‘This’s got the address of our office on it. You’ll be paid from there by our financial manager, after the launching. All right?’

‘Yes, thank you. I’ll see you on Friday.’

Moana stood behind the shiny drawn curtain. To her left, on the platform, on a crimson velvet cloth, stood the photocopier, and on the big white backdrop, in gold, were the words KAGASASHI SERIES 300 COPIER. Moana made one more adjustment to the fern titi around her hips, checked that the orange hibiscus behind her ear was secure, that the frangipani ei around her neck was hanging the way it should be. The fragrance from the flowers — flown in on this morning’s plane from Rarotonga — wafted around her face, and she swallowed hard and began breathing deeply to control the butterflies that were fluttering in her stomach. It was always like this before a performance, but worse now that she was alone.

There were voices coming from the other side of the curtain. She thought, they are out there, waiting, expecting, wondering what was coming. She glanced at Patrick, sitting across from her, a microphone and a set of audio-visual controls in front of him. He looked at his watch, held up his thumb and mimed ‘Right!’ at her. Then he bent his voice to the mike.

‘Ladies and gentlemen, introducing . . . the Kagasashi Series 300, and our Honolulu Hotshot!’

The slow, melodic guitar music flooded the room. Moana raised her arms high and smiled her dazzling smile. The shiny curtains slid apart, soundlessly, and she began to dance, her hip-swaying movements accompanied by a barrage of whistles and catcalls. The coloured lights were so bright that she could not see her audience apart from the men in the very front row. She kept her eyes raised, her smile radiant, her bare arms tracing twin patterns in the air as she moved sinuously across, around and back, careful not to obscure the audience’s view of the photocopier behind her.

Spangles of light flashed across the machine, turning it red, gold, yellow and purple as her dance went on, and the calls from the audience grew more urgent. Then the first part of the tape ended, and Moana paused, hands on hips, still smiling at the almost invisible audience, waiting.

The staccato sound of the slit drums burst from the speakers, filling the room with its machine-gun beat. Extending her arms, Moana began her drum dance, hips moving faster and faster, locked into the rhythm of the drums. Then she slowly turned, until her back was to the audience, and lifted her arms high. Her hips began to move faster still, as if they had a life of their own, and her thick black hair hung like a mane down her back. One of the frangipani flowers worked loose and fell to the floor, but she ignored it, hearing only the pulsating drumbeat, feeling her hips respond, respond, quicker and still quicker, while she held her upper body erect and still. Then, with a last climactic burst, the drumming abruptly ceased. Still smiling broadly, Moana turned and blew a kiss to the photocopier salespeople.

‘Moana, you were sensational! They were rapt. You were all their Hawaiian fantasies in person.’

She dabbed at the perspiration on her forehead. ‘Rarotongan.’

‘Whatever. They’ll be out selling those photocopiers like their lives depend on it.’

Now that it was over, Patrick looked five years younger, she thought. He added, ‘I love the frangipani, where did you get them at this time of year?’

‘From home. One of my aunties picked them for me in Titikaveka yesterday and put them on the plane.’ She lifted the garland from her neck, went up to him and placed it carefully over his head. ‘I hope you sell lots of machines,’ she said, laughing softly.

Flushing a little, he said, ‘Thanks. But we don’t sell them, we just advertise them.’ He brought the flowers up to his face. ‘These are divine. Thank you.’

‘When you get them home, put them in some water and they will stay fresh. I have to go now, to catch my bus. So, goodbye.’

He smiled gratefully. ‘Goodbye, and thank you again. And don’t forget to come to our office on Tuesday, to get paid.’

‘Yes. Thank you, Patrick. Goodbye.’

This time she was on the city side of the harbour bridge, and she could see the setting sun shining on the windows of the cluster of towers in the city's central business district, behind and in front of the Sky Tower. The towers looked as if they had been cut from blocks of coloured glass. As the bus swept her upwards, Moana stared at the high-rise buildings. In every one there were windows, hundreds of windows, and altogether there were dozens of office buildings. Buildings and offices, and in every one of them a photocopier. Thousands of photocopiers, each one costing thousands of dollars. Lots of them would be the Kagasashi Series 300, she thought, judging by the way all those salespeople had responded to Patrick's competition. Everyone wanted to win the free trip for two to Hawaii, so everyone would be trying hard to sell the photocopiers. Although she kept looking out the window of the bus, now Moana wasn't really seeing the high-rise buildings. She was thinking, I might have helped to make heaps of money for that company. And she began to make some calculations in her head.

The following Monday, during her tea break, Moana went to see Mrs Barber. Looking at her over the top of her glasses, Mrs Barber smiled. 'Yes Moana, what can I do for you?'

Moana held out the sheet of paper in her hand. 'I would like you to show me the way to set out an invoice, please.'

The next day, during her lunch hour, Moana walked from Downtown up the hill to Symonds Street, and located the agency. It was in a six-storeyed building standing a little way back from the street, and it had a smooth, cream exterior and black-framed windows flush with its walls. When she took the lift to the top floor, to James Purdie & Associates, a voice came from the carpet-lined wall and told her in an American accent that that was where she was.

The lift doors slid open, and she was in a reception area with big potted palms and windows which reached right to the grey carpet. There before her was the city, but a silent city, stretching away like a giant video screen, featuring towers, a park, tiny houses, and in the distance, a long line of low, black hills. She had never seen the city like this before, and for a few moments could only stand and stare at the beautiful, silent scene. Then a voice from the other side of the reception area said, 'Can I help you?'

Moana turned to the receptionist, who was looking at her curiously.

‘I’ve come to see Mr Purdie.’

‘Is he expecting you?’

‘I . . . think so. I had to come and see him about getting paid. For dancing the other night.’ At the girl’s blank look she added, ‘I was working for Patrick.’

‘Oh yes. Just wait there please.’ She picked up the phone on her desk and spoke into it briefly, then looked up. ‘Go straight in.’ She nodded toward a door beside the desk. ‘That door there.’

The financial manager was sitting behind a large desk. On it was a computer, two telephones and lots of papers. He was a round-faced man of about fifty, with a neatly trimmed black beard and dark-rimmed glasses. After first giving Moana a distracted smile, he began flicking through the papers, saying, ‘You did the Hawaiian dance for the Kagasashi launch, that’s right isn’t it?’

‘Rarotongan,’ Moana said firmly. The man looked up at her and frowned.

‘Yes, but it was for the trip to Hawaii, wasn’t it?’

‘Yes.’

He looked at her directly, but in a slightly vague way, as if he was working out something in his mind. After a few moments he said carefully, ‘You danced for about ten minutes, I believe. So . . .’ He reached across the desk for a company chequebook. ‘. . . Shall we say, fifty dollars?’

Moana shook her head. ‘Oh no.’

The man’s hand stopped above the chequebook. Blinking behind his glasses, he said carefully, coolly, ‘Fifty dollars for ten minutes’ work, that sounds reasonable.’ Moana did not say anything. Instead she opened her bag, withdrew the invoice she had typed out the day before, and placed it on the desk in front of him. He unfolded it, adjusted his glasses, read it. When he looked up again his brow was creased, his eyes wide.

‘Five hundred and fifty dollars?’

‘Yes, that is the bottom line. But if you look closely you can see how I’ve worked it out. I’ve listed all my expenses first, then my time.’

Swallowing, he looked more closely at the invoice. ‘What’s this . . . phone calls for tipani?’

‘That is what you call frangipani. For me ei, my garland. They came from my aunty in Titikaveka, in Rarotonga. She picked them the day before the event, sewed them, and air-freighted them here. The flowers themselves don’t cost anything — they grow on our family land — but I had to ring her and arrange it, and pay the airline charges and the fumigation fee.’ She paused. ‘It’s all listed there.’

Coming around to the other side of the desk, Moana looked over the manager’s shoulder. ‘I’ve put those costs under “general expenses”, here, see?’

‘What about “sewing of titi”? What on earth’s “titi”?’

‘Ferns. The ferns that went around my hips. I haven’t charged for them because I got them from the park. But it took me two hours to sew them. I’ve listed that under “costume preparations”. There, see?’ Moving her finger across the page, she continued. ‘The travel includes the bus to the airport and back to collect the tipani, plus the two return fares, to the rehearsal and to the actual launching. That’s why that comes to over twenty-five dollars. It’s quite expensive, getting from the Shore to Mount Wellington.’

Still staring at the invoice, the financial manager exhaled slowly.

‘So you’ve charged, for the performance itself . . .’ His manicured finger moved across the page, ‘ . . . two hundred and fifty dollars.’

‘That’s right.’

‘That’s a lot of money.’

‘Not when you know that you got the best. No plastic flowers, proper ones all the way from Rarotonga. Fresh titi, sewed the right way, and the best pareu I had. And of course the best dancing I could do. For your guests.’

She waited for the man to say something, but there was just a long silence while he scratched his head, frowned, studied the invoice again. Moana went back to the front of the desk, and watched as the manager picked up a pen and made little tap-tapping movements with it on his desk. Then he reached for the chequebook again, wrote in it carefully, ripped the cheque from it, handed it across to her. She took it, looked at it. Payable to Ms M. Tere, five hundred and fifty dollars. When she looked back at him, there was the faintest of smiles, and a respectful expression on his face.

‘I heard you danced beautifully,’ he said.

Moana smiled. ‘Thank you. Would you like a receipt?’

Outside on the footpath, Moana paused to look across Symonds Street, at the building opposite the one she had left. It was octagonal, but several storeys higher than the one she had been in. On the side of the other building was an external lift which was moving slowly upwards inside a transparent casing, so that it looked like the bubble in a spirit-level. She watched the lift glide to the top, pause there, then begin to move down again.

What an excellent place that would be to work, Moana thought. Better than Downtown, and much better than Mangere. She waited for a break in the traffic, then crossed the street. She would start to look for a secretarial job in an office around here, she decided. After she got back from Tahiti.

An Affair of the Heart

by Frank Sargeson (1903–1982)

At Christmastime our family always went to the beach. In those days there weren't the roads along the Gulf that there are now, so father would get a carrier to take our luggage down to the launch steps. And as my brother and I would always ride on the cart, that was the real beginning of our holidays.

It was a little bay a good distance out of the harbour that we'd go to, and of course the launch trip would be even more exciting than the ride on the carrier's cart. We'd always scare mother beforehand by telling her it was sure to be rough. Each year we rented the same bach and we'd stay right until our school holidays were up. All except father who used to have only a few days' holiday at Christmas. He'd give my brother and me a lecture about behaving ourselves and not giving mother any trouble, then he'd go back home. Of course we'd spend nearly all our time on the beach, and mother'd have no more trouble with us than most mothers are quite used to having.

Well, it's all a long time ago. It's hard now to understand why the things that we occupied our time over should have given us so much happiness. But they did. As I'll tell you, I was back in that bay not long ago, and for all that I'm well on in years I was innocent enough to think that to be there again would be to experience something of that same happiness. Of course I didn't experience anything of the kind. And because I didn't I had some reflections instead that gave me the very reverse of happiness. But this is by the way. I haven't set out to philosophise. I've set out to tell you about a woman who lived in a bach not far beyond that bay of ours, and who, an old woman now, lives there to this day.

As you can understand, we children didn't spend all our time on our own little beach. When the tide was out we'd go for walks round the rocks, and sometimes we'd get mother to go with us. My brother and I would be one on each side of her, holding her hands, dragging her this way and that. We'd show her the wonders we'd found, some place where there were sea-eggs underneath a ledge, or a pool where the sea-anemones grew thick.

It was one of these times when we had mother with us that we walked further round the rocks than we had ever been before. We came to a place where there was a fair-sized beach, and there, down near low-water mark, was the woman I've spoken about. She was digging for pipis, and her children were all round her scratching the sand up too. Every now and then they'd pick up handfuls of pipis and run over near their mother, and drop the pipis into a flax kit.

Well, we went over to look. We liked pipis ourselves, but there weren't many on our own beach. The woman hardly took any notice of us, and we could have laughed at the way she was dressed. She had on a man's old hat and coat, and the children were sketches too. There were four of them, three girls and a boy; and the boy, besides being the smallest and skinniest, looked the worst of all because he was so badly in need of a haircut.

The woman asked mother if she'd like some pipis to take home. She said she sold pipis and mussels. They made good soup, she said. Mother didn't buy any but she said she would some other day, so the woman slung the kit on her shoulder, and off she went towards a tumbledown bach that stood a little way back from the beach. The children ran about all round her, and the sight made you think of a hen that was out with her chickens.

Of course going back round the rocks we talked about the woman and her children. I remember we poked a bit of fun at the way they were dressed, and we wondered why the woman wanted to sell us pipis and mussels when we could have easily got some for ourselves.

Perhaps they're poor, mother said.

That made us leave off poking fun. We didn't know what it was to be poor. Father had only his wages, and sometimes when we complained about not getting enough money to spend, he asked what we thought would happen to us if he got the sack. We took it as a joke. But this time there was something in what mother said that made us feel a little frightened.

Well, later on my brother and I made lots of excursions as far as that beach, and gradually we got to know the woman and her children, and saw inside their bach. We'd go home in great excitement to tell mother the things we'd found out. The woman was Mrs Crawley. She lived there all the year round, and the children had miles to walk to school. They didn't have any father, and Mrs Crawley collected pipis and mussels and sold them, and as there were lots of pine trees along the cliffs she gathered pine cones into sugar bags and sold them too. Another way she had of getting money was to pick up the kauri gum that you found among the seaweed at high-tide mark, and sell that. But it was little enough she got all told. There was a road not very far back from the beach, and about once a week she'd collect there the things she had to sell, and a man who ran a cream lorry would give her a lift into town. And the money she got she'd spend on things like flour and sugar, and clothes that she bought in second-hand shops. Mostly, though, all there was to eat was the soup from the pipis and mussels, and vegetables out of the garden. There was a sandy bit of garden close by the bach. It was ringed round with tea-tree brush to keep out the wind, and Mrs Crawley grew kumaras and tomatoes, drum-head cabbages and runner beans. But most of the runner beans she'd let go to seed, and sell for the winter.

