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

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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**

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

#### Insolence drives new teachers to consider quitting

Classroom backchat and insolence are forcing many newly qualified teachers to reconsider their careers just a few months into the job, according to a report which found that four out of 10 have to deal with bad behaviour on an hourly basis and 80% say it is a daily occurrence.

Chris Keates, general secretary of the National Association of Schoolmasters Union of Women Teachers, which commissioned the study, said yesterday: “According to the Training and Development Agency we have the most talented generation of trainees, but this study shows we are in danger of losing significant numbers.”

Earlier this year the education watchdog<sup>1</sup>, Ofsted, said many schools were being held back by low level disruption and revealed that only one in three secondary schools had acceptable standards of behaviour. The report, which followed 75 newly qualified teachers for the first two years of their career, found that 16% had “experienced problems of physical violence” and only 7% said that poor pupil behaviour was rare. “Progress has been made tackling issues around teachers’ pay and workload but discipline remains the number one concern for many teachers and it is having a damaging effect on the profession and subsequently on pupils’ education,” said Ms Keates.

The report found that after only two terms, “newly qualified teachers are already starting to display a sense of disillusion with the job and some are starting to reconsider their career choice.”

One teacher stated: “Last week I was seriously questioning my desire to teach ... I am moving schools in September and am going to give it another shot. I want to teach and I am not going to let the inadequacy of my current school affect my long-term goal.” Another stated: “After wanting to be a teacher all my life I now feel that I am not paid enough or respected enough by the government to put up with this type of behaviour.”

According to the report many teachers found that the job was damaging “their physical and emotional well-being”, while others said a daily routine of verbal abuse and bad behaviour was part of the job.

For others the pressure after just a few weeks was too much. “I am unable to return to school because I no longer have the confidence to stand in front of a class. I would love to teach – however, this job is 25% teaching, 75% crowd control.”

Last night a spokesman for the Department for Education and Skills denied bad behaviour was endemic<sup>2</sup>. He said the government had a zero tolerance approach to disruptive pupils and insisted schools and teachers had been given new powers to tackle the problem.

“However, actual improvements can only happen at the frontline and must be delivered by heads and teachers with the full backing of parents,” he added. “That’s why we have a working group of heads and top teachers who have a proven track record in improving school behaviour advising us on what more can be done.”

A feature article by Matthew Taylor, *The Guardian* 7 October 2005,  
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<sup>1</sup> watchdog: an agency that oversees activities or practices

<sup>2</sup> endemic: widespread; found throughout the education system

**Text 1 (b)**

One morning, coming on me abruptly, and with the semblance of hurry, the school director said she found herself placed in a little dilemma; Mr. Wilson, the English master, had failed to come at his hour; she feared he was ill; the pupils were waiting in class; there was no one to give a lesson; should I, for once, object to giving a short dictation exercise, just that the pupils might  
5 not have it to say they had missed their English lesson?

“In class, Madame?” I asked.

“Yes, in class: in the second division.”

“Where there are sixty pupils,” said I; for I knew the number, and with my usual base habit of cowardice I shrank into my sloth<sup>1</sup> like a snail into a shell. If left to myself, I should infallibly<sup>2</sup>  
10 have let this chance slip.

“Come,” said Madame. “I want *you*.”

And as Madame Beck did really want and was resolved to have me – as she had long been dissatisfied with the English master, with his shortcomings in punctuality, and his careless method of tuition<sup>3</sup> – as too, *she* did not lack resolution – my hand was taken into hers, and I was  
15 conducted downstairs.

“Good! But let me tell you these are not quiet, decorous<sup>4</sup> English girls you are going to encounter.”

I said: “I know. Still, I mean to give the lesson.”

“They always throw over timid teachers,” said she.

20 “I know that too, Madame; I have heard how they rebelled against and persecuted Miss Turner” – a poor friendless English teacher, whom Madame had employed, and lightly discarded; and to whose piteous history I was no stranger.

“It is true,” said she coolly. “Miss Turner had no more command over them than a servant from the kitchen would have had. She was weak and wavering; she had neither tact nor intelligence,  
25 decision nor dignity. Miss Turner would not do for these girls at all.”

I made no reply, but advanced to the closed schoolroom door.

“You will not expect aid from me, or from any one,” said Madame. “That would at once set you down as incompetent for your office.”

I opened the door, let her pass with courtesy, and followed her. There were three schoolrooms,  
30 all large. That dedicated to the second division, where I was to figure, was considerably the largest, and accommodated an assemblage more numerous, more turbulent, and infinitely more unmanageable than the other two.

