



88130059



**ENGLISH A: LITERATURE – STANDARD LEVEL – PAPER 1**  
**ANGLAIS A : LITTÉRATURE – NIVEAU MOYEN – ÉPREUVE 1**  
**INGLÉS A: LITERATURA – NIVEL MEDIO – PRUEBA 1**

Monday 4 November 2013 (morning)  
Lundi 4 novembre 2013 (matin)  
Lunes 4 de noviembre de 2013 (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 guided literary analysis on one passage only. In your answer you must address both of the guiding questions provided.
- The maximum mark for this examination paper is *[20 marks]*.

**INSTRUCTIONS DESTINÉES AUX CANDIDATS**

- N'ouvrez pas cette épreuve avant d'y être autorisé(e).
- Rédigez une analyse littéraire dirigée d'un seul des passages. Les deux questions d'orientation fournies doivent être traitées dans votre réponse.
- Le nombre maximum de points pour cette épreuve d'examen est *[20 points]*.

**INSTRUCCIONES PARA LOS ALUMNOS**

- No abra esta prueba hasta que se lo autoricen.
- Escriba un análisis literario guiado sobre un solo pasaje. Debe abordar las dos preguntas de orientación en su respuesta.
- La puntuación máxima para esta prueba de examen es *[20 puntos]*.



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Write a guided literary analysis on **one** passage only. In your answer you must address both of the guiding questions provided.

1.

I had been told not to say anything, to pretend I could not speak any English. I was not sure why, but I knew I would do as I was told because the advice had a crafty ring to it, the kind of resourceful ruse the powerless would know. They will ask you your name and your father's name, and what good you had done in your life: say nothing. When he said *Passport* a second time,  
5 I handed it over, wincing in anticipation of abuse and threats. I was used to officials who glared and spluttered at you for the smallest mishap, who toyed with you and humiliated you for the sheer pleasure of wielding their hallowed authority. So I expected the immigration hamal<sup>1</sup> behind his little podium to register something, to snarl or shake his head, to look up slowly and stare at me with the blaze of assurance with which the fortunate regard the supplicant. But he looked up from  
10 leafing through my joke document with a look of suppressed joy in his eyes, like a fisherman who has just felt a tug on the line. No entry visa. Then he picked up his phone and spoke into it for a moment. Smiling openly now, he asked me to wait on one side.

I stood with my eyes lowered, so I did not see the approach of the man who took me away for questioning. He called me by name and smiled as I looked up, a friendly worldly smile which  
15 said with some assurance, Why don't you come with me so we can sort out this little problem? As he strode briskly ahead of me, I saw that he was overweight and looked unhealthy, and by the time we reached an interview room, he was breathing heavily and tugging at his shirt. He sat in a chair and immediately shifted uncomfortably in it, and I thought of him as someone sweatily trapped in a form he disliked. It made me fear that his distemper would indispose him towards me  
20 but then he smiled again, and was soft-spoken and polite. We were in a small windowless room with a hard floor, with a table between us and a bench running along one wall. It was lit with hard fluorescent strips which made the pewter-coloured walls close in out of the corners of my eyes. He told me his name was Kevin Edelman, pointing to the badge he wore on his jacket. May God give you health, Kevin Edelman. He smiled again, smiling a lot, perhaps because he could see  
25 my nervousness despite my best efforts and wished to reassure me, or perhaps in his work it was unavoidable that he should take pleasure at the discomfort of those who came before him. He had a pad of yellow paper in front of him, and he wrote in it for a moment or two, taking down the name from my joke passport before he spoke to me.

“May I see your ticket, please?”

30 Ticket, oh yes.

“I see you have baggage,” he said, pointing. “Your baggage identification tag.”

I played dumb. You might know *ticket* without speaking English, but *baggage identification tag* seemed advanced.

“I'll have the baggage collected for you,” he said, keeping the ticket beside his note-pad.  
35 Then he smiled again, interrupting himself from saying more on the subject. A long face, a bit fleshy in the temples, especially then as he smiled.

Perhaps he was only smiling in anticipation of the mixed pleasure of picking through my baggage, and the assurance that what he saw there would tell him what he needed to know, with or without my assistance. I imagine there would be some pleasure in such scrutiny, like looking  
40 into a room before it has been prepared for viewing, before its truthful ordinariness has been transformed into a kind of spectacle.

I imagine there would be pleasure too in having an assured grasp of the secret codes that reveal what people seek to hide, a hermeneutics of baggage<sup>2</sup> that is like following an archaeological trail or examining lines on a shipping map. I kept quiet, matching my breathing to his, so that  
45 I should feel the approach of annoyance in him.

Abdulrazak Gurnah, *By the Sea* (2001)

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<sup>1</sup> hamal: porter or minor official

<sup>2</sup> hermeneutics of baggage: revelations about a person through their possessions

- (a) Explore the nature of the dynamics between the immigrant and the immigration officers.
- (b) How does the author communicate the tension between the immigration officers and the immigrant?

2.

### The Mummy

In the museum it's the only thing he wants to see,  
he frets through halls of armour, scarcely stopped  
by thin curved blades of scimitars<sup>1</sup>. Dinosaurs  
he's seen so often before he can't be bothered  
5 to do more than glance, ignores his favourite diorama<sup>2</sup>  
under sea, the gaping jaws of prehistoric fish, eerie  
echoes of electronic sound. The mounted skins  
of mammals and of birds disgust him most, he  
can't believe that someone killed them all,  
10 on purpose, an education just in this.

It's the dead woman who enthralls him, draws him  
through room after room of pottery shards,  
scale models of temples and tombs. Beyond  
resurrection or rebirth, human clay laid out  
15 by loving human hands, she lies here still.  
Nose and palms pressed flat against her case,  
kneeling, hushed, without question as close  
as he can get, he considers how familiar  
are the knobs and hollows of her face, compares  
20 the length of fingers, counts her curled toes.

Betsy Struthers, *Virgin Territory* (1996)

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<sup>1</sup> scimitar: an eastern sword

<sup>2</sup> diorama: model representing a scene with three-dimensional figures

- (a) How has the poet used the details of the setting to good effect?
- (b) Explore the fascination of the mummy.