

<b>EAE 0422 A</b>	<b>Sujet Jury</b>	<b>Sujet Candidat</b>		<b>Code Sujet</b>	<b>CLG 20</b>
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**Your main commentary should be focused on *the syntax and semantics of OF*. Other topics may also be addressed.**

5 It is a long, tedious trip, more than thirty hours from start to finish, with close to a dozen stopovers ranging from ten minutes to two hours, and from one leg of the journey to the next the seat adjacent to his is variously occupied by a round, wheezing black woman, a sniffing Indian or Pakistani man, a bony, throat-clearing  
10 indeterminate aspect that he can't tell whether the person sitting next to him is a woman or a man. He says nothing to any of them, keeping his nose in his book or pretending to sleep, and every time there is a break in the journey he scampers out of the bus and calls Pilar.

15 In Jacksonville, the longest stopover of the trip, he works his way through two fast-food hamburgers and a large bottle of water, chewing and swallowing with care, since his stomach muscles are still exceedingly tender from the punch that knocked him down on Friday. Yes, the pain is just as effective as a string you tie around your finger, and the large man with the stone fist was right to assume he wouldn't forget it. After finishing his snack, he wanders over to the terminal kiosk, where everything from licorice sticks to  
20 condoms are for sale. He buys several newspapers and magazines, stocking up on additional reading material in case he wants a pause between books during the hundreds of miles still ahead. Two and a half hours later, as the bus is approaching Savannah, Georgia, he opens the New York Times, and on the second page of the arts section, in a column of squibs about upcoming events and the  
25 doings of well-known personalities, he sees a small picture of his mother. It is not unusual for him to come across pictures of his mother. It has been happening to him for as long as he can remember, and given that she is a well-known actress, it is only  
30 natural that her face should turn up frequently in the press. The short article in the Times is of special interest to him, however. Having spent most of her life working in movies and television, his mother is returning to the New York stage after an absence of ten

35 years to appear in a production that will be opening in January. In other words, there is a better than even chance that she is already in New York rehearsing her role, which means that for the first time in how many years, in how many long, excruciating centuries, both his mother and father will be living in New York at the same moment, which is the selfsame moment when their son will find  
40 himself there as well. How odd. How terribly odd and incomprehensible. No doubt it means nothing, nothing whatsoever, and yet why now, he asks himself, why did he choose to go back now? Because he didn't choose. Because the choice was made for him by a large fist that knocked him down and commanded him to  
45 run from Florida to a place called Sunset Park. Just another roll of the dice, then, another lottery pick scooped out of the black metal urn, another fluke in a world of flukes and endless mayhem.

50 Half his life ago, when he was fourteen years old, he was out walking with his father, just the two of them, without Willa or Bobby, who were off somewhere else that day. It was a Sunday afternoon in late spring, and he and his father were walking side by side through the West Village, on no particular errand, he remembers, just walking for the sake of walking, out in the air because the weather was especially fine that day [...].

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**Your main commentary should be focused on IT. Other topics may also be addressed.**

5 What she read was a series of short connected lyrics. 'Isis in Darkness.' The Egyptian Queen of Heaven and Earth was wandering in the Underworld, gathering up the pieces of the murdered and dismembered body of her lover Osiris. At the same time, it was her own body she was putting back together; and it was also the physical universe. She was creating the universe by an act of love.

10 All of this was taking place, not in the ancient Middle Kingdom of the Egyptians, but in flat, dingy Toronto, on Spadina Avenue, at night, among the darkened garment factories and delicatessens and bars and pawnshops. It was a lament, and a celebration. Richard had never heard anything like it.

15 He sat back in his chair, fingering his patchy beard, trying as hard as he could to find this girl and her poetry trivial, overdone and pretentious. But he couldn't manage it. She was brilliant, and he was frightened. He felt his own careful talent shrivelling to the size of a dried bean.

20 The espresso machine did not go off once. After she'd finished there was a silence, before the applause. The silence was because people didn't know what to make of it, this thing, whatever it was, that had been done to them. For a moment she had transformed reality, and it took them a breath to get it back.

25 Richard stood up, pushing past the bare legs of the woman poet. He didn't care any more who she might know. He went over to where Selena had just sat down, with a cup of coffee brought to her by Max.

'I liked your poems,' he managed to get out.

'Liked? Liked?' He thought she was making fun of him, although she wasn't smiling. 'Liked is so margarine. How about adored?'

30 'Adored then,' he said, feeling like an idiot twice over – for having said liked in the first place, and for jumping through her hoop in the second. But he got his reward. She asked him to sit down.

Up close her eyes were turquoise, the irises dark-ringed like a cat's. In her ears were blue-green earrings in the form of scarabs.

35 Her face was heart-shaped, her skin pale; to Richard, who had been dabbling in the French Symbolists, it evoked the word lilac. The shawl, the darkly outlined eyes, the earrings – few would have been able to pull it off. But she acted as if this was just ordinary get-up. What you'd wear any day on a journey down the Nile, five thousand years ago.

40 It was of a piece with her performance – bizarre, but assured. Fully achieved. The worst of it was that she was only eighteen.

'That's a lovely shawl,' Richard attempted. His tongue felt like a beef sandwich.

45 'It's not a shawl, it's a tablecloth,' she said. She looked down at it, stroked it. Then laughed a little. 'It's a shawl *now*.'

50 Richard wondered if he should dare to ask – what? If he could walk her home? Did she have anything so mundane as a home? But what if she said no? While he was deliberating, Max the bullet-headed coffee hack walked over and put a possessive hand on her shoulder, and she smiled up at him. Richard didn't want to see if it meant anything. He excused himself and left.

