

EAE 0422 A	Sujet Jury	Sujet Candidat		Code Sujet	CLG 10
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Your main commentary should be focused on *negation*. Other topics may also be addressed.

The river ran straight down out of the mountains; there were only two bends in it. But to the loggers, particularly those old-timers who'd named the river, these two bends were bad enough to cause some treacherous logjams every spring—especially upstream of the basin, nearer the Dummer ponds. At both
5 bends in the river, the trapped logs usually needed to be pried loose by hand; at the bend upriver, where the current was strongest, no one as green as Angel would have been permitted out on a logjam.

But Angel had perished in the basin, where the river was comparatively calm. The logs themselves made the water in the river basin choppy, but the
10 currents were fairly moderate. And at both bends, the more massive jams were broken up with dynamite, which Dominic Baciagalupo deplored. The blasting wreaked havoc with the pots and pans and dangling utensils in the cookhouse kitchen; in the dining hall, the sugar bowls and the ketchup bottles slid off the tables. "If your dad is not a storyteller, Danny, he is definitely not
15 a dynamite man," was how Ketchum had put it to the boy.

From the basin below the town of Twisted River, the water ran downstream to the Androscoggin. In addition to the Connecticut, the big log-driving rivers in northern New Hampshire were the Ammonoosuc and the Androscoggin: Those rivers were documented killers.
20

But some rivermen had drowned, or been crushed to death, in the relatively short stretch of rapids between Little Dummer Pond and the town of Twisted River—and in the river basin, too. Angel Pope wasn't the first; nor would the young Canadian be the last.

And in the compromised settlements of Twisted River and Paris, a fair
25 share of sawmill workers had been maimed, or had even lost their lives—no small number of them, unfortunately, because of the fights they got into with the loggers in certain bars. There weren't enough women—that was usually what started the fights—although Ketchum had maintained that there weren't enough bars. There were no bars in Paris, anyway, only married women lived
30 in the logging camp there.

In Ketchum's opinion, that combination put the men from Paris on the haul road to Twisted River almost every night. "They never should have built a bridge over Phillips Brook," Ketchum also maintained.

"You see, Daniel," the cook said to his son. "Ketchum has once again

35 demonstrated that progress will eventually kill us all!"

"Catholic thinking will kill us first, Danny," Ketchum would say. "Italians are Catholics, and your dad is Italian—and so are you, of course, although neither you nor your dad is very Italian, or very Catholic in your thinking, either. I am
40 mainly speaking of the French Canadians when I refer to Catholic thinking.

French Canadians, for example, have so many children that they sometimes number them instead of name them."

"Dear God," Dominic Baciagalupo said, shaking his head.

"Is that true?" young Dan asked Ketchum.

"What kind of name is Vingt Dumas?" Ketchum asked the boy.

45 "Roland and Joanne Dumas do not have twenty children!" the cook cried.

"Not together, maybe," Ketchum replied. "So what was little Vingt? A slip of the tongue?"

Dominic was shaking his head again. "What?" Ketch asked him.

"I promised Daniel's mother that the boy would get a proper education,"
50 the cook said.

"Well, I'm just making an effort to *enhance* Danny's education," Ketchum reasoned.

"*Enhance*," Dominic repeated, still shaking his head. "Your vocabulary, Ketchum," the cook began, but he stopped himself; he said nothing further.

55 Neither a storyteller nor a dynamite man, Danny Baciagalupo thought of his father. The boy loved his dad dearly, but there was also a habit the cook had, and his son had noticed it—Dominic often didn't finish his thoughts. (Not out loud, anyway.)

60 NOT COUNTING THE Indian dishwasher—and a few of the sawmill workers' wives, who helped the cook in the kitchen—there were rarely any women eating in the cookhouse, except on the weekends, when some of the men ate with their families. That alcohol was not permitted was the cook's rule.

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

Prior Cuthbert, Abbot Stephen's powerful lieutenant and leader of the concilium, the council of principal officers of the abbey, was certainly not at peace. Tall and beetle-browed, Prior Cuthbert had not returned to his chamber after the community had risen to chant, sleepy-eyed and slouched in their stalls, the beautiful hymns of the office of Prime. Prior Cuthbert was so distracted, he'd left the abbey by its Judas gaze to stand on the edge of Bloody Meadow. The night was brilliantly cold and the stars, in a cloud-free sky, hung like fragments of ice. Prior Cuthbert stared across the great, circular meadow, its frosted grass glinting under the white light of a full moon. The meadow was fringed by great oak trees as it stretched from the abbey walls down to Falcon Brook, from which a mist was rising. By morning it would be thicker, cloaking the trees, and Prior Cuthbert could already see the corpse candles glowing. The local peasants maintained these were candles carried by devils: depending on how close they came, their light meant that someone was soon going to die. Prior Cuthbert's narrow face broke into a smile at the very idea of such stories. Didn't Brother Francis, their learned archivist and librarian, claim such lights were only foul gases emitted by the marshes, and not to be feared? Prior Cuthbert sheltered in the shadow of the gate, hands up the voluminous sleeves of his black woollen gown. This field, for so many reasons, was constantly in his thoughts. Time and again, he and the concilium had argued with Abbot Stephen that the meadow, used for grazing, was the ideal place to build a large guesthouse: a new, spacious mansion with dormitory, refectory, kitchens and butteries, storerooms and cellars to accommodate, in a more luxurious fashion, the many visitors to their abbey.

