

1^{ère} SESSION1^{er} SEMESTRE

U.F.R. DE LANGUES	Date : 11/01/10
Département : ANGLAIS (LLCE)	
Diplôme : Licence	Niveau : 1
U.E. : 14 LV2	
Intitulé de l'épreuve : The boys' book, the adventure tale and the imperial romance in 19 th -century and early 20 th -century Britain.	Heure : 13h30
Documents autorisés : aucun	
Durée : 3 heure(s)	
Nom du professeur responsable : Agnès Blandeau, Elaine Kennedy-Dubourdiou	Salle : CU 414
Observations :	

ETUDIANTS ERASMUS :

Vous devez obligatoirement préciser sur votre copie vos : Nom, Prénom, Université et pays d'origine ainsi que le nom de l'enseignant responsable de votre programme en France.

CONSIGNES : Vous êtes priés de réaliser chacune des trois parties de l'épreuve (commentaire d'un extrait d'œuvre littéraire, questions sur le CM, et grammaire + expression) sur trois copies distinctes. En ce qui concerne la partie III (grammaire + expression), veuillez composer sur la feuille réponse jointe au sujet d'examen, que vous voudrez bien glisser dans une copie. Merci.

I) Answer the following questions on the extract from *The Coral Island* by R.M. Ballantyne. / 30

- 1- After ^{résumé} summarizing what happens in this passage, describe the "metamorphosis" of Peterkin from a babyish joker into a ruthless hunter. Justify by quoting from the text. (minimum 7 lines) / 10
- 2- What comic discrepancy (*décalage*) strikes the reader's attention in this text? Examine the facts described and the tone used by the narrator and the characters. Justify by quoting from the text. (minimum 7 lines) / 10
- 3- What makes the three protagonists highly satisfied at the end of the extract? Justify by quoting from the text. (minimum 7 lines). / 10

R.M. Ballantyne 1857

"There they come!" cried I, as a terrific yell from Jack sent the whole herd screaming down the hill. Now Peterkin, being unable to hold back, crept a short way up a very steep, grassy mound, in order to get a better view of the hogs before they came up; and just as he raised his head above its summit, two little pigs, which had out-run their companions, rushed over the top with the utmost precipitation. One of these brushed close past Peterkin's ear; the other, unable to arrest its headlong flight, went, as Peterkin himself afterwards expressed it, "bash" into his arms with a sudden squeal, which was caused more by the force of the blow than the will of the animal, and both of them rolled violently down to the foot of the mound. No sooner was this reached than the little pig

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recovered its feet, tossed up its tail, and fled shrieking from the spot. But I slung a large stone after it, which, being fortunately well aimed, hit it behind the ear, and felled it to the earth.

"Capital, Ralph! that's your sort!" cried Peterkin, who, to my surprise, and great relief, had risen to his feet apparently unhurt, though much dishevelled. He rushed frantically towards the gorge, which the yells of the hogs told us they were now approaching. I had made up my mind that I would abstain from killing another, as, if Peterkin should be successful, two were more than sufficient for our wants at the present time. Suddenly they all burst forth—two or three little round ones in advance, and an enormous old sow with a drove of hogs at her heels.

"Now, Peterkin," said I, "there's a nice little fat one; just spear it."

But Peterkin did not move; he allowed it to pass unharmed. I looked at him in surprise, and saw that his lips were compressed and his eyebrows knitted, as if he were about to fight with some awful enemy.

"What is it?" I inquired, with some trepidation.

Suddenly he levelled his spear, darted forward, and, with a yell that nearly froze the blood in my veins, stabbed the old sow to the heart. Nay, so vigorously was it done that the spear went in at one side and came out at the other!

"O Peterkin," said I, going up to him, "what have you done?"

"Done? I've killed their great-great-grandmother, that's all," said he, looking with a somewhat awe-struck expression at the transfixed animal.

"Hallo! what's this?" said Jack, as he came up. "Why, Peterkin, you must be fond of a tough chop. If

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you mean to eat this old hog, she'll try your jaws, I warrant. What possessed you to stick her, Peterkin?"

"Why, the fact is, I want a pair of shoes."

"What have your shoes to do with the old hog?" said I, smiling.

"My present shoes have certainly nothing to do with her," replied Peterkin; "nevertheless, she will have a good deal to do with my future shoes. The fact is, when I saw

you floor that pig so neatly, Ralph, it struck me that there was little use in killing another. Then I remembered all at once that I had long wanted some leather or tough substance to make shoes of, and this old grandmother seemed so tough that I just made up my mind to stick her, and you see I've done it!"

"That you certainly have, Peterkin," said Jack, as he was examining the transfixed animal.

We now considered how we were to carry our game home, for, although the distance was short, the hog was very heavy. At length we hit on the plan of tying its four feet together, and passing the spear handle between them. Jack took one end on his shoulder, I took the other on mine, and Peterkin carried the small pig.

Thus we returned in triumph to our bowery laden, as Peterkin remarked, with the glorious spoils of a noble hunt. As he afterwards spoke in similarly glowing terms in reference to the supper that followed, there is every reason to believe that we retired that night to our leafy beds in a high state of satisfaction.