

Exemplar for Internal Assessment Resource 1.4

English Level 1

This exemplar supports assessment against:
Achievement Standard 90052 version 4
Produce creative writing

	Grade Boundary: Low Excellence
1.	<p>To achieve this standard the student needs to; develop and structure ideas effectively in creative writing; use language features appropriate to audience and purpose with control to command attention in creative writing.</p> <p>The student develops and structures ideas effectively. Ideas are compelling and well organised. The narrator creates a sad, lonely tone which is sustained throughout the piece and which paints a compelling portrait of the soldier:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • His mournful eyes reflected the memories of a distant battlefield. • Like black mirrors those eyes seemed to reflect memories of a haunted past. • His mouth was neither sad nor happy but resigned; like a true soldier he hid his emotions. • There he sat, his soft wrinkled hands gently holding each other. Only hand left to hold and the only human contact he will enjoy. • The cane hit the concrete like a rhythm of sad echoing heartbeats. <p>To meet Excellence more securely the images could be further developed beyond the one sentence attention most details are given.</p> <p>Language features command attention as is required for Excellence</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • War imagery is sustained throughout the piece (eg "War medals were regimented across his chest, like soldiers on parade"; "The clock struck midday, a signal that he had successfully managed to fight another day". • Sentence variation is effective eg " Droplets of water trickled down his Royal Hussars hat. He didn't move. He just sat there." • Balanced sentences and contrast are used effectively. eg "His mouth was neither sad nor happy but resigned"; "It was too much to bear just like the memories are too much to endure." <p>To meet Excellence more securely some sentences could be 'tightened' . For example:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • "The sun peeked out from behind a cloud and a light drizzle fell. Droplets of water trickled down his Royal Hussars hat." are effective and immediate as compared with: • "It was time for the old man's lunch so he packed up his belongings and..."

1.

The Veteran in the Park

As usual the park was busy; mothers and their children, retired couples and office workers from the adjacent office blocks enjoying their mid-morning break. The old man sat on the park bench alone. The sun peeked out from behind a cloud and a light drizzle fell. Droplets of water trickled down his Royal Hussars hat. He didn't move. He just sat there.

His mournful eyes reflected the memories of a distant battlefield. Like black mirrors those eyes seemed to reflect memories of a haunted past. His mouth was neither sad nor happy but resigned; like a true soldier he hid his emotions. War medals were regimented across his chest, like soldiers on parade. These symbols of honour and courage were polished to perfection, each simple in shape but big in meaning.

The red rose-coloured jacket was heavy and weighed his frail body down. It was too much to bear just like the memories are too much to endure. A faded tattoo with scratchy lines of ink appeared as the old man tugged up his jacket sleeve to check the time. The corners of his mouth dropped when he realised it was only mid-morning.

There he sat, his soft wrinkled hands gently holding each other. Only hand left to hold and the only human contact he will enjoy.

The clock struck midday, a signal that he had successfully managed to fight another day. It was time for the old man's lunch so he packed up his belongings and slowly, with great effort, heaved himself out of the park bench, reached out for his wooden walking cane and staggered off on the journey home. The cane hit the concrete like a rhythm of sad echoing heartbeats.

	Grade Boundary: High Merit
2.	<p>To achieve this standard the student needs to: develop and structure ideas convincingly in creative writing; use language features appropriate to audience and purpose with control in creative writing.</p> <p>The student develops and structures ideas convincingly about his/her granddad. The narrator alludes to feelings about Granddad's actions and gives the audience a clear sense of the type of person Granddad is, culminating in a humorous ending.</p> <p>To meet Excellence, ideas need to be further developed and structured effectively. Different aspects of the character could be better linked to provide a more compelling portrait of Granddad.</p> <p>The student uses language features with control linking to the intended purpose 'a portrait of Granddad' and audience through:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Physical description • actions • Setting (garden) • behaviour • vocabulary selection • stylistic features and written text conventions (including spelling, punctuation, syntax and grammar) are generally accurate <p>To meet Excellence, language features need to command attention. This can be achieved through</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • sentence variation (eg a number of sentences start with "He) • syntax control (eg " When his wife came in with plate-loads of food his face lit up, it was like a baby seeing lollies for the first time in their life") • more effective expression (eg " He was going a bit deaf so everytime he asked you a question he would completely tune out and start clicking his false teeth as he always did.")

