

**English A: literature – Higher level – Paper 1**  
**Anglais A : littérature – Niveau supérieur – Épreuve 1**  
**Inglés A: literatura – Nivel superior – Prueba 1**

Wednesday 2 November 2016 (morning)  
Mercredi 2 novembre 2016 (matin)  
Miércoles 2 de noviembre de 2016 (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.
- Write a literary commentary on one passage only.
- The maximum mark for this examination paper is **[20 marks]**.

**Instructions destinées aux candidats**

- N'ouvrez pas cette épreuve avant d'y être autorisé(e).
- Rédigez un commentaire littéraire sur un seul des passages.
- Le nombre maximum de points pour cette épreuve d'examen est de **[20 points]**.

**Instrucciones para los alumnos**

- No abra esta prueba hasta que se lo autoricen.
- Escriba un comentario literario sobre un solo pasaje.
- La puntuación máxima para esta prueba de examen es **[20 puntos]**.

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

**1.**

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2.

### My Rival's House

is peopled with many surfaces.  
Ormolu\* and gilt, slipper satin,  
lush velvet couches,  
cushions so stiff you can't sink in.  
5 Tables polished clear enough to see distortions in.

We take our shoes off at her door,  
shuffle stocking-soled, tiptoe – the parquet floor  
is beautiful and its surface must  
be protected. Dust-  
10 cover, drawn shade,  
won't let the surface colour fade.

Silver sugar-tongs and silver salver,  
my rival serves us tea.  
She glosses over him and me.  
15 I am all edges, a surface, a shell  
and yet my rival thinks she means me well.  
But what squirms beneath her surface I can tell.  
Soon, my rival  
capped tooth, polished nail  
20 will fight, fight foul for her survival.  
Deferential, daughterly, I sip  
and thank her nicely for each bitter cup.

And I have much to thank her for.  
This son she bore –  
25 first blood to her –  
never, never can escape scot free  
the sour potluck of family.  
And oh how close  
this family that furnishes my rival's place.

30 Lady of the house.  
Queen bee.  
She is far more unconscious,  
far more dangerous than me.  
Listen, I was always my own worst enemy.  
35 She has taken even this from me.

She dishes up her dreams for breakfast.  
Dinner, and her salt tears pepper our soup.  
She won't  
give up.

Liz Lochhead, *A Choosing: The Selected Poems of Liz Lochhead*  
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\* ormolu: a gold-coloured metal used in decoration and making ornaments