'We must build it, Father Abbot,' Prior Cuthbert had insisted. 'Our house becomes more popular by the year. The growth of trade in the Eastern ports means that we are now a favourite stopping place for merchants, not to mention His Grace the King and members of the court. The meadow,' Prior Cuthbert had marshalled his arguments carefully, 'is ideally situated, being outside our enclosure but close enough...'

Abbot Stephen, as always, shifted in his high-backed, throne-like chair, hands clasped before him. He listened carefully as, when Prior Cuthbert finished, the others joined in: Francis the librarian, Aelfric the infirmarian, Brother Hamo the sub-prior, Richard the almoner and Cuthbert's great allies, Gildas the stonemason and Dunstan the treasurer. The latter particularly was always eloquent in his support.

'Father Abbot, we have the means. Our coffers are full. In the spring, stone can be quarried and brought here. Within eighteen months...'

The response was always the same. Abbot Stephen would sit back and fiddle with the cords on his hood, his severe face racked in concentration.

'I applaud you all, my brothers, for your hard work and industry in this matter.' Abbot Stephen would tick his fingers to emphasise his counter arguments. 'First, we already have a guesthouse within the abbey walls: it may not be luxurious but this is a house of prayer, not some London tavern or hostelry. Secondly, the meadow is used for grazing. Thirdly, as you know, I have great trouble with Lady Margaret Harcourt over who owns Falcon Brook, from which we would have to draw water for a new guesthouse. Brother Cuthbert, you yourself have visited Lady Margaret on a number of occasions: you know she has no time for me or this abbey. She recoils in disgust at my name, God knows why, and claims that I already encroach on her rights. If we try to draw water from Falcon Brook, she would undoubtedly appeal to the King's Council in London.'

Abbot Stephen would pause and the brothers seated round the great, oval-shaped oaken table would quietly groan to themselves.

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

This is a story, I suppose, about a failure in intelligence: the Rawlings' marriage was grounded in intelligence.

5 They were older when they married than most of their married friends: in their well-seasoned late twenties. Both had had a number of affairs, sweet rather than bitter; and when they fell in love—for they did fall in love—had known each other for some time. They joked that they had saved each other “for the real thing.” That they had waited so long (but not too long) for this real thing was to them a proof of their sensible discrimination. A good many of their friends had married young, and now (they felt) probably regretted lost opportunities; while others, still unmarried, seemed to them arid, self-doubting, and likely to make desperate or romantic marriages.

15 Not only they, but others, felt they were well matched: their friends' delight was an additional proof of their happiness. They had played the same roles, male and female, in this group or set, if such a wide, loosely connected, constantly changing constellation of people could be called a set. They had both become, by virtue of their moderation, their humour, and their abstinence from painful experience people to whom others came for advice. They could be, and were, relied on. It was one of those cases of a man and a woman linking themselves whom no one else had ever thought of linking, probably because of their similarities. But then everyone exclaimed: Of course! How right! How was it we never thought of it before!

25 And so they married amid general rejoicing, and because of their foresight and their sense for what was probable, nothing was a surprise to them.

30 Both had well-paid jobs. Matthew was a subeditor on a large London newspaper, and Susan worked in an advertising firm. He was not the stuff of which editors or publicised journalists are made, but he was much more than “a subeditor,” being one of the essential background people who in fact steady, inspire and make possible the people in the limelight. He was content with this

35 position. Susan had a talent for commercial drawing. She was humorous about the advertisements she was responsible for, but she did not feel strongly about them one way or the other.

40 Both, before they married, had had pleasant flats, but they felt it unwise to base a marriage on either flat, because it might seem like a submission of personality on the part of the one whose flat it was not. They moved into a new flat in South Kensington on the clear understanding that when their marriage had settled down (a process they knew would not take long, and was in fact more a humorous concession to popular wisdom than what was due to themselves) they would buy a house and start a family.

45 And this is what happened. They lived in their charming flat for two years, giving parties and going to them, being a popular young married couple, and then Susan became pregnant, she gave up her job, and they bought a house in Richmond. It was typical of this couple that they had a son first, then a daughter, then twins, son and daughter. Everything right, appropriate, and what everyone would wish for, if they could choose. But people did feel these two had chosen; this balanced and sensible family was no more than what was due to them because of their infallible sense for choosing right.

55 And so they lived with their four children in their garden house in Richmond and were happy. They had everything they had wanted and had planned for.

And yet...