It was all very interesting and romantic to me and my brother. We were always down in the dumps when our holidays were over. We'd have liked to camp at our bach all the year round, so we thought the young Crawleys were luckier than we were. Certainly they were poor, and lived in a tumbledown bach with sacking nailed on to the walls to keep the wind out, and slept on heaps of fern sewn into sacking. But we couldn't see anything wrong with that. We'd have done it ourselves any day. But we could see that mother was upset over the things we used to tell her.

Such things shouldn't be, she'd say. She'd never come to visit the Crawleys, but she was always giving us something or other that we didn't need in our bach to take round to them. But Mrs Crawley never liked taking the things that mother sent. She'd rather be independent, she said. And she told us there were busybodies in the world who'd do people harm if they could.

One thing we noticed right from the start. It was that Mrs Crawley's boy Joe was her favourite. One time mother gave us a big piece of Christmas cake to take round, and the children didn't happen to be about when we got there, so Mrs Crawley put the cake away in a tin. Later on my brother let the cat out of the bag. He asked one of the girls how she liked the cake. Well, she didn't know anything about it, but you could tell by the way Joe looked that he did. Mrs Crawley spoiled him, sure enough. She'd bring him back little things from town when she never brought anything back for the girls. He didn't have to do as much work as any of the girls either, and his mother was always saying, 'Come here Joe, and let me nurse you'. It made us feel a bit uncomfortable. In our family we never showed our feelings much.

Well, year after year we took the launch to our bay, and we always looked forward to seeing the Crawleys. The children shot up the same as we did. The food they had kept them growing at any rate. And when Joe was a lanky boy of fifteen his mother was spoiling him worse than ever. She'd let him off work more and more, even though she never left off working herself for a second. And she was looking old and worn out by that time. Her back was getting bent with so much digging and picking up pine cones, and her face looked old and tired too. Her teeth were gone and her mouth was sucked in. It made her chin stick out until you thought of the toe of a boot. But it was queer the way she never looked old when Joe was there. Her face seemed to go young again, and she never took her eyes off him. He was nothing much to look at we thought, but although my brother and I never spoke about it we both somehow understood how she felt about him. Every day she spent digging in her garden or digging up

pipis, pulling up mussels from the reefs or picking up pine cones; and compared to our mother she didn't seem to have much of a life. But it was all for Joe, and so long as she had Joe what did it matter? She never told us that, but we knew all the same. I don't know how much my brother understood about it, because as I've said we never said anything to each other. But I felt a little bit frightened. It was perhaps the first time I understood what deep things there could be in life. It was easy to see how mad over Joe Mrs Crawley was, and evidently when you went mad over a person like that you didn't take much account of their being nothing much to look at. And perhaps I felt frightened because there was a feeling in me that going mad over a person in that way could turn out to be quite a terrible thing.

Anyhow, the next thing was our family left off going to the bay. My brother and I were old enough to go away camping somewhere with our cobbles, and father and mother were sick of the bother of going down to the bay. It certainly made us a bit sorry to think that we wouldn't be seeing the Crawleys that summer, but I don't think we lost much sleep over it. I remember that we talked about sending them a letter. But it never got beyond talk.

What I'm going to tell you about happened last Christmas. It was twenty-odd years since I'd been in the bay and I happened to be passing near.

I may as well tell you that I've not been what people call a success in life. Unlike my brother who's a successful businessman, with a wife and a car and a few other ties that successful men have, I've never been able to settle down. Perhaps the way I'd seen the Crawleys live had an upsetting influence on me. It's always seemed a bit comic to me to see people stay in one place all their lives and work at one job. I like meeting different people and tackling all sorts of jobs, and if I've saved up a few pounds it's always come natural to me to throw up my job and travel about a bit. It gets you nowhere, as people say, and it's a sore point with my mother and father who've just about ceased to own me. But there are lots of compensations.

Well, last Christmas Day I was heading up north after a job I'd heard was going on a fruit farm, and as I was short of money at the time I was hoofing it. I got the idea that I'd turn off the road and have a look at the bay. I did, and had a good look. But it was a mistake. As I've said the kick that I got was the opposite to what I was expecting, and I came away in a hurry. It's my belief that only the very toughest sort of people should ever go back to places where they've been happy.

Then I thought of the Crawleys. I couldn't believe it possible they'd be living on their beach still, but I felt like having a look. (You can see why I've never been a success in life. I never learn from my mistakes, even when I've just made them.)

I found that the place on the road where Mrs Crawley used to wait for a lift into town had been made into a bus terminus, and there was a little shelter shed and a store. All the way down to the beach baches had been built, and lots of young people were about in shorts. And I really got the shock of my life when I saw the Crawleys' bach still standing there; but there it was, and except for a fresh coat of Stockholm tar it didn't look any different.

Mrs Crawley was in the garden. I hardly recognised her. She'd shrivelled up to nothing, and she was fixed in such a bend that above the waist she walked parallel to the ground. Her mouth had been sucked right inside her head, so her chin stuck out like the toe of a boot more than ever. Naturally she didn't know me, I had to shout to make her hear, and her eyes were bad too. When I'd told her I was Freddy Coleman, and she'd remembered who Freddy Coleman was, she ran her hands over my face as though to help her know whether or not I was telling the truth.

Fancy you coming, she said, and after I'd admired the garden and asked her how many times she'd put up a fresh ring of tea-tree brush, she asked me inside.

The bach was much the same. The sacking was still nailed up over the places where the wind came in, but only two of the fern beds were left. One was Mrs Crawley's and the other was Joe's, and both were made up. The table was set too, but covered over with tea-towels. I didn't know what to say. It was all too much for me. Mrs Crawley sat and watched me, her head stuck forward, and I didn't know where to look.

It's a good job you came early, she said. If you'd come late you'd have given me a turn.

Oh, I said.

Yes, she said. He always comes late. Not till the last bus.

Oh, I said, I suppose you mean Joe.

Yes, Joe, she said. He never comes until the last bus.

I asked her what had become of the girls, but she took no notice. She went on talking about Joe and I couldn't follow her, so I got up to leave. She offered me a cup of tea, but I said no thank you. I wanted to get away.

You've got Joe's Christmas dinner ready for him, I said, and I touched the table.

Yes, she said, I've got him everything that he likes. And she took away the tea-towels. It was some spread. Ham, fruit, cake, nuts, everything that you can think of for Christmas. It was a shock after the old days. Joe was evidently making good money, and I felt a bit envious of him.

He'll enjoy that, I said. What line's he in, by the way?

He'll come, she said. I've got him everything that he likes. He'll come.

It was hopeless, so I went.

Then, walking back to the road I didn't feel quite so bad. It all came back to me about how fond of Joe Mrs Crawley had been. She hadn't lost him at any rate. I thought of the bach all tidied up, and the Christmas spread, and it put me in quite a glow. I hadn't made a success of my life, and the world was in a mess, but here was something you could admire and feel thankful for. Mrs Crawley still had her Joe. And I couldn't help wondering what sort of a fellow Joe Crawley had turned out.

Well, when I was back on the road again a bus hadn't long come in, and the driver was eating a sandwich. So I went up to him.

Good-day, I said. Can you tell me what sort of a fellow Joe Crawley is?

Joe Crawley, he said, I've never seen him.

Oh, I said. Been driving out here long ?

He told me about five years, so I jerked my thumb over towards the beach.

Do you know Mrs Crawley? I asked him.

Do I what! he said. She's sat in that shed waiting for the last bus every night that I can remember.

He told me all he knew. Long ago, people said, Joe would come several times a year, then he'd come just at Christmas. When he did come it would be always on the last bus, and he'd be off again first thing in the morning. But for years now he hadn't come at all. No one knew for sure what he used to do. There were yarns about him being a bookmaker, some said he'd gone to gaol, others that he'd cleared off to America. As for the girls they'd married and got scattered, though one was supposed to write now and then. Anyhow, wet or fine, summer or winter, Mrs Crawley never missed a night sitting in that shelter shed waiting to see if Joe'd turn up on the last bus. She still collected pine cones to sell, and would drag the bags for miles; and several times, pulling up mussels out on the reefs she'd been knocked over by the sea, and nearly drowned. Of course she got the pension, but people said she saved every penny of it and lived on the smell of an oil-rag. And whenever she did buy anything she always explained that she was buying it for Joe.

Well, I heard him out. Then I took to the road. I felt small. All the affairs of the heart that I had had in my life, and all that I had seen in other people, seemed petty and mean compared to this one of Mrs Crawley's. I looked at the smart young people about in their shorts with a sort of contempt. I thought of Mrs Crawley waiting down there in the bach with her wonderful Christmas spread, the bach swept out and tidied, and Joe's bed with clean sheets on, all made up ready and waiting. And I thought of her all those years digging in the garden, digging for pipis, pulling up mussels and picking up cones, bending her body until it couldn't be straightened out again, until she looked like a new sort of human being. All for Joe. For Joe who'd never been anything much to look at, and who, if he was alive now, stayed away while his mother sat night after night waiting for him in a bus shelter shed. Though, mind you, I didn't feel like blaming Joe. I knew how he'd been spoilt, and I remembered how as a boy I'd sort of understood the way Mrs Crawley felt towards him might turn out to be quite a terrible thing. And sure enough, it had. But I never understood until last Christmas Day, when I was walking northwards to a job on a fruit farm, how anything in the world that was such a terrible thing, could at the same time be so beautiful.

The Doll's House

by Katherine Mansfield (1888–1923)

Katherine Mansfield was born and educated in Wellington, New Zealand, and moved to London in 1903. She spent almost all the rest of her life in Europe, but many of her short stories are set in late 19th century New Zealand and recall her upbringing and childhood there. 'The Doll's House' is one of her best-known stories.

When dear old Mrs Hay went back to town after staying with the Burnells she sent the children a doll's house. It was so big that the carter and Pat carried it into the courtyard, and there it stayed, propped up on two wooden boxes beside the feed-room door. No harm could come to it; it was summer. And perhaps the smell of paint would have gone off by the time it had to be taken in. For, really, the smell of paint coming from that doll's house ('Sweet of old Mrs Hay, of course; most sweet and generous!') — but the smell of paint was quite enough to make anyone seriously ill, in Aunt Beryl's opinion. Even before the sacking was taken off. And when it was . . .

There stood the doll's house, a dark, oily, spinach green, picked out with bright yellow. Its two solid little chimneys, glued on to the roof, were painted red and white, and the door, gleaming with yellow varnish, was like a little slab of toffee. Four windows, real windows, were divided into panes by a broad streak of green. There was actually a tiny porch, too, painted yellow, with big lumps of congealed paint hanging along the edge.

But perfect, perfect little house! Who could possibly mind the smell. It was part of the joy, part of the newness.

'Open it quickly, someone!'

The hook at the side was stuck fast. Pat prised it open with his penknife, and the whole house-front swung back, and — there you were, gazing at one and the same moment into the drawing-room and dining-room, the kitchen and two bedrooms. That is the way for a house to open! Why don't all houses open like that? How much more exciting than peering through the slit of a door into a mean little hall with a hat-stand and two umbrellas! That is — isn't it? — what you long to know about a house when you put your hand on the knocker. Perhaps it is the way God opens houses at the dead of night when He is taking a quiet turn with an angel . . .

‘Oh-oh!’ The Burnell children sounded as though they were in despair. It was too marvellous; it was too much for them. They had never seen anything like it in their lives. All the rooms were papered. There were pictures on the walls; painted on the paper, with gold frames complete. Red carpet covered all the floors except the kitchen; red plush chairs in the drawing-room, green in the dining-room; tables, beds with real bedclothes, a cradle, a stove, a dresser with tiny plates and one big jug. But what Kezia liked more than anything, what she liked frightfully, was the lamp. It stood in the middle of the dining-room table, an exquisite little amber lamp with a white globe. It was even filled all ready for lighting, though, of course, you couldn’t light it. But there was something inside that looked like oil and moved when you shook it.

The father and mother dolls, who sprawled very stiff as though they had fainted in the drawing-room, and their two little children asleep upstairs, were really too big for the doll’s house. They didn’t look as though they belonged. But the lamp was perfect. It seemed to smile at Kezia, to say, ‘I live here.’ The lamp was real.

The Burnell children could hardly walk to school fast enough the next morning. They burned to tell everybody, to describe, to — well — to boast about their doll’s house before the school bell rang.

‘I’m to tell,’ said Isabel, ‘because I’m the eldest. And you two can join in after. But I’m to tell first.’

There was nothing to answer. Isabel was bossy, but she was always right, and Lottie and Kezia knew too well the powers that went with being eldest. They brushed through the thick buttercups at the road edge and said nothing.

‘And I’m to choose who’s to come and see it first. Mother said I might.’

For it had been arranged that while the doll’s house stood in the courtyard they might ask the girls at school, two at a time, to come and look. Not to stay to tea, of course, or to come traipsing through the house. But just to stand quietly in the courtyard while Isabel pointed out the beauties, and Lottie and Kezia looked pleased . . .

But hurry as they might, by the time they had reached the tarred palings of the boys’ playground the bell had begun to jangle. They only just had time to whip off their hats and fall into line before the roll was called. Never mind. Isabel tried to make up for it by looking very important and mysterious and by whispering behind her hand to the girls near her, ‘Got something to tell you at playtime.’

Playtime came and Isabel was surrounded. The girls of her class nearly fought to put their arms round her, to walk away with her, to beam flatteringly, to be her special friend. She held quite a court under the huge pine trees at the side of the playground. Nudging, giggling together, the little girls pressed up close. And the only two who stayed outside the ring were the two who were always outside, the little Kelveys. They knew better than to come anywhere near the Burnells.

