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

Tuesday 3 May 2011 (morning)

Mardi 3 mai 2011 (matin)

Martes 3 de mayo de 2011 (mañana)

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

I have always been a slave to juice, that sweet, heady nectar that dribbles from a ripe peach or melon, runs down your chin and drips on to your chest. Juice is what takes fruit from being simply a pleasure to a sensual experience. All juice is good but some is sublime – consider mango, mulberry and papaya, cherry, peach and blackcurrant. I think of juice as the very essence, the succulence, of a fruit, and, much though I enjoy scrunching into the flesh of a ripe nectarine or squashing a raspberry against the roof of my mouth, it is the sweet juice rather than the texture of the fruit that really rings my bell. The cold liquor that drips from a perfectly ripe pear or a wedge of watermelon is, in my book, a gift from the gods.

Such pleasures are obvious to anyone who thinks of eating as a joy rather than “something that just has to be done,” but vegetables always remained for me the territory of the hardened juicer, the drink-yourself-younger sort of healthy-eating enthusiast. Fine, their world and they’re welcome to it. That was until I first made a vast glass of carrot juice, a little tumbler of vivid beetroot, or added celery juice to apple to give it an even deeper flavour. Before I got a buzz from gulping down a glass of spinach and carrot or sipping a beaker of pear and watercress. Now, before you think I have lost the plot, or joined the world of people who eat for health rather than for pleasure, I should add that I have included no drink in this book purely because it is “good for you” or gives you a buzz. Every drink is here because it tastes delicious ...

Juice can be a powerhouse of vitamins and minerals that help to keep us in good health. It can keep our skin clear, our hair shiny, our cheeks glowing. Juice can rid us of the toxins of modern living, it can help with all manner of ills and fill us with vitality. But these are bonuses, and the point of pushing a fruit through a machine to extract its liquid will, for me, always be the pleasure of drinking the end product. The fact that it might, just might, cure everything from hiccups to PMT\* is a bonus, an extra, a glorious freebie.

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\* PMT: pre-menstrual tension

**Text 2**

No matter what your age is, it is never too late to start “drinking” your fruits and vegetables. Juices can flush toxins from your body, and they are good for your weight, heart, circulation and overall well being.

5 “If you have not yet experienced the miraculous benefits of holistic healing<sup>1</sup>, juices are a safe and effective way to join the alternative medicine revolution and can SAVE YOUR LIFE,” says Dr Sandra Cabot. She has taken raw fruits and vegetables containing restorative, pain-relieving, and disease-fighting properties and combined them into simple juice concoctions that diminish or cure dozens and dozens of common ailments.

10 Dr Cabot is a medical doctor using nutritional medicine who first and foremost likes to ensure that no harm comes to her patients. In her book *Raw Juices Can Save Your Life!* she says, “There is no doubt in my mind that raw juicing can save your life. I have seen it work miracles in some of my patients who were stuck on the merry-go-round of drug therapy.”

15 The juice from raw fruits and vegetables has powerful healing and rejuvenating properties that can help people with all sorts of health problems. It is easier to drink a juice than chew your way through large amounts of fibrous raw vegetables, especially if you are feeling fatigued or disinterested in food.

20 Raw juices are able to stimulate the function of the bowels, liver and kidneys, which increases the breakdown and elimination of toxic chemicals and waste products from the body. The raw juices can increase the quality and flow of the bile. This is very important in detoxification, because the liver pumps large amounts of toxic poisons out of the body through the bile. In some people, the biliary<sup>2</sup> system is like a “sewer” in that it is laden with unhealthy fats and toxins.

For those who feel they need an extra boost, there is nothing better than having a raw juice every day.

