

Final Journal (Class of 2024)

(Collected *prior* to Paper 1 exam, due by 8:00 p.m. on Wednesday, May 8th.)

A: Paper 2 Structure Practice: (50 points)

SL and HL Paper 2: Comparative Essay (1 hour and 45 minutes)

Paper 2 contains four questions of a general nature which require students to write a comparative essay referring to two works studied during the course. Students are required to answer **ONLY ONE** question.

Scussel Directions: Revisit your practice Paper 2 essay, including my feedback and your rubric.

Benton Directions: Revisit your typed Beloved whole-work literary analysis and my feedback with your Paper 2 Rubric in hand. (Likewise, consider your handwritten journal on The Metamorphosis in your comp book.)

Everyone: Respond to a second Paper 2 prompt, adjusting your approach to address the feedback you received. Remember that the highest marks on the rubric include “convincing analysis of textual features and/or broader authorial choices”, so you must integrate your discussion of both texts into your arguments. Resist the urge to discuss each work separately in isolated paragraphs; aim to **put the works in conversation with each other**. Below, you’ll find six past Paper 2 prompts; notice which are about theme and which are about effects; choose one of them for your response:

PAPER TWO PROMPTS

1. We often talk of characters arriving at some moment of epiphany; with reference to at least two works of fiction you have studied, compare the means by which our attention is drawn to these moments and their impact within the works. (2015)
2. With reference to two works you have studied, discuss the means by which the passage of time is communicated and the effect this achieves. (2023)
3. With regard to two works you have studied, explore the representation of poverty. (2023)
4. Discuss how and to what effect contrast has been used in two works you have studied. (2023)
5. Referring to two works you have studied, how, and to what effect, do the different points of view expressed influence the reader? (2023)
6. How do two of the works you have studied portray the struggle to be understood? (2023)

B: Major Works Quotations for Paper 2: (10 points)

Select SEVEN meaningful quotations from THREE individual works (Beloved and The Metamorphosis as well as a first semester work) and record them below your essay (Part A): that’s 21 quotations in total. You must commit these to memory and use them on Paper 2. Other ways to show textual knowledge include specific detail, paraphrase, and detailed summary.

C: Paper 1 Practice: (100 points)

HL Paper 1: Guided literary analysis (2 hours and 15 minutes)

The paper consists of two literary passages, from two different literary forms, each accompanied by a question. Students write an analysis of **each** of the passages.

SL Paper 1: Guided literary analysis (1 hour and 15 minutes)

The paper consists of two passages from two different literary forms, each accompanied by a question. Students choose **one passage** and write an analysis of it.

Read carefully! Paper 1 is called “Guided Literary Analysis” for BOTH HL and SL students. You are writing literary analysis; you are analyzing. To analyze means to “break down in order to bring out the essential elements or structure.” The attached prompts are old IB exam questions.

ESSAYS: (50 points) Select ONE of the following passages and write a fully developed, well supported essay. First colormark the extract so that you can *break down* the essential elements. Recognize the genre of the extract. Is it prose fiction (short story, novel, graphic novel)? Poetry? Drama? Non-fiction (essay, memoir, travelogue)? What terminology will you include to demonstrate your understanding that textual features and/or authorial choices shape meaning? Arrange your essay(s) in order to convince the examiner of the validity of your ideas: show your understanding and interpretation of the text(s) as well as your sensitivity to authorial choices.

OUTLINES: (25 points each) Address TWO more passages in outline form.

Each outline should consist of the following: a thesis, 3 supporting arguments, 3 supporting quotations/per argument/per text.

Please note: this Paper 1 assignment requires one full-length essay and two (2) formal outlines.

Final journals must be typed, double-spaced, clearly labeled with YOUR NAME and the question number. Then submit them to the dropbox on ManageBac by **8:00 p.m. on Tuesday, May 8th**. These must be completed PRIOR to your taking the Paper 1 Exam OR *not at all*.

I WILL NOT, under any circumstances, accept LATE WORK for credit!

Consult the review resources on Canvas before your exam! The page is titled “IB EXAM REVIEW”.

Final Suggestions/Reminders, Paper 1:

Remember! You can address the guiding question, but you do not necessarily have to.

SL students have 1 hour and 15 minutes to write ONE essay (chosen from the two).

