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Your commentary should be focused on *passive forms*.

'The body is in the library,' Colonel Osborne said. 'Come this way.'

Detective Inspector Strafford was accustomed to cold houses. He had spent his earliest years in a great gaunt mansion much like this one, then he had been sent away to school to a place that was even
5 bigger and greyer and colder. He often marvelled at the extremes of discomfort and misery that children were expected to endure without the slightest squeak of protest or complaint. Now, as he followed Osborne across the broad hallway – time-polished flagstones, a set of antlers on a plaque, dim portraits of Osborne ancestors lining the
10 walls on either side – it seemed to him the air was even icier here than it was outside. In a cavernous stone grate three sods of damp turf arranged in a tripod smouldered sullenly giving out no detectable warmth.

It had snowed continuously for two days, and this morning
15 everything appeared to stand in hushed amazement before the spectacle of such expanses of unbroken whiteness on all sides. People said it was unheard of, that they had never known weather like it, that it was the worst winter in living memory. But they said that every year when it snowed, and also in years when it didn't snow.

The library had the look of a place that no one had been in for a
20 very long time, and today it wore a put-upon aspect, as though indignant that its solitude should be so suddenly and so rudely violated. The glass-fronted bookcases lining the walls stared before them coldly, and the books stood shoulder to shoulder in an attitude
25 of mute resentment. The mullioned windows were set into deep granite embrasures, and snow-light glared through their numerous tiny leaded panes. Strafford had already cast a sceptical eye on the architecture of the place. Arts-and-Crafts fakery, he had thought straight off, with a mental sniff. He wasn't a snob, not exactly, only
30 he liked things to be left as they were, and not got up as what they could never hope to be.

But then, what about himself? – was he entirely authentic? He hadn't missed the surprised glance with which Colonel Osborne, opening the front door, had scanned him from head to toe and back
35 again. It was only a matter of time before he would be told, by Colonel Osborne or someone else in the house, that he didn't look much like a policeman. He was used to it. Most people meant it as a compliment, and he tried to take it in that spirit, though it always made him feel like a confidence trickster whose trick has been
40 exposed.

What people meant was that he didn't look like an *Irish* policeman.

Detective Inspector Strafford, first name St John – 'It's pronounced Sinjun,' he would wearily explain – was thirty-five and looked ten years younger. He was tall and thin – 'gangly' was the
45 word – with a sharp, narrow face, eyes that in certain lights showed as green, and hair of no particular colour, a lock of which had a tendency to fall across his forehead like a limp, gleaming wing, and which he would push back with a characteristic stiff gesture involving all four fingers of his left hand. He wore a grey three-piece suit that,
50 like all his clothes, appeared to be a size or more too big for him, a narrowly knotted wool tie, a fob watch on a chain – it had been his grandfather's – a grey gabardine trench coat and a grey wool scarf. He had taken off a soft black fedora and now held it by the brim at his side. His shoes were soaked from melted snow – he didn't seem
55 to notice the puddles forming under him on the carpet.

There was not as much blood as there should have been, given the wounds that had been inflicted. When he looked more closely he saw that someone had mopped up most of it. The priest's body had been tampered with too. He lay on his back, hands joined on his breast.
60 His legs were aligned neatly side by side. All that was lacking was a set of rosary beads twined around his knuckles.