### **BACCALAUREAT GENERAL**

# **ANGLAIS**

# **SERIE L**

### **LANGUE VIVANTE 2**

Durée Série L : 3 heures Coefficient : 4

#### **NOTE IMPORTANTE**

- Les réponses doivent impérativement être portées sur la copie d'examen à entête.
- Il est inutile de recopier les questions posées. En revanche, il faudra inscrire scrupuleusement les numéros et/ou lettres des questions de chaque exercice.
- Les réponses devront impérativement être proposées dans le même ordre que celui de la feuille de sujet.

L'usage du dictionnaire et des calculatrices est interdit.

| COMPREHENSION | 10 points |
|---------------|-----------|
| EXPRESSION    | 10 points |

Avant de composer, le candidat s'assurera que le sujet comporte bien 4 pages numérotées de 1/4 à 4/4.

No one came to the gas pump, so I went into the lunch room. A sound of a quarrel came from the back room, which was probably the kitchen – a deep voice and a lighter male voice yammering back and forth. I called, "Anybody home?" and the voices stopped. Then a burly man came through the door, still scowling from the fracas.

"Want something?"

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"Fill-up of gas. But if you have a cabin, I might stay the night."

"Take your pick2. Ain't a soul here."

"Can I have a bath?"

"I'll bring you a bucket of hot water. Winter rates two dollars."

"Good. Can I get something to eat?"

"Baked ham and beans, ice cream."

"Okay. I've got a dog."

"It's a free country. The cabins are all open. Take your pick. Sing out if you need something."

No effort had been spared to make the cabins uncomfortable and ugly. The bed was lumpy, the walls dirty yellow, the curtains like the underskirts of a slattern. And the close room had a mixed aroma of mice and moisture, mold and the smell of old, old dust, but the sheets were clean and a little airing got rid of the memories of old inhabitants.[...]

There was a knock on the door, and I admitted a young man of about twenty, dressed in gray flannel slacks, two-tone shoes, a polka-dotted ascot<sup>3</sup>, and a blazer with the badge of a Spokane high school. His dark, shining hair was a masterpiece of overcombing, the top hair laid back and criss-crossed with long side strands that just cleared the ears. He was a shock to me after the ogre of the lunch counter.

"Here's your hot water," he said, and his was the voice of the other quarreler. The door was open, and I saw his eyes go over Rocinante<sup>4</sup> and linger on the license plate.

"You really from New York?"

"Yep."

"I want to go there sometime."

"Everybody there wants to come out here."

"What for? There's nothing here. You can just rot here."

"If it's rotting you want, you can do it any place."

"I mean there's no chance for advancing yourself."

"What do you want to advance toward?"

"Well, you know, there's no theater and no music, no one to – talk to. Why it's even hard to get late magazines unless you subscribe."

"So you read The New Yorker?"

"How did you know? I subscribe."

"And Time magazine?"

"Of course."

"You don't have to go anywhere."

"Beg pardon?"

"You've got the world at your fingertips, the world of fashion, of art, and the world of thought right in your own back yard. Going would only confuse you further."

"One likes to see for one's self," he said. I swear he said it.

<sup>1</sup> burly: big and strong

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Take your pick : take the one you want

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> ascot: a sort of tie.

 $<sup>^4</sup>$  Rocinante : is the name of his car.

45 "That your father?"

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- "Yes, but I'm more like an orphan. All he likes is fishing and hunting and drinking."
- "And what do you like?"

"I want to get ahead in the world. I'm twenty years old. I've got to think of my future. There he is yelling for me. He can't say anything without yelling. You going to eat with us?" "Sure."

I bathed slowly in the crusted galvanized bucket. For a moment I thought of digging out New York clothes and putting on a puff for the boy, but I dropped that one and settled for clean chino slacks and a knitted shirt.

The burly proprietor's face was red as a ripe raspberry when I went into the lunch counter. He thrust his jaw at me. "As if I ain't carrying enough trouble, you got to be from New York."

"Is that bad?"

"For me it is. I just got that kid quieted down and you put burrs under his blanket."

"I didn't give New York a good name."

"No, but you come from there and now he's all riled up again. Oh, hell, what's the use? He's no damn good around here. Come on, you might as well eat with us out back."

John Steinbeck, abridged from Travels with Charley, 1962.

#### I - COMPREHENSION

- 1 The scene takes place in a motel. Justify by quoting three elements from the text.
- 2 a) How many characters are there in this scene?
  - b) How are they related to each other (family and professional relationship)? (20 words)
- 3 Where does the narrator come from?
- 4 What sort of place is the motel situated in? Answer in your own words and quote elements from the text. (30 words, quotations not included)
- 5 Read from line 1 to line 18.

Is the motel a welcoming and attractive place? Answer in your own words. (30 words)

- 6 "He was a shock to me after the ogre of the lunch counter." (lines 22-23)
  - a. Who is "he" and who is "the ogre"?
  - b. In what way do the two men look physically different? (20 words)
- 7 What are the two men quarreling about? Answer in your own words. (40 words)

#### **TRADUCTION:**

Traduire en français le passage suivant de "Want something... (ligne 5) à "... something to eat." (ligne 10).

#### II - EXPRESSION

Les candidats traiteront obligatoirement <u>deux</u> des trois sujets. (300 mots au total soit 150 mots chacun)

- 1 "I'm twenty years old. I've got to think of my future." (line 48)
  How do you imagine your future life? What kind of life would you like to lead?
- 2 What role should parents play in the life of a teenager?
- 3 "Come on, you might as well eat with us out back." (line 60)

  Continue the text and imagine what happens afterwards, during the meal.