



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

Friday 9 November 2007 (afternoon)
Vendredi 9 novembre 2007 (après-midi)
Viernes 9 de noviembre de 2007 (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** of the following. 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 town made the most of the drama. Neighbors came by regularly for news and everyone shouted out their support on their way to and from the market. In some places there are people of quiet disposition and few words, but around Shahkot they were a very rare exception. People visited their friends a great deal, and when they visited their friends, they talked the whole time, and in this way a great deal of information was passed back and forth, from even the most remote and isolated of places.

5 So although for one awful day it seemed as if Sampath had vanished forever, the next afternoon the watchman of the university research forest bicycled into town to bring his married sister some curd. Along with the curd, he also brought the news that, in the old orchard outside Shahkot, someone had climbed a tree and had not yet come back down. Nobody could tell why. The man, he said, would answer no questions.

10 “If someone in this country is crazy enough to climb up a tree, you can be sure it is Sampath,” said Mr. Chawla. “There is no doubting the matter. Thank goodness the property no longer belongs to that judge or he would have Sampath clapped in jail for making a disturbance in his trees. We must just get him down without delay.”

15 Holding hands, the family ran together to the bus stop, their rubber slippers slapping against their heels. They caught the same bus Sampath had taken on his journey out of Shahkot and got off close to where he had leapt from the window to run up the hillside, and here, far beyond the edge of the town, they made their way down the crisscross of little paths that led into an old orchard that had once borne enough fruit for it to be shipped to and sold in New Delhi. But it had been abandoned for many years now, the fruit acquiring the tang of the wilderness, the branches growing into each other, and these days was used only by an occasional goatherd grazing his flock. The orchard trees stretched almost all the way up the hillside, bordering, at its edge, the university research forest.

20 With determination and purpose, the Chawla family clacked about, shouting up into the leaves. At last, at the far corner of the farthest guava grove, right near the crumbling wall that bordered the forest, they discovered Sampath sitting in his tree eating a guava, his legs dangling beneath him. He had been watching their efforts with some alarm.

25 What on earth was he to say? He imagined himself declaring, “I am happy over here.” Or asking, in a surprised fashion: “But why have you come to visit me?” He could answer their accusations with a defiant: “But for some people it is normal to sit in trees.” Or, serene with newfound dignity, he could say, “I am adopting a simple way of life. From now on I have no relatives.” However, he did not wish to hurt anyone’s feelings. Perhaps he could leave out the last line and add instead that everybody was his relative. He could hold onto the branches and shout: “Pull at me all you want, but you’ll have to break my arms before I’ll let go.” He could scream: “Try to move a mountain before you try to move me.”

In the end, as it happened, he said nothing at all.

“What are you doing up there?” shouted Mr. Chawla. “Get down at once.”

40 Sampath looked sturdily into the leafy world about him, trying to steady his wildly fluttering heart. He concentrated on the way the breeze ran over the foliage, like a hand runs over an animal’s dark fur to expose a silvery underside.

Pinky felt a sudden surge of embarrassment for her brother. “Get out of the tree – the whole family is being shamed,” she said bitterly.

45 “Oh come down, Sampath, please,” his grandmother exclaimed. “You are going to fall sick up there. Look at your thin yellow face! We had better take you to the doctor straight away.”

Still, he was silent.

50 Looking at her son, Kulfi felt the past come rushing back to her, engulfing her in the memory of a time when she was young, when her mind was full of dark corners, when her thoughts grew deep and underground and could not be easily uttered aloud. She remembered the light of a far star in her eyes, an unrecognizable look that had made her a stranger to herself when she stared into the mirror. She remembered the desperation she had sometimes felt, that rose about her as if she were being surrounded and enclosed by an enormous wall. She looked at her son sitting up in the tree and felt her emotions shift, like a vast movement of the spheres*, and then she said: “Let him be.”

55 “Let him be!” said Mr. Chawla. “Do families allow their sons to climb up trees? You are the number one most strange mother in the world. Your son climbs up a tree and leaves home and you say: “Let him be.” With you as his mother, no wonder he has turned out like this. How can I keep normality within this family? I take it as a full-time job and yet it defies possibility. We must formulate a plan. Only monkeys climb up trees.”

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* spheres: planets

- What do you see as the attitude of this narrator to the events of the extract?
- How does the pace at which the passage moves contribute to its interest and effect?
- How important to the success of the passage is the use of detail?
- What is your final assessment of Sampath and his behaviours?

1. (b)

So this is Nebraska

The gravel road rides with a slow gallop
over the fields, the telephone lines
streaming behind, its billow of dust
full of the sparks of redwing blackbirds.

5 On either side, those dear old ladies,
the loosening barns, their little windows
dulled by cataracts of hay and cobwebs
hide broken tractors under their skirts.

10 So this is Nebraska. A Sunday
afternoon; July. Driving along
with your hand out squeezing the air,
a meadowlark waiting on every post.

15 Behind a shelterbelt of cedars,
top-deep in hollyhocks, pollen and bees,
a pickup* kicks its fenders off
and settles back to read the clouds.

20 You feel like that; you feel like letting
your tires go flat, like letting the mice
build a nest in your muffler, like being
no more than a truck in the weeds,

clucking with chickens or sticky with honey
or holding a skinny old man in your lap
while he watches the road, waiting
for someone to wave to. You feel like

25 waving. You feel like stopping the car
and dancing around on the road. You wave
instead and leave your hand out gliding
larklike over the wheat, over the houses.

“So this is Nebraska” from the book, *Flying at Night: Poems 1965-1985*, by Ted Kooser, © 2005.
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* pickup: a truck, a lorry

- What aspects of the American state of Nebraska does the poet seem to want you to appreciate?
 - What is the mood or atmosphere of the poem?
 - What role does personification play in the poem?
 - How does the form of the poem complement mood and meaning?
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