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**La leçon se déroule en anglais. Elle est suivie d'un entretien en français.**

**SUBJECT:**

"Identifying the level of representation at which VP-ellipsis is resolved is a prerequisite to articulating a formal theory. [...] it would appear that any theory of VP-ellipsis that operates solely within a single module of language processing (*e.g.*, syntax or semantics alone) has little hope of being empirically adequate."

Andrew Kehler, "Coherence and the resolution of ellipsis", *Linguistics and Philosophy* 23, 2000, p. 538.

Discuss.

Candidates will use relevant excerpts from the following corpus to address the above topic.

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### Excerpt 1

A year later, I was offered yet another promotion and asked to take on staff management. At that point, I really asked that I be paid in line with what others at my level were making in our industry. And they did. My salary went up over 15K at the time of promotion.

*Askamanager.org, May 2012*

### Excerpt 2

"What tree on your back? Is something growing on your back? I don't see nothing growing on your back."

"It's there all the same."

"Who told you that?"

"White girl. That's what she called it. I've never seen it and never will".

Toni Morrison, *Beloved*, 2004

### Excerpt 3

She lowered her head and thought, as he did, how unlikely it was that she had made it. And if it hadn't been for that girl looking for velvet, she never would have.

Toni Morrison, *Beloved*, 2004

### Excerpt 4

[...] considering how quickly they had started getting naked, you'd think by now they would be.

Toni Morrison, *Beloved*, 2004

### Excerpt 5

A bad feeling had come over Mallory. It was the same one she got sometimes in the ER right before they got an incoming. "May I?" she asked Grace, gesturing to the smart phone. Grace handed it over and Mallory rose to her knees and used the lighter app to look over the edge of the counter.

Jill Shalvis, *Lucky in Love*, 2012

### Excerpt 6

"I wasn't always mute. I used to be a singer. But I can't anymore. So instead I play." I wrote. He chuckled through his tears and said "I sing. I love to sing. Maybe when I can't see any more that is what I will do." He frowned, sadness touching his features.

"The Pianist's Key", *Live Journal*, 2011

### Excerpt 7

Well, I think as, as, as he said, he knows that he has to be responsible for the country as a whole - for Northerners, for Southerners, for blacks and for whites - and wants to make sure that he's not looking out after a special interest, even though it is him. But I think by speaking as emotionally as he did, he gave a humanity to Tray that is what we need - to go over the bridge of seeing him simply as a black kid, to see him as somebody that we might know.

NBC MeetPress, *We are Back Now with Our Roundtable*, 2012

### Excerpt 8

And she knew it, and they knew it, and maybe she even knew that they knew it. Should Margaret have tried to discover what sinister chain had wrapped her life? Perhaps she should have, but she did not.

Ida Hattermer-Higgins, *The History of History: a Novel of Berlin*, 2011

### Excerpt 9

"She left me behind. By myself," said Beloved. She lifted her eyes to meet Denver's and frowned, perhaps. Perhaps not. The tiny scratches on her forehead may have made it seem so. Denver swallowed. "Don't," she said. "Don't. You won't leave us, will you?"

Toni Morrison, *Beloved*, 2004

### Excerpt 10

Maybe shaped like one, but nothing like any tree he knew because trees were inviting; things you could trust and be near; talk to if you wanted to as he frequently did since way back when he took the midday meal in the fields of Sweet Home. Always in the same place if he could, and choosing the place had been hard because Sweet Home had more pretty trees than any farm around.

Toni Morrison, *Beloved*, 2004

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### Excerpt 11

My Dad suffered from a subarachnoid haemorrhage in 2001. We were told that he had a 30% chance of survival and if he did, he would be left requiring nursing care.

<http://www.nhs.uk/conditions/Subarachnoid-haemorrhage>

### Excerpt 12

"I'm Mrs. Gallagher. That's a nice tricycle." "Uncle Bob bought it for me. I have lots of uncles. Do you?" "I did." Babs's voice sounded soothing.

Rita Mae Brown & Laura Hartman, *Murder Unleashed: a Novel*, 2012

### Excerpt 13

As this apostasy took hold, instances began coming to mind. Traveling in Morocco 30-some years ago, I had eaten tagines - stews distinguished by being cooked in the pot of the same name - that I did not recall as involving any browning. Or did they?

John Willoughby, *Deep Flavour, No Browning Required*, 2011

### Excerpt 14

"We're confident once the report is out and digested by the public that this will be the final word on the Roswell incident". But it was not.

Ufos: Seeing is Believing, *Primetime Live*, 2008

### Excerpt 15

"It's a lot like when the Web emerged in the early 90s: it took us some time to figure out the norms, use cases, and new ways of using this technology, but eventually we did, and the world was forever transformed."

<http://www.theverge.com/>, 5 October 2012

### Excerpt 16

The kids called her Miss Rainy, not Mom, and according to Will they had not been here forever. But what was a young, single woman doing with all these kids? Foster care? Nah, they didn't let singles do that. Did they?

Linda Goodnight, *Home to Crossroads Ranch*, 2009

### Excerpt 17

That child she could not love and the rest she would not. "God take what He would," she said. And He did, and He did, and He did and then gave her Halle who gave her freedom when it didn't mean a thing.

Toni Morrison, *Beloved*, 2004

### Excerpt 18

Boba found Jango's body. A droid carrier was taking the droid parts to a dump site. Boba managed to get one to take him and Jango's body too. Boba felt sadness taking over, but he knew he couldn't yet. He still had one thing to do.

*Fett History*, <http://www.starwarsdotcom.com>, 2012

### Excerpt 19

"I can't no more. I can't no more." "Can't what? What can't you?" "I can't live here. I don't know where to go or what to do, but I can't live here [...]."

Toni Morrison, *Beloved*, 2004

### Excerpt 20

No, it's not an epidemic. It's a plague. A curse. There's no worse way to leave this world, because before you do, you cease to be you and you're dead before you die. Nancy, fed up with this conversation, grabs the newspaper.

Guillem Clua, *Margburg*, 2011