

<b>EAE 0422 A</b>	<b>Sujet Jury</b>	<b>Sujet Candidat</b>	<b>Code Sujet</b>	<b>CLG 16</b>
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**Your main commentary should be focused on *relative clauses*. Other topics may also be addressed.**

5 The sun was up high enough behind the clouds to give the air the bright, false-spring light that always marks an hour or two of daytime snowstorms before afternoon arrives and the gloom lowers. The wind was coming from behind us, at the same speed we were walking, and the snow had retired from fine urgency to flaky slowness, its movement more horizontal than vertical, so that as Dr. Morales and I walked to the end of the block we seemed to be moving without moving. He had on a coat and hat so bulbous and red and shiny—it must have been some sort of weird new synthetic fabric—that he looked like a postmodern mountain climber or an explorer or astronaut. He didn't appear to notice the glances he got from nearly everyone we passed, but charged ahead as if he had just caught sight of some lunar objective. I tried to keep up.

15 We entered the park at Nineteenth Street and went down a small hill. Paths that had been shovelled were already recovered by snow, and the banks stood three or four feet high on either side. We walked in silence for a few minutes, following a course that took us—appropriately it occurred to me—in a large circle. At the halfway point, Dr. Morales asked, "What are you thinking about?" and I said, "Not much." When we got back to where we had started, I stopped and scooped up some snow, made it into a snowball, and threw it at a tree about fifty feet off. It nicked the trunk.

25 "What a beautiful day, yes?" said Dr. Morales, beaming at the winterscape as if he had created it himself. "It makes you feel like a kid, no?"

"Yes," I said. "But you couldn't have had much weather like this in Cuba."

30 "You are still at point-counterpoint, eh, Mr. Singer?"  
"Just an observation," I said, moving off down the path. "Sometimes a cigar is a cigar."

35 "Yes, but not, I believe, when you light it and then try to ram it up someone's ass." He hadn't resumed walking, and when I turned to face him he looked, now, less exploratory than extraterrestrially Bolshevik, with the snow—which was intensifying again—swirling about him. He stood perfectly upright in his carapace, a few feet

away, gazing at me austerely, as if I had failed to hold my individual portion of the line against the Nazis outside Leningrad. Off to the side, some schoolboys on an outing tossed a Frisbee back and forth. Dr. Morales picked up some snow, compacted it vigorously, and, encumbered as he was, fired it at the tree I'd aimed at. Bull's-eye.

"I don't think this treatment is getting me anywhere," I said.

"You must give it time, Mr. Singer."

45 "I want to stop."

"Please do not do that, Mr. Singer."

"I thought this whole process was supposed to be more sympathetic, kinder."

"That is what you want? Someone to be kind to you?"

50 "Yes," I said, and with that, tears welled up in my eyes. "Yes, that's what I want."

"I'm afraid this is not my function. What I shall try to do, if you will permit me, is to help you learn how to obtain from others what it is that you want."

55 The tears were now starting from my eyes, as if expelled by some great interior pressure, and even as I wept I smiled in child-like pleasure to feel such sudden lightness across my shoulders, such relief in not being able to govern myself. Dr. Morales walked along the path toward me. Despite what he had said, I expected that *he* might put *his* arm around *my* shoulders or explain that it was for my own good that he remained so aloof and exigent—some gesture of concern. But even in the face of my weeping he didn't let go an inch, and what I got, after a Frisbee player ran between us, his coat flapping and his orange scarf trailing behind him like a pennant, was "I am sorry but our time is up. I must return to my office."