55 He went back to his rented room and composed a sestina to her. It was a dismal effort; it captured nothing about her. He did what he had never before done to one of his poems. He burnt it.

Over the next few weeks, Richard got to know her better. Or he thought he did. When he came into the coffee-house on Tuesday nights, she would greet him with a nod, a smile. He would go over and sit down, and they would talk. She never spoke about herself, her life. Instead she treated him as if he were a fellow professional, an initiate, like herself. Her talk was about the magazines which had accepted her poems, about projects she'd begun. She was writing a verse play for radio; she would be paid for it. She seemed to think it was only a matter of time before she'd be earning enough money to live on, though she had very little conception of how much enough would be.

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**Your main commentary should be focused on 70. Other topics may also be addressed.**

Joan came to the door, wearing one of Phyllis's expensive housecoats. It suited her very well. At first sight of her happy face, Rogin was brushed by the shadow of resemblance; the touch of it was extremely light, almost figmentary, but it made his flesh tremble.

5 She began to kiss him, saying, "Oh, my baby. You're covered with snow. Why didn't you wear your hat? It's all over its little head" – her favorite third-person endearment.

10 "Well, let me put down this bag of stuff. Let me take off my coat," grumbled Rogin, and escaped from her embrace. Why couldn't she wait making up to him? "It's so hot in here. My face is burning. Why do you keep the place at this temperature? And that damned dog keeps barking. If you didn't keep it cooped up, it wouldn't be so spoiled and noisy. Why doesn't anybody ever walk him?"

15 "Oh, it's not really so hot here! You've just come in from the cold. Don't you think this housecoat fits me better than Phyllis? Especially across the hips. She thinks so, too. She may sell it to me."

"I hope not," Rogin almost exclaimed.

20 She brought a towel to dry the melting snow, from his short black hair. The flurry of rubbing excited Henri intolerably, and Joan locked him up in the bedroom, where he jumped persistently against the door with a rhythmic sound of claws on the wood.

Joan said, "Did you bring the shampoo?"

25 "Here it is."

"Then I'll wash your hair before dinner. Come."

"I don't want it washed."

"Oh, come on," she said, laughing.

Her lack of consciousness of guilt amazed him. He did not see how it could be. And the carpeted, furnished, lamplit, curtained room

30 seemed to stand against his vision. So that he felt accusing and angry, his spirit sore and bitter, but it did not seem fitting to say why. Indeed, he began to worry lest the reason for it all slip away from him.

35 They took off his coat and his shirt in the bathroom, and she filled the sink. Rogin was full of his troubled emotions; now that his chest was bare he could feel them even more and he said to himself, I'll have a thing or two to tell her pretty soon. I'm not letting them get away with it. "Do you think," he was going to tell her, "that I alone

40 was made to carry the burden of the whole world on me? Do you think I was born to be taken advantage of and— sacrificed? Do you think I'm just a natural resource, like a coal mine, or oil well, or fishery, or the like? Remember, that I'm a man is no reason why I should be loaded down. I have a soul in me no bigger or stronger

45 than yours.

"Take away the externals, like the muscles, deeper voice, and so forth, and what remains? A pair of spirits, practically alike. So why shouldn't there also be equality? I can't always be the strong one."

50 "Sit here," said Joan, bringing up a kitchen stool to the sink. "Your hair's gotten all matted."

He sat with his breast against the cool enamel, his chin on the edge of the basin, the green, hot, radiant water reflecting the glass and the tile, and the sweet, cool, fragrant juice of the shampoo poured on his head. She began to wash him.

55 "You have the healthiest-looking scalp," she said. "It's all pink."

He answered, "Well, it should be white. There must be something wrong with me."

"But there's absolutely nothing wrong with you," she said, and pressed against him from behind, surrounding him, pouring the

60 water gently over him until it seemed to him that the water came from within him, it was the warm fluid of his own secret loving spirit overflowing into the sink, green and foaming, and the words he had rehearsed he forgot, and his anger at his son-to-be disappeared altogether, and he sighed, and said to her from the

65 water-filled hollow of the sink, "You always have such wonderful ideas, Joan. You know? You have a kind of instinct, a regular gift."

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**Your main commentary should be focused on *the present, the preterite and HAVE + EN*. Other topics may also be addressed.**

5 Judge Judith Bialek, from her bench overlooking the court, peers down over her glasses at the defense and prosecution. Until now she has been businesslike, efficient, carefully instructing the twelve jurors and three alternates as to their duties in this case. But this particular case gives her pause, as she is familiar with the parties and tries to emit some kind of acknowledgment of this fact: a grim smile, lips tucked in, a brief nod in the direction of the defense table.

10 'Please remember, above all,' she says, 'that the defendant has pleaded not guilty, and he is presumed not guilty unless proven otherwise beyond a reasonable doubt.'

Everybody knows that, of course. You've only made it as far as Judge Bialek's courtroom if you've uttered those two words: Not guilty. Not guilty by reason of insanity. Self-defense, maybe. But always Not guilty!

15 How many times I've stood in a courtroom like this one, the grand, ornate walnut molding and finishes, the overdone lighting, the walls practically bleeding with the fears and horrors they've absorbed during the seven decades that this building has stood. Not guilty are the only words the exhausted and terrified defendants utter prior to trial, but so many more lie just beneath the surface, at the backs of their throats, yearning to gush forth: I didn't do it. I was set up. This is all a misunderstanding. It's not like it seems. I'm not a criminal. Please, please, before this goes any further, just please hear me out!

