



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

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

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

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.

Bushed

He invented a rainbow but lightning struck it
shattered it into the lake-lap of a mountain
so big his mind slowed when he looked at it

Yet he built a shack on the shore
5 learned to roast porcupine¹ belly and
wore the quills on his hatband

At first he was out with the dawn
whether it yellowed bright as wood-columbine
or was only a fuzzed moth in a flannel of storm
10 But he found the mountain was clearly alive
sent messages whizzing down every hot morning
boomed proclamations at noon and spread out
a white guard of goat
before falling asleep on its feet at sundown

15 When he tried his eyes on the lake ospreys²
would fall like valkyries³
choosing the cut-throat
He took then to waiting
till the night smoke rose from the boil of the sunset

20 But the moon carved unknown totems
out of the lakeshore
owls in the beardusky woods derided him
moosehorned cedars circled his swamps and tossed
their antlers up to the stars
25 then he knew though the mountain slept the winds
were shaping its peak to an arrowhead
poised

And now he could only
bar himself in and wait
30 for the great flint⁴ to come singing into his heart

Wreck Beach 1951

Earle Birney, *Ghost in the Wheels: Selected Poems* (1977) © Earle Birney.
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- ¹ porcupine: a small mammal with sharp bristles, bristles which are called quills
² ospreys: large hawks that feed on fish
³ valkyries: spirits said to oversee battlefields
⁴ flint: the material from which arrowheads are made

- In what ways do details help the reader understand the attitude of the man at the centre of the poem?
- Discuss the references to time in the poem.
- What structural features help to deliver the meaning of the poem?
- How does the final stanza affect or enlighten your reading of the poem?

2.

It was obvious the moment I saw it. A dry stone wall was built into the face of the low cliff. It was such a considered, man-made feature in that otherwise entirely natural landscape that its presence was as startling, and as beautiful and mysterious in its way, as the ruins of an ancient temple. Seeing it there, it was possible to imagine strange gods. Dougald said nothing, but turned to me as I came up to him and put his arm around my shoulders. I was moved by this unaccustomed intimacy.

‘I would never have come back here on my own,’ he said. He left his arm around my shoulders, and we stood together thus, looking at the stone wall in the deep quiet of that wilderness, the morning chorus of birds far below us in the valley. ‘My grandfather set up this wall to protect his father’s bones. The day he brought me here I saw it for the first time as you see it now. It is just as I have seen it in my memory since.’ He laughed softly, marvelling at the perfect register of his boyhood memory with the intact wall in front of us. ‘All my life,’ he said with a kind of wonder, ‘I have been able to close my eyes and to count every one of those stones.’ He turned and examined me. ‘Me and Grandad looked into the cave, then we set each of them stones back in place before we left here fifty years ago.’

He continued to stand with me, looking at the wall. I had begun to think he intended to approach no closer, when he dropped his arm to his side and made his way forward the last few metres. When I hung back he turned and beckoned to me to join him. The stones were flat and long and had been carefully selected. He lifted the topmost of them from its place and handed it to me. ‘Set it on its base,’ he instructed me, and he watched while I carefully laid the stone on the ground at my feet before he turned and handed me the next. He might have been handing into my care not stones but the precious antique volumes of his library. I thought of the poet’s line, *Stones on which there was nothing mortal*. ‘They have to go back just the way Grandad set them.’ When we had removed three courses of stones down to a level with our chests he reached his arm around my shoulder and drew me towards him and we leaned together and looked into the cavity.

It was a rock shelter rather than a cave. The low ceiling sloped down and met the floor no more than three metres from the entrance. It took a moment for my eyes to adjust to the shadowed interior. The skull was the first thing I saw. A human skull is such a distinctive object that there is no mistaking it for something else. The bones were not so obvious at first. The skeleton was half-buried by an accumulation of debris that had evidently leached from the roof over the years. A tiny black bat, no larger than the final joint of my little finger, clung to the ceiling above the skull, its eyes the bright jewels of a funeral decoration. Its body trembled as if in anticipation of flight.

Alex Miller, *Landscape of Farewell*, Allen & Unwin, Sydney, Australia, 2007. www.allenandunwin.com. Reproduced with permission.

- What is the role of memory in the passage?
- How does the interplay of the different reactions of the two speakers enrich the passage?
- With what details does the writer bring us close to the narrator’s experience?
- In what way does the view of the cave’s interior serve as a conclusion to the experience?