

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.

They'd been distracted ever since the cat had run away, and even more so after they'd learned about Benoit's dog being eaten by wolves. Every time Oliver heard a noise outside he would stop what he was doing and go to the door, open it, and listen. He listened to the screech of the owls, the howling of the wolves, and even the cawing of the ravens with equal trepidation.

5 "I'm sure he's fine," he said, trying to make himself feel better. "He's such a little guy. Just a scrawny morsel. Who would bother to eat him?" But they both knew that the forest was full of predators who would love to eat a little cat for dinner. Finally, he couldn't stand it any longer, and when the wind picked up he went out to search for him.

10 Ruth felt bad. It was her fault for getting angry and scaring Pesto out of bed and into the night. She wished she'd been able to contain her anger. She wished Oliver hadn't made her mad in the first place.

The rain was starting to fall in earnest, so she went downstairs to throw some wood on the fire and found that the stack was getting low. She put on her raincoat and gum boots, grabbed a headlamp and the firewood sling, and headed out to the woodpile. The wind had really picked up and the cedar limbs were thrashing. Where was he? It wasn't safe to be out in the woods in high winds like this. The trees were groaning and creaking under the gale's assault. For such tall trees, their roots were surprisingly shallow, and the forest floor was soggy from rain. She thought for a moment she should go out and look for him, but then realized that was foolish. She started pulling the split logs from the pile and stacking them up in the leather sling. Just then she heard a harsh cry from overhead. She looked up. It was the Jungle Crow, perched on its usual spot on the branch of the cedar. The crow looked down at her, fixed her with a beady eye. "Caw!" it cried, with an urgency that sounded like a warning. She looked behind her at the house. The windows had gone black. The power was out. Suddenly, she felt afraid.

25 "What should I do?" The rain beat against her face as she turned back to the crow. "Go," she said. "Please, go and find him."

The crow just continued to watch her.

Stupid, she thought. Talking to a bird, but there was no one else nearby and somehow just hearing her own voice helped to calm her.

30 The crow stretched its neck and shook its feathers. She heaved the heavy sling filled with firewood onto her shoulder and headed toward the darkened house. "Caw!" cried the crow again, and when she turned back, she saw Oliver emerging from the wind-lashed trees, dripping with rain. Seeing her standing there with the wood, he spread out his arms. His wet hands were empty. No cat.

Ruth Ozeki, *A Tale for the Time Being* (2013).

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- (a) What do we learn of the characters through their reactions to the loss of the cat?
- (b) By what techniques has the author built up the atmosphere in the passage?

2.

The Tyre Shop

It begins every morning —
I'm sitting at my desk trying to tap into inspiration
but really I'm just waiting for the tyre shop man to show up —
when he rolls a cigarette I might just roll one too
5 I notice like me that before anything else he drinks coffee
we're neighbours I guess you could say
when he winds up the roller doors it's like the first act of a play.
On the pavement on each side of him
the tyres are stacked up like black donuts
10 but when they spin in the wheel-alignment machine
they become the dark rings of invisible planets.
Does he know how intrigued I've become with these mysteries?
The tyre shop man bear-like in blue overalls
lumbers about in front of the tyre shop's cavernous dark.
15 One day I'll tell him that I too have struggled
to get words to align. To work out their balance
their weight. The true measure of their rhyme.
But later I watch as the sun subsides
through the gum trees in the park at the back of my flat —
20 all of a sudden so big that not even they can keep it held up.
A wild orb of redness tearing itself apart
ripped from its axle¹ breaking open the branches.
A little while later like a wheel cut from crystal
the moon will lift out over the great emptiness and silence
25 of Eden Park's² huge stadiums. The other poem may or may not ever
be written but this is one for the tyre shop man — oh
stranger and neighbour. My accomplice
my mentor
and my muse!

Bob Orr, *Valparaiso*, Auckland University Press, 2002, page 53.

¹ axle: rod or spindle passing through the centre of a wheel

² Eden Park: large sporting arena in Auckland, New Zealand

- (a) What is the nature of the relationship between the speaker and the tyre shop man?
- (b) How does the poet use imagery and other techniques to convey the central idea of the poem?
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