

EAE 0422 A	Sujet Jury	Sujet Candidat		Code Sujet	CLG 01
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**Your main commentary should be focused on V-EN. Other topics may also be addressed.**

When she was married and settled in her own home, three hundred miles away, my mother got a letter from Flora. Ellie was dead. She had died firm in her faith, Flora said, and grateful for her release. Nurse Atkinson was staying on for a little while, until it was time for her to go  
5 off to her next case. This was late in the summer.

News of what happened next did not come from Flora. When she wrote at Christmas, she seemed to take for granted that information would have gone ahead of her.

“You have in all probability heard,” wrote Flora, “that Robert and  
10 Nurse Atkinson have been married. They are living on here, in Robert’s part of the house. They are fixing it up to suit themselves. It is very impolite of me to call her Nurse Atkinson, as I see I have done. I ought to have called her Audrey.”

Of course the post-office friend had written, and so had others. It  
15 was a great shock and scandal and a matter that excited the district—the wedding as secret and surprising as Robert’s first one had been (though surely not for the same reason), Nurse Atkinson permanently installed in the community, Flora losing out for the second time. Nobody had been aware of any courtship, and they asked how the  
20 woman could have enticed him. Did she promise children, lying about her age?

The surprises were not to stop with the wedding. The bride got down to business immediately with the “fixing up” that Flora mentioned. In came the electricity and then the telephone. Now Nurse  
25 Atkinson—she would always be called Nurse Atkinson—was heard on the party line lambasting painters and paperhangers and delivery services. She was having everything done over. She was buying an electric stove and putting in a bathroom, and who knew where the money was coming from? Was it all hers, got in her deathbed dealings,  
30 in shady bequests? Was it Robert’s, was he claiming his share? Ellie’s share, left to him and Nurse Atkinson to enjoy themselves with, the shameless pair? All these improvements took place on one side of the house only. Flora’s side remained just as it was. No electric lights

there, no fresh wallpaper or new venetian blinds. When the house was  
35 painted on the outside—cream with dark-green trim—Flora’s side was left bare. This strange open statement was greeted at first with pity and disapproval, then with less sympathy, as a sign of Flora’s stubbornness and eccentricity (she could have bought her own paint and made it look decent), and finally as a joke. People drove out of  
40 their way to see it.

There was always a dance given in the schoolhouse for a newly married couple. A cash collection—called “a purse of money”—was presented to them. Nurse Atkinson sent out word that she would not mind seeing this custom followed, even though it happened that the  
45 family she had married into was opposed to dancing. Some people thought it would be a disgrace to gratify her, a slap in the face to Flora. Others were too curious to hold back. They wanted to see how the newlyweds would behave. Would Robert dance? What sort of outfit would the bride show up in? They delayed a while, but finally the dance  
50 was held, and my mother got her report.

The bride wore the dress she had worn at her wedding, or so she said. But who would wear such a dress for a wedding at the manse? More than likely it was bought especially for her appearance at the dance. Pure-white satin with a sweetheart neckline, idiotically youthful.  
55 The groom was got up in a new dark-blue suit, and she had stuck a flower in his buttonhole. They were a sight. Her hair was freshly done to blind the eye with brassy reflections, and her face looked as if it would come off on a man’s jacket, should she lay it on his shoulder in the dancing. Of course she did dance. She danced with every man  
60 present except the groom, who sat crunched into one of the school desks along the wall.

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**Your main commentary should be focused on -ING forms. Other topics may also be addressed.**

It was just after ten-thirty when my taxi turned into the gravel drive of 9 Rectory Road. As I let myself in at the front door I was, as always on returning from these excursions, struck by the contrast between the meanly proportioned, dark and dingy semi from which I had come, and the tactfully modernised and beautifully maintained Regency house which is now my home, with its gleaming paintwork and stripped wooden floor, its high ceilings and elegantly curving staircase, its magnolia walls hung with vivid contemporary paintings and prints, its comfortable, discreetly modern furniture, deep pile carpets, and state-of-the-art curtains which move back and forth at the touch of a button. The air was warm, but smelled sweet.

