

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

Monday 7 May 2018 (afternoon)
Lundi 7 mai 2018 (après-midi)
Lunes 7 de mayo de 2018 (tarde)

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.

We rode through the afternoon and into the evening, when I became dizzy to the point I thought I might fall from the saddle. I asked Charlie if we could stop for the night and he agreed to this, but only if we should find a sheltered place to camp, as it was threatening to rain. He smelled a fire on the air and we traced it to a one-room shack, wispy cotton-smoke spinning

5 from its chimney, a low light dancing in the lone window. An old woman wrapped in quilting and rags answered the door. She had long gray hairs quivering from her chin and her half-opened mouth was filled with jagged, blackened teeth. Charlie, crushing his hat in his hand, spoke of our recent hardships in a stage actor's dramatic timbre. The woman's oyster-flesh eyes fell on me and I grew instantly colder. She walked away from the door without a word. I heard the

10 scrape of a chair on the floor. Charlie turned to me and asked, 'What do you think?'

'Let's keep on.'

'She's left the door open for us.'

'There is something not right with her.'

He kicked at a patch of snow. 'She knows how to build a fire. What more do you want?'

15 We're not looking to settle down.'

'I think we should keep on,' I repeated.

'Door!' cried the woman.

'A couple of hours in a warm room would suit me fine,' said Charlie.

'I am the sick one,' I said. 'And I am willing to move on.'

20 'I am for staying.'

The shadow of the woman crept along the far interior wall and she stood at the entrance once more. 'Door!' she shrieked. 'Door! Door!'

'You can see she wants us to enter,' said Charlie.

Yes, I thought, past her lips and into her stomach. But I was too weak to fight any longer,

25 and when my brother took me by the arm to enter the cabin I did not resist him.

In the room was a table, a chair, and an unclean mattress. Charlie and I sat before the stone fireplace on the twisted wooden floorboards. The heat stung pleasantly at my face and hands and for a moment I was happy with my new surroundings. The woman sat at the table speaking not a word, her face obscured in the folds of her rags. Before her lay a mound of dull

30 red and black beads or stones; her hands emerged from her layers and nimbly took these up one by one, stringing them onto a piece of thin wire to fashion a long necklace or some other manner of elaborate jewelry. There was a lamp on the table, lowly lit and flickering yellow and orange, a tail of black smoke slipping from the tip of the flame.

'We are obliged to you, ma'am,' said Charlie. 'My brother is feeling poorly, and in no

35 condition to be sleeping out of doors.' When the woman did not respond, Charlie said to me he supposed she was deaf. 'I am *not* deaf,' she countered. She brought a piece of the wire to her mouth and chewed it back and forth to snap it.

'Of course,' said Charlie. 'I didn't mean any offense to you. Now I can see how able you are, how sharp. And you keep a fine home, if you don't mind my saying.'

40 She laid her beads and wire on the table. Her head swiveled to face us but her features remained hidden in slipping shadows. 'Do you think I don't know what type of men you are?' she asked, pointing a broken-looking finger at our gun belts. 'Who are you pretending to be, and why?'

- Charlie's demeanor changed, or resumed, and he was once more himself. 'All right,'
- 45 he said, 'who are we then?'
'Would you not call yourselves killers?'
'Just because of our guns, and you assume it?'
'I assume nothing. I know by the dead men following behind you.'

Patrick de Witt, *The Sisters Brothers* (2008)

- (a) What do we learn about the differing reactions of the three characters in this encounter?
- (b) By what techniques does the writer build up tension in this passage?

2.

Elephant Riding

Climbing up
the back of an elephant
you spring into
the toehold of its tail
5 held in place by the mahout¹
grab the ropes
strapped round its belly
& haul yourself up.
She rises
10 from buckled knees under you
moves like a ship
you're high
under the hanging ashoka leaves
as you flow forward
15 her fly-bitten ears grey sails flap.
She flings the odd young-leaved branch
into her mouth
with her triumphant trunk.
You want to scratch
20 the top of her stubbled head
tell her it's like riding a whale
they're both your favourite creatures
you'd like to know their languages
couldn't she speak
25 just a little of hers?
But the mahout down on the road
rubs thumb & fingers together
furiously you nod
yes pay, of course we'll pay
30 thinking, if he doesn't
accept our offer, let me down
I'll be stuck up here forever
riding New Delhi streets
with the mahout's boy
35 or it'll suddenly have had enough
trumpet & fling me off or bolt.
I'd never have paid
till he let you down
you said, as we watched her
40 join the diesel-belching traffic circle
my ship of the jungle
dirty & grey
non-comparisond², gentle, knowing, female
working animal.

45 In India, they say
a woman is beautiful
when she walks
like an elephant.

From: *Only One Angel* by Jan Kemp, University of Otago Press, Dunedin , N.Z. (2001)

¹ mahout: an elephant rider, trainer or keeper

² non-caparisoned: unadorned

- (a) What do we learn about the nature of the relationship between the speaker, the mahout and the elephant in this poem?
 - (b) In what ways is the speaker's perception of the elephant and the experience developed during the course of the poem?
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