25 I've lost count of the number of times I've stood here. Over three hundred cases, if you count everything from third-chairing a trial to being the top dog, while I was prosecuting. Nearly fifty cases, surely, as a defense lawyer, standing next to a weak-kneed defendant watching the machinations of the criminal justice system begin to churn against him, the enormity of what is happening crashing down upon him – the judge in a black robe, the steely prosecutor, the sheriff's deputy waiting to handcuff him, the United States flag waving over a courtroom of the public, spectators watching him stand accused by the government, peering at him with a combination of morbid curiosity and vicarious thrill.

35 'We will now hear opening statements from the prosecution. Mr Ogren.'

'Thank you, your Honor.' Roger Ogren is a lifer at the office, probably close to twenty-five years in by now. I knew him when I was there. I was surprised, in fact, to learn that he was handling this case. And I was unhappy, too. This is a man who has seen everything, who is surprised by nothing.

40 He is slim, unusually so to anyone who knows him, after a long illness that many thought would end his career. No longer fitting into his old suits, Roger is wearing new stuff, fashionable threads his wife must have picked out.

45 As Roger Ogren approaches the podium to address the jury, Shauna Tasker very subtly places her hand over mine. I turn and offer a grim smile. Shauna is my law partner. She is my best friend.

And for this trial, she is my lawyer.

50 'Ladies and gentlemen,' says Ogren, 'we are here today for one reason and one reason only. This is a murder trial, and the defendant is Jason Kolarich.'

Ogren turns and points his finger at me. I always advise my clients to be ready for that, to have earnest, nonthreatening looks on their faces, and to return the stare. I now understand just how difficult it is.

55 And again I hear the cries of the thousands who have sat in this chair, their silent, desperate wailings: It wasn't me. They have the wrong guy. You don't understand what happened, just let me explain, please don't do this to me!

60 But I say none of those things. I just look at the jurors with my I didn't kill anybody face – yes, I practiced before a mirror – searching their eyes, wondering what it is they are seeing in me.

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**Your main commentary should be focused on V-EN. Other topics may also be addressed.**

5 I was thirty-five when I became really wealthy, but long before  
then I was living in a service flat, driving a Humber, playing golf at  
weekends and bridge in the evenings. People who did not  
understand financial reports thought my life a dull one: they could  
not see the steep determined climb from one level of prosperity to  
the next, the excitement of the barely avoided loss, the triumph of  
the suddenly realized profit. This adventure was purely emotional,  
for I was physically secure. I feared the greed of the working  
classes and the incompetence of governments, but only because  
they threatened some of the numbers in my accounts; I did not  
feel in danger of hunger or cold. My acquaintances lived like myself  
in the world of numbers rather than the muddle of seeable,  
touchable things which used to be called reality, but they had  
wives, which meant that as they grew richer they had to move into  
bigger houses and buy new cars and reproduction antique cocktail  
cabinets. These things naturally occurred in their conversation, but  
I also heard them gloat on other objects with an enthusiasm which  
seemed greater the more useless the object was. "I see the  
daffodils are with us again," they would say, or "My God! Harrison  
has shaved his moustache off." Where I saw a leaf they saw a  
"lovely green" leaf. Where I saw a new power station they saw  
"technological progress" or "industry ravaging the countryside."  
Once at a party a couple started fighting. I was explaining  
something to a client and the noise made me raise my voice, but  
the other guests were greatly excited and began whispering and  
spitting adjectives: "disgraceful," "pathetic," "ludicrous,"  
"distressing," "inconsiderate." I saw that most people had  
excessive funds of emotion which they got rid of by investing in  
objects they could not use. I had no excess emotion, my work  
absorbed it all, but now I know that these casual investments  
showed a profit. Like vain women, the objects postured before their  
admirers in light and colours I was never allowed to see. They  
showed me just enough of themselves to let me know they existed.  
And one day they began to stop doing even that.

35 I was studying a document when my attention was nagged by  
some difference outside the printed paper. I examined the top of  
my desk. It had been polished wood with a slightly rippled grain,  
but now the grain had vanished and the surface was as blank as a  
sheet of plastic. I looked round the office, which was furnished in  
the modern manner for I detested fussy details. The white walls  
and plain carpet were as usual but the view through the window  
had altered. What had been a typical street in the business centre  
of an old-fashioned industrial city, a street of elaborately carved  
and pillared façades, was now bordered by blank surfaces  
punctured by rectangular holes. I saw at once what was happening.  
45 Not content with showing itself in poorer materials than it kept for  
others, reality was economizing further. Where I had once seen  
irrelevant details and colours I saw none at all. Stone, wood and  
patterned surfaces became plain surfaces. The weaves of cloths  
were indistinguishable, and all doors looked flush-panelled.  
50

Yet I did not feel ill-treated, for there was still enough outer  
reality for me to work with and in some ways I could work better.  
On entering a room of employees before this I usually had to look  
at several before recognizing the one I wanted, which wasted time,  
especially if I felt obliged to smile or nod at the men I noticed first.  
55 Now, when I entered a room, everyone but the man I wanted was  
as faceless as an egg, so I knew him at once. And later I only saw  
the man I wanted—nobody else was visible, unless they were  
slacking or wanted to speak to me, in which case they displayed  
enough substance to let me deal with them.  
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**Your main commentary should be focused on *modals*. Other topics may also be addressed.**

