

**ENGLISH A2 – HIGHER LEVEL – PAPER 1**  
**ANGLAIS A2 – NIVEAU SUPÉRIEUR – ÉPREUVE 1**  
**INGLÉS A2 – NIVEL SUPERIOR – PRUEBA 1**

Thursday 14 November 2002 (afternoon)

Jeudi 14 novembre 2002 (après-midi)

Jueves 14 de noviembre de 2002 (tarde)

2 hours / 2 heures / 2 horas

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**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

- Do not open this examination paper until instructed to do so.
- Section A consists of two passages for comparative commentary.
- Section B consists of two passages for comparative commentary.
- Choose either Section A or Section B. Write one comparative commentary.

**INSTRUCTIONS DESTINÉES AUX CANDIDATS**

- Ne pas ouvrir cette épreuve avant d'y être autorisé.
- La section A comporte deux passages à commenter.
- La section B comporte deux passages à commenter.
- Choisissez soit la section A soit la section B. Écrire un commentaire comparatif.

**INSTRUCCIONES PARA LOS ALUMNOS**

- No abra esta prueba hasta que se lo autoricen.
- En la Sección A hay dos fragmentos para comentar.
- En la Sección B hay dos fragmentos para comentar.
- Elija la Sección A o la Sección B. Escriba un comentario comparativo.

Choose either Section A or Section B.

### SECTION A

Analyse and compare the following two texts.

Discuss the similarities and differences between the texts and their theme(s). Include comments on the ways the authors use elements such as structure, tone, images and other stylistic devices to communicate their purposes.

#### Text 1 (a)

The men began to talk of the Yellowstone River as if it were the place where the world ended – or, at least, the place where the drive would end. In their thinking it had taken on a magical quality, partly because no one really knew anything about it. Jasper Fant had somehow picked up the rumor that the Yellowstone was the size of the Mississippi, and as deep. All the way north everyone had been trying to convince Jasper that it didn't really make any difference how deep a river was, once it got deep enough to swim a horse, but Jasper felt the argument violated common sense. The deeper the river, the more dangerous – that was axiomatic<sup>1</sup> to him. He had heard of something called undercurrents, which could suck you down. The deeper the river, the farther down you could be sucked and Jasper had a profound fear of being sucked down. Particularly he didn't want to be sucked down in the Yellowstone, and had made himself a pair of rude floats from some empty lard buckets, just in case the Yellowstone really did turn out to be as deep as the Mississippi.

“I didn't come all this way just to drown in the last dern river,” Jasper said.

“It ain't the last,” Augustus said. “Montana don't stop at the Yellowstone. The Missouri's up there somewhere, and it's a whale of a river.”

“Well, I don't aim to cross it,” Jasper said. It seemed to him that he had spent half the trip imagining how it would be to be sucked down into a deep river, and he wanted it understood that he was only prepared to take so many chances.

Jasper's river fears grated on everybody's nerves. Nobody liked crossing rivers, but it didn't help to talk about the dangers constantly for three thousand miles.

A day and a half later the two scouts rode over a grassy bluff and saw the Yellowstone River, a few miles away. Fifty or sixty buffalo were watering where they rode up. The river was swift but not deep – Augustus paused and leaned down, drinking from his cupped hands. The water was cold.

“Sweet water, but it don't compare with bourbon whiskey,” he said.

“Jasper won't need them floats.”

“He might,” Augustus said. “He might fall off his horse if he gets real nervous.”

From *Lonesome Dove* by Larry McMurtry, 1985

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<sup>1</sup> axiomatic: self-evident

**Text 1 (b)**

Just below the lake outlet, the river is broad, 300 to 400 feet across and there are boggy areas that one must be aware of and watch out for. Only a small portion of the water can be reached by wading<sup>1</sup>, and flotation devices of any kind are banned. It holds an enormous quantity of trout.

5 A little further on the banks become better defined and road and river edge closer together. Two miles below the outlet the two parallel each other in close proximity all through this splendid fishing stretch. Mostly the river is a large, deep, gliding stream over a clean gravel bottom. This picture is deceiving. This is a very powerful river, moving  
10 relentlessly to its downstream falls. One can stand in waders<sup>2</sup> out in the river and feel a steady movement of the gravel under foot. In time one will be edged slowly and steadily downstream without volition<sup>3</sup>.

Below Alum Creek to Chittenden Bridge over the river just above Upper Falls, the bottom is a rather featureless affair of various silts, muds and clays over rhyolite lava bedrock. This is less propitious<sup>4</sup> water for trout and aquatic insects and the fish are fewer.  
15 However there is reason to believe that trout migrate into and out of the area, for reasons presently unexplained, and one can occasionally hit a bonanza here. But venture no further than a quarter of a mile of the bridge. The current here is picking up speed for its leap over the falls, the bottom is smooth bedrock and several unwary anglers<sup>5</sup> have been swept to their death. This powerful river must be treated with intelligence and respect.