For the fact was, the school the Burnell children went to was not at all the kind of place their parents would have chosen if there had been any choice. But there was none. It was the only school for miles. And the consequence was all the children of the neighbourhood, the judge's little girls, the doctor's daughters, the store-keeper's children, the milkman's, were forced to mix together. Not to speak of there being an equal number of rude, rough little boys as well. But the line had to be drawn somewhere. It was drawn at the Kelveys. Many of the children, including the Burnells, were not allowed even to speak to them. They walked past the Kelveys with their heads in the air, and as they set the fashion in all matters of behaviour, the Kelveys were shunned by everybody. Even the teacher had a special voice for them, and a special smile for the other children when Lil Kelvey came up to her desk with a bunch of dreadfully common-looking flowers.

They were the daughters of a spry, hard-working little washerwoman, who went about from house to house by the day. This was awful enough. But where was Mr Kelvey? Nobody knew for certain. But everybody said he was in prison. So they were the daughters of a washerwoman and a gaolbird. Very nice company for other people's children! And they looked it. Why Mrs Kelvey made them so conspicuous was hard to understand.

The truth was they were dressed in 'bits' given to her by the people for whom she worked. Lil, for instance, who was a stout, plain child, with big freckles, came to school in a dress made from a green art-serge tablecloth of the Burnells', with red plush sleeves from the Logans' curtains. Her hat, perched on top of her high forehead, was a grown-up woman's hat, once the property of Miss Lecky, the postmistress. It was turned up at the back and trimmed with a large scarlet quill. What a little guy she looked! It was impossible not to laugh. And her little sister, our Else, wore a long white dress, rather like a nightgown, and a pair of little boy's boots. But whatever our Else wore she would have looked strange. She was a tiny wishbone of a child, with cropped hair and enormous solemn eyes — a little white owl. Nobody had ever seen her smile; she scarcely ever spoke. She went through life holding on to Lil, with a piece of Lil's skirt screwed up in her hand.

Where Lil went, our Else followed. In the playground, on the road going to and from school, there was Lil marching in front and our Else holding on behind. Only when she wanted anything, or when she was out of breath, our Else gave Lil a tug, a twitch, and Lil stopped and turned round. The Kelveys never failed to understand each other.

Now they hovered at the edge; you couldn't stop them listening. When the little girls turned round and sneered, Lil, as usual, gave her silly, shamefaced smile, but our Else only looked.

And Isabel's voice, so very proud, went on telling. The carpet made a great sensation, but so did the beds with real bedclothes, and the stove with an oven door.

When she finished Kezia broke in. 'You've forgotten the lamp, Isabel.'

'Oh yes,' said Isabel, 'and there's a teeny little lamp, all made of yellow glass, with a white globe that stands on the dining-room table. You couldn't tell it from a real one.'

'The lamp's best of all,' cried Kezia. She thought Isabel wasn't making half enough of the little lamp. But nobody paid any attention. Isabel was choosing the two who were to come back with them that afternoon and see it. She chose Emmie Cole and Lena Logan. But when the others knew they were all to have a chance, they couldn't be nice enough to Isabel. One by one they put their arms round Isabel's waist and walked her off. They had something to whisper to her, a secret. 'Isabel's *my* friend.'

Only the little Kelveys moved away forgotten; there was nothing more for them to hear.

Days passed, and as more children saw the doll's house, the fame of it spread. The one question was, 'have you seen Burnells' doll's house? Oh, ain't it lovely!' 'Haven't you seen it? Oh, I say!'

Even the dinner hour was given up to talking about it. The little girls sat under the pines eating their thick mutton sandwiches and big slabs of johnny cake spread with butter. While always, as near as they could get, sat the Kelveys, our Else holding on to Lil, listening too, while they chewed their jam sandwiches out of a newspaper soaked with large red blobs.

'Mother,' said Kezia, 'can't I ask the Kelveys just once?'

'Certainly not, Kezia.'

'But why not?'

'Run away, Kezia; you know quite well why not.'

At last everybody had seen it except them. On that day the subject rather flagged. It was the dinner hour. The children stood together under the pine trees, and suddenly, as they looked at the Kelveys eating out of their paper, always by themselves, always listening, they wanted to be horrid to them. Emmie Cole started the whisper.

‘Lil Kelvey’s going to be a servant when she grows up.’

‘O-oh, how awful!’ said Isabel Burnell, and she made eyes at Emmie.

Emmie swallowed in a very meaningful way and nodded to Isabel as she’d seen her mother do on those occasions.

‘It’s true — it’s true — it’s true,’ she said.

Then Lena Logan’s little eyes snapped. ‘Shall I ask her?’ she whispered.

‘Bet you don’t,’ said Jessie May.

‘Pooh, I’m not frightened,’ said Lena. Suddenly she gave a little squeal and danced in front of the other girls. ‘Watch! Watch me! Watch me now!’ said Lena. And sliding, gliding, dragging one foot, giggling behind her hand, Lena went over to the Kelveys.

Lil looked up from her dinner. She wrapped the rest quickly away. Our Else stopped chewing. What was coming now?

‘Is it true you’re going to be a servant when you grow up, Lil Kelvey?’ shrilled Lena.

Dead silence. But instead of answering, Lil only gave her silly, shamefaced smile. She didn’t seem to mind the question at all. What a sell for Lena! The girls began to titter.

Lena couldn’t stand that. She put her hands on her hips; she shot forward. ‘Yah, yer father’s in prison!’ she hissed spitefully.

This was such a marvellous thing to have said that the little girls rushed away in a body, deeply, deeply excited, wild with joy. Someone found a long rope, and they began skipping. And never did they skip so high, run in and out so fast, or do such daring things as on that morning.

In the afternoon Pat called for the Burnell children with the buggy and they drove home. There were visitors. Isabel and Lottie, who liked visitors, went upstairs to change their pinafores. But Kezia thieved out at the back. Nobody was about; she began to swing on the big white gates of the courtyard. Presently, looking along the road, she saw two little dots. They grew bigger, they were coming towards her. Now she could see that one was in front and one close behind. Now she could see that they were the Kelveys. Kezia stopped swinging. She slipped off the gate as if she was going to run away. Then she hesitated. The Kelveys came nearer, and beside them walked their shadows, very long, stretching right across the road with their heads in the buttercups. Kezia clambered back on the gate; she made up her mind; she swung out.

‘Hullo,’ she said to the passing Kelveys.

They were so astounded that they stopped. Lil gave her silly smile. Our Else stared.

‘You can come and see our doll’s house if you want to,’ said Kezia, and she dragged one toe on the ground. But at that Lil turned red and shook her head quickly.

‘Why not?’ asked Kezia.

Lil gasped, then she said, ‘Your ma told our ma you wasn’t to speak to us.’

‘Oh well,’ said Kezia. She didn’t know what to reply. ‘It doesn’t matter. You can come and see our doll’s house all the same. Come on. Nobody’s looking.’

But Lil shook her head still harder.

‘Don’t you want to?’ asked Kezia.

Suddenly there was a twitch, a tug at Lil’s skirt. She turned round. Our Else was looking at her with big, imploring eyes; she was frowning; she wanted to go. For a moment Lil looked at our Else very doubtfully. But then our Else twitched her skirt again. She started forward. Kezia led the way. Like two little stray cats they followed across the courtyard to where the doll’s house stood. ‘There it is,’ said Kezia. There was a pause. Lil breathed loudly, almost snorted; our Else was still as stone.

‘I’ll open it for you,’ said Kezia kindly. She undid the hook and they looked inside.

‘There’s the drawing-room and the dining-room, and that’s the —’

‘Kezia!’

Oh, what a start they gave!

‘Kezia!’

It was Aunt Beryl’s voice. They turned round. At the back door stood Aunt Beryl, staring as if she couldn’t believe what she saw.

‘How dare you ask the little Kelveys into the courtyard!’ said her cold, furious voice. ‘You know as well as I do, you’re not allowed to talk to them. Run away, children, run away at once. And don’t come back again,’ said Aunt Beryl. And she stepped into the yard and shoed them out as if they were chickens.

‘Off you go immediately!’ she called, cold and proud.

They did not need telling twice. Burning with shame, shrinking together, Lil huddling along like her mother, our Else dazed, somehow they crossed the big courtyard and squeezed through the white gate.

‘Wicked, disobedient little girl!’ said Aunt Beryl bitterly to Kezia, and she slammed the doll’s house to.

The afternoon had been awful. A letter had come from Willie Brent, a terrifying, threatening letter, saying if she did not meet him that evening in Pulman’s Bush, he’d come to the front door and ask the reason why! But now that she had frightened those little rats of Kelveys and given Kezia a good scolding, her heart felt lighter. That ghastly pressure was gone. She went back to the house humming.

When the Kelveys were well out of sight of Burnells’, they sat down to rest on a big red drainpipe by the side of the road. Lil’s cheeks still burning; she took off the hat with the quill and held it on her knee. Dreamily they looked over the hay paddocks, past the creek, to the group of wattles where Logan’s cows stood waiting to be milked. What were their thoughts?

Presently our Else nudged up close to her sister. But now she had forgotten the cross lady. She put out a finger and stroked her sister’s quill; she smiled her rare smile.

‘I seen the little lamp,’ she said softly.

Then both were silent once more.

Activity 1 Looking At Setting, Narrative, Characters And Theme

Copy out the framework below, then fill in the information for each story, under each heading, choosing possible answers from the list of answers beneath the framework. There will be some information which will not apply to any of the stories.

	Indian Camp	The Copier	An Affair of the Heart	The Doll's House
Setting of the story				
The story's narrative point of view (i.e. first or third person viewpoint)				
Main character in the story				
Theme of the story				

Select your answers from the following list:

- A small community in early 20th-century New Zealand.
- Auckland city today.
- A woman whose only son is her favourite child.
- Third person narrative.
- A young boy becomes aware of the facts of life and death.
- The snobbery of a small, class-conscious society.
- A boy who had three sisters.
- North America early in the 20th Century.
- First person narrative.
- A boy whose father is a doctor.
- An Indian man whose wife has a baby.
- A young Polynesian woman living in New Zealand.
- How obsessive love can be destructive.
- A seaside community in early 20th-century New Zealand.

- Two sisters from a poor family.
- A seaside community in Australia.
- The cruelty of children towards one another.
- A young woman becomes aware of the real value of her culture.
- Men cannot bear pain as well as women.

Activity 2

Comparing Notes

Working in pairs, discuss your sixteen answers for the previous activity, comparing yours with your classmate's. Then as a class, discuss the answers and see if you can come to an agreement on the sixteen best answers.

Activity 3

Expressing Your Opinion

1. Say which of the four short stories you think is the *most* successful. Write a paragraph explaining why you chose the story you did.
2. Say which of the four short stories you think is the *least* successful. Write a paragraph explaining why you chose the story you did.

Activity 4

Short Story Writing

Write a short story of your own, set in another part of the world apart from Sāmoa. The story can be set in the past or the present, it can be fantasy or realistic, it can be written in the first or the third person, but exercise your imagination as much as possible to create an exciting and believable story with an exotic (strange and unusual) setting and characters.

As you plan your story, keep in mind the important features of a successful short story and make sure that your story includes these features. For example:

- It covers a fairly brief period of time (not years or centuries!).
- It contains no more than 2–3 main characters.
- There is some important conflict within the story.
- Every word contributes to the story — there is no unnecessary detail.
- The story builds to a climax, then ends shortly afterwards.

Remember too that all writing must go through several stages, from pre-writing — where your ideas are just jotted down — to the first, second, then the final draft. Each draft should be better than the one before, with the final version free of any errors of spelling, punctuation or syntax (sentence construction). Don't forget to give your story a suitable and attention-grabbing title.

Activity 5**Publishing A Collection Of Short Stories**

Before you write the final draft of your short story, form groups of five or six. Decide which one of your group will be the editor of your group's short story collection. The editor is the person who checks the writing in the stories and decides in which order they will appear in the book. Under the direction of the editor, read each other's stories, offering advice and suggestions as to how each other's stories could be improved.

When all the group's stories have been completed, bind them together to form a collection of your short stories. Still working together, design a cover for your collection and give it an interesting title. The title can be taken from one of the group's stories, or one which you have thought of together which you think is suitable for the collection as a whole.

Each member of the group then writes a blurb for your collection. Remember that a book's blurb summarises what it is about, and enthuses about its contents. Everyone in the group is to read their blurb to the others, then the group votes on which is the most effective. That is the blurb which will appear on your published back cover. Also list the names of all the story writers on the back cover.

Activity 6**Sharing Your Published Collections**

Exchange your short story collections with the other groups in the class, making sure you read all the other groups' stories before they are handed in for assessment.

Unit 4: LANGUAGE STUDIES

Vocabulary

Below are four vocabulary lists, taken from the four short stories you studied in the last unit. They all contain words you probably had not come across before.

Indian Camp	The Copier	An Affair of the Heart	The Doll's House
stern	airborne	carrier	congealed
oar-locks	strewn	philosophise	knocker
shanty	flex	bach	exquisite
quilt	pareu	pipis and mussels	courtyard
incision	crimson	kumara	traipsing
anaesthetic	incur	romantic	spry
peroxide	stubble	terminus	conspicuous
exhilaration	melodious	envious	threatening
Caesarean	octagonal	pension	solemn

Activity 1

Looking For Meaning

Find each word as it is used in the four stories. Read the sentence in which it occurs carefully, then work out the meaning of each word from its context (the words and circumstances surrounding it), and from the list of dictionary definitions on the following page.

When you have worked out the correct meanings, write out the four lists, with the meanings of the words beside them.

Dictionary Definitions	
scattered about untidily	jealous of
eight-sided	an operation in which a child is taken from its mother's womb through an incision cut in her stomach wall
facial hair bristles	not smiling or cheerful
a surgical cut made into the body	a Cook Island dress
full of melody	to talk of the meaning of life
flying	the back end of a boat
a chemical used as an antiseptic or for dying hair	an electrical cord
a roughly built house	a substance that produces a loss of pain
a New Zealander's holiday house	lively
very noticeable	an area of a house which has an open roof
New Zealand shellfish	parts of a rowing boat which hold the oars in place
the last stop on a bus route	a state of great happiness
an allowance paid by the government to elderly people	bring something unpleasant upon oneself
a metal instrument for banging on a front door	someone saying something unpleasant will happen to someone else
trudging wearily	different to everyday experience or tender feelings associated with love
bright red in colour	a padded bedcover
beautifully made	a sweet potato
a person who transports goods from place to place	a liquid that has become solid

Grammar

Activity 2 Correcting Grammatical Errors

The paragraphs below are taken from a travel article about a region of France. It contains many grammatical errors. Subjects and verbs do not agree, the wrong tense is used, some sentences do not have a verb, prepositions are incorrect, spelling is inaccurate, punctuation is poor, and so on. Rewrite the paragraphs, correcting all the mistakes that have been made.