'Hello, George, what about a drink?'  
'I wouldn't mind a drink,' said George, so off I went into the kitchen and came back with a bottle of whisky, or what was left of it, and we both had a large drink. I sat on the floor with my back against  
5 my knees, which gave me a sense of touch without contact that I found extremely comforting. He rested one hand heavily on my head, which was comforting too. I drank the drink quickly, and felt a little better. After all, I said to myself, people don't do that to other people just because they think they ought to. Just through  
10 sheer politeness because they think they've been invited in to do it. People don't work like that, I said to myself. He must have wanted it a bit, I told myself, or he wouldn't have bothered. However kind he appears to be, he can't be as kind as all that. He must be one of these bisexual people, I thought, or perhaps even he's no more  
15 queer than I am promiscuous, or whatever the word is for what I pretend to be. Perhaps we appeal to each other because we're rivals in hypocrisy.  
After some time, George said,  
'Rosamund, I ought to be going'.  
20 'Ought you?' I said.  
'I think so.'  
Thinking that he probably wanted to, I did not quite know whether I ought to suggest that he might stay, for once I had suggested it, kindness and chivalry might have kept him against his will. So I  
25 said nothing, but sat there for a moment more, feeling the weight of his hand upon my head, hot and warm and enclosing, like being all of me held in it, and feeling that there was no way to stay there in this momentary illusory safety. Then I stood up and said that it was late, I hoped it was not too late, and that I hoped he would get  
30 back where he was going. And even then, even at that moment, I did not have the courage to ask him where he lived, or to ask him what his phone number was, for it would have seemed an intrusion, an assumption that I had a right to know, that a future existed where it would be of use to know. I see, oh yes I see that

35 my diffidence, my desire not to offend looks like enough to coldness, looks like enough to indifference, and perhaps I mean it to, but this is not what it feels like in my head. But I cannot get out and say, Where do you live, give me your number, ring me, can I ring you? In case I am not wanted. In case I am tedious. So I let  
40 him go, without a word about any other meeting, though he was the one thing I wanted to keep: I wanted him in my bed all night, asleep on my pillow, and I might have had him, but I said nothing. And he said nothing. He could have done. He could have said, when can I see you again? But he didn't. It may be that I manifested  
45 enough strangeness and indifference to prevent him. It may be that he did not wish to, which, being the most unpleasant conclusion, was the one that I most readily believed. Or it may have been that, like me, he did not wish to make assumptions.  
When he had gone, I went to bed and lay there for some time  
50 thinking over what we had said and done. I could not get to sleep.

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**Your main commentary should be focused on A and THE. Other topics may also be addressed.**

Frankie rubbed the wet palms of her hands along the sides of her shorts and said in her mind: Now turn around and take yourself on home. But in spite of this order, she was somehow unable to turn around and go. It was not yet night. Houses along the street were dark, lights showed in the windows. Darkness had gathered in the thick-leaved trees and shapes in the distance were ragged and grey. But the night was not yet in the sky.

5 'I think something is wrong,' she said, 'it is too quiet. I have a peculiar warning in my bones. I bet you a hundred dollars it's going to storm.'

10 John Henry watched her from behind the banister.

'A terrible dog day storm. Or maybe even a cyclone.'

15 Frankie stood waiting for the night. And just at that moment a horn began to play. Somewhere in the town, not far away, a horn began a blues tune. The tune was grieving and low. It was the sad horn of some colored boy, but who he was she did not know. Frankie stood stiff, her head bent and her eyes closed, listening. There was something about the tune that brought back to her all of the spring: flowers, the eyes of strangers, rain.

20 The tune was low and dark and sad. Then all at once, as Frankie listened, the horn danced into a wild jazz spangle that zigzagged upward with a sassy nigger trickiness. At the end of the jazz spangle the music rattled thin and far away. Then the tune returned to the first blues song, and it was like the telling of that long season of trouble. She stood there on the dark sidewalk and the drawn tightness of her heart made her knees lock and her throat feel stiffened. Then, without warning, the thing happened that at first Frankie could not believe. Just at the time when the tune should be laid, the music finished, the horn broke off. All of a sudden the horn stopped playing. For a moment Frankie could not take it in, she felt so lost.

30 She whispered finally to John Henry West: 'He has stopped to bang the spit out of his horn. In a second he will finish.'

35 But the music did not come again. The tune was left broken, unfinished. And the drawn tightness she could no longer stand. She felt she must do something wild and sudden that never had been done before. She hit herself on the head with her fist, but that did not help any at all. And she began to talk aloud, although at first she paid no attention to her own words and did not know in advance what she would say.

40 'I told Berenice that I was leaving town for good and she did not believe me. Sometimes I honestly think she is the biggest fool that ever drew breath.' She complained aloud, and her voice was fringed and sharp like the edge of a saw. She talked and did not know from one word to the next what she would say. She listened to her own voice, but the words she heard did not make much sense. 'You try to impress something on a big fool like that and it's just like talking to a block of cement. I kept on telling and telling and telling her. I told her I had to leave this town for good because it is inevitable.'

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**Your main commentary should be focused on *non canonical constituent order & information packaging*. Other topics may also be addressed.**

Strangely enough, the gate was unlocked; and feeling like a man in a trance I swung the creaking hinges and entered, making my way along a grass-grown path to one of the benches. It seemed that once inside the court the distant sounds of the city died away, leaving a hollow silence broken only by the wind rustling through the tall dead weeds. Rearing up before me, the building with its dark wings, cupola and facade oddly resembled a colossal hound, crouched and ready to spring.

There were several fountains, weather-beaten and ornamented with curious figures, to which at the time I paid only casual attention. Farther on, half hidden by the underbrush, was the life-size statue of a little child kneeling in position of prayer. Erosion on the soft stone had disfigured the face, and in the half-light the carved features presented an expression strangely grotesque and repelling.

