

<b>EAE 0422 A</b>	<b>Sujet Jury</b>	<b>Sujet Candidat</b>	<b>Code Sujet</b>	<b>CLG 01</b>
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**Your main commentary should be focused on *adjectives*. Other topics may also be addressed.**

5 The display of fast, expert driving that followed was as impressive as it was probably intended to be. We sped up the steep, winding road towards the heights above Marina Grande, a view of the harbour and the Sorrento peninsula opening up behind us as we climbed. The wind blew Vivien's hair clear of her neck and, looking at her, I realized once again just how beautiful she was. I gave thanks for the tricks of chance and fate that had landed me there, beside her. With days of her company to look forward to on our very own island in the sun.

10 The Villa Orchis lay south-west of Capri town, in the foothills of Monte Solaro, the peak that reared above Marina piccola, Marina Grande's smaller, humbler sister on the southern side of the Island. The villa's hereabouts, viewed from the road, were bright white pockets in a lush green undulating sward, with little of the houses themselves visible behind high, creeper-draped walls.

15 But the stone pineapples on the gaze pillars of the Villa Orchis symbolized welcome and my first impression was of comfort and homeliness rather than wealth and grandeur. The flagstoned drive carried us through a tunnel of dappled light formed by a fat-columned pergola of luxuriant wisteria to the foot of a short flight of steps that led up to a wicker-roofed terrace and the main body of the house: white-walled like its neighbours, terracotta-roofed, some windows shuttered against the sun, others standing open to the sweet-scented air.

25 Francis and Luisa were waiting for us on the terrace, where they were taking tea. I was greeted more warmly than I had any right to expect like someone they knew well and were genuinely delighted to see again. As Paolo vanished with my bag a small, plump, elderly cook-cum-maid addressed as Patrizia brought out more tea and cakes. All was suddenly ease and good cheer. It was only when  
30 I was in the middle of recounting a mishap on the Paris Metro, to my audience's gratifying amusement, that I was brought up short by a fleeting seriousness in Vivien's eyes as she looked at her

great-uncle. It reminded me of the real purpose of my journey to  
35 Capri – the real purpose, that was, from Vivien's point of view.

I'd been given a room at the side of the house, opening on to a balcony from which the view was shared between an emerald-green flank of Monte Solaro and a sapphire-blue wedge of the Tyrrhenian Sea. I stepped out to admire my surroundings after  
40 unpacking and noticed that two other rooms also opened on to the balcony. Through the French windows of one, I glimpsed, folded over a chair, a candy-striped dress that was surely Vivien's. We were close. And perhaps the rooms had been chosen in the knowledge that we might be closer still. A splash of sunlight  
45 illuminated the title of a paperback standing on her bedside cabinet: *Catch-22*. But there was no catch I could see.

A close neighbour and old friend of Luisa's was joining us for dinner. But there was still time for Vivien and me to walk down into Marina Piccola for a drink at one of the seafront cafés, looking out  
50 over the bay dotted with yachts and small boats. Late-afternoon light sparkled on the wavetops and my moisture-beaded glass of beer and gilded the dark-skinned sunbathers on their loungers below us, drugged by the heat and the rhythmic splash of the surf.

'You may have had a wasted journey,' said Vivien, smiling at me  
55 apologetically with pursed lips, as she set down her glass.