

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

SESSION / SEMESTRE	: 2 / 4
DÉPARTEMENT	: LLCE ANGLAIS
CODE U.E. / ANNÉE	: 41
MATIÈRE	: VERSION
DURÉE de l'ÉPREUVE	: 2 heures
SALLE	: W 300
DATE	: 18 JUIN 2010
HEURE	: 8.30
ENSEIGNANT	: M. Heinrich
DOCUMENTS AUTORISÉS	: aucun

Autumn had fallen again on Central Park, and the wildlife were scurrying about searching for food for winter. Andros despised the cold, and yet his carefully hidden traps were now overflowing with live rats and squirrels. He took them home in his backpack, performing rituals of increasing complexity.

Emanuel, Massiach, Yod, He, Vaud ... please find me worthy.

The blood rituals fueled his vitality. Andros felt younger every day. He continued to read day and night-ancient mystical texts, epic medieval poems, the early philosophers - and the more he learned about the true nature of things, the more he realized that all hope for mankind was lost. *They are blind ... wandering aimlessly in a world they will never understand.*

Andros was still a man, but he sensed he was evolving into something else. Something greater. *Something sacred.* His massive physique had emerged from dormancy, more powerful now than ever before. He finally understood its true purpose. *My body is but a vessel for my most potent treasure ... my mind.*

Andros knew his true potential had not yet been realized, and he delved deeper. *What is my destiny?* All the ancient texts spoke of good and evil ... and of man's need to choose between them. *I made my choice long ago*, he knew, and yet he felt no remorse. *What is evil, if not a natural law?* Darkness followed light. Chaos followed order. Entropy was fundamental. Everything decayed. The perfectly ordered crystal eventually turned into random particles of dust.

There are those who create ... and those who destroy.

It was not until Andros read John Milton's Paradise Lost that he saw his destiny materialize before him. He read of the great fallen angel ... the warrior demon who fought against the light ... the valiant one ... the angel called Moloch.

Moloch walked the earth as a god. The angel's name, Andros later learned, when translated to the ancient tongue, became Mal'akh.

And so shall I.

Dan Brown, *The Lost Symbol*, Bantam 2009