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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 7 November 2019 (afternoon)

Jeudi 7 novembre 2019 (après-midi)

Jueves 7 de noviembre de 2019 (tarde)

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.

I remember the ashram<sup>1</sup> very well although I cannot remember a single thing about what was around it. Were there mountains or tall buildings? Were there shops or houses nearby? Did a road go past it? Could we hear any traffic sounds when we were inside? In my head the ashram is in the middle of nowhere, it is the only building on earth. Sometimes I wonder how much of  
5 what I remember is true. I have read that your memories can be concrete and detailed even about things that never happened to you and places you have never been to. Like fungus that takes birth in warm and wet places, memories ooze from the crevices of your brain: spawned there, living and dying there, unrelated to anything in the world outside, the slime can coat everything until you can't tell the real from the imagined.

10 I remember clearly, though, how enormous the ashram was and dark with trees. At night we were scared to be out alone especially because we had heard that five dogs were let loose every night to patrol the place. There were cottages in the grounds that were set at a distance from ours, in which Guruji's disciples stayed. They came and went. There were many, from everywhere in the world. In our part we had Guruji's cottage and a few other cottages, our  
15 dormitory building, a dining room, a puja<sup>2</sup> hall and our school.

Many years later, my new foster mother would ask, after another long silence at the dinner table: "Tell me about your school there, tell me about your friends, tell me about the building, tell me *something*." And I would wonder what to say, where to start. I could tell her my very first  
20 school, at the ashram, was in a yellow building – that was easy. It made her look hopeful. She waited for more. I said nothing. We both listened to the sound of a neighbour clipping his hedge. A boy cycling outside shouted to a friend. Still I found nothing to say. Then her sister phoned and my foster mother gave up waiting for me to speak.

Outside, I could see a blue and white bird and the hedge that went around her tiny lawn and, across the road, white houses with red roofs. Each house was exactly like the one next to  
25 it. The sun was like a moon in this country, and in its light I felt as if I was looking at everything through a pearl. It was cold and the trees had no leaves. I had never seen a leafless tree before. My foster mother dropped her voice, speaking fast and softly, even though I could not understand what she was saying to her sister.

What else could I tell her?

30 Of course she knew I had been in orphanages before I came to her, and when I spoke about the ashram I made it sound like yet another orphanage. I told her the school was not far from the dormitory where we slept. We went there after our morning's milk and banana. I told her the school had a courtyard with a jamun tree. I got stuck trying to explain what a jamun was: was it sour or sweet or bitter? How to explain its strange taste, and the way our tongues went  
35 purple and fat after eating them? And wondering how to explain jamuns, I would be distracted remembering how all day we did our lessons or our chores as if we boat girls were like other girls, but at night I would hear one girl grind her teeth fiercely enough to set mine on edge and another girl sob. Only when I felt my pillow wet with tears and spit would I know I had been listening to myself crying. How could I tell my foster mother this? I would begin to tear tiny  
40 shreds out from the paper napkin she never forgot to set beside my bowl of cereal. I dipped my spoon into the cereal and tried to count how many raisins there were in it, and how many bits of nut, and this way, by examining the cereal hard enough, I dissolved the lump that had somehow appeared in my throat. My foster mother watched me and waited for a while, then sighed and

45 got up and began to wash dishes at the sink. I hunched over the shreds of tissue, unaware of her, the room, or the cereal I kept stirring around in its bowl uneaten, and in my head the rasping calls of crows grew deafening and I was back in that hot classroom, the bench hard and narrow under me.

From: Anuradha Roy, *Sleeping on Jupiter*. © Anuradha Roy 2015.  
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<sup>1</sup> ashram: facility used by a spiritual community in Indian religions

<sup>2</sup> puja: act of worship in Hinduism

- (a) What do we learn about the narrator's situation?
- (b) How does the author reveal the narrator's feelings towards her past experiences?

2.

### Good Measure

We left this house, the dog, the garden.  
We broke the vows, the hearth, the marriage.  
We left behind for good measure<sup>1</sup>  
dust, debt, sediment. Left the ash,  
5 the keys, cushions to the futon  
in the crawl space<sup>2</sup>. A cracked tank  
emptied of fish. We left  
discards at the curb. Left the fights,  
the separate beds, the separate loves, the place  
10 our daughter learned to walk  
and run.

We left this house. We left  
the built-in vacuum, the neighbor's leaf blower  
a man who edged his lawn with scissors. We left  
15 the picket fence<sup>3</sup>, white lilac. Left  
a double-wide garage, a stack of bricks  
fire with a switch left off.  
The years left lines upon our faces.

Each false start, ash of the dog under bleeding hearts.  
20 Poppies, orange and gold. A stack of textbooks.  
Those years blew through us. You took a hit of sadness  
blew smoke in my mouth. I held it in  
until I saw stars.

There was a fire, dog's grit and bone, cold tea  
25 in a cold mug, gold ring returned.  
We left a forwarding address  
pencil marks in the doorframe:  
the height they were at different times  
though we'd stopped growing long since.

“Good Measure” by Rachel Rose, *Marry & Burn*, 2015,  
Harbour Publishing, [www.harbourpublishing.com](http://www.harbourpublishing.com)

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<sup>1</sup> good measure: an addition to ensure completion or success

<sup>2</sup> crawl space: small storage space

<sup>3</sup> picket fence: decorative fence

- (a) What do we learn about the speaker's attitude towards leaving the house?
- (b) How does the poet's use of detail contribute to our understanding of the relationships portrayed?
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