Fred acquired ownership of the house as part of her divorce settlement, and made its improvement her chief hobby until, with the opening of *Décor*, it became an extension of work, a laboratory for new ideas and an advertisement to potential customers. When we married I was glad to sell the serviceable but rather boring modern four-bedroomed detached box in which Maisie and I brought up our children, and to move into Fred's house, the money I acquired in this way funding her ambitious improvements. Its three floors provided enough bedrooms for our combined children, two of mine, who were in any case at or about to go to university by then, and three of hers. Nowadays the house is extravagantly large for just the two of us, but Fred likes to throw big parties, and to host inclusive family gatherings at Christmas and similar occasions. Besides, she insists, living space is her luxury: some people like fast cars, or yachts, or second homes in the Dordogne, but she prefers to spend her money on space she can enjoy every day.

I hung up my coat in the hall, and called out 'Fred!' to announce my return, and found her, as I expected, in the drawing room. The lights were restfully subdued, the gas-fired artificial coals in the grate glowed and flickered welcomingly. Fred reclined on the sofa with her feet up, watching *Newsnight* on television, and I caught a glimpse of soldiers in battledress patrolling a dusty Middle Eastern street before she

quenched the picture with the remote. I went over to the sofa and she tilted her face to receive a kiss.

'Carry on watching if you want to,' I said.

'No, darling, it's too depressing. Another suicide bomb in Baghdad.'

I sank down in an armchair, and took off my shoes. Fred said something I didn't catch, I presumed about the news, something about a mine. 'How could you commit suicide with a mine?' I asked. I saw from her expression that this was wrong. 'Hang on,' I said, and fumbled in my pocket for my hearing aid which I had taken out in the train. As I inserted the earpieces I discovered that one of them was already switched on. 'What did you say?'

'I said you're whining, darling. Or you were.'

'I must have forgotten to turn one of these things off. Either that or it turned itself on somehow. I suspect them of doing that occasionally.'

'So how was your Awayday?' Her tone was sympathetic, but the micro-humiliation of the whining hearing aid, reminder of my infirmity, lingered like the irritation of an insect bite, and diminished the pleasure of my homecoming. *Deaf, where is thy sting?* Answer: everywhere. Perhaps for that reason I painted a darker picture of Dad's situation than I might otherwise have done. I described the state of the house, especially the cooker and the fridge.

'He can't go on living on his own much longer,' I concluded.

Fred looked serious. 'Well, darling, I don't like to sound hard or unfeeling, but I have to say it: he can't live with us.'

'I know.'

'I just couldn't cope with it. Christmas, and a few other times a year I can manage, but not having him permanently.'

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**Your main commentary should be focused on *interrogative clauses*. Other topics may also be addressed.**

For an instant they were poised on the crest of the dawn as it broke in silent thunder on the land. No surfer ever rode such a wave, but the broomstick broke through the broil of fight and shot smoothly through into the coolness beyond.

5 Granny let herself breathe out.

Darkness took some of the terror out of the flight. It also meant that if Esk lost interest the broomstick ought to be able to fly under its own rather rusty magic.

10 ‘.’ Granny said, and cleared her bone-dry throat for a second try. ‘Esk?’

‘This is fun, isn’t it? I wonder how I make it happen?’

‘Yes, fun,’ said Granny weakly. ‘But can I fly the stick, please? I don’t want us to go over the Edge. Please?’

15 ‘Is it true that there’s a giant waterfall all around the Edge of the world, and you can look down and see stars?’ said Esk.

‘Yes. Can we slow down now?’

‘I’d like to see it.’

‘No! I mean, no, not now.’

