

Good morning.

You have not slept well. Don't open your eyes. Stick out your tongue. Search for the little sore above your upper lip. Pray that it healed in the night.

No luck. Still there, rough to the tongue, and though it's very small, not even the diameter of a pencil eraser, it feels much larger. Your mother says it's a harmless fungal infection, and she pities you less for it than she should.

A tiny hamburger is what the fungus resembles, cracked and brown and perfectly centered in the little fluted area between your septum and upper lip. Yesterday, in the cafeteria, Josh Mohorn pointed out the similarity before a table of your friends. A painful thing, considering how much you would like to be Josh Mohorn. He turned to you and said, "Hey, Yancy, do me a favor."

"What's up?" you said, excited by the rare pleasure of Josh's attention.

"Could you take that seat down there?" he said, gesturing toward the far end of the table. "I can't eat my lunch with your fucking burger in my face."

Even you had to admire the succinct poetry of the line, which launched an instant craze of everyone jeering and calling you Burger King, or Patty, or All Beef, the name that stuck for the rest of the day and that will surely greet you this morning at school. You are eleven years old, the age that our essences begin revealing themselves, irremediably, to us and to the world. Just as Josh Mohorn is irremediably a soccer ace and a clothes ace, with feathered hair and white bucks, you are irremediably a fungus man.

Don't go to school today. Play sick.

Your mother comes in to wake you. Around the house, she wears paint-spattered jeans and old T-shirts, through whose slack sleeves you often catch sight of her underarm hair. But this morning she is dressed for work in a blue sateen blouse and tight white slacks, clothes that speak of a secret life. "I don't feel good," you tell your mother.

"Where? In your stomach?"

"Yeah," you say.

"Oh, God," she says. "I hope it's not that thing that's been going around."

"I don't know what it is," you say, panting shallowly. "It just really hurts."

She puts her hand on your forehead and holds it there. Her palm is dry and cool. You have always admired her hands—long, thin fingers and clean, ridged nails that never need polish. On her right index-finger knuckle is a perfect red dot, like a stamp of quality from the manufacturer. She slips her fingers down to your chest. Your skin is slick with sweat. You slept in your school clothes, jeans and a windbreaker, as you always do, amid the rustling mess of books and magazines piled in drifts on your bed. You will be twelve next year, but you usually still enjoy the solid, imperturbable sleep of a small child. You could get eight hours of good rest in a crate.

Your mother's fingers graze your sternum, and this makes you uncomfortable. A spray of large and painful pimples recently sprouted there. They throb with humiliated awareness when your mother touches them. This area of your body is a source of worry, in part because, years ago, a babysitter told you that all boys in their teen-age years develop a soft spot in their chests, like a baby's fontanel, and that you could kill somebody by punching him in that place. The babysitter was quite a liar, you realize now, even worse than you. He told you that in Florida there lived a race of murderous clowns who carried kitchen knives and who would come after you if you committed a sin. He also said that doctors performed abortions by delivering the baby and then putting it in a bucket and letting it cry to death. Still, you are not sure whether the babysitter was lying about the soft spot. The idea of it intrigues you. You writhe away from your mother's hand.

"What, you want to stay home?"

Swallow again. Close your eyes. "I don't know. I guess."

"O.K."

She kisses you and stands, ducking her head so as not to bash it on the top bunk, which is heaped with old blankets and boxes of your mother's stuff. She is right to be careful. Not long ago, you hit your head on it so forcefully that a hard white light went on behind your eyes. In your fury, you attacked the bed with your survival knife, inflicting minor, unsatisfying wounds. The little chips and gouges in the frame are a dispiriting reminder of the pointless assault.

On the shelf behind your head sits the tape deck your father bought you for your tenth birthday. You have stacks of cassettes full of your favorite songs, recorded off the radio, so all of them start a few

seconds in, but you don't mind. You'd like to listen to your tapes, but you can hear your stepfather moving around in the kitchen. He is raising a din of clanking pots and clumsy feet, so loud you figure he must be doing it on purpose. You don't touch the tape deck, because you don't want him to know you're awake.

He and your mother live on twenty acres in thick woods. Your stepfather fancies himself a kind of socialist frontiersman, and he doesn't have a normal job. He is too busy tending the three large gardens on the property, and splitting logs for the wood-burning furnace he persuaded your mother to buy. He values hard work above everything, and every time you turn around your stepfather is there, putting a broom in your hand, or giving you a load of wet laundry to hang up, or telling you to fetch firewood, or scrub the sink, or dig a hole. "I have a job for you" is your stepfather's catchphrase, and you sometimes imitate it to make your mother laugh.

