

ENGLISH B – HIGHER LEVEL – PAPER 1
ANGLAIS B – NIVEAU SUPÉRIEUR – ÉPREUVE 1
INGLÉS B – NIVEL SUPERIOR – PRUEBA 1

Friday 9 May 2003 (morning)
Vendredi 9 mai 2003 (matin)
Viernes 9 de mayo de 2003 (mañana)

1 h 30 m

TEXT BOOKLET – INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

- Do not open this booklet until instructed to do so.
- This booklet contains all of the texts required for Paper 1 (Text handling).
- Answer the questions in the Question and Answer Booklet provided.

LIVRET DE TEXTES – INSTRUCTIONS DESTINÉES AUX CANDIDATS

- Ne pas ouvrir ce livret avant d’y être autorisé.
- Ce livret contient tous les textes nécessaires à l’épreuve 1 (Lecture interactive).
- Répondre à toutes les questions dans le livret de questions et réponses.

CUADERNO DE TEXTOS – INSTRUCCIONES PARA LOS ALUMNOS

- No abra este cuaderno hasta que se lo autoricen.
- Este cuaderno contiene todos los textos requeridos para la Prueba 1 (Manejo y comprensión de textos).
- Conteste todas las preguntas en el cuaderno de preguntas y respuestas.

TEXT A

GENERATION Y

There is a wave of energy sweeping the globe and with it a new brand of youth culture named Generation Y. These young, spirited 16-22 year olds are redefining their role in society and they want to make a statement. They have benefited from multiracial schools and higher education and the fact that they're black or white or yellow is not an issue. The struggle today is with themselves – they want to stand out from the crowd yet feel trapped in a mad desire to own the latest trendy gear and the latest techno gadgets such as cell phones¹. They are expected to stop global warming, find a cure for Aids, and still find the time to be young. Every generation has its icons, its songs, its labels ... and its own struggle. So what drives this new generation?



[- X -]

Vintage – the cool term for second-hand clothes – is an expression of individuality, an attempt to distinguish oneself from those who buy just for labels. It is all about wearing something unique and combining this piece from the past with something contemporary. Expect to pay more for these old clothes than they're usually worth.

[- 1 -]

The latest must-have fashion item is jeans that look old and worn even though they are brand new. Faded, hipster, boot-leg, glittered, frayed ... the options are endless.

[- 2 -]

Today's youngsters can pierce everything. Tongue rings, eyebrow rings and belly button rings are popular for schoolgirls who need to keep them out of sight. Yes, it hurts. But it's worth it, and the scar is there to stay.

[- 3 -]

Tattoos are the signatures of the creative. For the younger members of the Y generation, tattoos are usually tucked away near the hip bone or the small of the back – permanent reminders of the constant desire to make a statement, no matter how subtle.

[- 4 -]

We are all seeking the ultimate thrill. Daring jumpers leap off mountains armed only with a parachute and three seconds till impact. Some call it suicide, others call it being adventurous. Although we are not all so driven, taking our bodies to their extremes is our way of proving we're strong and invincible.

[- 5 -]

As young adults, we all have to cope with the threat of Aids. Many of us also have to deal with our parents' failed marriages. We therefore tend to date and marry cautiously. Chat rooms on the Internet have become a "safe" social space in which to meet people. Web-based programmes enable us to have conversations with people without ever having to meet them face-to-face, and to keep in touch with friends and family spread around the world.

¹ These portable phones are also called mobile phones in some parts of the world.

TEXT B

YOGA FOR STRESSED-OUT KIDS

If you could be any butterfly, which butterfly would you be? That's the existential question facing Camille Fox as she sits on her purple exercise mat.

5 She assumes the butterfly pose – knees splayed, the soles of her feet touching. “Hold on to your butterfly wings,” Jodi Komitor instructs her class in New York City. Camille clutches her toes and
10 prepares for flight. Komitor continues: “Lean back, open your butterfly wings and fly!” Her students then flap their legs.



Komitor's students will also become sleeping lions and snakes before the
15 45-minute session is over. They will walk on their hands and feet, balance on one leg and sit chanting, “Om”. Similar classes are being offered across the country. With the zeal of the newly converted, baby boomers¹ are introducing their children to yoga in the supposed belief that balanced lives begin with balanced children. And with their easy flexibility and willing imaginations, kids are
20 proving to be natural yogis².

Alice Christensen, president of the American Yoga Association, is firmly opposed to children under the age of 16 doing yoga positions. “Yoga exercise brings on hormonal changes,” she says. “Children should not practice it because it affects their growth system.” There are no studies supporting that contention, but
25 Christensen says there has not been enough time to assess yoga's long-term damage to young bodies. However, instructors like Marita Gardner-Anopol, who teaches yoga at pre-schools and elementary schools in New Jersey, disagree. “Does ballet interfere with natural changes in the body? Skiing? Ice skating?” asks Gardner-Anopol. “Come on. Children are active from the time they are three.”

30 In fact, most children take yoga in addition to other sports. Solomon Taslitz, age 15, says his yoga classes in Los Angeles – which include headstands, handstands and rigorous standing poses – have improved his skills in basketball. Chandler Garland, age 7, takes ballet and jazz dance as well as yoga. “When I get wound up and crazy it helps me to be quieter and relaxed,” she says. She adds that yoga has
35 helped her focus on her homework.

¹ persons born during the **baby boom** of 1946 to 1964

² a **yogi** is the term for an expert in yoga

TEXT C

THE SNAKE LESSON

A visitor to the museum by chance becomes an observer of a school trip ...

A museum attendant was holding a basket, and all eyes were gazing at the basket.

“Oh,” I said. “Is this a private lesson? Is it all right for me to be here?”