HL students have 2 hours and 15 minutes to write TWO essays.

Know the four descriptors:

- A. Understanding and interpretation
- B. Analysis and evaluation
- C. Focus and organization
- D. Language

In the opening paragraph, include a clear thesis — a roadmap of your ideas. Also consider including a short summary of the extract, including mentioning the genre.

Use many, many specific details from the texts. Smoothly integrated direct quotations are impressive, but there are other ways to show detail. Go deeply into the FEATURES and their EFFECTS!

Use the literary terms correctly and note EFFECTS; see the attached overview sheet.

Final Suggestions/Reminders, Paper 2:

- Prior to Paper 2, review your Major Works Comparison Chart (and those of your peers).
- Review your **seven** selected quotations for each work. Remember that you can also demonstrate understanding of the text with specific details and paraphrase.
- *Scusset*: Review the motif discussions for each work on Canvas.
- *Benton*: Review your notes and annotations specific to each work AND your gathered Lit Notes.
- Read the student sample Paper 2 responses and the rubric on Canvas: know the descriptors!
- DO NOT discuss the two texts in isolated paragraphs: put the works into conversation with each other.

*Relax. You have been preparing for 4 years. You are ready! **Good luck!***

BRING the following materials to the examination:

colored pencils or highlighters (on Paper 1 specifically)
two good blue/black pens
a jacket

RETURNING YOUR BORROWED BOOKS:

Please bring the books back to my classroom. I NEED these books back: please and thank you.

Paper 1 Overview

DURATION:

- SL Students: 1 hour and 15 minutes
- HL Students: 2 hours and 15 minutes.

OVERVIEW:

- Both SL and HL students have the same exam paper with two previously unseen passages. HL students will write guided literary analysis on EACH OF THE TWO passages, while SL students will only CHOOSE ONE.
- The biggest difference between HL and SL: careful budgeting of time!
- Passages may be prose, drama, poetry, nonfiction- but will include TWO different forms (most likely prose and poetry)
- Will include a guiding questions- this is a "guided literary analysis" not merely a commentary.

"LITERARY ANALYSIS" VS. LITERARY COMMENTARY

- "The essential difference between literary commentary and literary analysis is one of organization and the development of ideas as opposed to the nature of the analysis"
- Both: demonstrate an understanding of the thought and feeling within the passage, as well as to show an appreciation for the ways in which the writer shapes meaning through specific choices of language, structure, technique and style.
- An ANALYSIS is supported by a guiding question that serves as the entry point of your analysis. You are NOT expected to address every literary feature of the passage- instead, use the question to narrow your analysis.
- The form of the passage will determine the approach and the language of your analysis

PROSE FICTION (THE NOVEL AND THE SHORT STORY)

The language and focus of your analysis should include

- Plot, setting (geography, topography, location)
- Time (historical, contextual, flashback)
- Character function/development (major, minor, foil, parallel, antagonist, protagonist)
- Theme (implicit or explicit, lesson about human nature)
- Structure (chaptering, sectioning)
- Point of view (first person, second person, third-person limited or omniscient)

POETRY

The language and focus of your analysis should include

- Structure, shape, form (stanzas, lines, enjambment, free verse, lyric, narrative)
- Sound (onomatopoeia, alliteration, assonance, consonance)
- Rhyme (patterns, end rhyme, eye rhyme)
- Subject matter
- Tone, occasion
- Speaker/persona
- Irony
- Diction and syntax

DRAMA

The language and focus of your analysis should include

- Entries, exits, and blocking
- Staging- lighting, props, music, costumes
- Irony- verbal, situational, dramatic
- Character- gesture, voice, visual appearance
- Character- function and development
- Time (passage of and historical)
- Momentum
- Sound (other than music) and silence
- Dialogue
- Structure

LITERARY NON-FICTION

The language and focus of your analysis should include

- Audience (familiar, unfamiliar)
- Register (technical, formal, informal, colloquial)
- Persuasive strategies (rhetoric, pathos, logos, ethos)
- Form (essay, memoir, letter, speeches, autobiography, biography)
- Authenticity

option 1

Act one

3 p.m. Saturday.

The open plan living room of a modern executive-style house. Archways leading off to the kitchen and back doors. Another to the front door and bedrooms etc. Primarily furnished with English Swedish style furniture. A lot of wrought iron for gates in lieu of doors and as used for room dividers. Also artistic frosted glass. Doubtful pictures. Possibly a bar. It all cost a great deal of money. Parquet floor with rugs.