The Herault reggion occupies a chunk of the centril Languedoc area of france, between the town of nimes on the east and the city of narbonne at the west. The mediteranean coastal plane are backed by a limestone mountains draned by too rivers the Herault and the Orb, witch flows from the mountains and across the plane to the Golf of Lyons. The coastline lined with laggoons with sheltered flat water. Lots of wading birds here.

The landforms of the Languedoc — a mountains, the wide plane, the long laggoons, the sweaping coastline — show theirselves as the British Airways flight by London descends slowly into the airport at Montpellier, the capitel of the Languedoc. From the plane the hole reggion reveals itself.

This part of France. Has apealed to humans since Stone Age times. It's rivers, limestone caves, supplys of stone for making hand tools and animels like dear and bison made the area attractiv to hunters and gatherers the plane also formed part of a 'corridor' connecting the mediteranean sea by the atlantic ocean. Later the romans came building rodes and bridges they also bought vines from the eastern mediteranean.

Wine-growing are the main activity of the languedoc. It are Frances largest wine-producing reggion. The hole plain as well as every hillside rocky shelf and river terrace are planted in vinnes. On early summer the vinne leeves are vivid green against the pail brown soil. The vinnes dont grow along wires instead it grow upward like small trees. With their twisted trunks and bushy foliage on top the languedoc vinneyards resemble hundreds of goblin forrests. There are twice as much white wine produced as red in this reggion and it is hard two sell it all. The govermint in paris has tried to get the farmers of the languedoc to grow other crops like beens, olives and asparaguses, but the people is very reluctant to do this. Vinnes and grapes is what they know best so vinnes and grapes is what they grow.

Unit 5: COMPREHENSION

Activity 1

Walking England's Ancient Trail

Read the story below closely, then answer the comprehension questions which follow. They are all multi-choice, with only one answer of the four possibilities being the correct one.

Walking England's Ancient Trail

In a land criss-crossed by ancient trails, it is the most ancient, not merely in England but in all Europe. It is the Ridgeway, a 136 km long pathway which begins near Silbury Hill in Wiltshire and follows a north-easterly direction to Ivinghoe Beacon, in Bedfordshire. Trodden by human beings for more than 5000 years, the Ridgeway is also probably the loveliest walkway in all England.

For most of its route it follows the crest of the downs, a tilted line of chalky hills. The dryness of the soil here meant that the upland was unforested and in prehistoric times thus much easier to travel than the heavily wooded lowlands. It is thought that Neolithic people used the Ridgeway as a path when they took flint from the mines of East Anglia to the important settlements at Silbury Hill and Avebury, in Wiltshire, where it was made into tools. Later the Ridgeway was a key Roman routeway, then the Anglo-Saxons used it as a highway for driving sheep and cattle across England.

Today the Ridgeway is used by hikers to appreciate some of the finest scenery in England. Passing along the crest of the downs, it affords horizon-wide views in all directions. To the west is the Vale of Pewsey, the youthful river Thames, the spires of Oxford city and the Cotswold hills; while to the east the downs slope away gently in a green, undulating sea of crop and pastureland, broken only by hedgerows and clumps of woodland.

The pathway itself makes the going very easy. Averaging four metres wide and more like an unsealed road than a trail, it is level for most of its length and dry, due to its chalk base, making it ideal for cycling

as well as walking. Hedgerows of hawthorn and mayflower, and verges white with Queen Anne's Lace line the path, and beyond the verges early summer fields of barley and wheat move in the wind like sheets of green satin. They bring to mind Tennyson's lines from *The Lady of Shalott*, 'long fields of barley and of rye, that clothe the wold and meet the sky'.

Beside the Ridgeway are some of the most notable relics of England's pagan past, such as Waylands Smithy, a 5000-year-old burial chamber built over an even older 'barrow' or burial mound. Twenty minutes' walk further east along the Ridgeway is Uffington Castle, a huge iron age encampment whose earthen ramparts give commanding views over the downs, and most fascinating of all, White Horse Hill.

The White Horse of Uffington is an abstract image of a horse, carved into the turf of the downs' escarpment. Dating back to the late Bronze Age, the White Horse is the oldest and most beautiful of England's chalk hill figures, its white lines boldly visible against the green slope of the hill. Every year the outline of the White Horse is scoured by volunteers, to keep its shape clear and chalk-white, a procedure which has continued for almost 100 generations.

The Ridgeway can be followed for its entirety, or in sections. The western sections are the most appealing. Here, just below the walkway, are such quintessentially English villages as Bishopstone, Uffington — where Thomas Hughes, author of *Tom Brown's Schooldays* grew up — Ashbury, Woolstone and Kingstone Isle. Every village comes complete with thatched cottages, ancient stone churches, climbing roses and antiquated public houses where overnight stops can be made. Hostelrys such as the Rose & Crown at Ashbury and the Shepherd's Rest at Foxhill are comfortable and convivial and only a short walk down from the Ridgeway. Wantage is an attractive market town nearby, and the birthplace of Alfred the Great (849AD–899AD), who first united England's warring tribes.

For those wishing to just walk sections of the Ridgeway, there is a bus service, the Ridgeway Explorer, which operates every Sunday and Bank Holiday from 21 April until 20 October each year. This enables walkers to hike for as long as they wish, then catch the bus at designated stops along the way to the next section they wish to walk.

Best times to walk or bike the Ridgeway are early summer (May through June) or autumn (September through October), thus avoiding the crowds. In early summer the croplands, trees and wildflowers which abound beside the Ridgeway are lush and verdant; in autumn the golds and browns of the mature cornfields and deciduous trees are glorious.

Questions

1. From the information in the first paragraph we can tell that:
 - a. There are many public walkways in England.
 - b. The Ridgeway goes in a north-easterly direction.
 - c. The Ridgeway is the oldest trail in England.
 - d. All of the above.
2. From the information in paragraph two we can work out that flint is:
 - a. A kind of food eaten in Neolithic times.
 - b. A type of timber traded in Neolithic times.
 - c. A type of chalky soil underlying the downlands.
 - d. A very hard stone used to make tools in Neolithic times.
3. The Vale of Pewsey, the river Thames, Oxford city and the Cotswold hills are all:
 - a. Places found along the Ridgeway trail.
 - b. Places which have been there since Neolithic times.
 - c. Places visible from parts of the Ridgeway.
 - d. Places where hikers can stay.
4. From the information in paragraph four we can work out that *The Lady of Shalott* is:
 - a. The title of a famous poem.
 - b. A woman you meet along the Ridgeway.
 - c. The name of a hotel on the Ridgeway.
 - d. A place near Oxford city.
5. The expression ‘like sheets of green satin’ is an example of:
 - a. Metaphor.
 - b. Simile.
 - c. Hyperbole.
 - d. Personification.
6. From its context we can work out that the word ‘quintessentially’ means:
 - a. Having five sides.
 - b. It is essential to go there.
 - c. Very beautiful.
 - d. Perfect examples of.

7. Not many trees grow along the Ridgeway because:
 - a. It is too cold.
 - b. It is too dry.
 - c. It is too high.
 - d. It is too low.

8. The story sets out *mainly* to:
 - a. Entertain.
 - b. Amuse.
 - c. Inform.
 - d. Confuse.

9. The genre (general type) of writing represented by this story is:
 - a. Botanical writing.
 - b. Historical writing.
 - c. Travel writing.
 - d. None of these.

Activity 2

Discussion

When you have finished answering the questions, compare and discuss your answers with someone else in the class, then the class as a whole will discuss them.

Activity 3

An Execution By T.E. Lawrence

Thomas Edward Lawrence (1888–1935) was a British Army officer during World War I (1914–1918). He was sent to Arabia during the war to help organise the Arab tribes to rebel against the Turks, who were then the enemy of the British. Lawrence gained a position of great influence with the Arabs, uniting them and performing many daring exploits, thus earning the nickname, ‘Lawrence of Arabia’. His story of these experiences, *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, from which the following extract is taken, was published in 1926.

Read 'An Execution', the story below, closely, then answer the questions that follow. This time the questions all require full sentence answers.

At last we camped, and when the camels were unloaded and driven out to pasture, I lay down under the rocks and rested. My body was very sore with headache and high fever, the accompaniments of a sharp attack of dysentery which had troubled me along the march and had laid me out twice that day in short fainting fits, when the more difficult parts of the climb had asked too much of my strength. Dysentery of this Arabian coast sort used to fall like a hammer blow, and crush its victims for a few hours, after which the extreme effects passed off; but it left men curiously tired, and subject for some weeks to sudden breaks of nerve.

My followers had been quarrelling all day; and while I was lying near the rocks a shot was fired. I paid no attention; for there were hares and birds in the valley; but a little later Suleiman roused me and made me follow him across the valley to an opposite bay in the rocks, where one of the Ageyl, a Boreida man, was lying stone dead with a bullet through his temples. The shot must have been fired from close by; because the skin was burnt about the wound. The remaining Ageyl were running frantically about; and when I asked what it was, Ali, their head man, said that Hamed the Moor had done the murder. I suspected Suleiman, because of the feud between the Atban and Ageyl; but Ali assured me that Suleiman had been with him three hundred yards further up the valley gathering sticks when the shot was fired. I sent all out to search for Hamed, and crawled back to the baggage, feeling that it need not have happened this day of all days when I was in pain.

As I lay there I heard a rustle, and opened my eyes slowly upon Hamed's back as he stooped over his saddle-bags, which lay just beyond my rock. I covered him with a pistol and then spoke. He had put down his rifle to lift the gear; and was at my mercy until the others came. We held a court at once; and after a while Hamed confessed that, he and Salem having had words, he had seen red and shot him suddenly. Our inquiry ended. The Ageyl, as relatives of the dead man, demanded blood for blood. The others supported them; and I tried vainly to talk the gentle Ali round. My head was aching with fever and I could not think; but hardly even in health, with all eloquence, could I have begged Hamed off; for Salem had been a friendly fellow and his sudden murder a wanton crime.

Then rose up the horror which would make civilized man shun justice like the plague if he had not the need to serve him as hangman for wages. There were other Moroccans in our army; and to let the Ageyl kill one in feud meant reprisals by which our unity would have been endangered. It must be a formal execution, and at last, desperately, I told Hamed that he must die for punishment, and laid the burden of his killing on myself. At least no revenge could lie against my followers; for I was a stranger and kinless.

I made him enter a narrow gully of the spur, a dank twilight place overgrown with woods. Its sandy bed had been pitted by trickles of water down the cliffs in the late rain. At the end it shrank to a crack a few inches wide. The walls were vertical. I stood in the entrance and gave him a few moments' delay which he spent crying on the ground. Then I made him rise and shot him through the chest. He fell down on the weeds shrieking, with the blood coming out in spurts over his clothes, and jerked about till he rolled nearly to where I was. I fired again, but was shaking so that I only broke his wrist. He went on calling out, less loudly, now lying on his back with his feet towards me, and I leant forward and shot him for the last time in the thick of his neck under the jaw. His body shivered a little, and I called the Ageyl; who buried him in the gully where he was. Afterwards the wakeful night dragged over me, till, hours before dawn, I had the men up and made them load, in my longing to be set free of Wadi* Kitan. They had to lift me into the saddle.

From *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* (1926)

*A 'wadi' is a rocky water-course in the desert, dry except in the rainy season.

Answer the following questions in full sentences.

For example, the answer to the first question should begin:

The illness which had made the narrator very tired was . . .

1. What was the illness that had made the narrator very tired?
2. What are two symptoms of this illness?
3. What else tells you, apart from the reference to the 'Arabian coast', that this story is set in an Arab country?
4. Explain why the narrator at first took no notice of the shot he heard.
5. Who were the two suspects in the killing?
6. Give two reasons why Hamed was identified as the killer of Salem.
7. Explain in your own words what the problem would have been if the narrator had allowed the 'blood for blood' law to be followed.
8. Why did the narrator decide to carry out the execution himself?
9. Give two reasons why the narrator made a mess of the execution.
10. Why do you think the narrator was 'longing to be set free' of Wadi Kitan?

Unit 6: ROLE PLAYING AND DRAMA

Activity 1

Drama — An Episode From A Text You Have Studied

From your class, form groups of 5–6 people. Think back to the texts that you have already studied in this book:

The novel *A River Ran Out of Eden*

The short story ‘Indian Camp’

The short story ‘The Copier’

The short story ‘An Affair of the Heart’

The short story ‘The Doll’s House’

The non-fiction story ‘An Execution’

Working as a group, choose an important and dramatic episode from one of the above works, which involves several characters. Discuss the episode, allocate a role to each member of the group, then create a mini-drama from the episode. You can use any technique you wish, from ‘voice-over’ narration to acting with created dialogue, but try to make your role playing as realistic as possible. If you are using written dialogue, make sure you write a formal script for your mini-drama, then learn your lines thoroughly.

Practise enacting your episode, then perform it for the rest of the class.

The class will assess each mini-drama, awarding the group a mark out of twenty based on the following criteria:

15–20 marks

Excellent dialogue, excellent acting, and convincing movement. The role players brought out the conflict and drama of the episode fully through their first-class skills.

10–15 marks

Good dialogue, quite good acting, and mainly convincing movements. Some members of the group were better than others, but on the whole the dramatic potential of the episode was well realised.

5–10 marks

Mumbled dialogue, unconvincing acting, and hesitant role playing made the episode difficult to follow.

