

**Maturité gymnasiale**  
**2025**

**ANGLAIS**

**Examen écrit**  
**(3 heures)**



**PART ONE:****Listening [20 pts]**

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

You will hear an interviewer (**I**) questioning two experts, Kirsten Neet (**K**) and Anton Best (**A**), about “information overload”.

- 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, my guests today are Anton Best and Kirsten Neet and we're going to be talking about what's called “information overload” – in other words, the \_\_\_\_\_ (1) between the information people feel they *should* absorb, and what they *can* actually absorb in practice. [...]

**(A)** [...] ... - and we have exactly that kind of attitude today to overload because we have focused on \_\_\_\_\_ (2) and wanting more.

[...]

**(I)** Is it possible to just do without much of this information – I mean, so much of it is \_\_\_\_\_ (3).

**(A)** [...] We have this material accumulated because of the labour of generations before us who often had it much harder than we did. And \_\_\_\_\_ (4) feel that we have no option but to manage it and to teach ourselves how to use it well. I think we need to make sure we use our minds, and not lose sight of the importance of human judgement in managing information, \_\_\_\_\_ (5) on the power of computers.

**(I)** So would you say we're getting on top of the problem of information overload?

**(A)** Well, we find that we have a whole lot of facts and statistics \_\_\_\_\_ (6) at us, and we find that...  
 [...] But too often all that happens is a chain of incomplete messages being produced, \_\_\_\_\_ (7), if anything.

**(K)** [...] And this research is really quite at odds with the fact that people \_\_\_\_\_ (8) they're being more efficient by multitasking.

**(I)** What are the major workplace positives for you, Kirsten?

**(K)** Well, quite clearly with a greater volume of information, you can do more, and if you have more \_\_\_\_\_ (9) information, then you can respond more quickly – the fact that a business will know very quickly, thanks to social networking sites, if a customer is unhappy is a remarkable thing. But \_\_\_\_\_ (10), I think there's an increasing involvement...

**(I)** Changing the subject completely, there must be a lot of information overload in something like \_\_\_\_\_ (11).

**(K)** There is, yes, on dieting, for example. And there's just so much of it that if you take it all in and take it at face value, \_\_\_\_\_ (12) being contradictory: don't combine food types, don't eat breakfast, don't eat protein, ...

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

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

(13) Two millennia ago, what did Seneca complain about? What did he feel would be better to do?

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(14) Kirsten explains that technology has changed the way an individual receives and deals with information. Identify **one positive and one negative** aspect of this evolution.

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(15) According to Kirsten, what are the **two** real consequences of multitasking?

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(16) What is Kirsten's advice and conclusion about information overload?

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**PART TWO:** Reading Comprehension Text

*Angela Clandon, Gilbert's wife, died a few weeks ago, hit by a car. Surprisingly, she left a small gift to each of her friends, and her diary to her husband. Gilbert has just delivered Angela's gift to Sissy Miller, Angela's secretary, and now he thinks about how she might be in love with him.*

Alone again, he turned instinctively to his wife's diary. "Gilbert," he read, opening it at random, "looked so wonderful. . . ." It was as if she had answered his question. Of course, she seemed to say, you're very attractive to women. Of course Sissy Miller felt that too. He read on. "How proud I am to be his wife!" And he had always been very proud to be her husband.

5 How often, when they dined out somewhere, he had looked at her across the table and said to himself, She is the loveliest woman here! He read on. That first year he had been standing for Parliament. They had toured his constituency. "When Gilbert sat down the applause was terrific. The whole audience rose and sang: 'For he's a jolly good fellow.' I was quite overcome." He remembered that, too. She had been sitting on the platform beside him. He  
10 could still see the glance she cast at him, and how she had tears in her eyes. And then? He turned the pages. They had gone to Venice. He recalled that happy holiday after the election. "We had ices at Florian's." He smiled - she was still such a child; she loved ices. "Gilbert gave me a most interesting account of the history of Venice. He told me that the Doges. . ." she had written it all out in her schoolgirl hand. One of the delights of travelling with Angela had been  
15 that she was so eager to learn. She was so terribly ignorant, she used to say, as if that were not one of her charms. And then - he opened the next volume - they had come back to London. He read on rapidly, filling in scene after scene from her scrappy fragments. Then, as the years passed, he had become more and more absorbed in his work. And she, of course, was more often alone. . . . It had been a great grief to her, apparently, that they had had no children.  
20 "How I wish," one entry read, "that Gilbert had a son!" Oddly enough he had never much regretted that himself. Life had been so full, so rich as it was. That year he had been given a minor post in the government. A minor post only, but her comment was: "I am quite certain now that he will be Prime Minister!" Well, if things had gone differently, it might have been so. He paused here to speculate upon what might have been. Politics was a gamble, he  
25 reflected; but the game wasn't over yet. Not at fifty. He cast his eyes rapidly over more pages, full of the little trifles, the insignificant, happy, daily trifles that had made up her life.

