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

Friday 9 November 2007 (afternoon)  
Vendredi 9 novembre 2007 (après-midi)  
Viernes 9 de noviembre de 2007 (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**

- 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)

#### Precious Jewels

If rice is the heart of Balinese cooking, then spices are its soul. Steeped in their own fascinating history, they are the foundation upon which the local cuisine is built. Purple-red shallots, delicate miniature garlic, fragrant earthy gingers, sun ripe chillies, dried aromatic seeds and nuts are the essential spices in every Balinese kitchen. They hold a silent grace that speaks of power and vitality, and like precious jewels, are stored in a special place: in the dark in an aerated container.

5 Every morning, the deliberate rhythm of the mortar and pestle<sup>1</sup> grinding fresh spices can be heard coming from the depths of the kitchen. Body, mind and soul are energised as we pound the luscious red of chilli, the sweet scent of coriander seeds, the warm orange glow of turmeric, musky nutmeg and aromatic peppercorns into a delicious paste. The refreshing citrus fragrance  
10 of lemongrass always makes me smile and the subtle note of torch ginger warms my heart. The root spices such as turmeric, galangal and ginger are like a grandma’s hands, wise and well worn. They are ancient seasonings that have blessed many cultures and carry with them a thousand years of memories and magic. They firmly embrace other spices with their flavour, colour and texture, to create a magic sensation that transcends language.

15 Just as fire ignites offerings<sup>2</sup>, so it is the same for spices. The volcanic stone<sup>3</sup> is the essential element that brings these vibrant ingredients to life: through gentle bruising and grinding, hard seeds, herbs and fibrous spices are transformed into a powerful paste. Hot oil then releases their fragrance and flavour and water develops their intensity. Like a favourite tonic, a perfectly balanced spice paste nourishes the entire being.

20 For the making of spice pastes and ceremonial food, piles of spices are chopped with handcrafted knives to a deliberate rhythm that echoes an ancient beat. This primal<sup>4</sup> paste relies on a balance of aromatic, pungent spices which represent all that grows from the soil to the sky, the magic that lies beneath and above. Carefully selected and blended, the bitter, sweet, salty, sour, spicy and astringent flavours meet in dynamic harmony to form the basis of these sacred dishes.  
25 The success of the communal meal that follows lies in this balance, for the spirit of the preparation is ingested with each bite.

From Janet De Neefe’s memoir, *Fragrant Rice: My continuing love affair with Bali* (2003) Harper Collins

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<sup>1</sup> mortar and pestle: a heavy tool with a bowl used to manually crush spices

<sup>2</sup> offerings: in this context a sacred ritual or gift

<sup>3</sup> volcanic stone: a mortar and pestle that is made from volcanic stone

<sup>4</sup> primal: essential or fundamental

**Text 1 (b)**

I had been working in the herbs and spices industry for sixteen years and yet it was only over the preceding two years that I had really begun to discover the depth and diversity that permeates this ancient trade. At that stage in 1986, I thought I knew quite a lot about culinary herbs and spices. Although I had been involved in growing, processing and packing most herbs, I had only read  
5 about some aspects relating to spices. While I had blended and packed tonnes of pepper, turmeric, chilli, cardamom, cinnamon and nutmeg over the years, I had never seen any of these growing or being processed.

The company I managed sold a range of retail packs in supermarkets and ground spices to food manufacturers in Singapore, Malaysia and the Philippines. We employed a food technologist  
10 and over many weeks I learnt more than I ever thought there was to know about the different methods of processing spices.

To understand some of these activities better I wanted to see how businesses processed the spices. With this aim in mind, I visited a small spice-grinding business in Jurong, Singapore that was owned by an Indian family. They specialised in grinding chillies imported  
15 from India, Pakistan and China, and exported many tonnes of ground chillies. The atmosphere in the concrete, lichen-stained factory was a cross between a Dickensian<sup>1</sup> workhouse and a seventeenth-century godown<sup>2</sup>. The workers were stripped to their waists, wearing only the *longyi*<sup>3</sup>. Five spice grinders churned away noisily, reducing sacks of bright red chillies to a red-orange powder.

20 Because the mechanical action of grinding generates so much heat, the chilli powder has to be cooled when it comes out of the grinder; otherwise it can scorch and discolour. To prevent this, great piles of eye-watering chilli powder were spread out to cool on the concrete floor. After the powder was raked up by sweating, barefooted workers standing ankle deep in it, it was returned to the grinders for a second grinding before final bagging.

25 After about twenty minutes my ears were ringing from the constant clattering of the grinders, and although my nose and eyes were streaming, I was mesmerized<sup>4</sup> by the sweet, fruity aroma and lingering, burning sensation of chilli. I was starting to understand that even though our hygienic, state-of-the-art facility at home was superior to this somewhat primitive operation, it was essential to my education to see a process in its most basic form. Then I was able to fully appreciate it.