20 The broomstick slowed. The rainbow bubble around it vanished with an audible pop. Without a jolt, without so much as a shudder, Granny found herself flying at a respectable speed again.

Granny had built a solid reputation on always knowing the answer to everything. Getting her to admit ignorance, even to herself, was an astonishing achievement. But the worm of curiosity was chewing at the  
25 apple of her mind.

‘How,’ she said at last, ‘did you do that?’

There was a thoughtful silence behind her. Then Esk said: ‘I don’t know. I just needed it, and it was in my head. Like when you remember something you’ve forgotten.’

30 ‘Yes, but how?’

‘I – I don’t know. I just had a picture of how I wanted things to be, and, and I, sort of – went into the picture.’

Granny stared into the night. She had never heard of magic like

that, but it sounded awfully powerful and probably lethal. Went into  
35 the picture! Of course, all magic changed the world in some way, wizards thought there was no other use for it – they didn’t truck with the idea of leaving the world as it was and changing the people – but this sounded more literal. It needed thinking about. On the ground.

40 For the first time in her life Granny wondered whether there might be something important in all these books people were setting such store by these days, although she was opposed to books on strict moral grounds, since she had heard that many of them were written by dead people and therefore it stood to reason reading them would be as bad as necromancy. Among the many things in the infinitely varied  
45 universe with which Granny did not hold was talking to dead people, who by all accounts had enough troubles of their own.

But not, she was inclined to feel, as many as her. She looked down bemusedly at the dark ground and wondered vaguely why the stars were below her.

50 For a cardiac moment she wondered if they had indeed flown over the Edge, and then she realized that the thousands of little pinpoints below her were too yellow, and flickered. Besides, whoever heard of stars arranged in such a neat pattern?

‘It’s very pretty,’ said Esk. ‘Is it a city?’

55 Granny scanned the ground wildly. If it was a city, then it was too big. But now she had time to think about it, it certainly smelled like a lot of people.

60 The air around them reeked of incense and grain and spices and beer, but mainly of the sort of smell that was caused by a high water-table, thousands of people, and a robust approach to drainage.

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**Your main commentary should be focused on *adverbials*. Other topics may also be addressed.**

What had I done? I didn't believe that Mamá could explain anything to me, but when she came home, I described to her what had transpired at the Garcias'. While I spoke, she set the table for our dinner. She peered into the bowl she had brought from the *vivienda*, grumbling over its contents. She sat suddenly down on the floor and took off her shoes, stretching out her short, plump legs. "My knees are a hundred years older than I am," she said.

"Mamá!" I cried.

She looked up at me, her gaze focused at last.

"You must be careful now," she said, getting to her feet and beginning to undress so that she could put on the ragged old dress she wore at home.

"You're going to be nine years old soon."

I ran outside and flinging up my arms frightened the guinea hens until they flew apart scattering jasmine petals as they tried to get away from me. Mamá called from the cabin.

"You mustn't let Panchito touch you anymore. Do you understand?"

I recalled at once the afternoon Panchito had taught me a few steps of a dance. We had been standing near a great bed of purple flowers from whose centers dripped sticky yellow tongues. He had taken my hands in his and sung me the song Señor Garcia had played on his victrola. His soft, round body had seemed close to dissolving as he jiggled and bounced, urging me to imitate him. Ursula Vargas had stepped out of the kitchen onto the platform at the top of the stairs. She had called out his name in a sharp voice and he had gone to her without a backward look at me.

Suddenly, like grasping the sense of a word which, until that moment of illumination has been only a mysterious association of letters, I knew what I was to be careful about, and I knew why Señora Garcia had so coldly interrupted my dance.

"Eat!" Mamá said. I shook my head. She looked at me curiously. She rose and came to me and smoothed my hair. "Between men and women —" she began. I pushed away her hand. She looked vaguely uneasy then shrugged and left me alone.

