

English A: literature – Standard level – Paper 1
Anglais A : littérature – Niveau moyen – Épreuve 1
Inglés A: literatura – Nivel medio – Prueba 1

Wednesday 3 May 2017 (afternoon)

Mercredi 3 mai 2017 (après-midi)

Miércoles 3 de mayo de 2017 (tarde)

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 de **[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.

She disappointed us by giving us an ordinary lesson, complete with vocabulary word drills, comprehension questions, and recitation. She didn't seem to care for the material, however. She sighed every few minutes and rubbed her glasses with a frilly perfumed handkerchief that she withdrew, magician style, from her left sleeve.

5 After reading we moved on to arithmetic. It was my favorite time of the morning, when the lazy autumn sunlight dazzled its way through ribbons of clouds past the windows on the east side of the classroom, and crept across the linoleum floor. On the playground the first group of children, the kindergartners, were running on the quack grass* just beyond the monkey bars. We were doing multiplication tables. Miss Ferenczi had made John Wazny stand up at his desk
10 in the front row. He was supposed to go through the tables of six. From where I was sitting, I could smell the Vitalis soaked into John's plastered hair. He was doing fine until he came to six times eleven and six times twelve. "Six times eleven," he said, "is sixty-eight. Six times twelve is..." He put his fingers to his head, quickly and secretly sniffed his fingertips, and said, "seventy-two." Then he sat down.

15 "Fine," Miss Ferenczi said. "Well now. That was very good."

 "Miss Ferenczi!" One of the Eddy twins was waving her hand desperately in the air.

 "Miss Ferenczi! Miss Ferenczi!"

 "Yes?"

 "John said that six times eleven is sixty-eight and you said he was right!"

20 "Did I?" She gazed at the class with a jolly look breaking across her marionette's face.

 "Did I say that? Well, what *is* six times eleven?"

 "It's sixty-six!"

 She nodded. "Yes. So it is. But, and I know some people will not entirely agree with me, at some times it is sixty-eight."

25 "When? When is it sixty-eight?"

 We were all waiting.

 "In higher mathematics, which you children do not yet understand, six times eleven can be considered to be sixty-eight." She laughed through her nose. "In higher mathematics numbers are... more fluid. The only thing a number does is contain a certain amount of
30 something. Think of water. A cup is not the only way to measure a certain amount of water, is it?" We were staring, shaking our heads. "You could use saucepans or thimbles. In either case, the water *would be the same*. Perhaps," she started again, "it would be better for you to think that six times eleven is sixty-eight only when I am in the room."

 "Why is it sixty-eight," Mark Poole asked, "when you're in the room?"

35 "Because it's more interesting that way," she said, smiling very rapidly behind her blue-tinted glasses. "Besides, I'm your substitute teacher, am I not?" We all nodded.

 "Well, then, think of six times eleven equals sixty-eight as a substitute fact."

 "A substitute fact?"

40 "Yes." Then she looked at us carefully. "Do you think," she asked, "that anyone is going to be hurt by a substitute fact?"

We looked back at her.

“Will the plants on the windowsill be hurt?” We glanced at them. There were sensitive plants thriving in a green plastic tray, and several wilted ferns in small clay pots. “Your dogs and cats, or your moms and dads?” She waited. “So,” she concluded, “what’s the problem?”

45 “But it’s wrong,” Janice Weber said, “isn’t it?”

“What’s your name, young lady?”

“Janice Weber.”

“And you think it’s wrong, Janice?”

“I was just asking.”

50 “Well, all right. You were just asking. I think we’ve spent enough time on this matter by now, don’t you, class? You are free to think what you like. When your teacher, Mr. Hibler, returns, six times eleven will be sixty-six again, you can rest assured. And it will be that for the rest of your lives in Five Oaks. Too bad, eh?” She raised her eyebrows and glinted herself at us. “But for now, it wasn’t. So much for that. Let us go to your assigned problems for today,
55 as painstakingly outlined, I see, in Mr. Hibler’s lesson plan. Take out a sheet of paper and write your names in the upper left-hand corner.”

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* quack grass: weedy grass

- (a) Comment on the interactions between the teacher and the children, and what these interactions imply about life and learning.
- (b) What techniques does the author use to create humour while also conveying ideas implied in the passage?

2.

The Bat

Lightless, unholy, eldritch¹ thing,
Whose murky and erratic wing
Swoops so sickeningly, and whose
Aspect to the female Muse²
5 Is a demon's, made of stuff
Like tattered, sooty waterproof,
Looking dirty, clammy, cold.

Wicked, poisonous, and old:
I have maligned thee! ...for the Cat
10 Lately caught a little bat,
Seized it softly, bore it in.
On the carpet, dark as sin
In the lamplight, painfully
It limped about, and could not fly.

15 Even fear must yield to love,
And pity makes the depths to move.
Though sick with horror, I must stoop,
Grasp it gently, take it up,
And carry it, and place it where
20 It could resume the twilight air.

Strange revelation! warm as milk,
Clean as a flower, smooth as silk!
O what a piteous face appears,
What great fine thin translucent ears!
25 What chestnut down and crapy³ wings,
Finer than any lady's things —
And O a little one that clings!

Warm, clean, and lovely, though not fair,
And burdened with a mother's care:
30 Go hunt the hurtful fly, and bear
My blessing to your kind in air.

Ruth Pitter, 'The Bat', in *Collected Poems* (1996)

¹ eldritch: weird and sinister or ghostly

² Muse: a source of creative inspiration

³ crapy: delicately wrinkled, also spelled "crepey"

- (a) Comment on the development of the speaker's attitude towards the bat.
- (b) How do the literary devices employed by the poet contribute to this development?
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