



ENGLISH A2 – HIGHER LEVEL – PAPER 1
ANGLAIS A2 – NIVEAU SUPÉRIEUR – ÉPREUVE 1
INGLÉS A2 – 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.
- Section A consists of two passages for comparative commentary.
- Section B consists of two passages for comparative commentary.
- Choose either Section A or Section B. Write one comparative commentary.

INSTRUCTIONS DESTINÉES AUX CANDIDATS

- N'ouvrez pas cette épreuve avant d'y être autorisé(e).
- La section A comporte deux passages à commenter.
- La section B comporte deux passages à commenter.
- Choisissez soit la section A, soit la section B. Écrivez un commentaire comparatif.

INSTRUCCIONES PARA LOS ALUMNOS

- No abra esta prueba hasta que se lo autoricen.
- En la Sección A hay dos fragmentos para comentar.
- En la Sección B hay dos fragmentos para comentar.
- Elija la Sección A o la Sección B. Escriba un comentario comparativo.

Choose either Section A *or* Section B.

SECTION A

Analyse and compare the following two texts.

Discuss the similarities and differences between the texts and their theme(s). Include comments on the ways the authors use elements such as structure, tone, images and other stylistic devices to communicate their purposes.

Text 1

Kokoda Treks on the Kokoda Trail

Experience the Adventure and Spirit of Kokoda with Local Guides.

The Kokoda Trail is one of the world’s great adventure treks. Linking the South and North coasts of Papua New Guinea, it is a challenge to be enjoyed by all fit walkers. The 96 km Trail cuts across knife edged ridges and over towering mountains, delving deep into the rainforest and jungles of ferns, orchids and towering trees entwined with creepers.

Traverse mountain streams on bridges of vine lashed logs, as the crystal clear water tumbles its way down into steep valleys. Rest in homely, unspoilt villages, where you will be welcomed with smiles and fresh seasonal fruit and vegetables.

The Kokoda Track region is also the home of the “Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels” – the local guides and porters who risked their lives in the Second World War to assist the Australians repel the Japanese advance. The Kokoda Trail was the site of one of the most crucial and bloody campaigns of World War II. 3000 Japanese and 600 Australians died on the Kokoda Trail in seven months.

It was on the Kokoda Trail that the Australians fought the Japanese Army’s last attempt to capture Port Moresby. In the end it was the Kokoda Trail that proved to be unconquerable as neither side could maintain a supply line over its length. These days the Kokoda Trail is one of the most peaceful walks on the face of the earth, although there is still evidence of the war; relics are sometimes found in the bush, and the old men of the villages delight in telling their stories of the “Big Fight”.

Be careful not to rush the walk. Ten days gives you time to “break yourself in” and find your own pace, and also allows for easy days in the middle. Finishing the Kokoda Trail gives a deep sense of achievement. Your guides and porters are more than familiar with the Trail; having been born in the local villages they delight in showing you the areas they have walked since childhood.

It is not an easy walk and you should be fit and experienced at roughing it in the bush. Our guides will offer every assistance but it should be remembered that the Trail is an individual experience even if you are travelling with a group.

If you feel that you do not want to walk the entire Kokoda Trail or do not have the time, but still want to experience a part of it; consider the shorter Kokoda Walk. You will have the same guides and also the opportunity to experience some of the best villages along the Trail.

‘Kokoda Treks on the Kokoda Trail. Experience the Adventure and Spirit of Kokoda with Local Guides’. Adapted from an adventure travel and trekking advertisement, Kokoda Spirit Pty. Ltd (2009)

Text 2

Jungle Jeopardy

THE WEATHER IS ONLY ONE PART OF THE ORDEAL, BUT IT'S hard to ignore. The tropical heat on the Kokoda Track, often hovering in the 30s, sets temples throbbing¹, although it cools down as the track climbs into the cloud-fingered, sharp ridges of the Owen Stanley Mountain Range, a vast, tangled landscape. Humidity is the trekker's clammy² companion, clinging like a second skin and making it almost impossible for a straining body to cool down.

When it rains, as it so often does, pouring down in blinding torrents, rivers swell and the jungle floor turns from a blurry mess of leaves and ankle-twisting roots to a treacherous rush of water and sticky, knee-deep mud. Except that it's not so much a jungle floor as a wall. For much of the climb, the track is so steep, it's almost vertical. Put a hand in front of your face and you touch the path.

And so it goes, up and up and, worse, down and down, with a few flatlands in between, for 96 exhausting kilometres, a tropical nightmare in bad weather, complete with malarial mosquitoes, leeches and even bees, relieved by the occasional open patch of grassland or pretty stream, friendly village or stunning view. Those who have walked it say it produces a leg-trembling, lung-tearing, sweat-drenched exhaustion they never imagined possible.

The famous track is by no means the most forbidding part of the Owen Stanley Range, but it's no picnic either, especially in poor conditions. Yet last year, an estimated 5600 Australians chose to trek it, up from a mere 70 or so hardy souls in 2001. Everyone, it seems, is having a go, from football teams, charity groups, grandparents, corporate "team builders", heart-transplant patients and one-legged walkers, to naughty schoolchildren. Patriotic impulses and the modern hunger for "personal challenge" have turned Kokoda into a thriving business; although to date those who have benefited have been the tour operators, many based in Australia, rather than the villagers whose land is being marched through. Trekkers pay between \$3000 and \$6000, and some 60 companies of varying sizes are offering Kokoda treks. The industry is estimated to be worth about \$50 million a year.

