

BACCALAURÉAT GÉNÉRAL - SESSION 2005

ÉPREUVE	ANGLAIS LV.1	Durée : 3 heures
Séries	ES - S	Coefficient : 3
<i>Ce sujet comporte 5 pages numérotées de 1/5 à 5/5.</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	10
Expression personnelle	10

You can sniff an atmosphere straight away, you know when something funny's going on. Off duty? Maybe, maybe not. I sat at a table by the window. The shower had turned into a downpour. A waitress with a strange, hounded look seemed only too pleased to serve me. Three tables along, a big man (Marco? – I'll never know) was standing, towering over a girl who was sitting facing me but not looking at me, looking hard at her hands, one of which held a just-lit cigarette. The big man was speaking – under his breath but as if he might suddenly bellow – and she was ignoring what he was saying. He jabbed a finger towards the door. She wore a raincoat – unbuttoned, dry – but looked like she didn't mean to budge. He wore a grubby T-shirt, a tea towel tucked into his belt.

She took a drag on her cigarette, blew the smoke quickly and straight up, tilting up her chin.

And I got it all straight away. Ten out of ten for detection (and for that other thing that goes with it, sometimes: intuition). A waitress too. But she'd just been given her marching orders. For something she'd done, in the kitchen perhaps, just moments before – or hadn't done. Something *he'd* done (the details would get filled in later), and she hadn't complied. You have to put yourself in the scene.

There was a waitress's apron hanging untidily from one of the hooks by the entrance to the kitchen, as if it had been flung there in a hurry. So: she'd been all ready to storm out. Stuff your job. But then the rain had started outside and she'd had a better, angrier, braver idea. She'd sat down at the table.

If she didn't work here any more, she could be a customer, couldn't she? She could order a coffee, couldn't she? And he could damn well bring it.

Brave, angry girl. She looked straight ahead without even seeing me. Brave, angry, blonde girl.

He leant over her, his voice rising. His hands gripped the edge of the table as if he might tip it up. I don't remember *my* decision, I don't remember getting up, but one moment I was sitting at my table, the next I was standing by hers, saying, 'What's the trouble here?' And the next moment I was sitting down opposite her, but looking at him, and saying, 'I think this lady would like a coffee...'

The nerve. But who knows what I'd have done without my fall-back, my invisible shield? The ID in my breast pocket and the word waiting ready, which, as it happens, I didn't have to use: Police.

'... and I'd like to buy it for her.'

She looked at me. I could almost hear her think: Now what? What *now*? Who was this bloke from nowhere?

He glared. A moment's stand-off. Then he turned (I'd done it!), whipping the tea towel from his belt, back to the kitchen. More words under his breath.

A sudden certainty inside me.

She looked at me. Studied me like something that had dropped from the sky.
40 Outside the rain was pelting. April – Easter coming up. My move, but it was my audition
too. A drag on her cigarette, the smoke straight up.

I said, ‘The thing to do, when he brings it, is not to drink it. Not to drink it and walk
out.’

She said, ‘I was planning on that.’

45 He brought the coffee, but he wasn’t going to be nice about it. Half of it was in the
saucer already, more after he’d plonked it down.

We got up together, scraping our chairs. ‘A shilling,’ he said, folding his arms. She
stubbed out her cigarette. I took a shilling from my pocket, slapped it down. A cheap
round, a bargain. We edged past him while he stood like some tree. Then we were out of
50 the door – and the rain was suddenly stopping, switching itself off like a tap. A gleam in the
sky. As if that might have been part of a plan too.

Graham Swift, *The Light of Day*, 2003.

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, ex 9b). Ils composeront des phrases complètes à chaque fois qu'il leur est demandé de rédiger les réponses. Les citations seront précédées de la mention de la ligne.

I - COMPREHENSION DU TEXTE

1. Where does the scene take place?
2. Find one detail that shows that the story takes place in Britain.
3. What season is it? Justify your answer with elements from the text.
4. In your opinion, who is the "big man" (l. 4 and l. 6)?
5. What information does the description of the man give us about the kind of place he works in? Justify your answer with at least one quotation.
6. What can you say about the big man's mood? Give three details to justify your answer.
7. Choose three adjectives in the following list to describe the blonde girl's attitude. Give three quotations to justify your answer.

Defiant, obedient, unsubmitive, compliant, rebellious, submissive.

8. What may have happened before the narrator's arrival?
9. Pick out four quotations that show that the narrator keeps looking at things with a policeman's eye.
10. How does the narrator interfere? Is it an impulsive or a planned move? Justify with one quotation.

11. How confident is he? Justify with one quotation.

12. Does the weather have an influence on the events? Explain in what way.

13. "Then we were out of the door – and the rain was suddenly stopping, switching itself off like a tap. A gleam in the sky. As if that might have been a plan of a part too." (l. 49-51). How symbolical is this passage?

X

of a plan

14. Translate from line 26 "I don't remember my decision..." to line 29 "I think this lady would like a coffee...".

II – EXPRESSION PERSONNELLE

no decision
non
decision
du 6x6

Write about ONE of the following subjects in about 300 words:

1. Can some encounters change someone's life? You may use your personal experience or readings to provide examples.
2. The girl keeps a diary. Imagine her entry for that day, imagine what she writes in the evening.

no decision
non