

**Baccalaureate 2023**

Full name: .....

Candidate number: .....

**SPECIFIC OPTION: ENGLISH (3hours)**



**PART ONE: LISTENING**

You will hear an interview with two TV camera operators, Mark Thompson (M) and Pam Jakes (P), who are talking about their work.(Interviewer = I)

- For questions **1-12**, complete the sentences using **1-4 words** (on this sheet)
- For questions **13-16**, answer **shortly but precisely**. Please write **full sentences**. (on this sheet)
- You will hear the programme **twice**. You now have **4 minutes** to read through the questions.

**Questions 1-12 (one point each):**

(I) I'm with Mark Thomson and Pam Jakes, who both work as TV camera operators.

Welcome.

(P)/(M) Thanks

(I) Mark, you're a cameraman for a company that provides film crews for TV channels. What does that involve?

(M) Well, I work on a huge range of filming projects, from \_\_\_\_\_ (1).

And...(…) Whatever problems occur during filming are attended to by my boss, though, so that allows me to get on with my job, as I often need to \_\_\_\_\_ (2) quickly to make sure we get the footage we want.

(I) So what experience did you have when you began?

(M) Well, I had never intended to end up being a camera operator! But I'd used video cameras to create films during my \_\_\_\_\_ (3) and I was instantly hooked on the medium – and the course helped me develop \_\_\_\_\_ (4). After graduation I started with my current company – not behind a camera, but doing the most basic stuff, in their

kit room, where all the equipment is managed. So that meant by the time I was \_\_\_\_\_ (5) a camera, I knew how it functioned. I hadn't realized what low pay I'd receive, though - a bit of a shock, as I almost struggled to \_\_\_\_\_ (6) at times. But then I loved the job, and that was more important. And things did improve.

(I) And you often film major events live, don't you?

(M) Yes – and you really have to \_\_\_\_\_ (7) then! After all, you only get one chance to get it right, and you have to think quickly if something happens unexpectedly. But everything is fine as long as you are a professional, so I ignore that nagging feeling in the back of every cameraperson's mind that you might forget to \_\_\_\_\_ (8). I was once told a story by a colleague who had a malfunctioning camera during a staged blowing-up of a building – not something that can be repeated!

(I) Of course... now, Pam, you work with actors and members of the public. How easy is that?

(P) Fascinating! Of course, being in front of a camera can \_\_\_\_\_ (9) for the general public, in fly-on-the-wall documentaries. (...)

(I) You seem to like your job – but is there a downside?

(P) Well, things don't always \_\_\_\_\_ (10) - like the weather! (...)

(I) Lastly, Pam, what is it like to work with famous people?

(P) Well, I had first hoped that thanks to the rich and famous my career would be propelled to the limelight, but we are an invisible part of the events – but our work is highly \_\_\_\_\_ (11), which counts for a lot. Celebs may sometimes insist on something way beyond what any crew could provide, probably because of the pressure they're

under.

(I) Mark?

(M) Well, I certainly had some long-standing illusions about how proximity to \_\_\_\_\_ (12) my career! But even though our names are never up there on the bill boards, we know our work's appreciated by our industry – which is worth more! (...)

(I) Mark and Pam, thank you.

**Questions 13-16 (two points each):**

**(13) What are the two reasons that Mark gives for NOT finding his job boring?**

**(14) How different is Pam's intervention when she is filming members of the public and when she is filming actors?**

**(15) Apart from the weather, what are the two disadvantages in her job that Pam mentions?**

**(16) According to Mark, what are the two positive aspects when you are at the top of your profession?**

## PART TWO: COMPREHENSION

### *All Summer in a Day* by Ray Bradbury

"Ready?" "Ready." "Now?" "Soon." "Do the scientists really know? Will it happen today, will it?" "Look, look; see for yourself!" The children pressed to each other like so many roses, so many weeds, intermixed, peering out for a look at the hidden sun.

5 It rained. It had been raining for seven years; thousands upon thousands of days compounded and filled from one end to the other with rain, with the drum and gush of water, with the sweet crystal fall of showers and the concussion of storms so heavy they were tidal waves come over the islands. A thousand forests had been crushed under the rain and had grown a thousand times to be crushed again. And this was the way life was forever on the planet Venus, and this was the schoolroom of the children of the rocket men and women who had come to a raining world to set up civilization and live  
10 out their lives.

"It's stopping, it's stopping!" "Yes, yes!" Margot stood apart from them, from these children who could never remember a time when there wasn't rain and rain and rain. They were all nine years old, and if there had been a day, seven years ago, when the sun came out for an hour and showed its face to the stunned world, they could not recall. Sometimes, at night, she heard them stir, in remembrance, and  
15 she knew they were dreaming and remembering gold or a yellow crayon or a coin large enough to buy the world with. She knew they thought they remembered a warmth, like a blushing in the face, in the body, in the arms and legs and trembling hands. But then they always awoke to the tattering drum, the endless shaking down of clear bead necklaces upon the roof, the walk, the gardens, the forests, and their dreams were gone.

