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ENGLISH A2 – HIGHER LEVEL – PAPER 1
ANGLAIS A2 – NIVEAU SUPÉRIEUR – ÉPREUVE 1
INGLÉS A2 – NIVEL SUPERIOR – PRUEBA 1

Monday 5 November 2012 (morning)
Lundi 5 novembre 2012 (matin)
Lunes 5 de noviembre de 2012 (mañana)

2 hours / 2 heures / 2 horas

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

- Do not open this examination paper until instructed to do so.
- Section A consists of two passages for comparative commentary.
- Section B consists of two passages for comparative commentary.
- Choose either Section A or Section B. Write one comparative commentary.
- The maximum mark for this examination paper is *[30 marks]*.

INSTRUCTIONS DESTINÉES AUX CANDIDATS

- N'ouvrez pas cette épreuve avant d'y être autorisé(e).
- La section A comporte deux passages à commenter.
- La section B comporte deux passages à commenter.
- Choisissez soit la section A, soit la section B. Écrivez un commentaire comparatif.
- Le nombre maximum de points pour cette épreuve d'examen est *[30 points]*.

INSTRUCCIONES PARA LOS ALUMNOS

- No abra esta prueba hasta que se lo autoricen.
- En la Sección A hay dos fragmentos para comentar.
- En la Sección B hay dos fragmentos para comentar.
- Elija la Sección A o la Sección B. Escriba un comentario comparativo.
- La puntuación máxima para esta prueba de examen es *[30 puntos]*.

Choose either Section A **or** Section B.

SECTION A

Analyse and compare the following two texts.

Discuss the similarities and differences between the texts and their theme(s). Include comments on the ways the authors use elements such as structure, tone, images and other stylistic devices to communicate their purposes.

Text 1

Winter Camping Manual

Personal Introduction

Winter camping is an advanced and challenging adventure. The winter camper has a respect for nature that the summer camper will never have. But as with most things in life, the most rewarding experience is the one that takes the most effort. If it were easy, then the personal reward and satisfaction that a winter camp out gives would not be the same. A Boy Scout has a unique opportunity to experience this first hand. Most adults never get the chance to go on summer camp outs, let alone winter camp outs, because they are stuck in the everyday routines of today's fast paced modern world. They don't have the time for such "dumb" things as a winter camp out. For those people, it's hard to explain the feeling of lying in your tent on a cold winter night, with only the sound of the wind howling outside. It is a feeling of solitude, peace and great respect for nature that will be a memory to treasure. On one such camp out a couple of years ago, a friend of mine and I were in the beginning of our two hour walk through deep snow to get back to our frozen car, after a long night in sub zero weather, when we stopped for a rest after crossing a small stream by crawling over a log. When we sat down, (actually I fell to the ground as the snow was very deep and I tripped on a hidden log) to take our rest, (since I was already down) the woods had an almost haunting silence as the large snowflakes came softly floating down and the world seemed to stop and pose for a photograph, which my mind took and will always treasure. That one moment made the entire camp out, as exhausting and cold as it was, worth all the effort and more. My only hope is that each Scout that tries winter camping, will have the opportunity to take their own "photograph" that they alone will be able to view. It will hopefully give them a new outlook that will enrich their lives. It will make them feel sorry for the person that asks them why in the world they would want to go camping in the winter. It's not a question one can answer with words or pictures, but only with the experience itself.

The most important thing that anyone brings with them on a winter camp out, or any camp out, can't be bought in any store or made at home. It is a *positive mental attitude*. It's easy to go on a camp out and be cold and miserable. A positive attitude is a must, and anyone who doesn't have it should stay home. All the equipment in the world can't make you have a rewarding camping experience without it.

I hope this Winter Camping Manual will help you get ready for all your winter camp outs. Have a safe and fun adventure on all your camp outs and scouting experiences.

