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Document A

Gatsby's house was still empty when I left – the grass on his lawn had grown as long as mine. One of the taxi drivers in the village never took a fare past the entrance gate without stopping for a minute and pointing inside; perhaps it was he who drove Daisy and Gatsby over to East Egg the night of the accident, and perhaps he had made a story about it all his own. I didn't want to hear it and I avoided him when I got off the train.

I spent my Saturday nights in New York because those gleaming, dazzling parties of his were with me so vividly that I could still hear the music and the laughter, faint and incessant, from his garden, and the cars going up and down his drive. One night I did hear a material car there, and saw its lights stop at his front steps. But I didn't investigate. Probably it was some final guest who had been away at the ends of the earth and didn't know that the party was over.

On the last night, with my trunk packed and my car sold to the grocer, I went over and looked at that huge incoherent failure of a house once more. On the white steps an obscene word, scrawled by some boy with a piece of brick, stood out clearly in the moonlight, and I erased it, drawing my shoe raspily along the stone. Then I wandered down to the beach and sprawled out on the sand.

Most of the big shore places were closed now and there were hardly any lights except the shadowy, moving glow of a ferryboat across the Sound. And as the moon rose higher the inessential houses began to melt away until gradually I became aware of the old island here that flowered once for Dutch sailors' eyes – a fresh, green breast of the new world. Its vanished trees, the trees that had made way for Gatsby's house, had once pandered in whispers to the last and greatest of all human dreams; for a transitory enchanted moment man must have held his breath in the presence of this continent, compelled into an aesthetic contemplation he neither understood nor desired, face to face for the last time in history with something commensurate to his capacity for wonder.

And as I sat there brooding on the old, unknown world, I thought of Gatsby's wonder when he first picked out the green light at the end of Daisy's dock. He had come a long way to this blue lawn, and his dream must have seemed so close that he could hardly fail to grasp it. He did not know that it was already behind him, somewhere back in that vast obscurity beyond the city, where the dark fields of the republic rolled on under the night.

Gatsby believed in the green light, the orgastic future that year by year recedes before us. It eluded us then, but that's no matter – tomorrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms further... And one fine morning –

So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.

F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby* (1925)

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Document B

IT might well be thought, a Countrie so faire (as Virginia is) and a people so tractable, would long ere this have beene quietly possessed, to the satisfaction of the adventurers, & the eternizing of the memory of those that effected it. But because all the world doe see a defailement; this following Treatise shall give satisfaction to all indifferent Readers, how the
5 businesse hath bin carried: where no doubt they will easily understand and answer to their question, how it came to passe there was no better speed and successe in those proceedings.

Captaine Bartholomew Gosnoll, one of the first movers of this plantation, having many yeares solicited many of his friends, but found small assistants; at last prevailed with some Gentlemen, as Captaine John Smith, Mr. Edward-maria Wingfield, Mr. Robert Hunt, and
10 divers others, who depended a yeare upon his projects, but nothing could be effected, till by their great charge and industrie, it came to be apprehended by certaine of the Nobilitie, Gentry, and Marchants, so that his Majestie by his letters patents, gave commission for establishing Councels, to direct here; and to governe, and to execute there. To effect this, was spent another yeare, and by that, three ships were provided, one of 100 Tuns, another of 40.
15 and a Pinnace of 20. The transportation of the company was committed to Captaine Christopher Newport, a Marriner well practised for the Westerne parts of America. But their orders for government were put in a box, not to be opened, nor the governours knowne untill they arrived in Virginia.

On the 19 of December, 1606. we set sayle from Blackwall, but by unprosperous winds, were
20 kept six weekes in the sight of England; all which time, Mr. Hunt our Preacher, was so weake and sicke, that few expected his recovery. Yet although he were but twentie myles from his habitation (the time we were in the Downes) and notwithstanding the stormy weather, nor the scandalous imputations (of some few, little better then Atheists, of the greatest ranke amongst us) suggested against him, all this could never force from him so much as a seeming desire to
25 leave the busines, but preferred the service of God, in so good a voyage, before any affection to contest his godlesse foes, whose disasterous designes (could they have prevailed) had even then overthrowne the businesse, so many discontents did then arise, had he not with the water of patience, and his godly exhortations (but chiefly by his true devoted examples) quenched those flames of envie, and dissention.

