

EXAMEN D'ADMISSIBILITE ECRIT
Seconde Section Internationale, Session
2020-21

Vous écrirez directement vos réponses sur les copies prévues. Vous devez rendre la totalité des documents à la fin de l'épreuve en les plaçant dans votre copie.

The narrator is Mallory, a seventeen-year-old high school student; she is with her classmate Rider.

A few moments later Rider turned right and pulled off into a small parking lot in front of a long, rectangular building that had more busted-out windows than it did glassed ones. "Where are we?"

Rider turned off the car and unbuckled his seat belt. "It's an old factory.
5 Looks bad but it's safe. Promise you."

I glanced at the ominous building that seemed straight out of one of the ghost-hunting shows I liked to watch on TV. I took off my seat belt and climbed out.

He joined me on the other side, slipping my keys into his pocket. The
10 pavement we walked across was cracked, and weeds poked through the fissures. Large chunks were missing. I glanced up at the sky. The scent of rain was heavy in the air as we neared double doors with faded red paint.

"We're not heading inside. Not today."

I tried not to trip as he took my hand and led me around the side of the
15 building. A musty scent clung to the old brick walls. He headed to the left, and I saw several stone picnic tables, and then the back of the building came into view.

I ground to a halt.

My lips parted in shock. I didn't know where to look; there was so much
20 color. Someone had transformed a decrepit gray wall into a living kaleidoscope of reds. Yellows. Greens. Purples. Blues. Blacks. Whites. Letting my eyes rove everywhere, I saw giant letters – random initials and words that didn't look English. Then there were the murals. I could make out people in cars. Buildings and trains. All of it was spray-painted. The talent implied by the intricacy of the
25 letters and the detail in the faces was amazing. And to be able to do this with spray paint? I couldn't even do it with a paintbrush and Diego Rivera¹ guiding my hand.

I thought about the red smudges I'd seen on Rider's fingers and I twisted toward him. Smiling a little, he let go of my hand and walked toward the

30 decorated wall, his long legs carrying him halfway down the length of the
building. He stopped in front of a painted young boy. I inched closer, folding my
arms around my waist as he ran a hand over the shoulder of the dark-haired
child. The detail was astonishing, down to the hands shoved into the pockets of
worn jeans. The shirt was white and looked so real, so flimsy, that I expected it
35 to blow right off the frail body. The boy was looking up at the graffiti above
him, but it was the expression on the face that gutted me.

Hopelessness.

It was in his light brownish-green eyes. Devastation was caught in the line
of the child's mouth. It was in the way his brows were furrowed together and
40 lifted up. The bleakness was so strong it was tangible. It clouded the air. I knew
that look. It said, would my life be like this forever? Was there no future any
different than today?

"I got busted for tagging a couple of times," Rider said, stepping back
from the wall. He stuck his hands into the pockets of his frayed jeans, just like
45 the child on the wall. "But this is one of the places where we're allowed to do
this without getting into trouble. Helps me clear my head. Don't really think
when I'm doing it."

"This... You did this?"

"Yeah."

50 Stunned, I stared at the boy. He had done this with a few cans of spray
paint? Blown away, I slowly shook my head. I couldn't stop staring. "That's
amazing. That you've done this."

Rider lifted one shoulder. "It's nothing."

"It's unbelievable. I can't... do anything like this."

55 He tilted his head to the side. "I could show you."

I choked on a laugh. I was pretty sure that would be like handing a crayon
to a toddler in the middle of a tantrum and telling them to color within the lines.

Facing me, he glanced up at the fat, rain-heavy clouds. "I mean, if you
want me to. There're other places where you can do it without getting in
60 trouble."

I looked back at the wall and tried to picture creating something so awe-
inspiring. I would end up with a spray-painted stick figure. "I wouldn't want to
mess anything up."

A lopsided grin appeared. "You wouldn't. Promise."

Abridged from *The Problem with Forever* by Jennifer L. Armentrout, 2016.

¹ A famous Mexican artist

COMPREHENSION (20 points)

Answer the questions in order. Try to respect the number of words specified by developing several ideas in longer answers. When the number of words is not specified, answer in one sentence. 'In your own words' means you have to reformulate the ideas of the text.

1. Where does the scene take place?
2. *Vocabulary*: give an English definition or a French translation of the following words in context.
a) glance at (1.6, 1.11) b) chunks (1. 11) c) smudges (1.28) d) astonishing (1.33)
e) frail (1.35) f) bleakness (1.40) g) toddler (1.57) h) grin (1.64)
3. The back of the building (1.18-27):
a) What does Mallory see?
b) How does she feel?
4. a) Focus on 1.29: "Smiling a little,..." Why do you think he is smiling? Make two suppositions.
5. "a painted young boy" (1.31):
a) Who painted it?
b) Describe the boy physically and emotionally in your own words. (*approx. 40 words*)
6. How does Mallory see her own artistic abilities? Answer the question, and quote the three best sentences from the whole text to back up your answer.
7. What does Rider think about this kind of artwork? Give two ideas.
8. Focus on these three sections: lines 1-17; lines 18-27; lines 28-42.
What atmosphere is created in each section? Explain in your own words, using specific details, and commenting on how the writer uses language to create atmosphere. (*approx. 100 words*)

WRITING (20 points)

Treat both subjects. On the whole, you should write approximately 300-350 words. Please indicate the number of words you used at the end of each subject. Up to ten points are available for the content of your answer, and up to ten points for the quality of your writing. Please do not write your name anywhere in your answers.

1. Imagine you are Rider. Write a journal entry at the end of the day. Include the following ideas:
- why you took Mallory there
- how you felt while you were there
- what you plan to do next
Start with this and continue: *I knew it was a good idea to take Mallory to...* (150-200 words)
2. How important is it for teenagers to express their creativity? Explain your point of view, and illustrate with examples. (150-200 words)