



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

Thursday 3 May 2001 (afternoon)

Jeudi 3 mai 2001 (après-midi)

Jueves 3 de mayo de 2001 (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**

- Ne pas ouvrir cette épreuve avant d'y être autorisé.
- 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. Écrire 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)

School was a very happy place for me. I was a diligent student. I was also a favorite of many of my teachers, who were always singling me out to clap the erasers or wash the blackboards or ring the school bells. If you ask me the names of my professors in college or graduate school, I'd have trouble coming up with more than three or four. But I still  
5 remember the teachers who molded me in elementary and high school.

The most important thing I learned in school was how to communicate. Miss Raber, our ninth-grade teacher, had us turn in a theme paper of five hundred words every Monday morning. Week in and week out, we had to write that damn paper. By the end of the year, we had learned how to express ourselves in writing.

10 In class she would quiz us on the Word Power Game from *Reader's Digest*. Without any advance warning she'd rip it out of the magazine and make us take the vocabulary test. It became a powerful habit with me – to this day I still look for the list of words in every issue of the *Digest*.

15 After a few months of these quizzes, we knew a lot of words. But we still didn't know how to put them together. At that point, Miss Raber started us on extemporaneous speaking. I was good at it, and as a result I joined the debating team, which was sponsored by Mr. Virgil Parks, our Latin teacher. That's where I developed my speaking skills and learned how to think on my feet.

20 At first I was scared to death. I had butterflies in my stomach – and to this day I still get a little nervous before giving a speech. But the experience of being on the debating team was crucial. You can have brilliant ideas, but if you can't get them across, your brains won't get you anywhere. When you're fourteen years old, nothing polishes your skills like arguing both sides of "Should capital punishment be abolished?" That was the hot issue in 1938 – and I must have spoken for each side of the debate at least twenty-five times.

From *An Autobiography* by Lee Iacocca,  
former President of both the Ford Motor Company and the Chrysler Corporation.

**Text 1 (b)**

When the last sound of my mother's departing wheels had died away, the Headmaster invited me to hand over any money I had in my possession. I produced my three half-crowns, which were duly entered in a book. Then we quitted the Headmaster's parlour and the comfortable private side of the house, and entered the more black apartments reserved for the instruction and accommodation of the pupils. I was taken into a Form Room and told to sit at a desk. All the other boys were out of doors, and I was alone with the Form Master. He produced a thin, greeny-brown covered book filled with words in different types of print.

5 'You have never done any Latin before, have you?' he said.

10 'No, sir.'

'This is a Latin grammar.' He opened it at a well-thumbed page. 'You must learn this,' he said, pointing to a number of words in a frame of lines. 'I will come back in half an hour and see what you know.'

Behold me then on a gloomy evening, with an aching heart, seated in front of the First

15 Declension:

Mensa a table

Mensa O table

Mensam a table

Mensae of a table

20 Mensae to or for a table

Mensa by, with or from a table

What on earth did it mean? Where was the sense in it? It seemed absolute rigmarole to me. However, there was one thing I could always do: I could learn by heart. And I thereupon proceeded, as far as my private sorrows would allow, to memorize the task which had been set me.

25 In due course the Master returned.

'Have you learnt it?' he asked.

'I think I can say it, sir,' I replied; and I gabbled it off.

He seemed so satisfied with this that I was emboldened to ask a question.

30 'What does it mean, sir?'

'It means what it says. Mensa, a table. Mensa is a noun of the First Declension. There are five declensions. You have learned the singular of the First Declension.'

'But,' I repeated, 'what does it mean?'

'Mensa means a table,' he answered.

35 'Then why does mensa also mean O table,' I enquired, 'and what does O table mean?'

‘Mensa, O table is the vocative case,’ he replied.

‘But why O table?’ I persisted in genuine curiosity.

‘O table – you would use it in addressing a table, in invoking a table.’ And then,  
40 seeing he was not carrying me with him, ‘You would use it in speaking to a table.’

‘But I never do,’ I blurted out in honest amazement.

‘If you are impertinent, you will be punished, and punished, let me tell you, very severely,’ was his conclusive rejoinder.

Such was my first introduction to the classics from which, I have been told, many of our  
45 cleverest men have derived so much solace<sup>1</sup> and profit.

from *My Early Life*, an autobiography by Winston Churchill,  
British Prime Minister during World War II and winner of the Nobel prize for literature.

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<sup>1</sup> solace: comfort or relief in times of difficulty



## 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)

#### Little Johnny's Final Letter

Mother,  
I won't be home this evening, so  
don't worry; don't hurry to report me missing.  
Don't drain the canals to find me,  
5 I've decided to stay alive, don't  
search the woods, I'm not hiding,  
simply gone to get myself classified.  
Don't leave my Shreddies<sup>1</sup> out,  
I've done with security.  
10 Don't circulate my photograph to society  
I have disguised myself as a man  
and am giving priority to obscurity.<sup>2</sup>  
It suits me fine;  
I've taken off my short trousers  
15 and put on long ones, and  
now am going out into the city, so  
don't worry; don't hurry to report me missing.

I've rented a room without any curtains  
and sit behind the windows growing cold,  
20 heard your plea on the radio this morning,  
you sounded sad and strangely old ...

poem by Brian Patten

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<sup>1</sup> Shreddies: a brand of breakfast cereal

<sup>2</sup> giving priority to obscurity: hiding, keeping a low profile

**Text 2 (b)**

**She's Leaving Home**

Wednesday morning at five o'clock as the day begins  
silently closing her bedroom door  
leaving the note that she hoped would say more  
she goes downstairs to the kitchen  
5 clutching her handkerchief  
quietly turning the backdoor key  
stepping outside she is free.

She (We gave her most of our lives)  
is leaving (Sacrificed most of our lives)  
10 home (We gave her everything money could buy)  
She's leaving home after living alone  
for so many years. Bye, bye.

Father snores as his wife gets into her dressing gown  
picks up the letter that's lying there  
15 standing alone at the top of the stairs  
she breaks down and cries to her husband  
daddy our baby's gone.  
Why should she treat us so thoughtlessly  
how could she do this to me.

20 She (We never thought of ourselves)  
is leaving (Never a thought for ourselves)  
home (We struggled hard all our lives to get by)  
She's leaving home after living alone  
for so many years. Bye, bye.

25 Friday morning at five o'clock she is far away  
waiting to keep the appointment she made  
meeting a man from the motor trade.

She (What did we do that was wrong)  
is leaving (We didn't know it was wrong)  
30 home (Fun is the one thing that money can't buy)  
something inside that was always denied  
for so many years. Bye, bye.  
She's leaving home, bye bye.

song by John Lennon and Paul McCartney