

# Maturité gymnasiale

## 2022

# A N G L A I S

Examen écrit  
(3 heures)



Baccalaureate 2022

OS English (3-hour exam)

PART ONE: Listening [20 pts]

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

You will hear an interviewer **(I)** asking questions to two board game enthusiasts, called Sarah Walters **(S)** and Ed Zander **(E)**.

- For questions **1-12**, complete the sentences using between **1-4** words. **(1 point)**
- For questions **13-16**, answer **the comprehension questions** as fully as possible. **(2 points)**
- You will hear the interview **twice**. You now have **four** minutes to read through the questions.

- (I)** Hello and welcome to the programme, where this week we are discussing traditional, \_\_\_\_\_ (1) board games...
- Sarah, why do you think traditional board games are becoming more popular again?
- (S)** Well, they were \_\_\_\_\_ (2) for families. [...]  
...it's very rare now to meet people who don't play digital games and as a result we are far more accepting of play for adults as a \_\_\_\_\_ (3).
- (I)** And Ed, what do you think this century holds for game-playing?
- (E)** Well, people say that our lives are more \_\_\_\_\_ (4) and games are a welcome outlet for this...  
... but they way we work and learn, communicate with each other, socialize and form relationships – all these essential aspects of our lives are \_\_\_\_\_ (5) via the internet...
- (I)** But what, specifically, is their attraction?
- (S)** [...] And maybe \_\_\_\_\_ (6) really likes being in a room with other people.
- (I)** Is this phenomenon the same the world over?
- (E)** Well in parts of Europe board games are \_\_\_\_\_ (7). [...] So it's just crazy, enthusiastic board gaming – I've never seen \_\_\_\_\_ (8), it's just amazing.
- (I)** And... isn't there some kind of award for the best game each year?
- (S)** Absolutely [...] In the USA when somebody goes looking for a board game, they might think about trying something new but they'll usually \_\_\_\_\_ (9) with something they've played before... [...] And the press have \_\_\_\_\_ (10) this too – the event gets great coverage every year.
- (I)** So tell us about your own collections?
- (S)** ... it's hard to resist that temptation to hang on to them, they're all so \_\_\_\_\_ (11). [...]  
... and yes, I've got a lot of games – I never discard any on principle. Might \_\_\_\_\_ (12) one day, you see.

PART ONE: Listening (cont.)

**Comprehension questions 13 -16 (2 points each):**

(13) Explain how our modern society has made traditional board games attractive again.

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(14) Ed says that “[in Europe] people seem to live and breathe board games the way we do videogames in the USA”. Give **two** examples of what is done in Germany.

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(15) In Germany, why is having a red shape on the box of a board game considered something positive?

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(16) Why doesn't Ed get rid of his games anymore?

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**PART TWO: Reading Comprehension Text**

“Good morning, baby,” said my new husband, coming back into the room. He handed me the phone. “We have to call your uncle and aunt to tell them we arrived safely. Just for a few minutes; it costs almost a dollar a minute to Nigeria. Dial 011 and then 234 before the number.”

5 “Ezi okwu? All that?”

“Yes. International dialing code first and then Nigeria’s country code.”

“Oh,” I said. I punched in the fourteen numbers.

The phone line crackled with static, reaching out across the Atlantic. I knew Uncle Ike and Aunty Ada would sound warm, they would ask what I had eaten, what the weather in America was like. But none of my responses would register; they would ask just to ask. Uncle Ike would probably smile into the phone, the same kind of smile that had loosened his face when he told me that the perfect husband had been found for me. The same smile I had last seen on him months before when the Super Eagles won the soccer gold medal at the Atlanta Olympics.

10 “A doctor in America,” he had said, beaming. “What could be better? Ofodile’s mother was looking for a wife for him, she was very concerned that he would marry an American. He hadn’t been home in eleven years. I gave her a photo of you. I did not hear from her for a while and I thought they had found someone. But ...” Uncle Ike let his voice trail away, let his beaming get wider.

“Yes, Uncle.”

20 “He will be home in early June,” Aunty Ada had said. “You will have plenty of time to get to know each other before the wedding.”

“Yes, Aunty.” “Plenty of time” was two weeks.

“What have we not done for you? We raise you as our own and then we find you an *ezigbo di!* A doctor in America! It is like we won a lottery for you!” Aunty Ada said. She had a few strands of hair growing on her chin and she tugged at one of them as she spoke.

I had thanked them both for everything—finding me a husband, taking me into their home, buying me a new pair of shoes every two years. It was the only way to avoid being called ungrateful. I did not remind them that I wanted to take the JAMB exam again and try for the university, that while going to secondary school I had sold more bread in Aunty Ada’s bakery than all the other bakeries in Enugu sold, that the furniture and floors in the house shone because of me.

30 “Did you get through?” my new husband asked.

“It’s engaged,” I said. I looked away so that he would not see the relief on my face.

