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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

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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.

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1.

‘Well, this is no good, I don’t want to live here!’ I said as we drove along yet another tarmac road behind a row of whitewashed houses. ‘I want to live in the mountains, for heaven’s sake, not in the suburbs of some town in a valley.’

5 ‘Shut up and keep driving,’ ordered Georgina, the woman sitting beside me. She lit another cigarette of strong black tobacco and bathed me in a cloud of smoke.

I’d only met Georgina that afternoon but it hadn’t taken her long to put me in my place. She was a confident young Englishwoman with a peculiarly Mediterranean way of seeming at ease with her surroundings. For the last ten years she had been living in the Alpujarras, the foothills of the Sierra Nevada, south of Granada, and she had carved out a niche for herself acting as an intermediary between the farmers who wanted to sell their *cortijos*\* in the hills and move to town, and the foreigners who wanted to buy them. It was a tough job but no one who saw her ironing out deals with the coarsest peasant or arguing water rights with the most stubborn bureaucrat could doubt she was the woman for it. If she had a weakness at all it was in her refusal to suffer fools and ditherers.

15 ‘Do you bully all your clients like this?’ I protested.

‘No, just you. Left here.’

Obediently I turned the wheel and we shrugged off the last houses of Órgiva, the market town where I’d been adopted by my agent. We bumped onto a dirt track and headed downhill towards the river.

20 ‘Where are the mountains?’ I whined.

Georgina ignored me and looked at the groves of oranges and olives on either side of the track. There were white houses covered in the scraggs of last year’s vines and decked with bright geraniums and bougainvillea; mules were ploughing; boiler-suited growers were bent bum-up amid perfect lines of vegetables; a palm tree shaded the road where hens were swimming in the dust. Dogs slept in the road in the shade; cats slept in the road in the sun. The creature with the lowest priority on the road was the car. I stopped and backed up a bit to go round a lemon.

25 ‘Drive over lemons,’ ordered Georgina.

There were, it was true, a hell of a lot of lemons. They hurtled past, borne on a stream of water that bubbled nearby; in places the road was a mat of mashed fruit, and the earth beneath the trees was bright with fallen yellow orbs. I remembered a half-forgotten snatch of song, something about a lovelorn gypsy throwing lemons into the Great River until it turned to gold.

The lemons, the creatures and the flowers warmed my heart a little. We drove on through a flat plain quilted with cabbages and beans, at the end of which loomed a little mountain. After dipping a banana grove, we turned sharp right up a steep hill with deep cuttings in the red rock.

35 ‘This looks more like it.’

‘Just wait, we’re not there yet.’

Up and up we went, bend after bend, the river valley spread below us like an aerial print. On through a gorge and suddenly we burst into a new valley. The plain we had crossed disappeared utterly, hidden from sight by the mass of mountain, and drowned by the roaring of the river in the gorge below.

40 Far below, beside the river, I caught sight of a little farm in a horseshoe-shaped valley, a derelict house on a cactus-covered crag, surrounded by unkempt fields and terraces of ancient olive trees.

‘La Herradura,’ Georgina announced. ‘What about that, then?’

45 ‘Well, it’s nice to dream but the pittance we’ve got to spend is hardly going to buy us a place like that.’

'With the money you've got to spend you could afford that place and have some left over to put it up.'

'I don't believe you. You can't possibly be serious.'

50

I was incredulous because this was so far beyond my wildest hopes. I had come to Spain with a sum of money that would barely stretch to a garden shed in the south of England, expecting to buy at best a ruined house with perhaps a little patch of land.

'Well, there's no point in going any further. I'll have that one. Let's go down and see it.'

Extract from *Driving Over Lemons* by Chris Stewart (Sort of Books, 1999);  
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\**cortijos*: rural farmhouses typical to the south of Spain

- (a) What is the narrator's attitude to events as they unfold in this extract?
- (b) Consider the presentation of setting in this text.

2.

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### Two Trees

One morning, Don Miguel got out of bed  
with one idea rooted in his head:  
to graft his orange to his lemon tree.  
It took him the whole day to work them free,  
5 lay open their sides, and lash them tight.  
For twelve months, from the shame or from the fright  
they put forth nothing; but one day there appeared  
two lights in the dark leaves. Over the years  
the limbs would get themselves so tangled up  
10 each bough looked like it gave a double crop,  
and not one kid in the village didn't know  
the magic tree in Miguel's patio.

The man who bought the house had had no dream  
so who can say what dark malicious whim  
15 led him to take his axe and split the bole\*  
along its fused seam, then dig two holes.  
And no, they did not die from solitude;  
nor did their branches bear a sterile fruit;  
nor did their unhealed flanks weep every spring  
20 for those four yards that lost them everything,  
as each strained on its shackled root to face  
the other's empty, intricate embrace.  
They were trees, and trees don't weep or ache or shout.  
And trees are all this poem is about.

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20 Powis Mews, London W11 1JN

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\*bole: the trunk of a tree

- (a) How do elements such as structure and rhyme contribute to the changing moods of this poem?
- (b) Are trees "all this poem is about" (line 24)?