2.

Grandad

When we pulled into the driveway, he was kneeling on his hands and knees in the garden – a shovel in one hand and a small strawberry plant in the other. He was a tall man and still reasonably fit considering he was 75! He had white wispy hair and wore old brown glasses which had been around for as long as I could remember. He was wearing his standard gardening uniform which consisted of his brown slippers, cream track pants, his brown woollen jersey and his faded Mickey Mouse hat which seemed to be a permanent fixture on his head.

His garden was immaculate. The lawn was lovely and lush and there was not a single weed to be seen. Maybe it had something to do with the fact he would get out there with a kitchen fork and pick each weed out individually. The garden was his pride and joy.

He greeted me with a strong manly handshake – the kind that makes your knuckles want to crush under the unbearable pressure. He invited me inside and let me sit in his favourite chair. You see his house was his castle with that one suede Lazy-Boy being his throne so being allowed to sit in it was a huge privilege.

Grandma pretty much acted as his maid and did what he told her to do. He ordered her to go get me some food and something to drink in his old Southern man voice, he didn't even ask politely which made me feel rude and uncomfortable. He was going a bit deaf so everytime he asked you a question he would completely tune out and start clicking his false teeth as he always did.

When his wife came in with plate-loads of food his face lit up, it was like a baby seeing lollies for the first time in their life. His favourite was asparagus rolls which he pretty much sucked on. At one point in the visit he fell asleep lying there in the corner of his long suede sofa with an asparagus roll in one hand and a big dribble rolling out his mouth and down his wrinkled, leathery dark skin. This was my granddad.

	Grade Boundary: Low Merit
3.	<p>To achieve this standard the student needs to; develop and structure ideas convincingly in creative writing; use language features appropriate to audience and purpose with control in creative writing.</p> <p>The student develops and structures some generally credible and connected ideas:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • A sense of the narrator as a child shown through a child's perspective of the tree house. • Imagery of the tree house as a castle. • A sense of the narrator grown up shown through the decline of the tree house years later. <p>To meet Merit more securely the idea that the narrator's bright eyes and wide smile have been unaffected by the hands of time would be more effective if developed in a more credible way.</p> <p>The student uses a variety of language features with some control. Language features have been selected to link to the audience and intended purpose 'to show the tree house through the eyes of the narrator young and grown up' through:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • vocabulary selection • imagery • some sentence variation

3.

The Tree House

Hidden amongst a cluster of trees there lies a castle. It sits high in the treetops, just inches away from the sky. With our little heads tilted right back, the top of our castle can just be made out – but to reach the top a treacherous journey must be undertaken. Our tiny fingers tightly grasp the wooden railings of the tree house's sturdy steps. In our minds this is a matter of life or death. Little eyes steal quick glimpses of the shaky ground. As the summit is reached we are greeted by a strong plank of wood, which fills us with security. The seemingly endless view comes to a halt only at the horizon. A sea of billowing clouds feels close enough to reach out and grab, taunting us with dreams of flying. All fears completely vanish when we are greeted by the radiant face of Winnie The Pooh, smiling from above a huge oak dresser, home to all kinds of royal tea parties. From this protrudes an enormous mirror; bright little eyes and a wide cheeky grin stare back.

