

EAE 0422 A	Sujet Jury	Sujet Candidat		Code Sujet	CLG 15
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Your main commentary should be focused on *noun phrase determination*. Other topics may also be addressed.

5 The river lies in a valley of hills and fields. The north end of
the valley is narrow, and the river runs down from the mountains
through a canyon. The sun strikes the canyon floor only a few
hours each day, and in winter the snow remains for a long time in
the crevices of the walls. There is a town in the valley, and there
are ruins of other towns in the canyon. In three directions from the
town there are cultivated fields. Most of them lie to the west,
across the river, on the slope of the plain. Now and then in winter,
10 great angles of geese fly through the valley, and then the sky and
the geese are the same color and the air is hard and damp and
smoke rises from the houses of the town. The seasons lie hard
upon the land. In summer the valley is hot, and birds come to the
tamarack on the river. The feathers of blue and yellow birds are
prized by the townsmen.

15 The fields are small and irregular, and from the west mesa
they seem an intricate patchwork of arbors and gardens, too
numerous for the town. The townsmen work all summer in the
fields. When the moon is full, they work at night with ancient,
handmade plows and hoes, and if the weather is good and the
20 water plentiful they take a good harvest from the fields. They grow
the things that can be preserved easily: corn and chillies and
alfalfa. On the town side of the river there are a few orchards and
patches of melons and grapes and squash. Every six or seven years
there is a great harvest of *piñones* far to the east of the town. That
25 harvest, like the deer in the mountains, is the gift of God.

30 It is hot in the end of July. The old man Francisco drove a
team of roan mares near the place where the river bends around a
cottonwood. The sun shone on the sand and the river and the
leaves of the trees, and waves of heat shimmered from the stones.
The colored stones on the bank of the river were small and smooth,
and they rubbed together and cracked under the wagon wheels.
Once in a while one of the roan mares tossed its head, and the
commotion of its dark mane sent a swarm of flies into the air.
Downstream the brush grew thick on a bar in the river, and there
35 the old man saw the reed. He turned the mares into the water and

stepped down on the sand. A sparrow hung from the reed. It was
upside down and its wings were partly open and the feathers at the
back of its head lay spread in a tiny ruff. The eyes were neither
open nor closed. Francisco was disappointed, for he had wished for
40 a male mountain bluebird, breast feathers the pale color of April
skies or of turquoise, lake water. Or the summer tanager: a prayer
plume ought to be beautiful. He drew the reed from the sand and
cut loose the horsehair from the sparrow's feet. The bird fell into
the water and was carried away in the current. He turned the reed
45 in his hands; it was smooth and nearly translucent, like the spine of
an eagle feather, and it was not yet burned and made brittle by the
sun and wind. He had cut the hair too short, and he pulled another
from the tail of the near roan and set the snare again. When the
reed was curved and strung like a bow, he replaced it carefully in
50 the sand. He laid his forefinger lightly on top of the reed and the
reed sprang and the looped end of the hair snapped across his
finger and made a white line above the nail. "*Sí, bien hecho,*" he
said aloud, and without removing the reed from the sand he cocked
it again.