



Annual Examinations for Secondary Schools 2022

YEAR 11 ENGLISH PAPER 2 TEXTS

Part I: Poetry – Unprepared Text

Late Summer by Jennifer Grotz

- Before the moths have even appeared
to orbit around them, the streetlamps come on,
3 a long row of them glowing uselessly
- along the ring of garden that circles the city centre,
where your steps count down the dulling of daylight.
6 At your feet, a bee crawls in small circles like a toy unwinding.
- Summer specializes in time, slows it down almost to dream.
And the noisy day goes so quiet you can hear
9 the bedraggled¹ man who visits each trash receptacle²
- mutter in disbelief: *Everything in the world is being thrown away!*
Summer lingers, but it's about ending. It's about how things
12 redden and ripen and burst and come down. It's when
- city workers cut down trees, demolishing
one limb at a time, spilling the crumbs
15 of twigs and leaves all over the tablecloth of street.
- Sunglasses!* the man softly exclaims
while beside him blooms a large grey rose of pigeons
18 huddled around a dropped piece of bread.

Glossary	1- untidy/scruffy	2- garbage bin
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Part II: Prose – Unprepared Text

We sped down a white road covered in a thick layer of silky dust that rose in a boiling cloud behind us, a road lined with prickly pears like a fence of green plates each cleverly balanced on another's edges, and splashed with knobs of scarlet fruit. At last we roared to the top of the hill, and Spiro (our Greek taxi-driver) crammed on his
5 brakes and brought the car to a dust-misted halt. "There's you ares," he said, pointing with a great stubby forefinger; that's the villa with the bathrooms, likes you wanted." Mother, who had kept her eyes firmly shut throughout the drive, now opened them cautiously and looked. Spiro was pointing at a gentle curve of hillside that rose from the glittering sea. The hill and the valleys around it were a quilt of olive-groves that
10 shone with a fish-like gleam where the breeze touched the leaves. Half way up the slope, guarded by a group of tall, slim cypress-trees, nestled a small strawberry-pink villa, like some exotic fruit lying in the greenery. The cypress trees undulated gently in the breeze, busily painting the sky a still brighter blue for our arrival. As soon as we saw it, we wanted to live there. We felt we had come home.

15 Having lumbered so unexpectedly into our lives, Spiro now took over complete control of our affairs. It was better, he explained, for him to do things. "Donts you worrys yourself about anythings, Mrs Durrels. Leaves everythings to me," he told Mother. So he would take us shopping, and after an hour's sweating and roaring he would get the price of an article reduced by perhaps two drachmas. This was approximately a
20 penny; it was not the cash but the principle of the thing, he explained. The fact that he was Greek and adored bargaining was, of course, another reason. That he knew everyone on the island, and that they all knew him, we soon discovered was no idle boast. Wherever his car stopped, half a dozen voices would shout out his name, and hands would beckon him to sit at the little tables under the trees and drink coffee.

25 So we were installed in the villa and we each settled down and adapted ourselves to our surroundings in our respective ways. In between keeping a watchful eye on us all, Mother was settling down in her own way. The house was redolent with the scent of herbs and sharp tang of garlic and onions, and the kitchen was full of a bubbling selection of pots, among which she moved, spectacles askew, muttering to herself.
30 When she could drag herself away from the kitchen, she would drift happily around the garden, enthusiastically weeding and planting.

For myself, the garden held sufficient interest. This doll's house garden was a magic land, a forest of flowers through which roamed creatures I had never seen before. Among the thick, silky petals of each rose-bloom lived tiny, crab-like spiders that
35 scuttled sideways when disturbed. Their small translucent bodies were coloured to match the flowers they inhabited: pink, ivory, wine-red, or buttery-yellow. On the rose-stems, lady-birds moved like newly-painted toys. Carpenter bees, like furry, electric-blue bears, zigzagged among the flowers. As an accompaniment to all this activity there came from the olive – groves the incessant shimmering cries of the
40 cicadas. At first I was so bewildered by this profusion of life on our very doorstep that I could only move about the garden in a daze.

(adapted from "My Family and Other Animals" by Gerald Durrell)