You rub your thumb along the soft white flesh of your forearm, which is still discolored from a job you had to do last summer. Your stepfather made you clear about an acre of honeysuckle, scrub, and vine where he wanted to put a shed. Halfway through, when he and your mother were away, you doused the jungle with paint stripper and set it on fire. You were careful to keep the hose handy, and the blaze didn't get out of control. You knocked out three days of work in one hour of fire. But the smoke covered you, and two days later you had poison ivy in a monstrous way. Blisters popped out on your hands, neck, and eyelids. Then they broke and crusted over into a multitude of little brown jewels. The doctor said it could have killed you if you had breathed the smoke. When you heard that, you were sorry you hadn't taken a lungful or two—not enough to do you in, but you liked the idea of having to spend some time in an oxygen tent because of a job your stepfather made you do.

Wells TOWER, "Leopard", *The New Yorker*, November 10, 2008

PHONOLOGIE

(Les réponses seront rédigées en anglais)

In this section, candidates are asked to provide phonemic transcriptions (also known as "broad phonetic transcriptions") of isolated word units or larger extracts from the text attached. Regardless of the origin of the text, candidates are free to base their transcriptions either on Southern British English (RP / BBC English) or on General American, to the exclusion of any other variety of English. The chosen standard should be explicitly stated from the start, and deviations clearly justified with reference to the text.

Transcriptions are expected to conform to the standards set out in either of the following books: J.C. Wells, *Longman Pronunciation Dictionary*, 3rd edition, Longman, 2008 or D. Jones (rev. P. Roach & J. Hartman), *English Pronouncing Dictionary*, 16th edition, CUP, 2003.

Please note that, when applicable, stress is to be indicated in all transcriptions. Unless explicitly required, no mention of intonation pattern is expected in the transcriptions.

Candidates must organise and structure their answers so as to avoid unnecessary repetition.

QUESTIONS

1. Give a phonemic transcription of the following passage: *Good morning. You have not slept well. Don't open your eyes. Stick out your tongue. Search for the little sore above your upper lip. Pray that it healed in the night.* (ll. 0-0).

2. Transcribe the following words and account for their stress patterns: *cafeteria* (l. 00), *humiliated* (l. 00), *persuaded* (l. 000).

3. Give the stress-patterns of (use either 0/1/2 or 0/1/2/3): *paint-spattered jeans* (1. 00), *wood-burning furnace* (1. 00).
4. Account for the pronunciation of the letter <a> in the following words: *eraser* (1. 00), *harmless* (1. 00), *cracked* (1. 00), *rare* (1. 00), *palm* (1. 00), *quality* (1. 00).
5. Transcribe phonemically: *gesturing* (1. 00), *rustling* (1. 00), *knuckle* (1. 00), *worry* (1. 00), *swallow* (1. 00), *wounds* (1. 00).
6. Describe briefly the connected speech processes likely to occur in the following contexts: *could you* (1. 00), *in that place* (1. 00), *the idea of it* (1. 00), *close your eyes* (1. 00), *last summer* (1. 00).
7. Indicate tone-unit boundaries, tonics (nuclei) and tones in the following extract. Do not justify your answers.
"I don't feel good", you tell your mother. "Where? In your stomach?" "Yeah", you say. "Oh, God", she says. "I hope it's not that thing that's been going around." (1l. 00-00).

ANALYSE LINGUISTIQUE

(Les réponses seront rédigées en français)

1. Le candidat analysera les segments de texte indiqués ci-après par un soulignage :

- a. A tiny hamburger is what the fungus resembles, cracked and brown and perfectly centered in the little fluted area between your septum and upper lip. (1l. 00-00);
- b. They throb with humiliated awareness when your mother touches them. (1l. 00-00);
- c. He is raising a din of clanking pots and clumsy feet, so loud you figure he must be doing it on purpose. (1l. 00-00).

2. À partir d'exemples choisis dans l'ensemble du texte, le candidat traitera la question suivante :

Les démonstratifs.

Aussi bien pour l'analyse des segments soulignés que pour le traitement de la question, le candidat fondera son argumentation sur une étude précise de formes tirées du texte. Il procèdera, à partir de ces formes, à toutes les manipulations et comparaisons jugées utiles, en se référant à leur contexte.