

TEXT A: A Weekend in Kaikoura (written text – magazine article)

Read Text A, then answer Questions One and Two.

from A Weekend in Kaikoura

When I was a grubby-kneed kid with slouchy socks and school satchel my sister and I would often be packed off to Kaikoura for the holidays. Not the Kaikoura you're familiar with. Not whale central, the café-crammed capital of underwater mammalian adventure. In those days Kaikoura was essentially bypassed by State Highway 1 and the world, a village dozing in the most spectacular of settings, not worth much more than a stop for a pee and a seashore sandwich for lunch.

5 My aunt was the matron at Kaikoura's hospital, and she'd meet us at the train station with her little blue Morris Minor* and mongrel dog Toby.

Her name was Helen Rogers, but I only had one aunt in New Zealand so she was just 10 Aunty. But to everyone else around town she was Miss Rogers, the starched and stern matron who'd scorch you with her stare from the other end of the corridor if she detected some unhealthy misdoing. In those days, she was sort of matron of the whole town.

From her flat on top of the hospital I'd curl up on my window-box and look out at the Seaward Kaikoura Range with snow plunged deep in the gullies making it look like 15 "stags' antlers", as Aunty would say. Then when Aunty rustled round readying herself for work I'd watch an enormous orange sun creep from the sea and throw long shadows over the town.

I still don't think there's a better view in town, that sweep of the coastline backed by the mountains and a feeling you were floating over the rest of the world.

20 Since the 1980s though a lot has changed. Now hundreds of tourists a day take the trip from South Bay to see the sperm whales blow, then slowly arch their backs letting their tails rise and slip gently beneath the surface.

It's big business and has changed Kaikoura for good. There's scarcely a view that doesn't have a whale-tail motif or pun somewhere and the town's now a destination not a 25 50 km/h inconvenience on the highway. It's got a Subway, big flash New World, a Smiths City and a Postie Plus.

Jimmy Armors Beach, where I used to transform washed-up logs into rocket ships and lift rocks to startle crabs as a kid, is now off-limits to dogs for much of the year. Aunty, who lived in a tiny cottage nearby when she retired and walked her dog along the sandy 30 stretch, wouldn't have been amused and would have marched into the mayor's office over that one.

Note:

* Morris Minor – a type of car

Source (adapted): Mike White, "A Weekend in Kaikoura" in *North & South*, February 2008, pp 121–122.

TEXT B: Mururoa: The Name of the Place (written text – poetry)

Read Text B, then answer Questions Three and Four.

Mururoa: The Name of the Place

It is only a small island but a name sticks to it with as many syllables	20	Names radiate energy. They give tongue to triumphs, pleasures, desolations.
as a continent. Names 5 have nothing to do with size, they are tags to remind us	5	They may taste of syrup or salt. They can lie to us or cast stones. The syllables
of the shape of the world. It is dangerous to forget them. We cannot retrace our lives	25	may even suggest split fragments of meanings. They can trigger reactions
10 and our long voyagings without words to light up maps in the brain,	30	that detonate beneath oceans of memory, then crumble away, falling in on themselves, leaving
15 though sometimes names may also echo the sound of a place, catch the graunch of a glacier,		only their corruptions eating into the reefs below the waves. Names can break bones.
the wind that sucks up the sands of a desert, or the slow rumble of tropical seas.		

Note:

Mururoa Atoll is a small island in the southern Pacific Ocean. It became famous in New Zealand and throughout the world because France tested nuclear weapons there between 1966 and 1996, and there were many well-publicised protests about this. Nuclear weapons are particularly destructive because the radiation they create is harmful to all living things, and because they leave the environment contaminated for a long time afterwards.

Source: Kevin Ireland, "Mururoa: The Name of the Place"; from *Essential New Zealand Poems* (Auckland: Random House, 2001), pp 131–132.