

BACCALAUREAT GENERAL

ANGLAIS

SERIE L

LANGUE VIVANTE 1

Durée : 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 – EXPRESSION
TRADUCTION

14 points
06 points

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

A few weeks later, Old Chong and my mother conspired to have me play in a talent show which would be held in the church hall. By then, my parents had saved up enough to buy me a secondhand piano. It was the showpiece of our living room.

5 For the talent show, I was to play a piece called "Pleading Child" from Schumann's *Scenes from Childhood*. It was a simple, moody piece that sounded more difficult than it was. I was supposed to memorize the whole thing, playing the repeat parts twice to make the piece sound longer. But I dawdled over it, playing a few bars¹ and then cheating, looking up to see what notes followed. I never really listened to what I was playing.

10 The part I liked to practice best was the fancy curtsy²: right foot out, touch the rose on the carpet with a pointed foot, sweep to the side, left leg bends, look up and smile.

15 My parents invited all the couples from the Joy Luck Club to witness my debut. Auntie Lindo and Uncle Tin were there. The first two rows were filled with children both younger and older than I was. The littlest ones got to go first. They recited simple nursery rhymes, squawked out tunes on miniature violins, twirled Hula Hoops, pranced in pink ballet tutus, and when they bowed or curtsied, the audience would sigh in unison, "Awww," and then clap enthusiastically.

20 When my turn came, I was very confident. I remember my childish excitement. It was as if I knew, without a doubt, that the prodigy side of me really did exist. I had no fear whatsoever, no nervousness. I remember thinking to myself, This is it! This is it! I had on a white dress layered with sheets of lace,³ and a pink bow in my Peter Pan haircut. As I sat down I envisioned people jumping to their feet and Ed Sullivan rushing up to introduce me to everyone on TV.

25 And I started to play. It was so beautiful. I was so caught up in how lovely I looked that at first I didn't worry how I would sound. So it was a surprise to me when I hit the first wrong note and I realized something didn't sound quite right. And then I hit another and another followed that. Yet I couldn't stop playing, as though my hands were bewitched. I kept thinking my fingers would adjust themselves back, like a train switching to the right track. I played this strange jumble through two repeats, the sour notes staying with me all the way to the end.

30 When I stood up, I discovered my legs were shaking. Maybe I had just been nervous and the audience, like Old Chong, had seen me go through the right motions⁴ and had not heard anything wrong at all. The room was quiet, except for Old Chong, who was beaming⁵ and shouting, "Bravo! Bravo! Well done!" But then I saw my mother's face, her stricken face. The audience clapped weakly, and as I walked back to my chair, with my whole face quivering as I tried not to cry, I heard a little boy whisper loudly to his mother, "That was awful," and the mother whispered back, "Well, she certainly tried."

35 And now I realized how many people were in the audience, the whole world it seemed. I was aware of eyes burning into my back. I felt the shame of my mother and father as they sat stiffly throughout the rest of the show.

We could have escaped during intermission. Pride and some strange sense of honor must have anchored my parents to their chairs. And so we watched it all.

40 After the show, the Hsus, the Jongs, and the St. Clairs from the Joy Luck Club came up to my mother and father.

"Lots of talented kids," Auntie Lindo said vaguely, smiling broadly.

"That was somethin' else," said my father, and I wondered if he was referring to me in a humorous way, or even remembered what I had done.

45 But my mother's expression was what devastated me: a quiet, blank look that said she had lost everything. I felt the same way. When we got on the bus to go home, my father was humming and my mother was silent. I kept thinking she wanted to wait until we got home

¹ bars: *mesures*

² curtsy: *révérence*

³ lace: *dentelle*

⁴ motions: movements or gestures

⁵ beaming: smiling

50 before shouting at me. But when my father unlocked the door to our apartment, my mother walked in and then went to the back, into the bedroom. No accusations. No blame. And in a way, I felt disappointed. I had been waiting for her to start shouting, so I could shout back and cry and blame her for all my misery.

Adapted from Amy Tan, *The Joy Luck Club*,
Vintage, 1991

I. COMPREHENSION

1. The main character in this story is a young girl. Justify with two quotations, one for her approximate age and one for her sex.
2. The story is about a talent show. Who are the participants in this show and what kind of activities do they do? (30 words)

Read from line 1 to line 21.

3. a) How does the young girl prepare for the talent show? (20-30 words)
b) What does this suggest about her personality and motivation? (40 words)
4. What shows that the girl's parents regard this talent show as an important event? Answer in your own words and justify your answer using elements from the text. (40-50 words)
5. Read from line 16 to line 37.
The girl's feelings change radically during the show. How does she feel at the beginning of her performance and what are her feelings at the end of the show? Explain in your own words why this transformation takes place. (80 words)

6. Read from line 35 to line 46 ("... the same way.")
How do the girl's parents react to her performance? Explain their reaction. (50 words)

7. Read from line 46 ("When we got on the bus...") to the end.
 - a) When they get home, why doesn't the girl's mother blame her? (40 words)
 - b) Why does the mother's attitude disappoint the girl? (20-30 words)
8. Do you find this a funny story or a sad one? (60-80 words)

II. EXPRESSION

Choose one of the following subjects (200 words approximately. Indicate the number of words you have used.)

1. Have you ever been in a situation where you felt embarrassed? Describe what happened and how you reacted.
2. Many parents expect a lot from their children. Do you think that this helps the children or can it be a problem?
3. Why do so many young people want to appear on TV and become instant stars? What about you?

III. TRADUCTION

Translate into French from line 28 ("When I stood up...") to line 34 ("... she certainly tried.").