



**ENGLISH A1 – STANDARD LEVEL – PAPER 1**  
**ANGLAIS A1 – NIVEAU MOYEN – ÉPREUVE 1**  
**INGLÉS A1 – NIVEL MEDIO – PRUEBA 1**

Tuesday 4 May 2010 (morning)  
Mardi 4 mai 2010 (matin)  
Martes 4 de mayo de 2010 (mañana)

1 hour 30 minutes / 1 heure 30 minutes / 1 hora 30 minutos

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**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

- Do not open this examination paper until instructed to do so.
- Write a commentary on one passage only. It is not compulsory for you to respond directly to the guiding questions provided. However, you may use them if you wish.

**INSTRUCTIONS DESTINÉES AUX CANDIDATS**

- N'ouvrez pas cette épreuve avant d'y être autorisé(e).
- Rédigez un commentaire sur un seul des passages. Le commentaire ne doit pas nécessairement répondre aux questions d'orientation fournies. Vous pouvez toutefois les utiliser si vous le désirez.

**INSTRUCCIONES PARA LOS ALUMNOS**

- No abra esta prueba hasta que se lo autoricen.
- Escriba un comentario sobre un solo fragmento. No es obligatorio responder directamente a las preguntas que se ofrecen a modo de guía. Sin embargo, puede usarlas si lo desea.

Write a commentary on **one** passage only. It is not compulsory for you to respond directly to the guiding questions provided. However, you are encouraged to use them as starting points for your commentary.

1.

*From Juliet to Sidney*

28th January 1946

Dear Sidney,

Yes, dinner with pleasure. I'll wear my new dress and eat like a pig.

5 I am so glad I didn't embarrass S&S about Gilly and the teapot – I was worried. Susan suggested I make a 'dignified statement' to the press too, about Rob Dartry and why we didn't marry. I couldn't possibly do that. I honestly don't think I'd mind looking a fool, if it didn't make Rob look a worse one. But it would – and of course, he wasn't a fool at all. But he'd *sound like it*. I'd much prefer to say nothing and look like a feckless, flighty, cold-hearted bitch.

10 But I'd like you to know why – I'd have told you before, but you were in the Navy in 1942, and you never met Rob. Even Sophie never met him – she was up at Bedford that autumn and I swore her to secrecy afterwards. The longer I put off saying anything, the less important it became for you to know, especially in the light of how it made me look – witless and foolish for getting engaged in the first place.

15 I thought I was in love (*that's* the pathetic part – my idea of being in love). In preparation for sharing my home with a husband, I made room for him so he wouldn't feel like a visiting aunt. I cleared out half my drawers, half my cupboard, half my bathroom cabinet, half my desk. I gave away my padded hangers and brought in those heavy wooden ones. I took my teddy bear off the bed and put her in the attic. Now my flat was meant for two, instead of one.

20 On the afternoon before our wedding, Rob was moving in the last of his clothes and belongings while I delivered my Izzy article to the *Spectator*. Then I tore home, flew up the stairs and threw open the door to find Rob sitting on the low stool in front of my bookcase, surrounded by cardboard boxes. He was sealing the last one up with tape and string. There were eight boxes – *eight boxes* of my books bound up and ready for the basement!

25 He looked up and said 'Hello, darling. Don't mind the mess, the caretaker said he'd help me carry these down to the basement.' He nodded towards my bookshelves and said, 'Don't they look wonderful?'

Well, there were no words! I was too appalled to speak. Sidney, every single shelf – where my books had stood – was filled with athletic trophies: silver cups, gold cups, blue rosettes, red ribbons. There were awards for every game that could possibly be played with a wooden object: cricket bats, squash racquets, tennis racquets, oars, golf clubs, ping-pong bats, bows and arrows, snooker cues, lacrosse sticks, hockey sticks and polo mallets. There were statues for everything a man could jump over, either by himself or on a horse. Next came the framed certificates – for shooting the most birds on such and such a date, for First Place in running races, for Last Man Standing in some filthy tug of war against Scotland.

35 All I could do was scream, 'How dare you! What have you DONE?! Put my books back!'

Well, that’s how it started. Eventually, I said something to the effect that I could never marry a man whose idea of bliss was to strike out at little balls and little birds. Rob countered with remarks about damned bluestockings and shrews. And it all degenerated from there –  
40 the only thought we probably had in common was, What the hell have we talked about for the last four months? What, indeed? He huffed and puffed and snorted – and left. And I unpacked my books.

Remember the night last year when you met my train to tell me my home had been bombed flat? You thought I was laughing in hysteria? I wasn’t – it was in irony – if I’d let Rob  
45 store all my books in the basement, I’d still have them, every one.

From *THE GUERNSEY LITERARY AND POTATO PEEL PIE SOCIETY*

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- How is the personality of Juliet conveyed?
- How does the story told in the letter reveal the character of Rob?
- Comment on the use of the listing of details in this passage.
- In what ways does the fact that this passage is a letter affect its style?

2.

### PIANO AND DRUMS

When at break of day at a riverside  
I hear jungle drums telegraphing  
the mystic rhythm, urgent, raw  
like bleeding flesh, speaking of  
5 primal youth and the beginning,  
I see the panther ready to pounce,  
the leopard snarling about to leap  
and the hunters crouch with spears poised;

And my blood ripples, turns torrent,  
10 topples the years and at once I'm  
in my mother's lap a suckling;  
at once I'm walking simple  
paths with no innovations,  
rugged, fashioned with the naked  
15 warmth of hurrying feet and groping hearts  
in green leaves and wild flowers pulsing.

Then I hear a wailing piano  
solo speaking of complex ways  
in tear-furrowed concerto;  
20 of far-away lands  
and new horizons with  
coaxing diminuendo, counterpoint,  
crescendo. But lost in the labyrinth  
of its complexities, it ends in the middle  
25 of a phrase at a daggerpoint.

And I lost in the morning mist  
of an age at a riverside keep  
wandering in the mystic rhythm  
of jungle drums and the concerto.

Gabriel Okara, *Pergamon Poets II* (1968)

- What is the significance of the title?
- What do we learn about the speaker?
- Consider the various uses of contrast in the passage.
- Discuss the choice and effects of imagery in the poem.