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Your main commentary should be focused on *the expression of quantification*. Other topics may also be addressed.

Agnes said nothing to me after the visit. When I got into bed next to her that night she remained silent, though she did not turn her back to me. She lay gazing at the ceiling. Once I had blown out the candle it was so dark I could see nothing. I turned towards her.

5 'You know I don't want to leave. I have to.'

Silence.

'We need the money. We have nothing now that Father can't work.'

10 'Eight Stuivers a day isn't such a lot of money.' Agnes had a hoarse voice, as if her throat were covered with cobwebs.

'It will keep the family in bread. And a bit of cheese. That's not so little.'

'I'll be all alone. You're leaving me all alone. First Frans, then you.'

15 Of all of us Agnes had been the most upset when Frans left the previous year. He and she had always fought like cats but she sulked for days once he was gone. At ten she was the youngest of us three children, and had never before known a time when Frans and I were not there.

20 'Mother and father will still be there. And I'll visit on Sundays. Besides, it was no surprise when Frans went.' We had known for years that our brother would start his apprenticeship when he turned thirteen. Our father had saved hard to pay the apprentice fee, and talked endlessly of how Frans would learn another aspect
25 of the trade, then come back and they would set up a tile factory together.

Now our father sat by the window and never spoke of the future.

30 After the accident Frans had come home for two days. He had not visited since. The last time I saw him I had gone to the factory across town where he was apprenticed. He looked exhausted and had burns up and down his arms from pulling tiles from the kiln. He told me he worked from dawn until so late that at times he was too tired even to eat. 'Father never told me it would be this bad,' he

35 muttered resentfully. 'He always said his apprenticeship was the making of him.'

'Perhaps it was,' I replied. 'It made him what he is now.'

When I was ready to leave the next morning my father shuffled out to the front step, feeling his way along the wall. I hugged my mother and Agnes. 'Sunday will come in no time,' my mother said.

40 My father handed me something wrapped in a handkerchief. 'To remind you of home,' he said. 'Of us.'

45 It was my favourite tile of his. Most of his tiles we had at home were faulty in some way - chipped or cut crookedly, or the picture was blurred because the kiln had been too hot. This one, though, my father kept specially for us. It was a simple picture of two small figures, a boy and an older girl. They were simply walking along, and were like Frans and me whenever we walked together - clearly our father had thought of us as he painted it. The boy was a little ahead of the girl but had turned back to say something. His face
50 was mischievous, his hair messy. The girl wore her cap as I wore mine, not as most other girls did, with the ends tied under their chins or behind their necks. I favoured a white cap that folded in a wide brim around my face, covering my hair completely and hanging down in points on each side of my face so that from the
55 side my expression was hidden. I kept the cap stiff by boiling it with potato peelings.

I walked away from our house, carrying my things tied up in an apron. It was still early - our neighbours were throwing buckets of water on to their steps and the street in front of their houses, and scrubbing them clean. Agnes would do that now as well as many of
60 my other tasks. She would have less time to play in the street and along the canals. Her life was changing too.

People nodded at me and watched curiously as I passed. No one asked where I was going or called out kind words.