0–5 marks

Very poor dialogue, incompetent acting and clumsy role playing made it almost impossible to recognise the episode.

Activity 2

Role Play — A Newspaper Interview

Imagine you are a reporter for a newspaper in the area where *A River Ran Out of Eden*, one of the four short stories you have studied, or the story ‘An Execution’ is set. Choose one important character from one of these works and imagine that you are interviewing him or her for your newspaper.

Think of 10 key questions that you would ask your subject about the events in the story and the part the subject of the interview played in them. Your questions should be designed to get the most informative response possible from your subject. *e.g.* ‘What were you thinking of when you asked . . .?’, ‘What was the main thing you were hoping to achieve by . . .?’ and so on.

Working in pairs, have the other person take the role of the character and answer the 10 questions you ask him or her. Then write down both the questions and the answers you received.

Activity 3

Conclusion

Remembering that the theme of Part One of this book has been ‘Other Worlds’, write a formal essay of about one page on the topic, *What We Can Learn from Other Worlds*. Plan your essay carefully, from pre-writing through to your final draft, paying particular attention to paragraphing, spelling, syntax and grammar. Also remember to have an interesting, attention-grabbing opening sentence, and a final paragraph which sums up well what you have argued in the main body of the essay.

Unit 7: COMPREHENSION REVISION

Remember that the verb 'to comprehend' means 'to fully understand'. When you are reading for comprehension, you must read particularly closely and carefully in order to understand all the words used and so fully comprehend the passage of writing as a whole. If you are in doubt, re-read the passage, underlining any words or phrases which present you with difficulty. Then look at the difficult words and phrases in their full context. To do this, re-read the sentences before and after the difficult words and phrases, to help you work out their meaning.

Activity 1

Comprehension

Here is a passage of non-fiction writing, from a travel story about the city of Buenos Aires, the capital city of Argentina, in South America. It is a very large city, home to 11 000 000 people (in contrast, the capital of Sāmoa, Apia, has a population of 35 000).

Read the story closely, then answer the questions that follow.

A **metropolis** of 11 million people, Buenos Aires is the most European city in the southern hemisphere. It is strikingly similar to Milan or Madrid in character. Not just because of Buenos Aires' **boulevards**, plane trees, plazas, **heroic statuary** and pavement cafes, but because the people of the city are so obviously of Spanish and Italian **lineage**. They are descendants of the city's **Latin founders** and later immigrants from Spain and Italy. Their cuisine is continental, their cars are from France and Italy, and Buenos Aires people have European style, **sophistication** and **natural courtesy**.

Although messy at the edges, where the barrios — shantytowns — abound, Buenos Aires' heart is firmly in the right place. The central city is safe for strolling, even at night. The immense, 20-lane-wide Avenida de Julio sweeps through the central city, as wide as an airport runway. Soaring from the centre of the avenue is a white, **tapering** obelisk, erected in 1936 to mark the 400th anniversary of the first Spanish settlement in the area. This *obelisko* is a helpful marker in the flat, **gridded** city. It is only a short walk from the obelisk to the main shopping streets of Avenida Santa Fe and Street Florida, pedestrian-only **precincts** where the strolling is easy. Street Florida terminates at the lovely, leafy Plaza San Martin, where jacarandas and pepper trees, broad paths and park benches provide the visitor with **respite** from the **frenetic** traffic of the city.

The words and phrases in bold are the ones which are most likely to cause understanding problems for students. But their meanings can be deduced (worked out by careful reasoning) from their context.

Comprehension questions can be multi-choice or full sentence. Here, for example is a multi-choice question.

1. The word 'metropolis' means:
 - a. Capital city.
 - b. A city in Europe.
 - c. 'City police force' in Spanish.
 - d. A huge city.

To deduce the correct answer, read again the sentence containing the word. i.e. '*A metropolis of 11 million people, Buenos Aires is the most European city in the southern hemisphere*'. Since eleven million people is a huge number for one city to have (two and a half times the total number of people in the whole of New Zealand!), the correct answer must be 'd. A huge city.'

Another way to approach multi-choice questions is to eliminate the answers which cannot be correct. So, in the example above: 'a.' is probably incorrect, as nowhere in the passage does it suggest that the word 'metropolis' means 'capital city'. Neither can 'b.' be correct, as we have been told in the introduction that Buenos Aires is in South America, which is a long way from Europe. Also 'c.' cannot be correct, as the word 'police force' is never mentioned in the passage. So, by a process of elimination, we are left with 'd. A huge city.' — the correct answer.

Now, using the close reading and deduction similar to that in the above example, work out the answers to these questions:

2. A synonym for 'boulevard' would be:
 - a. avenue
 - b. obelisk
 - c. shantytown
 - d. market

3. The word 'Latin' as used in the passage means:
 - a. Italian
 - b. Spanish
 - c. Italian and Spanish
 - d. South American

Now, here are some questions requiring full sentence answers. It is very important when writing your answers to this type of question, to make your answer a complete sentence. i.e. one with a subject and a verb, which makes complete sense on its own.

4. What are three things which make the city of Buenos Aires so similar to a city in Europe?

The answer to this question would be:

'Three things which make Buenos Aires similar to a city in Europe are: the fact that most of its people are descended from Spanish and Italian immigrants, the European cars and the pavement cafes'. (Other acceptable answers might include the boulevards, plazas and plane trees, the food, the 'heroic statuary', and the style and sophistication of the people.)

Now answer the next three questions in full, well written sentences:

5. Describe what it is that makes the city of Buenos Aires ‘messy at the edges’?
6. What is the ‘*obelisko*’ and why is it helpful for a visitor to Buenos Aires?
7. Explain in your own words the meaning of the phrase ‘provide respite from the frenetic traffic of the city’.
8. Discuss your answers to these questions with the person sitting next to you, then with the class as a whole.

Activity 2

A Short Short Story — The Christening

Read the following short short story closely, and answer the questions that follow.

The Christening

by Graeme Lay

Later Stephen could remember little of the ceremony. Men in suits, women in hats and gloves, all crowding around the birdbath at the front of the church. Mrs Thomson handing her baby to the minister, his billowing surplice, the splashing of water, the intoned words. *Christopher Peter Andrew Thomson* ... Then the boy and his parents got into their Morris Minor and drove to the Thomsons’ house for the post-christening celebration.

‘Such a lovely house, Duncan and Dorothy’s,’ said his mother as the car drew up outside. ‘*Two-storeyed*. He’s done so well, Duncan, since he went out on his own.’ Stephen noticed the muscles in his father’s jaw tighten, but he said nothing. His mother got out her powder pack and dabbed fiercely at her face.

He followed his parents up the wide front steps of the big house, then through the hall and into the lounge. It was easily the biggest house he had ever been in. Thick floral carpet, heavy furniture, paintings of mountains, rivers and fleeing deer around the walls. An ornate staircase led up from the lounge. A *two-storeyed* house.

Mrs Thomson hugged Stephen’s mother and Mr Thomson shook hands with his father. Mr Thomson rubbed the hair on the top of Stephen’s head, hard, as if he was scrubbing something. Looking down, embarrassed, Stephen noticed that Mrs Thomson had very high block heels on her white shoes. She was short and stout and wore a bright red suit. Her husband was tall, thin and dark-faced, with oiled black hair. Mr Thomson poured his father a beer and his mother a sherry. Stephen watched his mother staring around fixedly at the furniture, the paintings, the staircase. Then, as the other adults arrived, he drifted to the back of the room. He didn’t know any of the other children there, didn’t want to.

As Stephen was helping himself to some salted peanuts from a bowl, Mrs Thomson brought in the baby, wrapped in a blue shawl. Mr Thomson cleared his throat loudly and the chattering in the room stopped.

The speech wasn't long. He asked for *their blessings on little Christopher*, asked them to *charge their glasses*. Then Stephen noticed something strange. No one except Mrs Thomson was looking at the baby. Usually everyone stared at babies, and mothers made little cooing noises at them, but now everyone was just looking down into their drinks. They drank their toast and Mrs Thomson took the baby out.

After she came back Stephen slipped from the room. On the other side of the carpeted hall was an open door. He went in.

It was a big room with yellow wallpaper patterned with cats and dogs. Cardboard animals — dozens of them — dangled from the ceiling, turning slowly. Bears, giraffes, elephants, lions. In the centre of the room was a cane bassinet covered with a lacy valance. The boy went up to it and peered in.

The baby was awake, staring upwards. Its head was large, its fair hair fine. Its blue eyes were close together. Much too close together. As Stephen watched, the baby's eyes began to roll about. But what he thought strangest was the baby's tongue. It was much too big for its mouth. It hung right out, shiny and pink, like a lamb's tongue from a tin.

The boy stared at the piggy face, the too-close eyes, the hanging tongue, for some time. He watched the baby make little punching gestures with its tiny, clenched fists, watched the hanging, protruding tongue. Then he went out of the baby's room, to look for more food.

Questions

1. Explain the 'birdbath' metaphor used in paragraph one.
2. Why do you think a muscle in the boy's father's jaw 'tightened'?
3. What things tell you that the Thomson family was rich?
4. What things about the Thomson's house did the boy find strange?
5. Why did everyone at the christening party not look at the baby?
6. Remember that the climax of a story is its turning point or most dramatic event. What do you think is the climax of *The Christening*?
7. In what ways do you think this is a sad story?

Activity 3**A Short Story — The Legacy**

Read the following short story closely, then answer the questions that follow.

The Legacy

by **Graeme Lay**

Sam Rutherford's bicycle shop must have been even older than its owner. It stood at one end of Kaimara's main street, between two empty sections: a narrow, yellow, weatherboard building with a corrugated iron-roofed verandah. Stepping from the footpath and into the shop was like going from day straight into night. Inside the door was a long windowless room with a sagging pinex ceiling and varnished wooden walls. All along the walls were framed photographs from the South African war. This was Mr Rutherford's showroom. Standing diagonally in two long wooden racks were the new bikes which he had for sale: ladies' ones on the right, men's on the left. But the showroom occupied only the front half of the building; through at the back was the small workshop where Mr Rutherford carried out bicycle repairs, the part of the business which took up most of his time.

Mr Rutherford seemed like a giant to me. He was an enormously tall man, with deep-set grey eyes, short white hair, bushy white eyebrows and a thin moustache. He had the habit of pushing out his mouth and frowning deeply, so that his eyebrows puckered and joined together, and he always seemed to wear the same clothes: heavy black trousers, boots and a grey cotton shirt open at the neck. And although Mr Rutherford was a bachelor, he looked after himself well. His boots were always shiny, his clothes were always neat, and he had lived in a room in the Criterion Hotel, across the street from his shop, for more than fifty years.

For my ninth birthday my parents bought me my first bike. It was a plain, black, second-hand model. My parents didn't let on that it was second-hand, but I could tell by the paint that it wasn't really new. Soon I was saving up my pocket-money for extras to improve its appearance — pennants, a light, a saddlebag — and soon too its chain needed tightening, or spokes needed replacing. Every extra or repair meant wheeling my bike through Mr Rutherford's showroom and into his workshop.

There was something mysterious and exciting about that building. Perhaps it was the fact that it was very old, that it smelt strongly of leather and paint, or that when you came in the door of the shop you blinked once or twice and the two rows of gleaming new bikes appeared out of the darkness as if by magic. Or perhaps it was the photographs. You had to peer up and squint to see them properly, but it was worth it because there, in every one of them, was Mr Rutherford. But another Mr Rutherford: a tall, slim, handsome young man with a dark moustache and a uniform and a horse and riding boots and a hat with its brim turned up on one side. The captions under the photographs added to their enchantment.

S. J. Rutherford, 1st Mounted Rifles Contingent, Diamond Hill, 6 January 1900.

Corporal S. J. Rutherford, 1st Mounted Rifles Contingent, Reimester Kop, 18 February 1900.

I never once entered his shop without pausing and looking up at the photos. Then, after staring for a few moments and noting some new detail, I'd push my bike on through into the room where the old man worked.

'How old's Mr Rutherford?' I asked my father one day. He looked up from his newspaper.

'Sam Rutherford? I'm not sure. He's the only Boer War veteran left in Kaimara now though, so that'd make him . . . nearly eighty I suppose.'

'His heart's not good, poor man,' added my mother, who somehow seemed to know the condition of every elderly heart in the town. 'I think it's time he retired.'

But if Mr Rutherford had any thoughts of retiring, he never acted upon them. He spent every weekday from eight o'clock till five in the little workroom at the rear of his shop, keeping the bicycles of Kaimara in good working order. Mr Rutherford's workshop was the only untidy thing about him. It was filled with the bodies of dozens of bicycles, piled on the floor, hanging on nails on the walls, even suspended from the ceiling. There was a wide window in the back wall and a long narrow bench beneath it. The bench was littered with spanners, screwdrivers, nuts, bolts, screws, tyre tubes, oily rags and tins of paint. And in the middle of the muddle, sitting astride a stool with an upsidedown bike in front of him, would be Mr Rutherford, working very slowly and carefully, tightening, loosening,

assembling, dismantling — one huge hand reaching out from time to time to hover above the bench, then dropping on to whatever tool or part he sought. Yet he never seemed too busy to stop and fix my bike, no matter how small the job was. And as he did so he'd explain everything he was doing, and when he'd finished he'd always say: 'There you are Stephen, now you'll be able to fix it yourself.'

One day during the Easter holiday, not long after my ninth birthday, I read a story in a magazine. It was about a ten-year-old girl from New York who had befriended a lonely old woman — done her shopping for her, cleaned the bedsitter where she lived alone. Then, one day, the old lady died and it turned out that in fact she'd been very rich and, in her will, had left her entire fortune — over five hundred thousand dollars — to the little girl. Alongside the story was a photograph of the smiling girl standing in the dismal room which had been the old lady's home.

'Would Mr Rutherford make much money from his shop?' I asked my father at dinner that night, suspecting that he, as the manager of Kaimara's only bank, would know most things about its citizens' financial affairs.

'Well,' replied my father, 'there's just the one bike shop in the town, and there are plenty of bikes. I'd say Sam's got a tidy little business.'