60 Well, even this was expected, that there must be a certain flatness...

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

5 "Hold on, Tommy. Did she actually say your art was 'rubbish?'"
 "If it wasn't 'rubbish' it was something like it. Negligible. That might have been it. Or incompetent. She might as well have said rubbish. She said she was sorry she'd told me what she had the last time because if she hadn't, I might have sorted it all by now."
 "What were you saying through all this?"
 "I didn't know what to say. In the end, she actually asked. She said: 'Tommy, what are you thinking?' So I said I wasn't sure but that she shouldn't worry either way because I was all right now.
 10 And she said, no, I wasn't all right. My art was rubbish, and that was partly her fault for telling me what she had. And I said to her, but what does it matter? I'm all right now, no one laughs at me about that any more. But she keeps shaking her head saying: 'It does matter. I shouldn't have said what I did.' So it occurs to me
 15 she's talking about later, you know, about after we leave here. So I say: 'But I'll be all right, Miss. I'm really fit, I know how to look after myself. When it's time for donations, I'll be able to do it really well.' When I said this, she starts shaking her head, shaking it really hard so I'm worried she'll get dizzy. Then she says: 'Listen,
 20 Tommy, your art, it is important. And not just because it's evidence. But for your own sake. You'll get a lot from it, just for yourself.'"
 "Hold on. What did she mean, 'evidence'?"
 "I don't know. But she definitely said that. She said our art was
 25 important, and 'not just because it's evidence.' God knows what she meant. I did actually ask her, when she said that. I said I didn't understand what she was telling me, and was it something to do with Madame and her gallery? And she did a big sigh and said: 'Madame's gallery, yes, that's important. Much more important
 30 than I once thought. I see that now.' Then she said: 'Look, there are all kinds of things you don't understand, Tommy, and I can't tell you about them. Things about Hailsham, about your place in the wider world, all kinds of things. But perhaps one day, you'll try and find out. They won't make it easy for you, but if you want to,

35 really want to, you might find out.' She started shaking her head again after that, though not as bad as before, and she says: 'But why should you be any different? The students who leave here, they never find out much. Why should you be any different?' I didn't know what she was talking about, so I just said again: 'Til
 40 be all right, Miss.' She was quiet for a time, then she suddenly stood up and kind of bent over me and hugged me. Not in a sexy way. More like they used to do when we were little. I just kept as still as possible. Then she stood back and said again she was sorry for what she'd told me before. And that it wasn't too late, I should
 45 start straight away, making up the lost time. I don't think I said anything, and she looked at me and I thought she'd hug me again. But instead she said: 'Just do it for my sake, Tommy.' I told her I'd do my best, because by then I just wanted out of there. I was probably bright scarlet, what with her hugging me and everything.
 50 I mean, it's not the same, is it, now we've got bigger."
 Until this point I'd been so engrossed in Tommy's story, I'd forgotten my reason for having this talk with him. But this reference to our getting "bigger" reminded me of my original mission.
 55 "Look, Tommy," I said, "we'll have to talk this over carefully soon. It's really interesting and I can see how it must have made you miserable. But either way, you're going to have to pull yourself together a bit more. We're going to be leaving here this summer. You've got to get yourself sorted again, and there's one thing you
 60 can straighten out right now. Ruth told me she's prepared to call it quits and have you get back with her again. I think that's a good chance for you. Don't mess it up."

EAE 0422 A	Sujet Jury	Sujet Candidat	Code Sujet	CLG 19
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Your main commentary should be focused on *coordinators*. Other topics may also be addressed.

5 Early in the morning, late in the century, Cricklewood Broadway. At 06.27 hours on 1 January 1975, Alfred Archibald Jones was dressed in corduroy and sat in a fume-filled Cavalier Musketeer Estate face down on the steering wheel, hoping the judgement would not be too heavy upon him. He lay forward in a prostrate cross, jaw slack, arms splayed either side like some fallen angel; scrunched up in each fist he held his army service medals (left) and his marriage licence (right), for he had decided to take his mistakes with him. A little green light flashed in his eye, signalling a right turn he had resolved never to make. He was resigned to it. He was prepared for it. He had flipped a coin and stood staunchly by its conclusions. This was a decided-upon suicide. In fact it was a New Year's resolution.

10 But even as his breathing became spasmodic and his lights dimmed, Archie was aware that Cricklewood Broadway would seem a strange choice. Strange to the first person to notice his slumped figure through the windscreen, strange to the policemen who would file the report, to the local journalist called upon to write fifty words, to the next of kin who would read them. Squeezed between an almighty concrete cinema complex at one end and a giant intersection at the other, Cricklewood was no kind of place. It was not a place a man came to die. It was a place a man came in order to go other places via the A41. But Archie Jones didn't want to die in some pleasant, distant woodland, or on a cliff edge fringed with delicate heather. The way Archie saw it, country people should die in the country and city people should die in the city. Only proper. In death as he was in life and all that. It made sense that Archibald should die on this nasty urban street where he had ended up, living alone at the age of forty-seven, in a one-bedroom flat above a deserted chip shop. He wasn't the type to make elaborate plans – suicide notes and funeral instructions – he wasn't the type for anything fancy. All he asked for was a bit of silence, a bit of shush so he could concentrate. He wanted it to be perfectly quiet and still, like the inside of an empty confessional box or the moment in the brain between thought and speech. He wanted to do it before the shops opened.

