

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

<b>SESSION / SEMESTRE</b>	<b>: session 1, semestre 3</b>
<b>DÉPARTEMENT</b>	<b>: LLCE anglais</b>
<b>CODE U.E. / ANNÉE</b>	<b>: 31b / 2009-2010</b>
<b>MATIÈRE</b>	<b>: version anglaise</b>
<b>DURÉE de l'ÉPREUVE</b>	<b>: 2 heures</b>
<b>DATE ET HEURE</b>	<b>: 12 janvier 2010, 15h00 – 17h00</b>
<b>SALLE</b>	<b>: amphi W 300</b>
<b>ENSEIGNANT</b>	<b>: P.-F. Peirano</b>
<b>DOCUMENTS AUTORISÉS:</b>	<b>néant</b>

Two hours later, Scott, with a clear conscience, laid himself down to rest in a bare room. His belongings were piled at the door, and the Club's secretary receipt for last month's bill was under his pillow. His orders came next morning, and with them an unofficial telegram from Sir James Hawkins, who did not forget good men, asking him report himself with all speed at some unpronounceable place fifteen hundred miles to the south, for the famine was spreading in the land, and men were needed.

A pink and fattish youth arrived in the red-hot noonday, whimpering<sup>1</sup> a little at fate and famines, which never allowed any one three months' peace. He was Scott's successor – another cog<sup>2</sup> in the machinery, whose services, as the official announcement said, 'were placed at the disposal of the Madras Government for famine duty until further orders'. Scott handed over the funds in his charge, showed him the coolest corner in the office, warned him against excess of zeal, and, as twilight fell, departed from the Club in a hired carriage with his faithful bodyservant, Faiz Ullah, and a mound of disordered baggage, to catch the *Southern Mail* at the railway-station.

The heat of the thick brick walls struck him across the face as if it had been a hot towel, and he reflected that there were at least five nights and four days of travel before him. Faiz Ullah, used to the habits of service, plunged into the crowd on the stone platform, while Scott waited till his compartment should

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<sup>1</sup> to whimper: to make small, weak cries.

<sup>2</sup> a cog (here): an unimportant person in a large business or organisation.

be set away. A dozen policemen jostled among farmers and craftsmen, escorting with all pomp Martyn's uniform-case, water-bottles, and ice-box.

When Faiz Ullah reported all things ready, Scott settled down, coatless and bootless, on the broad leather-covered bunk. The heat under the iron-arched roof of the station might have been anything over a hundred degrees. At the last moment Martyn entered, hot and dripping.

"Don't swear," said Scott lazily; "it's too late to change your carriage; and we'll divide the ice."

Rudyard Kipling, *William the Conqueror* (1895)  
(punctuation unchanged).