Years later, so much has changed. The decrepit old tree house sways in the morning breeze. It can barely hold itself up, instead arching down towards the ground. The ancient wooden steps rock in dismay at the unaccustomed weight as I carefully start my climb. Where tiny fingers once grasped, strenuous strings of ivy now intertwine themselves around the rickety rails. The once strong plank beneath my feet is now riddled with rot, victim to years of weathering. The lonely tree house has been left with only one companion – the little sparrow perched within the abundance of overgrown branches which encroach through the window; the tangled sea of green restricting all views. The faint smile of Winnie The Pooh brings back even fainter memories; below; a coat of green eats away the soggy old dresser. But there is one thing that hasn't changed – the same bright eyes and wide smile stare right back, unaffected by the hands of time.

	Grade Boundary: High Achieved
4.	<p>To achieve this standard the student needs to; develop and structure ideas in creative writing; use language features appropriate to audience and purpose in creative writing.</p> <p>The student develops and structures ideas about the river Avon day and night. There is some good imagery depicting a sense of place.</p> <p>To meet Merit ideas need to be further developed and structured convincingly so that the writing is credible and connected. At times the piece becomes almost a list. Further development is required in the second paragraph to achieve a smoother transition from the first paragraph (the Avon in the day) and a more developed sense of place (the Avon) at night.</p> <p>The student uses language features appropriate to audience and purpose, and at times with control through:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • vocabulary selection • syntax • stylistic features and written text conventions (including spelling, punctuation, grammar) <p>To meet Merit language features need to be used with control. This could be achieved by</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • variation in sentence structure

4.

The Avon

On a warm summer's day, the water of the Avon River glistens as if flows past. Tiny, translucent silver fish can only just be seen darting past, as fast as flashes of lightning. Ancient willows and poplars are a haven for those who wish to escape from the glaring sun. Children can be heard laughing, running down the newly lain path and chasing ducks. The kayaks are speeding down the river, with oars splashing rapidly, trying frantically to get ahead of the others. Leaning on the banks of the river is a big orange dredging machine, dragging weeds up from the water and dropping them in a tangled pile on the ground. Small gray and white seagulls are searching through the weeds, looking for their afternoon meal. On closer inspection of one of the great, tall poplars, an agitated mother duck is aggressively defending her nest and eggs, afraid of the passing cars. Snowy, the silver and white cat, is waiting on the banks of the river, amongst the high green grasses and piles of tangled weeds, for an unsuspecting bird to come past and become her prey.

When night falls, though, you would not believe it to be the same place. The water is still, and there is an eerie silence about the whole place. Each of the trees has long, outstretched shadows, reaching out through the small amount of light provided by the distant street-lamps. The path is empty, still and lifeless, mourning the loss of the day. Weeds are drifting slowly along the never-ending chasm of water, lost in its currents. There is no wind, not even the slightest breeze, and yet the air is cold enough to run chills down your spine. The only noticeable life is Snowy. She is still waiting, more patient than the rocks, for her prey to come walking past.

	Grade Boundary: Low Achieved
5.	<p>To achieve this standard the student needs to; develop and structure ideas in creative writing; use language features appropriate to audience and purpose in creative writing.</p> <p>The student develops and structures ideas about camping and the changes that a flood brings to a favourite camping spot. There is some good imagery depicting a sense of place.</p> <p>Although the student generally uses language features appropriate to audience and purpose, there are some awkward sentence structures which keep the writing at Low Achievement: (See EN7)</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • It was a nice summer's day, my family and I were set to go to the camp grounds of Whatatutu to camp by the river of Mangatu, Kaukamau. • The space was nice and well looked after by other family members that lived as neighbors until the summer was over. • We saved our spot in a corner just under a tree of two streams that had collided to become one and was now a warm pool, suited for children and parents who didn't want to do much, but bathe. • For most nights, it would take an awfully long time for the children to get out of the water, unless something nice was cooking on the fire, they just wouldn't get out then after tea, much to the disgust of my aunties, they would be back in the water again.

5.

