



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

Monday 4 May 2009 (morning)  
Lundi 4 mai 2009 (matin)  
Lunes 4 de mayo de 2009 (mañana)

1 hour 30 minutes / 1 heure 30 minutes / 1 hora 30 minutos

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**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.

Everyone called him Pop Eye. Even in those days when I was a skinny thirteen-year-old I thought he probably knew about his nickname but didn't care. His eyes were too interested in what lay up ahead to notice us barefoot kids.

5 He looked like someone who had seen or known great suffering and hadn't been able to forget it. His large eyes in his large head stuck out further than anyone else's – like they wanted to leave the surface of his face. They made you think of someone who can't get out of the house quickly enough.

10 Pop Eye wore the same white linen suit every day. His trousers snagged on his bony knees in the sloppy heat. Some days he wore a clown's nose. His nose was already big. He didn't need that red light bulb. But for reasons we couldn't think of he wore the red nose on certain days that may have meant something to him. We never saw him smile. And on those days he wore the clown's nose you found yourself looking away because you never saw such sadness.

15 He pulled a piece of rope attached to a trolley on which Mrs Pop Eye stood. She looked like an ice queen. Nearly every woman on our island had crinkled hair, but Grace had straightened hers. She wore it piled up, and in the absence of a crown her hair did the trick. She looked so proud, as if she had no idea of her own bare feet. You saw her huge bum and worried about the toilet seat. You thought of her mother and birth and that stuff.

20 At two-thirty in the afternoon the parrots sat in the shade of the trees and looked down at a human shadow one third longer than any seen before. There were only the two of them, Mr and Mrs Pop Eye, yet it felt like a procession.

25 The younger kids saw an opportunity and so fell in behind. Our parents looked away. They would rather stare at a colony of ants moving over a rotting pawpaw\*. Some stood by with their idle machetes waiting for the spectacle to pass. For the younger kids the sight consisted only of a white man towing a black woman. They saw what the parrots saw, and what the dogs saw while sitting on their scrawny arses snapping their jaws at a passing mosquito. Us older kids sensed a bigger story. Sometimes we caught a snatch of conversation. Mrs Watts was as mad as a goose. Mr Watts was doing penance for an old crime. Or maybe it was the result of a bet. The sight represented a bit of uncertainty in our world, which in every other way knew only sameness.

30 Mrs Pop Eye held a blue parasol to shade herself from the sun. It was the only parasol in the whole of the island, so we heard. We didn't ask after all the black umbrellas we saw, let alone the question: what was the difference between these black umbrellas and the parasol? And not because we cared if we looked dumb, but because if you went too far with a question like that one it could turn a rare thing into a commonplace thing. We loved that word—*parasol*—and we weren't  
35 about to lose it just because of some dumb-arse question. Also, we knew, whoever asked that question would get a hiding...

Lloyd Jones, *Mister Pip* (2006)

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\* pawpaw: a large tropical fruit

- Comment on how details are used to present the characters.
- In what ways does the narrator draw attention to unexplained issues in this passage?
- What do you learn about the character of the narrator from this passage?
- Comment on the writer’s use of language in this passage.

2.

**FRANKIE LAINE\* (1913–2007)**

The Stephens' Sweet Shop, 1949.  
Bald Walt at work, “butterflying” hot dogs—  
splitting them lengthwise for the griddle  
and serving them up in hamburger buns—  
5 while Boo, his smiling, slightly anxious wife  
(a rigid perm and excess, too-bright lipstick),  
provides to teen-aged guzzlers at the counter  
and in an opium den of wooden booths  
their sugary poisons, milkshakes thick as tar  
10 and Coca-Cola conjured from syrup and fizz.

A smog of smoke. A jingle at the back  
of pinball being deftly played. And through  
the clamorous and hormone-laden haze  
your slick voice, nasal yet operatic, sliced  
15 and soared, assuring us of finding our  
desire, at our old rendezvous. Today  
I read you died, at ninety-three. Your voice  
was oil, and we the water it spread on,  
forming a rainbow film – our futures as  
20 we felt them, dreamily, back there and then.

John Updike, *The New York Times*, Vol. 54 No.9, 31 May 2007

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\* Frankie Laine: was a popular singer (last of the Italian Crooner types) in the 1940–50s. Hits include “Muletrain” and “Hey Joe”

- Discuss the ways in which the atmosphere/ambience of the sweet shop is conveyed.
- What is the effect of the singer upon the teenagers?
- In what ways does the author use language to create the tone of the poem?
- Comment on the structure of the poem.