5 The attendant was brisk. “Surely. We’re having a lesson in snake-handling,” he said. “It’s something new. Get the children young and teach them that every snake **they** meet is not to be killed. People seem to think that every snake has to be knocked on the head.”

“May I watch?” I said.

10 “Surely. This is a common grass snake. No harm, no harm at all. Teach the children to learn the feel of **them**, to lose their fear.”

He turned to the teacher. “Now, Miss – Mrs –” he said.

“Miss Aitcheson.”

He lowered his voice. “The best way to get through to the children is to start with teacher. If they see you’re not afraid, then they won’t be.”

15 She must be near retiring age, I thought. A city woman born and bred. Never handled a snake in her life. All snakes were creatures to kill, to be protected from, alike the rattler, the copperhead, king snake, grass snake – venom and victims. Her face was pale. She just managed to drag the fear from her eyes to some place in **their** depths, where **it** lurked like a dark stain. Surely the
20 attendant and the children noticed?

“It’s harmless,” the attendant said. He’d been working with snakes for years. Her eyes faced the lighted exit. I saw her fear. The children were sitting hushed, waiting for the drama to begin; one or two looked afraid as the attendant withdrew a green snake about three feet long from the basket and with a swift
25 movement, before the teacher could protest, draped it around her neck and stepped back, admiring and satisfied.

“There,” he said to the class. “Your teacher has a snake around her neck and she’s not afraid.”

Miss Aitcheson stood rigid; she seemed to be holding her breath.

30 “Teacher’s not afraid, are you?” the attendant persisted. He leaned forward, pronouncing judgement on her, while she suddenly jerked her head and lifted her hands in panic to get rid of the snake. Then seeing the children watching, she whispered, “No, I’m not afraid. Of course not.”

“Of course not,” she repeated sharply.

35 I could see her defeat and helplessness. The attendant seemed unaware, as if his perception had grown a reptilian covering.

“See, Miss Aitcheson’s touching the snake. She’s not afraid of it at all.”

As everyone watched, she touched the snake. Her fingers recoiled. She touched it again. The faces of the children were full of admiration for the teacher’s
40 bravery, and yet there was a cruelly persistent tension; they were waiting, waiting.

“Would someone like to come out and stroke teacher’s snake?”

Silence.

One shamefaced boy came forward. He stood petrified in front of the teacher.

45 “Touch it,” the attendant urged. “It’s a friendly snake.”

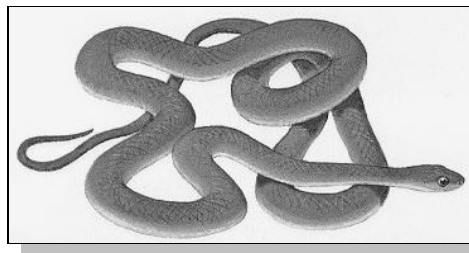
The boy darted his hand forward, rested it lightly on the snake and immediately withdrew his hand. Then he ran back to his seat. The children shrieked with laughter.

Two girls came out. They stood hand in hand, side by side, and stared at the
50 snake and then at Miss Aitcheson.

I wondered when the torture would end. The two little girls did not touch the snake, but they smiled at it and spoke to it and Miss Aitcheson smiled at them and whispered how brave **they** were.

55 “Just a minute,” the attendant said. “There’s really no need to be brave. It’s not a question of bravery. The snake is *harmless*, absolutely *harmless*. Where’s the bravery when the snake is harmless?”

Suddenly the snake moved around to face Miss Aitcheson and thrust its flat head toward her cheek. She gave a scream, flung up her hands, and tore the snake from her throat and threw it on the floor, and rushing across the room, she
60 collapsed into a small canvas chair beside the Bear Cabinet and started to cry.



TEXT D

DEAR MUMMY



Dear Mummy:

This last trip to India with you has brought home to me a few hard facts – facts that I wanted to avoid seeing for some time. As you well know, you and I have had a few arguments and several days of tension during the trip. I must admit sometimes I really do not know how to communicate to you what I really feel. Words seem to fail on both sides. That’s why I am writing this letter. Perhaps it will be a bit easier.

As I approach my seventeenth year, I suddenly ask myself where I belong. I know this is the usual teenage identity crisis. You came to this country when you were slightly older than I am and married my father. You admired the American lifestyle and tried to be an American as much as you could. I am the daughter of you, a mother who is Indian, and a father who is American. Of course, I am American. Except for a few trips to India I have little to do with India outwardly. But, I feel how much you would like me to become Indian sometimes. I cannot explain it with examples. But I feel it in my bones. The India that you never quite shook off comes back to you now and you want to see your daughter live it, at least partly.

Yes, mummy, I know I am wrapped up in many superficial things, things my friends and peers indulge in and I can understand your need to protect me. But, I am part of them and in order for me to be accepted by my friends sometimes I need to do things which do not always please me either. I need their approval and I want to be like them sometimes. But your good intentions to teach me those good Indian things then clash. Although I dislike the superficiality of my friends, I cannot move back to your culture just because it is better (for you) or more ancient or deep. Let me live the life I am surrounded by and reject and suffer as I wish.

My dearest mother, I cannot be protected [– X –] you. Forgive me if I remind you [– 53 –] something you related [– 54 –] me many times. You could not be protected by my grandparents (your parents) when you decided to embrace this culture along [– 55 –] my father. Nor can you protect me despite the fact that we are not separated by physical distance. Perhaps we are separated by something else and I suspect that is India.

I have never written a letter like this before in my short life. I feel good about writing this and would like to hear what you have to say. Ma, perhaps you and I can still be friends in a way that you and your mother could not be. Let’s try. I love you.

Yours,

Rita