

# Maturité gymnasiale 2024

# ANGLAIS

Examen écrit  
(3 heures)



You will hear an interviewer **(I)** interviewing two trainee teachers called Amy **(A)** and John **(J)** about using smartphones in school.

- For questions **1-12**, complete the sentences using between **2-4** words. **(1 point)**
- For questions **13-16**, answer shortly but precisely. **Please write full sentences. (2 points)**
- You will hear the interview **twice**. You now have **four** minutes to read through the questions.

**(I)** I'd like to hear your views on students using smartphones at school, a topic that's been in the press a great deal recently. Amy, what's your opinion?

**(A)** Yes, there's a really interesting debate \_\_\_\_\_ (1). In one school where I worked as a trainee teacher, teachers were concerned that students weren't paying enough attention to the lessons, as they were thinking about when they could next \_\_\_\_\_ (2) their phones. [...] In another school, I saw a lesson where students had to actually look for pop-up messages \_\_\_\_\_ (3) aimed at young people on their phones and then there was a class discussion about the ethics of that.

**(I)** And John, what do you think?

**(J)** But what about the role of parents in this? Don't you think most parents talk about how, where and when to use phones a lot with their children before they allow them to have one, especially if the \_\_\_\_\_ (4)?

**(A)** You mean they say, you can only use it to talk to friends for one hour a day and not after 7 pm, that sort of thing?

**(J)** Exactly, or ...

**(A)** But how do they monitor that? [...]

**(J)** [...] But in my experience, parents do monitor their kids' use of smartphones.

**(I)** Coming back to smartphone use at school, John, do you think students should be able to use phones in class time?

**(J)** For some things yes, but with limits..... But if they wanted to \_\_\_\_\_ (5) or find out what the capital of Norway is, for instance, that's fine in my book. Some teachers let students use phones in maths lessons for difficult calculations and things, but I'd rather students understood how to \_\_\_\_\_ (6) themselves.

**(I)** And Amy, didn't you work in a school where smartphones were banned?

**(A)** Yes, when I was doing teaching practice last term as part of my course to become a teacher, the school had just introduced the ban. It \_\_\_\_\_ (7) well with some mums and dads [...]

**(J)** I bet the students weren't very happy about the ban either.

- (A) Strangely enough, after the first week, they seemed \_\_\_\_\_ (8) it! And some even said they enjoyed their teachers' lessons more.
- (J) Interesting. And actually, in most workplaces you can only use your smartphone during your official breaks; it's part of your \_\_\_\_\_ (9) when you accept the job. So perhaps it'd be a good idea if more schools looked again at their policy regarding smartphones, so that children \_\_\_\_\_ (10) the fact that restriction is the norm and not a rule that they think can be easily broken. [...]
- (I) So, Amy, any final words on this topic?
- (A) Well, there'll always be heated discussions about this sort of thing in education. And sometimes the debate may seem trivial, but schools have to always make sure they're doing the best for students. With new gadgets coming out at such a rate, schools are \_\_\_\_\_ (11) with what's going on in the wider community. And, let's face it, new technology has a huge effect on our lives.
- (J) And soon, we'll all have forgotten about smartphones because some other piece of technology will be \_\_\_\_\_ (12)!
- (I) Thank you both.

**PART ONE:**                      **Listening (cont.)**

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

- (13) How do **Amy** and **John** describe some parents' behaviour as hypocritical?
- (14) Which **two phone functions** does John say could 'lead to inappropriate use of phones' in class?
- (15) **Give two reasons why** some parents felt unhappy about the phone ban in Amy's last school.
- (16) **Which two reasons** does John give for some workplaces having a complete phone ban?

**PART TWO:**

**Reading Comprehension Text**

**Mother and Son**

Although it was only five o'clock, the sun had already set and the evening was very still, as all spring evenings are, just before the birds begin to sing themselves to sleep; or maybe tell one another bedside stories. The village was quiet. The men had gone away to fish for the night after working all the morning with **the sowing**<sup>1</sup>. Women were away milking the cows in the little fields among the crags.

5 Brigid Gill was alone in her cottage waiting for her little son to come home from school. He was now an hour late, and as he was only nine years she was very nervous about him, especially as he was her only child and he was a wild boy, always getting into mischief, **mitching from school**<sup>2</sup>, fishing minnows on Sunday and building stone 'castles' in the great crag above the village. She kept telling herself that she would give him a good scolding and beating when he came in, but at the same time  
10 her heart was thumping with anxiety and she started at every sound, rushing out to the door and looking down the winding road, that was now dim with the shadows of evening. So many things could happen to a little boy.

His dinner of dried fish and roast potatoes were being kept warm in the oven among the peat ashes beside the fire on the hearth, and on the table there was a plate, a knife and a little mug full of  
15 buttermilk.

At last she heard the glad cries of the schoolboys afar off, and rushing out she saw their tiny forms scampering, not up the road, but across the crags to the left, their caps in their hands.

'Thank God,' she said, and then she persuaded herself that she was very angry. Hurriedly she got a small, dried **willow rod**<sup>3</sup>, sat down on a chair within the door and waited for her little Stephen.

20 He advanced up the yard very slowly. His feet were bare and covered with all sorts of mud. His face perspired and his great soft blue eyes were popping out of his head with fright. He knew his mother would be angry.

At last, he reached the door and, holding down his head, he entered the kitchen. The mother immediately jumped up and seized him by the shoulder. The boy screamed, dropped his satchel and  
25 his cap and clung to her apron. The mother raised the rod to strike, but when she looked down at the little trembling body, she began to tremble herself and she dropped the stick. Stooping down, she raised him up and began kissing him, crying at the same time with tears in her eyes.

