

**OPTION INTERNATIONALE DU BACCALAURÉAT  
SESSION 2013**

SECTION : AMÉRICAINNE

ÉPREUVE : LANGUE ET LITTÉRATURE

DURÉE TOTALE : 4 HEURES

*Le dictionnaire unilingue dans la langue de la section est autorisé.  
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**Choose either Option A or B:**

**Option A:** Write on one of the following four essay topics in Part I and write a **commentary on one** of the two selections in Part II, either poetry or prose.

**Option B:** Write on two of the following essay topics in Part I. Those candidates choosing two essay questions may not refer to the same works in both essays.

### **Part I**

1- How do playwrights use the technique of the stage and characterization to convey the workings of the human mind? Examine two plays from the OIB program.

2- Discuss the use and/or abuse of power in two of the works you have studied in the OIB program.

3- "To thy own self be true". How do two writers from the OIB program explore the consequences of following or not following this advice?

4- "Powerful images and incidents are features of all good storytelling." Show how this statement applies to two texts you have studied in the OIB program.

### **Part II: Poetry**

Comment on the following poem by Charles Mungoshi

#### **BEFORE THE SUN**

Intense blue morning  
promising early heat  
and later in the afternoon,  
heavy rain.

The bright chips  
fly from the sharp axe  
for some distance through the air,  
arc,  
and eternities later,  
settle down in showers  
on the dewy grass.

It is a big log:  
but when you are fourteen  
big logs  
are what you want.

The wood gives off  
a sweet nose-cleansing odour  
which (unlike sawdust)  
doesn't make one sneeze.

It sends up a thin spiral  
of smoke which later straightens  
and flutes out  
to the distant sky: a signal  
of some sort,  
or a sacrificial prayer.

The wood hisses,  
The sparks fly.

And when the sun  
finally shows up  
in the East like some  
latecomer to a feast  
I have got two cobs of maize  
ready for it.

I tell the sun to come share  
with me the roasted maize  
and the sun just winks  
like a grown-up.

So I go ahead, taking big  
alternate bites:  
one for the sun,  
one for me.  
This one for the sun,  
this one for me:  
till the cobs  
are just two little skeletons  
in the sun.

© 1988, Charles Mungoshi, from *The Milkman Doesn't Only Deliver Milk*

## Part II

Prose

Comment on the following passage from *A Passage to India* (1924) by E. M. Forster

« We're not out here for the purpose of behaving pleasantly! »

« What do you mean ? »

« What I say. We're out here to do justice and keep the peace.

Them's my sentiments. India isn't a drawing room. »

« Your sentiments are those of a god, » she said quietly, but it was his manner rather than his sentiments that annoyed her.

Trying to recover his temper, he said, « India likes gods. »

« And Englishmen like posing as gods. »

« There's no point in all this. Here we are, and we're going to stop, and the country's got to put up with us, gods or no gods. Oh, look here » he broke out, rather pathetically, « what do you and Adela want me to do ? Go against my class, against all the people I respect and admire out here ? Lose such power as I have for doing good in this country because my behaviour isn't pleasant ? You neither of you understand what work is, or you'd never talk such eyewash. I hate talking like this, but one must occasionally. It's morbidly sensitive to go on as Adela and you do. I noticed you both at the club today—after the Collector had been at all that trouble to amuse you. I am out here to work, mind, to hold this wretched country by force. I'm not a missionary or a labour Member or a vague sentimental sympathetic literary man. I'm just a servant of the Government ; it's the profession you wanted me to choose myself, and that's that. We're not pleasant in India and we don't intend to be pleasant. We've something more important to do. »

He spoke sincerely. Every day he worked hard in the court trying to decide which of two untrue accounts was the less untrue, trying to dispense justice fearlessly, to protect the weak against the less weak, the incoherent against the plausible, surrounded by lies and flattery. That morning he had convicted a railway clerk of overcharging pilgrims for their tickets and a Pathan\* of attempted rape. He expected no gratitude, no recognition for this, and both clerk and Pathan might appeal, bribe their witness more effectually in the interval, and get their sentences reversed. It was his duty. But he did expect sympathy from his own people, and except from newcomers he obtained it. He did think he ought not to be worried about « Bridge Parties » when the day's work was over and he wanted to play tennis with his equals or rest his legs upon a long chair.

He spoke sincerely, but she could have wished with less gusto. How Ronny revelled in the drawbacks of the situation ! How he did rub it in that he was not in India to behave pleasantly, and derived positive satisfaction therefrom ! He reminded her of his public school days. The traces of young-man humanitarianism had sloughed off, and he talked like an intelligent and embittered boy.

\* Pathan : name of a northwestern Pakistani tribe