

**English A: literature – Standard level – Paper 1**  
**Anglais A : littérature – Niveau moyen – Épreuve 1**  
**Inglés A: literatura – Nivel medio – Prueba 1**

Monday 4 May 2015 (morning)  
Lundi 4 mai 2015 (matin)  
Lunes 4 de mayo de 2015 (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 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 de **[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.

7:07 a.m. (by my digital bedside clock)

I must tell you something. When I woke up just a few moments ago I had the most alarming sensation. It was a feeling of instant alertness. Usually my mind lags vaguely behind my brain when it wakes, like the cranking up of an old lethargic engine, taking several seconds  
5 to gain full speed. But this morning I know something's up because when my eyes opened my mind opened too, eager as a young person's, with the immediacy of a lightbulb once you've flicked the switch. It's as if my body has sensed something before my brain has had a chance to work it out.

Then, with a bolt of understanding, it strikes me.

10 My little sister, Vivien, is dead.

Dead right here in this house, fifteen yards away in her room in the east wing, along the landing and left through the glass-paned double doors. I feel a sick surge of dread rising from the core of my stomach, spreading menace throughout my frail body. Pricking it coldly. Smothering all my usual morning aches.

15 Let me think now. I heard her during the night at five to one, when she got up to make her usual cup of tea, but I didn't hear her again, as I have every other night she's been here, going to the lavatory at five, and I haven't yet heard her this morning going down to get her tea even though it's now well past seven. Every other morning she's been like clockwork, straight down to the kitchen at seven on the dot\*.

20 I'm still in bed with the blankets pulled up to my chin and my hands locked by my sides. I haven't moved a muscle since I woke. I don't dare, for fear that somehow it might upset the delicate balance of life and death that has threatened the house this morning. If I strain my eyes to the right, I can just about see my bedside clock. It makes me feel safer, knowing that it's there, looking after the time for me.

25 I think I should tell you there's a much more substantial reason for my knowing that she's dead than not having heard her this morning. Did I tell you last night, when I found the poisons upstairs in the laboratory, that I took down a tin of potassium cyanide powder from the very top shelf? I secreted it up the left sleeve of my dressing-gown (pinching the cuff round the bottom so it wouldn't fall out) and took it downstairs to the kitchen. I put half a teaspoonful in her milk in  
30 the fridge, then hid the tin behind the bottles in the drinks cabinet in the library. And you know how she likes to take her tea milky.

But, of course, the problem is I can't be *absolutely one hundred per cent sure* she's dead unless I go and check her. What if she's not dead? What if she's just *half* dead? (You can never be sure of getting the correct concentration per pound of body mass.) I can't have her  
35 being found half dead: she'll be prodded and probed until they find out she's been poisoned. I can't think why it didn't occur to me before that I'll have to actually go and check her. I can't possibly do that. It's not within my boundary. I've not been in that part of the house for forty-seven years. I wouldn't feel safe.

Poppy Adams, *The Behaviour of Moths* (2008)

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\* on the dot: precisely

- (a) What does the reader discover about the relationship between the narrator and her sister?
- (b) How is the character of the narrator revealed as the passage develops?

2.

**Grandmother and Child**

The waves that danced about the rock have gone,  
The tide has stolen the rock as time has stolen  
The quiet old lady who waited beneath the trees  
That moved with a sad sea-sound in the summer wind.

5 When death was as near as the wind among the leaves,  
Troubling the waking fear in the heart of the child  
As the wind was troubling the shadows on the sunlit lawn  
The grandmother seemed as frail as the frailest leaf.

10 But she sat so still in the shade of the summer trees  
With the wind of death on her cheeks and her folded hands,  
Her strength seemed large and cool, as the rock in the sea  
Seemed large and cool in the green and restless waves.

15 As the rock remains in the sea, deep down and strong,  
The rock-like strength of the lady beneath the trees  
Remains in the mind of the child, more real than death,  
To challenge the child's strength in the hour of fear.

Ruth Dallas, *An Anthology of Twentieth Century New Zealand Poetry* (1979)  
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- (a) Comment on the difference in focus between the first three stanzas and the last.
- (b) How and to what effect does the poet use devices involving elements of nature to develop the poem?
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