

SESSION 2004**BACCALAUREAT GENERAL****ANGLAIS****LANGUE VIVANTE 1****SERIES ES - S****Durée : 3 heures****Coefficient : 3**

L'usage du dictionnaire et des calculatrices est interdit
L'ensemble du sujet est à agraffer à la copie d'examen

Avant de composer, le candidat s'assurera que le sujet comporte bien
7 pages numérotées de 1 à 7.

Compréhension	10 points
Expression	10 points

My grandfather died when I was a small boy, and my grandmother started staying with us for about six months every year. She lived in a room that doubled as my father's office, which we referred to as "the back room." She carried with her a powerful aroma. I don't know what kind of perfume she used, but it was the double-barrel, ninety-proof, knock-down, render-the-victim-unconscious, moose-killing variety. She kept it in a huge atomizer and applied it frequently and liberally. It was almost impossible to go into her room and remain breathing for any length of time. When she would leave the house to go spend six months with my Aunt Lillian, my mother and sisters would throw open all the windows, strip the bed, and take out the curtains and rugs. Then they would spend several days washing and airing things out, trying frantically to make the pungent odor go away.

This, then, was my grandmother at the time of the infamous pea incident.

It took place at the Biltmore Hotel, which, to my eight-year-old mind, was just about the fanciest place to eat in all of Providence. My grandmother, my mother and I were having lunch after a morning spent shopping. I grandly ordered a salisbury steak, confident in the knowledge that beneath that fancy name was a good old hamburger with gravy. When brought to the table, it was accompanied by a plate of peas.

I do not like peas now. I did not like peas then. I have always hated peas. It is a complete mystery to me why anyone would voluntarily eat peas. I did not eat them at home. I did not eat them at restaurants. And I certainly was not about to eat them now.

"Eat your peas," my grandmother said.

"Mother," said my mother in her warning voice. "He doesn't like peas. Leave him alone."

My grandmother did not reply, but there was a glint in her eye and a grim set to her jaw that signaled she was not going to be thwarted. She leaned in my direction, looked me in the eye, and uttered the fateful words that changed my life:

"I'll pay you five dollars if you eat those peas."

I had absolutely no idea of the impending doom that was heading my way like a giant wrecking ball. I only knew that five dollars was an *enormous*, nearly *unimaginable* amount of money, and as awful as peas were, only one plate of them stood between me and the possession of that five dollars. I began to force the wretched things down my throat.

My mother was livid. My grandmother had that self-satisfied look of someone who has thrown down an unbeatable trump card. "I can do what I want, Ellen, and you can't stop me." My mother glared at her mother. She glared at me. No one can glare like my mother. If there were a glaring Olympics, she would undoubtedly win the gold medal.

I, of course, kept shoving peas down my throat. The glares made me nervous, and every single pea made me want to throw up, but the magical image of that five dollars floated before me, and I finally gagged down every last one of them. My grandmother handed me the five dollars with a flourish. My mother continued to glare in silence. And the episode ended. Or so I thought.

My grandmother left for Aunt Lillian's a few weeks later. That night, at dinner, my mother served two of my all-time favorite foods, meatloaf and mashed potatoes. Along with them came a big, steaming bowl of peas. She offered me some peas, and I, in the very last moments of my innocent youth, declined. My mother fixed me with a cold eye as she heaped a huge pile of peas onto my plate. Then came the words that were to haunt me for years.

"You ate them for money," she said. "You can eat them for love."

Oh, despair! Oh, devastation! Now, too late, came the dawning realization that I had unwittingly damned myself to a hell from which there was no escape.

"You ate them for money. You can eat them for love."

50 What possible argument could I muster against that? There was none. Did I eat the
peas? You bet I did. I ate them that day and every other time they were served thereafter. The
five dollars were quickly spent. My grandmother passed away a few years later. But the
legacy of the peas lived on, as it lives on to this day. If I so much as curl my lip when they are
served (because, after all, I still hate the horrid little things), my mother repeats the dreaded
words one more time:

55 “You ate them for money,” she says. “You can eat them for love.”

RICK BEYER, *True Tales of American Life*, edited by Paul Auster (Faber & Faber
2001) pp.120–122.

COMPREHENSION

1. Who are the main actors in the text ? How are they related ?

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2. a. Give the name of the town where the characters live:

b. In which country does the scene take place?

Quote one element from the text to justify:

3. How old was the narrator at the time of the incident?

.....

4. What kind of narrative is it?

.....

5. True or false? Tick the appropriate box and justify by quoting the text.

	True	False
The narrator's grandmother lives with his family permanently (line.....) ".....""		

6.a. The narrator uses five compound adjectives in lines 4 and 5. Find them and match them with the elements to say what each of them refers to.

<i>strong alcohol</i>	
<i>a wild animal hunt</i>	
<i>a shotgun</i>	
<i>a boxing match</i>	
<i>something that knocks you out</i>	

b. What do they refer to in the text?

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c. What is the effect on the reader?

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d. What is the narrator actually saying about her perfume? (20 words)

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7. True or false? Tick the appropriate box and justify by quoting the text.

	True	False
It took quite a time to get rid of the odor		
Line (.....) "....."		
....."		

8. a. In your own words, say at what time of day and where exactly the central incident takes place. Who is involved? (20 words)

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b. What do these two words reveal about the narrator's feelings? (20 words)

Line 13 "the **fanciest** place"

Line 14 "I **grandly** ordered"

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9. What stylistic device is used in lines 17 to 19? What is the effect produced? (20 words)

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10. "Eat your peas" line 20

"Leave him alone" Line 21

a. Name the grammatical form used here:

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b. What does it show about the two women's attitude to the narrator? (20 words)

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11. How does the narrator's grandmother persuade him to eat the peas? (10 words)

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12. Quote three adjectives from the text which illustrate the narrator's vision of the money?

a. b. c.

13. In your own words describe the mother's and the grandmother's reactions and feelings in lines 31 to 39. (30 words)

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14. a. Look at these words from the text:

"fateful" (line25), "doom" (line 27), "haunt" (line44), "despair" (line 46), "devastation" (line 46)

Find the other word (from line 44) that completes the list : "....." line

b. What do they show about the effect of the incident on the narrator? (20 words)

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15. True or false? Tick the appropriate box and justify by quoting the text.

	True	False
a. The day after, his mother makes him eat peas at home Line (.....) ".....""		
b. His grandmother lived for many years after the "infamous meal" Line (.....) ".....""		
c. The narrator still has the 5 dollars Line (.....) ".....""		

d. Everyone has forgotten the pea incident		
Line (.....) “.....”		
.....”		

16. Translate from line 42 “She offered me...” to line 44 “...to haunt me for years”.

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EXPRESSION

Vous devez traiter les deux sujets :

1. That same night, the narrator’s mother and grandmother have an argument. Write their conversation. (150 words)
2. Write about a childhood memory that still haunts you today. (150 words)

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