This puzzled me a bit: my father obviously hadn't seen Mr Rutherford's workshop, because that was anything but tidy, but I saw what he meant about it being the only one of its kind. After dinner I went to my room and began doing a few sums, a bit like the ones our teachers were always setting us. *If a man sold two bikes a week for fifty years, and charged ten pounds for each bike, and if he mended four punctures a day and charged two shillings and sixpence for each puncture, how much money would he have altogether?*

I put my pencil down. It would be nearly all profit. Mr Rutherford didn't have a wife or children or a house or car or even a bike of his own — all he had to pay for was his hotel room. So that meant that Mr Rutherford was worth at least . . . twenty thousand pounds!

'Hello, Mr Rutherford.'

'Oh hello there, Stephen. What can we do for you today? Those brakes of yours playing up again?'

'No, it's good thanks. I was just wondering if you had . . . any jobs that needed doing?'

‘Jobs? What kind of jobs?’

‘Oh any jobs.’

‘Got a bit of time on your hands, eh?’

‘Yes, there isn’t much to do.’

‘Well, I’ll tell you what. Got your bike with you?’

‘Yes.’

‘Okay. How would you like to go down to the station and collect a parcel for me? Some spare parts have arrived on this morning’s train and I need them. Could you do that? Tell Frank Thompson at the station that I sent you.’

‘Okay Mr Rutherford.’

And I had those parts in his workshop in less than ten minutes.

From then on, twice a week, Tuesdays and Fridays, I was Mr Rutherford’s right-hand boy. I collected his parcels and burnt his rubbish. I dusted his bikes and washed his windows. He even let me tidy up one end of his workshop, and I half expected to come across his fortune, buried among the old tyres and inner tubes. But I didn’t. I didn’t accept any payment from him, either. My mother said I mustn’t. And anyway, *that* would come later.

But Mr Rutherford serviced my bike for nothing *and* gave me extras for it: a pair of mud-flaps, a set of gears, a shiny new dynamo. And, as we worked he talked in his deep, slow voice. He told me about his boyhood, and the hardships he had experienced when he was growing up, and the first car that came to Kaimara; about South Africa and the Boers, and how he’d seen a Zulu kill a lion with a knife. Sometimes I enjoyed listening to his stories so much I almost forgot about the money, and his will, and how I’d inherit his fortune and become world famous. And I noticed something else about him, too. Even though he was big and strong his breathing was very slow and deliberate and so loud that his nostrils made whistling noises as he worked. Sometimes too, when he was tightening a wheel, he’d stop for a while and stare into space until his chest stopped heaving. Then he would go back to the job and seem as good as ever.

It was a Friday night, about six months after I first started working for him, that it happened. I’d gone straight to his shop from school,

and left my bike outside as usual. I heard the coughing even as I walked through the showroom. At the door of the workshop I stopped, and stared.

In the middle of the room, on his knees, was Mr Rutherford. He was coughing and gasping and the top half of his body was leaning forward and heaving with every cough. He turned and looked up at me. His face had gone all grey and his eyes were a funny dull colour. Suddenly I was very frightened because I could see that he had hardly any time between coughs to get any air. He pointed to the cracked hand-basin at the end of the workshop. I ran over and got him some water. He took little sips from the cup as I held it, and gradually the gasps between the coughs got longer, but his breath was still making a horrible rasping noise in his throat and frothy dribble was coming from one corner of his mouth. He still couldn't speak. When the cup was empty I ran back through the shop and over the street to the hotel to tell Mrs Harrop. As I gasped the story out the pounding in my own chest was so strong I thought I would have a heart attack too. All I could think of was, 'Please God, don't let Mr Rutherford die because I want him to go on being my friend . . .'

They took him to the hospital but he died in the ambulance on the way. After my mother told me she said, 'Try not to be upset dear, you did the right thing'. I went away to my bedroom and buried my face in my pillow and cried. I tried to shut out the picture of him kneeling there like a stricken animal, coughing his life away — Mr Rutherford, who had been a Mounted Rifleman and fought the Boers and seen a Zulu kill a lion with a knife.

The RSA gave him a funeral, and they cleared out his shop and closed it. It became just another of Kaimara's empty buildings. Mr Watson, who had a sports goods shop in a modern block at the other end of the town, took over the bicycle trade, but I hardly ever went there. I did my own repairs now. As for his money, well I never knew for certain what happened to it. Someone said he left what he had to a widowed sister in Australia. Anyway, the funny thing was that I didn't care any more about the money. Because I knew that what Mr Rutherford had left me was worth much more than that.

Answer the following questions in full sentences. For example, your answer to the first question should begin:

Entering Mr Rutherford's bike shop was 'like going from day straight into night' because . . .

1. Explain why entering Mr Rutherford's bike shop was 'like going from day straight into night'.
2. In what ways did the photographs on the shop walls show 'another Mr Rutherford'?
3. Mr Rutherford had fought for New Zealand in the 'South African war'. Find another name for this war, mentioned in the story.
4. What were two repairs that soon needed doing to the boy's new bike?
5. How did the boy first realise that there was something wrong with Mr Rutherford's heart?
6. Why did the boy offer to work for Mr Rutherford for nothing?
7. Which of the following do you think 'RSA' stands for:
 - a. Retired Soldier's Allowance.
 - b. Returned Servicemen's Association.
 - c. Recycled Society Association.
 - d. Rutherford Social Allowance.
8. Which of the following is the climax (the most exciting part) of 'The Legacy':
 - a. The boy read about the little girl in New York inheriting money.
 - b. The boy ran to tell Mrs Harrop about the heart attack.
 - c. The boy went into his bedroom and buried his face in his pillow.
 - d. The RSA gave Mr Rutherford a funeral.
9. Write a sentence explaining why you chose the answer you did for question eight.
10. Explain fully the meaning of the last two sentences: i.e.

'Anyway, the funny thing was that I didn't care any more about the money. Because I knew that what Mr Rutherford had left me was worth much more than that'.

11. From what happens in the story, do you think a legacy is:
 - a. A special type of bicycle given to a person by someone who is dying?
 - b. A sum of money someone receives from someone who has died?
 - c. A gift someone receives from someone who has died?
 - d. A strong memory that a person has of someone who has died?

Vocabulary from ‘The Legacy’

The list below on the left contains 10 words used in the story. The list on the right contains 10 word meanings. Write out the two lists, matching up the words with their correct meanings, using the context of the words to help find their meanings.

Words	Meanings
dismantling (verb)	a place where goods for sale are put on display
suspended (verb)	overcome by illness, shock or grief
will (noun)	the projecting edge of a hat
befriended (verb)	to look at something with eyes half closed
squint (verb)	hanging from something
brim (noun)	a document giving instructions about what is to happen to a person’s property after their death
showroom (noun)	a member of an African tribe
inherit (verb)	made friends with
stricken (adjective)	taking to pieces
Zulu (noun)	to receive property from a person who has died

Unit 8: LANGUAGE

Parts Of Speech

Remember that all words in English can be classified according to their parts of speech. Detailed descriptions of the different parts of speech were given in Unit 7, in Year 10, Book One. You learned in this unit that every English word has a function, according to whether it is one of the seven parts of speech. When analysing language, it is very important to be able to recognise the different parts of speech and the roles they play in conveying meaning.

The parts of speech are:

- **noun** The name of a person, place or thing
e.g. fish, bus, Sāmoa, Australia, Lena.
- **adjective** A word which describes a noun
e.g. fast, slow, old, young.
- **verb** A word saying what a person or thing does
e.g. sleep, run, climb, revise.
- **adverb** A word which says how or where something happens
e.g. quickly, happily.
- **conjunction** A word which joins parts of sentences
e.g. and, but, however.
- **preposition** A word used in front of a noun to describe the position of something
e.g. on, by, with, to.
- **pronoun** A word used in place of a noun
e.g. its, she, they, them, we, who.

In addition to these seven parts of speech, there are the two words ‘the’, called **the definite article**, and ‘a’, called **the indefinite article**, which are placed just before a noun.

Many English words form a different part of speech, sometimes with a very different meaning, according to the context in which they are used:

e.g. In each of the following two sentences the word fine has a different part of speech, with a different meaning.

In the sentence,

The judge decided to **fine** the burglar rather than send him to jail,
the word ‘fine’ is a verb, because it shows an action on the part of the judge.

But in the sentence,

We are all hoping the weather will be **fine** for the picnic tomorrow,
the word ‘fine’ is an adjective describing the weather.

Activity 1

Identifying Nouns And Verbs

For each of the sentences below, say whether the words in bold are nouns or verbs.

1. a. The soldier tried to **hide** from the enemy by covering himself with leaves.
b. The tanner took the cow’s **hide** and made it into very strong leather for a coat.
2. a. The girl discovered that she was a descendant of a rich Hungarian **count**.
b. Deciding to **count** its losses, the army retreated across the river.
3. a. The **market** opened for business even before the sun was up.
b. Inventing a new product is relatively easy, to **market** it is the hard part.
4. a. The lawyer gathered the family together to hear the old man’s **will** read out.
b. Concentrating hard, the girl tried to **will** her headache to go away.
5. a. The line had a very heavy piece of **lead** on the end, and so sank quickly.
b. The netball captain decided to **lead** her team from the court, as a protest.

Activity 2**Identifying Parts Of Speech**

Write out the paragraph below on alternate lines in your book, then give the part of speech of each word in the paragraph. Write a number above each word, with a key (1–9) underneath explaining which part of speech each word is. i.e. 1 = noun, 2 = verb, and so on. Include two numbers for the definite and indefinite articles.

An essential companion to the Ridgeway walk is one of the English Ordnance Survey maps of the district you are walking through. These maps make superb guides, showing the physical features of the downlands in great detail, and also historic features such as the many tumuli (ancient burial grounds), prehistoric monuments and National Trust properties like beautiful Ashdown House, a 17th-century stately home just south of the Ridgeway, near the town of Lambourn.

Syntax

This means ‘the way in which words are arranged to form phrases and sentences’, and ‘the rules for writing sentences’.

Remember that a sentence is defined as, ‘a set of words complete in itself’. The basic unit of written English, a sentence usually contains a subject and a verb, and expresses a complete thought.

A sentence can be expressed as:

- A statement — *I’m really annoyed with her today.*
- A question — *What’s she been doing to annoy you?*
- An exclamation — *She’s just announced that she’s not going to come with us to the film after all!*

You should construct your sentences carefully to make sure that they convey to the reader the exact meaning that you wish them to. Firstly, think of an idea that you want to write down, then think of the words that will clearly express the idea that you have thought of. Then write an accurate sentence using those words, writing in the third person like this:

Idea — *A part-time job would be very helpful*

Words to express the idea — *Look for a part-time job*

Write a sentence, in the third person, to express the idea. Here is an example:

Lena (subject of the sentence) *decided* (verb) *to look for* (verb) *a part-time job* (object).

Then add extra information to the sentence to give it more meaning.

Lena decided to look for a part-time job which would earn her a good wage (*extra information*).

Activity 3

Constructing Sentences

Now think of your own idea, write it down, then carry out the steps described above to express it in a complete sentence, with a subject, object and additional information.

Vary the length of your sentences in your writing. Don't have sentences which are all very long or all very short. A mixture of long and short sentences makes the most interesting writing.

Here is a sentence which 'rambles': i.e. It goes on and on and is much too long.

People say that travel broadens the traveller's mind and in many cases this is so, but there are also lots of people who, when they travel to other countries all they do, while they're there and when they come back, is moan about the place they've gone to and say how inferior is to home, so why do they bother to travel at all?

It would be much more effective if written like this:

People say that travel broadens the traveller's mind. In many cases that is so. But there are also lots of people who, when they travel to other countries, only moan about the place and say how inferior it is to home. They do the same when they come back. So why do they bother to travel at all?

Activity 4**Looking At The Length Of Sentences**

Rewrite and re-punctuate the rambling sentences below so that they are a mixture of several short and long sentences and are, therefore, much easier to read.

A place I would really like to visit is Buenos Aires the capital of Argentina in South America it interests me because it looks so European and has so many people descended from Spanish and Italian immigrants last century who have brought style and sophistication to the city and so many nice restaurants and tree-lined avenues yes Buenos Aires that's the city of my dreams.

The American novelist and short story writer Ernest Hemingway began his career as a journalist covering World War I in Europe where he got many ideas for his fiction and later based some of his books on these experiences but he also wrote about his childhood in North America and his life in Paris, Spain and Cuba and included his love of bull-fighting and fishing in his stories such as 'The Old Man and the Sea' and he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1954.

Punctuation

As you can see from the previous exercises, punctuation is a very important part of clear and accurate writing. Poorly punctuated writing is confusing and difficult to understand. In Unit 7 of Year 10, Book One, you learnt about the punctuation points in English and how to use them. The exercises below will help you revise this very important aspect of writing.

Here is a passage of English which is completely unpunctuated.

we left together for a camping holiday in france and italy travelling as far south as positano we laughed and loved and struggled with maps and money sleeping under olive trees on brown hillsides the romans had known then returned to england through burgundy paris and normandy and when we crossed on the ferry from dieppe to newhaven after those three exhausting unforgettable weeks the white cliffs of sussex called the seven sisters welcomed us home like phosphorescent beacons across the still black waters of the channel

Properly punctuated, it reads like this:

We left together for a camping holiday in France and Italy, travelling as far south as Positano. We laughed and loved and struggled with maps and money, sleeping under olive trees on brown hillsides the Romans had known, then returned to England through Burgundy, Paris and Normandy. And when we crossed on the ferry from Dieppe to Newhaven after those three exhausting, unforgettable weeks, the white cliffs of Sussex, called the Seven Sisters, welcomed us home like phosphorescent beacons across the still black waters of the Channel.

Note that the second version has all the capital letters for proper nouns — especially place-names — as well as the necessary commas and full stops. Other very important punctuation points are speech marks, apostrophes, semi-colons and colons, question marks and exclamation marks. Remember too that paragraphing is an important aspect of punctuation. When writing dialogue, every time a different person speaks, start a new paragraph by indenting the first line.

