

Session 2006

BACCALAUREAT GENERAL

ANGLAIS

Langue vivante 1

Série L

Durée : 3 heures - Coefficient 4

L'usage du dictionnaire et des calculatrices est interdit.

Compréhension Expression	14 points
Traduction	6 points

Le sujet comporte 3 pages numérotées 1/3 à 3/3.

'Kiwi fruit,' Tamsyn's mother announced. I was trying not to stare at the cheesecake resting on a silver stand in the middle of the table. Fleshy green coins glistened around its edge.

'It's delicious, Mrs Lee.' Wielding a spoon and fork, I acted as if I had eaten cheesecake plenty of times, never mind kiwi fruit.

5 Tamsyn's mother and father had invited me to their house in Didsbury for tea, which they called dinner. It had been a torment to get through my lamb chop and peas without spilling. The tablecloth was white lace. Every crunch and gulp resounded in my head; no chatter cluttered the table. Tamsyn's parents spoke one at a time, in low, luxuriously slow voices. In a corner of the room lurked the television, its screen a black hole. In our house, *Coronation Street* would be booming out
10 while knives and forks scraped and everyone chunnered (1) a-mile-a-minute.

'So, Andrea, what does your father do for a living?' Mr Lee leaned forward over the coffee, brewed in a glass pot after a screech of beans in the kitchen.

Mrs Lee darted a look at Tamsyn, then cleared her throat: 'Milk or cream?'

15 I glanced at Mrs Lee, wondering what Tamsyn had told her. It was a good job I hadn't blabbed (2) more about my family. I looked down into my coffee cup as she poured in real cream.

'My dad' – I watched it swirling under the silver spoon in my cup – 'is a builder.'

Before Mr Lee could say anything else, Mrs Lee asked him in a tight voice: 'Are you playing golf this weekend, dear?'

The talk swerved to caddies and tee-times and damned awkward holes.

20 Upstairs, in her room, Tamsyn had a desk of her own, facing a huge bay window. She let me swivel in her fancy chair while she lay on her bed, sighing about boys, wondering which one on her list would turn out to be the better investment. Timothy had bought her a stuffed hippo, which she hugged under her chin while she talked.

'But then, Martin lets me read my poetry to him.' She fingered the ear of the hippo.

25 'You mean, you actually read your poems to other people?'

The idea made me shudder. I wrote poems and stories, but I kept them pressed under a flap of carpet beneath my bed.

'Course I do.' Tamsyn sat up and fiddled with her hair, admiring herself in the mirror on the door of her built-in wardrobes. 'What's the point of writing them, otherwise?'

30 A poem was a box for your soul. That was the point. It was the place where you could save bits of your self, and shake out your darkest feelings, without worrying that people would think you were strange. While I was writing, I would forget myself and everyone else; poetry made me feel part of something noble and beautiful and bigger than me. But my poems were all about drowning, worlds inside mirrors, flesh, bone and blood, the gloopiness of time (3) – things that other people might not
35 understand. So I slid them under the carpet as soon as they were done, all the images and rhymes wrestled into place. By the time I had copied them out, I found I had memorized every line. Then they would surprise me by surging through me, like songs I knew by heart.

'It's romantic, reading poems to a boy,' Tamsyn mused. 'You should try it.'

40 'Well, I've got no one to inflict my poems on if I wanted to.' I grinned to flash the brace fastened across my teeth. 'Not while this is in the way.'

Every other Tuesday, at ten o'clock in the morning, I was tipped back in a black chair while Mr Fitzgerald the orthodontist peered into my mouth. He reached in with stainless-steel pincers to tighten the wire running through silver boxes cemented to my teeth. My head throbbed on the bus back to school, but the pain made me feel secure, forcing my teeth into line for the future while things
45 remained crooked at home. One damp morning, after my appointment, a restless itch came over me, and I got on the bus into town instead of going back to school. I wandered through the underground market beneath the Amdale centre, gazing at calf-length leather boots with laces criss-crossed up the back. I wanted to remind myself that my feet would be in such things after a few more Saturdays scrubbing fridges and cookers for Auntie Livia and Uncle Max.

Andrea Ashworth, *Once in a House on Fire*, 1998

1) chunnered: talked incessantly

2) blabbed: said something that should be kept secret

3) the gloopiness of time: the difficulty of moving through time

Les candidats traiteront le sujet sur la copie qui leur sera fournie en respectant l'ordre des questions et en faisant apparaître la numérotation. Ils composeront des phrases complètes à chaque fois qu'il leur est demandé de rédiger des réponses. Le nombre de mots indiqué dans les consignes constitue une exigence minimale. En l'absence d'indication, les candidats répondront brièvement à la question posée. Les citations seront précédées de la mention de la ligne.

I COMPREHENSION / EXPRESSION

Read the whole text.

1. Who is the narrator?
2. What type of narrative is this? Justify your answer by quoting from the text.
3. The characters
 - a) Which are present? Explain their relationships.
 - b) Which are only mentioned? Explain who they are and how they are related to the narrator.

Read from line 1 to line 19.

4. Where is the narrator? Justify your answer with one quotation from the text.
5. "*Their house*" (line 5), "*our house*" (line 9). Explain in your own words the differences between the two homes. (60 words)
6. What does Andrea realize about her own social status and the Lees'? Support your answer with two elements from the text. (50 words)
7. How does Andrea feel in this passage? Justify your answer by referring to the text.
8. Lines 17-18: "*Are you playing golf this weekend, dear?*" Why does Mrs Lee ask this question?

Read from line 20 to line 40.

9. What activity do the two girls have in common? Justify with a quotation for each girl.
10. What are their different points of view about this activity? Use your own words. (50 words)

Read from line 41 to the end.

11. What does Andrea do twice a month? What does she do on Saturdays?
Explain why it is important to her. (40 words)
12. How does she feel in spite of her present problems? Find two quotations to support your answer.
13. Choose ONE of the following subjects (200-250 words).

Subject 1 – It is now Tamsyn's turn to be invited at Andrea's. Imagine the conversation with Andrea's parents.

Subject 2 – Do you think that writing a poem, a diary or a blog is a way of forgetting oneself and everyone else?

II TRADUCTION

Translate into French from line 20 "*Upstairs, in her room...*" to line 29 "*... writing them, otherwise?*".