



ENGLISH A1 – STANDARD LEVEL – PAPER 1
ANGLAIS A1 – NIVEAU MOYEN – EPREUVE 1
INGLES A1 – NIVEL MEDIO – PRUEBA 1

Friday 11 November 2005 (afternoon)
Vendredi 11 novembre 2005 (après-midi)
Viernes 11 de noviembre de 2005 (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

- N'ouvrez pas cette épreuve avant d'y être autorisé(e).
- Rédigez 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)

Joseph and his father are standing in a health clinic near a market when a group of men carrying sticks attack a Muslim bread seller. The bread seller has a long beard, a shaved top lip, and a white skullcap. There are twenty or thirty young men in the group and they shout obscenities at the man, who stands with his bicycle. The old man shouts at the group, both hands in the air. People in the market stop talking and move away. His father says, "This is ridiculous," and looks out through the window. Joseph asks his father what the old man is saying. "I know you. I sell you bread," his father translates. "I know you. I am nothing to you. I sell bread to you." His father is visibly distressed. He walks away from the window and paces the floor. The men push the bread seller to the ground and begin beating him on the back with their sticks. His father moves toward the window again and says, "I'm going out there. Let me deal with it."

5
10
"You can't do that," Joseph says and grabs him by the arm. His father is shaking. Through the window the bread seller is lying in a cloud of dust, still shouting at the men with sticks.

"You're right," his father says. "It wouldn't do any good. This is the problem. It would do no good. It makes me wonder what the hell I'm doing here."

15
Joseph feels his father's arm in his hand. It is thin and hard. He realizes that it is the first time he has held on to his father in a long time. They are standing in the middle of the health clinic. A group of pregnant women waiting to be seen are sitting on benches. Two of them have moved to the window and are watching the street outside.

20
"Incredible," his father says so loudly that the women look up at him. "Incredible that I am standing here with my son." He turns awkwardly towards Joseph and grasps him by both shoulders, as if preparing to push him to the ground. It is only at the last moment that Joseph realizes that his father is hugging him, pulling him into a gangly embrace. He is held there, pressed into the bony rib cage, enveloped by smells of camphor and curry, and is so surprised that the kiss, when it comes, is as inexplicable as a moth, a soft winged creature, striking his cheek on a dark night.

25
They walk quickly down the nearest alley. His father puts his head down and walks with his hands in his pockets. A few minutes later, they stop in front of a butcher's shop with a white tiled counter open to the street. The fresh carcass of a goat hangs from a hook at the front and two men in aprons are using large steel knives to cut slabs of meat from the flank of the animal. Cuts of red meat covered in marbled fat sit on display. A dead chicken with bright orange feet hangs upside down from the ceiling.

30
Joseph speaks to his father over the street noise. "Are you all right?" His father is panting heavily and large sweat rings have appeared under his arms.

35
40
The owner of the shop emerges from the shadows. He wears a white robe with blue cotton embroidery over the chest and shoulders, and a white skull cap. He shakes their hands and insists they sit on two steel-pipe chairs that he brings from the shop and places in front of them. A boy wearing torn shorts is boiling coffee over a small gas ring inside. Next to him on the floor he has a plastic bag filled with white sugar that he spoons carefully into the pot with a beaten-copper spoon. The boy brings them two small cups filled with strong sweet coffee and after every sip he refills their cups.

“I am all right,” his father says. He looks up at the butcher and says, “We have seen another mob.” He is still breathing heavily. “We should not have left.”

45 In the bright afternoon light, Joseph sees his father for the first time as an old man – the dark hollows under his eyes, the beginnings of jowls. His hair is thinning at the top of his head, and is flecked with gray. Joseph realizes that he has never really looked at his father at all – he is a series of memories and impressions.

John Murray, *A Few Short Notes on Tropical Butterflies* (2003)
A Few Short Notes on Tropical Butterflies by John Murray. Copyright © 2003 by John Murray.
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- Discuss the progression of the father/son relationship in this excerpt.
- What is the role and effect of violence in the excerpt?
- What role does specific detail have in the excerpt?
- In what ways might sentence structure contribute to narrative success?

1. (b)

The Visitor

Holding the arm of his helper, the blind
Piano tuner comes to our piano.
He hesitates at first, but once he finds
The keyboard, his hands glide over the slow
5 Keys, ringing changes finer than the eye
Can see. The dusty wires he touches, row
On row, quiver like bowstrings as he
Twists them one notch tighter. He runs his
Finger along a wire, touches the dry
10 Rust to his tongue, breaks into a pure bliss
And tells us, “One year more of damp weather
Would have done you in, but I’ve saved it this
Time. Would one of you play now, please? I hear
It better at a distance.” My wife plays
15 *Stardust*¹. The blind man stands and smiles in her
Direction, then disappears into the blaze
Of new October. Now the afternoon,
The long afternoon that blurs in a haze
Of music ... Chopin nocturnes, *Clair de Lune*²,
20 All the old familiar, unfamiliar
Music-lesson pieces, *Papa Haydn’s*
*Dead and gone*³, *gently down the stream*⁴ ... Hours later,
After the latest car has doused its beams,
Has cooled down and stopped its ticking, I hear
25 Our cat, with the grace of animals free
To move in darkness, strike one key only,
And a single lucid drop of water stars my dream.

Gibbons Ruark

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¹ *Stardust*: American popular music
² *Clair de Lune*: classical music
³ “*Papa Haydn’s / Dead and gone*”: improvised children’s chant
⁴ “*gently down the stream*”: folk music

- What impression of the blind piano tuner is created by detail?
- How effective is the poet’s use of visual and auditory imagery?
- Discuss the speaker’s attitude to the events of the poem.
- What does the form of the poem contribute to the overall effect?