As I mounted the low platform, raised a step above the flooring, where stood the teacher’s chair and desk, I beheld opposite to me a row of eyes and brows that threatened stormy weather –  
35 eyes full of insolent<sup>5</sup> light, and brows hard and unblushing as marble.

From the novel *Villette* by Charlotte Brontë (1853)

<sup>1</sup> sloth: laziness

<sup>2</sup> infallibly: certainly

<sup>3</sup> tuition: teaching

<sup>4</sup> decorous: well-behaved

<sup>5</sup> insolent: rude and disrespectful

## 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)

#### Inheritance

	Standing on the hilltop, he could see the island – could make out clearly the old family cottage not that he'd ever slept		roofers, carpenters.
5	or boiled a kettle in it but he'd heard stories, seen one yellow photograph, and now it was his. A roof of sorts was there but no	20	He'd dig out records of life on the island, ended fifty years before. He'd have a helicopter airlift a generator,
10	front wall, and the gable <sup>1</sup> on the sea side was air. At least a road passed it, potholed, no doubt, but bumpable over,	25	then a cooker, a fridge, a freezer, and wine, cases of it, with the food to go with it, though fish might be caught, and rabbits
15	and the pier looked intact. He'd have local masons <sup>2</sup> out there before the week was over, then builders,	30	must thrive there. In time he'd try a herb garden ... But now it was the hotel and dinner – roast lamb, he'd noticed. And after,
		35	a cognac <sup>3</sup> with the manager who'd known his father.

Matthew Sweeney (2005), This poem first appeared in the  
London Review of Books – [www.lrb.co.uk](http://www.lrb.co.uk)

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<sup>1</sup> gable: a triangular part of a house wall under the roof

<sup>2</sup> masons: people who build with or repair stone or brick

<sup>3</sup> cognac: brandy; an alcoholic drink

**Text 2 (b)**

One summer, along about 1904, my father rented a camp<sup>1</sup> on a lake in Maine<sup>2</sup> and took us all there for the month of August. My father rolled over in a canoe with all his clothes on, but outside of that the vacation was a success and from then on none of us ever thought there was any place in the world like that lake in Maine. We returned summer after summer – always on August 1<sup>st</sup> for one month. I have since become a salt-water man, but sometimes in summer there are days when the restlessness of the tides and the fearful cold of the sea water and the incessant wind which blows across the afternoon and into the evening make me wish for the placidity<sup>3</sup> of a lake in the woods. A few weeks ago this feeling got so strong I bought myself a couple of bass hooks and a spinner<sup>4</sup> and returned to the lake where we used to go, for a week’s fishing and to revisit old haunts.

I took along my son, who had never had any fresh water up his nose and who had seen lily pads<sup>5</sup> only from train windows. On the journey over to the lake I began to wonder what it would be like. I wondered how time would have marred<sup>6</sup> this unique, this holy spot – the coves and streams, the hills that the sun set behind, the camps and the paths behind the camps. I was sure the tarred road would have found it out and I wondered in what other ways it would be desolated. It is strange how much you can remember about places like that once you allow your mind to return into the grooves which lead back. You remember one thing, and that suddenly reminds you of another thing. I guess I remembered clearest of all the early mornings, when the lake was cool and motionless, remembered how the bedroom smelled of the lumber it was made of and of the wet woods whose scent entered through the screen. The partitions in the camp were thin and did not extend clear to the top of the rooms, and as I was always the first up I would dress softly so as not to wake the others, and sneak out into the sweet outdoors and start out in the canoe, keeping close along the shore in the long shadows of the pines. I remembered being very careful never to rub my paddle against the gunwale<sup>7</sup> for fear of disturbing the stillness of the cathedral.

I was right about the tar: it led to within half a mile of the shore. But when I got back there, with my boy, and we settled into a camp near a farmhouse and into the kind of summertime I had known, I could tell that it was going to be pretty much the same as it had been before – I knew it, lying in bed the first morning, smelling the bedroom, and hearing the boy sneak quietly out and go off along the shore in a boat. I began to sustain the illusion that he was I, and therefore, by simple transposition, that I was my father. This sensation persisted, kept cropping up all the time we were there. It was not an entirely new feeling, but in this setting it grew much stronger. I seemed to be living a dual existence. I would be in the middle of some simple act, I would be picking up a bait box or laying down a table fork, or I would be saying something, and suddenly it would be not I but my father who was saying the words or making the gesture. It gave me a creepy sensation.