How long I sat there in the quiet, I don't know. The surroundings under the moonlight blended harmoniously with my mood. But more than that I seemed physically unable to rouse myself and pass on.

It was with a suddenness that brought me electrified to my feet that I became aware of the significance of the objects about me. Held motionless, I stood there running my eyes wildly from place to place, refusing to believe. Surely I must be dreaming. In the name of all that was unusual this... this absolutely couldn't be. And yet—

It was the fountain at my side that had caught my attention first. Across the top of the water basin were five *stone unicorns*, all identically carved, each seeming to follow the other in galloping procession. Looking farther, prompted now by a madly rising

recollection, I saw that the cupola, towering high above the house, eclipsed the rays of the moon and threw a *long pointed shadow* across the ground *at my left*. The other fountain some distance away was ornamented with the figure of a stone fish, a fish whose empty eye-sockets were *leering* straight in my direction. And the climax of it all - the wall! At intervals of every three feet on the top of the street expanse were mounted crude carved stone shapes of birds. And counting them I saw that *those birds were twenty-six bluejays*.

Unquestionably – startling and impossible as it seemed – I was in the same setting as described in Larla's book! It was a staggering revelation, and my mind reeled at the thought of it. How strange, how odd that I should be drawn to a portion of the city I had never before frequented and thrown into the midst of a narrative written almost a year before!

I saw now that Alessandro Larla, writing as a patient in the institution for the insane, had seized isolated details but neglected to explain them. Here was a problem for the psychologist, the mad, the symbolic, the incredible story of the dead Italian. I was bewildered and I pondered for an answer.

As if to soothe my perturbation there stole into the court the faint odor of perfume. Pleasantly it touched my nostrils, seemed to blend with the moonlight. I breathed it in deeply as I stood there by the fountain. But slowly that odor became more noticeable, grew stronger, a sickish sweet smell that began to creep down my lungs like smoke. Heliotrope! The honeyed aroma blanketed the garden, thickened the air.



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**Your main commentary should be focused on *OF, 'S and compound nouns*. Other topics may also be addressed.**

5 In that place, where they tore the nightshade and blackberry patches from their roots to make room for the Medallion City Golf Course, there was once a neighborhood. It stood in the hills above the valley town of Medallion and spread all the way to the river. It is called the suburbs now, but when black people lived there it was called the Bottom. One road, shaded by beeches, oaks, maples and chestnuts, connected it to the valley. The beeches are gone now, and so are the pear trees where children sat and yelled down through the blossoms to passersby. Generous funds have been allotted to level the stripped and faded buildings that clutter the road from Medallion up to the golf course. They are going to rue the Time and a Half Pool Hall, where feet in long tan shoes once pointed down from chair rungs. A steel ball will knock to dust Irene's Palace of Cosmetology, where women used to lean their heads back on sink trays and doze while Irene lathered Nu Nile into their hair. Men in khaki work clothes will pry loose the slats of Reba's Grill, where the owner cooked in her hat because she couldn't remember the ingredients without it.

10 There will be nothing left of the Bottom (the foot-bridge that crossed the river is already gone), but perhaps it is just as well, since it wasn't a town anyway: just a neighborhood where on quiet days people in valley houses could hear singing sometimes, banjos sometimes, and, if a valley man happened to have business up in those hills—collecting rent or insurance payments—he might see a dark woman in a flowered dress doing a bit of cakewalk, a bit of black bottom, a bit of "messaging around" to the lively notes of a mouth organ. Her bare feet would raise the saffron dust that floated down on the coveralls and bunion-split shoes of the man breathing music in and out of his harmonica. The black people watching her would laugh and rub their knees, and it would be easy for the valley man to hear the laughter and not notice the adult pain that rested somewhere under the eyelids, somewhere under their head rags and soft felt hats, somewhere in the palm of the hand, somewhere behind the frayed lapels, somewhere in the

35 sinew's curve. He'd have to stand in the back of Greater Saint Matthew's and let the tenor's voice dress him in silk, or touch the hands of the spoon carvers (who had not worked in eight years) and let the fingers that danced on wood kiss his skin. Otherwise the pain would escape him even though the laughter was part of the pain.

40 A shucking, knee-slapping, wet-eyed laughter that could even describe and explain how they came to be where they were. A joke. A nigger joke. That was the way it got started. Not the town, of course, but that part of town where the Negroes lived, the part they called the Bottom in spite of the fact that it was up in the hills. Just a nigger joke. The kind white folks tell when the mill closes down and they're looking for a little comfort somewhere. The kind colored folks tell on themselves when the rain doesn't come, or comes for weeks, and they're looking for a little comfort somehow.

50 A good white farmer promised freedom and a piece of bottom land to his slave if he would perform some very difficult chores. When the slave completed the work, he asked the farmer to keep his end of the bargain. Freedom was easy—the farmer had no objection to that. But he didn't want to give up any land.

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<b>EAE 0422 A</b>	<b>Sujet Jury</b>	<b>Sujet Candidat</b>		<b>Code Sujet</b>	<b>CLG 05</b>
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**Your main commentary should be focused on *the expression of time*. Other topics may also be addressed.**

5 Azaire was in a sprightly mood that evening. Meyraux had come close to accepting his new pay offer to the workers, and although the strike had spread among the dyers, there seemed little chance of its infecting other parts of the industry. His friend Bérard, who had not called for more than a week, had promised to look in with his wife and mother-in-law for a game of cards after dinner. Azaire ordered Marguerite to fetch up two bottles of Burgundy from the cellar. He congratulated Isabelle on her appearance and asked Lisette what she had been doing.

