

Agrégation interne d'anglais

Session 2017

**Épreuve ESP
Explication d'un texte
extrait du programme**

**ESP
121**

Explication de texte

Cather, Willa, *My Ántonia*, Ed. Janet Sharistanian. Oxford and New York: Oxford University Press (Oxford World's Classics), 2006, pp. 28-29.

Explication de faits de langue

Le candidat proposera une analyse linguistique des segments soulignés dans le texte.

How many an afternoon *Ántonia* and I have trailed along the prairie under that magnificence! And always two long black shadows flitted before us or followed after, dark spots on the ruddy grass.

5 We had been silent a long time, and the edge of the sun sank nearer and nearer the prairie floor, when we saw a figure moving on the edge of the upland, a gun over his shoulder. He was walking slowly, dragging his feet along as if he had no purpose. We broke into a run to overtake him.

'My papa sick all the time,' Tony panted as we flew. 'He not look good, Jim.'

10 As we neared Mr Shimerda she shouted, and he lifted his head and peered about. Tony ran up to him, caught his hand and pressed it against her cheek. She was the only one of his family who could rouse the old man from the torpor in which he seemed to live. He took the bag from his belt and showed us three rabbits he had shot, looked at *Ántonia* with a wintry flicker of a smile and began to tell her something. She turned to me.

'My *tatine* make me little hat with the skins, little hat for winter!' she exclaimed joyfully. 'Meat for eat, skin for hat'—she told off these benefits on her fingers.

20 Her father put his hand on her hair, but she caught his wrist and lifted it carefully away, talking to him rapidly. I heard the name of old Hata. He untied the handkerchief, separated her hair with his fingers, and stood looking down at the green insect. When it began to chirp faintly, he listened as if it were a beautiful sound.

25 I picked up the gun he had dropped; a queer piece from the old country, short and heavy, with a stag's head on the cock. When he saw me examining it, he turned to me with his far-away look that always made me feel as if I were down at the bottom of a well. He spoke kindly and gravely, and *Ántonia* translated:

30 'My *tatine* say when you are big boy, he give you his gun. Very fine, from Bohemie. It was belong to a great man, very rich, like what you not got here; many fields, many forests, many big house. My papa play for his wedding, and he give my papa fine gun, and my papa give you.'

35 I was glad that this project was one of futurity. There never were such people as the Shimerdas for wanting to give away everything they had. Even the mother **was always offering** me things, though I knew she expected substantial presents in return. We stood there in friendly silence, while the feeble minstrel sheltered in *Ántonia*'s hair went on with its scratchy chirp. The old man's smile, as he listened, was so full of sadness, of pity for things, that I never afterward forgot it. As the sun sank there came a sudden coolness and
40 the strong smell of earth and drying grass. *Ántonia* and her father went off hand in hand, and I buttoned up my jacket and raced my shadow home.