At the start, EVELYN, a heavily made-up, reasonably trendily dressed, expressionless girl, is sitting by a pram which she is rocking absently with one hand whilst gazing blankly out of the window. Near her, on the table, underneath suitable coverings, tea is laid out in the form of sandwiches and cakes. Only the teapot and hot water jug are missing. EVELYN chews and sings to herself.

After a moment, DIANA enters. She is older, mid to later thirties. She always gives the impression of being slightly fraught. She smiles occasionally, but it's painful. Her sharp darting eyes don't miss much after years of suspicions both genuine and unfounded.

15 DIANA: Have you got him to sleep?

EVELYN: Yes.

DIANA [*looking into the pram*]: Aaah! They look so lovely like that. Like little cherubims.

EVELYN [*unenthusiastic*]: Mmm.

DIANA: Just like little cherubims. [*Anxious.*] Should he be covered up as much as that, dear?

20 EVELYN: Yes.

DIANA: Won't he get too hot?

EVELYN: He likes it hot.

DIANA: Oh. I was just worried he wasn't getting enough air.

EVELYN: He's all right. He doesn't need much air.

25 DIANA: Oh well... [*She looks about her.*] Well, I think we're all ready for them. John's on his way, you say?

EVELYN: Yes.

DIANA: How is he these days? I haven't seen John for ages.

EVELYN: He's all right.

30 DIANA: I haven't seen either of you.

EVELYN: We're all right.

DIANA: Not for ages. Well, I'm glad you could come this afternoon. Colin will really appreciate that, I'm sure. Seeing us all.

[*Pause.*]

35 Paul should be home again soon. I think he's playing his squash again.

EVELYN: Oh.

DIANA: Him and his squash. It used to be tennis – now he's squash mad. Squash, squash, squash. Can't see what he sees in it. All afternoon hitting a ball against a wall. It's so noisy. Bang, bang, bang. He's not even out of doors. No fresh air at all. It can't be good for him. Does John play squash?

40

EVELYN: No.

DIANA: Oh.



EVELYN: He doesn't play anything.

45 DIANA: Oh, well. He probably doesn't need it. Exercise. Some men don't. My father never took a stroke of exercise. Till he died. He seemed fit enough. He managed to do what he wanted to do. Mind you, he never did very much. He just used to sit and shout at we girls. Most of the time. He got calmer though when he got older. After my mother left him. [*Looking into the pram.*] Did you knit that little jacket for him?

EVELYN: No.

Alan Ayckbourn, *Absent Friends* (1975)

- How is the relationship between the two characters established in this extract?

option 2

In the following extract from a travelogue, the author has travelled out of the city of Cairo and into the desert.

It was a canyon of great promise. The cliffs were three hundred or more feet high and rose in a concave curve to an abrupt crumbly steepness at the top. They looked impossible to climb. I was cowed by the canyon's vastness, content at first to leap from boulder to boulder along its rocky bottom. There were plants but no trees, gravel slides, rounded hillocks of shale and side
5 wadis* winding into rocky clefts in the canyon walls. The air was brilliantly clear. Bright blue sky in front and, when I turned to look back, the city squatting under a foggy haze. You could actually see the start of the smog, worryingly near the place where my kids' school was, but as I walked up the canyon I turned my back on it.

10 In the ultra-clear air of the desert you can see as far as you want to. Small details are visible far away. A falcon floating in the distance above the canyon top was like an inkstroke, a precise piece of calligraphy.

There were two ruined blockhouses in the wadi, remnants of its time as a military training area. These became my landmarks. I would reach them quickly and decide where to explore. On the ground I found fossils but no stone tools. I followed a path up a rocky defile
15 and rediscovered the pleasure of hauling myself up short boulder-faces. Each sub-wadi was a series of steps that water had once poured down. They looked unclimbable but up close there was almost always a way. Under the cliffs were animal tracks and burrows but for days I saw no animals, only birds including the black and white wheatear, the zezzur, after which Zerzura had been named. At the top of the side wadi I was on the plain, flat and gravelly. In the far distance
20 were new tower blocks being built. Ahead it was clear to the horizon and behind, in the hollow of the Nile valley, lay Cairo under its pall of greyness.