35 Overhead, a gang of the local flying vermin took off from some unseen perch, swooped, and seemed to be zeroing in on Archie's car roof – only to perform, at the last moment, an impressive U-turn, moving as one with the elegance of a curve ball and landing on the Hussein-Ishmael, a celebrated halal butchers. Archie was too far gone to make a big noise about it, but he watched them with a warm internal smile as they deposited their load, streaking white walls purple. He watched them stretch their peering bird heads over the Hussein-Ishmael gutter; he watched them watch the slow and steady draining of blood from the dead things – chickens, cows, sheep – hanging on their hooks like coats around the shop. The Unlucky. These pigeons had an instinct for the Unlucky, and so they passed Archie by. For, though he did not know it, and despite the Hoover tube that lay on the passenger seat pumping from the exhaust pipe into his lungs, luck was with him that morning. The thinnest covering of luck was on him like fresh dew. Whilst he slipped in and out of consciousness, the position of the planets, the music of the spheres, the flap of a tiger-moth's diaphanous wings in Central Africa, and a whole bunch of other stuff that Makes Shit Happen had decided it was second-chance time for Archie. Somewhere, somehow, by somebody, it had been decided
55 that he would live.

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

Effing transferred the rifle to his left hand and extended his right in greeting. The Indian looked searchingly into his eyes for a moment, but then the danger suddenly passed. 'You're looking good, Tom,' he said. 'Real good.'

5 'Thanks,' Effing said. 'You look good, too.'

The big man burst out laughing, seized by a kind of oafish delight, and from that moment on, Effing knew he was going to get away with it. It was as though he had told the funniest joke of the century, and if so little could produce so much, it wouldn't be hard to keep up the deception. It was astonishing, in fact, how smoothly everything went. Effing's resemblance to the hermit was only approximate, but it seemed that the power of suggestion was strong enough to transform the physical evidence into something it was not. The Indian had come to the cave expecting to find Tom the hermit, and because it was inconceivable to him that a man who answered to the name of Tom could be anyone other than the Tom he was looking for, he had hastily altered the facts to match his expectations, justifying any discrepancies between the two Toms as a product of his own faulty memory. It didn't hurt, of course, that the man was a simpleton. Perhaps he knew all along that Effing wasn't the real Tom. He had climbed up to the cave looking for a few hours' companionship, and since he got what he was looking for, he wasn't about to question who had given it to him. In the end, it was probably a matter of complete indifference to him whether he had been with the real Tom or not.

25 They spent the afternoon together, sitting in the cave and smoking cigarettes. George had brought along a pouch of tobacco, his usual gift to the hermit, and Effing smoked one after the other in a trance of pleasure. He found it odd to be with someone after so many months of isolation, and for the first hour or so he had trouble getting any words out of his mouth. He had lost the habit of speech, and his tongue no longer worked as it once had. It felt clumsy to him, a lunging, thrashing serpent that no longer obeyed his commands. Fortunately, the original Tom had not been much of

35 a talker, and the Indian did not seem to expect more than an occasional response from him. George was evidently enjoying himself to the utmost, and after every three or four sentences, he would throw back his head and laugh. Each time he laughed, he would forget his train of thought and start in on another topic, which made it difficult for Effing to follow what he was saying. A story about the Navaho reservation would suddenly turn into a story about a drunken brawl in a saloon, which would then turn into an excited account of a train robbery. From all that Effing could gather, his companion went by the name of George Ugly Mouth. That was what people called him, in any case, but the big man didn't seem to mind. On the contrary, he gave the impression of being rather pleased that the world had given him a name that belonged to him and no one else, as though it were a badge of distinction. Effing had never met anyone who combined such sweetness and imbecility, and he did his best to listen carefully to him, to nod in all the right places. Once or twice, he was tempted to ask George if he had heard anything about a search party, but each time he managed to fight back the impulse.

50 As the afternoon wore on, Effing was gradually able to piece together some facts about the original Tom. George Ugly Mouth's rambling, half-formed narratives began to loop back among themselves with a certain frequency, intersecting at enough points to take on the structure of a larger, more unified story.

EAE 0422 A	Sujet Jury	Sujet Candidat		Code Sujet	CLG 22
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Your main commentary should be focused on *non-finite subordinate clauses*. Other topics may also be addressed.

5 Strange beds have rarely agreed with me, and after only a short spell of somewhat troubled slumber, I awoke an hour or so ago. It was then still dark, and knowing I had a full day's motoring ahead of me, I made an attempt to return to sleep. This proved futile, and when I decided eventually to rise, it was still so dark that I was obliged to turn on the electric light in order to shave at the sink in the corner. But when having finished I switched it off again, I could see early daylight at the edges of the curtains.

