

BACCALAUREAT GENERAL

SESSION 2008

ANGLAIS

LANGUE VIVANTE 1

Serie L

DUREE DE L'EPREUVE : 3 heures - COEFFICIENT : 4

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

Comprehension et Expression:	14 points
Traduction:	6 points

1 Later that day, as Fate would have it, I had my "Greek and Roman Epic" lecture with professor of
the Humanities, Emeritus, Zolo Kydd. Students called Zolo "Rolo", because, if only in stature and
complexion, he happened to resemble that particular chewable chocolate caramel candy. He was
short, tan and round, wore bright plaid Christmas pants regardless of the time of the year, and his
5 thick, yellow-white hair encrusted his shiny freckled forehead as if, ages ago, Hidden Valley Ranch
salad dressing had been dribbled all over him. Customarily, by the end of Zolo's lectures on "Gods
and Godlessness" or "The Beginning and the End," most students had nodded off; unlike Dad, Zolo
had an anesthetizing delivery style, which had to do with his run-on sentences and tendency to
repeat a certain word, usually a preposition or adjective, in a way that brought to mind a small
10 green frog bouncing across lily pads.

And yet, on this particular afternoon, my heart was in my throat. I hung on his every word.

"Came across a-a-a funny little editorial the other day about Homer," Zolo was saying, frowning
down at the lectern and sniffing. (Zolo sniffed when he was nervous, when he'd made the brave
decision to leave the safe bank of his lecture notes and drift away on a shaky digression.)

15 "It was a small journal, I encourage all of you to take a look at it in the library, the-the-the little-
known *Classic Epic and Modern America*. Winter volume, I believe. It turns out, a year ago, a
couple of wacko Greek and Latinists like myself wanted to conduct an experiment on the power of
the epic. They arranged to give copies of *The Odyssey* to-to-to a hundred of the most hardened
criminals at a maximum-security prison-Riverbend, I think it was-and would you know it, twenty
20 of the convicts read the thing cover to cover, and three of them sat down and wrote their own epic
tales. One is going to be published next year by Oxford University Press. The article discussed epic
poetry as a very viable means to reform the-the-the deadliest offenders in the world. It-it appears,
funnily enough, there's something within it that lessens the rage, the-the stress, pain, brings about,
even to those who are far, far, gone, a sense of *hope*-because there's an absence in this day and age
25 of real heroism. Where *are* the noble heroes? The great deeds? Where are the gods, the muses, the
warriors? Where is ancient Rome? Well, they have to-to-to be somewhere, don't they, because
according to Plutarch, history repeats itself. If only we'd have the nerve to look for it in-in
ourselves, it just-it just might-"

I don't know what came over me.

30 Maybe it was Zolo's perspiring face, festively reflecting the overhead fluorescents like a river
reflecting carnival light, or the way he gripped the podium as if without it he'd collapse into a pile
of brightly colored laundry-direct contrast to Dad's posture on any stage or raised platform. Dad, a
she expounded upon Third-World Reform (or whatever he *felt* like expounding upon; Dad was
neither intimidated by, nor nervy around, the Verbal Foray on-the-Fly or the Apropos Excursion),
35 always stood without the slightest slouch or sway. ("While lecturing, I always imagine myself a
Doric column on the Parthenon," he said.)

Without thinking, I stood up, my heart heaving against my ribs. Zolo stopped midsentence and he,
as well as the three hundred drowsy students in the lecture hall, stared at me as I, head down,
hacked through backpacks, outstretched legs, overcoats, sneakers and textbooks to get to the
40 nearest aisle. I lurched toward the double EXIT doors.

"There goes Achilles," Zolo quipped into the microphone. There were a few tired laughs.

I ran back to the dorm. I sat down at my desk, laid out a three-inch stack of white paper and hastily
began to scrawl this Introduction.

NOTE AUX CANDIDATS

Les candidats traiteront le sujet sur la copie qui leur sera fournie et veilleront à :

-respecter l'ordre des questions et reporter la numérotation sur la copie.

(numéro et lettre repère, le cas échéant ; ex. : 8b)

-faire précéder les citations de la mention de la ligne.

-composer des phrases complètes à chaque fois qu'il leur est demandé de rédiger la réponse.

-respecter le nombre de mots indiqué qui constitue une exigence minimale. En l'absence d'indication, les candidats répondront brièvement à la question posée.

I - COMPREHENSION - EXPRESSION

1. What sort of narrative is this? (One sentence)
2. What do we know about the narrator's occupation and centre of interest? (One sentence)
3. Where exactly does the main scene take place? Find two elements to justify your answer.
4.
 - a) What is Zolo Kydd's occupation?
 - b) What does the narrator think of his physical appearance and dress style? Use your own words. (20 to 30 words)
5. What is the narrator's father's job? (One sentence)
6. That day, Zolo Kydd makes references to the Greek and Roman world.
 - a) Pick out the names of the two authors he mentions and a book one of them wrote.
 - b) Pick out the name of the hero he mentions.
7. "Zolo had an anesthetizing delivery style" (ll. 7-8)
Explain this quote using your own words and quote two elements from the text. (20 to 30 words)
8. In your opinion, why does the narrator often refer to her father? Use your own words and give at least two reasons. (20 to 30 words)
9. Why does the narrator use the adverb "yet" on line l. 11? (20 to 30 words)
10.
 - a) Use your own words to give details about the experiment: who? (who initiated it? for whom?) what? (10 to 20 words)
 - b) In your opinion, was the experiment successful? (20 to 30 words)
 - c) Explain in one sentence what the following quotes show about Zolo's reaction to this experiment.
 - l. 19 "would you know it"
 - l. 23 "funnily enough"

11. "If only we'd have the nerve to look for it in-in ourselves, it just-it just might-" (ll. 27-28)
- Imagine how this sentence could end. (Start with "it just might...")
 - How do you understand this quote? (20 to 30 words)
12. a) What do the following quotes tell us about the narrator's reaction? (10 to 20 words)
- 29 "I don't know what came over me."
 - 37 "Without thinking, I stood up"
- b) How did this event change her life? (One sentence)
13. Choose **one** of these questions (250 words).
- "There's an absence in this day and age of real heroism." (ll. 24-25) Discuss.
 - "Everyone who knows how to read has it in their power to magnify themselves, to multiply the ways in which they exist, to make their life full, significant, and interesting." (Aldous Huxley) Discuss.
 - Creative writing as therapy. Who could it work for? Could it work for you?

II - TRADUCTION

Translate into French from line 18 ("They arranged... ") to line 25 ("... real heroism").