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English B – Higher level – Paper 1
Anglais B – Niveau supérieur – Épreuve 1
Inglés B – Nivel superior – Prueba 1

Thursday 16 May 2019 (afternoon)

Jeudi 16 mai 2019 (après-midi)

Jueves 16 de mayo de 2019 (tarde)

1 h 30 m

Text booklet – Instructions to candidates

- Do not open this booklet until instructed to do so.
- This booklet contains all of the texts required for paper 1.
- Answer the questions in the question and answer booklet provided.

Livret de textes – Instructions destinées aux candidats

- N'ouvrez pas ce livret avant d'y être autorisé(e).
- Ce livret contient tous les textes nécessaires à l'épreuve 1.
- Répondez à toutes les questions dans le livret de questions et réponses fourni.

Cuaderno de textos – Instrucciones para los alumnos

- No abra este cuaderno hasta que se lo autoricen.
- Este cuaderno contiene todos los textos para la prueba 1.
- Conteste todas las preguntas en el cuaderno de preguntas y respuestas.

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Página en blanco

Text A

Ex-convict, self-made millionaire or psychic?

One man is portrayed in six different ways by photographers who were all told different backstories about him. For a video titled “Decoy”, Canon Australia, a photography and imaging company, invited six different photographers to capture a person they each believed was either a millionaire, an ex-convict, a psychic, an alcoholic, a lifesaver or a fisherman. In reality, that person was an actor.

Despite photographing the actor in the same studio with the same props, the results were radically different, providing an insight into the photographers’ perception of the man and how they approached the photoshoot.

Under the impression that they were arriving for a workshop, not an experiment, the photographers from around Sydney had no idea what was in store for them.

Taken one-by-one into the studio, the photographers were introduced to the talent and were each told about his lifestyle.

“I thought I was meeting a minor celebrity that I wouldn’t recognise”, photographer Chris Meredith told Daily Mail Australia. “We were ushered into the studio one-by-one and told not to talk to the other guys. It was a huge surprise to me when I was told I would be photographing an alcoholic... I’ve never thought how I would portray an alcoholic.”



Given only ten minutes to take the photo, Mr Meredith attempted to understand his subject before photographing him.

“You would imagine bloodshot eyes, old t-shirt, stained clothes, all these prejudices but none of them were true. The first question I asked him was when the last time he had a drink was and his eyes instantly welled up.

“He told me he had a drink yesterday, I thought I am dealing with somebody who is absolutely raw. He also told me, ‘I want to look at this picture in ten years and say that’s not me’. That is one of the most exciting briefs you can give to a photographer.”

Five photographers followed Chris’s footsteps, each given a different brief. Upon returning as a group and seeing all the photographs lined up, Chris was shocked.

“When I first saw all the pictures I was very surprised. It wasn’t until they explained what happened that everyone gave a sigh of relief,” he said.

Despite approaching his talent with an agenda, Chris believes the brief he was given was necessary.

“The video was an experiment on the power of perspective in portrait photography, demonstrating that a photograph is shaped more by the person behind the camera than by what’s in front of it,” Canon Australia said.

In this experiment, one of six from their most recent content series, *The Lab*, Canon Australia hopes to “shift creative thinking behind the lens.”

Text: MailOnline / Photos: Canon Australia/Christopher Meredith/Franky Tsang

Turn over / Tournez la page / Véase al dorso

Text B

Why You Can't Think of the Word That's on the Tip of Your Tongue

There you are in the middle of a conversation, and suddenly you draw a blank on a particular word. It's right there... if you could just remember... You move on, and hours later, something jogs your memory and the word comes to you, long after its relevance has passed. So, what happened?

5

You experienced what researchers call a tip-of-the-tongue state, that agonizing moment when you know precisely what you want to say but you fail to produce the word or phrase.

10

Far from being ... signs of dementia or Alzheimer's disease, these moments are simply part of the way we communicate, and they're more or less universal.



"You can't talk to anybody, in any culture, in any language, in any age group, ... [who] doesn't know what you're talking about" when you describe a tip-of-the-tongue state, said Lise Abrams, a psychology professor at the University of Florida who has studied the phenomenon for 20 years. Researchers have even found occurrences among sign language users. ... We're more likely to draw blanks on words we use less frequently — like "abacus" or "palindrome" — but there are categories of words that lead to tip-of-the-tongue states more often.

