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ENGLISH A: LITERATURE – STANDARD LEVEL – PAPER 1
ANGLAIS A : LITTÉRATURE – NIVEAU MOYEN – ÉPREUVE 1
INGLÉS A: LITERATURA – NIVEL MEDIO – PRUEBA 1

Monday 5 May 2014 (morning)

Lundi 5 mai 2014 (matin)

Lunes 5 de mayo de 2014 (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 guided literary analysis on one passage only. In your answer you must address both of the guiding questions provided.
- The maximum mark for this examination paper is *[20 marks]*.

INSTRUCTIONS DESTINÉES AUX CANDIDATS

- N'ouvrez pas cette épreuve avant d'y être autorisé(e).
- Rédigez une analyse littéraire dirigée d'un seul des passages. Les deux questions d'orientation fournies doivent être traitées dans votre réponse.
- Le nombre maximum de points pour cette épreuve d'examen est *[20 points]*.

INSTRUCCIONES PARA LOS ALUMNOS

- No abra esta prueba hasta que se lo autoricen.
- Escriba un análisis literario guiado sobre un solo pasaje. Debe abordar las dos preguntas de orientación en su respuesta.
- La puntuación máxima para esta prueba de examen es *[20 puntos]*.

Write a guided literary analysis on **one** passage only. In your answer you must address both of the guiding questions provided.

1.

Shortly after my eighth birthday, I woke up. Just like that. Four years and four months after I slipped into a coma, I slipped out again. Not only could my eyes see, but I used the lids to blink. I opened my mouth and asked for cordial—I wanted to taste something sweet. Only people regaining consciousness in movies ask for water. In real life you think of cocktails with pineapple chunks and little umbrellas.

There were a lot of joyous faces in my bedroom the week I returned to the land of the living. People seemed genuinely pleased to see me, and they all said “Welcome back,” as if I’d been away on a long voyage and any moment I was going to pull out the presents. My mother hugged me and covered my hands in wet kisses that I could now wipe on my pajamas. Even my father was jubilant, no longer the unfortunate man with the freak-show stepson, the Amazing Sleeping Kid. But little four-year-old Terry: he was in hiding. My sudden rebirth was too much of a shock. My mother breathlessly called for him to come and meet his brother, but Terry was a no-show. I was still too tired and weak to be offended. Later, when everything went into the toilet, I was forced to consider what it must have been like for Terry’s developing mind to grow up next to a corpse and then to be told “That creepy mummy over there is your brother.” It must have been spooky, especially at night when the moonlight hit my frozen face and my unmoving eyeballs fixed on the poor kid, as if they had solidified that way on purpose, just to stare.

On the third day after my resurrection, my father thundered in and said, “Let’s get you up and about.” He and my mother grabbed my arms and helped me out of bed. My legs were sad, dead things, so they dragged me around the room as if I were a drunk friend they were escorting out of a bar. Then my father got the idea. “Hey! You’ve probably forgotten what you look like!” It was true. I had. A vague image of a little boy’s face drifted somewhere in my mind, but I couldn’t be sure if it was me or someone who had once hated me. With my bare feet trailing behind, my father dragged me into the bathroom to look at myself in a mirror. It was a crushing spectacle. Even ugly people know beauty when they don’t see it.

Terry couldn’t avoid me forever. It was about time we were properly introduced. Soon after everyone had lost interest in congratulating me on waking up, he came into the room and sat on his bed, bouncing rhythmically, hands pressed down on his knees as if to keep them from flying away.

I lay back in bed gazing at the ceiling and pulled the covers over me. I could hear my brother breathing. I could hear myself breathing too—so could anyone; the air whistled noisily through my throat. I felt awkward and ridiculous. I thought: He’ll speak when he’s ready. My eyelids weighed a ton, but I wouldn’t allow them the satisfaction of closing. I was afraid the coma was waiting.

It took an hour for Terry to bridge the distance between us.

Steve Toltz, *A Fraction of the Whole* (2008)

- (a) Comment on the attitude of the narrator to coming out of his coma.
- (b) Discuss the use of imagery and other literary devices in the passage.

2.

The Tantrum

Struck with grief you were, though only four,
The day your mother cut her mermaid hair
And stood, a stranger, smiling at the door.

They frowned, tsk-tsked your wilful, cruel despair,
5 When you slunk beneath the long piano strings
And sobbed until your lungs hiccupped for air,

Unbribable with curses, cake, playthings.
You mourned a mother now herself no more,
But brave and fashionable. The golden rings

10 That fringed her naked neck, whom were they for?
Not you, but for the world, now in your place,
A full eclipse. You wept down on the floor;

She wept up in her room. They told you this:
That she could grow it back, and just as long,
15 They told you, lying always about loss,

For you know she never did. And they were wrong.

AE Stallings, *Archaic Smile* (1999)

- (a) Evaluate the appropriateness or suitability of the poem's title.
 - (b) How do rhyme, and any other structural features, contribute to the effect of the poem?
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