Camping

It was a nice summer's day, my family and I were set to go to the camp grounds of Whatatutu to camp by the river of Mangatu, Kaukamau. The space was nice and well looked after by other family members that lived as neighbors until the summer was over. We saved our spot in a corner just under a tree of two streams that had collided to become one and was now a warm pool, suited for children and parents who didn't want to do much, but bathe. The boys helped out with the hard work on the tents, while the girls took care of the food and watched out for the babies. At the end of day, we would get together around a campfire, singing a few songs and cook some lambs tails and later on, we would roast Marshmallows on sticks.

For most nights, it would take an awfully long time for the children to get out of the water, unless something nice was cooking on the fire, they just wouldn't get out then after tea, much to the disgust of my aunties, they would be back in the water again. Most nights, the eels would creep out of their dark holes and slither across the rocks, like a slippery worm, and that would be the time for all the kids to get out of the water and get changed in the open and warmed up and ready to go off eeling.

Before the floods struck, those summer days were warm and long, and like most summer nights, they were cool, peaceful and soundlessly quiet. Two weeks after the flood, the nice sound of the birds that sang in the night were nowhere to be seen, there was no sound, just emptiness. The warm pool that all the children played in year, after year, after year, had disappeared, in its place was a swift stream and the river had become too rough for anyone to cross over.

The camp grounds were now left with the marks of the tent floors, and black puddles stood where there use to be the campfires. The place felt cold and empty, there were no sounds of birds singing and the aunties laughter and card playing antics were just a vivid memory. After the flood, there were more trees in the streams, the river had gone much deeper and the grass had grown over everything, the place was a mess, it no longer looked neat and clean. Despite the changes that had occurred due to the flood, one thing was for sure, no matter how much the river had changed, it would always be our summer getaway.

	Grade Boundary: High Not Achieved
6.	<p>To achieve this standard the student needs to; develop and structure ideas in creative writing; use language features appropriate to audience and purpose in creative writing.</p> <p>The student has structured the description of Alicia beginning with the narrator's impressions of the character's appearance then focusing on the narrator/character conversation.</p> <p>Although the student has expressed some ideas, the ideas have been insufficiently developed. To achieve the standard the student needs to develop ideas, which means to build on a single idea by adding details, linking that idea to other ideas and details appropriate to the selected text type (see EN4). Ideas may include thoughts, feelings, experiences or sensory qualities (see EN3). The student could develop the following:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">• What the narrator's description of Alicia suggests about her as a person.• Who she is waiting for.• Why Alicia is an interesting stranger.• The narrator's experience with her. <p>Language features are appropriate for the descriptive purpose. Errors are evident but not intrusive.</p>

6.

Alicia

Just the other day as I was passing through the park I noticed an interesting stranger. She was about 20-25 years old and looked as though she was waiting for someone. Her face looked as smooth as a peach with no wrinkles or lines. Waves in her hair covered her forehead and were like the tide coming in and going out. Her eyes were full of pride suggesting to me that she was a friendly person who was happy in everything she did. Her lips were small and painted red and her teeth were straight and shiny as if she hadn't had a filing in all her life.

She had rings on each of her long fingers and her fingernails were painted bright red, the colour a rose blooming in the sun. I thought that she looked like a sports person with her powerful legs and big calve muscles showing. Her toes were long and she had a toe ring on her second toe.

She wore her clothes with pride as she looked to be very lady like. The blue skirt she wore was knee high. The shirt she wore was like a singlet, coloured white with a red glittery heart on the front and the words "True Love" in gold, bold writing.

I was so interested in her that I decided to go up to her and introduce myself. "Hello. I'm Hope," I said. "How are you?"

"Hi, my name is Alicia."

"Nice to meet you Alicia."

We talked for about ten minutes. She told me she was waiting for her boyfriend. She even showed me the tattoo she had on her stomach. It was a picture of a heart with a name 'Sam' which I guess was her boyfriend's name. Her belly button was pierced with a blue ring. To me, that interesting stranger made my day more exciting. Now I can say I made a new friend.