

ENGLISH A1 – STANDARD LEVEL – PAPER 1
ANGLAIS A1 – NIVEAU MOYEN – ÉPREUVE 1
INGLÉS A1 – NIVEL MEDIO – PRUEBA 1

Thursday 14 November 2002 (afternoon)
Jeudi 14 novembre 2002 (après-midi)
Jueves 14 de noviembre de 2002 (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 commentary on one passage only. It is not compulsory for you to respond directly to the guiding questions provided. However, you may use them if you wish.

INSTRUCTIONS DESTINÉES AUX CANDIDATS

- Ne pas ouvrir cette épreuve avant d'y être autorisé.
- Rédiger un commentaire sur un seul des passages. Le commentaire ne doit pas nécessairement répondre aux questions d'orientation fournies. Vous pouvez toutefois les utiliser si vous le désirez.

INSTRUCCIONES PARA LOS ALUMNOS

- No abra esta prueba hasta que se lo autoricen.
- Escriba un comentario sobre un solo fragmento. No es obligatorio responder directamente a las preguntas que se ofrecen a modo de guía. Sin embargo, puede usarlas si lo desea.

Write a commentary on one passage only. It is not compulsory for you to respond directly to the guiding questions provided. However, you are encouraged to use them as starting points for your commentary.

1. (a)

“Here comes Mrs O’Dwyer with the boy,” he said, “and Sam, there are three men, strangers, with her.”

“Shanty bosses come to buy farm stuff,” said Sam. He turned on Joe with an air of sudden mastery.

5 “Away with you down the bank,” he said, “Into the bush with you, an’ don’t come out until you hear me fire five shots in a string. Away with you!”

“Too late, Sam,” said the other, “they have seen me.”

“What’s all this, Bessie?”

Bessie wiped the baby’s wet lips with her apron.

10 “These gentlemen asked to see you, Sam. I guess they want some farm stuff off us for Piner’s Camp¹. So I brought them along.”

She looked placidly at her husband; the baby sprang in her arms eager to get to his friend Joe, whose red flannel shirt he found very attractive.

“Potatoes or flour?” asked Sam curtly, turning on the strangers.

15 “Well, it ain’t neither,” said one of them—he laid his hand on Joe’s wrist. “It’s this young gentleman we’re after; he robbed his employer two years’ back, and he’s wanted back by Uncle Sam. That’s about the size of it.”

There was nothing brutal in his look or speech; he knew he was not dealing with a hardened criminal: he even felt compassion for the wretched quarry he had in his talons.

20 “He’s in Canada—on British soil; I dare you to touch him!” said Sam fiercely.

“We have his extradition² papers right enough,” said one of the other detectives. “Don’t be so foolish as to resist the law, Mr O’Dwyer.”

25 “He shan’t for me,” said Joe, quietly. He stood motionless while the detective snapped one manacle of the handcuffs on his wrist; the steel glittered like a band of fire in the sun.

The child leaped strongly in Bessie’s arms, crowing with delight at the pretty brightness. She was a little off her guard, somewhat faint as she watched the deathly shame on the young man’s face which had never turned on her or hers but with tenderness and goodwill. Her brain reeled a little, her hands felt weak.

30 Suddenly there was a shriek, a flash of red, a soft plunge in the water. Joe threw his arms open, dashing aside the detectives like straws.

“Don’t hold me—let me save him!” he cried.

35 Sam could not swim; he stood on the bank holding Bessie, who screamed and struggled in convulsions of fright as she saw her child drowning. Joe rose in the current, fighting his way superbly towards the little red bundle whirling before him. One of the detectives covered him with a revolver.

“Try to escape and I’ll shoot,” he called out, “understand?”

40 Joe smiled. Escape to the opposite shore and leave Sam’s child to drown? No; he had no idea of it. It was a terrible fight between the man and the river—and the man subdued it unto him. He turned back to shore, the child in his teeth, both arms—one with the shining hand-cuff on it—beating the hostile current with fine, steady strokes.

Another moment and he would be safe on shore, a captive and ashamed. He spurned the yellow fringes of the current; he felt ground under his feet; he half rose to step on the bank. Then there rose a bewildering cry from Sam and the men watching him; he turned
45 and saw his danger.

With one sublime effort he flung the child on the bank, and then with the force of a battering ram the first of Piner’s logs crashed upon him. It reared against him like a living thing instinct with rage, and wallowing monster-like led its barky hordes down the rushing stream, rolling triumphantly over a bruised and shattered pigmy of creation, a man.

50 “Extradited, by ginger,” said one of the detectives, as the groaning logs rolled compactly together over the spot where Joe had gone down.

Before the men departed, Bessie, with the baby on her arm, in a nice clean frock, found opportunity to ask one of them a momentous question. “Do you think, he being dead, that I shall get any of the reward promised for his arrest? Only for me sending that
55 note to Pa tied round the pup’s neck, you would never have found him away back here, you know.”

“I guess not,” replied the detective eyeing her thoughtfully. “You’re a smart woman, you are, but you won’t get no reward all the same; pity, ain’t it?”

60 “It’s a shame,” she said, bursting into a passion of tears. “It don’t seem that there’s any reward for doing one’s duty; oh, it’s a down-right shame.”

Isabella Valancy Crawford in *Canadian Short Stories in English* (The story was written in the late 1880s)

¹ Piner’s camp: a site from which cut trees are transported down the river

² Extradition: the surrender of an alleged fugitive or criminal to another state

- Discuss diction in the passage.
- How has the writer used detail to shape the portrayal of character?
- How important is pace to the success of this set of events?
- What is the role of irony in this passage?

1. (b)

What Voice at Moth-Hour

What voice at moth-hour did I hear calling
As I stood in the orchard while the white
Petals of apple blossoms were falling,
Whiter than moth-wing in that twilight?

5 What voice did I hear as I stood by the stream,
Bemused in the murmurous wisdom there uttered,
While ripples at stone, in their steely gleam,
Caught last light before it was shuttered?

10 What voice did I hear as I wandered alone
In a premature night of cedar, beech, oak,
Each foot set soft, then still as stone
Standing to wait while the first owl spoke?

The voice that I heard once at dew-fall, I now
Can hear by a simple trick. If I close
15 My eyes, in that dusk I again know
The feel of damp grass between bare toes,

Can see the last zigzag, sky-skittering, high,
Of a bullbat¹, and even hear, far off, from
Swamp-cover, the whip-o-will¹, and as I
20 Once heard, hear the voice: *It's late! Come home.*

Robert Penn Warren from *New and Selected Poems, 1923 - 1985*

¹ nocturnal (night) birds

- How do questions function in the effect of this poem?
- What is the role of nature in the poem?
- What things can you infer about the speaker?
- How is a particular mood achieved in the poem?