From Ian Hemphill's travelogue, *Spice Travels: A spice merchant's voyage of discovery* (2002)

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<sup>1</sup> Dickensian: a reminder of the novels of Charles Dickens especially in suggesting poor social conditions

<sup>2</sup> godown: warehouse or factory

<sup>3</sup> *longyi*: a piece of cloth worn with the back hem pulled up between the legs and tucked into the waist at the front to create what looks like baggy trousers

<sup>4</sup> mesmerized: held in complete attention, captivated

## 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)

#### Mountain Lion

Climbing through the January snow, into the Lobo canyon<sup>1</sup>  
Dark grow the spruce-trees, blue is the balsam<sup>2</sup>, water sounds  
still unfrozen, and the trail is still evident.

Men!

5 Two men!

Men! The only animal in the world to fear!

They hesitate.

We hesitate.

They have a gun.

10 We have no gun.

Then we all advance, to meet.

Two Mexicans, strangers, emerging out of the dark and snow  
and inwardness of the Lobo valley.

What are you doing here on this vanishing trail?

15 What is he carrying?

Something yellow.

A deer?

He smiles, foolishly, as if he were caught doing wrong.

And we smile, foolishly, as if we didn't know.

20 He is quite gentle and dark-faced.

It is a mountain lion,

A long, long slim cat, yellow like a lioness.

Dead.

He trapped her this morning, he says, smiling foolishly.

25 Lift up her face,  
Her round, bright face, bright as frost.  
Her round, fine-fashioned head, with two dead ears;  
And stripes in the brilliant frost of her face, sharp, fine dark  
rays.

30 Dark, keen, fine eyes in the brilliant frost of her face.  
Beautiful dead eyes.

So, she will never leap up that way again, with the yellow flash  
of a mountain lion's long shoot!  
And her bright striped frost-face will never watch any more, out  
35 of the shadow of the cave in the blood orange rock.  
Above the trees of the Lobo dark valley-mouth!

And I think in this empty world there was room for me and a  
mountain lion  
And I think in the world beyond, how easily we might spare  
40 a million or two of humans  
And never miss them.  
Yet what a gap in the world, the missing white frost-face of that  
slim yellow mountain lion!

© D.H. Lawrence, *Mountain Lion* (1923) Permission granted by the Estate of  
Frieda Lawrence Ravagli

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<sup>1</sup> Lobo canyon: a canyon that is part of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, New Mexico, USA

<sup>2</sup> balsam: a plant with blue or pink flowers

Text 2 (b)

He called himself a “wildlife warrior”. His message was conservation. Simple. Uncomplicated. Believable. If he had to wrestle a western diamondback rattlesnake and maybe scream a few popular catchphrases to deliver that message, then, he figured, so be it. Irwin was estimated to be earning \$4 million a year from Australia Zoo<sup>1</sup> alone. Four years ago, his television work was netting him \$20 million a year. He funnelled it all into conservation.

He bought hectares of land around the world, land he planned to transform into wildlife reserves. He spent \$8.8 million on land around Australia Zoo. He spoke about expanding the zoo to incorporate a flowing river system teeming with rhinoceroses and hippopotamuses that tourists could cruise down, admiring African animals in their natural habitats. He was linked to major landholdings at St George, Emu Creek, Tasmania, Vanuatu, Fiji and throughout the US. It was all for conservation, he maintained: the land, the documentaries, the films, the Steve Irwin dolls. It was all for them. “It hurt my feelings when they killed King Kong,” he once said.

It was his mother, Lyn, who first taught him about conservation. As far back as the early 1960s, when little was known about wildlife rehabilitation, Lyn Irwin was developing nursing techniques for orphaned koalas and raising wounded sugar gliders in the family living room, what Irwin came to call a giant maternity ward. “She was Mother Nature,” he said.

His parents shaped his destiny. Those nights in the Leichhardt River<sup>2</sup>, watching his father wrap his legs around feisty<sup>3</sup> crocodiles of the Gulf of Carpentaria, moulded him. His mother’s deep compassion shaped him. He was always going to be the wildlife warrior. “My destiny – my path in this life, in this world – was chosen for me,” he said. “All I had to do was walk the path and live my life.” That destiny, to Irwin, was putting environmental awareness and conservation into the minds of TV watchers around the world.

The *Crocodile Hunter* television series first began as strictly entertainment, a new spin on wildlife documentaries with hard-to-believe storylines. As the show’s popularity increased, however, Irwin began to incorporate one regular central theme: Steve and Terri Irwin’s mission to save the planet. The Irwins were forever saving endangered species. Subtle as a sledgehammer, Irwin would drive the message home: “Look what we’ve done to this little fellah<sup>4</sup>. Crikey<sup>5</sup> kids, this is what happens when we don’t look after the environment.”

Words by Matthew Fynes-Clinton, Trent Dalton, Glenis Green, Melissa Maugeri, Michael Madigan, John Wright, Fiona Hudson and Nick Papps, “A born educator”, *The Courier Mail*, (September 08, 2006) (<http://www.news.com.au/couriermail/story/0,23739,20371301-5008740,00.html>)

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<sup>1</sup> Australia Zoo: collective name given to large wildlife reservations created by Steve and Terri Irwin

<sup>2</sup> Leichhardt River: river that is renowned for its large crocodiles

<sup>3</sup> feisty: strong or very determined

<sup>4</sup> fellah: term of affection meaning ‘fellow’ or ‘friend’ (Australian slang)

<sup>5</sup> crikey: term of astonishment or surprise (British /Australian slang)