As soon as I lay down on my mattress, I fell asleep. But this day was not over. Hours later, Papá woke me. The sawing and whirring of insects outside in the dark sounded like tiny imitations of the machinery of the mill played by a victrola.

On the table lay a black and white board upon which stood carved black and white figures.

"I'm going to teach you chess," he said.

"Let her sleep," my mother protested from the bed.

"Pay attention," my father commanded me, ignoring her. "These figures are called men. Moors and Christians, like the beans and rice."

A long time later, my arm reddened by the slaps Papá had given me each time I forgot the knight's move, and clutching a Christian bishop in my hand, I lay my head down on the board and he allowed me to go to bed.

For days we played chess as soon as Mamá had cleared away the supper dishes. One night, I ran away to Nana's cabin, slipping past Papá as he was setting out the men on their squares. The village streets were dark save for a flickering light here and there which cast a yellow glow on the red earth like the light of the night beetles.

I woke Nana.

"I'm afraid," I said and began to cry.

I slept in her bed and each time I woke, I felt her arms around me. I could smell her hair and skin. My finger made the knight's move on her shoulder.

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**Your main commentary should be focused on *-ING forms*. Other topics may also be addressed.**

I first saw her standing near my mother's coffin. She was in her seventies – a tall, angular woman, with fine grey hair gathered in a compact bun at the back of her neck. She looked the way I hope to look if I ever make it to her birthday. She stood very erect, her spine refusing to hunch over with age. Her bone structure was flawless. Her skin had stayed smooth. Whatever wrinkles she had didn't cleave her face. Rather, they lent it character, *gravitas*. She was still handsome – in a subdued, patrician way. You could tell that, once upon a recent time, men probably found her beautiful.

But it was her eyes that really caught my attention. Blue-grey. Sharply focused, taking everything in. Critical, watchful eyes, with just the slightest hint of melancholy. But who isn't melancholic at a funeral? Who doesn't stare at a coffin and picture themselves laid out inside of it? They say funerals are for the living. Too damn true. Because we don't just weep for the departed. We also weep for ourselves. For the brutal brevity of life. For its ever-accumulating insignificance. For the way we stumble through it, like foreigners without a map, making mistakes at every curve of the road.

When I looked at the woman directly, she averted her gaze in embarrassment – as if I had caught her in the act of studying me. Granted, the bereaved child at a funeral is always the subject of everybody's attention. As the person closest to the departed, they want you to set the emotional tone for the occasion. If you're hysterical, they won't be frightened of letting rip. If you're sobbing, they'll just sob too. If you're emotionally buttoned up, they'll also remain controlled, disciplined, correct.

I was being very controlled, very correct – and so too were the twenty or so mourners who had accompanied my mother on "her final journey" – to borrow the words of the funeral director who dropped that phrase into the conversation when he was telling me the price of transporting her from his "chapel of rest" on 75th and Amsterdam to his "eternal resting place"... right under the LaGuardia Airport flight path in Flushing Meadows, Queens.

After the woman turned away, I heard the reverse throttle of jet engines and glanced up into the cold blue winter sky. No doubt several members of the assembled graveside congregation thought that I was contemplating the heavens – and wondering about my mother's place in its celestial vastness. But actually all I was doing was checking out the livery of the descending jet. *US Air. One of those old 727s they still use for short hauls. Probably Boston shuttle. Or maybe the Washington run...*

It is amazing the trivial junk that floats through your head at the most momentous moments of your life.

"Mommy, Mommy."

My seven-year-old son, Ethan, was tugging at my coat. His voice cut across that of the Episcopalian minister, who was standing at the back of the coffin, solemnly intoning a passage from Revelations:

*God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes;  
And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow  
Nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain;  
For the former things are passed away.*

I swallowed hard. No sorrow. No crying. No pain. That was not the story of my mother's life.

"Mommy, Mommy..."

Ethan was still tugging on my sleeve, demanding attention. I put a finger to my lips and simultaneously stroked his mop of dirty blond hair.

