

English A: literature – Standard level – Paper 1
Anglais A : littérature – Niveau moyen – Épreuve 1
Inglés A: literatura – Nivel medio – Prueba 1

Monday 2 May 2016 (morning)
Lundi 2 mai 2016 (matin)
Lunes 2 de mayo de 2016 (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 de **[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.

Once upon a time, I am ten years old and my dad is driving me home from the park.

We're floating through the streets in our family car, a rust-red Ford LTD station wagon with the windows covered in a layer of dust and the loose suspension that makes it feel less like a car and more like a scrappy little boat sailing down the avenue. I am tired and sweat-crusted and eating half of an orange Popsicle¹.

Sitting here in the front next to my dad, he in his uncomfortable-looking blue-gray slacks that he always wears, even on Saturdays, me in soccer shorts, sun beating down on my head, so hot even my hair is hot, my legs stuck to the vinyl seat, trying to concentrate on not letting the melting rivulets of orange-flavored sugar water run too far down the side of my skinny forearm, squinting through the windshield. I remember this day, I know what happens, and yet I still feel like I don't know what will happen.

"Kids at school say that you," I start to say.

"That I? I'm what?"

"That you're, uh."

"Strange?"

"Crazy."

I actually say this. I remember saying this. I remember regretting that I had said it even as I was saying it. I regret it even now. Regret what it started, regret all that came after.

He keeps his eyes on the road. I can't tell if he's mad. He doesn't say anything. I'm scared I've angered him somehow; I have a ten-year-old's crude sense of having found a subject that is dangerous, a son's sense of having wandered into the line of fire, into some sort of yet-to-be-discovered axis running between my father and me, and yet, and still, for some reason I keep going. Not to hurt him, no, I keep going just because, for the first time in my young life, it feels like my father is here, in the car, with me, listening to me, that for the first time ever I have his attention not as a boy, his son, but as a person, as a future man, as someone who is just starting to go out into the world and bring parts of it back, parts that can remind him that I won't always be his to teach, parts that may remind him of how small our family is.

I ask him if it's true what they say.

He says what's that.

"Do you really think it's possible to travel to the past?"

He's got to be mad now. He doesn't get mad often, but when he does. Not good.

I'm sure he's mad, I'm positive, I'm considering how much it would hurt if I opened the car door and just jumped out, but then he just laughs and takes his foot off the gas and pulls into the slow lane. "We're time traveling right now," he says, the cars speeding by and honking in Dopplerized frequencies².

And then he pulls completely off the road into the parking lot of a video rental store and shuts off the engine and I am thinking he's doing this to somehow prove his point even further, that he's going to explain to me how even now, completely motionless, we are still time traveling, I am thinking I'm about to get a lecture about how I would understand this if I just kept up with my math homework, but instead, my father turns to me and tells me, in all seriousness, this idea he has had, a secret plan, an *invention*.

My father, the inventor. I had never thought of him that way before that afternoon, although a small part of me felt lifted, opened, as if the world was bigger than I'd imagined, that there were parts of my father I could never have guessed at. I thought of him as old, as
45 someone with a job, as, well, Dad. Not someone with dreams or ideas. My father had ambition. Ambition he had never previously shared with me, and why would he, I was ten, but he also didn't share it with my mother, or anyone else. He kept it inside, in his study, in a box, in himself.

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¹ Popsicle: a water-based frozen snack on a stick, also called an ice-lolly

² Dopplerized frequencies: this relates to the Doppler effect in physics, which is the effect created by soundwaves so that sirens and other warning sounds seem louder and higher-pitched when they are coming from behind you and then lower as they move away from you.

- (a) In what ways are the events described in this passage important in shaping the narrator's perceptions of his father?
- (b) How do structural features (for example, sentence length, dialogue, paragraphing, etc) help to convey the narrator's feelings?

2.

The Kindness

Banff, Alberta

The mother elk & 2 babies are sniffing
the metal handle of the bear-proof trash bin.
I remember the instructions for city people:
3 football fields of space between you &
5 *the elk if their babies are with them.*
I'm backing up slowly,
watching the calves run into each other
as they bend to eat grass/look up
at the mother at the same time.
10 The caramel color of their coat,
the sloping line of their small snouts &
I want to hold that beauty,
steal it for me,
but I'm only on football field # 2 & backing
15 into the woods past the lodge pole pines.
Their fragility, their awkward bumping
opens me to a long ago time—
a hand on the door,
I was walking in
20 to the psych hospital in Pittsburgh,
feeling broken & stripped down—
a hand on the door
from around my body
& I looked up to see the body
25 of a man, who said:
Let me get that for you—
a hand on the door
& the bottom of me
dropped/
30 I couldn't breathe for the kindness.
I couldn't say how deep that went
for me.
I had been backing up, awkward/
I had been blind to my own beauty.

“The Kindness” from the forthcoming book *Jackknife*, by Jan Beatty, © 2017.
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- (a) In what ways, and to what end/s, does the poem reveal an awareness and an appreciation of beauty?
- (b) Consider how stylistic choices (for example, imagery, diction, structure, etc) help establish the tone of the poem.