



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

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.

I stay down the grave awhile after the girls have gone. There don't seem no reason to come out. Our Pa don't bother to come after me, or stand at the top of the hole and shout. He knows where he can get me when he wants. "This cemetery has a high wall round it," he always says. "You can climb out but in the end you always come back through the front gate,
5 feet first."

The sky's pretty from eight feet down. It looks the colour of that girl's fur. Her muff, she called it. The fur was so soft. I wanted to put my face in it the way I saw her do.

I lie back on the ground and watch the sky. Sometimes a bird flies across, high above me. Bits of dirt from the sides of the hole crumble and fall on my face. I don't worry about the
10 hole collapsing. For the deeper graves we use grave-boards to shore up the sides, but we don't bother with little ones like this. This one's in clay, good and damp so it holds up. It's happened before, the hole caving in, but mostly in sand, or when the clay's dried out. Men have got killed down graves. Our Pa always tells me to put a hand over my face and stick my other hand up if I'm down a grave and it falls in. Then I'll have an air hole through the dirt and they can see by my
15 fingers where I am.

Someone comes then and looks into the grave. He's black against the light, so I can't see who it is. But I know it's not our Pa – he don't smell of the bottle.

"What are you doing down there, Simon?" the man says.

Then I know who it is. I jump to my feet and brush the dirt off my back and bum and legs.
20 "Just resting, sir."

"You're not paid to rest."

"I'm not paid nothing, sir," I say before I can stop myself.

"Oh? I should think you earn plenty from all you learn here. You're learning a trade."

"Learning don't feed me, sir."

25 "Enough of your insolence, Simon. You are but a servant of the London Cemetery Company. There are plenty more waiting outside the gate who would gladly take your place. Don't you forget that. Now, have you finished that grave?"

"Yes, sir."

30 "Then cover it over and go and find your father. He should be putting away the tools. God knows he needs the help. I don't know why I keep him on."

I know why. Our Pa knows this place better'n anybody. He can take apart any grave, remember who's buried how far down and whether it's sand or clay. He learned it all from our Granpa. And he's fast digging when he wants to be. His arms are hard as rocks. He's best when he's had a bit of the bottle but not too much. Then he and Joe dig and laugh and I haul up and
35 dump the bucket. But once he's had too much it's Joe and me does all the digging and dumping.

I look round for the long tree branch with the stumps on it what I use to climb out the little graves. Our Pa must've taken it out.

"Mr Jackson," I call, but he's gone already. I shout again but he don't come back. Our Pa will think I've got out and covered the grave – he won't come back either.

40 I try to dig toeholds into the sides of the hole so I can climb out, but there's no spade, only my hands, and the ground's too hard. 'Sides, it's firm now but I don't know for sure it'll last. I don't want it to cave in on me.

45 It's cold in the hole now I'm stuck in it. I squat on my heels and wrap my arms round my legs. Every now and again I call out. There's four other graves being dug today and a couple of monuments going up, but none of them near me. Still, maybe a visitor will hear me, or one of them girls'll come back. Sometimes I hear voices and I call out "Help! Help!" But no one comes. People stay away from graves just dug. They think something's going to pop out the hole and grab 'em.

Tracy Chevalier, *Falling Angels*, Harper Collins (2001)

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- What observations can be made about the narrator?
- What impact does the setting have?
- What do the conflicts that emerge contribute to the passage?
- Comment on the use and effectiveness of language (diction, imagery, sentence structure, *etc.*).

2.

Route 62

What do mountains dream of?
Lying slumbering in the sheet of heat
Smoothed gently across the Little Karoo*.
No wind. Only warmth, but it doesn't press.
5 It floats, tenderly draping the spines and ribs
Into which history has folded these ranges.
Raging hormones of the earth's adolescence
Blasted entire continents into the sky
Leaving the remnants to drift down and lie
10 Locked into peace, immobile, their flanks
Not even twitching in the drowsy summer
Afternoons. Now they breathe in time with
The slowly passing centuries of geology's clock,
The beat too deep to resonate in our bones.
15 But the mountains hear it in their sleep:
Tick, and then the pause: aeons later, tock.

Helen Moffett, *Lovely Beyond Any Singing*, Cape Town: Double Storey Books (2005)
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Landscapes in South African writing*, 2006, Double Storey/Jutas of Cape Town, South Africa.

* Little Karoo: farm region of flat plain surrounded by mountains

- What does the opening question contribute to the poem?
- Discuss the significance of personification used in this poem.
- What does the poet achieve through her use of language (diction, imagery, sound devices, *etc.*)?
- Consider the passage of time as presented in this poem.