



National Certificate of Educational Achievement
TAUMATA MĀTAURANGA Ā-MOTU KUA TĀEA

Exemplar for Internal Achievement Standard

English Level 1

This exemplar supports assessment against:

Achievement Standard 91926

Develop ideas in writing using stylistic and written conventions

An annotated exemplar is a sample of student evidence, with a commentary, to explain key aspects of the standard. It assists teachers to make assessment judgements at the grade.

New Zealand Qualifications Authority

To support internal assessment

Grade: Not Achieved

For Achieved, the student needs to develop ideas in writing using stylistic and written conventions.

This involves developing ideas using stylistic conventions appropriate to the audience and purpose, and using written conventions without intrusive error patterns that impede meaning.

The student begins to develop ideas by describing their emotional connection to their Nan's house. Ideas about the importance of the house and personal memories of family gatherings are described. For example, *"the excitement flowing through the house"* and the *"jar of cookies up on the cupboard."* These moments help to show why the house is important to the student. There is some attempt to develop ideas through personal reflection, for example *"This meant the world to me and my family because it has been here with us ever since my mum was young."*

For Achieved, the student could further develop their ideas by adding reflection or explanation of significance. This could include description of the setting of the house or developing the significance of the cookies or the pictures. Using stylistic conventions to support idea development is also needed to shape meaning for the audience. This would help move the writing beyond a recount of events. For example, imagery such as *"It was like a crystal stair"* could be further developed.

Written conventions contain errors that impede meaning. There is unclear phrasing such as *"And I could you not..."* and *"Whenever I always took that first to go inside"*. Sentence fragments and run-on sentences also make it difficult for the audience to interpret the intended idea.

Not Achieved
NZQA Intended for teacher use only

When I was young I was always at my Nan's house. Her house was like my second home but it felt like my first, I would love running down the road to go to my nans house. Whenever I got there I could always hear my family laughing before I could even see them. Whenever I always took that first to go inside of the house I would always feel the excitement flowing through the house, and the warmth drifting around the house and there would always be a jar of cookies up on the cupboard.

And I could you not but they were the best homemade cookies ever. The first bite I took I was filled with pure love. I can almost taste every bit of love in it. And everytime you get closer and closer to the jar the smell becomes stronger and stronger. But my favourite thing was I always saw my family getting along and that was always enough to put a smile on my face.

One thing about my Nans house is that we all were able to call it home. My Nan's house was everything to me and my family. Because every family event that we ever did was always held there. Only because we were all broke and her house was the biggest out of all of them. The house was everything to my family. It was like a crystal stair. Everything you could see you could also hear, from the paintings to the pictures you would almost drop a tear. This meant the world to me and my family because it has been here with us ever since my mum was young. She's 55 years of age now so think about how long this house has been with us.

The memories I have from this house are unforgettable from the good to the bad, from the happy to the sad. These are all unforgettable memories. One of my most memorable memories from this house is my 5th birthday. That is because my older brother threw a rock at my head And it hurt anyway. Moving on I could name almost every memory I have from this house without any hesitation. That's how much I love this house because it is always the gathering house where me and all my whanau would go if we were ever doing something. Such as sports, or maybe just to chill and be around each other. The important thing is that we all enjoy each other's company.

Grade: Achieved

For Achieved, the student needs to develop ideas in writing using stylistic and written conventions.

This involves developing ideas using stylistic conventions appropriate to the audience and purpose, and using written conventions without intrusive error patterns that impede meaning.

The student develops and sequences ideas in a narrative about waking in an unfamiliar dystopian environment and preparing to survive an approaching storm. The main idea is established early through the description of the setting, for example *“the stabbing feeling of dead grass”* and *“miserable and gloomy”* skies.

Ideas about survival are further developed through the introduction of the countdown device and the need to find shelter. The student introduces another character and builds tension through their dialogue and the emerging conflict, *“We go back and forth in hand to hand combat...”*.