“Busy. Americans say busy, not engaged,” he said. “We’ll try later. Let’s have breakfast.”

35 For breakfast, he defrosted pancakes from a bright-yellow bag. I watched what buttons he pressed on the white micro wave, carefully memorizing them.

“Boil some water for tea,” he said

“Is there some dried milk?” I asked, taking the kettle to the sink. Rust clung to the sides of the sink like peeling brown paint.

40 “Americans don’t drink their tea with milk and sugar.”

“Ezi okwu? Don’t you drink yours with milk and sugar?”

“No, I got used to the way things are done here a long time ago. You will too, baby.”

I sat before my limp pancakes—they were so much thinner than the chewy slabs I made at home—and bland tea that I feared would not get past my throat. [...]

45 “I’m not called Ofodile here, by the way. I go by Dave,” he said, looking down at the pile of envelopes on the tables. Many of them had lines of writing on the envelope itself, above the address, as though the sender had remembered to add something only after the envelope was sealed.

“Dave?” I knew he didn’t have an English name. The invitation cards to our wedding had read

50 *Ofodile Emeka Udenwa and Chinaza Agatha Okafor.*

“The last name I use here is different, too. Americans have a hard time with Udenwa, so I changed it.”

“What is it?” I was still trying to get used to Udenwa, a name I had known only a few weeks.

55 “It’s Bell.”

“Bell!” I had heard about a Waturuocha that changed to Waturu in America, a Chikelugo that took the more American-friendly Chikel, but from Udenwa to Bell? “That’s not even close to Udenwa,” I said.

He got up. “You don’t understand how it works in this country. If you want to get anywhere

60 you have to be as mainstream as possible. If not, you will be left by the roadside. You have to use your English name here.”

“I never have, my English name is just something on my birth certificate. I’ve been Chinaza Okafor my whole life.”

“You’ll get used to it, baby,” he said, reaching out to caress my cheek. “You’ll see.”

65 When he filled out a Social Security number application for me the next day, the name he entered in bold letters was AGATHA BELL.

Adapted from *The Arrangers of Marriage*, by Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie, 2009.



**PART TWO: Reading Comprehension Questions**

**[20 pts]**

- Answer each of the following questions in about 60-80 words (approx. 7 lines) each.
- Use your own words.

1. What was Chinaza's life like back in Nigeria? Justify your answer.

2. "I looked away so that he would not see the relief on my face" [l. 33]

Why is Chinaza relieved? Why doesn't she want Ofodile to notice it?

3. How is Ofodile trying to integrate in the USA?

4. In what ways were and are Chinaza's wishes dismissed?

5. It is impossible to fully integrate within a culture different from your own without losing your identity. Discuss.

- PLEASE USE A SEPARATE SHEET OF PAPER
- PLEASE LEAVE A MARGIN DOWN THE LEFT SIDE OF YOUR PAGE
- IF YOU QUOTE FROM THE TEXT, USE QUOTATION MARKS

**PART THREE : Translation****[20 pts]**

Elle nous raconta qu'une nuit ils furent réveillés par le bruit d'une pierre qui avait brisé la vitrine de leur boutique, et que la pierre était enrobée d'un bout de papier qui disait "bâtards d'Arménniens". Même s'ils avaient ri de la faute d'orthographe pour un mot si simple, ce n'était pas du tout un rire heureux. Quand la troisième pierre avait atterri dans leur boutique, les deux familles se réunirent et le père prit la parole. Il dit que, eux, ils étaient vieux, qu'ils avaient des racines trop profondes pour pouvoir bouger, mais que le jeune couple ferait mieux de partir pour construire un avenir sans les ennuis du passé. Que la boutique allait être vendue, que l'argent serait emprunté à des amis et que l'oncle Kévork les accueillerait en Suisse. Elle ne put pas s'empêcher de pleurer, mais la famille avait pris sa décision et ça ne servait à rien de discuter. Elle pleurait parce que, bien qu'on l'eût souvent appelée "bâtarde d'Arménienne", c'était toujours son pays et sa ville où il y avait ses amis, les places de jeux où elle avait l'habitude de jouer étant enfant, son Bosphore<sup>1</sup> et le café où son mari avait griffonné sa première lettre d'amour.

La première chose qu'elle remarqua en arrivant ce fut que la Suisse était un pays silencieux où l'on n'entendait pas les oiseaux, où même les enfants criaient silencieusement. Malgré son diplôme, elle ne put travailler comme institutrice, parce que ses papiers n'étaient pas acceptés; elle trouva un emploi dans un magasin de jouets, pour être quand même proche des enfants - ni les jouets, ni le magasin n'étaient comme dans leur pays - mais cela leur permettait de gagner leur vie.

Adapted from *La dame aux acacias*, by Y. Kiss

<sup>1</sup> Bosphorus: River in Istanbul, Turkey

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