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30 We watered at the Canaries, we traded with the Salvages at Dominica; three weekes we spent
 in refreshing our selves amongst these west-India Isles; in Gwardalupa we found a bath so
 hot, as in it we boyled Porck as well as over the fire. And at a little Isle called Monica, we
 tooke from the bushes with our hands, neare two hogsheads full of Birds in three or foure
 35 heures. In Mevis, Mona, and the Virgin Isles, we spent some time, where, with a lothsome
 beast like a Crocodil, called a Gwayn, Tortoises, Pellicans, Parrots, and fishes, we daily
 feasted. Gone from thence in search of Virginia, the company was not a little discomforted,
 seeing the Marriners had 3 dayes passed their reckoning and found no land, so that Captaine
 Ratliffe (Captaine of the Pinnace) rather desired to beare up the helme to returne for England,
 then make further search. But God the guider of all good actions, forcing them by an extreame
 40 storme to hull all night, did drive them by his providence to their desired Port, beyond all their
 expectations, for never any of them had seene that coast. The first land they made they called
 Cape Henry; where thirtie of them recreating themselves on shore, were assaulted by five
 Salvages, who hurt two of the English very dangerously. That night was the box opened, and
 the orders read, in which Bartholomew Gosnoll, John Smith, Edward Wingfield, Christopher
 45 Newport, John Ratliffe, John Martin, and George Kendall, were named to be the Councill,
 and to choose a President amongst them for a yeare, who with the Councill should governe.
 Matters of moment were to be examined by a Jury, but determined by the major part of the
 Councill, in which the President had two voyces. Untill the 13 of May they sought a place to
 plant in, then the Councill was sworne, Mr. Wingfield was chosen President, and an Oration
 50 made, why Captaine Smith was not admitted of the Councill as the rest.

Now falleth every man to worke, the Councill contrive the Fort, the rest cut downe trees to
 make place to pitch their Tents; some provide claboard to relade the ships, some make
 gardens, some nets, &c. The Salvages often visited us kindly. The Presidents overweening
 jealousy would admit no exercise at armes, or fortification, but the boughs of trees cast
 55 together in the forme of a halfe moone by the extraordinary paines and diligence of Captaine
 Kendall, Newport, Smith, and twentie others, were sent to discover the head of the river: by
 divers small habitations they passed, in six dayes they arrived at a Towne called Powhatan,
 consisting of some twelve houses, pleasantly seated on a hill; before it three fertile Isles,
 about it many of their cornefields, the place is very pleasant, and strong by nature, of this
 60 place the Prince is called Powhatan, and his people Powhatans, to this place the river is
 navigable: but higher within a myle, by reason of the Rockes and Isles, there is not passage
 for a small Boat, this they call the Falles, the people in all parts kindly intreated them, till
 being returned within twentie myles of James towne, they gave just cause of jealousy, but
 had God not blessed the discoverers otherwise then those at the Fort, there had then beene an
 65 end of that plantation; for at the Fort, where they arrived the next day, they found 17 men hurt,
 and a boy slaine by the Salvages, and had it not chanced a crosse barre shot from the Ships
 strooke down a bough from a tree amongst them, that caused them to retire, our men had all
 beene slaine, being securely all at worke, and their armes in dry fats.

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Hereupon the President was contented the Fort should be pallisadoed, the Ordnance mounted, his men armed and exercised, for many were the assaults, and ambuscadoes of the Salvages, & our men by their disorderly stragling were often hurt, when the Salvages by the nimbleness of their heeles well escaped. What toyle we had, with so small a power to guard our workemen adayes, watch all night, resist our enemies, and effect our businesse, to relade the ships, cut downe trees, and prepare the ground to plant our Corne, &c, I referre to the Readers consideration. Six weekes beine spent in this manner, Captaine Newport (who was hired onely for our transportation) was to returne with the ships.

“The Proceedings of the English Colony of Virginia, taken faithfully out of the writings of Thomas Studley Cape-marchant, Anas Todkill, Doctor Russell, Nathaniel Powell, William Phetiplace, and Richard Pot, with the laboures of other discreet observers, during their residences”, in *Travels and Works of Captain John Smith* (1630).

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Margaret Bourke-White, *At the Time of the Louisville Flood, Red Cross Relief* (1937)