



ENGLISH A1 – HIGHER LEVEL – PAPER 1
ANGLAIS A1 – NIVEAU SUPÉRIEUR – ÉPREUVE 1
INGLÉS A1 – NIVEL SUPERIOR – PRUEBA 1

Tuesday 9 November 2010 (afternoon)
Mardi 9 novembre 2010 (après-midi)
Martes 9 de noviembre de 2010 (tarde)

2 hours / 2 heures / 2 horas

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

- Do not open this examination paper until instructed to do so.
- Write a commentary on one passage only.

INSTRUCTIONS DESTINÉES AUX CANDIDATS

- N'ouvrez pas cette épreuve avant d'y être autorisé(e).
- Rédigez un commentaire sur un seul des passages.

INSTRUCCIONES PARA LOS ALUMNOS

- No abra esta prueba hasta que se lo autoricen.
- Escriba un comentario sobre un solo fragmento.

Write a commentary on **one** of the following:

1.

The afternoon darkened early and he was working peeringly in the semi-dusk when someone coughed behind him. A man and a woman stood in the aisle, and when his eyes were used to the better light on the church floor he noticed the woman was Marjory. The man said heartily, "Hullo, Duncan," and Marjory raised her hand and smiled. Thaw said "Hullo" and looked down on them, smiling slightly. The man said, "We were visiting friends in Lenzie and we thought, old times and so forth, why not run in and see Duncan? So here we are."

5 The man peered up through the ladders.
"You must have cat's eyes to work in this light."
"The switches are behind the door."

10 "No no. No no. I quite like it in this dimness, more mysterious, if you know what I mean ... Very impressive. Very impressive."
Marjory said something he couldn't hear. He said, "What?"
"This isn't your usual style of work, Duncan."
After a short silence Thaw said, "I'm trying to show more air and light."

15 The man said, "So you are. So you are." He moved back into the body of the church, looking at the mural and quietly humming. He said, "You're nearly finished."
"Far from it."
"It looks finished to my untutored eye."
Thaw indicated bits to be repainted.

20 "How much longer will you be on it?"
"A few weeks."
"Then what will you do. Teach?"
"I don't know."

He turned round and pretended to work. After a moment he heard the man cough and say,
25 "Well, Marjory," and, "I think we'll be getting along now, Duncan."
Thaw looked round and said goodbye. The two people had moved back into the middle of the church. The man said, "By the way, did you know Marjory and I are thinking of getting married?"
"No."
"Yes, we're thinking about it."

30 "Good."
There was silence then the man said, "Well, goodbye, Duncan. When we're married you must look in on us. We still think of you now and again."
Thaw shouted, "Good."
The syllable clattered upon the ceiling and walls. At the door he saw Marjory look back and
35 raise her hand, but couldn't see if she was smiling or not.

It was too dark to work now. He lay on the planks, his thoughts returning to Marjory in a puzzled way, like a tongue tip returning to a hole from which a tooth has been pulled. He was sure he had just seen a girl without special beauty or intelligence. He wondered why she had been all he wanted in a woman. She was as unlike Marjory as Mrs. Thaw's corpse had been
40 unlike his mother. He wished he had said something ironic and memorable but she had given him no chance. "This isn't your usual style of work, Duncan."

45 He shivered and climbed slowly down. His body felt unusually heavy. He switched on the lights and stared at the mural. It looked horrible. He went up into the gallery where he kept a large mirror for such emergencies. Reflected in it, the left and right sides transposed, the mural sometimes looked new and exciting when he had been working too close to it for too long. Now it appeared even worse than his naked eyes had seen. He flung the mirror onto the pews beneath shouting, “Not beauty! Not beauty! Nothing but hunger!”

Lanark by Alasdair Gray,
first published in Great Britain
by Canongate Books Ltd,
14 High Street, Edinburgh, EH1 1TE

2.

The Heaven of Animals

Here they are. The soft eyes open.
If they have lived in a wood
It is a wood.
If they have lived on plains
5 It is grass rolling
Under their feet forever.

Having no souls, they have come,
Anyway, beyond their knowing.
Their instincts wholly bloom
10 And they rise.
The soft eyes open.

To match them, the landscape flowers,
Outdoing, desperately
Outdoing what is required:
15 The richest wood,
The deepest field.

For some of these,
It could not be the place
It is, without blood.
20 These hunt, as they have done,
But with claws and teeth grown perfect,

More deadly than they can believe.
They stalk more silently,
And crouch on the limbs of trees,
25 And their descent
Upon the bright backs of their prey

May take years
In a sovereign floating of joy.
And those that are hunted
30 Know this as their life,
Their reward: to walk

Under such trees in full knowledge
Of what is in glory above them,
And to feel no fear,
35 But acceptance, compliance.
Fulfilling themselves without pain

At the cycle's center,
They tremble, they walk
Under the tree,
40 They fall, they are torn,
They rise, they walk again.

James Dickey "The Heaven of Animals" from *The Whole Motion: Collected Poems 1945-1992*. Copyright (c) 1992 by James Dickey.
Reprinted with the permission of Wesleyan University Press.
