

**Document A**

Lennie looked timidly over to him. "George?"

"Yeah, what ya want?"

"Where we goin', George?"

5 The little man jerked down the brim of his hat and scowled over at Lennie. "So you forgot that awready, did you? I gotta tell you again, do I? Jesus Christ, you're a crazy bastard!"

"I forgot," Lennie said softly. "I tried not to forget. Honest to God I did, George."

"O.K. ---OK. I'll tell ya again. I ain't got nothing to do. Might jus' as well spen' all my time tellin' you things and then you forget 'em, and I tell you again."

"Tried and tried," said Lennie, "but it didn't do no good. I remember about the rabbits, George."

10 "The hell with the rabbits. That's all you ever can remember is them rabbits. O.K.! Now you listen and this time you got to remember so we don't get in no trouble. You remember settin' in that gutter on Howard street and watchin' that blackboard?"

Lennie's face broke into a delighted smile. "Why sure, George, I remember that... but... what'd we do then? I remember some girls come by and you says.... You say..."

15 "The hell with what I says. You remember about us goin' into Murray and Ready's, and they give us work cards and bus tickets?"

"Oh, sure, George. I remember that now." His hand went quickly into his side coat pockets. He said gently, "George... I ain't got mine. I musta lost it." He looked down at the ground in despair.

20 "You never had none, you crazy bastard. I got both of 'em here. Think I'd let you carry your own work card?"

Lennie grinned with relief. "I... I thought I put it in my side pocket." His hand went into the pocket again.

George looked sharply at him. "What'd you take outa that pocket?"

"Ain't a thing in my pocket," Lennie said cleverly.

25 "I know there ain't. You got it in your hand. What you got in your hand --- hidin' it?"

"I ain't got nothing', George. Honest."

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“Come on, give it here.”

Lennie held his closed hand away from George’s direction.  
“It’s on’y a mouse, George.”

30 “A mouse? A live mouse?”

Huh-uh. Jus’ a dead mouse, George. I didn’t kill it. Honest! I found it. I found it dead.”

“Give it here!” said George.

“Aw, leave me have it, George.”

35 “*Give it here!*”

Lennie’s closed hand slowly obeyed. George took the mouse and threw it across the pool to the other side, among the brush. “What you want of a dead mouse, anyways?”

“I could pet it with my thumb while we walked along,” said Lennie.

40 “Well, you ain’t petting no mice while you walk with me. You remember where we’re goin’ now?”

Lennie looked startled and then in embarrassment hid his face against his knees. “I forgot again.”

“Jesus Christ,” George said resignedly. “Well – look, we’re gonna work on a ranch like the one we come from up north.”

“Up north?”

45 “In Weed.”

“Oh, sure. I remember. In Weed.”

50 “That ranch we’re goin’ to is right down there about a quarter mile. We’e gonna go in an’ see the boss. Now, look – I’ll give him the work tickets, but you ain’t gonna say a word. You jus’ stand there and don’t say nothing. If he finds out what a crazy bastard you are, we won’t get no job, but if he sees ya work before he hears ya talk, we’re set. Ya got that?”

“Sure, George. Sure I got it.”

“O.K. Now when we go in to see the boss, what you gonna do?”

“I .... I,” Lennie thought. His face grew tight with thought. “I .... Ain’t gonna say nothin’. Jus’gonna stan’ there.”

55 “Good boy. That’s swell. You say that over two, three times so you sure won’t forget it.”

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## Document B

A comparison of “The Three Little Pigs” with “The Ant and the Grasshopper” accentuates the difference between a fairy tale and a fable. The grasshopper, much like the little pigs and the child himself, is bent on playing, with little concern for the future. In both stories the child identifies with the animals (although only a hypocritical pig can identify with the nasty ant, and only a mentally sick child with the wolf); but after having identified with the grasshopper, there is no hope left for the child, according to the fable. For the grasshopper beholden to the pleasure principle, nothing but doom awaits; it is an “either/or” situation, where having made a choice once settles things forever.

But identification with the little pigs of the fairy tale teaches that there are developments – possibilities of progress from the pleasure principle to the reality principle, which, after all, is nothing but a modification of the former. The story of the three pigs suggests a transformation in which much pleasure is retained, because now satisfaction is sought with true respect for the demands of reality. The clever and playful little pig outwits the wolf several times: first, when the wolf tried three times to lure the pig away from the safety of home by appealing to his oral greed, proposing expeditions to where the two would get delicious food. The wolf tries to tempt the pig with turnips which may be stolen, then with apples, and finally with a visit to a fair.

Only after these efforts have come to naught does the wolf move in for the kill. But he has to enter the pig’s house to get him, and once more the pig wins out, for the wolf falls down the chimney into the boiling water and ends up as cooked meat for the pig. Retributive justice is done: the wolf, which had devoured the other two pigs and wished to devour the third, ends up as food for the pig.

The child, who throughout the story has been invited to identify with one of its protagonists, is not only given hope, but is told that through developing his intelligence he can be victorious over even a much stronger opponent.

Since according to the primitive (and a child’s) sense of justice only those who have done something really bad get destroyed, the fable seems to teach that it is wrong to enjoy life when it is good, as in summer. Even worse, the ant in this fable is a nasty animal, without any compassion for the suffering of the grasshopper – and this is the figure the child is asked to take for his example.

The wolf, on the contrary, is obviously a bad animal, because it wants to destroy. The wolf’s badness is something the young child recognizes within himself: his wish to devour, and its consequence – the anxiety about possibly suffering such a fate himself. So the wolf is an externalization, a projection of the child’s badness – and the story tells how this can be dealt with constructively.

Bruno Bettelheim, *The Uses of Enchantment. The Meaning and Importance of Fairy Tales* [1975], New York: Vintage Books, 2010, pp. 43-44.

**Document C**

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“Oh, you wicked little thing!”

Illustration by John Tenniel of Lewis Carroll, *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland and Through the Looking Glass* [1870], chap.I, New York: Signet Classic, 2000 (1960), p. 129.