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ENGLISH A: LITERATURE – STANDARD LEVEL – PAPER 1
ANGLAIS A : LITTÉRATURE – NIVEAU MOYEN – ÉPREUVE 1
INGLÉS A: LITERATURA – NIVEL MEDIO – PRUEBA 1

Thursday 2 May 2013 (morning)

Jeudi 2 mai 2013 (matin)

Jueves 2 de mayo de 2013 (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 guided literary analysis on one passage only. In your answer you must address both of the guiding questions provided.
- 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 une analyse littéraire dirigée d'un seul des passages. Les deux questions d'orientation fournies doivent être traitées dans votre réponse.
- Le nombre maximum de points pour cette épreuve d'examen est *[20 points]*.

INSTRUCCIONES PARA LOS ALUMNOS

- No abra esta prueba hasta que se lo autoricen.
- Escriba un análisis literario guiado sobre un solo pasaje. Debe abordar las dos preguntas de orientación en su respuesta.
- La puntuación máxima para esta prueba de examen es *[20 puntos]*.

Write a guided literary analysis on **one** passage only. In your answer you must address both of the guiding questions provided.

1.

Acceptance Speech

The radio’s replaying last night’s winners
 and the gratitude of the glamorous,
 everyone thanking everybody for making everything
 so possible, until I want to shush
 5 the faucet, dry my hands, join in right here
 at the cluttered podium of the sink, and thank

my mother for teaching me the true meaning of okra,
 my children for putting back the growl in hunger,
 my husband, *primo uomo* of dinner, for not
 10 begrudging me this starring role—

without all of them, I know this soup
 would not be here tonight.

And let me just add that I could not
 have made it without the marrow bone, that blood—
 15 brother to the broth, and the tomatoes
 who opened up their hearts, and the self-effacing limas,
 the blonde sorority of corn, the cayenne
 and oregano who dashed in
 in the nick of time.

20 Special thanks, as always, to the salt—
 you know who you are—and to the knife,
 who revealed the ripe beneath the rind,
 the clean truth underneath the dirty peel.

—I hope I’ve not forgotten anyone—
 25 oh, yes, to the celery and the parsnip,
 those bit players only there to swell the scene,
 let me just say: sometimes I know exactly how you feel.

But not tonight, not when it’s all
 coming to something and the heat is on and
 30 I’m basking in another round
 of blue applause.

From *The Zones of Paradise* by Lynn Powell, copyright © 2003 Lynn Powell.
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- (a) Consider the situation and attitude of the speaker especially in relation to the opening and closing stanzas.
- (b) Discuss the sources and importance of humour in the poem.

2.

THE floor under the little rock overhang was level and sandy. He crawled in as usual with his dustpan and brush and sat up. At the back of the tiny cave was a brick wall darkened with soot like the back of a fireplace. The row of bricks below the rock roof was missing. That, he supposed, was where the smoke went, although there was no trace of a fire on the clean sand floor. He knelt in front of the wall, poked his brush up into the gap and began to sweep away busily. Soot poured down, piling up on the floor in front of him. He brushed harder. Then the spiders began, small at first, but black as pitch and very active. He watched them scabbling up the mound of soot, black on black, and brushed no more. Larger and larger spiders slithered out of the rift. He backed away until the tip of the overhang was pressing against his shoulders and waited for what he knew was coming.

But as usual, its arrival was swifter and more brutal than he was prepared for. It squeezed through the narrow gap and landed heavily but silently on the floor of the cave. King spider, the size of a young dog. Its many-faceted eyes took in everything at once, including Conrad pressed against the dipping rock roof. It, too, began to clamber up the mound of soot. He knew it was biding its time, waiting to attack, yet he did not move. To get out from under the overhang he would have had to bend his head and shoulders towards it and twist his legs beneath him. In doing this, he might lose his balance and lurch towards it, or at least make a sudden movement which would draw attention to himself. So he remained crouched on his knees, staring and stock-still, the soles of his feet pointing towards freedom.

He awoke shivering, staring with wide eyes at the black space between the wardrobe and the chest of drawers. Betsy lay with her back to him, her knees drawn up like a baby. She breathed slowly and deeply, as though she were breathing underwater, slow motion even in sleep. But reassuring. He put his hand on the long swell of her hip and stroked the blanket gratefully. Nothing moved in the darkness. There were no spiders. He settled back against the pillows and studied the blue ink of the window. He felt vaguely ashamed that, at his age, the springs of terror still ran so pure.

Quietly, so as not to disturb his wife, he got out of bed, pulled jeans and sweater over his pyjamas and went out on to the landing, closing the door softly. He paused in the darkness, listening. Only the faint hum of the refrigerator downstairs and the creak of the dog's basket as the creature lifted its head to attend.

He switched on the landing light, climbed the aluminium ladder, unlocked the trapdoor and clambered into the attic, pulling the ladder up behind him. Softly, he lowered the trapdoor again and switched on the lights. His pictures stared at him from around the room, muddy ominous shapes. Like the dream spiders, he thought, but without the power of dreams. Blackness without terror. Mere gloom.

A Alvarez, *Hunt* (1978) Copyright ©Al Alvarez

- (a) How does the writer convey the states of mind of the main character?
- (b) Consider the significance of the dream sequence to the passage as a whole.