

BACCALAURÉAT GÉNÉRAL

SESSION 2010

ANGLAIS

LANGUE VIVANTE 1

Série L

Durée de l'épreuve : 3 heures – Coefficient : 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.
Ce sujet comporte 5 pages numérotées de 1/5 à 5/5.

Compréhension	14 points
Expression	
Traduction	6 points

It's a beautiful name, and I think of it often. Era Rose Rodosta. Her sad brown eyes with the blank stare, long ash-brown pigtails, stoic silence, and the persistently sniffing nose. Her life was already purgatory, and we set out to make it hell. She lived with old grandparents who had strange accents. No one knew where her parents were, and no one thought to find out. Probably just as well. We would only have used the information to badger her.

We attended Gundlach Grade School¹ in St. Louis. We were all white and pure and sure about who and what was acceptable. Woe to anyone with the most minor difference. I remember curly-redheaded Stanley. He was proudly Jewish, and that was the problem. If only he had been a bit more... well, modest about his difference. Then, of course, there was little Cilia Kay, that foolish girl who dared to be born with one green eye and one brown. To top it off, she had the misfortune to be poorer than most of us, and lived above a shabby donut shop owned by her parents. Every morning, we joked about what variety of donut we smelled emanating from her clothes, which always reeked with their daily infusion of grease. But most of all I remember Era Rose.

As we meandered to school from our modest homes and apartments, we passed a small, obviously poor black section. This is almost too painful to speak of, but the inhabitants of that neighborhood were our morning entertainment. We pushed and shoved to position ourselves on the house side of the sidewalk; that way we were sure to see better. One family often sat on the porch, all munching from the same box of cereal. Everything we saw was « less ». Paint-less, screen-less, and grass-less. It was also less fair, less nice, and less affluent. We giggled at the unusual hairdos; we stared but never spoke or smiled. But even more clearly than this recurring view, I remember Era Rose.

Era Rose was such an easy target. She never fought back. She stood firm and remained distant and disengaged. Some things got through her armor though, because I would see an occasional tear. I was raised to know better, so I remained at the fringe of the taunting crowd. My gut feeling was, « She's interesting », but I never had the courage to seek her out. My brain could not even engage the argument.

She wore tacky hand-me-downs. Faded plaid with a let-down hem, droopy socks, and, always, the sniffing nose. Now I know that I was jealous of Era Rose. She was better than I was at what I loved most: drawing. It was my claim to fame at school, yet inside me I knew that she was more talented. More importantly, she drew for herself. She drew all the time, beautifully and naturally. Her faces had natural lines and creases that I envied but couldn't duplicate. My school day wasn't complete if it didn't include an envious peek at her notebook full of wonderful, creative images. I would try to copy her work, not understanding the impossibility of that task. She appeared in my consciousness as a suffering, fascinating being somewhere around fourth grade² and stayed in my peripheral vision through freshman³ year at Beaumont High School.

By ninth grade she was morphing. The sniffing stopped. Her legs became long, and she was becoming thin and curvaceous – all hidden under those still-horrible clothes. Every now and then, she did a thing or two with her hair, and even applied occasional lipstick. She was enveloped in velvet skin, and her ash-brown hair was heavy and shiny. I noticed her name on the roster of art clubs I was too busy to join; then one day I saw her leave an art room actually walking and talking with someone. Her mouth was nearer to a smile than I had ever observed. No one really paid her much notice that sophomore⁴ year, but now I have a sense of the monarch⁵ drying its wings before flight. It was forty-three years ago when I had that last sighting. I moved on, to St. Louis County and Normandy High School, but when I look back, so often I remember Era Rose.

50 What became of this girl with the beautiful name? At impulsive moments, I've dug through phone books. No luck. I have a hope so intense that it is out of proportion; a hope that she is living well, that good was given in extra measure for all those years so devoid of happiness. Era Rose, ever the girl I never befriended.

Carolyn Brasher , *Wentzville, Missouri* , from *True Tales of American Life*, 2001, edited and introduced by Paul Auster

- 1 Grade school: primary school
- 2 Fourth grade: (9 – 10 year-old children: elementary school)
- 3 Freshman: (14 -15 year-old students: highschool)
- 4 Sophomore: (15 – 16 year-old students: highschool)
- 5 a monarch: a butterfly or a bird

COMPRÉHENSION

Vous traiterez les questions dans l'ordre, en indiquant clairement leur numéro sur votre copie. Vous veillerez à :

- faire précéder les citations de la mention de la ligne,
- composer des phrases complètes à chaque fois qu'il vous est demandé de rédiger la réponse. (Dans ce cas, le nombre de mots à utiliser est indiqué entre parenthèses).

PART 1 (l.1 to l. 22)

1. What did the narrator and her friends enjoy doing? (10 words). Quote three examples from the text to justify your answer.
2. Why did they behave in that way? (10 words). Quote one example from the text to illustrate your answer.

PART 2 (l.23 to l.27)

3. What does the change from "we" to "I" reveal about the narrator's relationship to her friends? (10 to 15 words)
4. What do you think the narrator means by "I was raised to know better"? (l. 25) (10 to 15 words).
5. Quote two sentences that show how Era Rose reacted to the group's attitude.
6. What does the narrator mean when she says: "Some things got through her armor though,..."?(l. 24) (about 30 words)

PART 3 (l. 28 to l.37)

7. Analyse the narrator's feelings towards Era Rose (about 30 words), and illustrate your answer by giving 3 examples from the text.

PART 4 (l.38 to l.45)

8. 'By ninth grade she was morphing' (l.38). What did the narrator notice about Era Rose? (20 to 30 words)
9. "Now I have a sense of the monarch drying its wings before flight." (l.44 / 45) What does the narrator mean with this image? (20 to 30 words)

PART 5 (from l.45 'It was 43 years ago ...' to the end)

10. Analyse how she feels today in these last lines. (50 words)

WHOLE TEXT

11. "I think of it often" (l.1). How is the same idea echoed 3 times in the text? What does it reveal about the narrator's state of mind?

EXPRESSION

You will answer subject 1 and 2 in about 150 words each.

1. The narrator has managed to find Era Rose's address and decides to write her a letter. (150 words)
2. Writing keeps the past alive. Justify (150 words)

TRANSLATION

Translate into French the passage from l.29: '**Now I know...**' down to l.37 '**...Beaumont High School**'.