10 When I parted them just a moment ago, the light outside was still very pale and something of a mist was affecting my view of the baker's shop and chemist's shop opposite. Indeed, following the street further along to where it runs over the little round-backed bridge, I could see the mist rising from the river, obscuring almost entirely one of the bridge-posts. There was not a soul to be seen, and apart from a hammering noise echoing from somewhere distant, and an occasional coughing in a room to the back of the house, there is still no sound to be heard. The landlady is clearly not yet up and about, suggesting there is little chance of her serving breakfast earlier than her declared time of seven thirty.

20 Now, in these quiet moments as I wait for the world about to awake, I find myself going over in my mind again passages from Miss Kenton's letter. Incidentally, I should before now have explained myself as regards my referring to 'Miss Kenton'. 'Miss Kenton' is properly speaking 'Mrs Benn' and has been for twenty years. However, because I knew her at close quarters only during her maiden years and have not seen her once since she went to the West Country to become 'Mrs Benn', you will perhaps excuse my impropriety in referring to her as I knew her, and in my mind have continued to call her throughout these years. Of course, her letter has given me extra cause to continue thinking of her as 'Miss Kenton', since it would seem, sadly, that her marriage is finally to come to an end. The letter does not make specific the details of the

35 matter, as one would hardly expect it to do, but Miss Kenton states unambiguously that she has now, in fact, taken the step of moving out of Mr Benn's house in Helston and is presently lodging with an acquaintance in the nearby village of Little Compton.

40 It is of course tragic that her marriage is now ending in failure. At this very moment, no doubt, she is pondering with regret decisions made in the far-off past that have now left her, deep in middle age, so alone and desolate. And it is easy to see how in such a frame of mind, the thought of returning to Darlington Hall would be a great comfort to her. Admittedly, she does not at any point in her letter state explicitly her desire to return; but that is the unmistakable message conveyed by the general nuance of many of the passages, imbued as they are with a deep nostalgia for her days at Darlington Hall. Of course, Miss Kenton cannot hope by returning at this stage ever to retrieve those lost years, and it will be my first duty to impress this upon her when we meet. I will have to point out how different things are now – that the days of working with a grand staff at one's beck and call will probably never return within our lifetime. But then Miss Kenton is an intelligent woman and she will have already realized these things. Indeed, all in all, I cannot see why the option of her returning to Darlington Hall and seeing out her working years there should not offer a very genuine consolation to a life that has come to be so dominated by a sense of waste.

EAE 0422 A	Sujet Jury	Sujet Candidat		Code Sujet	CLG 02
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Your main commentary should be focused on *non-canonical constituent order and information packaging*. Other topics may also be addressed.

Of course everybody knew Jeff and his little barber shop that stood just across the street from Smith's Hotel. Everybody knew him and everybody got shaved there. From early morning, when the commercial travellers off the 6.30 express got shaved into the
5 resemblance of human beings, there were always people going in and out of the barber shop.

Mullins, the manager of the Exchange Bank, took his morning shave from Jeff as a form of resuscitation, with enough wet towels laid on his face to stew him and with Jeff moving about in the
10 steam, razor in hand, as grave as an operating surgeon.

Then, as I think I said, Mr. Smith came in every morning and there was a tremendous outpouring of Florida water and rums, essences and revivers and renovators, regardless of expense. What
15 with Jeff's white coat and Mr. Smith's flowered waistcoat and the red geranium in the window and the Florida water and the double extract of hyacinth, the little shop seemed multi-coloured and luxurious enough for the annex of a Sultan's harem.

But what I mean is that, till the mining boom, Jefferson Thorpe never occupied a position of real prominence in Mariposa. You
20 couldn't, for example, have compared him with a man like Golgotha Gingham, who, as undertaker, stood in a direct relation to life and death, or to Trelawney, the postmaster, who drew money from the Federal Government of Canada, and was regarded as virtually a member of the Dominion Cabinet.

Everybody knew Jeff and liked him, but the odd thing was that till he made money nobody took any stock in his ideas at all. It was
25 only after he made the "clean up" that they came to see what a splendid fellow he was. "Level-headed" I think was the term; indeed in the speech of Mariposa, the highest form of endowment was to have the head set on horizontally as with a theodolite.
30

As I say, it was when Jeff made money that they saw how gifted he was, and when he lost it,—but still, there's no need to go into that. I believe it's something the same in other places too.

The barber shop, you will remember, stands across the street
35 from Smith's Hotel, and stares at it face to face.

It is one of those wooden structures—I don't know whether you know them—with a false front that sticks up above its real height and gives it an air at once rectangular and imposing. It is a form of
40 architecture much used in Mariposa and understood to be in keeping with the pretentious and artificial character of modern business. There is a red, white and blue post in front of the shop and the shop itself has a large square window out of proportion to its little flat face.

