

English A: Literature – Standard and Higher Level – Predicted Paper 1

Higher Level: 2 hours 15 minutes

Standard Level: 1 hour 15 minutes

Instructions to candidates:

- Do not open this examination paper until instructed to do so.
- Use the guiding question provided or propose an alternative technical or formal aspect of the text to focus your analysis.
- **Higher Level:**
 - Write a guided analysis of text 1 *and* text 2
 - The maximum mark for this examination paper is **[40 marks]**.
- **Standard Level:**
 - Write a guided analysis of *one* of the following texts.
 - The maximum mark for this examination paper is **[20 marks]**.

Write a guided analysis of the following text.

1. The following is an extract from *The Glass Menagerie*, a play by Tennessee Williams.

(Scene: The Wingfield apartment in St. Louis. It is early evening. A dim, nostalgic light covers the room. LAURA sits alone, polishing a tiny glass unicorn. From the kitchen, AMANDA's voice drifts in, tinged with anxiety.)

AMANDA (off-stage): Did you remember to brush your hair, Laura?

LAURA (softly): Yes, mother.

(AMANDA enters, wearing a faded but flamboyant dress. She carries a tray with two cups of chamomile tea.)

AMANDA: Your hair looks nice. But that dress again? Honestly, Laura. You have a whole closet.

LAURA: I like this one. It feels like me.

(A pause. AMANDA sits across from her daughter, observing her intently.)

AMANDA: You know, you should try to shine a little more. People like brightness. And you, well—

LAURA (quietly): I don't want to be bright. I just want to be... safe.

(AMANDA sips her tea, masking disappointment.)

AMANDA: Safety is not what I dreamed for you. I see you with gentlemen callers, with music playing, the room full of laughter—

LAURA (cutting in): That's *your* dream, Mother.

(A long silence. The unicorn catches the light and scatters tiny rainbows onto the worn wallpaper.)

— How does Williams use setting and dialogue to explore the emotional distance between the characters?

Write a guided analysis of the following text.

2. The following is an extract from *The Year of Magical Thinking*, a memoir by Joan Didion.

I remember the blue notebook, spiraled, bent at the corners, left on the kitchen table beneath a wine glass still half full. It was the day after John died, and I had yet to touch his shoes, to fold his shirts. I was writing then—

Not because I knew what to say, but because if I didn't, something inside would loosen, fall, dissolve. It was a kind of holding on. Each word like a finger curling around the edge of the world.

I had thought of grief as a clean wound, something the body could process. But it was more like smoke in the lungs, or sand in the bloodstream. It collected in corners, in the muscle memory of a reaching arm or the sudden expectation of a voice in the next room.

On the street, people walked their dogs. A boy biked past me with laughter trailing behind. The world was intact. But I—

I was not.

Even now, I write to contain the echo. To make his absence tangible. To remind myself that once, just once, I was whole.

— Explore how Didion conveys her experience of grief in this passage.