



88120083



International Baccalaureate®  
Baccalauréat International  
Bachillerato Internacional

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

Monday 5 November 2012 (morning)

Lundi 5 novembre 2012 (matin)

Lunes 5 de noviembre de 2012 (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.
- The maximum mark for this examination paper is *[25 marks]*.

**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.
- Le nombre maximum de points pour cette épreuve d'examen est *[25 points]*.

**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.
- La puntuación máxima para esta prueba de examen es *[25 puntos]*.

Write a commentary on **one** of the following:

1.

Down the street there is a radio-repair shop run by an elderly Italian, Joe Vitale. Early in the summer there appeared across the front of his store a strange sign: *The Black Wido*<sup>1</sup>. And in smaller lettering: WATCH THIS WINDOW FOR NEWS OF THE BLACK WIDO. So our neighborhood wondered, waited. A few days later two yellowed photographs were added to the display; these,  
5 taken some twenty years before, showed Mr. Vitale as a husky man dressed in a black knee-length bathing suit, a black swimming cap and a mask. Typed captions below the pictures explained that Joe Vitale, whom we'd all known only as a stoop-shouldered, sad-eyed radio-repair man, had once been, in a more supreme incarnation, a champion swimmer and a lifeguard at Rockaway Beach.

We were warned to continue watching the windows; our reward came the following week:  
10 in a bold streamer, Mr. Vitale announced that The Black Wido was about to resume his career. There was a poem in the window, and the poem was called "The Dream of Joe Vitale"; it told of how he'd dreamed of again breasting the waves, conquering the sea.

On the next day appeared a final notice; it was an invitation, really, one which said we were all welcome to come to Rockaway on August 20, for this day he planned to swim from that beach  
15 to Jones Beach, a far piece. Through the intervening summer days, Mr. Vitale sat outside his store on a camp stool, observing the reactions of passers-by to his various declarations, sat there, dreamy and detached, nodding, smiling politely when neighbors stopped to wish him luck. A smart-aleck<sup>2</sup> kid asked him why he'd left out the last letter of Wido, and he answered very gently that widow with a *w* is for ladies.

For a while nothing more happened. Then one morning the world woke up and laughed  
20 at the dream of Joe Vitale. His story was in every paper; the tabloids put his picture on the front pages. And sorry pictures they were, too, for here he was, in a moment not of triumph, but agony, here he was standing on the beach at Rockaway with policemen on either side. And in their accounts this is the attitude most of the papers took: once upon a time there was a mad silly old  
25 man who rubbed himself with grease and trotted down to the sea, but when the lifeguards saw him out swimming so far, they put to their boats and brought him to shore; such a shy one, this comical old man, for the instant their backs were turned, he was off again, and so out the lifeguards rowed once more, and The Black Wido, forced upon the beach like a half-dead shark, returned to hear not the mermaids singing, but curses, catcalls, police whistles.

The proper thing to do would be to go and tell Joe Vitale how sorry you are, how brave you  
30 think him, and say, well, whatever you can; the death of a dream is no less sad than death, and, indeed, demands of those who have lost as deep a mourning. But his radio store is closed; it has been for a long time; there is no sign of him anywhere, and his poem has slipped from place, has fallen beyond view.

Truman Capote, *The Dogs Bark: Public People and Private Places* (1951). Used with permission.

---

<sup>1</sup> black wido(w): poisonous spider

<sup>2</sup> smart-aleck: a person given to irritating displays of intelligence

- How does the writer use detail to construct a portrait of Joe Vitale?
- Discuss the role of “dream” in the passage.
- In what ways is the story made interesting by its manner of telling (for example, suspense, humour, voice, organization)?
- What role does the final paragraph have in completing this passage?

2.

### The Cat's Song

Mine, says the cat, putting out his paw of darkness.  
My lover, my friend, my slave, my toy, says  
the cat making on your chest his gesture of drawing  
milk from his mother's forgotten breasts.

5 Let us walk in the woods, says the cat.  
I'll teach you to read the tabloid of scents,  
to fade into shadow, wait like a trap, to hunt.  
Now I lay this plump warm mouse on your mat.

10 You feed me, I try to feed you, we are friends,  
says the cat, although I am more equal than you.  
Can you leap twenty times the height of your body?  
Can you run up and down trees? Jump between roofs?

Let us rub our bodies together and talk of touch.  
My emotions are pure as salt crystals and as hard.  
15 My lusts glow like my eyes. I sing to you in the mornings  
walking round and round your bed and into your face.

Come I will teach you to dance as naturally  
as falling asleep and waking and stretching long, long.  
I speak greed with my paws and fear with my whiskers.  
20 Envy lashes my tail. Love speaks me entire, a word

of fur. I will teach you to be still as an egg  
and to slip like the ghost of wind through the grass.

“The cat's song” from MARS AND HER CHILDREN by Marge Piercy, copyright ©1992 by Middlemarsh, Inc. Used by permission of Alfred A. Knopf, a division of Random House, Inc. Any third party material use of this material, outside of this publication, is prohibited. Interested parties must apply directly to Random House, Inc. for permission. For on-line information about other Random House, Inc. books and authors, see the Internet web site at <http://www.randomhouse.com>.

- In what ways does the poet use imagery to portray the cat?
- What are the attitudes of the cat as shown in its various invitations and directions?
- Explore the nature of the relationship between the speaker, the cat, and whomever is addressed by this voice.
- How do the last six lines add to or develop the poem?