

SECTION INTERNATIONALE BRITANNIQUE
CONCOURS D'ENTRÉE
Lycée Victor Hugo Colomiers: Wednesday 08/03/2022 14:00

Please read all the instructions carefully before beginning the test

Instructions

- This test lasts for **two** hours.
- There are two parts to the test, part A and part B. You must answer **both** parts.
- Please answer each part on **separate answer sheets**.
- You are advised to spend one hour on each part.
- You may use the paper provided to make notes and plan your answers.
- No dictionaries or reference books or any electronic device such as a mobile phone may be used during the test.
- You must not communicate with anyone during the test.
- If you have any questions, raise your hand.

Part A (one hour) (30 marks)

Read the passage taken from '**MOON PALACE**' by Paul Auster and then answer the following questions on the exam paper provided. Your answers must be given **in your own words** and in complete sentences. The number of marks for each question is given in brackets.

1. Come up with a title that would sum up this extract. (1 mark)
2. What year does paragraph 1 refer to? (1 mark).
3. Describe the narrator's personality giving at least 3 aspects. Please quote the text to evidence each aspect. (5 marks)
4. How would you describe the relation between our narrator and literature? Please use evidence from the text to prove your point(s) (4 marks)
5. Why does the narrator refer to his furniture as 'my imaginary furniture' in the last two paragraphs? (1 mark)
6. Paragraph 2. What does the following statement mean in your opinion: 'I found out who my father was'. (4 marks).
7. Explain the penultimate sentence from the last paragraph in your own words: 'But how does one prepare for the death of a fifty-two-year-old man whose health has always been good?' (3 marks)
8. Paragraph 3. What does the phrase 'I finally hit bottom' mean. Please explain in your own words. (1 mark).
9. Translate the following paragraph into French: (10 marks)

I lived in that apartment with over a thousand books. They had originally belonged to my Uncle Victor, and he had collected them slowly over the course of about thirty years. Just before I went off to college, he impulsively offered them to me as a going-away present. I did my best to refuse, but Uncle Victor was a sentimental and generous man, and he would not let me turn him down. "I have no money to give you," he said, "and not one word of advice. Take the books to make me happy." I took the books, but for the next year and a half I did not open any of the boxes they were stored in.

Part B (one hour) (40 marks)

Answer **ONE** of following questions on a separate sheet:

A. If you could press a button and receive a million euros, but one stranger would die every time you press, would you press the button ? And if so, how many times ?

OR

B. What would happen to a society in which no one had to work, and everyone was provided enough food/water/shelter/healthcare for free?

OR

C. Should full access to the Internet be a fundamental human right?

Try to write **300 words on a separate sheet of paper**. Please pay careful attention to **spelling, punctuation, grammar and communication**, and try to come with your own conclusion on that matter.

PART A Extract : MOON PALACE – PAUL AUSTER (1989)

It was the summer that men first walked on the moon. I was very young back then, but I did not believe there would ever be a future. I wanted to live dangerously, to push myself as far as I could go, and then see what happened to me when I got there.

As it turned out, I nearly did not make it. Little by little, I saw my money dwindle to zero; I lost my apartment; I wound up living in the streets. If not for a girl named Kitty Wu, I probably would have starved to death. I had met her by chance only a short time before, but eventually I came to see that chance as a form of readiness, a way of saving myself through the minds of others. That was the first part. From then on, strange things happened to me. I took the job with the old man in the wheelchair. I found out who my father was. I walked across the desert from Utah to California. That was a long time ago, of course, but I remember those days well, I remember them as the beginning of my life.

I came to New York in the fall of 1965. I was eighteen years old then, and for the first nine months I lived in a college dormitory. All out-of-town freshmen at Columbia were required to live on campus, but once the term was over I moved into an apartment on West 112th Street. That was where I lived for the next three years, copy up to the moment when I finally hit bottom. Considering the odds against me, it was a miracle I lasted as long as I did.

I lived in that apartment with over a thousand books. They had originally belonged to my Uncle Victor, and he had collected them slowly over the course of about thirty years. Just before I went off to college, he impulsively offered them to me as a going-away present. I did my best to refuse, but Uncle Victor was a sentimental and generous man, and he would not let me turn him down. "I have no money to give you," he said, "and not one word of advice. Take the books to make me happy." I took the books, but for the next year and a half I did not open any of the boxes they were stored in.

My plan was to persuade my uncle to take the books back, and in the meantime I did not want anything to happen to them.

As it turned out, the boxes were quite useful to me in that state. The apartment on 112th Street was unfurnished, and rather than squander my funds on things I did not want and could not afford, I converted the boxes into several pieces of "imaginary furniture." (...) My friends found it a bit odd, but they had learned to expect odd things from me by then. Think of the satisfaction, I would explain to them, of crawling into bed and knowing that your dreams are about to take place on top of nineteenth-century American literature. Imagine the pleasure of sitting down to a meal with the entire Renaissance lurking below your food. In point of fact, I had no idea which books were in which boxes, but I was a great one for making up stories back then, and I liked the sound of those sentences, even if they were false.

My imaginary furniture remained intact for almost a year. Then, in the spring of 1967, Uncle Victor died. This death was a terrible blow for me; in many ways it was the worst blow I had ever had. Not only was Uncle Victor the person I had loved most in the world, he was my only relative, my one link to something larger than myself. Without him I felt bereft, utterly scorched by fate. If I had been prepared for his death somehow, it might have been easier for me to contend with. But how does one prepare for the death of a fifty-two-year-old man whose health has always been good? My uncle simply dropped dead one fine afternoon in the middle of April, and at that point my life began to change, I began to vanish into another world.