

<b>EAE 0422 A</b>	<b>Sujet Jury</b>	<b>Sujet Candidat</b>		<b>Code Sujet</b>	<b>CLG 19</b>
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**Your main commentary should be focused on *subordinate clauses*. Other topics may also be addressed.**

5 Nuns go by as quiet as lust, and drunken men and sober eyes  
sing in the lobby of the Greek hotel. Rosemary Villanucci, our next-  
door friend who lives above her father's cafe, sits in a 1939 Buick  
eating bread and butter. She rolls down the window to tell my  
10 sister Frieda and me that we can't come in. We stare at her,  
wanting her bread, but more than that wanting to poke the  
arrogance out of her eyes and smash the pride of ownership that  
curls her chewing mouth. When she comes out of the car we will  
beat her up, make red marks on her white skin, and she will cry  
15 and ask us do we want her to pull her pants down. We will say no.  
We don't know what we should feel or do if she does, but whenever  
she asks us, we know she is offering us something precious and  
that our own pride must be asserted by refusing to accept.

15 School has started, and Frieda and I get new brown stockings  
and cod-liver oil. Grown-ups talk in tired, edgy voices about Zick's  
Coal Company and take us along in the evening to the railroad  
tracks where we fill burlap sacks with the tiny pieces of coal lying  
about. Later we walk home, glancing back to see the great carloads  
20 of slag being dumped, red hot and smoking, into the ravine that  
skirts the steel mill. The dying fire lights the sky with a dull orange  
glow. Frieda and I lag behind, staring at the patch of color  
surrounded by black. It is impossible not to feel a shiver when our  
feet leave the gravel path and sink into the dead grass in the field.

25 Our house is old, cold, and green. At night a kerosene lamp  
lights one large room. The others are braced in darkness, peopled  
by roaches and mice. Adults do not talk to us – they give us  
directions. They issue orders without providing information. When  
we trip and fall down they glance at us; if we cut or bruise  
ourselves, they ask us are we crazy. When we catch colds, they  
30 shake their heads in disgust at our lack of consideration. How, they  
ask us, do you expect anybody to get anything done if you all are

sick? We cannot answer them. Our illness is treated with contempt,  
foul Black Draught, and castor oil that blunts our minds.

35 When, on a day after a trip to collect coal, I cough once, loudly,  
through bronchial tubes already packed tight with phlegm, my  
mother frowns. "Great Jesus. Get on in that bed. How many times  
do I have to tell you to wear something on your head? You must be  
the biggest fool in this town. Frieda? Get some rags and stuff that  
window."

40 Frieda restuffs the window. I trudge off to bed, full of guilt and  
self-pity. I lie down in my underwear, the metal in the black garters  
hurts my legs, but I do not take them off, because it is too cold to  
lie stockingless. It takes a long time for my body to heat its place in  
45 the bed. Once I have generated a silhouette of warmth, I dare not  
move, for there is a cold place one-half inch in any direction. No  
one speaks to me or asks how I feel. In an hour or two my mother  
comes. Her hands are large and rough, and when she rubs the  
Vicks salve on my chest, I am rigid with pain. She takes two  
50 fingers' full of it at a time, and massages my chest until I am faint.  
Just when I think I will tip over into a scream, she scoops out a  
little of the salve on her forefinger and puts it in my mouth, telling  
me to swallow. A hot flannel is wrapped about my neck and chest. I  
am covered up with heavy quilts and ordered to sweat, which I do,  
promptly.