"Not now, darling," I whispered.

"I need to wee."

I fought a smile.

"Daddy will take you," I said, looking up and catching the eye of my ex-husband, Matt.

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**Your main commentary should be focused on *nominal clauses*. Other topics may also be addressed.**

They went on sitting like that a little longer, their hands locked. Then she sighed, let go of Mr Gardner and looked at me. She'd looked at me before, but this time it was different. This time I could feel her charm. It was like she had this dial, going zero to ten, and with me, at that moment, she'd decided to turn it to six or seven, but I could feel it really strong, and if she'd asked some favour of me — if say she'd asked me to go across the square and buy her some flowers — I'd have done it happily.

'Janeck,' she said. 'That's your name, right? I'm sorry, Janeck. Tony's right. I'd no business speaking to you the way I did.'

'Mrs Gardner, really, please don't worry...'

'And I disturbed the two of you talking. Musicians' talk, I bet. You know what? I'm gonna leave the two of you to get on with it.'

'No reason to go, honey,' Mr Gardner said.

'Oh yes there is, sweetie. I'm absolutely *yearning* to go look in that Prada store. I only came over just now to tell you I'd be longer than I said.'

'Okay, honey.' Tony Gardner straightened for the first time and took a deep breath. 'So long as you're sure you're happy doing that.'

'I'm gonna have a fantastic time in that store. So you two fellas, you have yourselves a good talk.' She got to her feet and touched me on the shoulder. 'You take care, Janeck.'

We watched her walk away, then Mr Gardner asked me a few things about being a musician in Venice, and about the Quadri orchestra in particular, who'd started playing just at that moment. He didn't seem to listen so carefully to my answers and I was about to excuse myself and leave, when he said suddenly:

'There's something I want to put to you, friend. Let me tell you what's on my mind and you can turn me down if that's what you want.' He leaned forward and lowered his voice. 'Can I tell you

something? The first time Lindy and I came here to Venice, it was our honeymoon. Twenty-seven years ago. And for all our happy memories of this place, we'd never been back, not together anyway. So when we were planning this trip, this special trip of ours, we said to ourselves we've got to spend a few days in Venice.'

'It's your anniversary, Mr Gardner?'

'Anniversary?' He looked startled.

'I'm sorry,' I said. 'I just thought, because you said this was your special trip.'

He went on looking startled for a while, then he laughed, a big, booming laugh, and suddenly I remembered this particular song my mother used to play all the time where he does a talking passage in the middle of the song, something about not caring that this woman has left him, and he does this sardonic laugh. Now the same laugh was booming across the square. Then he said:

'Anniversary? No, no, it's not our anniversary. But what I'm proposing, it's not so far off. Because I want to do something very romantic. I want to serenade her. Properly, Venice style. That's where you come in. You play your guitar, I sing. We do it from a gondola, we drift under the window, I sing up to her. We're renting a palazzo not far from here. The bedroom window looks over the canal. After dark, it'll be perfect. The lamps on the walls light things up just right. You and me in a gondola, she comes to the window. All her favourite numbers. We don't need to do it for long, the evenings are still kinda chilly. Just three or four songs, that's what I have in mind. I'll see you're well compensated. What do you say?'

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**Your main commentary should be focused on *adjectives*. Other topics may also be addressed.**

It was a normal everyday afternoon at the beginning of October.

Outside the grilled windows of the 87th's squad room, Grover Park was aflame with colour. Indian summer, like a Choctaw princess, strutted her feathers, wiggled her bright reds and oranges and yellows on the mild October air. The sun was dazzling in a flawlessly blue sky, its rays pushing at the grilled windows, creating shafts of golden light which dust motes tirelessly climbed. The sounds of the street outside slithered over the window sills and through the open windows, joining with the sounds of the squad room to create a melody unique and somehow satisfying.