'What's going to become of you at all, at all? God save us, I haven't the courage to beat you and you're breaking my heart with your wickedness.'

30 The boy sobbed, hiding his head in his mother's bosom.

'Go away,' she said, thrusting him away from her, 'and eat your dinner. Your father will give you a good thrashing in the morning. I've spared you often and begged him not to beat you, but this time I'm not going to say a word for you. You've my heart broken, so you have. Come here and eat your dinner.'

35 She put the dinner on the plate and pushed the boy into the chair. He sat down sobbing, but presently he wiped his eyes with his sleeve and began to eat ravenously. Gradually his face brightened, and he moved about on the chair, settling himself more comfortably and forgetting all his fears of his mother and the thrashing he was going to get next morning in the joy of satisfying his hunger. The mother sat on the doorstep, knitting in silence and watching him lovingly from under her long black  
40 eyelashes.

All her anger had vanished by now and she felt glad that she had thrust all the responsibility for punishment on to her husband. Still, she wanted to be severe, and although she wanted to ask Stephen what he had been doing, she tried to hold her tongue. At last, however, she had to talk.

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<sup>1</sup> l'action de semer

<sup>2</sup> missing classes

<sup>3</sup> bâton de saule

'What kept you, Stephen?' she said softly.

45 Stephen swallowed the last mouthful and turned around with his mug in his hand.

'We were only playing ball,' he said excitedly, 'and then Red Michael ran after us and chased us out of his field where we were playing. And we had to run an awful way; oh, a long, long way we had to run, over crags where I never was before.'

'But didn't I often tell you not to go into people's fields to play ball?'

50 'Oh, mother, sure it wasn't me but the other boys that wanted to go, and if I didn't go with them, they'd say I was afraid, and father says I mustn't be afraid.'

'Yes, you pay heed to your father, but you pay no heed to your mother that has all the trouble with you. Now and what would I do if you fell running over the crags and sprained your ankle?'

And she put her apron to her eyes to wipe away a tear.

55 Stephen left his chair, came over to her and put his arms around her neck.

'Mother,' he said, 'I'll tell you what I saw on the crags if you promise not to tell father about me being late and playing ball in Red Michael's field.'

'I'll do no such thing,' she said.

'Oh, do, mother,' he said, 'and I'll never be late again, never, never, never.'

60 'All right, Stephen; what did you see, my little treasure?'

He sat down beside her on the threshold and, looking wistfully out into the sky, his eyes became big and dreamy, and his face assumed an expression of mystery and wonder.

65 'I saw a great big black horse,' he said, 'running in the sky over our heads, but none of the other boys saw it but me, and I didn't tell them about it. The horse had seven tails and three heads, and its belly was so big that you could put our house into it. I saw it with my two eyes. I did, mother. And then it soared and galloped away, away, ever so far. Isn't that a great thing I saw, mother?'

'It is, darling,' she said dreamily, looking out into the sky, thinking of something with soft eyes. There was silence. Then Stephen spoke again without looking at her.

'Sure you won't tell on me, mother?'

70 'No, treasure, I won't.'

'On your soul you won't?'

'Hush! Little one. Listen to the birds. They are beginning to sing. I won't tell at all. Listen to the beautiful ones.'

They both sat in silence, listening and dreaming, both of them.

*Adapted from a short story by Liam O'Flaherty, (1896-1984)*

**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.
- For questions 1-4, use the text to support your answers.

1. Describe the emotions awakened in the mother due to her son's tardiness.
2. How does the author prepare the reader for the mother's reaction to her son's arrival at home?
3. How can one interpret the boy's reactions to his mother's emotions?
4. How are the roles of mothers and fathers depicted within the family and the community in this story?
5. 'Parenthood is a choice you make every day, to put someone else's happiness and well-being before your own, to teach the hard lessons, to do the right thing even when you are not sure what the right thing is.'

*Donna Ball*

- Make comment on this quote.
- You can choose to do so by referring to the text *or not*.

- 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]**

L'hiver où j'étais en cinquième année, j'ai eu l'impression d'être l'enfant le plus chanceux du monde. Pour la première fois depuis des années, la neige était tombée et au lieu de fondre, elle avait gelé. Les cours ont été annulés et on nous a renvoyés à la maison.

Au troisième jour, ma mère a fait une petite dépression. Notre présence (nous étions cinq enfants en tout) avait perturbé la vie secrète qu'elle menait pendant que nous étions à l'école et, n'en pouvant plus, elle nous a mis à la porte. Nous n'aurions sans doute pas dû faire tant de bruit. Ce n'était pas une demande gentille, mais quelque chose de plus proche d'une expulsion. Elle nous a dit : "Foutez le camp de chez moi".

Nous lui avons rappelé que c'était aussi notre maison, et elle a ouvert la porte d'entrée et nous a poussés dans le jardin. Elle a crié : « Sortez d'ici et restez dehors ! »

Ma sœur Gretchen a suggéré que nous appelions notre père, mais aucun de nous ne connaissait son numéro, et il n'aurait probablement rien fait de toute façon. Il était parti au travail exprès pour échapper à notre mère, et vu la météo, des heures, voire des jours pouvaient se passer avant qu'il ne rentre à la maison.

« L'un de nous devrait se faire renverser par une voiture », ai-je dit. « Cela leur apprendrait une leçon à tous les deux. » J'imaginai Gretchen, entre la vie et la mort, et mes parents attendant dans les couloirs de l'hôpital et disant : « Si seulement nous avions fait plus attention à nos enfants ! » C'était vraiment la solution idéale. Si nous pouvions nous débarrasser d'elle, nous deviendrions plus importants pour nos parents.

"Gretchen, va te coucher au milieu de la rue."

Freely adapted from David Sedaris' *Let it Snow*

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