

ENGLISH A1 – STANDARD LEVEL – PAPER 1
ANGLAIS A1 – NIVEAU MOYEN – ÉPREUVE 1
INGLÉS A1 – NIVEL MEDIO – PRUEBA 1

Friday 2 May 2003 (morning)

Vendredi 2 mai 2003 (matin)

Viernes 2 de mayo de 2003 (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 commentary on one passage only. It is not compulsory for you to respond directly to the guiding questions provided. However, you may use them if you wish.

INSTRUCTIONS DESTINÉES AUX CANDIDATS

- Ne pas ouvrir cette épreuve avant d'y être autorisé.
- Rédiger un commentaire sur un seul des passages. Le commentaire ne doit pas nécessairement répondre aux questions d'orientation fournies. Vous pouvez toutefois les utiliser si vous le désirez.

INSTRUCCIONES PARA LOS ALUMNOS

- No abra esta prueba hasta que se lo autoricen.
- Escriba un comentario sobre un solo fragmento. No es obligatorio responder directamente a las preguntas que se ofrecen a modo de guía. Sin embargo, puede usarlas si lo desea.

Write a commentary on one passage only. It is not compulsory for you to respond directly to the guiding questions provided. However, you are encouraged to use them as starting points for your commentary.

1. (a)

She looked away up into the sky: the palest kind of blue, a big quiet light. High up, two birds were flying together, drawing a straight line through the air like aircraft in formation.

Just over the brow of the hill was a fork in the road and a flaking wooden sign.
5 One fork pointed downhill towards CASCADE RIVULET, the other uphill, to HANGING ROCK. Someone had tied a stone on the end of a bit of string and hung it from the sign. She laughed aloud, suddenly, a noise like a bark.

The dog twisted its head to look up at her in surprise and she stopped laughing. She glanced around, as if someone might have heard her, laughing on an empty road,
10 and looked at the rock again. It was not really all that funny.

Below her, she could see Cascade Rivulet glinting metallically between the trees. The road ahead of her turned a sudden-sharp corner down the slope, so steep it had washed away into long corrugations, and then all at once there was the river, and the bridge.

15 She recognised it straight away from its picture in the paper, a humble little thing, the bend giving it an apologetic look. It was hard to see why the town was *split*¹ on it.

She walked down to it, feeling stones rolling away from under her shoes down the slope. A white ute² was parked at the far end of the bridge but there was no sign of anyone, only a flat paddock in which some cows stood all lined up the same way like
20 ornaments along a mantelpiece.

She stopped in the middle of the bridge and looked down at the river. Sun shone through the transparent amber water and lit up rounded rocks just under the surface, and fans of white sand. Where a band of sun cast a slice of black shadow, the water was dark and secretive.

25 She wanted to go down there, under the bridge, and saw that the fence at one end had collapsed, the wooden posts leaning crookedly where the bank had been scoured out by flood. She would not have actually forced her way through anyone's fence. She knew how farmers felt about them, and about city folk who had no respect for them. But someone had been there before her. She could see where the post had been
30 eased further sideways in the soft ground, and a rip down the dirt of the bank, where someone's heels had slid.

Underneath, the bridge was a quaint, clumsy thing, a clutter of primitive timbers wedged against each other into crude simple joints. Where each horizontal met a vertical, each had had a piece removed so they were locked tightly together.

35 It was like two people holding hands.

From a distance the old wood looked nothing more interesting than grey, but close up, each timber had its own colour and its own personality. One was pink-grey with fine streaks of red like dried blood in the grain. Another was green-grey with circular blooms of brown-grey lichen, the next was the bleached blue-grey with a kinked grain
40 like an old-fashioned marcel wave.³

She stood with her shoes sinking slowly in the damp sand, looking up into the underbelly of the bridge, feeling the muscles twitching in her thighs after the fast walk. It was all coarse and clumsy, but as well as the subtle textures of the grain, the shapes fitted together in a satisfying way, and there was what they called at the Museum an
45 *interplay* between the light and the shadow that drew the eye back to look again and again.

She got a notebook and pencil out of her pocket and stood drawing squares and long rectangles that interlinked and interlocked, glancing between her page and the pencil.

50 When she had filled a page she turned over and started again. She spent a long time getting the angles right where one rectangle came in and locked into another. It looked so simple as to be not worth a second glance, but drawing it showed how complicated it really was.

55 When she had covered the third page she felt she had the shapes right, and started to shade the squares and rectangles with her pencil. *Light, dark, light, dark.* It was in no way a realistic drawing of the way the bridge looked, but it was what it might look like if you reduced it to its essence: simple squares and rectangles, simple lights and darks, arranged in a way that was not as simple as it seemed.

from Kate Grenville, *The Idea of Perfection* (1999)

¹ split: the local community is divided between those who believe the old bridge is part of the area's cultural heritage, and those who think it should be demolished and a new utilitarian bridge erected in its place.
² ute: pick-up truck
³ marcel wave: hair style

- Comment on the presentation of the main character.
- Explore the significance of the bridge.
- How does setting contribute to your understanding of the passage as a whole?
- Consider the use of contrast in the passage.

1. (b)

Otherwise

I come
from an opposite country
to yours, where water spirals
and the moon waxes
5 otherwise.
my stars assemble in unfamiliar patterns
and I watch often
not traffic or television
but hour by hour the huge tide
10 absently fingering rocks and small shells
and the wet brown kelp
where fish go sliding through.

if you were with me now
on my favourite beach
15 we'd watch the distant seismograph
of silver peaks darkening to indigo
and walk on the breakwater
towards the harbour mouth,
disturbing the flocks of terns
20 that wheel up shrieking in slim wild voices
to land again behind us
renewing their conference. I would slip
my cold hand in your pocket,
you'd look at me and grin
25 and we would walk together quietly
right to the very end,
where big chained rocks hold back
the same Pacific ocean, lumbering in.

Cilla McQueen, from *Axis: poems and drawings* (2001)

- What significance can you find in the title?
- How is the relationship between the speaker and the person addressed developed?
- How does the use of setting contribute to your understanding of the poem?
- Comment on the poet's style (for example, language, imagery, diction, form).