I had been keen on rock-climbing when I was younger, but it had been years since I had done any. I was surprised to find I'd become trepidatious about heights, nervous about scrambling up shale cliffs. Slowly, I regained the old skills needed, not pausing too long on a
25 hand- or foothold, not thinking too much, just moving upwards. Instead of seeing unclimbable vertiginous cliffs I began to see routes, ways up and out of the canyon. I deliberately sighted up a possible route and found my way quite easily to the very top edge. The drop made me keep clear of the edge, gave my knees a slight wobble. Looking across the canyon, which was maybe a half-kilometre wide, the plains on the other side stretched away to hills marked only
30 by a distant radio tower. Coming down the same way I saw my first desert fox, not a big-eared fennec, but a red fox. I sat still and watched it as it watched me. The time spent watching in the cool, clear high-up air was like an inner breath of some neglected part of me, which neutralized the heavy sense of self, made me transparent again.

Robert Twigger, *Lost Oasis: In Search of Paradise* (2007)

* wadis: wadi is an Arabic term for a valley or dried-up riverbed

- To what effect does the narrator combine objective facts and subjective perception in this text?
-

Ispahan Carpet¹

option 3

Rough timber gallows on which the carpets are woven
By a silent, sallow, dark-eyed Persian family,
Fills the room, bare but for blackened pots and jars
In the cavernous hearth. A flickering fire
5 Lights on the sensuous jewelled arabesques²
Shadowing the makers of the webs.

Eight-year-old girls sit sparrows on a plank
Rope-rising with the pattern, their unsupported bird-bones
Bent like old women. Only such little fingers,
10 Following the guides of coloured wool upon the warp
Left by their aunts and sisters,
Can tie such exquisitely minute knots –
One hundred to the square centimetre, says the guide proudly –
For the most desired Tabriz or Karmenshah.
15 One hundred knots in the space of my thumb-nail,
One hundred heart-beats of a young child's growing,
One hundred hours for the space a foot will crush down.

O, eyes whose whole horizon is the carpet
And its traditional beauty! Who can unravel
20 The world's weaving?

My swollen hand is gentle on the greenstick³ shoulder
Her large eyes look back at me with a speaking darkness.

Elizabeth Burge

¹ Ispahan Carpet: type of Persian rug

² arabesques: flowing and interwoven patterns

³ greenstick: fragile and bent

- Discuss how the poet conveys the speaker's feelings about the child weavers.
 - By what means does the poet evoke the atmosphere of the place?
 - Examine the importance of lines 18-20.
 - How does the poet's use of structure contribute to your understanding of the poem?
-

option 4

It is not compulsory for you to address the guiding questions in your answers.

[20 marks]

In the following passage a stunt man practices tight-rope walking in a field in preparation for a future walk on a tightrope between two skyscrapers.

5 What he has seen often in the meadow: a nest of three red-tailed hawks, chicks, on the ledge of a tree branch, in a thick inter-twine of twigs. The chicks could tell when the mother was returning, even from far away. They began to squawk, a happiness in advance. Their beaks scissored open, and a moment later she winged down toward them, a pigeon in one foot, held by the talons. She hovered and alighted, one wing still stretched out, shielding half the nest from view. She tore off red hunks of flesh and dropped them into the open mouths of the chicks. All of it done with the sort of ease that there was no vocabulary for. The balance of talon and wing. The perfect drop of red flesh into their mouths.

10 It was moments like this that kept his training on track. Six years in so many different places. The meadow just one of them. The grass stretched for the better part of a half mile, though the line ran only 250 feet along the middle of the meadow, where there was the most wind. The cable was guy-lined¹ by a number of well-tightened cavallettis². Sometimes he loosened them so the cable would sway. It improved his balance. He went to the middle of the wire, where it was most difficult. He would try hopping from one foot to the other. He carried a balancing pole that was too heavy, just to instruct his body in change. If a friend was visiting he would get him to thump the high wire with a two-by-four³ so that the cable swung and he learned to sway side to side. He even got the friend to jump on the wire to see if he could knock him off.