Painted on the panes of the window is the remains of a legend
45 that once spelt BARBER SHOP, executed with the flourishes that prevailed in the golden age of sign painting in Mariposa. Through the window you can see the geraniums in the window shelf and behind them Jeff Thorpe with his little black scull cap on and his spectacles drooped upon his nose as he bends forward in the
50 absorption of shaving.

As you open the door, it sets in violent agitation a coiled spring up above and a bell that almost rings. Inside, there are two
shaving chairs of the heavier, or electrocution pattern, with mirrors in front of them and pigeon holes with individual shaving mugs.
55 There must be ever so many of them, fifteen or sixteen. It is the current supposition of each of Jeff's customers that everyone else but himself uses a separate mug. One corner of the shop is partitioned off and bears the sign: HOT AND COLD BATHS, 50 CENTS. There has been no bath inside the partition for twenty
60 years—only old newspapers and a mop. Still, it lends distinction somehow, just as do the faded cardboard signs that hang against the mirror with the legends: TURKISH SHAMPOO, 75 CENTS, and ROMAN MASSAGE, \$1.00.

They said commonly in Mariposa that Jeff made money out of
65 the barber shop. He may have, and it may have been that that turned his mind to investment. But it's hard to see how he could.

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

As Bosch pulled to a stop at the curb he saw a couple of city workers standing next to an equipment truck. They had sick looks on their faces and dragged hard and deep on cigarettes. Their jackhammers were on the ground near the back of the truck. They were waiting—hoping—that their work here was done.

On the other side of their truck Pounds was standing next to the coroner's blue van. It looked as though he was composing himself, and Bosch saw that he shared the same sick expression with the civilians. Though Pounds was commander of Hollywood detectives, including the homicide table, he had never actually worked homicide himself. Like many of the department's administrators, his climb up the ladder was based on test scores and brownnosing, not experience. It always pleased Bosch to see someone like Pounds get a dose of what real cops dealt with everyday.

Bosch looked at his watch before getting out of his Caprice. He had one hour before he had to be back in court for openers.

"Harry," Pounds said as he walked up. "Glad you made it."

"Always glad to check out another body, Lieutenant."

Bosch slipped off his suit coat and put it inside his car on the seat. Then he moved to the trunk and got out a baggy blue jumpsuit and put it on over his clothes. It would be hot, but he didn't want to come back into court covered with dirt and dust.

"Good idea," Pounds said. "Wish I had brought my stuff."

But Bosch knew he didn't have any stuff. Pounds ventured to a crime scene only when there was a good chance TV would show up and he could give a sound bite. And it was only TV he was interested in. Not print media. You had to make sense for more than two sentences in a row with a newspaper reporter. And then your words became attached to a piece of paper and were there all the next day and possibly forever to haunt you. It wasn't good department politics

to talk to the print media. TV was a more fleeting and less dangerous thrill.

Bosch headed toward the blue tarp. Beneath it he saw the usual gathering of investigators. They stood next to a pile of broken concrete and along the edge of a trench dug into the concrete pad that had been the building's foundation. Bosch looked up as one of the TV helicopters made a low flyover. They wouldn't get much usable video with the tarp hiding the scene. They were probably dispatching ground crews now.

There was still a lot of debris in the building's shell. Charred ceiling beams and timber, broken concrete block and other rubble. Pounds caught up with Bosch and they began carefully stepping through to the gathering beneath the tarp.

"They'll bulldoze this and make another parking lot," Pounds said. "That's all the riots gave the city. About a thousand new parking lots. You want to park in South Central these days, no problem. You want a bottle of soda or to put gas in your car, then you got a problem. They burned every place down. You drive through the South Side before Christmas? They got Christmas tree lots every block, all the open space down there. I still don't understand why those people burned their own neighborhoods."

Bosch knew that the fact people like Pounds didn't understand why "those people" did what they did was one reason they did it, and would have to do it again someday. Bosch looked at it as a cycle. Every twenty-five years or so the city had its soul torched by the fires of reality. But then it drove on. Quickly, without looking back. Like a hit-and-run.

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

The door opened further, and Vimes stepped inside.
The hall was bare, except for a few stacked boxes, and the air smelled of— What? Stale food. Old empty houses. Sealed-up rooms. Attics.

5 The whole house is an attic, Vimes thought. The *thud, thud* from below was really noticeable here. It was like a heartbeat.
‘This way, if you please,’ said the dwarf, and ushered Vimes and Angua into a side room. Again, the only furnishings were more wooden boxes and, here and there, some well-worn shovels.

10 ‘We do not often entertain. Please be patient,’ said the dwarf, and blacked out. The key clicked in the lock.
Vimes sat down on a box.
‘Polite,’ said Angua. Vimes put one hand to his ear and jerked a thumb towards the damp, stained plaster. She nodded, but mouthed

15 the word ‘corpse’ and pointed downwards.
‘Sure?’ said Vimes.
Angua tapped her nose. You couldn’t argue with a werewolf’s nose.
Vimes leaned back against a bigger box. It was comfort itself to a man who’d learned to sleep leaning against any available wall.

