



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

Friday 12 November 2004 (afternoon)
Vendredi 12 novembre 2004 (après-midi)
Viernes 12 de noviembre de 2004 (tarde)

2 hours / 2 heures / 2 horas

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 (a)

There are other board riders around, some experts, some learners. At one time I would have curled up in self-conscious horror if I had thought there was anyone I knew around. Now I no longer care. Every surfer is a kind of companion. This, in my leisure time, is where I belong. It is where I am accepted, where everybody can be accepted, speaking the common language of surf people.

5 I try not to rush things. First I stay in the white water, ready to grab a good shore break. Paddling practice, then a gentle curving ride back to the edge of the beach.

My golden surfboard glints in the blinding sunlight. I can trust it all the way, and it seems like a live thing under me, trusting my guidance in the boiling white water.

10 Well, here goes. I'm off again, paddling way out beyond the broken surf this time. At last I lose myself in a string of board riders, all different abilities, all waiting for just the right wave to come looking up.

At last I pick out what seems to be a promising swell, heaving its way in our direction. I decide that this is a wave for me to catch. Straddling my board, I swing it round with unexpected ease – then I begin to paddle hard and the board is moving towards the beach. Somehow I've got it exactly right.

The rising wave is almost on me.

I paddle harder.

20 It breaks just a stroke behind me, and the sight of the sharp, overhanging edge on top makes the excitement rise inside me. I'm paddling like a mad thing, trying to catch the surge of the wave just right, praying it's not going to be a dumper.

I stop paddling and raise my chest a bit, gulping in air as I race forward. Somehow I manage to kneel without spoiling the trim of the board. I feel bolder.

It's unbelievable. My feet are positioned well and I'm steady on my lateral course. Hardly a muscle moves, and I resist the temptation to try a cutback or some other stunt.

25 It feels like a dream.

Better than a dream.

30 The shoreline looks closer. The wave is breaking behind me. Still, miraculously, I move forward. And this is what it's all about...what I've worked and saved for ... not just owning a board but having a great ride on it, my only proper ride so far. It's better than the Cakewalk, the Big Wheel, and the Big Dipper all rolled into one.

It's better than a slide down the mountains of the moon.

David Bateson, from *The Boy with the Golden Surf-board* (1973)

Text 1 (b)

Sighing, I shuffled into the pale green and cream-flecked water. The bay was surprisingly shallow. We trudged perhaps 100 feet out and it was still only a little over our knees, though even here there was an extraordinarily powerful current – strong enough to pull you off your feet if you weren’t real vigilant. Another fifty feet on, where the water rose over our waists, the waves were breaking.

5 If you discount a few hours in the lagoon-like waters of the Costa del Sol in Spain, and an icy, instantly regretted dip once in Maine, I have almost no experience of the sea, and I found it frankly disconcerting to be wading into a roller coaster of water. Deirdre shrieked with pleasure.

Then she showed me how the boogie board works. It was promisingly simple in principle. As a wave passed, she would leap aboard and skim along on its crest for many yards. Then Glenn

10 had a turn and went even further. There is no question that it looked like fun. It didn’t look too hard either. I was tentatively eager to have a try.

I positioned myself for the first wave, then jumped aboard and sank like an anvil.

‘How’d you do that?’ asked Glenn in wonder.

‘No idea.’

15 I repeated the exercise with the same result.

‘Amazing,’ he said.

There followed a half hour in which the two of them watched first with guarded amusement, then a kind of astonishment, and finally something not unlike pity, as I repeatedly vanished beneath the waves and was scraped over an area of ocean floor roughly the size of Polk County, Iowa.

20 After a variable but lengthy period, I would surface, gasping and confused, at a point anywhere from four feet to a mile and a quarter distant, and would be immediately carried under again by a following wave. Before long, people on the beach were on their feet and placing bets. It was commonly agreed that it was not physically possible to do what I was doing.

From my point of view, each underwater experience was essentially the same. I would

25 diligently attempt to replicate the dainty kicking motions Deirdre had shown me and try to ignore the fact that I was going nowhere. Not having anything to judge against this, I supposed I was doing rather well. I can’t pretend I was having a good time, but then it is a mystery to me how anyone could wade into such a merciless environment and expect to have fun. But I was resigned to my fate and knew that it would eventually be over.

30 Perhaps it was the oxygen deprivation, but I was rather lost in my own world when Deirdre grabbed my arm just before I was about to go under again.

