

**ENGLISH A2 – STANDARD LEVEL – PAPER 1**  
**ANGLAIS A2 – NIVEAU MOYEN – ÉPREUVE 1**  
**INGLÉS A2 – NIVEL MEDIO – PRUEBA 1**

Friday 2 May 2003 (morning)

Vendredi 2 mai 2003 (matin)

Viernes 2 de mayo de 2003 (mañana)

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)

The last decade of the twentieth century came as a surprise. Of course we knew we had personal computers everywhere (suddenly). We knew we had a worldwide telephone network deploying<sup>1</sup> vines and tendrils<sup>2</sup> to every corner of the earth. We did not see that these facts – the computer and the network – were already joining to make something  
5 greater. Many people were beginning to believe once again – as their great-grandparents had, when the century opened – that technology had the power to change life for the better. But even in our calmest moments, our computers and our telephones inspired as much frustration as pleasure.

Information everywhere, at light speed, immersing us – is this what we want? We  
10 seem unsure. We are the species that defines itself in terms of information: *Homo sapiens*. We're knowledge connoisseurs. Then again, we didn't evolve in a world with so much data and buzz. Our sense organs tuned into one slow channel at a time. Now we tune in and out. The dream of perfect ceaseless information flow can slip so easily into a nightmare of perfect perpetual<sup>3</sup> distraction.

15 Our technologies don't just empower us; they also harass us, and they change us, for better and for worse. None more than the computer. "Other inventions alter<sup>4</sup> the conditions of human existence," writes novelist Richard Powers. "The computer alters the human. It's our complement, our partner, our vindication<sup>5</sup>. The goal of all the previous inventions. It builds us an entirely new home." All the more so when the computer is ...  
20 *everywhere*.

More than ever, our ability to participate in the basic processes of our information-rich culture – commerce, education, entertainment – will depend on technology. The Internet has been a democratizing force worldwide, knocking down walls, creating new voices, redistributing knowledge – sometimes, redistributing the kind of knowledge that brings  
25 wealth. But there are barriers to entry. Like our other core infrastructures – roads and bridges, the electric power grid, the phone system – the wired and wireless network is being built largely by private companies, yet the public needs universal access. If laptops and Internet connections and Web-aware mobile phones remain tokens of privilege, then the gap between rich and poor will grow. Digital jewelry, indeed.

Adapted from James Gleick,  
*What Just Happened: A Chronicle from the Information Frontier*, 2002

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<sup>1</sup> deploying: sending into position

<sup>2</sup> tendrils: long, curling parts of a plant capable of attaching themselves to a supporting structure

<sup>3</sup> perpetual: continual

<sup>4</sup> alter: change

<sup>5</sup> vindication: justification for our existence

Text 1 (b)

# Do Intel engineers have a secret formula for success?



## 1. Innovate.

5 It's the essence of what we do: create new technologies to help business do more at lower cost. It's engineering applied to real business. Processing technologies that bring tangible improvement to computing and communications, day after day.

## 3. Reinvest.

15 Business speaks, Intel listens. Based on real-world feedback, we invest heavily in new-generation technologies. Last year, it was over \$11 billion for research and new facilities. We think of it as an investment in your company's future.

## 2. Mass produce.

10 Creating one new processor is only a start. The challenge is to manufacture millions to meet the demands of computer makers and corporations worldwide. Thinking on this scale allows us to deliver higher performance and lower cost to business.

## 4. Repeat enthusiastically.

20 It's been a successful formula for over 30 years. It's also our business plan for the future. Because it's a formula that allows us to keep delivering innovative, reliable and cost-effective computing solutions. That's the way Intel works.

## Enthusiastically.



Advertisement in *Newsweek*, 2002

## 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)

#### Dirge<sup>1</sup> Without Music

I am not resigned<sup>2</sup> to the shutting away of loving hearts in the hard ground.  
So it is, and so it will be, for so it has been time out of mind:  
Into the darkness they go, the wise and the lovely. Crowned  
With lilies and with laurel they go; but I am not resigned.

5 Lovers and thinkers, into the earth with you.  
Be one with the dull, the indiscriminate dust.  
A fragment of what you felt, of what you knew,  
A formula, a phrase remains, – but the best is lost.

10 The answers quick and keen<sup>3</sup>, the honest look, the laughter, the love, –  
They are gone. They have gone to feed the roses. Elegant and curled  
Is the blossom. Fragrant is the blossom. I know. But I do not approve.  
More precious was the light in your eyes than all the roses in the world.

15 Down, down, down into the darkness of the grave  
Gently they go, the beautiful, the tender, the kind;  
Quietly they go, the intelligent, the witty, the brave.  
I know. But I do not approve. And I am not resigned.

Edna St Vincent Millay, 1928

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<sup>1</sup> dirge: a funeral hymn or song

<sup>2</sup> resigned: having given up or accepted something reluctantly

<sup>3</sup> keen: sharp

**Text 2 (b)**

“What are you looking at, my grandma? Why do you keep stopping and sort of staring at the wall?”

“I was thinking of your Uncle William, darling,” she said quietly.

5 “Well, what happened to him?” Kezia knew perfectly well but she wanted to be told again.

“He went to the mines, and he got a sunstroke there and died,” said old Mrs Fairfield.

“Does it make you sad to think about him, grandma?” She hated her grandma to be sad.

10 It was the old woman’s turn to consider. Did it make her sad? To look back, back. To stare down the years, as Kezia had seen her doing. To look after them long after they were out of sight. Did it make her sad? No, life was like that.

“No, Kezia.”

“But why?” asked Kezia. She lifted one bare arm and began to draw things in the air.

“Why did Uncle William have to die? He wasn’t old.”

15 Mrs Fairfield began counting the stitches in threes. “It just happened,” she said in an absorbed voice.

“Does everybody have to die?” asked Kezia.

“Everybody!”

“Me?” Kezia sounded fearfully incredulous.

20 “Some day, my darling.”

“But, grandma.” Kezia waved her left leg and waggled the toes. They felt sandy. “What if I just won’t?”

The old woman sighed again and drew a long thread from the ball.

“We’re not asked, Kezia,” she said sadly. “It happens to all of us sooner or later.”

25 Kezia lay still thinking this over. She didn’t want to die. It meant she would have to leave here, leave everywhere, for ever, leave – leave her grandma. She rolled over quickly.

“Grandma,” she said in a startled voice.

“What, my pet!”

30 “You’re not to die.” Kezia was very decided.

“Ah, Kezia” – her grandma looked up and smiled and shook her head – “don’t let’s talk about it.”

“But you’re not to. You couldn’t leave me. You couldn’t not be there.” This was awful. “Promise me you won’t ever do it, grandma,” pleaded Kezia.

35 The old woman went on knitting.

“Promise me! Say never!”

But still her grandma was silent.

“Say never ... say never ... say never” – And then she rolled off the bed, leapt on to her grandma’s knees, and began, very softly and lightly, to tickle her.

40 “Kezia!” The old woman dropped her knitting. She swung back in the rocker<sup>1</sup>. She began to tickle Kezia. “Say never, say never, say never,” gurgled Kezia, while they lay there laughing. “Come, that’s enough, my squirrel! That’s enough, my wild pony!” said old Mrs Fairfield, setting her cap straight. “Pick up my knitting.”

Both of them had forgotten what the “never” was about.

Adapted from *At the Bay* by Katherine Mansfield, 1922

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<sup>1</sup> rocker: rocking chair