

<b>EAE 0422 A</b>	
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**La leçon se déroule en anglais. Elle est suivie d'un entretien en français.**

**SUBJECT:**

"Paradis (2001) also provides a number of empirical arguments that the distribution of degree modifiers correlates with the scalar properties of gradable adjectives, though she does not develop a semantic analysis of modifiers or a formal characterization of adjectival scale structure to account for these facts."

Christopher KENNEDY and Louise McNALLY, "Scale Structure, Degree Modification, and the Semantics of Gradable Predicates", *Language*, Vol. 81, No. 2, Linguistic Society of America, June 2005, p. 348n.

Discuss.

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

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### Excerpt 1

Claudia and Fairfax approach each other. The moment is unnaturally, poignantly, delayed. In his uniform, jacket unzipped, he is handsome and smiling. The singing of the Masai and the overwhelming landscape are thrilling. Claudia and Fairfax come closer. She is serene. He is perhaps surprised by her composure. She kisses him, three times. 'I am so glad you came.' (Her accent is very French but she speaks English fluently.) 'Anything to help a friend.' Fairfax is awkward. He would like to say something more graceful.

J. Cartwright, *Masai Dreaming*, 1993, BNC

### Excerpt 2

When Germans start behaving like Poles, and Poles like Germans. By TIMOTHY GARTON ASH. What is the difference between Poles and Germans? The Germans can make any system work. The Poles can destroy any system. Such humorous generalisations about "national character" are, of course, deeply suspect, and will soon be banned by Unesco. Yet in our bones we all know that there is such a thing as national character, even if only a fool or a racist would attempt to define its precise ingredients. We all exclaim "how very French", "how marvellously Irish" or "how ridiculously English", and we know what we mean. In the same way there are qualities we recognise as quintessentially "Polish" or "German". And these qualities contrast. It is hard to think of two other nations in Europe which are so close and yet, still, despite many noble efforts on both sides, so very far apart. In the last month, however, our expectations have been disconcerted.

*The Independent*, 13/10/1989, BNC

### Excerpt 3

She liked a man with a sense of humour. Had a good figure. Quite looked forward to his love-making. Pity. She continued to pat his face with the towel. Wonder who he is? she thought. International business man, that's for sure. Written all over him. Married. No doubt. They all were. Wife who loves him, but who has gone off sex. How often had they said that.

M. Lewes Kilby, *Man at the Sharp End*, 1991, BNC

### Excerpt 4

Matilda saw a narrow dirt-path leading to a tiny red-brick cottage. The cottage was so small it looked more like a doll's house than a human dwelling. The bricks it was built of were old and crumbly and very pale red. It had a grey slate roof and one small chimney, and there were two little windows at the front. Each window was no larger than a sheet of tabloid newspaper and there was clearly no upstairs to the place. On either side of the path there was a wilderness of nettles and blackberry thorns and long brown grass. An enormous oak tree stood overshadowing the cottage.

Roald Dahl, *Matilda*, 1989, BNC

### Excerpt 5

"By force?" he repeated, one dark eyebrow delicately lifting. "So far I haven't laid a finger on you. And I think the police would be fairly sympathetic when I explain that I'm trying to protect my wife from someone who sends sick, threatening letters." "Don't call me your wife!" Jessamy said explosively. "I'm not!" "Oh, but you are," he said softly. "Legally, at least, we're still very much married." "I don't care if it's legal or not. I don't feel joined to you in any way." "It really doesn't matter how you feel about it," Julius told her a little grimly. "The person who sent the poison pen letter certainly thinks of you as my wife. That was what made you a target." "You're absolutely certain they're really trying to get at you, aren't you?" she said.

Joanna Mansell, *Forgotten Fire*, 1992, BNC

### Excerpt 6

I'm afraid the toast wasn't very square shaped. (laugh) Somebody must have sat on the loaf or something. Probably squashed it on the way home from Tesco's.

Conversation rec. by 'Dorothy' (PS087) between 13 and 20 Mar 1992 (BNC)

### Excerpt 7

Finn seemed to like particularly to paint toys for very young children. Inside a very large, square box was a Noah's Ark. It was a masterpiece. She set out the pieces one by one on the counter. Noah stood six inches high, with a white beard to his knees and wading boots of real rubber. The Noahs were a curious family.

