

# BACCALAURÉAT GÉNÉRAL - SESSION 2007

ÉPREUVE	<b>ANGLAIS LV.1</b>	Durée : <b>3 heures</b>
Séries	<b>ES - S</b>	Coefficient : <b>3</b>
<i>Ce sujet comporte 4 pages numérotées de 1/4 à 4/4.</i>		

*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	<b>10</b>
Expression personnelle	<b>10</b>

I was nearly six by the time Kwan came to this country. We were waiting for her at the customs area of San Francisco Airport. Aunt Betty was also there. My mother was nervous and excited, talking non-stop: "Now listen, kids, she'll probably be shy, so don't jump all over her... And she'll be skinny as a beanpole, so I don't want any of you making fun of her..."

When the customs official finally escorted Kwan into the lobby where we were waiting, Aunt Betty pointed and said, "That's her. I'm telling you that's her." Mom was shaking her head. This person looked like a strange old lady, short and chubby, not exactly the starving waif<sup>1</sup> Mom pictured or the glamorous teenage sister I had in mind. She was dressed in drab gray pajamas, and her broad brown face was flanked by two thick braids.

Kwan was anything but shy. She dropped her bag, fluttered her arms, and bellowed, "Hall-oo! Hall-oo!" Still hooting and laughing, she jumped and squealed the way our new dog did whenever we let him out of the garage. This total stranger tumbled into Mom's arms, then Daddy Bob's. She grabbed Kevin and Tommy by the shoulders and shook them. When she saw me, she grew quiet, squatted on the lobby floor, and held out her arms. I tugged on my mother's skirt. "Is that my big sister?"

Mom said, "See, she has your father's same thick, black hair."

I still have the picture Aunt Betty took: curly-haired Mom in a mohair suit, flashing a quirky smile; our Italo-American stepfather, Bob, appearing stunned; Kevin and Tommy mugging in cowboy hats; a grinning Kwan with her hand on my shoulder; and me in a frothy party dress, my finger stuck in my bawling mouth.

I was crying because just moments before the photo was taken, Kwan had given me a present. It was a small cage of woven straw, which she pulled out of the wide sleeve of her coat and handed to me proudly. When I held it up to my eyes and peered between the webbing, I saw a six-legged monster, fresh-grass green, with saw-blade jaws, bulging eyes, and whips for eyebrows. I screamed and flung the cage away.

At home, in the bedroom we shared from then on, Kwan hung the cage with the grasshopper, now missing one leg. As soon as night fell, the grasshopper began to chirp as loudly as a bicycle bell warning people to get out of the road.

After that day, my life was never the same. To Mom, Kwan was a handy baby-sitter, willing, able, and free. Before my mother took off for an afternoon at the beauty parlor or a shopping trip with her gal pals, she'd tell me to stick to Kwan. "Be a good

---

<sup>1</sup> *Waif*: a homeless, friendless or neglected child.

35 little sister and explain to her anything she doesn't understand. Promise?" So every  
day after school, Kwan would latch on to me and tag along wherever I went. By the  
first grade, I became an expert on public humiliation and shame. Kwan asked so many  
dumb questions that all the neighborhood kids thought she had come from Mars. She'd  
say: "What M&M?" "What ching gum?" "Who this Popeys Sailor Man? Why one eye  
40 gone? He bandit?" Even Kevin and Tommy laughed.

With Kwan around, my mother could float guiltlessly through her honeymoon  
phase with Bob. When my teacher called Mom to say I was running a fever, it was  
Kwan who showed up at the nurse's office to take me home. When I fell while roller-  
skating, Kwan bandaged my elbows. She braided my hair. She packed  
45 lunches for Kevin, Tommy, and me. She tried to teach me to sing Chinese  
nursery songs. She soothed me when I lost a tooth. She ran the washcloth over  
my neck while I took my bath.

I should have been grateful to Kwan. I could always depend on her.  
She liked nothing better than to be by my side. But instead, most of the time,  
50 I resented her for taking my mother's place.

I remember the day it first occurred to me to get rid of Kwan. It was summer, a  
few months after she had arrived. Kwan, Kevin, Tommy, and I were sitting on our front  
lawn, waiting for something to happen. A couple of Kevin's friends sneaked to  
the side of our house and turned on the sprinkler system. My brothers and I heard  
55 the telltale spit and gurgle of water running into the lines, and we ran off just before a  
dozen sprinkler heads burst into spray. Kwan, however, simply stood there, getting  
soaked, marveling that so many springs had erupted out of the earth all at once. Kevin  
and his friends were howling with laughter. I shouted, "That's not nice".

Amy Tan. *The Hundred Secret Senses*. Ivy Books, 1995

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. Identify the six members of the narrator's family and explain how they are related to the narrator.
2. Where is the scene set at the beginning? Why has the family gone there?
3. What sort of person were they expecting to see? What is she really like? Answer the questions and justify by quoting from the text.
4. What did Kwan give the narrator? How did the narrator react? Why?
5. How did the narrator's mother take advantage of Kwan's presence in the house? Why was it particularly convenient for her?
6. What were the narrator's feelings about Kwan's presence and role in her life? What were the two reasons that generated these feelings?
7. "*With Kwan around, my mother could float guiltlessly through her honeymoon with Bob.*" (l. 41- 42) What does this sentence reveal about the mother-daughter relationship as the narrator now sees it?
8. Read the last paragraph. Sum up in your own words what happened in the garden. How did the narrator react?
9. Translate from line 51 ("*I remember the day...*") to line 54 ("*...turned on the sprinkler system.*")

## II – EXPRESSION

Traitez l'un des deux sujets suivants en 300 mots (indiquez le nombre de mots) :

1. Imagine a conversation between the mother, Kwan and the children after the scene in the garden.
2. Adapting to a new life is not always easy. Would you be prepared to go and live in a foreign country?