15

20

Proper names are one of those categories. There's no definitive theory, but one reason might be that proper names are ... [random] links to the people they represent, [according to Abrams]. Here's an experiment [you can try: Ask someone to] think of the first and last name of the foul-mouthed chef who has a cooking show. ... [Then ask them to] think of the hand-held device with numbered buttons you use to add, subtract, multiply or divide.

25

Which was easier to recall for them?

In all likelihood it was "calculator," since every calculator ... [we've] ever seen shares those exact same attributes, giving ... [us] more context ... [we] can draw from when trying to produce the word. ...

30

The bad news is there's not a whole lot we can do in the moment to jog our memory when this happens. However, using certain words or names more often can make you less likely to draw a blank when you're trying to produce that word, name or phrase.

So, if you can never seem to remember the name of that guy in administration when you're talking about him, try saying his name out loud when you can: It just might save you a little embarrassment down the road.

35

What's your trick for remembering names? Let me know at tim@nytimes.com or tweet me @timherrera.

Have a great week!

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Text C

Finding ways to manage soils, improve farming

① Dear Editor,

Trinidad and Tobago joins the international community, and in particular the Global Soil Partnership, in observing World Soil Day today. We do well to note that this year, the Partnership has chosen to focus on the following theme: “Caring for the Planet starts from the Ground.” This has tremendous significance here.

② People seem to have forgotten that soil is a finite, non-renewable natural resource. It is the foundation of the farming system, which itself underpins human food and nutrition security. It therefore plays a very critical role in human livelihoods. Unfortunately, national development policy and practice seem not to have been shaped by such understanding.

③ In our situation, we continue to witness the dangerous, extreme degradation¹ of our soil resources due to persistent, inappropriate management practices and extreme development pressures, leading to unsustainable governance over this essential resource.

④ We need look no further than the western Northern Range for stark evidence of this. Uncontrolled hillside development here has wrought untold havoc, with costly impacts on the entire country.

⑤ As if the irreversible loss of so much of our valuable soil to erosion of the hills is not sufficient, this “lost” soil now becomes a monster, clogging drainage systems and waterways, intensifying flooding and polluting the near-shore marine resources. A monumental financial and economic loss to society annually. Still, the most frightening aspect is that there is increasing evidence that the hitherto pristine eastern Northern Range is also under serious threat.

⑥ Observance of World Soil Day 2017 should afford us the opportunity to devise more innovative ways of addressing the challenge of improving soil management and combatting poverty and food and nutrition security, two very much linked concerns. We need to seriously look at ways of reclaiming, rehabilitating and better managing our soils while improving farm incomes.

⑦ Strategies may include: incorporating simple, sustainable soil reclamation and management techniques as part of standard agricultural practice; creating competitions among communities to encourage participation and recognise farmers who have shown most improvement in rehabilitating or managing soils and increasing productivity; using successful farmers as leaders in demonstrating what is possible. But we need equally to closely review and improve the ways in which we manage our soil and land resource.

⑧ The Faculty of Agriculture, UWI² St Augustine Campus, inherited and extended on the long tradition of excellent work on Caribbean soils initiated at the Imperial College of Tropical Agriculture. A good place to start is to critically re-examine and extend on the relevant studies and let them inform the way forward. Evidence must inform policy and action.

Winston R Rudder, Petit Valley

Adapted from Winston Rudder, <http://newsday.co.tt> (2017)

¹ degradation: decline

² UWI: University of the West Indies

Text D

An extract from *The Elephant*

Chenayya wiped his palm against his sarong¹, pushed the door open, went into the store, and crouched by a corner of Mr Pai’s table. Neither Mr Pai nor the Tamilian² assistant took any notice of him.

5 His neck was hurting again; he moved it from side to side to relieve the pain.

“Stop doing that.”

Mr Pai motioned for him to hand over the cash.

10 He moved slowly to the boss man’s desk and handed over the notes to Mr Ganesh Pai, who moistened his finger in the water bowl and counted off seven hundred and forty-two rupees³. Chenayya stared at the water bowl; he noticed how its sides were lobed to make them look like lotus petals, and how the artisan had even traced the pattern of a trellis around the bottom of the bowl.

15 Mr Pai snapped his fingers. He had tied a rubber band around the notes, and was holding out a palm in Chenayya’s direction.

“Two rupees short.”

Chenayya undid the knot in the side of his sarong and handed over two one-rupee notes.

20 That was the sum he was expected to give Mr Pai at the end of every trip: one rupee for the dinner he would be given at around nine o’clock, one rupee for the privilege of having been picked to work for Mr Ganesh Pai.