He took up another volume and opened it at random. "What a coward I am! I let the chance slip again. But it seemed selfish to bother him with my own affairs, when he has so much to think about. And we so seldom have an evening alone." What was the meaning of that? Oh,

30 here was the explanation - it referred to her work in the East End. "I plucked up courage and talked to Gilbert at last. He was so kind, so good. He made no objection." He remembered that conversation. She had told him that she felt so idle, so useless. She wished to have some work of her own. She wanted to do something - she had blushed so prettily, he remembered, as she said it, sitting in that very chair - to help others. He had bantered<sup>1</sup> her a little. Hadn't she enough to do looking after him, after her home? Still, if it amused her, of course he had no objection. What was it? Some district? Some committee? Only she must promise not to make herself ill. So it seemed that every Wednesday she went to Whitechapel. He remembered how he hated the clothes she wore on those occasions. But she had taken it very seriously, it seemed. The diary was full of references like this: "Saw Mrs. Jones. . . She has ten  
35 children. . . . Husband lost his arm in an accident. . . . Did my best to find a job for Lily." He  
40 skipped on. His own name occurred less frequently. His interest slackened. Some of the entries

conveyed nothing to him. For example: "Had a heated argument about socialism with B. M." Who was B. M.? He could not fill in the initials; some woman, he supposed, that she had met on one of her committees. "B. M. made a violent attack upon the upper classes. . . . I walked back after the meeting with B. M. and tried to convince him. But he is so narrow-minded." So B. M. was a man - no doubt one of those "intellectuals," as they call themselves, who are so violent, as Angela said, and so narrow-minded. She had invited him to come and see her apparently. "B. M. came to dinner. He shook hands with Minnie!" That note of exclamation gave another twist to his mental picture. **B. M., it seemed, wasn't used to parlourmaids; he had shaken hands with Minnie.** Presumably he was one of those tame working men who air their views in ladies' drawing-rooms. Gilbert knew the type, and had no liking for this particular specimen, whoever B. M. might be. Here he was again. "Went with B. M. to the Tower of London. . . . He said revolution is bound to come . . . He said we live in a Fool's Paradise." He read on. "B. M. said some very disagreeable things about -" The name was carefully scratched out. "I told him I would not listen to any more abuse of -" Again the name was obliterated. Could it have been his own name? Was that why Angela covered the page so quickly when he came in? The thought added to his growing dislike of B. M. He had had the impertinence to discuss him in this very room. Why had Angela never told him? It was very unlike her to conceal anything; she had been the soul of candour. He turned the pages, picking out every reference to B. M. "B. M. told me the story of his childhood. His mother went out charring<sup>2</sup> . . . When I think of it, I can hardly bear to go on living in such luxury. . . . Three guineas for one hat!" If only she had discussed the matter with him, instead of puzzling her poor little head about questions that were much too difficult for her to understand! He had lent her books. KARL MARX, THE COMING REVOLUTION. The initials B.M., B. M., B. M., recurred repeatedly. But why never the full name? He read on. "B. M. came unexpectedly after dinner. Luckily, I was alone." That was only a year ago. "Luckily" - why luckily? Perhaps the next volume would explain. Hastily he reached for the last of the diaries - the one she had left unfinished when she died. There, on the very first page, was that cursed fellow again. "Dined alone with B. M. . . . He became very agitated. He said it was time we understood each other. . . . I tried to make him listen. But he would not. He threatened that if I did not . . ." the rest of the page was scored over. She had written "Egypt. Egypt. Egypt," over the whole page. He could not make out a single word; but there could be only one interpretation: the scoundrel had asked her to become his mistress. Alone in his room! The blood rushed to Gilbert Clandon's face. He turned the pages rapidly. What had been her answer? Initials had ceased. It was simply "he" now. "He came again. I told him I could not come to any decision. . . . I implored him to leave me." He had forced himself upon her in this very house. But why hadn't she told him? How could she have hesitated for an instant? Then: "I wrote him a letter." Then pages were left blank. Then there was this: "No answer to my letter." Then more blank pages; and then this: "He has done what he threatened." After that - what came after that? He turned page after page. All were blank. But there, on the very day before her death, was this entry: "Have I the courage to do it too?" That was the end.