10 'I went for a walk in the garden,' she said. 'I went down to the end where it joins the others, where it grows all wide. I sat down under a tree and I think I fell asleep. I had a very strange dream.' 'What was that?' Azaire began to pack some tobacco into his pipe. Lisette giggled. 'I'm not going to tell you.'

15 She seemed disappointed when he did not press her but turned instead to his wife. 'And how have you whiled away the day? Some more pressing errands in town?'

20 'No, just the usual things,' said Isabelle. 'I had to speak to the butcher's boy. They sent the wrong king of steak again. Madame Bonnet was complaining about all the work she has to do. Then in the afternoon I read a book.'

'Something educational, or one of your novels?'

'Just a silly thing I found in a bookshop in town.'

25 Azaire smiled indulgently and shook his head at his wife's frivolous tastes. He himself, it was assumed, read only the great philosophers, often in their original languages, though this arduous study must have taken place in private. When he settled in beneath the glow of the lamp after dinner, his hand invariably reached for the evening paper.

30 Isabelle's eyes flickered upward from the sofa, where she sat with her pre-dinner sewing, at the sound of a man's footsteps descending the stairs. Stephen stood in the doorway.

He briefly took Azaire's offered hand and turned to wish Isabelle goodnight. She breathed a little less uneasily as she saw the

35 sternness of his dark and steady face. His self-control appeared unshakeable.

She noticed at dinner that he did not address her, nor even look at her if he could avoid it. When he did, his eyes were so blank she feared that she could see indifference, even hostility, in them.

40 Marguerite came backwards and forwards with the food, and Azaire, in a lighter mood than usual, talked about a plan for a day's fishing that he was going to put to Bérard later. They could take the train to Albert and then it might be enjoyable to rent a little pony and trap and take a picnic up to one of the villages beside the Ancre.

45 Grégoire became animated at the thought of it. 'Will I be allowed my own rod?' he asked. 'Hugues and Édouard both have their own. Why can't I?'

Isabelle said, 'I'm sure we can find you one, Grégoire.'

50 'Do you fish, Monsieur?' said Azaire.

55 'I did when I was a child. Just with worms and bits of bread. I would sit for hours by a pool in the gardens of a big house near where we lived. I went there with a few other boys from the village and we would sit there and tell stories while we waited. It was rumoured that there was an enormous carp. One of the boys' father had seen it, in fact he had almost caught it, or so he claimed. There were certainly some large fish in the pool because we caught some of them. The trouble was that we were always being ordered off the land because it was private property.'

60 Isabelle listened with some astonishment to this speech, which was easily the longest Stephen had addressed to her husband since he had been in the house. Apart from his brief disclosure to herself and Lisette at lunchtime, it was the first time he had admitted to anything so personal as a childhood. The more he spoke, the more he seemed to warm to the subject. He fixed Azaire with his eye so that he had to wait for Stephen to finish before he could resume eating the piece of veal that was speared on the end of his fork.

<b>And EAE 0422 A</b>	<b>Sujet Jury</b>	<b>Sujet Candidat</b>		<b>Code Sujet</b>	<b>CLG 12</b>
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**Your main commentary should be focused on *prepositions and adverbial particles*. Other topics may also be addressed.**

5 We stood beneath the ticking clock, fidgeting and blowing on our hands. They had lit the great lamps there, but the fog having come in and mixed with the steam, it drifted from arch to arch and made the light very poor. The walls were hung with black, from the death of Prince Albert; the crape had got streaked by birds. I thought it very gloomy, for so grand a place. And of course, there was a vast press of people beside us, all waiting and cursing, or jostling by, or letting their children run into our legs.

10 'Fuck this,' said Gentleman in a hard peevish voice, when the wheel of the bath chair ran over his toe. He stopped to wipe the dust on his boot, straightened and lit up a cigarette, then coughed. He had his collar turned high and wore a black slouch hat. His eyes were yellow at the whites, as if stained with flip. He did not, at that moment, look like a boy a girl would go silly over.

15 He coughed again. 'Fuck this cheap tobacco, too,' he said, pulling free a strand that had come loose on his tongue. Then he caught my eye and his face changed. 'Fuck this cheap life, in all its forms—eh Suky? No more of that for you and me, soon.'

20 I looked away from him, saying nothing, I had danced a fast waltz the night before; now, away from Lant Street and Mrs Sucksby and Mr Ibbs, amongst all the men and women that were gathered grumbling about us, he seemed just another stranger, and I was shy of him. I thought, *You're nothing to me*. And again, I almost said that we ought to turn round and go home; but I knew that if I

25 did he would grow more peevish and show his temper; and so I did not.

30 He finished his smoke, then smoked another. He went off for a piddle, and I went off for a piddle of my own. I heard a whistle blown as I was tidying my skirts; and when I got back, I found the guard had sent out the word and half the crowd had started up and was making in a great sweating rush for the waiting train. We went with them, Gentleman leading me to a second-class coach, then handing up my trunk to the man who was fixing the bags and boxes on the roof. I took a place beside a white-faced woman with

35 a baby on her arm; across from her were two stout farmer-types. I think she was glad to see me get on, for of course, me being dressed so neat and comely, she couldn't tell—ha ha!—that I was a thieving Borough girl. Behind me came a boy and his old dad, with a canary in a cage. The boy sat beside the farmers. The old dad sat

40 by me. The coach tilted and creaked, and we all put back our beads and stared at the bits of dust and varnish that rumbled from the ceiling where the luggage thumped and slithered about above.