Bill Bryson, from *Down Under* (2000)

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)

GIVE ME AN EAU

Some people think that a really good bottled water should taste of nothing. Others think it should taste of something – but not much. Just as purity is the absence of sin, a good water is often defined by its absence of taste – by the fact that there’s nothing wrong with it. But is there something wrong with us? In 2003, bottled water is, by far, the fastest growing drink on the market. It’s
 5 1,000 times as expensive as tap water. Every day, we spend nearly £2million on something that, many of us hope, will taste of nothing.

My quest to understand why we are such heavy drinkers of bottled water begins in Petrus, an upscale restaurant in central London. I’ve come to taste some waters with Alan Holmes, the head sommelier*. He is trying to get me to appreciate the glory of water. He’s a particular fan of
 10 San Pellegrino, the naturally carbonated water from northern Italy. ‘It’s subtle, not over-gassy,’ he says. And then he gives it a compliment you often hear in the world of water: ‘It’s quite neutral.’

We are tasting all kinds of water – among others glacial water from Canada, carbonated water from France and Italy and rainwater from Fiji. The market has gone global. This is a market that has been growing by ten per cent a year for five years. In 1998, we spent £360m on bottled
 15 water. Last year, we spent £847m on two billion litres of the stuff. We taste Ice Age, a water derived from glaciers in British Columbia. ‘Being frozen, it gives me the idea it’s purified,’ says Holmes. ‘It tastes very pure, almost like a dream tap water. It’s got an almost milky smell about it. It’s quite soft, very rounded.’

I take a sip. It tastes fine. It tastes of nothing. ‘It cleans your mouth,’ says Holmes. ‘It’s not
 20 sharp or aggressive.’ Over the course of the next hour, we get through a dozen waters. He tells me about a water called Cloud Juice, from an island off the coast of Australia, which is composed of rainwater from Antarctica. ‘It tastes like when you’re a child, and you’re out in the snow and you pop it in your mouth – that was the flavour.’

And look at this one – Fiji water. It tastes of nothing. It’s the taste you hope for, but rarely
 25 get, when you drink from the tap. The bottle is great. The label is transparent, so you can see the picture of a waterfall on the back of the bottle. I take another sip of the Fiji water. Is it my imagination, or does it taste slightly sweet?

Holmes holds up his glass of Fiji water. ‘Less is done to these waters,’ he says, ‘because they
 30 come from cleaner places.’ Meanwhile I’m looking at the waterfall on the bottle. This, I realize, is good marketing. I love the waterfall. I take another sip. It still tastes of nothing.

William Leith, adapted from *The Observer Food Monthly* (2003)

* sommelier: a wine waiter

Text 2 (b)

WATER AND SANITATION

A fundamental right

Clean water and decent sanitation – something that many of us take for granted – remains a life and death issue in much of the developing world.

5 Despite significant progress over the last two decades, some 1.1 billion people – one sixth of the world’s population do not have access to safe water and 2.4 billion lack basic sanitation.

Sub-Saharan Africa has the lowest safe drinking water access, at 54 per cent. South Asia’s safe water supply access is relatively good at 87 per cent, but it has by far the lowest sanitation coverage at 37 per cent.

A public health disaster

10 Lack of clean water, inadequate sanitation and poor hygiene practices are among the underlying causes of child deaths and illness. Each year, 25 million people die from diseases caused by unsafe drinking water and lack of water or sanitation and basic hygiene. More than half of these deaths are among children. Millions more are left underweight, mentally and physically disabled and vulnerable to disease.

15 UNICEF’s response

UNICEF works directly with community-based organizations and families themselves, helping to ensure that households have access to a clean and secure supply of water.

20 In emergency situations, safe water is critical. UNICEF takes the lead in the provision of water and sanitation services around the world. UNICEF has a long-established presence in most countries and is often the first United Nations agency on the ground providing water and sanitation in emergencies.

UNICEF’s water programmes

In Viet Nam, UNICEF promotes simple and cost effective solutions to clean water shortages, such as rainwater jars, water filters, hand pumps and electric pumps.

25 In Malawi, UNICEF supports the rehabilitation and installation of hand pumps. UNICEF also works to encourage communities to get involved in the provision of safe water for schools. Moreover, UNICEF organizes drama shows to create awareness on how to prevent and to manage cholera outbreaks.

30 In Somalia, UNICEF works with its partners to provide hand pumps on an emergency basis. UNICEF supports the rehabilitation of borewells to create mini water systems. It also works with community management teams and neighbourhood groups to maintain the systems and carry out educational awareness programmes for water users, teachers and pupils.

How you can help

35 It costs only £19 to build a reservoir to harvest 2,000 litres of rainwater in Lao and £7 to train a teacher on hygiene education. Please call our Helpdesk if you wish to make a donation.

Adapted from UNICEF information sheet (2003)