Like a well-constructed symphony, there was an immediately identifiable theme to the sounds inside the squad room. This theme was built on a three-part harmony of telephone rings, typewriter clackings, and profanities. Upon this theme, the symphony was pyramided into its many variations. The variations ranged from the splendid *wooshy* sound of a bull's fist crashing into a thief's belly, to the shouted roar of a bull wanting to know where the hell his ball-point pen had gone, to the quietly persistent verbal bludgeoning of an interrogation session, to the muted honey tones of a phone conversation with a Hall Avenue *débutante*, to the whistling of a rookie delivering a message from Headquarters, to the romantic bellow of a woman filing a complaint against her wife-beating husband, to the gurgle of the water cooler, the uninhibited laughter following a dirty story.

Such laughter, accompanied by the outside street sounds of October, greeted the punch line of Meyer Meyer's joke on that Friday afternoon.

'He really knows how to tell them,' Bert Kling said. 'That's the one thing I can't do. Tell a story.'

'There are *many* things you can't do,' Meyer answered, his blue eyes twinkling, 'but we'll excuse the slight inaccuracy. Story-telling,

Bert, is an art acquired with age. A young snot like you could never hope to tell a good story. It takes years and years of experience.'

'Go to hell, you old fart,' Kling said.

'Right away he gets aggressive, you notice that, Cotton? He's very sensitive about his age.'

Cotton Hawes sipped at his coffee and grinned. He was a tall man, six feet two and weighing-in at a hundred and ninety pounds. He had blue eyes and a square jaw with a cleft chin. His hair was a brilliant red, lighted now by the lazy October sunshine which played with particular intensity on the streak of white hair over his left temple. The white streak was a curiosity in that it was the result of a long-ago knife wound. They'd shaved the original red to get at the cut, and the shaved patch had grown in white. 'Which shows how goddam scared I was,' Hawes had said at the time.

Now, grinning at Meyer, he said, 'The very young are always hostile. Didn't you know that?'

'Are *you* starting on me, too?' Kling said. 'It's a conspiracy.'

'It's not a conspiracy,' Meyer corrected. 'It's a spontaneous programme of hatred. That's the trouble with this world. Too much hatred. By the way, do either of you know the slogan for Anti-Hate Week?'

'Screw-All-Haters!' Meyer said vehemently, and the phone rang. Hawes and Kling looked puzzled for a moment, and then burst into belated laughter. Meyer shushed them with an out-stretched palm.

'Eighty-seventh Squad, detective Meyer speaking,' he said. 'What was that, ma'am? I'm a detective. What? Well, no, I'm not exactly in charge of the squad.' He shrugged and raised his eyebrows in Kling's direction. 'Well, the lieutenant is pretty busy right now. May I help you, ma'am?'

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**Your main commentary should be focused on *non canonical constituent order and information packaging*. Other topics may also be addressed.**

One afternoon, therefore, as if by chance, Blue comes closer to the window than he has in many days, happens to pause in front of it, and then, as if for old time's sake, parts the curtains and looks outside. The first thing he sees is Black – not inside his room, but  
5 sitting on the stoop of his building across the street, looking up at Blue's window. Is he finished, then? Blue wonders. Does this mean it's over?

Blue retrieves his binoculars from the back of the room and returns to the window. Bringing them into focus on Black, he  
10 studies the man's face for several minutes, first one feature and then another, the eyes, the lips, the nose, and so on, taking the face apart and then putting it back together. He is moved by the depth of Black's sadness, the way the eyes looking up at him seem so devoid of hope, and in spite of himself, caught unawares by this  
15 image, Blue feels compassion rising up to him, a rush of pity for that forlorn figure across the street. He wishes it were not so, however, wishes he had the courage to load his gun, take aim at Black, and fire a bullet through his head. He'd never know what hit him, Blue thinks, he'd be in heaven before he touched the ground.  
20 But as soon as he has played out this little scene in his mind, he begins to recoil from it. No, he realizes, that's not what he wishes at all. If not that, then – what? Still struggling against the surge of tender feelings, saying to himself that he wants to be left alone, that all he wants is peace and quiet, it gradually dawns on him that  
25 he has in fact been standing there for several minutes wondering if there is not some way that he might help Black, if it would not be possible for him to offer his hand in friendship. That would certainly turn the tables, Blue thinks, that would certainly stand the whole business on its head. But why not? Why not do the unexpected? To  
30 knock on the door, to erase the whole story – it's no less absurd than anything else. For the fact of the matter is, all the fight has