Adapted from the online store which sells juicers, [www.boutiquehealth.co.nz](http://www.boutiquehealth.co.nz) (2010)

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<sup>1</sup> holistic healing: form of medical treatment that attempts to deal with the whole person and not merely his or her physical condition

<sup>2</sup> biliary: gall bladder

## 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 3

Every night after dinner, my mother and I would sit at the Formica\* kitchen table. She would present new tests, taking her examples from stories of amazing children she had read about in *Ripley's Believe it or Not*, or *Good Housekeeping*, *Reader's Digest*, and a dozen other magazines she kept in a pile in our bathroom. My mother got these magazines from people whose  
5 houses she cleaned. And since she cleaned many houses each week, we had a great assortment. She would look through them all, searching for stories about remarkable children.

The first night she brought out a story about a three-year-old boy who knew the capitals of all the states and even most of the European countries. A teacher was quoted as saying the little  
10 boy could also pronounce the names of the foreign cities correctly.

“What’s the capital of Finland?” my mother asked me, looking at the magazine story.

All I knew was the capital of California, because Sacramento was the name of the street we lived on in Chinatown. “Nairobi!” I guessed, saying the most foreign word I could think of. She checked to see if that was possibly one way to pronounce “Helsinki” before showing me  
15 the answer.

The tests got harder – multiplying numbers in my head, finding the queen of hearts in a deck of cards, trying to stand on my head without using my hands, predicting the daily temperatures in Los Angeles, New York, and London.

One night I had to look at a page from the Bible for three minutes and then report everything I could remember. “Now Jehoshaphat had riches and honor in abundance and ... that’s all  
20 I remember, Ma,” I said.

And after seeing my mother’s disappointed face once again, something inside of me began to die. I hated the tests, the raised hopes and failed expectations. Before going to bed that night, I looked in the mirror above the bathroom sink and when I saw only my face staring back – and that it would always be this ordinary face – I began to cry.

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\* Formica: a type of hard durable plastic used for working surfaces

**Text 4**

When Europe developed a taste for prodigies<sup>1</sup> in the eighteenth century, an English writer named Hester Lynch Thrale made it her mission in life to turn her eldest daughter into a superchild. By the age of two and a half, Queeney was already showing signs of having a prodigious<sup>2</sup> memory. She could name the nations, seas, and capital cities of Europe; she knew the solar system, the compass, and the signs of the zodiac; she could recite the days of the week and months of the year, as well as numerous religious texts. By four and half, little Queeney knew Latin grammar. With a very familiar blend of boasting and self-pity, her long-suffering mother wrote: “I have never dined out, nor ever paid a visit where I did not carry her, unless I left her in bed; for to the care of servants (except asleep) I have never yet left her an hour”.

All this micromanaging ended badly. None of Thrale’s children achieved intellectual stardom, and she eventually fell out with them all, especially Queeney, whom she described as “sullen, malicious, desirous of tormenting me, even by hurting herself”. She decided not to bother meting out<sup>3</sup> the same treatment to her youngest daughter, Sophy. “I have really listened to babies learning till I am half stupefied – and all my pains have been answered so poorly. I have no heart to battle with Sophy ... I will not make her life miserable.”

The yearning for an uber-child has always been there, buried deep within the DNA of every parent. What has changed is that many more of us now feel the social pressure, and have the time and money, to try to create one. Thrale’s failure is a reminder of how futile and ruinous this quest can be – in any century. We have it in our power to change, to ease off.

How do we start? The first step is to accept that children have a range of skills and interests – and that there are many paths to adulthood. Life does not end if you don’t get into Harvard or Oxford. Not everyone is cut out to work on Wall Street<sup>4</sup>, and not everyone wants to. By definition, only a handful of children will ever grow up to be truly exceptional in any field. If we are going to reinvent childhood in a way that is good for both children and adults, then we must learn to tolerate diversity, doubt, rough edges here and there, even conflict. We have to cherish children for who they are instead of for what we want them to be.

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<sup>1</sup> prodigies: people, especially children, having extraordinary talent or ability

<sup>2</sup> prodigious: exceptional

<sup>3</sup> meting out: distributing

<sup>4</sup> Wall Street: financial district of New York City