

N° de JURY :

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(4 premiers chiffres de votre n° de matricule)

SESSION :

EXAMEN :

SÉRIE :

SPÉCIALITÉ :

ÉPREUVE DE :

**Remplissez
très lisiblement
le talon ci-dessous**

NOM : _____
Prénoms : _____

N° D'INSCRIPTION OU DE TABLE

CENTRE D'EXAMEN : _____

NOTE EN POINTS ENTIERS

/20

APPRÉCIATIONS EXPLIQUANT LA NOTE CHIFFRÉE :

BACCALAURÉAT GÉNÉRAL SESSION 2001

ANGLAIS

Série L

Langue Vivante 1

Durée : 3 heures – Coefficient : 4

L'usage du dictionnaire et des calculatrices est interdit.

NOTE IMPORTANTE

Ce cahier est destiné à recevoir vos réponses. Vous le remettrez à la fin de l'épreuve. Ne vous en servez pas comme d'un brouillon. Il n'est pas prévu de vous en fournir un second. Vous ne pouvez pas utiliser de feuilles supplémentaires.

Avant de composer, le candidat s'assurera que le sujet est complet

Compréhension et expression :	14 points
Traduction :	6 points

Next door to Sally's Aunt Jane, in a cosy little cottage with a wonderful little garden, lived Thomas Kitchener, a large, grave, self-sufficing young man, who, by sheer application to work, had become already, though only twenty-five, second gardener at the Hall. Gardening absorbed him. When he was not working at the Hall he was working at home. On the morning following Sally's arrival, it being a Thursday and his day off, he was crouching in a constrained attitude in his garden, every fibre of his being concentrated on the interment of a plump young bulb. Consequently, when a chunk of mud came sailing over the fence, he did not notice it.

A second, however, compelled attention by bursting like a shell on the back of his neck. He looked up, startled. Nobody was in sight. He was puzzled. It could hardly be raining mud. Yet the alternative theory, that someone in the next garden was throwing it, was hardly less bizarre. The nature of his friendship with Sally's Aunt Jane and old Mr Williams, her husband, was comfortable rather than rollicking. It was inconceivable that they should be flinging clods at him.

As he stood wondering whether he should go to the fence and look over, or simply accept the phenomenon as one of those things which no fellow can understand, there popped up before him the head and shoulders of a girl. Poised in her right hand was a third clod, which, seeing that there was now no need for its services, she allowed to fall to the ground.

'Halloa!' she said. 'Good morning.'

She was a pretty girl, small and trim. Tom was by way of being the strong, silent man with a career to think of and no time for bothering about girls, but he saw that. There was, moreover, a certain alertness in her expression rarely found in the feminine population of Millbourne, who were apt to be slightly bovine.

'What do you think *you're* messing about at?' she said, affably.

Tom was a slow-minded young man, who liked to have his thoughts well under control before he spoke. He was not one of your gay rattlers. Besides, there was something about this girl which confused him to an extraordinary extent. He was conscious of new and strange emotions. He stood staring silently.

'What's your name, anyway?'

He could answer that. He did so.

'Oh! Mine's Sally Preston. Mrs Williams is my aunt. I've come from London.'

Tom had no remarks to make about London.

'Have you lived here all your life?'

'Yes,' said Tom.

'My goodness! Don't you ever feel fed up? Don't you want a change?'

Tom considered the point.

'No,' he said.

'Well, *I do*, I want one now.'

'It's a nice place,' hazarded Tom.

'It's nothing of the sort. It's the beastliest hole in existence. It's absolutely chronic. Perhaps you wonder why I'm here. Don't think I *wanted* to come here. Not me! I was sent. It was like this.' She gave him a rapid summary of her troubles.

'There! Don't you call it a bit thick?' she concluded.

Tom considered this point, too.

'You must make the best of it,' he said, at length.

'I won't! I'll make father take me back.'

Tom considered this point also. Rarely, if ever, had he been given so many things to think about in one morning.

'How?' he inquired, at length.

'I don't know. I'll find some way. You see if I don't. I'll get away from here jolly quick, I give you *my word*.'

Tom bent low over a rose-bush. His face was hidden, but the brown of his neck seemed to take on a richer hue, and his ears were undeniably crimson. His feet moved restlessly, and from his unseen mouth there proceeded the first gallant speech his lips had ever framed. Merely considered as a speech, it was, perhaps, nothing wonderful; but from Tom it was a miracle of chivalry and polish.

What he said was: 'I hope not.'

Something to worry about, P. G. Wodehouse, (Penguin Books, 1958)
(First edition : 1914)

I - COMPRÉHENSION / EXPRESSION

1. Sum up in **one sentence** what happens in the passage.

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2. Read the passage from line 1 to line 7 and write a paragraph in your own words about the male character: name, age, job, physical appearance, personality, interests. (50 words)

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3. When and how do the characters meet? (20 words)

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4. Read from line 17 to line 26. How does the boy react to the girl and why? (40 words)

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5. "Tom was a slow-minded young man" (line 23)

Give 3 **different** justifications to this sentence. Indicate the lines.

- (line)
- (line)
- (line)

6. How does the girl feel about her situation? (30 words)

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7. Analyse the girl's words : what are her intentions as to her current situation and what literary devices are used to convey her feelings? Give examples. (60 words)

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8. "I was sent." (line 39) Justify the use of the passive voice. (20 words)

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9. "She gave him a rapid summary of her troubles" (lines 39-40)
Imagine what may have happened to her before she arrived. (100 words)

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10. a) What happens to Tom in the last paragraph? (lines 50-55) (20 words)

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b) “But from Tom it was a miracle of chivalry and polish.
What he said was: ‘I hope not.’ ” (lines 53-54)

Comment on the narrator's tone. (30 words)

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11. Choose one of the following subjects:

a) “I'll make father take me back.” (l. 44)
“I'll find some way.” (l. 48)

Imagine the conversation between the girl and her father. (200 words)

b) Sometimes holidays can be a source of conflict between teenagers and their parents. Explain why. (200 words)

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II - TRADUCTION : from line 23 to line 29.

Tom was a slow-minded young man, who liked to have his thoughts well under control before he spoke. He was not one of your gay rattlers. Besides, there was something about this girl which confused him to an extraordinary extent. He was conscious of new and strange emotions. He stood staring silently.

'What's your name, anyway?'

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'Oh! Mine's Sally Preston. Mrs Williams is my aunt. I've come from London.'

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