Activity 5

Punctuation

Rewrite the paragraph below, putting in all the necessary punctuation marks.

On about our third visit together bob nearly drowned nina my dainty nery super-intelligent mongrel pup by chucking her out of his dinghy when id answered his question about whether the dog could swim by saying absent-mindedly that I hadn't put it to the test I watched nina begin to disappear to the bottom of the thames in a stream of bubbles before leaping in after her why did you do that I asked him when I managed to get the dog back into the dinghy I really thought all dogs could swim instantly and instinctively he answered but its just another of those darned things that aint necessarily so id say it looks like theyre naturally inclined to sink which means ive learnt an interesting fact today I never knew before thats sure something wouldnt you say buddy

Paragraphs

A paragraph is a group of sentences which develops an idea or a topic. All the sentences in a paragraph should be connected to the idea or topic. Like sentences, paragraphs can be long or short, but they should express the main idea and include supporting material for that idea. The sentence which expresses the main idea in the paragraph is called the topic sentence. The topic sentence can be at the beginning, in the middle or the end of the paragraph.

Activity 6

Finding The Topic Sentence

The upland of the Languedoc region is a place of wild beauty. The stony hillsides are studded with broom, oleander and poppy flowers and villages cling to the valley sides like ancient barnacles. Villages like Roquebrun, which lies deep in the gorge of the Orb river. Roquebrun climbs up one side of the gorge, its zig-zag streets culminating in the Mediterranean Garden, a terraced garden of cacti, herbs and aloes. From the top there are entrancing views of the river, vineyards and a ruined watchtower which overlooks the village.

- Which is the topic sentence in the above paragraph?
- List some of the supporting material for the topic sentence.

Activity 7

Write A Paragraph

Write a paragraph of several sentences on the subject, 'A village I know well', which has a topic sentence and supporting material. The topic sentence can be at the beginning, in the middle or at the end of your paragraph.

Paraphrasing And Precis

To **paraphrase** is to 'express the meaning of a passage in other words'. A **precis** is 'a summary'. To be able to paraphrase and precis a passage accurately is a very important skill, as it will enable you to draw out the most important information from a piece of writing and use it to your benefit. One useful technique in paraphrasing a passage is to first find the topic sentence, and base your paraphrase around that. Always use your own words, though, when paraphrasing. Don't just copy the topic sentence.

Consider this passage of writing:

Wine-making sustains the village of Pouzolles, in the Languedoc, wine is its life-blood. Early every morning the tractors and sprayers which are housed in the ground floor cellars of the village houses roar into life, then charge off through the town and into the surrounding countryside, leaving the streets to old women. Just outside the village is a large co-operative where the autumn vintage is processed, and surrounding it, reaching to the horizon in every direction, is an undulating ocean of vines.

What is the most important idea contained in the passage? It must be, that wine-making dominates the life of the village of Pouzolles. So, to paraphrase the passage:

By far the most important economic activity in the French village of Pouzolles is the growing of grapes and the making of wine from these grapes.

Activity 8

Discuss The Passage Below

Read the passage below, then decide which of the four possible answers below best paraphrases the passage.

The window of the Devonport barber's shop, in the main street of the village, is a local institution. The window is plastered with dozens of advertisements — most of them hand-written — advertising everything from baby-sitters and pet-minders and beds for sale to vegetarian flat-mates wanted. It was there I saw the little notice, 'TO RENT furnished house, Pezenas, south-west France'. The details were underneath. The rent was reasonable, the phone number a local one. A call was made, a time arranged, plane and rental car bookings made.

Which of the statements below best paraphrases the paragraph?

- The rental for the French holiday house was reasonably priced.
- Most of the advertisements in the window are hand-written.
- The barber's shop window advertisements are very popular with local people.
- The advertisements in the barber's shop window provide all necessary details.

Discuss your answer to the above question with someone else in the class.

Activity 9**Find The Topic Sentence**

The most appealing district of Buenos Aires during the weekend is La Recoleta, a neighbourhood which has history, culture, shopping, refreshment facilities and various entertainments. Recoleta is only a few minutes' drive away by taxi from the city's main street, Avenida 9 July. On a level hilltop on the edge of Recoleta is an enormous rubber tree. Under its extended boughs, strikingly beautiful couples perform the tango, Argentina's passionate national dance, to a live band of accordion, violin and cello.

- Which is the topic sentence in the above paragraph?
- Write a precis of the topic sentence.

Activity 10**Paraphrase The Passage**

Write a paraphrase of the following passage:

Most beautiful of the Languedoc villages is dreamy St Guilhelm-le-desert, which is crammed into a narrow valley in the Herault gorge and is built right across a clear mountain stream. In the centre of St Guilhelm is a lovely square with cafes, artisans' shops and an enormous plane tree, planted in 1848. The 11th century abbey of St Guilhelm, alongside the square, is one of the finest examples of Languedoc Romanesque architecture.

Activity 11**Write A Precis**

Write a precis of the following passage:

Trains, trains, trains — Japan is a nation that moves mainly by rail. And, unlike most other countries' trains, Japan's are clean, user-considerate and above all, reliable. If a train from Hosono station, in Seika, is scheduled to leave Hosono at 9.58 a.m., it leaves at 9.58 a.m. Not 9.57 a.m., not 9.59 a.m. And the same train arrives in Kyoto when it's supposed to, exactly 73 minutes later. Railway signs are in English as well as Japanese, and the automatic ticket machines can be understood by a ten-year-old. The platforms are so clean you could eat sushi straight off the ground, thanks to the women who patrol them day and night with their brushes, vigilant for a discarded cigarette butt or candy wrapper. The carriages too are clean and comfortable, though it's often necessary to stand.

Auckland's Pasifika Festival

The morning deluge has cleared, leaving the volcanic earth spongy and damp. There is no wind now, the sun is searingly hot, and Pacific Island families — tiny infants, elderly women, young mothers — huddle under wide umbrellas, seeking shade. Teenagers stroll about, listening to the music which drifts across the unruffled water of the lake or eating island food which they have bought from one of the many stalls dotted about under the trees. Many young people are wearing the T-shirts or woven hats which are also on sale at the market stalls. In the distance is the distinctive sound of Polynesian drumming, the staccato beat of wood on wood. The lakeside atmosphere is relaxed, affable, warm in a human as well as a physical sense. This could be Avarua, Nuku'alofa, Alofi or Apia. In fact it is Western Springs, Auckland, in the late New Zealand summer, and this is the festival of Pasifika, Auckland's annual celebration of its Pacific Island spirit.

Pasifika is organised by the Auckland City Council, with sponsorship assistance from a variety of private firms specialising in trade with the Pacific Islands. First held in 1993, the festival takes place every March beside the lakes which once supplied Auckland with its fresh water. Today Western Springs park is an expanse of undulating, leafy parkland and paved pathways which follow the shores of the lake. Narrow, hump-backed bridges cross the narrow lake at several places.

The Pasifika Festival is a showcase for Auckland's Pacific Island population, the chance for them to display their dance, music, crafts and cuisine to the rest of the city's people. The park is large enough to accommodate the several stages which are far enough apart to ensure that the simultaneous performances do not impinge on each other. While a brightly attired dance group from Tuvalu is performing traditional items on the stage on the south side of the lake, a Sāmoan group is dancing on the northern side. Crowds pour across the narrow bridges, moving from one performance centre to another.

Under the trees beside the stream which borders the park, on a flat expanse of grass, food and craft stalls offer a variety of food and handicraft temptations: hot corned beef and onions, chop suey, mussels in the shell, coffee tables inlaid with traditional Polynesian patterns, CDs of island singers and groups, drum sets, tapa cloth squares, tivaevae quilts, woven hats and mats.

The people who attend Pasifika — estimated at more than 100,000 — show how multi-cultural Auckland has become. As well as those from every island community in the city who come to dance and sing, there are the thousands of Palagi Aucklanders who appreciate the beauty and authority of Pacific performances, along with the many Asian families who have added their flavour to the city. The air at Western Springs rings with different voices, different tongues, joining the sounds of song and drum which come from the different stages. There is an atmosphere of cordiality, a discernible feeling of warmth and goodwill. As with all Auckland's festivals, Pasifika grows bigger every year, featuring more performances and drawing larger and larger crowds of appreciative spectators.

Questions

1. Remember that to paraphrase a piece of writing is to express its meaning in other words.

Write five sentences in your own words. Each sentence should paraphrasing a paragraph from the Pasifika Festival essay.

2. Work out the meanings of the words listed below, taken from the essay.

Look at their context. There is also a list of possible meanings to help you.

Words

Meanings

deluge	having a wavy appearance
sponsorship	showing approval
undulating	finely prepared food
staccato	a heavy shower of rain
cuisine	occurring at the same time
simultaneous	warm friendship
craft	funds provided by a firm or person to help pay for an event
estimated	made with great care and skill
cordiality	the approximate number
appreciative	musical notes with each sound sharply separate from the others

Unit 9: FORMAL AND INFORMAL LANGUAGE

Both written and spoken language changes according to the people using it and the circumstances they are in. The particular style of language people use in a particular situation is called its **register**. In simple terms the language register they use can be described as formal or informal.

The adjective **formal** means, 'done according to set rules'; its antonym (opposite), the adjective **informal** means 'not using set rules'. There are noticeable differences between formal and informal language. For example formal language involves the use of carefully prepared, complete sentences and longer words, and informal language uses incomplete sentences, contracted verbs and slang (very relaxed language).

The exercises below will give you practice at identifying the differences between formal and informal language.

Activity 1**Identifying Formal And Informal Language**

Put two headings across your page, Situations Involving Formal Language and Situations Involving Informal Language. Write down each of the situations below under one or the other heading, according to whether the language used would be formal or informal.

- A principal's speech at a school prize-giving.
- A letter to a close friend living overseas.
- A telephone conversation between two 14-year-old girls.
- A ten-year-old boy talking to his great-grandfather.
- A radio advertisement for a rap concert.
- A eulogy (a speech praising the deceased) at a funeral.
- A conversation between two 15-year-old boys on their way to school.
- A letter to a school principal from a student, requesting a testimonial.
- A letter applying for a job as a journalist.
- A speech from the captain of the losing team after a rugby final.
- A witness's statement to the police after a car crash.
- A 16-year-old girl describing what a party was like to her friend.

Activity 2**Writing Formal And Informal Language**

Choose one formal and one informal situation from the list above, then write an example of the language used in each of those situations. Write about half a page, and make your writing as realistic as possible.

Activity 3**Comparing Formal And Informal Language**

Write down three important differences between the language used in the formal and the informal examples you have written.

Unit 10: LITERATURE REVISION

The dictionary definition of 'literature' is:

'written works, especially those novels, poems, plays and short stories valued for their artistic worth'.

This year you have studied novels, poems and short stories, and written and performed plays of your own based on these other works. Here are the main things to concentrate on when revising these works of literature.

The Novel

Plot. Learn the plot of the novel thoroughly. What happens in the story? In what order does it happen? *Do not spend all your time memorising the plot, however.* Concentrate more on the other important aspects of the book.

Setting. Make sure you know the setting of the novel. In what place and time is the story set? Be able to describe the setting accurately.

Language. What type of language does the author use to tell his or her story? Is it formal or informal? Old-fashioned or modern? Is the vocabulary difficult or simple? Is there much imagery used in the descriptions of the landscape? When describing the language used, make sure you can quote examples of it.

Characters. Why are they important to the story? How would you describe their personalities? Think of interesting and accurate adjectives to describe them. *e.g. courageous, untrustworthy, kind, helpless, resourceful.* Use incidents from the story to prove that the adjectives you chose are suitable. Do the characters change throughout the story? If so, how and why do they change?

Theme. These are the very important ideas or lessons we learn from the story, *e.g. that good will triumph over evil; that strong people can survive great hardship; that the best things in life are free.*

Short Stories

The procedure for revising short stories is very similar to that for novel revision, but in miniature. However, because in a short story everything is compressed into just a few pages, every word used must contribute precisely to the story, and the story itself should end shortly after the climax, the most important or dramatic part of it. Remember to look at plot, setting, language, characters and theme.

Activity 1

Looking At The Short Stories You Have Studied

To test yourself, match up the events below — the climaxes of the short stories you have studied in this book — with the names of the stories to which they apply.

Short Story

Indian Camp

An Affair of the Heart

The Doll's House

The Copier

Climax

The auntie chases the little girls out of the yard.

The girl is given the amount of money she asked for.

The narrator discovers that the old woman has gone mad.

The husband of the woman is discovered to be dead.

Discuss your answers with someone else in the class. Then make sure you revise thoroughly the plot, characters, language and theme of the four stories you have studied in this book.

Poetry

In a poem, everything is compressed into just a few lines. Poems also express strong emotions (feelings), so poets must use special language skills to make sure that these emotions are understood and appreciated by their readers. This type of language is called figurative language, because it often contains figures of speech.

In Year 9 Book One (Unit 9) you learnt about the special techniques which are part of figurative language. These are: metaphors, similes, personification, alliteration and onomatopoeia. Make sure you can recognise these figures of speech when they are used in a poem you are learning or revising, and be able to quote them from memory. Be able to quote other important lines from poems you have studied.

Activity 2**The Poem — The Soldier****The Soldier**

by Rupert Brooke (1887–1915)

If I should die, think only this of me:
 That there's some corner of a foreign field
 That is for ever England. There shall be
 In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
 A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
 Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
 A body of England's, breathing English air,
 Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.
 And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
 A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
 Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
 Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
 And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
 In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

Questions

1. How exactly could a 'corner of a foreign field' become part of England?
2. What is the 'dust' which the poet refers to?
3. Describe the ways in which England influenced the poet's early life.
4. Rupert Brooke died in Greece, during World War I. How does this fact give the poem great irony? (a strange twist of circumstances)

Activity 3**The Poem — Dusk Cries, Languedoc**

Read the poem below and answer the questions that follow.