20 All day yesterday they had read in class about the sun. About how like a lemon it was, and how hot. And they had written small stories or essays or poems about it: "I think the sun is a flower, That blooms for just one hour".

That was Margot's poem, read in a quiet voice in the still classroom while the rain was falling outside. "Aw, you didn't write that!" protested one of the boys. "I did," said Margot. "I did." "William!" said the  
25 teacher.

But that was yesterday. Now the rain was slackening, and the children were crushed in the great thick windows. Where's teacher?" "She'll be back." "She'd better hurry, we'll miss it!" Margot stood alone. She was a very frail girl who looked as if she had been lost in the rain for years and the rain had washed out the blue from her eyes and the red from her mouth and the yellow from her hair. She was an old  
30 photograph dusted from an album, whitened away, and if she spoke at all her voice would be a ghost. Now she stood, separate, staring at the rain and the loud wet world beyond the huge glass. "What're you looking at?" said William. Margot said nothing. "Speak when you're spoken to." He gave her a shove. But she did not move; rather she let herself be moved only by him and nothing else. They edged away from her, they would not look at her. She felt them go away. And this was because she would  
35 play no games with them in the echoing tunnels of the underground city. If they tagged her and ran, she stood blinking after them and did not follow. When the class sang songs about happiness and life

and games her lips barely moved. Only when they sang about the sun and the summer did her lips move as she watched the drenched windows. And then, of course, the biggest crime of all was that she had come here only five years ago from Earth, and she remembered the sun and the way the sun was and the sky was when she was four in Ohio. And they, they had been on Venus all their lives, and they had been only two years old when last the sun came out and had long since forgotten the color and heat of it and the way it really was.

But Margot remembered. "It's like a penny," she said once, eyes closed. "No it's not!" the children cried. "It's like a fire," she said, "in the stove." "You're lying, you don't remember!" cried the children. But she remembered and stood quietly apart from all of them and watched the patterning windows. There was talk that her father and mother were taking her back to Earth next year; it seemed vital to her that they do so, though it would mean the loss of thousands of dollars to her family. **And so, the children hated her for all these reasons of big and little consequence.** They hated her pale snow face, her waiting silence, her thinness, and her possible future.

"Get away!" The boy gave her another push. "What're you waiting for?" Then, for the first time, she turned and looked at him. **And what she was waiting for was in her eyes.** "Well, don't wait around here!" cried the boy savagely. "You won't see nothing!" Her lips moved. "Nothing!" he cried. "It was all a joke, wasn't it?" He turned to the other children. "Nothing's happening today. Is it?" They all blinked at him and then, understanding, laughed and shook their heads. "Nothing, nothing!" "Oh, but," Margot whispered, her eyes helpless. "But this is the day, the scientists predict, they say, they know, the sun..." "All a joke!" said the boy, and seized her roughly. "Hey, everyone, let's put her in a closet before the teacher comes!" "No," said Margot, falling back. They surged about her, caught her up and bore her, protesting, and then pleading, and then crying, back into a tunnel, a room, a closet, where they slammed and locked the door.

They stood looking at the door and saw it tremble from her beating and throwing herself against it. They heard her muffled cries. Then, smiling, they turned and went out and back down the tunnel, just as the teacher arrived. "Ready, children?" She glanced at her watch. "Yes!" said everyone. "Are we all here?" "Yes!" The rain slackened still more. They crowded to the huge door.

The rain stopped. The world ground to a standstill. The silence was so immense and unbelievable that you felt your ears had been stuffed or you had lost your hearing altogether. The children put their hands to their ears. They stood apart. The door slid back and the smell of the silent, waiting world came in to them. The sun came out. It was the color of flaming bronze and it was very large. And the sky around it was a blazing blue tile color. And the jungle burned with sunlight as the children, released from their spell, rushed out, yelling into the springtime.

