

EAE 0422 A	Sujet Jury	Sujet Candidat		Code Sujet	CLG 24
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Your main commentary should be focused on *modal auxiliaries*. Other topics may also be addressed.

5 ‘Where are you going?’
 ‘Oh, I’m running errands today. Buying some things for
 mamma. Good-bye.’ She moved again, her blue linen shaping
 delicate and crisp to her stride. A Negro driving a wagon passed
 between them, interminable as Time: he thought the wagon would
 never pass, so he darted around it to overtake her.
 ‘Be careful,’ she said quickly, ‘Daddy’s downtown today. I
 am not supposed to see you any more. My folks are down on you.’
10 ‘Why?’ he asked in startled vacuity.
 ‘I don’t know. Perhaps they have heard of your running
 around with women, and they think you will ruin me. That’s it,
 probably.’
 Flattered, he said: ‘Aw, come on.’
 They walked beneath awnings. Wagons tethered to
15 slumbering mules and horses were motionless in the square. They
 were lapped, surrounded, submerged by the frank odour of
 unwashed Negroes, most of whom wore at least one ex-garment of
 the army O.D.; and their slow voices and careless, ready laughter,
 which has also somehow beneath it something elemental and
20 sorrowful and unresisting, lay drowsily upon the noon.
 At the corner was a drugstore in each window of which was
 an identical globe, containing liquids, once red and green,
 respectively, but faded now to a weak similar brown by the suns of
 many summers. She stayed him with her hand.
25 ‘You mustn’t come any further, George, please.’
 ‘Oh, come on, Cecily.’
 ‘No, no, Good-bye.’ Her slim hand stopped him dead in his
 tracks.
 ‘Come in and have a Coca-Cola.’
30 ‘No, I can’t. I have so many things to do. I’m sorry.’
 ‘Well, after you get through, then,’ he suggested as a last
 resort.
 ‘I can’t tell. But if you want to, you can wait here for me and
 I’ll come back if I have time. If you want to, you know.’
35 ‘All right. I’ll wait here for you. Please come, Cecily.’

 ‘I can’t promise. Good-bye.’
 He was forced to watch her retreating from him, mincing
 and graceful, diminishing. Hell, she won’t come, he told himself.
 But he daren’t leave for fear she might. He watched her as long as
40 he could see her, watching her head among other heads,
 sometimes seeing her whole body, delicate and unmistakable. He
 lit a cigarette and lounged into the drugstore.
 After a while the clock on the court house struck twelve and
 he threw away his fifth cigarette. God damn her, she won’t have
45 another chance to stand me up, he swore. Cursing her he felt
 better and pushed open the screen door.
 He sprang suddenly back into the store and stepped swiftly
 out of sight and the soda clerk, glassy-haired and white-jacketed,
 said ‘Whatcher dodging?’ with interest. She passed, walking and
50 talking with a young married man who clerked in a department
 store. She looked in as they passed without seeing him.
 He waited, wrung and bitter with anger and jealousy, until
 he knew she had turned the corner. Then he swung the door
 outward furiously. He cursed her again, blindly, and someone
55 behind saying, ‘Mist’ George, Mist’ George,’ monotonously drew up
 beside him. He whirled upon a Negro boy.
 ‘What in hell you want?’ he snapped.
 ‘Letter fer you,’ replied the Negro equably, shaming him
 with better breeding. He took it and gave the boy a coin. It was
60 written on a scrap o wrapping paper and it read: ‘Come tonight
 after they have gone to bed. I may not get out. But come – if you
 want to.’
 He read and reread it, he stared at her spidery, nervous
 script until the words themselves ceased to mean anything to his
65 mind. He was sick with relief. Everything, the ancient, slumbering
 courthouse, the elms, the hitched somnolent horses and mules, the
 stolid coagulation of Negroes and the slow unemphasis of their talk
 and laughter, all seemed some way different, lovely, and beautiful
 under the indolent noon.
70 He drew a long breath.