“One Man’s Meat” by E.B. White, published by Tilbury Press, Gardiner, Maine USA

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<sup>1</sup> camp: cabin  
<sup>2</sup> Maine: the northeasternmost state in the U.S.  
<sup>3</sup> placidity: calmness  
<sup>4</sup> bass hooks and a spinner: equipment for fishing  
<sup>5</sup> lily pads: the floating leaves of a plant that grows in lakes  
<sup>6</sup> marred: spoiled  
<sup>7</sup> gunwale: the top edge of the side of a boat

We went fishing the first morning. I felt the same damp moss covering the worms in the bait can, and saw the dragonfly alight on the tip of my rod as it hovered a few inches from the surface of the water. It was the arrival of this fly that convinced me beyond any doubt that everything was as it always had been, that the years were a mirage and that there had been no years. The small waves were the same, chucking the rowboat under the chin as we fished at anchor, and the boat was the same boat, the same color green and the ribs broken in the same places, and under the floorboards the same fresh water leavings and débris—the dead helgramite, the wisps of moss, the rusty discarded fish hook, the dried blood from yesterday’s catch. We stared silently at the tips of our rods, at the dragonflies that came and went. I lowered the tip of mine into the water, tentatively, pensively dislodging the fly, which darted two feet away, poised, darted two feet back, and came to rest again a little farther up the rod. There had been no years between the ducking of this dragonfly and the other one—the one that was part of memory. I looked at the boy, who was silently watching his fly, and it was my hands that held his rod, my eyes watching. I felt dizzy and didn’t know which rod I was at the end of.

We caught two bass, hauling them in briskly as though they were mackerel, pulling them over the side of the boat in a businesslike manner without any landing net, and stunning them with a blow on the back of the head. When we got back for a swim before lunch, the lake was exactly where we had left it, the same number of inches from the dock, and there was only the merest suggestion of a breeze. This seemed an utterly enchanted sea, this lake you could leave to its own devices for a few hours and come back to, and find that it had not stirred, this constant and trustworthy body of water. In the shallows, the dark, water-soaked sticks and twigs, smooth and old, were undulating in clusters on the bottom against the clean ribbed sand, and the track of the mussel was plain. A school of minnows swam by, each minnow with its small individual shadow, doubling the attendance, so clear and sharp in the sunlight. Some of the other campers were in swimming, along the shore, one of them with a cake of soap, and the water felt thin and clear and unsubstantial. Over the years there had been this person with a cake of soap, this cultist, and here he was. There had been no years.

Up to the farmhouse to dinner through the teeming dusty field, the road under our sneakers was only a two-track road. The middle track was missing, the one with the marks of hooves and splotches of dried, flaky manure. There had always been three tracks to choose from in choosing which track to walk in; now the choice was narrowed down to two. For a moment I missed terribly the middle alternative. But the way led past the tennis court, and something about the way it lay there in the sun reassured me; the tape had loosened along the backline, the alleys were green with plantains and other weeds, and the net (installed in June and removed in September) sagged in the dry noon, and the whole place steamed with midday heat and hunger and emptiness. There was a choice of pie for dessert, and one was blueberry and one was apple, and the waitresses were the same country girls, there having been no passage of time, only the illusion of it as in a dropped curtain—the waitresses were still fifteen; their hair had been washed, that was the only difference—they had been to the movies and seen pretty girls with clean hair.

Summertime, oh, summertime, pattern of life indelible with fade-proof lake, the wood unshatterable, the pasture with the sweetfern and the juniper forever and ever, summer without end; this was the background, and the life along the shore was the design, the cottages with their innocent and tranquil design, their tiny docks with the flagpole and the American flag floating against the white clouds in the blue sky, the little paths over the roots of the trees leading from the camp to camp and the paths leading back to the outhouses and the can of lime for sprinkling, and at the souvenir counters at the store the miniature birch-bark canoes and the postcards that showed things looking a little better than they looked. This was the American family at play, escaping the city heat, wondering whether the newcomers in the camp at the head of the cove were “common”

or “nice,” wondering whether it was true that the people who drove up for Sunday dinner at the farmhouse were turned away because there wasn’t enough chicken.

It seemed to me, as I kept remembering all this, that those times and those summers had been infinitely precious and worth saving. There had been jollity and peace and goodness. The arriving (at the beginning of August) had been so big business in itself, at the railway station the farm wagon drawn up, the first smell of the pine-laden air, the first glimpse of the smiling farmer, and the great importance of the trunks and your father’s enormous authority in such matters, and the feel of the wagon under you for the long ten-mile haul, and at the top of the last long hill catching the first view of the lake after eleven months of not seeing this cherished body of water. The shouts and cries of the other campers when they saw you, and the trunks to be unpacked, to give up their rich burden. (Arriving was less exciting nowadays, when you sneaked up in your car and parked it under a tree near the camp and took out the bags and in five minutes it was all over, no fuss, no loud wonderful fuss about trunks.)