Stylistic conventions appropriate to a dystopian narrative are used to develop ideas. Descriptive detail is provided, for example *“deep and dark forest”* and *“smoke hanging out above the trees”*. Dialogue and the twist in the ending help shape the narrative for the intended teenage audience. The writing is mostly accurate, with sentence structures and vocabulary supporting meaning throughout. While there are occasional errors in punctuation and phrasing, these do not impede meaning.

For Merit, the student could extend and connect ideas convincingly, by developing the central concept of ‘survival’ beyond a straightforward sequence of events.

Providing specific detail about the significance of key moments is needed, such as the impact of meeting the other survivor or the meaning behind the storm. Selecting and sustaining stylistic choices for effect could also support the development of connected ideas and result in a more convincing narrative.

Statement of Intent

I chose to write about prompt 4, the image of the dead tree and a storm made me think about a dystopian future. I am going to write a narrative to make people think about how all things don't always end in a good way. I have written this for the teenage boy audience.

I slowly open my eyes to the stabbing feeling of dead grass on my back and the rattling sound of branches from dead trees around me. I gradually get up on my feet and have a look around, I can't recognise any of my surroundings. I have a look up at the sky and it looks miserable and gloomy like it's about to burst open. Once I had calmed down a bit I tried to remember how I ended up here but I couldn't remember a thing. Even after standing up and looking around for a while none of my memories come back to me. I can't even remember my own name. I start to have a feel around in my pockets to see if I can find any clues. There is something, a circular sort of disc shape. I pull it out of my pocket and I have a go at pressing a few buttons on the disc. Eventually it flashes to life with a counting downclock on the front of the disc. I stare at the countdown and I notice that there is a little symbol of a storm underneath it. What could that possibly mean? All of a sudden a loud and deep voice echoes through the area. "If you grab the disc in your pocket and turn it on you will see a countdown. This countdown shows how much time you have left before the storm arrives, and trust me you don't want to be in the open during this storm." Then the voice shuts off. I have a think to myself about what the voice just said and how I am going to survive the storm.

I have another look at the countdown and there is only 24 hours left. I need to hurry to find shelter. I head off towards a forest in the distance which will hopefully have the shelter that I need to survive the storm. After I had walked around the forest for a couple of hours, I spotted a bit of smoke hanging out above the trees. I cautiously start making my way over to the smoke, but that is when I start thinking. Am I not the only person here, are there more people here trying to survive this storm? As I get closer to the smoke I see a clearing amongst the trees. Across the clearing I see a cave with a fire outside. A mysterious man comes walking out checking if the food he has left on the fire is ready for eating. That's when I come out of the bushes and yell.

"Hey!"

He turns around and stares for a second, like he had just seen a ghost. After staring for a bit he says,

"Wow, I thought that I was left here to survive by myself." He invites me over and we start talking about this strange place.

"All I know is that I was in a field a week ago with nothing but a message about a gigantic storm that I have to prepare for," said the mysterious man.

"Same thing happened to me, I woke up in a field about three hours ago with nothing but a message talking about a storm in 24 hours," I responded.

"Do you have any memories about your life before waking up in that field?"

“Nah I can’t remember a thing, not even my own name.”

“Same with me.”

It starts to get dark outside so the man showed me a spot where I can sleep for the night. I wake up in the morning to the soft sound of birds chirping. I slowly roll over on my side and see that the man isn’t there anymore. A wave of panic rushes over me, I try to get up on my feet but I’m still half asleep. That is when a voice echos through the forest saying “There was never a storm approaching, we just wanted you two to both look for shelter and meet up with each other. Now only one of you can make it out of this place alive. I’m going to let you guys decide how you figure that out.” Says the loud and deep voice. I hear rocks moving behind me. I look up and see a spear pointed right at me. I quickly move to the side but the spear still grazes the back of my head. I quickly get on my feet and dodge the next attack, that’s when I see who it is trying to kill me. It’s the man who had sheltered me in his cave. It’s like he had seen red and didn’t care about what he had to do to get out of this place. For his third attack I move to the side, grab the spear and throw it against the cave wall. The spear head came right off of the stick.