"Now, don't go too far," called the teacher after them. "You've only two hours, you know. You wouldn't want to get caught out!" But they were running and turning their faces up to the sky and feeling the sun on their cheeks like a warm iron; they were taking off their jackets and letting the sun burn their arms. "Oh, it's better than the sun lamps, isn't it?" "Much, much better!" They ran among the trees, they slipped and fell, they pushed each other, they played hide-and-seek and tag, but most of all they squinted at the sun until the tears ran down their faces; they put their hands up to that yellowness and that amazing blueness and they breathed of the fresh, fresh air and listened and listened to the silence which suspended them in a blessed sea of no sound and no motion. They looked at everything and savored everything. Then, wildly, like animals escaped from their caves, they ran and ran in shouting circles. They ran for an hour and did not stop running. And then - in the midst of their running, one of the girls wailed. Everyone stopped. The girl, standing in the open, held out her hand. "Oh, look, look," she said, trembling. They came slowly to look at her opened palm. In the center of it, cupped and huge,

was a single raindrop. She began to cry, looking at it. They glanced quietly at the sun. "Oh. Oh." A few cold drops fell on their noses and their cheeks and their mouths. The sun faded behind a stir of mist. A wind blew cold around them. They turned and started to walk back toward the underground house, their hands at their sides, their smiles vanishing away.

A boom of thunder startled them and like leaves before a new hurricane, they tumbled upon each other and ran. Lightning struck ten miles away, five miles away, a mile, a half mile. The sky darkened into midnight in a flash. They stood in the doorway of the underground for a moment until it was raining hard. Then they closed the door and heard the gigantic sound of the rain falling in tons and avalanches, everywhere and forever. "Will it be seven more years?" "Yes. Seven."

Then one of them gave a little cry. "Margot!" "What?" "She's still in the closet where we locked her." "Margot." They stood as if someone had driven them, like so many stakes<sup>1</sup>, into the floor. They looked at each other and then looked away. They glanced out at the world that was raining now and raining and raining steadily. They could not meet each other's glances. Their faces were solemn and pale. They looked at their hands and feet, their faces down. "Margot." One of the girls said, "Well...?" No one moved. "Go on," whispered the girl. They walked slowly down the hall in the sound of cold rain. They turned through the doorway to the room in the sound of the storm and thunder, lightning on their faces, blue and terrible. They walked over to the closet door slowly and stood by it. Behind the closet door was only silence. They unlocked the door, even more slowly, and let Margot out.

*Answer each of the following questions in about 60-80 words. Use your own words. Use evidence from the text to support your answers. If you quote from the text, use quotation marks. The quotations are **not** counted in the 60-80 words you need.*

1. What comments can you make on the way natural elements are evoked in the first four paragraphs?
2. *'And so, the children hated her for all these reasons of big and little consequence'*, line 47. Explain what *'these reasons'* are for hating Margot, according to the text.
3. *'And what she was waiting for was in her eyes'*, line 51. Explain your understanding of the look in Margot's eyes.
4. What role does the sun play physically and symbolically?
5. *'No one heals themselves by wounding another.'*

**St. Ambrose**

**Do you agree with this statement? You can choose to make references to the text or not to support your arguments.**

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

1. *a pointed piece of wood driven into the ground as a marker or support*

**PART THREE: TRANSLATION****(20 points)***(Harry Potter is attending Dumbledore's funeral)*

La musique s'arrêta et Harry se retourna pour regarder la cérémonie.

Un petit homme à moitié chauve s'était levé et se tenait debout désormais devant le corps de Dumbledore. Harry n'entendait pas ce qu'il disait. Des mots sans aucun sens flottaient dans leur direction au-dessus de centaines de têtes. « Contribution intellectuelle », « Cœur sans faille »...tout cela ne signifiait pas grand-chose, n'est-ce pas ?...de plus, cela avait si peu à voir avec le Dumbledore que Harry avait connu.

A peine avait-il tourné la tête vers la gauche aux bruits d'éclaboussures qu'il vit les êtres de l'eau briser la surface du lac afin d'écouter aussi le discours. Il se souvint que deux ans auparavant Dumbledore avait parlé à la sirène en chef dans sa langue (à elle) et il s'était demandé alors où Dumbledore avait appris une langue si étrange. Il y avait tant de choses qu'il ne lui avait jamais demandées, tant de choses qu'il aurait dû dire...Si seulement il pouvait changer le destin...

Et soudain, sans avertissement, l'insupportable vérité remplit son cœur et son esprit : Dumbledore était mort, parti à jamais...Il serra le médaillon<sup>1</sup> dans sa main si fort que ça lui fit mal, mais ne put cependant empêcher des larmes brûlantes de tomber sur ses joues.

Harry comprit alors ce qu'on aurait dû lui dire beaucoup plus tôt : qu'un jour il serait seul, plus seul que jamais auparavant, sans la protection du plus grand des magiciens.

Freely adapted from J.K.Rowling, *Harry Potter and the Half-blood Prince* (2005)

- **PLEASE USE A SEPARATE SHEET OF PAPER FOR THIS PART**
- **PLEASE LEAVE A MARGIN DOWN THE LEFT SIDE OF YOUR PAGE**

1. He clutched the locket