It has become such a pilgrimage that the track is in danger of being loved to death. Ruth Dicker, a Sydney-based tour operator who has run treks there for 27 years, says that in places it's four or five times as wide as it used to be because of the numbers tramping through – some 15 000 to 18 000 people a year when you add in porters and trek leaders. Most groups have between 10 and 30 members, but they've been known to be as big as 150. They move down the track, as one observer put it, like "a pig in a python".

Fenella Souter, 'Death on the track' July 11, 2009, Good Weekend. (c) Sydney Morning Herald

¹ sets temples throbbing: gives one a headache

² clammy: unpleasantly damp

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SECTION B

Analyse and compare the following two texts.

Discuss the similarities and differences between the texts and their theme(s). Include comments on the ways the authors use elements such as structure, tone, images and other stylistic devices to communicate their purposes.

Text 3

“Good afternoon, sir. Red ticket holder?” The question does not come as a shock: we have all seen the signs, saying RED TICKET HOLDERS’ ENTRANCE. But my father is undeterred.

“These you mean,” he says, and hands over his brown tickets.

“No sir, I’m afraid these are *brown* tickets.”

5 “But there must be a mistake. I applied for red tickets.”

“I’m sorry, sir, but these are brown tickets, and brown’s the next entrance, two hundred yards along. If you just swing around here, and ...”

“I’m happy to pay the difference.”

“No, you see the rules say ...”

10 “I know where the brown entrance is, I’ve just spent the last hour queuing for it by mistake. I drove up here because I thought it was red. I can’t go back there now. The queue stretches for miles. And these children, you know, who’d been looking forward ...”

“You say you applied for red.”

15 “Not only applied for, paid for. I’m a doctor, you see”—he points at the stethoscope—“and I like being near the grand-stand.”

This double *non-sequitur*¹ seems to clinch it.

“All right, sir, but next time please check the tickets.”

20 This is the way it was with my father. Minor duplicities². Little fiddles. Money-saving, time-saving, privilege-attaining moments of opportunism³. The queue jumping, the backhander, the deal under the table, parking where you shouldn’t, drinking after hours, accepting goods off the back of a lorry. “They” were killjoys⁴, after all —“they” meaning the establishment to which, despite being a middle class professional, a doctor — he didn’t belong; our job, as ordinary folk trying to get the most out of life, was to outwit “them”.

25 Serious lawbreaking would have scared him, though he envied and often praised to us those who had pulled off clever crimes, like the Great Train Robbers or, before them the men who intercepted a lorry carrying a large number of old bank-notes to the incinerator⁵ (“Still in currency, you see, but not new so there was no record of the numbers and they couldn’t be traced. Nobody got hurt either. Brilliant, quite brilliant”). He was not himself up to being a criminal in a big way, but he was lost if he couldn’t cheat in a small way: so much of his pleasure came of it.

30 I grew up thinking it absolutely normal, that most Englishmen were like this. I still suspect that’s the case.

He failed only once. We were on holiday, skiing, and he treated us to a drink in one of the expensive hotels. On the way back from the lavatories, he noticed a sauna room for residents. For the rest of the week, we sneaked in to enjoy the residents’ saunas. On the last day, though,

35 we were towelling ourselves dry when an angry manager walked in: “You’re not residents are you?”.

I waited for some artless⁶ reply—“you mean the saunas aren’t open to the public like the bars?” I thought ... But for once my father stammered and looked guilty. We ended up paying some huge sum *and* being banned from the hotel. I was annoyed. I discovered he
40 was fallible.

Blake Morrison “And When Did You Last See Your Father?”
(1993) Granta Books

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- 1 *non-sequitur*: a comment which seems absurd relative to the context
2 duplicities: deceptions
3 opportunism: to take advantage of a situation without planning
4 killjoys: people who spoil the enjoyment of others
5 incinerator: equipment used to burn waste material at a high temperature
6 artless: child-like, simple

Text 4

Slipping

Age comes to my father as a slow
slipping: the leg that weakens will
barely support him, the curtain of mist
that falls over one eye. Years, like
5 pickpockets, lift his concentration,
memory, fine sense of direction. The car,
as he drives, drifts from lane to lane
like a raft on a river, speeds and slows
for no reason, keeps missing turns.

10 As my mother says, “He’s never liked,
to talk about feelings,” but tonight
out walking, slow to match his pace—
his left leg trailing a little like
a child who keeps pulling on your hand—he says,
15 “I love you so much.” Darkness, and the sense
we always have that each visit may be
the last, have pushed away years of restraint.

A photograph taken of him teaching—
white coat, stethoscope like a pet snake
20 around his neck, chair tipped back
against the lecture-room wall—shows
a man talking, love of his work lighting
his face—in a way we seldom saw at home.
I answer that I love him, too, but,
25 hardly knowing him, what I love
is the way reserve has slipped from
his feeling, like a screen suddenly
falling, exposing someone dressing or
washing: how wrinkles ring a bent neck,
30 how soft and mutable is the usually hidden flesh.

“Slipping” by Joan Aleshire (Poetry Magazine, vol. 142, May 1983, p. 63).
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