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

Wednesday 2 May 2012 (morning)
Mercredi 2 mai 2012 (matin)
Miércoles 2 de mayo de 2012 (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.
- The maximum mark for this examination paper is *[25 marks]*.

INSTRUCTIONS DESTINÉES AUX CANDIDATS

- N'ouvrez pas cette épreuve avant d'y être autorisé(e).
- Rédigez 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.
- Le nombre maximum de points pour cette épreuve d'examen est *[25 points]*.

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.
- La puntuación máxima para esta prueba de examen es *[25 puntos]*.

Write a commentary on **one** of the following:

1.

David shimmers, adrift in the white sea of the sand. Around him heat rises from its baking surface, light glaring from every angle. Not far away the sea rolls in against the beach, out of sight, the steady breath of the surf streaming thin moisture through the boiling air. A seabird wheels overhead, its voice creaking as it rides the waves of heat upwards. The air smells of salt.

5 For a long time David stands like this, aware of the sun's rays against his unprotected skin, unmoving, unwatching, unlistening, just being, drinking up this place. The sun bounces up and out from a million angles, shattering over the rolling mirror of sand. Then from behind him there is the blast of a car horn, then again, and David starts, turning towards the sound. Behind him he sees the shapes of several four-wheel drives bumping across the sand towards him. The heat
10 haze shivering around them, making their outlines jump and flow. The horn sounds once again, and David lifts his arm to wave, the fact of its motion suddenly marvellous to him. A grind of brakes and the cars slide to a stop beside him, their thick wheels sledding through the hot sand, ploughing it up into furrows. Music blares from the cars as the doors open, spilling refrigerated
15 air outwards, turning his sweat suddenly cold against his skin. Figures pile onto the sand, feet slipping beneath them, surrounding him, a riot of colourful shorts and baseball caps and mirrored glasses. David steps back, trying to take it all in, the tide of voices, movement, music washing against him.

A woman's voice beside him asks him something, and he feels his mind re-engage, falling back into its webs of analysis. He turns to her, his hands describing arcs of exploration,
20 assigning tasks, delineating borders. Equipment is unloaded, deployed. David watches his students move outwards, the flat feet of metal detectors sweeping across the ground. Stakes are driven into the sand and nylon rope strung between them, marking out a perimeter on the face of the hill, a ridge of tussocked* marram grass containing the downward spill at its centre. The hand-held detectors beep and whistle, drawn together at the clump of grass.

25 Anna, one of the other archaeologists on the dig, pauses beside him.

Last chance? she asks. David is unsure whether she is serious or joking, and turns to look at her. Her face screwed up against the sun reveals little.

This time at least.

30 She snorts. Ever the optimist, mate. Unless we can find something conclusive in the next few days there isn't going to be a next time. You know that as well as I do.

We know from the aerial scans that something's down there. His voice dogged, unflinching.

She looks at him intently for a moment before replying. The anomaly's too small. We both know that.

David pauses. It's all we've got, he says at last, then turns and steps away.

35 As she watches him walk the ten metres towards the nearest group of students, Anna feels her irritation with the determination of his belief fade, become annoyance at the hesitancy of her own, and as it does she wishes he would turn so she could smile, wave, reassure him that she too believes. But he doesn't turn. Instead, after a moment's unheard conversation, he takes a shovel from one of the students, shifts its weight experimentally in his hands, then in one swift
40 movement plunges it downwards, the blade slicing deep into the spilling sand, a foot on its back driving it deeper again before he pulls upwards, grunting with the effort, casts the brimming flat of the shovel's blade behind him in a shower of pale powder. Moving closer she hears him address the students, his voice low, unwavering. OK, he is saying, let's start digging.

By Arrangement with the Licensor, James Bradley, c/- Curtis Brown (Aust) Pty Ltd

* tussocked: found growing in clumps or tufts

- Discuss the way setting is established and used.
- Comment on the presentation of David.
- Comment on the author's use of structure.
- Comment on the narrative perspective.

2.

Departure

It was not like your great and gracious ways!
 Do you, that have naught other to lament,
 Never, my Love, repent
 Of how, that July afternoon,
 5 You went,
 With sudden, unintelligible phrase,
 And frighten'd eye,
 Upon your journey of so many days
 Without a single kiss, or a good-bye?
 10 I knew, indeed, that you were parting soon;
 And so we sate*, within the low sun's rays,
 You whispering to me, for your voice was weak,
 Your harrowing praise.
 Well, it was well
 15 To hear you such things speak,
 And I could tell
 What made your eyes a growing gloom of love,
 As a warm South-wind sombres a March grove.
 And it was like your great and gracious ways
 20 To turn your talk on daily things, my Dear,
 Lifting the luminous, pathetic lash
 To let the laughter flash,
 Whilst I drew near,
 Because you spoke so low that I could scarcely hear.
 25 But all at once to leave me at the last,
 More at the wonder than the loss aghast,
 With huddled, unintelligible phrase,
 And frighten'd eye,
 And go your journey of all days
 30 With not one kiss, or a good-bye,
 And the only loveless look the look with which you pass'd:
 'Twas all unlike your great and gracious ways.

Coventry Patmore (1877) *The Unknown Eros and Other Odes*

* sate: an archaic term for “sat”

- Examine what we learn about the feelings of the speaker.
- Discuss the use of diction in the poem.
- Consider the use of structure and repetition in the poem.
- Discuss the relationship between the title and the poem.