

**UNIVERSITÉ DE TOULON ET DU VAR**  
**FACULTÉ DES LETTRES ET SCIENCES HUMAINES**

SESSION / SEMESTRE	: 1 semestre 2
DÉPARTEMENT	: LLCE ANGLAIS
CODE U.E. / ANNÉE	: 22
MATIÈRE	: LITTÉRATURE
DURÉE de l'ÉPREUVE	: 3.30 heures
SALLE	: W 300
DATE	: 18 MAI 2015
HEURE	: 8.30
ENSEIGNANT	: M. Heinrich
DOCUMENTS AUTORISÉS	: aucun

I Answer the following questionnaire on *Great Expectations*

- 1 Give two examples of Pip's bad treatment by Mrs Gargery
- 2 What did Orlick use to knock down Mrs Gargery. How did he get it?
- 3 In what way did the behavior of Mr Pumblechook or Mr Trabb change when they learned he had got into great Expectations?
- 4 What was the first place Pip came in contact with when he arrived in London? What effect did it have on him?
- 5 What was Miss Havisham's intention when she adopted Estella?
- 6 In what way can we say that Mrs Pocket was not a good mother?
- 7 What was Magwitch's motivation to make a gentleman of Pip?
- 8 Give two examples of Pip's vivid imagination.
- 9 What does Estella stand for in the novel? What does it tell about the conception of love in Victorian society?
- 10 What is Pirrip's general purpose in writing the account of his life?

II Write a sensible essay on the following subject :

The solutions Dickens suggests in *Great Expectations* are rather disappointing. To what extent do you agree or disagree with this statement?

OR

Make a commentary on the passage from *Great Expectations* you will find on page 2.

"Biddy," said I, after binding her to secrecy, "I want to be a gentleman."

"Oh, I wouldn't, if I was you!" she returned. "I don't think it would answer."

"Biddy," said I, with some severity, "I have particular reasons for wanting to be a gentleman."

"You know best, Pip; but don't you think you are happier as you are?"

"Biddy," I exclaimed, impatiently, "I am not at all happy as I am. I am disgusted with my calling and with my life. I have never taken to either, since I was bound. Don't be absurd."

"Was I absurd?" said Biddy, quietly raising her eyebrows; "I am sorry for that; I didn't mean to be. I only want you to do well, and to be comfortable."

"Well then, understand once for all that I never shall or can be comfortable—or anything but miserable—there, Biddy!—unless I can lead a very different sort of life from the life I lead now."

"That's a pity!" said Biddy, shaking her head with a sorrowful air.

Now, I too had so often thought it a pity, that, in the singular kind of quarrel with myself which I was always carrying on, I was half inclined to shed tears of vexation and distress when Biddy gave utterance to her sentiment and my own. I told her she was right, and I knew it was much to be regretted, but still it was not to be helped.

"If I could have settled down," I said to Biddy, plucking up the short grass within reach, much as I had once upon a time pulled my feelings out of my hair and kicked them into the brewery wall: "if I could have settled down and been but half as fond of the forge as I was when I was little, I know it would have been much better for me. You and I and Joe would have wanted nothing then, and Joe and I would perhaps have gone partners when I was out of my time, and I might even have grown up to keep company with you, and we might have sat on this very bank on a fine Sunday, quite different people. I should have been good enough for *you*; shouldn't I, Biddy?"

Biddy sighed as she looked at the ships sailing on, and returned for answer, "Yes; I am not over particular." It scarcely sounded flattering, but I knew she meant well.

"Instead of that," said I, plucking up more grass and chewing a blade or two, "see how I am going on. Dissatisfied, and uncomfortable, and—what would it signify to me, being coarse and common, if nobody had told me so!"

Biddy turned her face suddenly towards mine, and looked far more attentively at me than she had looked at the sailing ships.

"It was neither a very true nor a very polite thing to say," she remarked, directing her eyes to the ships again. "Who said it?"

I was disconcerted, for I had broken away without quite seeing where I was going. It was not to be shuffled off now, however, and I answered, "The beautiful young lady at Miss Havisham's, and she's more beautiful than anybody ever was, and I admire her dreadfully, and I want to be a gentleman on her account." Having made this lunatic confession, I began to throw my torn-up grass into the river, as if I had some thoughts of following it.

"Do you want to be a gentleman, to spite her or to gain her over?" Biddy quietly asked me, after a pause.

"I don't know," I moodily answered.

"Because, if it is to spite her," Biddy pursued, "I should think—but you know best—that might be better and more independently done by caring nothing for her words. And if it is to gain her over, I should think—but you know best—she was not worth gaining over."

Exactly what I myself had thought, many times. Exactly what was perfectly manifest to me at the moment. But how could I, a poor dazed village lad, avoid that wonderful inconsistency into which the best and wisest of men fall every day?