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

Thursday 3 May 2007 (afternoon)
Jeudi 3 mai 2007 (après-midi)
Jueves 3 de mayo de 2007 (tarde)

2 hours / 2 heures / 2 horas

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

- N'ouvrez pas cette épreuve avant d'y être autorisé(e).
- Rédigez 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)

As a matter of fact, no man as clever as Hurstwood—as observant and sensitive to atmospheres of many sorts, particularly upon his own plane of thought—would have made the mistake which he did in regard to his wife, wrought up as she was, had he not been occupied mentally with a very different train of thought. Had not the influence of Carrie’s regard for him, the elation which her promise aroused in him, lasted over, he would not have seen the house in so pleasant a mood. It was not extraordinarily bright and merry this evening. He was merely very much mistaken, and would have been much more fitted to cope with it had he come home in his normal state.

After he had studied his paper a few moments longer, he felt that he ought to modify matters in some way or other. Evidently his wife was not going to patch up peace at a word. So he said:

“Where did George get that dog he has there in the yard?”

“I don’t know,” she snapped.

He put his paper down on his knees and gazed idly out of the window. He did not propose to lose his temper, but merely to be persistent and agreeable, and by a few questions bring around a mild understanding of some sort.

“Why do you feel so bad about that affair of this morning?” he said, at last. “We needn’t quarrel about that. You know you can go to Waukesha if you want to.”

“So you can stay here and trifle around with someone else?” she exclaimed, turning to him a determined countenance upon which was drawn a sharp and wrathful sneer.

He stopped as if slapped in the face. In an instant his persuasive, conciliatory manner fled. He was on the defensive at a wink and puzzled for a word to reply.

“What do you mean?” he said at last, straightening himself and gazing at the cold, determined figure before him, who paid no attention, but went on arranging herself before the mirror.

“You know what I mean,” she said, finally, as if there were a world of information which she held in reserve—which she did not need to tell.

“Well, I don’t,” he said, stubbornly, yet nervous and alert for what should come next. The finality of the woman’s manner took away his feeling of superiority in battle.

She made no answer.

“Hmph!” he murmured, with a movement of his head to one side. It was the weakest thing he had ever done. It was totally unassured.

Mrs. Hurstwood noticed the lack of color in it. She turned upon him, animal-like, able to strike an effectual second blow.

“I want the Waukesha money tomorrow morning,” she said.

He looked at her in amazement. Never before had he seen such a cold, steely determination in her eye—such a cruel look of indifference. She seemed a thorough master of her mood—thoroughly confident and determined to wrest all control from him. He felt that all his resources could not defend him. He must attack.

“What do you mean?” he said, jumping up. “You want! I’d like to know what’s got into you tonight.”

“Nothing’s got into me,” she said, flaming. “I want that money. You can do your swaggering afterward.”

“Swaggering, eh! What! You’ll get nothing from me. What do you mean by your insinuations, anyhow?”

45 “Where were you last night?” she answered. The words were hot as they came. “Who were you driving with on Washington Boulevard? Who were you with at the theater when George saw you? Do you think I’m a fool to be duped by you? Do you think I’ll sit at home here and take your ‘too busys’ and ‘can’t come,’ while you parade around and make out that I’m unable to come? I want you to know that lordly airs have come to an end so far as I am concerned. You can’t dictate to me nor my children. I’m through with you entirely.”

“It’s a lie,” he said, driven to a corner and knowing no other excuse.

50 “Lie, eh!” she said, fiercely, but with returning reserve; “you may call it a lie if you want to, but I know.”

“It’s a lie, I tell you,” he said, in a low, sharp voice. “You’ve been searching around for some cheap accusation for months, and now you think you have it. You think you’ll spring something and get the upper hand. Well, I tell you, you can’t. As long as I’m in this house I’m master of it, and you or any one else won’t dictate to me—do you hear?”

55 He crept toward her with a light in his eye that was ominous. Something in the woman’s cool, cynical, upper-handish manner, as if she were already master, caused him to feel for the moment as if he could strangle her.

Theodore Dreiser, *Sister Carrie* (1900)

1. (b)

Points of View

Even now, women bend to rivers
Or to wells; they scoop up life and offer it
To men or to their children, to their elders,
To blistered cooking-pots. Heavy with light,
5 And the brief mosaics of the world,
Water is carried home. Even now,
Women bend to see themselves in rivers
Or catch unsteady faces in buckets drawn
From wells. And water sucks them in,
10 Catching the wild geometry of the soul
Tossing it onto a plane. The wells
Are brimming with women's fluid faces;
The rivers are alive with women's hands.
Reflections savoured for a while, then gone.

15 From up here, what can I know of water?
I catch it tamed from metal spouts encased
In quiet glass, contoured in porcelain.
I compartmentalize the beast in ice,
Then serve it, grinning, to distant friends.

20 What do I know of water? Tomorrow
I must go again to find it. I will swim
In rivers thick with time, permanent as eyes
Of sleepy crocodiles. I will watch women
In slow genuflections* ease water

25 Into round bowls. The river-blinded boys
With jellied eyes transparent in the sun
Will look at me. Children will jump from element
To element making paths through air to water,
Shooting diamond-drops along trajectories

30 Too long for me to measure. "This is water,"
They will tell me. This intense immersion.
A new baptism free of metaphor
Will be mine. Water will be water,
And I, a newly-evolved fish, will hear

35 The aquabatic rippling of gills.

Lucinda Roy in *Daughters of Africa* (1992)

* genuflection: bending of the knee in respect