

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

Wednesday 12 November 2003 (afternoon)

Mercredi 12 novembre 2003 (après-midi)

Miércoles 12 de noviembre de 2003 (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)

The air smelled like diamonds. It was sharp in their lungs. Jane lay in a hole in the sand dug by the tide 'round her bones; she was cold. Further on there was Sloan without Sybil. There was Nolly. None of them moved. Theirs was a not-life, a state of nonbeing, a coma from which they were waking, a stage in the life of a worm.

5 Their hearts were beating, their lungs emptied and filled, but the wall they had ridden onto the shore had collapsed on their memory, none of them knew whose body this was, whose pain she was feeling, or even, most strange, if the pain was the proof that she was still living. Each one, when she was able to, wept. No one was glad to discover that she was still alive. This was not life as she'd known it. This was a

10 torture. Gradually, slowly, they moved. They were not far from each other. From where she was, Gaby could make out the shapes of some others, all orange. Things that could not swim were swimming: trees, the horizon, a bee. Colors swam. There were orange forms crawling out of the earth. Gaby tried to move and remembered her knees. Needles were turning in them, her knees had been shaved on the coral. They

15 stung. *Basta*¹! she wanted to say, but her tongue was covered with sand. How many hours it took them to wake didn't matter. They woke. They woke slowly. They couldn't move. Life preservers had saved them, sleeveless orange jackets defining their species among the corpses of fishes strewn at the high water line. By noon of that day the heat raised a stench of dead fish and dried seaweed. The adjutant storks

20 had returned with gannets and jungle crows – carrion² eaters arrived. They stalked around Oopi, testing her palatability,³ pecking her till she jacked herself into a sit. Her head hurt and the sun was too bright. She was confused. She was wearing one shoe. She picked herself up and felt dizzy. This orange thing was hot and it wouldn't come off when she pulled it. How long had she slept? She was scratchy and stiff. What

25 was the name of this game? Where was breakfast? She walked down the slope to the water and squatted and peed through her knickers. Something about it suggested that it wasn't right but it felt like the right thing to do. She took off her shoe and forgot it. Something smelled awful. She noticed the fish. She walked up the beach and the birds ran at her, letting her know their opinion. They were eating the fish by the

30 dozens, scissoring out the gray flesh with their beaks. She felt thirsty. Amanda was clutching her head in her hands and Oopi sat down in the sand next to her. "I'm thirsty," she said. "This orange thing is bothering me."

"Take it off, then," Amanda tried to say kindly. The boats were both gone. She had been sitting and staring for hours, waiting for Help.

Marianne Wiggins, from *John Dollar* (1989)

¹ Basta: enough

² carrion: dead or decaying flesh

³ palatability: tastiness

- By what means does the writer convey the feelings of the girls?
- How does the passage present a sense of the environment for this incident?
- What effect does sentence structure have on the writing in this passage?

1. (b)

Parachute

Parachute men say
The first jump
Takes the breath away
Feet in the air disturbs
5 Till you get used to it

Solid ground
Is now where you left it
As you plunge down
Perhaps head first
10 As you listen to
Your arteries talking
You learn to sustain hope

Suddenly you are only
Holding an open umbrella
15 In a windy place
As the warm earth
Reaches out to you
Reassures you
The vibrating interim is over

20 You try to land
Where green grass yields
And carry your pack
Across the fields

The violent arrival
25 Puts out the joint
Earth has nowhere to go
You are at the starting point

Jumping across worlds
In condensed time
30 After the awkward fall
We are always at the starting point.

Lenrie Peters, from *A New Book of African Verse* (1984)

- How are bodily sensations handled in the poem?
 - How do punctuation and stanzaic structure work in the poem?
 - What reflections may the poem seek to provoke?
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