20 His favorite moment was running along the wire without a balancing pole—it was the purest bodyflow he could get. What he understood, even when training, was this: he could not be at the top and bottom all at once. There was no such thing as an attempt. He could catch himself with his hands, or by wrapping his feet around the wire, but that was a failure. He hunted endlessly for new exercises: the full turn, the tiptoe, the pretend fall, the cartwheel, bouncing a soccer ball on his head, the bound walk, with his ankles tied together. But they were exercises, not moves he would contemplate on a walk.

25 Once, during a thunderstorm, he rode the wire as if it were a surfboard. He loosened the guy cables so the wire was more reckless than ever. The waves the sway created were three feet high, brutal, erratic, side to side, up and down. Wind and rain all around him. The balancing pole touched against the tip of the grass, but never the ground. He laughed into the teeth of the wind.

30 He thought only later, as he went back to the cabin, that the pole in his hand had been a lightning rod: he could have been lit up with the storm—a steel cable, a balancing pole, a wide-open meadow.

Extract from Column McCann, *Let the Great World Spin*

What tensions are created by the descriptions in these paragraphs?

¹ Guy-line: to restrain the motion of something.

² Cavalletti: a device for fastening.

³ Two-by-four: a length of wood with a rectangular cross section nominally two inches by four inches.

The Last of the Books

Is it too strange to think
That, when all life at last from earth is gone,
And round the sun's pale blink
Our desolate planet wheels its ice and stone,
5 Housed among storm-proof walls there yet may abide,
Defying long the venoms of decay,
A still dark throng of books, dumb books of song
And tenderest fancies born of youth and May?

A quiet remembering host,
10 Outliving the poor dust that gave them birth,
Unvisited by even a wandering ghost,
But treasuring still the music of our earth,
In little fading hieroglyphs they shall bear
Through death and night, the legend of our spring,
15 And how the lilac scented the bright air
When hearts throbbed warm, and lips could kiss and sing.

And, ere that record fail,
Strange voyagers from a mightier planet come
On wingèd ships that through the void can sail
20 And gently alight upon our ancient home;
Strange voices echo, and strange flares explore,
Strange hands, with curious weapons, burst these bars,
Lift the brown volumes to the light once more,
And bear their stranger secrets through the stars.

Alfred Noyes, *Collected Poems Vol 4* (1927)

1. How has the poet utilized
SOUND?

option 6

Write a guided analysis of the following text.

1.

This is an extract from *Prospero's Cell*, a non-fiction work by Lawrence Durrell.

DIVISIONS UPON GREEK GROUND

29.4.37

April

note! These are dates. 4/29/37.

5 It is April and we have taken an old fisherman's house in the extreme north of the island - Kalamai¹. Ten sea-miles from the town, and some thirty kilometres by road, it offers all the charms of seclusion. A white house set like a dice on a rock already venerable with the scars of wind and water. The hill runs clear up into the sky behind it, so that the cypresses and olives overhang this room in which I sit and write. We are upon a bare promontory² with its beautiful clean surface of metamorphic stone covered in olive and ilex³. [...] This is become our unregretted home. A world. Corcyra⁴.

5.5.37 May

10 The books have arrived by water. Confusion, adjectives, smoke, and the deafening pumping of the wheezy Diesel engine. Then the caique⁵ staggered off in the direction of St. Stephano and the Forty Saints where the crew will gorge themselves on melons and fall asleep in their coarse woollen vests, one on top of the other, like a litter of cats, under the ikon of St. Spiridon of Holy Memory. We are depending upon this daily caique for our provisions.

15 6.5.37

20 Climb to Vigla⁶ in the time of cherries and look down. You will see that the island lies against the mainland roughly in the form of a sickle. On the landward side you have a great bay, noble and serene, and almost completely landlocked. Northward the tip of the sickle almost touches Albania and here the troubled blue of the Ionian is sucked harshly between the ribs of limestone and spits of sand. Kalamai fronts the Albanian foothills, and into it the water races as into a swimming-pool: a milky ferocious green when the north wind curdles it.