20 The plaster on the opposite wall was crumbling, green with damp and hung with dusty old spider webs. Someone, though, had scratched a symbol in it so deeply that bits of the plaster had fallen out. It was another circle, this time with two diagonal lines slashed through it. Some passion there; not what you’d expect around dwarfs.

25 ‘You are taking this very well, sir,’ said Angua.
‘You must know this is deliberate discourtesy.’
‘Being rude isn’t against the law, sergeant.’ Vimes pulled his helmet over his eyes and settled down.
The little devils! Play silly buggers with me, will they? Try to wind me

30 *up, will they? Don’t tell the Watch, eh? There are no no-go areas in this city. I’ll see to it they find that out. Oh yes.*
There were more and more of the deep-downers in the city these days, although you very seldom saw them outside the dwarf areas. Even there, you didn’t actually see any of *them* as such, you just saw

35 their dusty black sedan chairs being muscled through the crowds by four other dwarfs. There were no windows; there was nothing outside that a deep-downer could possibly want to see.
The city dwarfs regarded them with awe, respect and, it had to be said, a certain amount of embarrassment, like some honored but slightly loopy relative. Because somewhere in the head of every city dwarf there was a little voice that said: you should live in a mine, you should be in the mountains, you shouldn’t walk under open skies, you should be a *real* dwarf. In other words, you shouldn’t really be working in your uncle’s pigment and dye factory in Dolly Sisters. However,

40 since you *are*, you could at least try to *think* like a proper dwarf. And part of that meant being guided by the deep-downers, the dwarfs’ dwarfs, who live in caves miles below the surface and never see the sun. Somewhere down there in the dark was true dwarfishness. They had the knowing of it, and they could guide you . . .

45 Vimes had no problem with that at all. It made as much sense as what most humans believed, and most dwarfs were model citizens, even at two-third scale.
But deciding that murder could be kept in the family? thought Vimes. Not on my Watch!

50 After ten minutes the door was unlocked and another dwarf stepped inside. He was dressed as what Vimes thought of as ‘standard city dwarf’, which meant basic helmet, leather, chain mail and battle-axe/mining pick, but hold the spiky club. He also had a black sash. He looked flustered.

60 ‘Commander Vimes! What can I say? I do apologize for the way you have been treated!’

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

Corrigan winked at me from the edge of the playground. This was his world and he plainly loved it.

Lunch had been made for them in the old folks' home, but Corrigan went across the road to the local bodega to buy them extra potato crisps, cigarettes, a cold beer for Albee. A yellow awning. A bubblegum machine sat
5 triple-chained to the shutters. A dustbin was overturned at the corner. There had been a garbage strike earlier that spring and still it wasn't all cleaned up. Rats ran along the street gutters. Young men in sleeveless tops stood malevolently in the doorways. They knew Corrigan, it seemed, and as he
10 disappeared inside he gave them a series of elaborate handshakes. He spent a long time inside and came out clutching large brown paper bags. One of the hoodlums back-slapped him, grabbed his hand, drew him close.

"How d'you do that?" I asked. "How d'you get them to talk to you?"

"Why wouldn't they?"

15 "It just seems, I don't know, they're tough, y'know."

"Far as they're concerned, I'm just a square."

"You're not worried? You know, a gun, or something, a switchblade?"

"Why would I be?"

Together we loaded the old folk up in the van. He revved the engine and
20 drove to the church. There had been a vote among the old folk, the church as opposed to the synagogue. It was daubed in graffiti—whites, yellows, reds, silvers. TAGS 173. GRACO 76. The stained-glass windows had been broken with small stones. Even the cross on top was tagged. "The living temple," said Corrigan. The elderly Jewish man refused to get out. He sat, head down,
25 saying nothing, stripping through the notes in his book. Corrigan opened the back of the van and slipped him an extra beer over the seat.

"He's all right, our Albee," said Corrigan as he strolled away from the back of the van. "All he does is work on those chess problems all day long. Used to be a grandmaster or something. Came from Hungary, found himself in
30 the Bronx. He sends his games off in the post somewhere. Does about twenty games all at once. He can play blindfolded. It's the only thing that keeps him going."

He helped the others out of the van and we wheeled them one by one towards the entrance. "Let's walk the plank." There were a series of broken

35 steps at the front but Corrigan had stashed two long pieces of wood around the side, near the sacristy. He laid the planks parallel to each other and guided the chairs up. The wood lifted in the air with the weight of the wheelchairs, and for a moment they looked like they were bound for the sky. Corrigan pushed them forward and the planks slapped back down. He had the
40 look of a man at ease. A shine in the corners of his eyes. You could see the gone boy in him, the nine-year-old back in Sandymount.

He left the old folk waiting by the holy-water font, until they were all lined up, ready to go.

"My favorite moment of the day, this," he said. He crossed over into the
45 cool dark of the church, rolled them to whatever spot they wanted, some in the rear pews, some to the Bides.