Brian Tomaszewski, from an on-line manual
<http://www.scoutscan.com/resources/winter.html> (January 2008)

Text 2

Snow

Low clouds hang on the mountain.
 The forest is filled with fog.
 A short distance away the
 Giant trees recede and grow
 5 Dim. Two hundred paces and
 They are invisible. All
 Day the fog curdles¹ and drifts.
 The cries of the birds are loud.
 They sound frightened and cold. Hour
 10 By hour it grows colder.
 Just before sunset the clouds
 Drop down the mountainside. Long
 Shreds and tatters² of fog flow
 Swiftly away between the
 15 Trees. Now the valley below
 Is filled with clouds like clotted
 Cream and over them the sun
 Sets, yellow in a sky full
 Of purple feathers. After dark
 20 A wind rises and breaks branches
 From the trees and howls in the
 Treetops and then suddenly
 Is still. Late at night I wake
 And look out of the tent. The
 25 Clouds are rushing across the
 Sky and through them is tumbling
 The thin waning³ moon. Later
 All is quiet except for
 A faint whispering. I look
 30 Out. Great flakes of wet snow are
 Falling. Snowflakes are falling
 Into the dark flames of the
 Dying fire. In the morning the
 Pine boughs are sagging with snow,
 35 And the dogwood blossoms are
 Frozen, and the tender young
 Purple and citron oak leaves.

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¹ curdles: thickens or clots, as sour milk will do

² shreds and tatters: torn-off pieces, rags

³ waning: describes the phase of the moon following the full moon

SECTION B

Analyse and compare the following two texts.

Discuss the similarities and differences between the texts and their theme(s). Include comments on the ways the authors use elements such as structure, tone, images and other stylistic devices to communicate their purposes.

Text 3

Text removed for copyright reasons

The extract is from the beginning of the first chapter of the short story
The Assistant Murderer (1923) by Dashiell Hammett.
From “Gold on the door, edged with black...” to “A man of forty-some-
thing, ugly, sitting tilted back in his chair, feet on desk.”

Text 4

In this extract Mma Ramotswe is visiting her fiancé's home for the first time.

“This is a very fine room,” observed Mma Ramotswe.

Mr J.L.B. Matekoni beamed with pleasure. “I try to keep this room tidy,” he said. “It is important to have a special room for important visitors.”

“Do you have any important visitors?” asked Mma Ramotswe.

5 Mr J.L.B. Matekoni frowned. “There have been none so far,” he said. “But it is always possible.”

“Yes,” agreed Mma Ramotswe. “One never knows.”

She looked over her shoulder, towards a door that led into the rest of the house.

“The other rooms are that way?” she asked politely.

10 Mr J.L.B. Matekoni nodded. “That is the not-so-tidy part of the house,” he said. “Perhaps we should look at it some other time.”

Mma Ramotswe shook her head and Mr J.L.B. Matekoni realised that there was no escape.

Mma Ramotswe followed him down the corridor. The first door that they reached was
15 half open, and she stopped at the doorway and peered in. The room, which had obviously once been a bedroom, had its floors covered with newspapers, laid out as if they were a carpet. In the middle of the floor sat an engine, its cylinders exposed, while around it on the floor there were littered the parts that had been taken from the engine.

“That is a very special engine,” said Mr J.L.B. Matekoni, looking at her anxiously.

20 “There is no other engine like it in Botswana. One day I shall finish fixing it.”

Of the remaining rooms, only one was habitable, the dining room, which had a table in the middle and a solitary chair. Its floor, however, was dirty, with piles of dust under the furniture and in each corner. Whoever was meant to be cleaning this room had clearly not swept it for months. What did she do, his maid? Did she stand at the gate and talk to her friends? It was clear to
25 Mma Ramotswe that the maid was taking gross advantage of Mr J.L.B. Matekoni and relying on his good nature to keep her job.

The other rooms, although they contained beds, were cluttered with boxes stuffed with spark plugs, windscreen-wiper blades, and other curious mechanical pieces. And as for the kitchen, this, although clean, was again virtually bare, containing only two pots, several white enamelled plates,
30 and a small cutlery tray.

Alexander McCall Smith, *Tears of the Giraffe*, Polygon, 2000. Used with permission.