We go back and forth in hand to hand combat until he over commits on one of his punches. That’s when I catch him off guard and knock him to the ground. I start to land some heavy blows, that’s when I feel a sharp pain in my stomach area. I look down and see the spearhead of lodged just under my ribcage. I fall down and look over at the man he’s lying on the ground just like me.

“I’m sorry that it had to end like this. All I wanted was to go back to wherever I’m from and leave this place,” said the man weakly.

“It’s ok I wanted the exact same thing” I whispered painfully.

We are both laying side by side when a rumbling sound starts making its way closer and closer through the trees. I’m too weak to realise what is happening and before I know it I’m in the back of a jeep going through the forest.

Grade: Merit

For Merit, the student needs to develop ideas in writing using stylistic and written conventions convincingly.

This involves developing connected ideas using stylistic conventions for effect, appropriate to audience and purpose, and using written conventions with accuracy.

The student develops and connects ideas about their relationship with pounamu across childhood and adolescence. The significance of place is established early through descriptions of growing up on the awa, for example "*Arahura...trailed down snow capped mountains and flowed into the roaring tides of Te Tai Poutini.*" Ideas about searching for pounamu are extended through specific memories, including collecting stones with cousins and repeatedly looking for the "*glimmer of green.*" Convincing sequencing is evidenced as the student establishes the historical significance of pounamu, followed by the finding and sharing of a real piece of pounamu with a cousin.

Stylistic conventions are used to support the development of ideas. Descriptive detail such as "*cold, crashing waters*", "*glowing green rock*", and "*face lit up like a Christmas tree*" builds the emotional tone and highlights the depth of connection the student has to pounamu. The symbolism of pounamu is explored through phrases like "*the missing piece of my wairua*" and through the final scene where the hei pounamu calms the narrator before performing. These stylistic choices help to connect the different experiences and shape a cohesive narrative for the intended audience. The writing is mostly accurate in its use of written conventions.

For Excellence, the student could integrate ideas by exploring the deeper significance of pounamu. Drawing out the broader implications of the connection they feel to the pounamu beyond personal recollections would allow the writing to offer insightful conclusions about identity, whānau, and whakapapa. Integration of stylistic choices across the piece would also support a consistent and insightful examination of the main idea.

Statement of Intent:

Kia ora, I am going to talk about personal experiences I've had with pounamu. I hope to communicate the importance of pounamu to me as I've grown up. This is intended for young adults or older to read. I hope that some people can relate to these experiences and find comfort in the familiarity.

My brother and I grew up on our awa, Arahura. It trailed down snow capped mountains and flowed into the roaring tides of Te Tai Poutini. That's where my brother and I, along with my cousins, found our entertainment. We'd walk up from the pā and traverse over boulders towards the fast and chilling waters. My cousins and my brother would run off to find rocks to throw into the deep spots or sticks in the shape of blasters. I would look around for cool rocks, white ones with rusty orange, rocks with golden sparkles embedded in their cold bodies or a deep green gloom that I could take home. Scattered through the waters was pounamu, a glowing green rock embedded into Poutini Kai Tahu's history, to the present day still. Hopping from stone to stone, my head craned down to see if I could catch sight of a glimmer of green. I never did. Instead, I would pick up rocks that mocked the green glow pounamu possesses. Throughout my life the cold, crashing waters of Arahura call to me.

As a pounamu princess I spent lots of time on the awa, searching for pounamu. When I was thirteen, I found my first piece of pounamu. I had trekked down to the mouth of the river with a small group of people. Crashing rapids surrounded us as I walked through the river's chilling waters, my head craned down to scan for pounamu. I spotted it. It lay curled up like a cat on the bottom of the river. I reached out, picking up the missing piece of my wairua. As it hit the light its glow pierced like a disco ball glimmer. Even though I was sure I had found the piece I scurried over to my Taua Emma to ask her if it really was a piece. She took it in her hand, rolling its narrow body in her wrinkles hand. Her eyes pierced it with a knowing gaze.

"Yes, this is pounamu. It's a beautiful piece."

Ooo I was so excited. My face lit up like a christmas tree, my eyes glimmering like the star as i started to trot off to my cousin to show her.

"Remember you give your first piece away."

