

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

**SUBJECT:**

"Since grammatical aspect is the grammatical expression of a particular meaning, an aspectual label can be applied both to a particular meaning and to the grammatical form expressing it. Thus, in *John was walking home*, the 'PROGRESSIVE FORM' expresses 'PROGRESSIVE MEANING' [...]."

Renaat DECLERCK, *The Grammar of the English Verb Phrase*. Vol. 1. *The Grammar of the English Tense System*. Berlin / New York: Mouton de Gruyter, 2006, p. 29.

Discuss.

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

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### **Excerpt 1**

In her first interview with police, Driver said that their daughter was crying when she put her in the car because Ahrens would not let go of her arm. She told police he then said, "I'm sick of both of you," before launching the stones.

"WSOC Forecaster John Ahrens Found Innocent of Assault on Wife", *Charlotte Observer*, 2016, COCA

### **Excerpt 2**

[Alfred] had turned sixteen a week or so before, and he was too young to play in the men's game. But he was here, playing, and if Mrs Lane had had a good deal to do with persuading influential people that he should be given the chance to distinguish himself, then who would ever know it? Alfred's mother was sitting with the spectators, and when people congratulated her on her brilliant son she looked discomfited, obviously feeling that it was the other son who should always be applauded.

Alfred was being given a chance to show himself and his prowess and Mrs Lane was delighted with herself and with him.

Doris Lessing, *Alfred & Emily*, 2008

### **Excerpt 3**

I'm working on my own life story. I don't mean I'm putting it together; no, I'm taking it apart.

Margaret Atwood, "Life Stories", *The Tent*, 2006

### **Excerpt 4**

"The problem is, I don't know if I'm doing the right thing or not by letting them play ball."

"Did anyone say you're doing the wrong thing?"

"Yes, the mother of two of the boys, brothers, who have gotten polio. I know she was hysterical. I know she was lashing out in frustration, yet knowing it doesn't seem to help."

Philip Roth, *Nemesis*, 2010

### **Excerpt 5**

Nick was shocked. All he could think to ask was if this was what Alex wanted. Mark didn't answer, fending off the question several times, pointing out that Nick was in his home, and explaining that there was a ten o'clock bus out of Portland that Nick could catch home.

"Does Alex even know about this?" Nick asked. "I'm not leaving without seeing her."

"Dreamgirl", *The Massachusetts Review*, Vol. 59, Iss. 2, 2019, COCA

### **Excerpt 6**

As we drove, Kyle's cries quieted to whimpers; he was falling asleep, finally, in his car seat. We drove for several miles before I realized I didn't know where we were going.

Debbie Urbanski, "The Reason for All My Sounds", *The Kenyon Review*, Vol. 36, Iss. 2, 2014, COCA

### **Excerpt 7**

The next morning, Dr Dudden stood outside the room where his colleague was conducting a seminar with three of her patients, and listened to their voices through the closed door.

Jonathan Coe, *The House of Sleep*, 2006

### **Excerpt 8**

When the bill arrived, I didn't have enough money with me, so she paid. "Thanks, Big Brother," she said when we left, and at first I thought she was being sarcastic, but she looked glad when she said it.

"Lulu", *The New Yorker*, Vol. 95, Iss. 15, 2019, COCA

### **Excerpt 9**

Edalji looked at him blankly. 'I have no pistol.'

'What's that, then?' The Inspector gestured at a long, shiny object on the desk before him.

The solicitor sounded intensely weary as he spoke. 'That, Inspector, is the key to the door of a railway carriage.'

'Just joking,' Campbell replied. But he was thinking: keys. The key to Walsall School all those years ago, and now here's another one. There's something very queer about this fellow.

Julian Barnes, *Arthur & George*, 2005

### **Excerpt 10**

We sit here like caged animals, and the government feeds us useless little pieces of hope through the bars of this iron railing. Not enough to live on, but just enough to prevent us from dying. They send their journalists to us. We tell our stories. For a while that lightens our burden. This is how they control us.

