

**ENGLISH A1 – HIGHER LEVEL – PAPER 1**  
**ANGLAIS A1 – NIVEAU SUPÉRIEUR – ÉPREUVE 1**  
**INGLÉS A1 – NIVEL SUPERIOR – PRUEBA 1**

Thursday 2 May 2002 (morning)

Jeudi 2 mai 2002 (matin)

Jueves 2 de mayo de 2002 (mañana)

2 hours / 2 heures / 2 horas

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**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

- Do not open this examination paper until instructed to do so.
- Write a commentary on one passage only.

**INSTRUCTIONS DESTINÉES AUX CANDIDATS**

- Ne pas ouvrir cette épreuve avant d'y être autorisé.
- Rédiger un commentaire sur un seul des passages.

**INSTRUCCIONES PARA LOS ALUMNOS**

- No abra esta prueba hasta que se lo autoricen.
- Escriba un comentario sobre un solo fragmento.

Write a commentary on one of the following:

1. (a)

Boiling like a coffeepot before we were five miles out of Filmer, the automobile stage<sup>1</sup> carried me south into the shimmering heat and bitter white dust of the Arizona desert.

5 I was the only passenger. The driver felt as little like talking as I. All morning we rode through cactus-spiked sage-studded oven country, without conversation except when the driver cursed the necessity of stopping to feed his clattering machine more water. The car crept through soft sifting sand, wound between steep-walled red mesas<sup>2</sup>, dipped into dry arroyos<sup>3</sup> where clumps of dusty mesquite<sup>4</sup> were like white lace in the glare, and skirted sharp-edged barrancas<sup>5</sup>.

10 The sun climbed up in the brazen sky. The higher it got, the larger and hotter it got. I wondered how much hotter it would have to get to explode the cartridges in the gun under my arm. Not that it mattered – if it got any hotter, we would all blow up anyway: car, desert, chauffeur and I would all bang out of existence in one explosive flash. I didn't care if we did!

15 That was my frame of mind as we pushed up a long slope, topped a sharp ridge and slid down into Corkscrew.

20 Corkscrew wouldn't have been impressive at any time. It especially wasn't this white-hot Sunday afternoon. One sandy street following the crooked edge of the Tirabuzon Cañon, from which, by translation, the town took its name. A town, it was called, but village would have been flattery: fifteen or eighteen shabby buildings slumped along the irregular street, with tumble-down shacks leaning against them, squatting close to them and trying to sneak away from them.

25 In the street four dusty automobiles cooked. Between two buildings I could see a corral where half a dozen horses bunched their dejection under a shed. No person was in sight. Even the stage driver, carrying a limp and apparently empty mail sack, had vanished into a building labelled *Adderly's Emporium*.

Gathering up my two gray-powdered bags, I climbed out and crossed the road to where a weather-washed sign, on which the words *Cañon House* were barely visible, hung over the door of a two-story, iron-roofed, adobe<sup>6</sup> house.

30 I crossed the wide, unpainted and unpeopled porch and pushed a door open with my foot, going into a dining room where a dozen men and women sat eating at oil-cloth-covered tables. In one corner of the room was a cashier's desk; and, on the wall behind it, a key rack. Between rack and desk, a pudgy man whose few remaining hairs were the exact shade as his sallow skin sat on a stool and pretended he didn't see me.

35 "A room and a lot of water," I said, dropping my bags.

"You can have your room," the sallow man growled, "but water won't do you no good. You won't no sooner drink and wash than you'll be thirsty and dirty all over again. Where in the hell is that register?"

He couldn't find it, so he pushed an old envelope across the desk at me. "Register on the back of that. Be with us a spell?"

40 "Most likely."

A chair upset behind me.

I turned around as a lanky man with enormous red ears reared himself upright with the help of his hands on the table. “Ladiesh an’ gentsh,” he solemnly declaimed, “th’ time hash come for yuh t’ give up y’r evil ways an’ git out y’r knittin’. Th’ law  
45 hash came to Orilla County!”

The drunk bowed to me, upset his ham and eggs, and sat down again. The other diners applauded with thump of knives and forks on tables.

I looked them over while they looked me over. A miscellaneous assortment: weather-beaten horsemen, clumsily muscled laborers, men with the pasty complexions  
50 of night workers. The one woman in the room didn’t belong to Arizona. She was a thin girl of maybe twenty-five, with too-bright dark eyes, dark short hair, and a sharp prettiness that was the mark of a larger settlement than this. You’ve seen her, or her sisters, in the larger cities, in the places that get going after the theaters let out.

The man with her was range country – a slim lad in the early twenties, not very  
55 tall, with pale blue eyes that were startling in so dark-tanned a face. His features were a bit too perfect in their clean-cut regularity.

“So you’re the new deputy sheriff?” the sallow man questioned the back of my head. Somebody had kept my secret right out in the open!

“Yes.” I hid my annoyance under a grin that took in him and the diners. “But I’ll  
60 trade my star right now for that room and water we were talking about.”

He took me through the dining room and upstairs to a board-walled room in the rear on the second floor, said, “This is it,” and left me.

I did what I could with the water in a pitcher on the washstand to free myself from the white grime I had accumulated. Then I dug a gray shirt and a suit of whipcords out  
65 of my bags and holstered my gun under my left shoulder, where it wouldn’t be a secret.

In each side pocket of my coat I stowed a new .32 automatic – small, snub-nosed affairs that weren’t much better than toys. Their smallness let me carry them where they’d be close to my hands without advertising the fact that the gun under my shoulder wasn’t all my arsenal.

Dashiell Hammett, opening of short story, *Corkscrew* (1925)

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1. bus
  2. flat tablelands with steep edges
  3. stream beds
  4. small desert tree or bush
  5. ravines or precipices
  6. sun-dried brick

1. (b)

**The Author To Her Book**

Thou ill-formed offspring of my feeble brain,  
Who after birth didst by my side remain  
Till snatched from thence by friends less wise than true  
Who thee abroad exposed to public view,  
5 Made thee, in rags, halting, to the press to trudge,  
Where errors were not lessened, all may judge,  
At thy return my blushing was not small  
My rambling brat<sup>1</sup>—in print—should mother call.  
I cast thee by as one unfit for light,  
10 Thy visage was so irksome in my sight;  
Yet being mine own, at length affection would  
Thy blemishes amend, if so I could.  
I washed thy face, but more defects I saw,  
And rubbing off a spot still made a flaw.  
15 I stretched thy joints to make thee even feet,  
Yet still thou runnest more hobbling than is meet.  
In better dress to trim thee was my mind,  
But naught save homespun cloth in the house I find.  
In this array 'mongst vulgars<sup>2</sup> mayst thou roam,  
20 In critics' hands beware thou dost not come,  
And take thy way where yet thou art not known.  
If for thy father asked, say thou hadst none;  
And for thy mother, she, alas, is poor,  
Which caused her thus to send thee out of door.

Anne Bradstreet, 'The Author to Her Book', from *The Works of Anne Bradstreet*, (died 1672)

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1. wandering child

2. the ordinary people, the multitude.