

<p style="text-align: center;">BACCALAURÉAT FRANÇAIS INTERNATIONAL SESSION 2024</p>
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SECTION : AMERICAINE

ÉPREUVE : APPROFONDISSEMENT CULTUREL ET LINGUISTIQUE

DURÉE TOTALE : 4 HEURES

PARCOURS BILINGUE, TRILINGUE ET QUADRILINGUE

Le candidat traitera un sujet au choix parmi les deux options proposées (option A ou option B) dans son parcours (bilingue ou trilingue/quadrilingue).

L'usage de la calculatrice et des dictionnaires est interdit.

Dès que ce sujet vous est remis, assurez-vous qu'il est complet.
Ce sujet comporte 7 pages numérotées de 1/7 à 7/7.

Le candidat mentionne sur sa copie le parcours suivi.

Parcours bilingue (LVA)

Choose either option A or option B

Option A. Write on **two** of the following essay topics. In each **comparative essay** compare two works you have studied. **Those candidates choosing two essay questions may not refer to the same works in both essays.**

OR

Option B. Write on **one** of the following four comparative essay topics and write a **commentary** on either the poem or the prose passage.

ESSAY TOPICS

1. “The worst part of holding the memories is not the pain. It’s the loneliness of it. Memories need to be shared.” (Lois Lowry). How do two works on your BFI program deal with the notion of memories?
2. Key aspects of a main character in a literary work are at times revealed or emphasized because of a minor character. Explore the role played by minor characters in two works on your BFI syllabus.
3. How do two works on your BFI syllabus deal with the importance of personal belongings in defining the identity of characters?
4. Personal empowerment is about taking control of your life. How far and in what ways do characters in two works on your BFI syllabus achieve a sense of personal empowerment?

COMMENTARY (option B)

Poetry:

The Meadow Mouse

1

In a shoe box stuffed in an old nylon stocking
Sleeps the baby mouse I found in the meadow,
Where he trembled and shook beneath a stick
Till I caught him up by the tail and brought him in,

5 Cradled in my hand,
A little quaker, the whole body of him trembling,
His absurd whiskers sticking out like a cartoon-mouse,
His feet like small leaves,
Little lizard-feet,

10 Whitish and spread wide when he tried to struggle away,
Wriggling like a minuscule puppy.

Now he's eaten his three kinds of cheese and drunk from his bottle-
cap watering-trough—

15 So much he just lies in one corner,
His tail curled under him, his belly big
As his head; his bat-like ears
Twitching, tilting toward the least sound.

Do I imagine he no longer trembles
When I come close to him?

20 He seems no longer to tremble.

2

But this morning the shoe-box house on the back porch is empty.

Where has he gone, my meadow mouse,
My thumb of a child that nuzzled in my palm?—

25 To run under the hawk's wing,
Under the eye of the great owl watching from the elm-tree,
To live by courtesy of the shrike, the snake, the tom-cat.

I think of the nestling fallen into the deep grass,
The turtle gasping in the dusty rubble of the highway,
The paralytic stunned in the tub, and the water rising,—

30 All things innocent, hapless, forsaken

Theodore Roethke

Prose:

The sun beamed relentlessly on the streets of Calcutta as the rickshaw-wallah toiled his way down Southern Avenue, the wooden shafts of the rickshaw rubbing against his protruding shoulder-blades and scraping away at his skin, threatening to expose his bones completely through wet, pink sores. With his thin neck straining forward, his brown hands swollen by the heat, gripping the shafts of the wagon, the rickshaw-wallah quickened his sticks of legs from an unsteady trot into a gallop and he and his livelihood careered round a bend towards Lake Gardens. Every now and again he tossed his sweating tendrils to unsettle the flies that buzzed round his head like faithful satellites. Julia Bannerjee shut her eyes as the rickshaw narrowly missed a bus, which screamed past within two inches of them. The hood of the vehicle, which had been put up to protect her from the sun, was providing to be more of a nuisance than a comfort for it was too low for her long limbs. Only if she bent double and craned her neck forward from under the hood could she see out of the jolting carriage.

If she sat upright, her vision was restricted to the rickshaw-wallah's puny waist, puny hips and thin poles of legs. She thought it was almost obscene the way his angular kneecaps, which were the widest part of his legs, jutted out.

She hated travelling by rickshaw, not only because it was uncomfortable, but also because it was painful to see a man reduced to the level of a beast as he laboured with the task of transporting another richer, fatter, more fortunate being to her destination. Rickshaw-wallah barely lived past middle age. But if she did not travel by rickshaw, she would be depriving a man of his income, her husband had told her.

Her husband, Nilkant Bannerjee, had been a Marxist in his college days, a fine specimen of the earnest, vociferous, khadi-swathed intelligentsia prolific in Calcutta. Having completed his degree, he had joined Ashok Leyland and after several years had been sent to England to get some managerial experience, before returning to India to embark on more demanding tasks, including those of being a husband; for during his stay in the Midlands he had fallen in love with a tall, willowy, freckly and very fair English rose. His marriage to a foreigner had been his last act of rebellion before he succumbed to the cosy allure of affluence.

Julia had been in India for nearly a year now but had not yet grown accustomed to her new home: everything was still remarkable. Even Nilkant seemed different in his own surroundings — more arrogant, more conventional than he'd been in England. Perhaps it was just the confidence of being at home.

Sometimes she just wanted to shut herself away in a cool room and forget, for India had sharpened her awareness, exposed her senses to a bombardment of sights, smells, sounds, which terrified, amazed and sickened her. She was always apprehensive of venturing out into the roads swarming with people, animals, cars, buses, trams; roads choked with chaos. She would return home trembling and exhausted after an outing, having spent her nerves and energy dodging the clutching, hungry hands of hawkers, beggars, street Romeos, all thinking a white woman easy prey. Going into the city and back to her house again involved the opening and shutting of her senses, like a wound that is never given a chance to heal but half-closed, half-dried, is ripped open again, by the thing that caused it in the first place.

“Naukar”, Anya Sitaram

Parcours trilingue/quadrilingue (LVB)

Option A. Write on two of the following essay topics, referring in each to a work you have studied. **Those candidates choosing two essay questions may not refer to the same work in both essays.**

OR

Option B. Write on **one** of the following four essay topics, referring to a work you have studied, and write a **commentary** on either the poem or the prose passage.

ESSAY TOPICS

1. “The worst part of holding the memories is not the pain. It’s the loneliness of it. Memories need to be shared.” (Lois Lowry). How does a work on your BFI program deal with the notion of memories?
2. Key aspects of a main character in a literary work are at times revealed or emphasized because of a minor character. Explore the role played by minor characters in a work on your BFI syllabus.
3. How does a work on your BFI syllabus deal with the importance of personal belongings in defining the identity of characters?
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FOR COMMENTARY (option B)

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