

Agrégation interne d'anglais

Session 2018

Épreuve ESP

**Explication d'un texte
extrait du programme**

ESP

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Explication de texte

Cather, Willa, *My Ántonia* (1918). Oxford, New York: Oxford World's Classics, OUP, 2008, pp. 93-94.

Explication de faits de langue

Le candidat proposera une analyse linguistique des segments soulignés dans le texte.

The next Sunday Lena appeared at church, a little late, with her hair done up neatly on her head, like a young woman, wearing shoes and stockings, and the new dress, which she had made over for herself very becomingly. The congregation stared at her. Until that morning no one—
5 unless it were Ole—had realized how pretty she was, or that she was growing up. The swelling lines of her figure had been hidden under the shapeless rags she wore in the fields. After the last hymn had been sung, and the congregation was dismissed, Ole slipped out to the hitch-bar and lifted Lena on her horse. That, in itself, was shocking; a married man was
10 not expected to do such things. But it was nothing to the scene that followed. Crazy Mary darted out from the group of women at the church door, and ran down the road after Lena, shouting horrible threats.

‘Look out, you Lena Lingard, look out! I’ll come over with a corn-knife one day and trim some of that shape off you. Then you won’t sail round so
15 fine, making eyes at the men!....’

The Norwegian women didn’t know where to look. They were formal housewives, most of them, with a severe sense of decorum. But Lena Lingard only laughed her lazy, good-natured laugh and rode on, gazing back over her shoulder at Ole’s infuriated wife.

The time came, however, when Lena didn’t laugh. More than once Crazy Mary chased her across the prairie and round and round the Shimerdas’ cornfield. Lena never told her father; perhaps she was ashamed; perhaps she was more afraid of his anger than of the corn-knife. I was at the Shimerdas’ one afternoon when Lena came bounding
25 through the red grass as fast as her white legs could carry her. She ran straight into the house and hid in Ántonia’s feather-bed. Mary was not far behind: she came right up to the door and made us feel how sharp her blade was, showing us very graphically just what she meant to do to Lena. Mrs Shimerda, leaning out of the window, enjoyed the situation keenly,
30 and was sorry when Ántonia sent Mary away, mollified by an apronful of bottle-tomatoes. Lena came out from Tony’s room behind the kitchen, very pink from the heat of the feathers, but otherwise calm. She begged Ántonia and me to go with her, and help get her cattle together; they were scattered and might be gorging themselves in somebody’s cornfield.

‘Maybe you lose a steer and learn not to make somethings with your eyes at married men,’ Mrs Shimerda told her hectoringly.

Lena only smiled her sleepy smile. ‘I never made anything to him with my eyes. I can’t help it if he hangs around, and I can’t order him off. It ain’t my prairie.’