7.5.37

25 The cape opposite is bald; a wilderness of rock-thistle and melancholy asphodel⁷ - the drear sea-quill. It was on a ringing spring day that we discovered the house. The sky lay in a heroic blue arc as we came down the stone ladder. I remember N. saying distinctly to Theodore: 'But the quietness alone makes it another country.' We looked through the hanging screen of olive-branches on to the white sea wall with fishing-tackle drying on it. A neglected balcony. The floors were cold. Fowls clucked softly in the gloom where the great olive-press lay, waiting its season. A cypress stood motionless - as if at the gates of the underworld. We shivered and sat on the white rock to eat, looking down at our own faces in the motionless sea. You will think it strange
30 to have come all the way from England to this fine Grecian promontory where our only company can be rock, air, sky - and all the elementals. In letters home N. says we have been cultivating

the tragic sense. There is no explanation. It is enough to record that everything is exactly as the fortune-teller said it would be. White house, white rock, friends and a narrow style of loving: and perhaps a book which will grow out of these scraps, as from the rubbish of these old Venetian tombs the cypress cracks the slabs at last and rises up fresh and green.

-
- ¹ Kalamai: village on Corfu, Greece
 - ² promontory: a rocky ridge
 - ³ Ilex: holly
 - ⁴ Corcyra: an alternative name for Corfu
 - ⁵ caique: a fishing boat
 - ⁶ Vigla: village on Corfu, Greece
 - ⁷ asphodel: a plant common in Greece

- How does the author use descriptive language to create atmosphere?

Write a ~~commentary~~ on one of the following:
guided literary analysis

option 7

1.

My grandfather's good mood accompanied him all the way to the trolley stop. Other workers were already waiting, loose-kneed, smoking cigarettes and joking. Lefty noticed their metal lunch pails and, embarrassed by his paper sack, held it behind him. The streetcar showed up first as a hum in the soles of his boots. Then it appeared against the rising sun, Apollo's own chariot, only
5 electrified. Inside, men stood in groups arranged by language. Faces scrubbed for work still had soot inside the ears, deep black. The streetcar sped off again. Soon the jovial mood dissipated and the languages fell silent. Near downtown, a few blacks boarded the car, standing outside on the runners, holding on to the roof.

And then the Rouge appeared against the sky, rising out of the smoke it generated. At first
10 all that was visible was the tops of the eight main smokestacks. Each gave birth to its own dark cloud. The clouds plumed upward and merged into a general pall that hung over the landscape, sending a shadow that ran along the trolley tracks; and Lefty understood that the men's silence was a recognition of this shadow, of its inevitable approach each morning. As it came on, the men turned their backs so that only Lefty saw the light leave the sky as the shadow enveloped the
15 streetcar and the men's faces turned gray and one of the *mavros** on the runners spat blood onto the roadside. The smell seeped into the streetcar next, first the bearable eggs and manure, then the unbearable chemical taint, and Lefty looked at the other men to see if they registered it, but they didn't, though they continued to breathe. The doors opened and they all filed out. Through the hanging smoke, Lefty saw other streetcars letting off other workers, hundreds and hundreds of gray
20 figures trudging across the paved courtyard toward the factory gates. Trucks were driving past, and Lefty let himself be taken along with the flow of the next shift, fifty, sixty, seventy thousand men hurrying last cigarettes or getting in final words – because as they approached the factory they'd begun to speak again, not because they had anything to say but because beyond those doors language wasn't allowed. The main building, a fortress of dark brick, was seven stories high,
25 the smokestacks seventeen. Running off it were two chutes topped by water towers. These led to observation decks and to adjoining refineries studded with less impressive stacks. It was like a grove of trees, as if the Rouge's eight main smokestacks had sown seeds to the wind, and now ten or twenty or fifty smaller trunks were sprouting up in the infertile soil around the plant. Lefty could see the train tracks now, the huge silos along the river, the giant spice box of coal,
30 coke, and iron ore, and the catwalks stretching overhead like giant spiders. Before he was sucked in the door, he glimpsed a freighter and a bit of the river French explorers named for its reddish color, long before the water turned orange from runoff or ever caught on fire.

Historical fact: people stopped being human in 1913. That was the year Henry Ford put his cars on rollers and made his workers adopt the speed of the assembly line. At first, workers
35 rebelled. They quit in droves, unable to accustom their bodies to the new pace of the age. Since then, however, the adaptation has been passed down: we've all inherited it to some degree, so that we plug right into joysticks and remotes, to repetitive motions of a hundred kinds.

Jeffrey Eugenides, *Middlesex* (2002)

1. How has the writer
USED imagery to
develop setting?

* *mavros*: from the Greek, meaning dark-skinned