

FINAL EXAMINATION (3 HOURS)

PART ONE : Listening

[20 pts]

You will hear a radio interview in which television presenter and volcanologist Callum Gray is talking about his work with volcanoes.

(C) => Callum (I) => Interviewer NB: The words in square brackets provide elements of context!

- For questions **1-10**, complete the sentences using between **1- 4** words. (on this sheet)
- For questions **11-15**, answer **shortly but precisely**. Please write **full sentences**.
- You will hear the programme **twice**. You **now** have **four** minutes to read through the questions.

Questions 1-10 [1 point each]

- (C) Most people are fairly ignorant about geology, but when it comes to volcanoes, they don't _____ **(1)** with the questions.
- (C) [*It's not always risky.*] There's an awful lot of sitting in your chair, analysing endless _____ **(2)** – that kind of things.
- (C) (...) my father was a geologist and you might think it was in the blood, but Dad's preoccupation was with _____ **(3)** mainly.
- (C) In fact, it was on a _____ **(4)** that I saw my first eruption way down a crater.
- (C) [*On another trip in Hawaii*], we were over the crater when the clouds suddenly came in and we were just _____ **(5)**.
- (C) [*Working with volcanoes*], we do have an enormous responsibility to get things as near to right as possible – for example we have to evaluate the _____ damage a _____ **(6)** could potentially cause...
- (C) It can take a great effort on my part to remain patient with the reporters when a volcano is going off and I'd rather be _____ **(7)** the equipment.
- (I) Callum, do you think the TV series will mean there will be an _____ **(8)** in the number of students taking volcanology?

- (C) Actually, that's something that students don't anticipate – that they'll need to be able to produce papers concerning their research findings, and that therefore a good _____ (9) is vital.
- (C) *[Working for TV has been great, but]* I'll be happy to be back doing what I do best – peering into craters, taking _____ (10).

Questions 11-15 [two points each] :

(11) What prompted Callum's decision to become a volcanologist?

(12) How did Callum feel during the flight over the erupting Hawaiian volcano, apart from imagining 'it might be the end'?

(13) What things does Callum suggest you can gain with experience in his job? Mention **two** things.

(14) What does Callum assume future students realise when opting for a career in volcanology?

(15) Why does Callum prefer working with volcanoes to being a TV presenter?



PART TWO : Reading comprehension**[20 pts]**

The Lucases live in a beautiful, isolated region of northern Wisconsin. Their farm has fallen into disrepair because of the heavy drinking of John Lucas, who brutalizes his wife and two sons. When the eldest, James ("Jimmy"), enlists to fight in Vietnam, he leaves young Billy alone to protect their mother. One cold day of January 1968, Claire Lucas receives the visit of two army officials, who inform her that Jimmy has been reported "missing in action"...

I set the kerosene lamp down on a bare patch of ground before grabbing the spade with two hands and wedging the tip of it into the ground. With one foot on the shoulder of the spade's blade, I shoved it deep, then bit and lifted the first clump of dirt out. I kept at it, stopping only once to take off my winter coat and to pin three rollers back into place on my sweaty head. I had to quit digging when I couldn't reach the layer beyond two feet because the warm weather had not penetrated the frost that far. I dropped the spade and reached into my housedress pockets for the report. I knelt beside the lamp, opened the folded papers, and read them one more time. Not a clipping of his hair, a fingernail, or a smear of blood. Just ink on paper, words that by their presence tried to prove everything yet could not prove anything. Those officers had come all the way from Madison to carry a report that was supposed to substitute for Jimmy.

A report.

I folded the papers into thirds and tucked them into the bottom of the hole. They gleamed against the black soil, so falsely pure in color that I didn't wait to use the spade. I grabbed handfuls of dirt and furiously filled in the hole.

Those stupid advertisements. "Serve your country and see the world at the same time. Experience new cultures." The one I hated most was the recruiting poster I found in his bedroom not long after he left. "The Marine Corps Builds Men." The irony of it. As though my purpose in life was simply to give birth to him and they of course would *build* him into being a man. Made him believe that he was less of a man because he was not in the Marine Corps. Well, my son hadn't seen the whole world, but he did experience a new culture, and it killed him.

"The Marines take care of their own." Jimmy had said more than he realized. He wanted to belong. So he joined an even tougher family. A brotherhood that his family could not provide, that promised him a place in the world with a name that was not his father's.

I stood up and tamped down the dirt with my feet. I stepped off the mound and stood beside it, lifted my head to the sky, and opened my mouth. What came out sounded unearthly even to my ears: a long, thin moan. When the first cry ended, I opened my mouth again and again. I cried until I was exhausted. My skin tingled. I remembered my coat only when I looked down and saw that my hands had become grayish white with cold. I put it on but didn't make any effort to leave, slipping instead into a numbing euphoria of feeling nothing. It felt so good to feel nothing that I almost got trapped by it. I turned to look at the snow-covered forty acres. I could walk the field until I felt sleepy. Then I would nest myself into a bed of snow. Once asleep, I would be able to step out of my frozen body, and the sky that brought all of that warm wind would take me. I would fly over to the highlands in Vietnam, a frozen Wisconsin mother looking for her disappeared son. I let my coat drop from my shoulders and used the

sleeves to tie it around my waist. Then I began to walk toward the melting whiteness of the field.