Gilbert Clandon let the book slide to the floor. He could see her in front of him. She was standing on the kerb in Piccadilly. Her eyes stared; her fists were clenched. Here came the car.

He had received his legacy. She had told him the truth. She had stepped off the kerb to rejoin her lover. She had stepped off the kerb to escape from him.

Adapted from *The Legacy*, by Virginia Woolf

<sup>1</sup>to banter : to make fun of in a light-hearted way ; to tease someone

<sup>2</sup>to go out charring : to work as a domestic cleaner

**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.
- Make references to the text to support your ideas.

1. What opinion does Gilbert have of himself? And what opinion did he have of his wife?  
[I.1-42]
2. How does Angela's character evolve throughout the diary?
3. "B.M., it seemed, wasn't used to parlourmaids; he had shaken hands with Minnie."  
(I. 49-50)

What does that show us about B.M.? What else do we know about him?

4. What was Angela's legacy to her husband, and why?
5. "You can never really know someone completely."

Libba Bray

Discuss that quote.

You can choose to refer 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]**

Samedi 20 juin 1942

Ecrire un journal est une expérience très étrange pour quelqu'un comme moi. Non seulement je n'ai jamais rien écrit avant, mais aussi il me semble que plus tard, ni moi ni personne ne s'intéressera aux confidences d'une écolière de treize ans. Mais, pour dire la vérité, cela n'a pas d'importance. J'ai envie d'écrire et j'ai un besoin encore plus grand d'exprimer mes sentiments les plus profonds, une bonne fois pour toutes. « Le papier a plus de patience que les gens » : j'ai pensé à ce dicton un de ces jours où je me sentais un peu déprimée. J'étais assise à la maison, la tête dans les mains, me demandant si je ferais mieux de rester à l'intérieur ou de sortir. Finalement je suis restée où j'étais, même si je m'ennuyais de plus en plus. Oui, c'est vrai, le papier a de la patience, n'est-ce pas ? Et comme je n'ai pas l'intention de laisser qui que ce soit lire ce cahier fièrement appelé « journal », à moins que je ne trouve un jour une véritable amie, cela ne fera probablement aucune différence.

Voici donc la raison pour laquelle j'ai décidé de tenir un journal : il s'avère que je n'ai pas de vraie amie.

Il faut que je donne une explication pour que l'on me comprenne bien. En effet, personne ne croira qu'une fille adolescente soit complètement seule au monde, ce que je ne suis pas. J'ai des parents adorables et une sœur aînée, et il y a environ trente personnes que je peux appeler « amis ». Non, apparemment, il semble que j'aie tout ce dont j'ai besoin, sauf l'amie avec un grand A. Quand je suis avec une amie, tout ce à quoi je pense c'est passer un bon moment. Je n'arrive jamais à parler d'autre chose que de notre vie de tous les jours. Il se peut que ce soit ma faute si on ne se confie pas l'une à l'autre. En tout cas c'est ainsi et, malheureusement, il est peu probable que cela change. C'est pourquoi j'ai commencé ce journal. Je veux que ce journal soit l'amie que j'attends depuis si longtemps et cette amie s'appellera Kitty.

Adapted from *Le Journal d'Anne Frank*, by A. Frank

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