My face fell. I really wanted to keep it. In the end I gave it to my cousin. She hadn't found a single piece so I gave it to her.

A few years after gifting her the pounamu I was standing behind a stage for Word to the Frontline: Slam Poetry. My clammy hands trying to find anything to help myself regulate. Around my neck fella hei pounamu. Carved from kawakawa, twin of my brother's own one. Its beady eyes glaring into the dimly lit hallway. I wrapped my hand tight around its wide body and began to hum. Its coolness spread through me like water breaking from a dam. Pounamu has always been there for my tipuna, my kaumatua and me.

Grade: Excellence

For Excellence, the student needs to develop ideas in writing using stylistic and written conventions effectively.

This involves integrating insightful ideas and stylistic conventions to command attention, appropriate to audience and purpose, and using written conventions with control.

The student integrates insightful ideas about the contrast between war and home, exploring the soldier's psychological dislocation upon returning from combat. The central idea is introduced through the juxtaposition of sensory experiences, for example "*the sky seemed so blue...Not three nights ago was his world only that of earth, blood, and rot.*" The student extends this contrast through reflections on memory and perception, showing how the vividness of peace feels overwhelming after trauma. This integration of ideas across the piece supports a compelling examination of the soldier's internal world.

Stylistic conventions are integrated thoughtfully to command attention. Alongside sensory descriptions of sound and movement, imagery such as "*tainted a saddening, nostalgic yellow*" and "*her smell of rose perfume broke him down to tears*" shape the sombre tone and reinforce the emotional impact of the soldier's return. Symbolism is used consistently to convey the lingering effects of war, including the transformation of everyday domestic sounds into echoes of danger, for example "*each creaking floorboard turned into the snapping of a branch.*" These integrated stylistic choices deepen the audience's understanding of the ideas.

Written conventions are controlled, with varied sentence structures and precise vocabulary creating fluent and effective writing.

Statement of Intent:

In this piece of writing I am trying to explore the contrast a soldier experiences after coming home from a war to his peaceful country home. It will be written as a descriptive piece, focusing only on the soldier's inner experience of the world around him, rather than a narrative. I am aiming to set a somber, slightly tragic mood, reflecting the impact war has on human psychology.

They had told him it was all over. He didn't believe them. He stood there at the door, remembering a memory which was now so close. His memories had been tainted a saddening, nostalgic yellow by the darkness of the war. But now, the sky seemed so blue, the grass so green, and the sun so bright. Not three nights ago was his world only that of earth, blood, and rot. Now the vibrancies of peace seem to him only blinding.

He knocked. A moment passed. Soon, he could hear the sound of footsteps moving towards the door. The handle turned, and the door opened.

Emotions cycled through the entirety of his being as he held her in his arms. The joy he expected turned into a deep confusion. He had gotten so used to the smell of the rotting of his dead comrades, that her smell of rose perfume broke him down to tears. They both tried to speak, but no series of words was sufficient, and thus they both stood at the door, speechless, and in tears.

When they spoke, it was of the little things. He preferred it that way. He had no intention of reliving the last five years, certainly not with her. He only wished he could forget. Forget the constant shooting of bullets, the sight of his dying comrades by his side, and the rats crawling through his clothes as he lay awake in the bunkers.

He felt more at peace with her in his presence. Alone, he walked the corridors of his home as if a patrolman. Each creaking floorboard turned into the snapping of a branch. The birds outside turned into the whistling of bomb shells. He understood the war was over, but his nerves remained tuned to it, expecting death where death was no longer.

He found everything around him to be so delicate. The ground beneath him was no longer that of blood and diesel, sucking him down as if considering him already a dead man. It was now firm and stable, which although admittedly more comfortable, now made even the ground alien to him. He had forgotten the purity of water, the way it refracts light into patterns which seem so beautifully fragile. Even the air seemed undisturbed to him. No longer did it taste of metal and dirt. He himself had lost the elegance and delicacy he once possessed. All his movements now seem so rough and barbaric amidst the tranquillity of his environment. After all, war consumes or mutilates all those it deems unfit to survive.

They were right. The war was over. But the scars it has left on those who lived through it, endure.