



**English A: literature – Higher level – Paper 1**  
**Anglais A : littérature – Niveau supérieur – Épreuve 1**  
**Inglés A: Literatura – Nivel Superior – Prueba 1**

6 November 2023 / 6 novembre 2023 / 6 de noviembre de 2023

Zone A afternoon	Zone B afternoon	Zone C afternoon
Zone A après-midi	Zone B après-midi	Zone C après-midi
Zona A tarde	Zona B tarde	Zona C tarde

2 h 15 m

**Instructions to candidates**

- Do not open this examination paper until instructed to do so.
- Write a guided analysis of text 1.
- Write a guided analysis of text 2.
- Use the guiding question or propose an alternative technical or formal aspect of the text to focus your analysis.
- The maximum mark for this examination paper is **[40 marks]**.

**Instructions destinées aux candidats**

- N'ouvrez pas cette épreuve avant d'y être autorisé(e).
- Rédigez une analyse dirigée du texte 1.
- Rédigez une analyse dirigée du texte 2.
- Utilisez la question d'orientation ou proposez une autre manière d'aborder le texte en choisissant un aspect technique ou formel sur lequel concentrer votre analyse.
- Le nombre maximum de points pour cette épreuve d'examen est de **[40 points]**.

**Instrucciones para los alumnos**

- No abra esta prueba hasta que se lo autoricen.
- Escriba un análisis guiado del texto 1.
- Escriba un análisis guiado del texto 2.
- Utilice la pregunta de orientación o proponga otro aspecto técnico o formal del texto en el que centrar su análisis.
- La puntuación máxima para esta prueba de examen es **[40 puntos]**.

Write a guided analysis of the following text.

1. The following text is an extract from the play *Anna in the Tropics* by Nilo Cruz and is set in a cigar factory. Juan Julian is a lector—a reader—employed to read to the cigar factory employees as they work.

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(*Juan Julian closes the book.*)

That's all for today from *Anna Karenina*.

(*The workers applaud.*)

MARELA (*Still enraptured by the story*): Why does he always end when he gets to the good part?

5 OFELIA: To keep us in suspense.

CONCHITA: To keep us wanting more.

MARELA: He's really a fine lector.

OFELIA: That's why he's called the Persian Canary, because it's like hearing a bird sing when he reads.

10 MARELA: And can you smell the cologne from his handkerchief every time he dries his forehead? The fragrance wraps itself around the words like smoke.

CHECHÉ (*To Palomo*): Oh Lord! Exactly what I expected. Now they'll sigh and chat about the love story for hours.

MARELA: I heard that, Cheché.

15 CHECHÉ: Oh, but this is the part I like the most, when you start discussing things. For some reason I never hear the story the same way that you do.

PALOMO: Neither do I, but maybe that's because we're men.

MARELA: You're being cynical.

CONCHITA: Don't pay them any mind.

20 PALOMO: No. I'd like to hear what you have to say.

CONCHITA: Mamá, you did well in sending for him.

OFELIA: Only a fool can fail to understand the importance of having a lector read to us while we work.

MARELA: Well, Cheché is not very happy with him.

25 OFELIA: That's because Cheché is a fool.

CHECHÉ: Now I haven't said—

OFELIA: I heard what you told Palomo this morning and we're not going to do away with the lector.

CHECHÉ: All I said—

30 OFELIA: When I lived in Havana I don't remember ever seeing a tobacco factory without a lector.

As a child I remember sitting in the back and listening to the stories. That has always been our pride. Some of us cigar workers might not be able to read or write, but we can recite lines from *Don Quixote* or *Jane Eyre*.

CHECHÉ: All I said was that I'm afraid we're in for another tragic love story.

PALOMO: I like love stories.

35 MARELA: Me, too.

CHECHÉ: I would've preferred a detective story.

MARELA: They're not very literary, Chester.

CONCHITA: Well. I don't know about you, but ever since he started reading *Anna Karenina* my mind wanders to Russia.

40 MARELA: Me, too. I have dreams and they are full of white snow, and *Anna Karenina* is dancing waltzes with Vronsky. Then I see them in a little room, and all the snow melts from the heat of their bodies and their skin. And I just want to borrow a fur coat from my friend Cookie Salazar and go to Russia.

45 OFELIA: He chose the right book. There is nothing like reading a winter book in the middle of summer. It's like having a fan or an icebox by your side to relieve the heat and the caloric\* nights.

CHECHÉ (*To Palomo*): Help me with the boxes.

(*The men exit.*)

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\* caloric: relating to heat

– How and to what effect is tension between the characters created in the extract?

Write a guided analysis of the following text.

2. The following text is an extract from the memoir *Gone* by Min Kym.

When you play a Stradivarius<sup>1</sup>—a good one—you feel the genius that was in his hands invested in the instrument. There is a touch of magic to the man who made them, the life he blew into these lumps of wood laid out on the bench, sawn and carved and planed and stuck together with glue. Pieces of wood, that's all, but when together, transformed. Pick a Strad up, play that first note, and it surges through you. You feel possessed, limitless. You are holding immortality.

This is difficult to describe on paper, the extraordinary sound a Strad can produce. In the high register it has a sweetness and naturalness—Arcadian<sup>2</sup> in temperament, uncorrupted, idyllic, the harmony untainted. There is not the harshness here that you find in lesser instruments, only a blissful lightness. Nymphs<sup>3</sup> bathe amidst the strings. There is no restraint to its possibilities. The lower register has a richness and depth that mines the richest seams of beauty. There's burnished gold down there, waiting to be brought to light. Worlds above, worlds below, all combined in one small wooden box. And as you roam across it, from one world to the other, you find an incredible evenness of texture, a silky resonance that sweeps across the entire range, from low to high, every colour in every palette lying there for you. And thus, this entrance to eternity in your hands, you are able to run the gamut of emotions, human with a voice from heaven.

I had my Strad for ten years. How do I sum them up, those years of love and happiness? A good addiction. How do I encapsulate the decade my violin and I were together? There are so many things to say, it's hard to know where to start, how to separate them all into bare paragraphs and sentences, to impose a narrative upon it, because when I think about it, it all rolls into one: the violin, me, our life together. They're not extractable moments. That would be like writing about my right leg, as if it existed as a separate entity. The violin became part of me. That's the nub of it.

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<sup>1</sup> Stradivarius violin: violins made by Antonio Stradivari at the turn of the 18th century are some of the most valuable and expensive instruments in the world

<sup>2</sup> Arcadian: a person who lives a simple quiet life

<sup>3</sup> Nymphs: in mythology, nymphs were spirits of nature who appeared as young women

- Consider how the narrative voice is used to show the relationship between the writer and their instrument.
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