An old Irish woman was brought up to the very front, where she wrapped and rewrapped her rosary beads. She had a mane of white hair, blood in the corner of her eyes, an otherworldly stare. "Meet Sheila," said
50 Corrigan. She could hardly speak anymore, barely able to make a sound. A cabaret singer, she had lost most of her voice to throat cancer. She had been born in Galway but emigrated just after the First World War. She was Corrigan's favorite and he stayed near her, said the formal prayers alongside her: a decade of the Rosary. She had no idea, I'm sure, about his religious
55 ties, but there was an energy about her in that church she didn't have elsewhere. She and Corrigan, it was like they were praying together for a good rain.

When we got out into the street again, Albee was dozing in the van, a bit of spittle on his chin. "Goddamn it," he muttered when the engine rumbled
60 into life. "Pair of pussies, the two of ya."

Corrigan pulled into the nursing home in the late afternoon, then dropped me off in front of the housing project.

EAE 0422 A	Sujet Jury	Sujet Candidat	Code Sujet	CLG 09
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Your main commentary should be focused on *HAVE*. Other topics may also be addressed.

The headmaster of Glenard Oak was in a continual state of implosion. His hairline had gone out and stayed out like a determined tide, his eye sockets were deep, his lips had been sucked backwards into his mouth, he had no body to speak of, or rather he folded what he had into a small, twisted package, sealing it with a pair of crossed arms and crossed legs. As if to counter this personal, internal collapse, the headmaster had the seating arranged in a large circle, an expansive gesture he hoped would help everybody speak to and see each other, allowing everybody to express their point and make themselves heard so together they could work towards problem solving rather than behaviour chastisement. Some parents worried the headmaster was a bleeding-heart liberal. If you asked Tina, his secretary (not that no one ever did ask Tina a bloody thing, oh no, no fear, only questions like So, what are these three scallywags up for, then?), it was more like a haemorrhage.

‘So,’ said the headmaster to Tina with a doleful smile, ‘what are these three scallywags up for, then?’

Wearily, Tina read out the three counts of ‘mari-jew-ana’ possession. Irie put her hand up to object, but the headmaster silenced her with a gentle smile.

‘I see. That’ll be all, Tina. If you could just leave the door ajar on your way out, yes, that’s it, bit more... fine – don’t want anyone to feel boxed in, as it were. OK. Now. I think the most civilized way to do this,’ said the headmaster laying his hands palm up and flat on his knees to demonstrate he was packing no weapons, ‘so we don’t have everybody talking over each other, is if I say my bit, you each then say your bit, starting with you, Millat, and ending with Joshua, and then once we’ve taken on board all that’s been said, I get to say my final bit and that’s it. Relatively painless. All right? All right.’

‘I need a fag,’ said Millat.

The headmaster rearranged himself. He uncrossed his right leg and slung his skinny left leg over instead, he brought his two forefingers up to his lips in the shape of a church spire, he retracted his head like a turtle.

‘Millat, please.’

‘Have you got a fag-tray?’

‘No, now, Millat come on...’

‘I’ll just go and have one at the gates, then.’

In this manner, the whole school held the headmaster to ransom. He couldn’t have a thousand kids lining the Cricklewood streets, smoking fags,

bringing down the tone of the school. This was the age of the league table. Of picky parents nosing their way through The Times Educational Supplement, summing up schools in letters and numbers and inspectors’ reports. The headmaster was forced to switch off the fire alarms for terms at a time, hiding his thousand smokers within the school’s confines.

‘Oh... look, just move your chair closer to the window. Come on, come on, don’t make a song and dance about it. That’s it. All right?’

A Lambert and Butler hung from Millat’s lips. ‘Light?’

The headmaster rifled about in his own shirt pocket, where a packet of German rolling tobacco and a lighter were buried amidst a lot of tissue paper and biros.

‘There you go.’ Millat lit up, blowing smoke in the headmaster’s direction. The headmaster coughed like an old woman. ‘OK, Millat, you first. Because I expect this of you, at least. Spill the legumes.’

Millat said, ‘I was round there, the back of the science block, on a matter of spiritual growth.’

The headmaster leant forward and tapped the church spire against his lips a few times. ‘You’re going to have to give me a little more to work on, Millat. If there’s some religious connection here, it can only work in your favour, but I need to know about it.’

Millat elaborated, ‘I was talking to my mate. Hifan.’

The headmaster shook his head. ‘I’m not following you, Millat.’

‘He’s a spiritual leader. I was getting some advice.’

‘Spiritual leader? Hifan? Is he in the school? Are we talking cult here, Millat? I need to know if we’re talking cult.’

‘No, it’s not a bloody cult,’ barked Irie exasperated. ‘Can we get on with it? I’ve got viola in ten minutes.’

‘Millat’s speaking, Irie. We’re listening to Millat. And hopefully when we get to you, Millat will give you a bit more respect than you’ve just showed him. OK? We’ve got to have communication.’