45 The door hung open another minute and then was closed. In all the fuss of getting aboard I had hardly looked at Gentleman. He had handed me on, then turned to talk with the guard. Now he came to the open window and said,

50 'I'm afraid you may be late, Sue. But I think the trap will wait for you at Marlow. I am sure it will wait. You must hope that it will.'

I knew at once that it would not, and felt a rush of misery and fear.

55 I said quickly,

'Come with me, can't you? And see me to the house?'

But how could I do that? He shook his head and looked sorry. The two farmer-types, the woman, the boy and the old dad watched us—wondering I suppose what house we meant and what a man in a slouch hat, with a voice like that, was doing talking to a girl like me about it.

<b>EAE 0422 A</b>	<b>Sujet Jury</b>	<b>Sujet Candidat</b>		<b>Code Sujet</b>	<b>CLG 09</b>
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**Your main commentary should be focused on *non-finite subordinate clauses*. Other topics may also be addressed.**

5 We lived in a lock-keeper's cottage by the River Leem, which flows out of Norfolk into the Great Ouse. And no one needs telling that the land in that part of the world is flat. Flat, with an unrelieved and monotonous flatness, enough of itself, some might say, to

10 drive a man to unquiet and sleep-defeating thoughts. From the raised banks of the Leem, it stretched away to the horizon, its uniform colour, peat-black, varied only by the crops that grew upon it – grey-green potato leaves, blue-green beet leaves, yellow-green wheat; its uniform levelness broken only by the furrowed and

15 dead-straight lines of ditches and drains, which, depending on the state of the sky and the angle of the sun, ran like silver, copper or golden wires across the fields and which, when you stood and looked at them, made you shut one eye and fall prey to fruitless meditations on the laws of perspective.

20 And yet this land, so regular, so prostrate, so tamed and cultivated, would transform itself, in my five- or six-year-old mind, into an empty wilderness. On those nights when my mother would be forced to tell me stories, it would seem that in our lock-keeper's cottage we were in the middle of nowhere; and the noise of the trains passing on the lines to King's Lynn, Gildsey and Ely was like the baying of a monster closing in on us in our isolation.

A fairy-tale land, after all.

25 My father kept the lock on the River Leem, two miles from where it empties into the Ouse. But because a lock-keeper's duties are irregular and his pay, set against the rent-free cottage in which he lives, is scant, and because, in any case, by the nineteen-thirties, the river-traffic on the Leem had dwindled, my father also grew vegetables, kept chickens and trapped eels. It was only in times of heavy rain or thaw that these secondary occupations were

30 abandoned. Then he would have to watch and anticipate the water-level. Then he would have to raise the sluice which cut across the far side of the stream like a giant guillotine.

35 For the river in front of our cottage divided into two channels, the nearer containing the navigation lock, the further the sluice, with, in between, a solidly built brick-faced pier, a tiny island, on which stood the cabin housing the sluice engine. And even before the river had visibly risen, even before its colour had changed and it began to show the milky brown of the Norfolk chalk hills from which it flowed, Dad would know when to cross the lock-gates to the

40 cabin and begin – with a groaning of metal and throbbing of released water – to crank up the sluice.

45 But under normal conditions the sluice remained lowered, almost to the river bottom, its firm blade holding back the slow-flowing Leem, making it fit for the passage of boats. Then the water in the enclosure above it, like the water in the lock-pen, would be smooth and placid and it would give off that smell which is characteristic of places where fresh water and human ingenuity meet, and which is

50 smelt over and over again in the Fens. A cool, slimy but strangely poignant and nostalgic smell. A smell which is half man and half fish. And at such times Dad would have plenty of leisure for his eel traps and vegetables, and little to do with the sluice, save to combat rust, grease the cog-wheels and clear away from the water the accumulations of flotsam.

55 For, flood or no flood, the Leem brought down its unceasing booty of debris. Willow branches; alder branches; sedge; fencing; crates; old clothes; dead sheep; bottles; potato sacks; straw bales; fruit boxes; fertilizer bags. All floated down on the westerly current, lodged against the sluice-gate and had to be cleared away with boat-hooks and weed-rakes.

<b>EAE 0422 A</b>	<b>Sujet Jury</b>	<b>Sujet Candidat</b>		<b>Code Sujet</b>	<b>CLG 11</b>
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**Your main commentary should be focused on *adjectives*. Other topics may also be addressed.**

5 WHEN COLEMAN went down to Athena the next day to ask what could be done to ensure against Farley's ever again trespassing on his property, the lawyer, Nelson Primus, told him what he did not want to hear: that he should consider ending his love affair. He'd  
10 first consulted Primus at the outset of the spooks incident and, because of the sound advice Primus had given — and because of a strain of cocky bluntness in the young attorney's manner reminiscent of himself at Primus's age, because of a repugnance in  
15 Primus for sentimental nonessentials that he made no effort to disguise behind the regular-guy easygoingness prevailing among the other lawyers in town — it was Primus to whom he'd brought the Delphine Roux letter.

20 Primus was in his early thirties, the husband of a young Ph.D.—a philosophy professor whom Coleman had hired some four years earlier — and the father of two small children. In a New England college town like Athena, where most all the professionals were outfitted for work by L. L. Bean, this sleekly good-looking, raven-haired young man, tall, trim, athletically flexible, appeared at his office every morning in crisply tailored suits, gleaming black shoes,  
25 and starched white shirts discreetly monogrammed, attire that bespoke not only a sweeping self-confidence and sense of personal significance but a loathing for slovenliness of any kind — and that suggested as well that Nelson Primus was hungry for something more than an office above the Talbots shop across from the green.  
30 His wife was teaching here, so for now he was here. But not for long. A young panther in cufflinks and a pinstriped suit — a panther ready to pounce.

