

# BACCALAURÉAT GÉNÉRAL

SESSION 2010

ANGLAIS LV 1

Séries ES - S

Durée : 3 heures – Coefficient : 3

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

*Dès que le sujet vous est remis assurez-vous qu'il est complet.  
Ce sujet comporte 4 pages numérotées de 1 à 4.*

## BARÈME

COMPRÉHENSION	10 pts
EXPRESSION	10 pts

I was flipping through a worn copy of a Mike Hammer mystery when I heard a screaming and glass breaking. I dropped the book and hurried across the street. I found the Nguyens behind the counter, all the way against the wall, faces ashen, Mr. Nguyen's arms wrapped around his wife. On the floor: oranges, an overturned magazine rack, a broken jar of beef jerky, and shards of glass at Baba's feet.

It turned out that Baba had had no cash on him for the oranges. He'd written Mr. Nguyen a check and Mr. Nguyen had asked for an ID. "He wants to see my license," Baba bellowed<sup>1</sup> in Farsi. "Almost two years we've bought his damn fruits and put money in his pocket and the son of a dog wants to see my license!"

"Baba, it's not personal," I said, smiling at the Nguyens. "They're supposed to ask for an ID."

"I don't want you here," Mr. Nguyen said, stepping in front of his wife. He was pointing at Baba with his cane. He turned to me. "You're nice young man but your father, he's crazy. Not welcome anymore."

"Does he think I'm a thief?" Baba said, his voice rising. People had gathered outside. They were staring. "What kind of a country is this? No one trusts anybody!"

"I call police," Mrs. Nguyen said, poking out her face. "You get out or I call police."

"Please, Mrs. Nguyen, don't call the police. I'll take him home. Just don't call the police, okay? Please?"

"Yes, you take him home. Good idea," Mr. Nguyen said. His eyes, behind his wire-rimmed bifocals, never left Baba. I led Baba through the doors. He kicked a magazine on his way out. After I'd made him promise he wouldn't go back in, I returned to the store and apologized to the Nguyens. Told them my father was going through a difficult time. I gave Mrs. Nguyen our telephone number and address, and told her to get an estimate for the damages. "Please call me as soon as you know. I'll pay for everything, Mrs. Nguyen. I'm so sorry." Mrs. Nguyen took the sheet of paper from me and nodded. I saw her hands were shaking more than usual, and that made me angry at Baba, his causing an old woman to shake like that.

"My father is still adjusting to life in America," I said, by way of explanation.

I wanted to tell them that, in Kabul, we snapped a tree branch and used it as a credit card. Hassan and I would take the wooden stick to the bread maker. He'd carve notches on our stick with his knife, one notch for each loaf of *naan* he'd pull for us from the *tandoor's* roaring flames. At the end of the month, my father paid him for the number of notches on the stick. That was it. No ID.

But I didn't tell them. I thanked Mr. Nguyen for not calling the cops. Took Baba home. He sulked<sup>2</sup> and smoked on the balcony while I made rice with chicken neck stew. A year and a half since we'd stepped off the Boeing from Peshawar, and Baba was still adjusting.

We ate in silence that night. After two bites, Baba pushed away his plate.

I glanced at him across the table, his nails chipped and black with engine oil, his knuckles scraped, the smells of the gas station – dust, sweat, and gasoline – on his clothes. Baba was like the widower who remarries but can't let go of his dead wife. He missed the sugarcane fields of Jalalabad and the gardens of Paghman. He missed people milling in and out of his house, missed walking down the bustling aisles of Shor Bazaar and greeting people who knew him and his father, knew his grandfather, people who shared ancestors with him, whose pasts intertwined with his.

For me, America was a place to bury my memories.

For Baba, a place to mourn his.

Khaled Hosseini, *The Kite Runner*, 2003

<sup>1</sup> bellow: shout

<sup>2</sup> sulk: look angry and refuse to speak

## NOTE IMPORTANTE AUX CANDIDATS

Les candidats traiteront le sujet **sur la copie qui leur sera fournie** en respectant l'ordre des questions et en faisant apparaître la **numérotation** (numéro et lettre repère le cas échéant). Ils composeront des phrases complètes chaque fois qu'il leur est demandé de rédiger les réponses. **Le nombre de mots** indiqué constitue une exigence minimale. En l'absence d'indication, les candidats répondront brièvement (moins de 20 mots) à la question posée.

## COMPRÉHENSION

1. When possible, give the names and jobs of the four main characters. Say how they are related to each other.
2.
  - a) In which country does the story take place? Justify with a quote from the text.
  - b) How long has the narrator been living in this country? Justify with a quote from the text.
3. Where does the incident take place? Justify with a quote from the text.
4.
  - a) Why did the narrator hurry across the street?
  - b) What did he find there?
5.
  - a) In your own words, describe what has just happened (30 words).
  - b) Use your own words to explain why Baba had this reaction (30 words).
6. True or False? Justify by quoting from the text. Indicate the lines.
  - a) According to the narrator, Baba reacts in a childish manner.
  - b) Mrs. Nguyen remains totally indifferent to the incident.
  - c) In Kabul, you do not necessarily need cash to buy bread.
  - d) The narrator explains life in Kabul to the Nguyens.
  - e) Mr. and Mrs. Nguyen eventually call the police.
7. Who or what do the underlined pronouns refer to?  
Lines 31-32: "*I wanted to tell them that, in Kabul, we snapped a tree branch and used it as a credit card.*"
8.
  - a) What does the incident with Mr. and Mrs. Nguyen reveal about Baba and the narrator's relationship? (30 words)
  - b) Illustrate your answer with two examples from the text.
9. Baba and the narrator have not adapted to their new environment in the same way. Comment on this statement in your own words (40 words).
10. Why is Baba sad to have left his country of origin? (30 words)

## EXPRESSION

Choose **one** of the following subjects: **subject 1** OR **subject 2**.  
300 words approximately. Give the number of words.

### Subject 1:

Write the letter the narrator sends to his best friend Hassan, in which he tells about his life with his father.

### Subject 2:

The narrator says "*For me, America was a place to bury my memories. For Baba, a place to mourn his.*"

Do you think a new country means a new start?