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

Monday 5 May 2014 (morning)

Lundi 5 mai 2014 (matin)

Lunes 5 de mayo de 2014 (mañana)

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 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]*.

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

1.

There were three of us, and he now made the fourth. We hadn't expected to add to our tight number: cliques and pairings had happened long before, and we were already beginning to imagine our escape from school into life. His name was Adrian Finn, a tall, shy boy who initially kept his eyes down and his mind to himself. For the first day or two, we took little notice of him: at our school
5 there was no welcoming ceremony, let alone its opposite, the punitive induction. We just registered his presence and waited.

The masters were more interested in him than we were. They had to work out his intelligence and sense of discipline, calculate how well he'd previously been taught, and if he might prove "scholarship material". On the third morning of that autumn term, we had a history class with
10 Old Joe Hunt, wryly affable in his three-piece suit, a teacher whose system of control depended on maintaining sufficient but not excessive boredom.

"Now, you'll remember that I asked you to do some preliminary reading about the reign of Henry VIII." Colin, Alex and I squinted at one another, hoping that the question wouldn't be flicked, like an angler's fly, to land on one of our heads. "Who might like to offer a characterisation of that
15 age?" He drew his own conclusion from our averted eyes. "Well, Marshall, perhaps. How would you describe Henry VIII's reign?"

Our relief was greater than our curiosity, because Marshall was a cautious know-nothing who lacked the inventiveness of true ignorance. He searched for possible hidden complexities in the question before eventually locating a response.

20 "There was unrest, sir."

An outbreak of barely controlled smirking; Hunt himself almost smiled.

"Would you, perhaps, care to elaborate?"

Marshall nodded slow assent, thought a little longer, and decided it was no time for caution. "I'd say there was great unrest, sir."

25 "Finn, then. Are you up in this period?"

The new boy was sitting a row ahead and to my left. He had shown no evident reaction to Marshall's idiocies.

"Not really, sir, I'm afraid. But there is one line of thought according to which all you can truly say of any historical event – even the outbreak of the First World War, for example – is that
30 'something happened'."

"Is there, indeed? Well, that would put me out of a job, wouldn't it?" After some sycophantic laughter, Old Joe Hunt pardoned our holiday idleness and filled us in on the polygamous royal butcher.

At the next break, I sought out Finn. "I'm Tony Webster." He looked at me warily.
35 "Great line to Hunt." He seemed not to know what I was referring to. "About something happening."

"Oh. Yes. I was rather disappointed he didn't take it up."

That wasn't what he was supposed to say.

Another detail I remember: the three of us, as a symbol of our bond, used to wear our watches with the face on the inside of the wrist. It was an affectation, of course, but perhaps something more.
40 It made time feel like a personal, even a secret, thing. We expected Adrian to note the gesture, and follow suit; but he didn't.

Julian Barnes, *The Sense of an Ending* (2012)

- (a) Comment on the situation in this classroom.
- (b) What techniques does the author use to portray the characters in this passage?

2.

Moon

Last night, when the moon
slipped into my attic room
as an oblong of light,
I sensed she'd come to commiserate.

5 It was August. She traveled
with a small valise
of darkness, and the first few stars
returning to the northern sky,

and my room, it seemed,
10 had missed her. She pretended
an interest in the bookcase
while other objects

stirred, as in a rock pool,
with unexpected life:
15 strings of beads in their green bowl gleamed,
the paper-crowded desk;

the books, too, appeared inclined
to open and confess.
Being sure the moon
20 harbored some intention,

I waited; watched for an age
her cool gaze shift
first toward a flower sketch
pinned on the far wall

25 then glide down to recline
along the pinewood floor,
before I'd had enough. *Moon*,
I said, *We're both scarred now.*

Are they quite beyond you,
30 *the simple words of love? Say them.*
You are not my mother;
with my mother, I waited unto death.

Kathleen Jamie, *The Overhaul* (2012)

- (a) Comment on the links between the mother, the moon and the speaker.
- (b) Discuss the use of imagery and its contribution to the meaning of the poem.