Dusk Cries, Languedoc*

by Graeme Lay

Every dusk the pigeon's cooing comes
 Over and over, self-pitying
 From the spreading plane tree in this village
 Where on a hill the witch-hatted chateau
 Stands grey, dead and shuttered
 In its long shadow the ancient church
 Where the Wednesday mass
 Has an attendance of five, priest included
 And by day nothing moves
 In the cobbled streets
 Except the bowed legs of old women
 Bearing bread.
 At sunset, gangs of cats emerge from doorways
 And crouch, watchful & mistrustful, staring up
 Where the fading sky is cross-hatched with swallows
 Who, fork-tailed, swoop & dart
 Staccato song-lines bouncing from tiled roofs
 Flying at the speed of sound
 Before shooting skyward once more
 Then plunging into the plane tree
 Where the pigeon still plays its pitiful refrain
 Like the robed, rejected priest
 Who greets me in the village square
 And entreats me, in pigeon English

* Languedoc is a region in the south-west of France

Questions

1. Give the meanings of the following words:

dusk cooing mass cross-hatched
refrain staccato entreats

2. What figure of speech is contained in all these pairs of words?

cooing comes bearing bread
robed, rejected shooting skyward.

3. What figure of speech is 'pigeon English'? (Clue — it sounds the same as 'pidgin English'.)

4. Why is the chateau (large old house) described as 'witch-hatted'?

5. Is 'fork-tailed' an example of:

- a. A metaphor?
- b. A cliché.
- c. Personification.
- d. None of these figures of speech.

6. List the different things that the poet thinks make this French village a sad place.

Ozymandiasby **Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792–1822)**

I met a traveller from an antique land
 Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
 Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
 Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
 And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
 Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
 The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed:
 And on the pedestal these words appear:
 ‘My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
 Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!’
 Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
 The lone and level sands stretch far away.

Questions

1. Where in the world do you imagine the ‘antique land’ might be?
2. Describe in your words what the desert statue was like when the traveller found it.
3. What do the words ‘wrinkled lip’, ‘sneer’ and ‘cold command’ tell you about Ozymandias as a ruler?
4. Rewrite the second of the two lines on the pedestal, in your own words.
5. What does the narrator say the location of the statue is like today?
6. Which of the following best describes the theme of the poem:
 - a. Statues don’t last forever.
 - b. Ozymandias was rich and powerful.
 - c. Cruel leaders cannot rule forever.
 - d. The desert is a strange place to build a statue.
7. Even though Ozymandias was written nearly 200 years ago, it still has meaning today. Say what meaning the poem might have for us in today’s world.

Activity 5**The Poem — Sea-fever****Sea-fever****by John Masefield**

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking.
I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.
I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted
knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

Questions

1. Find and quote examples of the following figures of speech, used in Sea-Fever:
 - a. rhyme
 - b. repetition
 - c. simile
 - d. personification
2. Explain the meanings of the following expressions, in your own words:
 - a. 'tall ship'
 - b. 'a star to steer her by'
 - c. 'the wheel's kick'
 - d. 'the gypsy life'
 - e. 'a laughing fellow-rover'
3. List the expressions used by the poet that tell you that he loved going to sea.
4. Why do you think the poem is called 'Sea-fever'?

Unit 11: WRITING

Personal And Transactional Writing

As you have already learned, there are several different kinds of writing: essays, letters, diaries, journals, poems, stories and plays. These different types of writing can be divided into two main groups, personal and transactional writing.

Personal writing involves your personal reactions, thoughts and feelings about something. It includes imaginative and descriptive writing, and is also sometimes called **creative** or **expressive** writing. Its tone is usually informal and its language often figurative and includes:

- Poetry.
- Short stories.
- Dialogue in a play.
- Song lyrics.

Transactional writing has as its main purpose to provide factual information. It should be clear, accurate and formal, and so must be carefully planned. Some examples are:

- Essays.
- Newspaper editorials.
- Letters of job application.
- Reports.
- Film and book reviews.

Activity 1 Identifying Personal And Transactional Writing

Divide the following list into two groups — **personal** and **transactional** writing.

- A biology essay.
- A letter to a friend.
- A report by a witness to a crime.
- A description of a sunrise.
- A brochure advertising a cruise.
- A short story.
- A diary entry.
- A poem.
- An obituary (the account of a dead person's life).
- A recipe for curried beef.
- A sports report.
- A description of a sunset.
- A love poem.

Activity 2 Practising Personal And Transactional Writing

Select an example from each of your lists then practise writing examples of personal and transactional writing. Make sure your writing of both types goes through three or four drafts.

Exchange your two writing examples with someone else in the class. Mark the other person's writing, giving them a mark out of twenty for each piece of writing.

Writing In Different Registers

As has been explained already, register is the particular style of language used in particular circumstances, and language can be formal or informal. The register used depends on the situation the speakers or writers are in, and their relationship with one another.

For example, if you were writing a letter to a close friend asking if you could borrow some money from them, the register you use would be very different to that you would use if you were writing to a bank manager asking for a loan from the bank.

Activity 3

Writing Letters — Using Formal And Informal Registers

Work in pairs for this exercise. Imagine you are in the circumstances described above. One of you is to write the letter to your friend, the other to the bank manager. Make the register appropriate to the circumstances in both letters. When you have finished, discuss your two letters and note down the differences in the language you both have used.

Working together, think of another situation where two very different writing registers will be used. Then each write what is required. If you used formal language in the previous piece, do the part of this activity that requires informal language. When you have finished, compare your two pieces of writing carefully.

Use the following criteria when you are carrying out your marking:

Personal writing marking criteria

15–20 marks

Expresses strong feelings in a way that made me completely understand and share all the writer's feelings. Includes very interesting adjectives and clear, well-written sentences.

10–15 marks

Expresses strong feelings but in a way that did not quite make me share all the writer's feelings. Includes some interesting adjectives and mostly clear, well-written sentences.

5–10 marks

I was not able to sympathise with the feelings expressed because the adjectives were uninteresting, there were many clichés and the sentences were not well written.

0–5 marks

Poorly written, difficult to understand and completely lacking in interesting adjectives.

Transactional writing marking criteria

15–20 marks

Very clearly written and very interesting, with paragraphs that 'flow' naturally from one to the next. Uses a wide range of suitable vocabulary which makes the topic come alive in a very vivid way.

10–15 marks

Quite interesting and helpful in describing the topic, but does not always 'flow' naturally from one paragraph to the next. Uses a limited range of vocabulary so that the topic is not interesting all the way through.

5–10 marks

Mainly uninteresting and not well planned because the paragraphs do not 'flow' and the information is confusing. Did not help my understanding of the topic very much.

0–5 marks

No evidence of planning. Very poor paragraphing and inaccurately written sentences. Gave me no helpful information at all about the topic

Poetry

Poetry is an example of personal, expressive writing. Poems usually express deep feelings. Although poetry is the shortest literary genre (type) – a haiku poem is only three lines long – poetry is difficult to write, because the writer's feelings must be compressed and every single word must be chosen very carefully. As a famous poet once wrote, poetry is 'the best words in the best order'.

Here, for example, are some stanzas (groups of lines in a poem) from a long and very famous poem, *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, by the English poet, Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772–1834). It is about the strange things that happened to the crew during an 18th-century sailing ship's voyage into an unknown ocean.

'The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.
'Down dropped the breeze, the sails dropped down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!
'Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.
'Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink'.

Activity 4 **The Language Of Poetry**

Answer the following questions:

1. Quote examples from the stanzas on the previous page of:
 - Repetition.
 - Rhyme.
 - Simile.
 - Alliteration.
 - Archaism (very old-fashioned language).
2. Why was there 'nor any drop [of water] to drink'?

Activity 5 **Write A Poem**

Now write a short rhyming poem of your own about some aspect of the sea.

Divide your poem into stanzas and use at least three original figures of speech *e.g. simile, metaphor, alliteration*.

Unit 12: RESEARCH

Library Skills

In Year 10, Book One (Unit 6) you were taught the various ways that the use of a library can help you with your reading and research. Revise this work thoroughly, making sure that you know the meanings of the following key points:

- The differences between fiction and non-fiction books and how they are shelved
- The layout of a library and the ways the books are arranged on the shelves *e.g. Reference section, Dewey Decimal System, vertical file*
- The parts of a book *e.g. publication details, blurb, synopsis, ISBN number*

Newspaper Skills

In Year 10, Book Three (Unit 3), you carried out a newspaper study. Learn again and make sure you know the way a newspaper is laid out and its different parts. You must be fully aware of:

- The way a news story is written *e.g. the 'who-where-what-why-when-how' rule*
- The front page of a newspaper and how it is laid out *e.g. headlines, lead story*
- The differences between fact and opinion *e.g. news, editorial, letters to the editor*
- The people who work together to produce a newspaper *e.g. reporter, sub-editor*
- The layout of a newspaper *e.g. use of photographs, captions, headlines*

Activity 1**A Newspaper Story****Priceless Pacific painting discovered in Papatoetoe****by Anne Johnson**

A 15-year-old girl from Papatoetoe, Auckland, has discovered a long-forgotten painting in her grandmother's garage which has been proved to have been painted by the famous French artist, Paul Gauguin (1848–1903).

Bored last week during the school holidays, Lisa Ballantyne, a Year 10 student at Papatoetoe High School, was looking through her grandmother's garage, where the family had for many years stored its old books and papers, in tea chests and suitcases. Lisa's great-grandfather and grandfather, who died in 1993, had once lived in Tahiti, where the Ballantynes had run a trading business for many years.

Looking through the contents of one of the chests, Lisa noticed a rolled-up length of canvas. She opened it and found that it was a painting of a young Polynesian woman, dressed in a 'Mother Hubbard' — a mission dress — standing under a palm tree. When Lisa took the painting inside and showed it to her grandmother, Mrs Emma Ballantyne, she noticed the signature at the bottom of the canvas: Paul Gauguin.

Knowing that Gauguin was a famous artist, but unsure whether the painting was genuine or not, Mrs Ballantyne rang a curator at the Auckland Art Gallery to ask his opinion. He agreed to visit and examine the painting, which measures 0.8m x 0.4m. After examining the painting, the curator, Michael Owen, confirmed that it was a genuine Gauguin and agreed to have it valued.

Mrs Ballantyne thinks that the painting must have been given to her late husband's father, Edward Ballantyne, in Tahiti early in the 20th century, when Paul Gauguin was living and painting there.

The Ballantyne's Gauguin painting has been valued at \$NZ1.9 million. Mrs Ballantyne is planning to sell it and put the money into a trust fund for Lisa and her young brother, Scott (12). Her grandchildren will be able to have access to the fortune when they turn eighteen. Asked for her opinion of her find, Lisa said, 'It's amazing. Totally awesome.'

Questions

1. What technique is used in the headline, to catch the reader's attention?
2. What is the 'by-line' (name of the writer) of the story?
3. Remember that a good news story should answer the questions:
Who? What? Where? When? Why? How?

Write six sentences to show how the news story on the previous page has answered these six questions.

Unit 13: DRAMA

Activity 1

Dramatising Key Scenes From Novels And Short Stories

Working in groups of 5–6, discuss what are the most dramatic scenes from the novels and short stories you have studied throughout the year. The scene should be quite short and involve two or more characters. Here is the list of short stories, novels and non-fiction stories which you are to choose from:

- The Hat
- The Tissue Seller
- Ma'a
- A Game of Cards
- Dear Mr Cairney
- Island of the Blue Dolphins (novel)
- Sione
- The Burial of Tusitala
- A River Ran Out of Eden (novel)
- Indian Camp
- The Doll's House
- An Affair of the Heart
- The Copier
- An Execution

Decide among you which of these works you will choose, then the particular episode you will dramatise. Give members of the group particular roles, practise acting the episode, then act it out for the rest of the class, without telling them which work it is taken from. As they watch, the rest of the class writes down which work they think the key episode is from, then when each group has finished enacting it, the teacher will ask the rest of the class to say where they think it is from.

Unit 14: CREATING A STORYBOARD

A storyboard is a series of drawings which are used to assist the people who are making a movie to help 'visualise' the story they are going to film. Each frame of the storyboard shows the characters who are in the scene and how they will be placed. The drawings in a storyboard are only sketches, not works of art!



Figure 14.1
Storyboard of the short story A Game of Cards by Witi Ihimaera.

Activity 1**Group Activity**

Working in groups, choose another dramatic episode from the list of works you have studied, from a different novel, short story or non-fiction story to the one you acted out. Then draw a storyboard which you would use if you were making a film of the episode, showing clearly what happens over a sequence of 8–10 drawings, and adding dialogue or directions underneath your drawings. Do not write the name of the novel, short story or story on your storyboard.

Pin your storyboard to the wall of the classroom, then see if the rest of the class can work out which of the literary works and sequences your storyboard illustrates.

Unit 15: EXAM REVISION

Now that you have reached the end of your Year 11 English course, you will need to carry out the individual revision necessary to achieve the best possible result in the examinations. Everyone has their own way of revising the most effectively, but all revision should be done with maximum planning and concentration.

Here are some practical suggestions as to how to go about your English revision.

- Plan your revision programme carefully and realistically.
- Don't attempt too much at once.
- Decide on things you want to be able to do by a particular time.
- Make up a personal timetable which will enable you to revise the whole course in the time you have available. *e.g. Wednesday afternoon, revise A River Ran Out of Eden; Thursday morning, revise short stories, Thursday afternoon, revise parts of speech, Friday morning, vocabulary, and so on.*
- Revise for short periods only, but do it often. (Twenty minutes of concentrated revision followed by a ten-minute break, is a good way to organise your schedule.)
- Don't revise with distracting things going on at the same time, such as loud CDs or TV. (As far as possible find a quiet place and revise there alone.)
- Make notes as you revise, and underline key points as you do so.
- If you are doubtful about some aspect of your notes, go over it until it is clear in your mind.
- As with your learning, you should be *active* when you revise.
- Think of different ways to do your revision. You might make up likely exam questions, then test yourself; or create testing games for yourself.
- Set realistic goals or targets.