Angela Carter, *The Magic Toyshop*, 1993, BNC

### Excerpt 8

Shall we lay the blame on the war? When the guns fired in August 1914, did the faces of men and women show so plain in each other's eyes that romance was killed? Certainly it was a shock (to women in particular with their illusions about education, and so on) to see the faces of our rulers in the light of the shell-fire. So ugly they looked - German, English, French - so stupid. But lay the blame where one will, on whom one will, the

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illusion which inspired Tennyson and Christina Rossetti to sing so passionately about the coming of their loves is far rarer now than then. One has only to read, to look, to listen, to remember.

Julia Casterton, *Creative Writing. A Practical Guide*, 1992, BNC

#### **Excerpt 9**

Edouard had never been to north Africa; he was unprepared for the beauty of Algiers itself, and the magnificence of the surrounding country, with its rugged sunburned hills, its narrow winding roads which would suddenly open up on views of a vivid blue Mediterranean sea. At once, it fascinated him: a country and a city that were so French, and so Arab, in which two cultures very different from one another seemed to him at first to blend triumphantly. He could sit on a terrace in the French quarter, sipping wine, and feel he was in France. The wide formal boulevards of Algiers, the plane-trees with their trunks painted white, the tall graceful white-painted houses with their balconies and shutters, the shade of the square reserved for Europeans: all these reminded him of the France he had loved so much as a child.

Sally Beauman, *Destiny*, 1987, BNC

#### **Excerpt 10**

Sarella went red. "I didn't stand a chance! I tried to fight you off!" "A token struggle." He was emphatic. "A real struggle." "I'm black and blue." She gave a low groan and brought one fist up to her forehead. "I hate you. I really hate you." "We have already established that fact, for what it's worth." His voice was so dead, so cold, so indifferent to her that she could only stare at him with a block like concrete lodged somewhere near her heart. These weren't the words she wanted to hear from him. They weren't the words she was longing to speak. But what did she want? He was hateful. He despised her.

Sally Heywood, *Castle of Desire*, 1991, BNC

#### **Excerpt 11**

She wanted him not there, but at least if he would just stop, just for a minute, and say something to her. And then suddenly he did stop and she was all sticky and messy and she thought he would speak to her now and comfort her or beg her in his whisper to kiss him, as he had done under the bridge the other nights they'd met. But he lay quite dead to her and only made an irritated noise and shoved her when she started stroking his arm, for he had got what he wanted. He had done what he had to do. All the time he slept she lay there longing acutely for him to go, and when he did she felt the most immense relief and vowed that now she had escaped his presence she would never never put herself in that position again. It was the best thing ever to be free and by herself again.

Jenny Joseph, *Persephone*, 1986, BNC

#### **Excerpt 12**

He found Martin, and Mr Smith. Martin was lying on his back, his knees upwards. The moon was shining full on his face – it seemed as if he were staring up at it. He was obviously quite dead. Mr Smith was lying on his side.

Catherine Cookson, *My Beloved Son*, 1992, BNC

#### **Excerpt 13**

She put down the receiver and was on her way upstairs when the telephone rang. It was Lou – frantic, almost incoherent, reporting that Rick had vanished along with his passport, that the police had been to see her and had asked hundreds of questions. She was sorry... terribly sorry... but she'd had to tell about her visit to Melissa... she hoped it wouldn't mean trouble for her.

Betty Rowlands, *Finishing Touch*, 1991, BNC

#### **Excerpt 14**

"There's no harm done." "You know very well that it was extremely dangerous," Doyle said coldly. "I was only being a little bit kind –" "You weren't being kind. You were being sentimental."

Gillian Cross, *On the Edge*, 1989, BNC

#### **Excerpt 15**

"Good riddance, I say. Pregnant! She was no more pregnant than I am!" "Then why did she claim to be?"

P. C. Doherty, *Crown in Darkness*, 1991

#### **Excerpt 16**

He watched intently as the tiny shutters of tree-bark opened wider and wider, and when they were fully open they revealed a small squarish window set neatly in the curve of the big branch. There was some sort of a yellowish glow coming from deep inside the window. The very next thing Little Billy saw was a tiny face at the window. It had appeared suddenly, from nowhere, and it was the face of an extremely old man with white hair. Little Billy could see this clearly despite the fact that the whole of the tiny man's head was no larger than a pea.

Roald Dahl, *The Minpins*, 1991

#### **Excerpt 17**

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He showed me a little thing, the size of a hazelnut, in the palm of my hand, and it was as round as a ball. I looked at it with my mind's eye and I thought, "What can this be?" An answer came, "It is all that is made." I marvelled that it could last, for I thought it might have crumbled to nothing, it was so small.

George Appleton, *George Appleton remembers and reflects* (Unfinished), 1990