25 It would be some time before Chenayya’s number was called again, so he walked down the road to a spot where a man was sitting at a desk on the pavement, selling bundles of small rectangular tickets that were as colorful as pieces of candy. He smiled at Chenayya; his fingers began flipping through one of the bundles.

“Yellow?”

“First tell me if my number won last time,” Chenayya said. He brought out a dirty piece of paper from the knot on his sarong. The seller took out a newspaper and glanced down at the bottom-right-hand corner.

30 He read aloud, “Winning Lottery Numbers: 17, 8, 9, 9, 643, 455.”

Chenayya had learned enough about English numerals to recognize his own ticket number; he squinted for several moments, and then let the ticket float to the ground.



35 “People buy for fifteen, sixteen years before they win, Chenayya,” the lottery seller said, by way of consolation. “But in the end those who believe always win. That is the way the world works.”

“I can’t go on this way forever,” Chenayya said. “My neck hurts. I can’t go on like this.”

The lottery seller nodded. “Another yellow ticket?”

Tying the ticket into his bundle, Chenayya staggered back and collapsed on his cart. For a while, he lay like that, feeling not refreshed from the rest but only numb.

40 Then a finger tapped on his head.

“Number’s up, Chenayya.”

It was the Tamilian boy from the store.

To be [– X –] to 54 Rose Lane. He [– 39 –] it aloud: “54 Rose Lane.”

“Good.”

45 The route took him over Lighthouse Hill again. Halfway up the hill, he [– 40 –] and began dragging the cart. The sinews [– 41 –] out of his neck like webbing, and, as he [– 42 –], the air burned through his chest and lungs.

50 You can’t go on, his tired limbs and burning chest told him. You can’t go on. This was when the sense of resistance to his fate waxed greatest within him, and, as he pushed, the restlessness and anger that had been inside him all day became articulate at last:

You will not break me! You will never break me!

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‘The Elephant’ was first published in the New Yorker, 2009

¹ sarong: a long strip of cloth wrapped loosely around the body

² Tamilian: a person of the Indian Tamil ethnicity

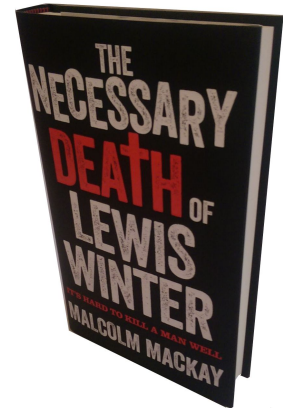
³ rupees: currency used in India

Text E

Crime writer Malcolm Mackay

So, I ask Malcolm Mackay, how long did you work as a hitman in the seedy underbelly of the Glasgow crime world?

5 The baby-faced 31-year-old almost chokes on his orange juice, revealing that this is only his third or fourth visit to the city – and he’s never had a job of any sort for any length of time, let alone being a cold-blooded contract killer. He’s just flown in for the afternoon from his Stornoway home, where he was born and bred and still lives with his parents. But surely he must have been a killer-for-hire at some stage in his life? “No,” replies the writer. “I just sit in my bedroom at
10 home and make it all up,” he laughs, adding that he’s ashamed to admit he actually does very little research.



Mackay clearly has a vivid imagination, so vivid that his trilogy of novels about a young, efficient, Glaswegian hitman earned him an advance of £100,000 from Pan Macmillan’s *Mantel* imprint prior to publication.

15 The 29-year-old anti-hero in the trilogy is Calum Maclean, a loner who comes across as even more reserved than his creator. The first book in the series, *The Necessary Death of Lewis Winter*, opens with him sitting alone in his Glasgow flat one Saturday afternoon, half listening to football on the radio and reading W Somerset Maugham’s 1925 novel *The Painted Veil*. The phone rings. A meeting is arranged. Lewis Winter, “a long-term, small-time drug dealer,” has become a problem, stepping on crime boss Peter Jamieson’s
20 toes. Jamieson wants him murdered. This is Calum’s mission, should he choose to accept it, which of course he does.

Mackay has no idea where the character came from. “I began writing a police procedural,” he confesses. “Then I started thinking about a hitman – I’m a big fan of American crime writers
25 such as Jim Thompson and Hammett, who created bad guys who were fascinating and appealing, despite being amoral. You just want to go on reading about them.

“Calum is a killer but he has no qualms about the morality of what he does and that’s what interested me about him. He worries about his professionalism, about doing the job well. Also, I do think we share some characteristics. We’re both introverted, although obviously I could
30 never kill anyone – only on the page,” says Mackay.

Adapted from Jackie McGlone, www.scotsman.com (2013)