40 But before I had walked twenty feet, my swollen eyes caught the hint of something red perched on top of the fence post at the entrance of the field. It jarred me awake. I reached forward and snatched **the cap that belonged to my younger son**¹, spun around and ran towards the house, slipping and falling twice into the icy mud. I was so mad that I swore at his waste of a good piece of clothing. If it hadn't been for the day we'd had, I would have yanked him out of his bed to yell at him.

45 I heard it after I opened the screen door. Something. Enough to make me stop. I listened, trying to hear above the pulsing sound of my own heart, my own breathing. I thought the sound had come from the house, from Bill sleeping upstairs. But the house was quiet. I turned around and looked back at the barn and field. [...]

50 I was on the verge of yelling, "Who's out there?" when a flicker of motion appeared near the lamppost by the barn. Another flicker, then a third. What moved flirted briefly with the light a fourth time before stepping fully inside the illuminated circle.

55 Billy's fox. The animal returned my stare, its black tufted ears framing its luminescent eyes. Tentatively placing one paw forward, the fox lifted its narrow muzzle to scent me. Its fur was still mangy, but the bare patches were growing back, and the animal had put on weight, its eyes bright and alert. It had also regained some of its natural wariness, its head cocked sharply for any sound that might indicate danger.

60 When the animal continued to sniff the air, the purpose of the stocking cap in my hand became clear. Bill had left an article of clothing, a territorial marker of goodwill so that the fox would associate the scent with the bearer of food. Despite my grief, I was amazed at the animal's survival and my son's ingenuity.

When Bill woke up in the morning, I would have something to tell him, however small a victory it would be in the enormity of our pain.

Mary Relindes ELLIS, *The Turtle Warrior*, 2004

Answer the following questions in 60 to 80 words, using your own words. When quoting from the text, use inverted commas. Quotes are not to be counted in the number of words.

1. What is Claire doing at the beginning of the extract? Comment on the reasons for her act and on the symbolic dimension it takes on.
2. What motives might Jimmy have had for joining the Marine Corps and going to fight in Vietnam? Which one is the most relevant do you think? Justify your answer.
3. Trace Claire's emotions and feelings throughout the extract giving evidence from the text.
4. Claire mentions a "small victory" at the end of the extract. Explain what she means by this and the possible significance of this "victory" in the lives of Billy and his mother.
5. Imagine the conversation between the army officials (a lieutenant and a **chaplain**²) and Claire when breaking the news that Jimmy is "missing in action".

¹ Actually, the cap first belonged to Jimmy (see translation).

² A chaplain: a priest

PART THREE : Translation

[20 pts]

Cher Billy,

Merci pour ta lettre et pour les cadeaux! Bien sûr que tu peux prendre mon bonnet rouge. Ça ne fait rien si tu l'abîmes. De toute façon, je ne le mettrai plus.

J'espère que cette lettre-ci vous parviendra avant Noël: le Lieutenant Miller a dit qu'il y aurait une **levée** spéciale. Il pleut et je t'écris à l'intérieur d'un bunker. Tu te souviens comme j'aimais le son de la pluie sur le toit, n'est-ce pas? Ici, il pleut tellement que cela me donne envie de dormir. Parfois, quand on n'entend plus les tirs ou les bombardements, je fais semblant d'être à la maison. Je ne peux pas m'empêcher de penser à toi et aux animaux dont tu t'occupes. Je regrette de m'être moqué de tes souris. Tu devrais voir les rats ici: ils sont énormes et ils mordent! Mon copain Marv leur tire dessus avec son 45 car il les déteste, et moi aussi! Pourtant, ce n'est pas le plus effrayant...

Ne le dis pas à maman, mais j'ai une blessure au bras. Le médecin vient de la nettoyer et on va me faire une piqûre. Mais j'arrive à supporter la douleur.

L'autre jour, j'ai vu un oiseau si grand que j'ai cru que c'était **un héron**. J'ai demandé ce que c'était à un des Vietnamiens qui combattent à nos côtés. "Tu n'as jamais vu de **grue**?" m'a-t-il répondu en riant. C'est vrai que nous en avons dans le nord du Wisconsin. Elles sont magnifiques! Malheureusement, elles doivent se faire tuer sous les bombes et **les tirs croisés**. Si seulement j'avais des ailes comme elles! Je pourrais fêter Noël avec vous. Les grues me rappellent les oies sauvages de chez nous à l'automne, qui m'ont bien manqué cette année.

Il faut que je te laisse, petit homme. Embrasse maman pour moi et dis au vieux d'aller en enfer (non, c'est une blague, ne lui dis rien). Dis aussi bonjour aux voisins de ma part quand tu les verras.

Je t'aime, frangin!

James

Adapted from *The Turtle Warrior*, by Mary Relindes ELLIS, 2004

une levée (de courrier): a pickup
un héron / une grue: a heron / a crane
les tirs croisés : the crossfire