BACCALAURÉAT GÉNÉRAL - SESSION 2005			
ÉPREUVE	ANGLAIS LV.2		
SÉRIE L	Durée : 3 heures	Coefficient: 4	
SÉRIE S	Durée : 2 heures	Coefficient : 2	
Ce sujet comporte 4 pages numérotées de 1/4 à 4/4			

L'usage de la calculatrice et du dictionnaire n'est pas autorisé.

Dès que ce sujet vous est remis, assurez-vous qu'il est complet.

Barème		
Compréhension du texte	10	
Expression personnelle	10	

6AN2LSAN1

"Dr. Smyers?"

"Yes."

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"Pepper Keane."

She rose from her chair and extended her right hand. I shook it. She was as tall as me and thin as a rail.

(...) She wore designer jeans and a white cotton blouse. Except for pink lipstick, I detected no makeup.

"Thank you for coming on such short notice," she said.

"I'm sorry I'm late," I replied. "It took a while to find a parking space."

"Yes," she agreed, "parking is a real problem here. Sometimes even the faculty lots are full." I smiled, said nothing. She motioned to two sturdy wooden chairs in front of her desk and said, "Please, sit down." Feeling liberal, I took the one on the left.

It was a typical faculty office. (...)

She had made an effort to decorate it by placing cacti here and there.

National Public Radio was barely audible on the small radio by the window behind her. There was one poster. It proclaimed: "A Woman Without a Man Is Like a Fish Without a Bicycle." I hadn't seen one of those in at least fifteen years.

"Would you like some coffee?" she asked. I noticed a small coffeemaker on one of the shelves to her right. The kind that brews only two cups at a time. There was also an electric grinder and a package of gourmet beans. She bought her coffee at Starbucks. I usually buy mine at the Texaco.

"No, thanks." (...)

She forced a smile and sipped her coffee. "You're probably wondering what this is all about?"

"Well, Professor, I have to admit you've aroused my curiosity." She'd told me nothing on the phone, saying only that she would prefer to discuss it in person.

"I apologize for the secrecy," she said, "but I've never been involved in something like this." She paused. "Would you mind closing the door?" I reached back, gave it a good push, and listened as the latch found its place in the metal doorjamb. She took a deep breath, leaned forward, extended her long arms across the desk, and clasped her hands together. Her nails were short, but she wore polish and it matched her lipstick.

"Do you know much about mathematics?" she asked.

"Not much," I said.

"I took calculus twenty-five years ago and it was the low point of my academic career." She forced another smile. "My specialty," she said, "is fractal geometry." (...) "Fractal geometry provides a way to identify patterns where there appears to be disorder," she said. (...)

I noted the Ph.D. from Harvard on the wall to my right. "Last year I began working on a paper I intended to present at a conference this fall. It's publish or perish, you know."

"So I've heard."

6AN2LSAN1.

"When I completed my draft, I wanted someone else to critique it. "She finished her coffee and set the mug to one side. "The last thing you want to do is publish a paper that contains a flaw."

"So you have your colleagues read it in advance to see if they can poke holes in it?"

"Yes, but my colleagues here wouldn't be much help. Fractal geometry is a rather narrow specialty, so I compiled a list of five of the most respected people in the field and attempted to contact them to see if they would be willing to critique it." Her slender neck became visibly tense and I thought she might be having trouble breathing.

"Are you all right?" I asked. She took a deep breath and nodded affirmatively.

"Mr. Keane," she continued, "when I attempted to contact these people, I learned that two had been murdered and a third had committed suicide."

"Over what span of time?"

"All within six months of each other," she said. "Do you know the odds against that?" It was a rhetorical question, but I had a hunch she could tell me the odds right down to the decimal point if she wanted to.

"And you want me to find out if these deaths were related?"

"Yes."

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"Did you report this to anyone?" I asked.

"I called the police."

"And they said it wasn't their problem?"

"Yes, because none of the deaths had taken place in Boulder. They suggested I call the FBI."

"Did you?"

"Yes."

65 "They do anything?"

"Not from my point of view," she said coldly. (...)

"Okay," I said, "each of these people taught fractal geometry, each was highly regarded, and each spent time at Harvard. Aside from those things, can you think of any other connection?"

"No," she sighed, "I've been racking my brain about that, but I just can't come up with anything."

I closed my eyes and massaged my temples. "So," I finally said, "three math professors are dead, two of whom you never met."

"Yes."

"But you're willing to spend your own money to determine if there's a connection?"

"There is a connection," she shot back.

Mark Cohen, adapted from The Fractal Murders, Mysterious Press 2004.

3/4

Vous traiterez les questions dans l'ordre, en indiquant clairement leur numéro sur votre copie. Vous répondrez aux questions en anglais et par des phrases complètes. Vous accompagnerez les citations de la mention de la ligne.

I - COMPRÉHENSION - EXPRESSION

- 1. Who are the characters present in the scene? What are their jobs? Justify your answer by quoting from the text (1 quotation for each character).
- 2. Through whose eyes is the story seen?
- 3. Draw a portrait of Dr Smyers.
- **4.** "There was one poster. It proclaimed: 'a woman without a man is like a fish without a bicycle'" (I. 16-17) Explain the quotation. What does this tell you about Dr Smyers 's ideas?
- 5. Line 1 to line 21: What does this passage reveal about the narrator? What does it also reveal regarding his attitude towards the other character? (30 words) Justify with 2 quotes.
- **6.** What field of mathematics does Dr Smyers work in? Explain what she did after writing her paper. Why did she do that? Justify your answer with one quote.

Part 3: line 50 to the end

- 7. What happened to the people she tried to contact? What did she do then?
- **8.** What are her feelings now? Why? What does she expect from the narrator?
- 9. Translate from line 8 ("Thank you...") down to line 12 ("... sit down.")

II - EXPRESSION

Les candidats de **série S** choisiront de traiter **l'UN des deux sujets** au choix (200 mots). Les candidats de **série L** devront **obligatoirement traiter les DEUX sujets** (150 mots x 2 = 300 mots au total).

- 1. Imagine what Dr Smyers expected the FBI to do.
- 2. Would you spontaneously call a person like Pepper Keane for help? Why or why not?