Peace and goodness and jollity. The only thing that was wrong now, really, was the sound of the place, an unfamiliar nervous sound of the outboard motors. This was the note that jarred, the one thing that would sometimes break the illusion and set the years moving. In those other summertimes all motors were inboard; and when they were at a little distance, the noise they made was a sedative, an ingredient of summer sleep. They were one-cylinder and two-cylinder engines, and some were make-and-break and some were jump-spark, but they all made a sleepy sound across the lake. The one-lungers throbbed and fluttered, and twin-cylinder ones purred and purred, and that was a quiet sound, too. But now the campers all had outboards. In the daytime, in the hot mornings, these motors made a petulant, irritable sound; at night in the still of evening when the afterglow lit the water, they whined about one’s ears like mosquitoes. My boy loved our rented outboard, and his great desire was to achieve single-handed mastery over it, and authority, and he soon learned the trick of choking it a little (but not too much), and the adjustment of the needle valve. Watching him I would remember the things you could do with the old one-cylinder engine with the heavy flywheel, how you could have it eating out of your hand if you got really close to it spiritually. Motorboats in those days didn’t have clutches, and you would make a landing by shutting off the motor at the proper time and coasting in with a dead rubber. But there was a way of reversing them, if you learned the trick, by cutting the switch and putting it on again exactly on the final dying revolution of the flywheel, so that it would kick back against compression and begin reversing. Approaching a dock in a strong following breeze, it was difficult to slow up sufficiently by the ordinary coasting method, and if a boy felt he had complete mastery over his motor, he was tempted to keep it running beyond its time and then reverse it a few feet from the dock. It took a cool nerve, because if you threw the switch a twentieth of a second too soon you would catch the flywheel when it still had speed enough to go up past center, and the boat would leap ahead, charging bull-fashion at the dock.

We had a good week at the camp. The bass were biting well and the sun shone endlessly, day after day. We would be tired at night and lie down in the accumulated heat of the little bedrooms after the long hot day and the breeze would stir almost imperceptibly outside and the smell of the swamp drift in through the rusty screens. Sleep would come easily and in the morning the red squirrel would be on the roof, tapping out his gay routine. I kept remembering everything, lying in bed in the mornings—the small steamboat that had a long rounded stern like the lip of a Ubangi, and how quietly she ran on the moon-light sails, when the older boys played their mandolins and the girls sang and we ate doughnuts dipped in sugar, and how sweet the music was on the water in the shining night, and what it had felt like to think about girls then. After breakfast we would go up to the store and the things were in the same place—the minnows in a bottle, the plugs and spinners disarranged and pawed over by the youngsters of the boys’ camp,

the Fig Newtons and the Beeman’s gum. Outside, the road was tarred and cars stood in front of the store. Inside, all was just as it had always been, except there was more Coca-Cola and not so much Moxie and root beer and birch beer and sarsaparilla. We would walk out with the bottle of pop apiece and sometimes the pop would backfire up our noses and hurt. We explored the streams, quietly, where the turtles slid off the sunny logs and dug their way unto the soft bottom; and we lay on the town wharf and fed worms to the tame bass. Everywhere we went I had trouble making out which was I, the one walking at my side, the one walking in my pants.

One afternoon while we were at that lake a thunderstorm came up. It was like the revival of an old melodrama that I had seen long ago with childish awe. The second-act climax of the drama of the electrical disturbance over a lake in America had not changed in any important respect. This was the big scene, still the big scene. The whole thing was so familiar, the first feeling of oppression and heat and a general air around camp of not wanting to go very far away. In midafternoon (it was all the same) a curious darkening of the sky, and a lull in everything that had made life tick; and then the way the boats suddenly swung the other way at their moorings with the coming of a breeze out of the new quarter, and the premonitory rumble. Then the kettle drum, then the snare, then the bass drum and cymbals, then crackling light against the dark and the gods grinning and licking their chops in the hills. Afterward the calm, the rain steadily rustling in the calm lake, the return of light and hope and spirits, and the campers running out in joy and relief to go swimming in the rain, their bright cries perpetuating the deathless joke about how they were getting simply drenched, and the children screaming with delight at the new sensation of bathing in the rain, and the joke about getting drenched linking the generations in a strong indestructible chain. And the comedian who waded in carrying an umbrella.

When the others went swimming my son said he was going in, too. He pulled his dripping trunks from the line where they had been hung all through the shower and wrung them out. Languidly, and with no thought of going in, I watched him, his hard little body, skinny and bare, saw him wince slightly as he pulled up around his vitals the small, soggy, icy garment. As he buckled the swollen belt, suddenly my groin felt the chill of death.

From the essay “Once More to the Lake” by E.B. White (1941)

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