20 The terrain is not difficult to cross in most areas. The ground cover is mostly sagebrush, bunchgrass, interspersed with common juniper. The footing is good, and it takes only from half to one and a half hours to reach the river from the road.

In effect, it is an undisturbed, wilderness river close to a major roadway, which offers solitude and superb fishing for the angler willing to walk a bit.

From *The National Geographic*, Yellowstone National Park Website, 2002

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<sup>1</sup> wading: walking in water

<sup>2</sup> waders: boots designed for wading

<sup>3</sup> volition: the power of will/willing to

<sup>4</sup> propitious: suitable

<sup>5</sup> anglers: people who fish

## SECTION B

Analyse and compare the following two texts.

Discuss the similarities and differences between the texts and their theme(s). Include comments on the ways the authors use elements such as structure, tone, images and other stylistic devices to communicate their purposes.

### Text 2 (a)

Discover the world of Jo Malone. A woman with a passion for scent and skin care, who blends ingredients with the skills of an alchemist, infusing each distinct scent with an originality and a story all of its own.

5 Whether it's the scent of French lime blossoms along the Champs-Élysées or a sandalwood chair in the summer sun, Jo is inspired by living moments.

Her passion for scent has led her to create fifteen original fragrances based on clean, natural ingredients and always with a twist of the unexpected.

Jo is dedicated not simply to developing new products, but to creating ideas and philosophies that will enhance our lifestyle.

10

### THE ART OF FRAGRANCE COMBINING

Fragrance is a personal statement. We've all imagined creating one of our own. That is why Jo Malone developed Fragrance Combining. Her unique philosophy allows you to create your own signature scent. The idea is simple. Every Jo Malone fragrance is designed to complement others. Inspired, unexpected scents that can be worn alone or  
15 combined on the skin. By layering two or three, you can create a fragrance that is completely your own.

The element of pleasure and experimentation is essential to the Jo Malone experience. Layer a cologne in one scent over a body lotion in another, or spritz on two different colognes. With fifteen original fragrances, the possibilities are limitless.

20

*"Fragrance, to me, is a moment in time captured in a bottle."*

Jo Malone

Jo Malone's fascination with fragrances started early. As a child she filled bottles with fragrant rose petals to create scents of her own. The Jo Malone phenomenon began years later with just a few bottles of Nutmeg and Ginger Bath Oil made by hand and given as  
25 thank you presents to a handful of devoted clients. Word spread wildly. Soaps, lotions and creams followed, cherished for their pure, unexpected ingredients, full textures and unique fragrances.

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*"I am dedicated to pushing the boundaries of fragrance, creating innovative products that challenge the senses."*

Jo Malone

Adapted from *Jo Malone Express Mail Order Brochure*, 2002

**Text 2 (b)**

Lusa<sup>1</sup> paused at the top of the field, inhaling the faint smell of honeysuckle. It seemed odd for someone to be out down there, this late at night. She was following a trail she couldn't be sure of, and she was used to being sure. She lowered her nose and picked up speed, skirting the top of the long field that lined this whole valley, ducking easily through the  
5 barbed wires of fences, one after another. She loved the air after a hard rain. She could stop in the path wherever she needed to take time with a tempting cluster of blackberries or the fascinating news contained in a scent that hadn't been here yesterday.

She was growing a little uneasy, though, this far down the mountain. She had never been able to reconcile herself to the cacophony of sensations that hung in the air around  
10 these farms: the restless bickering of hounds penned behind the houses, howling across one valley to another, and the whine of the perilous freeway in the distance, and above all the sharp, outlandish scents of human enterprise. Now, here, where this row of fields turned back up into the next long hollow, there was gasoline wafting up from the road, and something else, a crop dust of some kind that burned her nose, drowning out even the  
15 memorable pungency of pregnant livestock in the field below.

She had reached the place where the trail descended into a field of wild apple trees, and she hesitated there. She wouldn't have minded nosing through the hummocks of tall grass and briars, for a few sweet, sun-softened apples. That whole field and the orchard  
20 below it had a welcoming scent, a noticeable absence of chemical burn in the air, that always made it attractive to birds and field mice, just as surely as it was drawing her right now.

She crossed back into the woods and then stopped again to put her nose against a giant, ragged old stump that had a garden of acid-scented fungus sprouting permanently from its base. Usually this stump smelled of cat. But she found he had not been here  
25 lately.

She paused several more times as she climbed the ridge, once picking up the scent she'd followed for a while earlier tonight but then had lost again, because a rain like that erased nearly everything. It was male and particularly interesting because he wasn't part of her clan. She paused again, sniffing, but that trail wasn't going to reveal itself to her now,  
30 no matter how hard she tried to find it. And on this sweet, damp night at the beginning of the world, that was fine with her. She could be a patient tracker<sup>2</sup>. By the time cold weather came on hard, and then began to soften into mating season, they would all know each other's whereabouts.

From *Prodigal Summer* by Barbara Kingsolver, 2000

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<sup>1</sup> Lusa: a young woman, a biologist

<sup>2</sup> tracker: follower, observer