



22110091



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

Tuesday 3 May 2011 (morning)

Mardi 3 mai 2011 (matin)

Martes 3 de mayo de 2011 (mañana)

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:

1.

Edwin reached for a slice of pizza, raising its limp triangle to his mouth and taking a bite. He had barely spoken since returning from Frances’s house, and yet, despite his silence, he felt wide awake, as if experiencing the aftershocks of some electrical surge that continued to flow through his body. His brain buzzed, and the only way he could keep control of the information that assaulted him from all directions was by concentrating as hard as he could on as little as possible. The pizza slice in his hand, the taste of sweet tomato paste in his mouth, the warmth of the red wine in his glass, the look of concern on Matilda’s face.

She had been watching him like a hawk, but for the moment he could think of nothing to say to her. He could not imagine himself talking ever again. If he did, he knew his voice would crack and then his body would follow suit. His body the surface of a frozen puddle stepped on by a curious, playful child: its beautiful clean surface cracking, fracturing and then destroyed, becoming no more than a shallow muddy pool.

And then it dawned on him: he already was that muddy pool. He had been since the moment he recognised his father in that photograph, when he *knew*, finally, that his father had deceived him.

Anger welled up in Edwin as he remembered his father: that kind, quiet man who had stroked his hair and read to him at bedtime, the man who had stood alone listening to the piano tunes that filtered through the sanatorium garden, the expression of loss so deeply lined in his face. That gentle, considerate man, Edwin thought bitterly, had been little more than a liar. The fact that his mother had left suddenly seemed less important: what mattered was the fact that his father – a man for whom Edwin had felt the utmost respect and love – had known all along where she was. That she was alive. All those years, thought Edwin ... all those years: those birthdays and Christmases when I waited and waited for Jess to return ... Albert could have taken me to see her. Albert knew where she was and he said nothing.

‘Where is that picture taken, do you think?’ he had asked Frances, his voice even then beginning to break.

‘That one?’ replied Frances, taking the photograph from Edwin’s hand. ‘It’s not a very good one of your mother, is it? She looks very awkward – but maybe that’s because Alberta is tugging at her dress. And look at that dress! It’s so glamorous, it’s like something pulled from a dress-up box. God, she looks uncomfortable – but look at her waist! Twins. She’d given birth to twins, and yet look at her. Her waist is tiny.’

Edwin had looked at his mother’s waist and a wave of pain washed over him. ‘Twins?’ he wanted to protest. ‘Not twins. She had three children. I was her child first. She held me in her arms and told me she loved me and I believed her. I had her first!’

Instead, he repeated, ‘Do you know where the picture was taken?’

Once more Frances had scrutinised the image, shaking her head and turning the photo in her hand as if expecting to find an inscription on the back. There was nothing. She shook her head and murmured, ‘Well, it could be taken at Franz but I don’t recognise it – it looks too formal, almost as if it’s the botanic gardens somewhere. I wonder if it’s Dunedin? Jess went there from
40 time to time – once a year or so – but she often left Beth and Alberta with my mother during those trips. It might be Dunedin, though. Or Hokitika. Thomas was from near Hokitika, originally.’

‘Thomas?’ It was the first time Edwin had heard the name.

‘Thomas. Her husband. He was such a wonderful man.’

Laurence Fearnley, *edwin+matilda* (2007)

© Laurence Fearnley “edwin+matilda” 2007 Penguin NZ. Used with permission.

- What do we learn about Edwin’s mother and father?
- Discuss the use of imagery in this passage.
- Comment on the contrast between Edwin’s thoughts and actions.
- Comment on the structure of the passage.

2.

Rising Five

'I'm rising five', he said,
'Not four', and little coils of hair
Un-clicked themselves upon his head.
His spectacles, brimful of eyes to stare
5 At me and the meadow, reflected cones of light
Above his toffee-buckled cheeks. He'd been alive
Fifty-six months or perhaps a week more:
not four,
But rising five.

10 Around him in the field the cells of spring
Bubbled and doubled; buds unbuttoned; shoot
And stem shook out the creases from their frills,
And every tree was swilled with green.
It was the season after blossoming,
15 Before the forming of the fruit:
not May,
But rising June.

And in the sky
The dust dissected the tangential light:
20 not day,
But rising night;
not now,
But rising soon.

The new buds push the old leaves from the bough.
25 We drop our youth behind us like a boy
Throwing away his toffee-wrappers. We never see the flower,
But only the fruit in the flower; never the fruit,
But only the rot in the fruit. We look for the marriage bed
In the baby's cradle, we look for the grave in the bed:
30 not living,
But rising dead.

Norman Nicholson, *The Pot Geranium* (1954)

- What is the role of the little boy who is rising five?
 - How do repetition and other structural devices bring out the meaning of the poem?
 - Discuss the use of imagery in this poem.
 - With particular attention to lines 24 to 31, consider ways in which the poet is warning us of the effects of looking to the future.
-