Arundhati Roy, *The Ministry of Utmost Happiness*, 2017

### **Excerpt 11**

I want my wife to feel what I feel when I look at her.

Steve Almond, "A Ticking Partner is a Lonely Bomb", *Five Points*, Vol. 18, Iss. 1, 2019, COCA

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### **Excerpt 12**

The Congressional Budget Office (usually known by its nickname, “the nonpartisan Congressional Budget Office”) projects inflation rates of less than 2 percent for the next decade. Some say the real danger is the opposite: deflation, or prices (and wages) going down across the board. Maybe I’m like those generals who are always fighting the last war, but I am not reassured.

Michael Kinsley, “My Inflation Nightmare”, *The Atlantic Monthly*, Vol. 305, Iss. 3, 2010, COCA

### **Excerpt 13**

It was a feeling that grew among us almost tangibly, and I could tell that Ruth, absorbed in a picture on the other side of the room, was feeling it as much as anyone. That was probably why we went on shuffling around that gallery for so long; we were delaying the moment when we’d have to confer.

Kazuo Ishiguro, *Never Let me Go*, 2005

### **Excerpt 14**

‘There’s a disco in the church hall this Tuesday. We could go along together and boogie on down.’  
He had never boogied on down in his life. The prospect was simply terrifying. With some relief he found himself able to say, ‘I’m already going out on Tuesday. I’m going to a gig at Barbarella’s.’

Jonathan Coe, *The Rotter’s Club*, 2001

### **Excerpt 15**

Q. Since “Hamilton” was inspired by your reading of Ron Chernow’s biography of Alexander Hamilton, I wonder: What are you reading now?

A. For fun I’m reading “Miss Peregrine’s Home for Peculiar Children” Ransom Riggs’ young adult novel about a boy who, in the wake of a horrific family tragedy, follows clues that take him to an abandoned orphanage on a Welsh island.

“Lin-Manuel: ‘Some of my best ideas come when I’m walking my dog’ ”, *Chicago Sun-Times*, 2016, COCA

### **Excerpt 16**

When I’m looking at the sky in my village, I feel all this power to live surging up inside me.

Aoko Matsuda, “Starry Night”, *The Southern Review*, Vol. 55, Iss. 1, 2019, COCA

### **Excerpt 17**

In the long run more will get done, and done better, through delegation than if you try to do it all yourself. When you delegate, you are training your people to move up to the next level. This challenges them, and they generally will find their work to be more interesting and rewarding as a result.

“Taking Command”, *U.S. Naval Institute Proceedings*, Vol. 128, Iss. 6, 2002, COCA

### **Excerpt 18**

The neck injury is the latest setback in a frustrating season for Harper, who has scuffled nearly the entire campaign [...].

Replicating his 2015 MVP season was unlikely – it was perhaps the best year for a hitter since Barry Bonds’s heyday – but the tumble has been glaringly steep. Harper, however, was hitting the ball hard before he struck out three times with the neck discomfort Saturday – perhaps a sign that he is coming into his own.

“Indians-Nationals Primer”, *The Washington Post*, 2016, COCA

### **Excerpt 19**

Mandy’s eyes blazed. “What are we supposed to do now?” she demanded. “I guess that depends on the senator’s wishes,” Garrett said mildly. “Will you be going home to the ranch tonight, sir, or staying in town?”

Linda Lael Miller, *Garrett*, 2010, COCA

### **Excerpt 20**

“Hello to you, too,” Gideon said, smiling broadly. He was always smiling broadly.

Brenda Janowitz, *The Dinner Party*, 2017, COCA

### **Excerpt 21**

In the darkness, she let herself think about the baby – was it a baby – was it half-there, half-not? Had God only made its feet, or its hands, or shaped its bones? Did He begin with the flesh, the muscle, what? Or blood? She hadn’t wondered before. You are, she thought, before she fell asleep, forgetting to complete her thought.

When she woke in the morning, Tariq was up. Salma was making breakfast for the boys and for him – she had let her sleep.

Aamina Ahmad, “Zarina”, *The Southern Review*, Vol. 55, Iss. 3, 2019, COCA