

**EAE      0422 A**

**SUJET JURY**  
**SUJET CANDIDAT N°**

**CODE SUJET : LLG 2**

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

"Many prepositions (perhaps even most of them) are used in so many different ways that they often have no clearly defined meaning apart from the phrase or construction in which they occur".  
F.T. Wood, *English Prepositional Idioms*, 1967, Macmillan, London, vi.

Comment.

Candidates will use relevant examples from the following corpus in order to address the above topic.

**Excerpt n°1**

Sturdy, round-faced, with a ready smile, Fatima is employed by the Slotervaart district council as a social worker. When she hears about cases of domestic violence, say, or neglected children; she gets on her bicycle to see what can be done.

*The New Yorker*, 07/12/2009, p. 40.

**Excerpt n°2**

The fascination with Palin owes something to the way that her cultish aura mirrors, or refracts, the aura that surrounds Barack Obama, that other political figure who comfortably inhabits the nexus of politics and celebrity.

*The New Yorker*, 07/12/2009, p.87.

**Excerpt n°3**

Usually, it seems, politicians seek out a portrait artist at the beginning of their career.

*The New Yorker*, 07/12/2009, p. 51.

**Excerpt n°4**

Outside the kennel room, Ms. York walked past sculptures of spaniels, done in acrylic and bronze. One, called Cecile on the Stairs, depicts a dog looking upward, "the way Cecile used to wait for me by the stairs," Ms. York said. Another depicts Pippen with a soccer ball. "The reason he's with a soccer ball is his favorite game is soccer."

*New York Times*, 01/02/10

**Excerpt n°5**

Canada's experience also seems to refute the view, forcefully pushed by Paul Volcker, the formidable former Fed chairman, that the roots of our crisis lay in the scale and scope of our financial institutions — in the existence of banks that were "too big to fail." For in Canada essentially all the banks are too big to fail: just five banking groups dominate the financial scene.

*New York Times*, 02/02/10

**Excerpt n°6**

Sheila sat at the window, her eyes slatted against the pale November sun, thinking it all through.

H. Walsh, *Once upon a time in England*, 2008, p.146

**Excerpt n°7**

I met two men who had fought at Cho-Sin. They were still thin enough to wear their dress uniforms from 53 years ago. They laughed about getting shot at in 35-degree-below weather. But they brought home all of their wounded and their dead.

*American Spectator*, Vol. 38, 2005.

**Excerpt n°8**

As the state senator representing the Aspen area and the chairman of the Senate Committee on Agriculture, Natural Resources and Energy, I find it extremely disturbing that a school food-service contractor removed beef from the menu in the Aspen school district.

*Denver Post*, 12/01/2004

**Excerpt n°9**

Like many climbers today, Stone and Cowen made the two-month trip as members of a commercially run expedition. In fact, they had never met each other or anyone else in their party before setting out for Everest.

*Denver Post*, 25/06/2000

**Excerpt n°10**

In this respect, *Kill Bill* may be said to differ radically even from Tarantino's earlier films, in which (you could argue) the violence has a kind of point, either thematic or stylistic.

D.Mendelsohn, *How beautiful it is and how easily it can be broken*, 2009, p.157

**Excerpt n°11**

Though it was seven a.m. and she was in a taxi packed with luggage, late for her flight to London, Ellen was very pleasant when she dropped Daphne off. She seemed lovelier than ever with her black hair shining in the sun and she seemed truly relaxed for a change, even with me.

N. Christopher, *The Soloist*, Pan Books, 1986

**Excerpt n°12**

It was true that I hadn't been to see Jeeta or Anwar for a long time, what with the moving and my depression and everything, and wanting to start a new life in London and know the city.

H. Kureishi, *The Buddha of Suburbia*, Faber & Faber Ltd, 1990

**Excerpt n°13**

I had not been able to hold out until the day of the wedding to see Greta. I had been thinking about her night and day. And with Sarah gone, there were no further obstacles to my pursuing her wholeheartedly. So, a day early, and with a clear conscience, I packed our bags and I set out for New York at the crack of dawn.

N. Christopher, *The Soloist*, Pan Books, 1986

**Excerpt n°14**

McComb is a natty dresser, and when he crossed his leg during a recent interview, it was plain that he was not wearing socks.' I never wear socks in the summer,' he said quickly.' And I never did. People think that I don't wear socks because I read GQ since I came here. Ask anyone at J & J - I never did. For 15 years.' He went on to say he had been on the phone that morning with one of Claiborne's top investors. Like nearly every apparel company, Claiborne has seen its stock battered by the bear market, though McComb readily acknowledged that some of the broad changes he's made at Claiborne may be cause for concern on Wall Street.

*New York Times*, 17/08/2008.

**Excerpt n°15**

The Center for Young Women's Development, which helps at-risk young women stay off the streets and out of jail, is about to close for the holidays, and they're having a small party and awards ceremony.

*NPR*, 19/12/2004

**Excerpt n°16**

Jeannie looked pretty, and slightly bemused, in her elaborate lace gown, so long that three girls carried the train. Louie, beaming ear to ear, walked her down the aisle, and she winked at me as they passed.

N. Christopher, *The Soloist*, Pan Books, 1986

**Excerpt n°17**

This was how things stood as I returned to my loft to prepare for the drive to Amos's farm. Orana had come to town to die, my daughter was going to live with me almost until my opening recital, and my friend Amos, according to his frantic wife, in the company of his latest guru. I was at a low ebb as I trudged in and tossed aside the mail.

N. Christopher, *The Soloist*, Pan Books, 1986

**Excerpt n°18**

He had turned back to help someone else out of the train, but at the sound of her calling, he swung round and stood waiting, his arms outstretched and his face, above that dear and familiar gingery beard, creased with the broadest smile.

C. Harvey, *Legacy of love*, London Transworld Publishers, 1992

**Excerpt n°19**

I put on my sunglasses and lit my cigar. A swarthy, ramshackle man appeared, blinking in the light. He had a dachshund in his arms. Was this my man? No, he went away with a boy in a baseball uniform. Twenty minutes passed. It was pleasant there, sitting in the heat with the pollen filling my nose, birds singing, leaves fluttering, children shouting. I had a lot on my mind. Orana's death had been weighing on me. It had finally sunk in, and there seemed to be nothing to it after the fact, nothing I could latch onto.

N. Christopher, *The Soloist*, Pan Books, 1986

**Excerpt n°20**

At the time I was thrilled by the theatre of the dish – the duck borne to the table on a willow-patter platter like a sacred idol – and I retained great affection for that childhood experience. Nostalgia has always played an important part in the tasting menu at the Fat Duck, my restaurant in Bray, Berkshire.

*The New Yorker*, 23/11/2009, p.58.