35 "I don't doubt that Farley's psychopathic," Primus told him, measuring each word with staccato exactitude and keeping a sharp watch on Coleman as he spoke. "I'd worry if he were stalking *me*. But did he stalk you before you took up with his ex-wife? He didn't know who you were. The Delphine Roux letter is something else

entirely. You wanted me to write to her — against my better judgment I did that for you. You wanted an expert to analyze the  
35 handwriting — against my better judgment I got you somebody to analyze the handwriting. You wanted me to send the handwriting analysis to her lawyer — against my better judgment I sent him the results. Even though I wished you'd had it in you to treat a minor nuisance for what it was, I did whatever you instructed me to do.  
40 But Lester Farley is no minor nuisance. Delphine Roux can't hold a candle to Farley, not as a psychopath and not as an adversary. Farley's is the world that Faunia only barely managed to survive and that she can't help but bring with her when she comes through your door. Lester Farley works on the road crew, right? We get a  
45 restraining order on Farley and your secret is all over your quiet little backwoods town. Soon it's all over *this* town, it's all over the college, and what you started out with is going to bear no resemblance to the malevolent puritanism with which you will be tarred and feathered. I remember the precision with which the local  
50 comic weekly failed to understand the ridiculous charge against you and the meaning of your resignation. 'Ex-Dean Leaves College under Racist Cloud.' I remember the caption below your photograph. A denigrating epithet used in class forces Professor Silk into retirement.' I remember what it was like for you then, I  
55 think I know what it's like now, and I believe I know what it will be like in the future, when the whole county is privy to the sexcapades of the guy who left the college under the racist cloud.'

<b>EAE 0422 A</b>	<b>Sujet Jury</b>	<b>Sujet Candidat</b>		<b>Code Sujet</b>	<b>CLG 06</b>
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**Your main commentary should be focused on *HAVE*. Other topics may also be addressed.**

<p>A taxi passed, someone in it waved, then banged for the driver to stop. The taxi backed up to the curb. In it was Brett.      "Beautiful lady," said Bill. "Going to kidnap us."      "Hullo!" Brett said. "Hullo!"      5 "This is Bill Gorton. Lady Ashley."      Brett smiled at Bill. "I say I'm just back. Haven't bathed even. Michael comes in to-night."      "Good. Come on and eat with us, and we'll all go to meet him."      "Must clean myself."      10 "Oh, rot! Come on."      "Must bathe. He doesn't get in till nine."      "Come and have a drink, then, before you bathe."      "Might do that. Now you're not talking rot."      We got in the taxi. The driver looked around.      15 "Stop at the nearest bistro," I said.      "We might as well go to the Closerie," Brett said. "I can't drink these rotten brandies."      "Closerie des Lilas."      Brett turned to Bill.      20 "Have you been in this pestilential city long?"      "Just got in to-day from Budapest."      "How was Budapest?"      "Wonderful. Budapest was wonderful."      "Ask him about Vienna."      25 "Vienna," said Bill, "is a strange city."      "Very much like Paris," Brett smiled at him, wrinkling the corners of her eyes.      "Exactly," Bill said. "Very much like Paris at this moment."      "You have a good start."      30 Sitting out on the terraces of the Lilas Brett ordered a whiskey and soda, I took one, too, and Bill took another pernod.      "How are you, Jake?"      "Great," I said. "I've had a good time."      Brett looked at me. "I was a fool to go away," she said. "One's an ass to      35 leave Paris."      "Did you have a good time?"      "Oh, all right. Interesting. Not frightfully amusing."      "See anybody?"      "No, hardly anybody. I never went out."</p>	<p>40 45 50 55 60 65 70 75</p>	<p>"Didn't you swim?"      "No. Didn't do a thing."      "Sounds like Vienna," Bill said.      Brett wrinkled up the corners of her eyes at him.      "So that's the way it was in Vienna."      "It was like everything in Vienna."      Brett smiled at him again.      "You've a nice friend, Jake."      "He's all right," I said. "He's a taxidermist."      "That was in another country," Bill said. "And besides all the animals      50 were dead."      "One more," Brett said, "and I must run. Do send the waiter for a taxi."      "There's a line of them. Right out in front."      "Good."      We had the drink and put Brett into her taxi.      55 "Mind you're at the Select around ten. Make him come. Michael will be there."      "We'll be there," Bill said. The taxi started and Brett waved.      "Quite a girl," Bill said. "She's damned nice. Who's Michael?"      "The man she's going to marry."      60 "Well, well," Bill said. "That's always just the stage I meet anybody.      What'll I send them? Think they'd like a couple of stuffed race-horses?"      "We better eat."      "Is she really Lady something or other?" Bill asked in the taxi on our way down to the Ile Saint Louis.      65 "Oh, yes. In the stud-book and everything."      "Well, well."      We ate dinner at Madame Lecomte's restaurant on the far side of the island. It was crowded with Americans and we had to stand up and wait for a place. Someone had put it in the American Women's Club list as a quaint      70 restaurant on the Paris quais as yet untouched by Americans, so we had to wait forty-five minutes for a table. Bill had eaten at the restaurant in 1918, and right after the armistice, and Madame Lecomte made a great fuss over seeing him.      "Doesn't get us a table, though," Bill said. "Grand woman, though."      75 We had a good meal, a roast chicken, new green beans, mashed potatoes, a salad, and some apple-pie and cheese.      "You've got the world here all right," Bill said to Madame Lecomte.</p>
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