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

Thursday 16 May 2019 (afternoon)
Jeudi 16 mai 2019 (après-midi)
Jueves 16 de mayo de 2019 (tarde)

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 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’ouvez pas cette épreuve avant d’y être autorisé(e).
• Réégez 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.

On Saba’s last day in Addis Ababa, she had just one unchecked to-do left on her long and varied list, which was to explore the neighborhood on her own, even though she’d promised her relatives that she would always take someone with her when she left the house. But she was twenty, a grownup, and wanted to know that on her first-ever trip to this city of her birth, she’d gained at least some degree of independence and assimilation. So it happened that Saba had no one to turn to when she got to the intersection around Meskel Square and realized she had seen only one functioning traffic light in all of Addis Ababa, population four million people by official counts, though no one there seemed to trust official counts, and everyone assumed it was much more crowded, certainly too crowded for just one traffic light. That single, solitary, lonely little traffic light in this mushrooming metropolis was near the old National Theater, not too far from the UN offices, the presidential palace, the former African Union—a known, respected part of the city located an unfortunate mile (a disobliging 1.6 kilometers) away from where Saba stood before a sea of cars, contemplating a difficult crossing.

Small, nimble vehicles, Fiats and VW Bugs, skimmed the periphery of the traffic, then seemed to be flung off centrifugally, almost gleefully, in some random direction. The center was a tangled cluster of cars slowly crawling along paths that might take an automobile backward, forward, sideward. In the middle of this jam was a sometimes visible traffic cop whose tense job seemed to be avoiding getting hit while keeping one hand slightly in the air. He was battered by curses, car horns, diesel exhaust as he nervously shifted his body weight and tried to avoid these assaults. Saba quickly saw she couldn’t rely on him to help her get across. She dipped her foot from the curb onto the street, and a car raced by, so she retreated. A man walked up next to her and said in English, “True story, I know a guy who crossed the street halfway and gave up.”

Saba looked at the stranger. “Pardon, what was that?”

“He had been abroad for many years and came back expecting too much,” the man said, now speaking as slowly as Saba. “That sad man lives on the median at the ring road. I bring him books sometimes,” he said slyly, taking one out of his messenger bag and holding it up. “A little local wisdom: don’t start what you can’t finish.” Saba watched the stranger dangle his toes off the curb, lean forward, backward, forward and back, and then, as if becoming one with the flow of the city, lunge into the traffic and disappear from her sight until he reemerged on the opposite sidewalk. “Miraculous,” Saba said to herself as he turned, pointed at her, then held up the book again. Saba tried to follow his lead and set her body to the rhythm of the cars, swaying forward and back, but couldn’t find the beat.

As she was running through her options, a line of idling taxis became suddenly visible when a city bus turned the corner. She realized that, as impractical as it seemed, she could hail a cab to get her across the busy street. The trip took ten minutes; the fare cost 15 USD, for she was unable to negotiate a better rate, though at least she’d found a way to the other side. She turned back to see the taxi driver leaning out the window talking to a few people, gesturing at her, laughing, and she knew just how badly she’d fumbled yet another attempt to fit in. All month Saba had failed almost every test she’d faced, and though she’d seized one last chance to see if this trip had changed her, she had taught her at least a little of how to live in this culture, she’d only ended up proving her relatives right: she wasn’t even equipped to go for a walk on her own. What she thought would be a romantic, monumental reunion with her home country had turned out to be a fiasco; she didn’t belong here.

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(a) How do the events in this passage contribute to your understanding of Saba’s character?

(b) In what ways does the author use contrast to develop the passage?
Little Boy Crying

Your mouth contorting in brief spite and
Hurt, your laughter metamorphosed into howls,
Your frame so recently relaxed now tight
With three-year-old frustration, your bright eyes
Swimming tears, splashing your bare feet,
You stand there angling for a moment's hint
Of guilt or sorrow for the quick slap struck.

The ogre towers above you, that grim giant,
Empty of feeling, a colossal cruel,
Soon victim of the tale's conclusion, dead
At last. You hate him, you imagine
Chopping clean the tree he's scrambling down
Or plotting deeper pits to trap him in.

You cannot understand, not yet,
The hurt your easy tears can scald him with,
Nor guess the wavering hidden behind that mask.
This fierce man longs to lift you, curb your sadness
With piggy-back or bull-fight, anything,
But dare not ruin the lessons you should learn.

You must not make a plaything of the rain.

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(a) What is revealed about the adult/child perspectives in the poem?

(b) By what means does the poet’s descriptive language enhance our understanding of the poem?