been taken out of Blue. He no longer has the stomach for it. And, to all appearances, neither does Black. Just look at him, Blue says to himself. He's the saddest creature in the world. And then, the  
35 moment he says these words, he understands that he's also talking about himself.

Long after Black leaves the steps, therefore, turning around and re-entering the building, Blue goes on staring at the vacant spot. An hour or two before dusk, he finally turns from the window, sees  
40 the disorder he has allowed his room to fall into, and spends the next hour straightening things up – washing the dishes, making the bed, putting away his clothes, removing the old reports from the floor. Then he goes into the bedroom, takes a long shower, shaves, and puts on fresh clothes, selecting his best blue suit for the  
45 occasion. Everything is different for him now, suddenly and irrevocably different. There is no more dread, no more trembling. Nothing but a calm assurance, a sense of rightness in the thing he is about to do.

Shortly after nightfall, he adjusts his tie one last time before the  
50 mirror and then leaves the room, going outside, crossing the street, and entering Black's building. He knows that Black is there, since a small lamp is on in his room, and as he walks up the stairs he tries to imagine the expression that will come over Black's face when he tells him what he has in mind. He knocks twice on the  
55 door, very politely, and then hears Black's voice from within: The doors open. Come in.

It is difficult to say exactly what Blue was expecting to find – but in all events, it was not this, not the thing that confronts him the moment he stops into the room.

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**Your main commentary should be focused on *passive forms*. Other topics may also be addressed.**

Alive, the foxes inhabited a world my father made for them. It was surrounded by a high guard fence, like a medieval town, with a gate that was padlocked at night. Along the streets of this town were ranged large, sturdy pens. Each of them had a real door that  
5 a man could go through, a wooden ramp along the wire, for the foxes to run up and down on, and a kennel—something like a clothes chest with airholes—where they slept and stayed in winter and had their young. There were feeding and watering dishes attached to the wire in such a way that they could be emptied and  
10 cleaned from the outside. The dishes were made of old tin cans, and the ramps and kennels of odds and ends of old lumber. Everything was tidy and ingenious; my father was tirelessly inventive and his favourite book in the world was Robinson Crusoe. He had fitted a tin drum on a wheelbarrow, for bringing water down  
15 to the pens. This was my job in summer, when the foxes had to have water twice a day. Between nine and ten o'clock in the morning, and again after supper, I filled the drum at the pump and trundled it down through the barnyard to the pens, where I parked it, and filled my watering can and went along the streets. Laird  
20 came too, with his little cream and green gardening can, filled too full and knocking against his legs and slopping water on his canvas shoes. I had the real watering can, my father's, though I could only carry it three-quarters full.

The foxes all had names, which were printed on a tin plate and  
25 hung beside their doors. They were not named when they were born, but when they survived the first year's pelting and were added to the breeding stock. Those my father had named were called names like Prince, Bob, Wally and Betty. Those I had named were called Star or Turk, or Maureen or Diana. Laird named one  
30 Maud after a hired girl we had when he was little, one Harold after a boy at school, and one Mexico, he did not say why.

Naming them did not make pets out of them, or anything like it. Nobody but my father ever went into the pens, and he had twice had blood-poisoning from bites. When I was bringing them their  
35 water they prowled up and down on the paths they had made inside their pens, barking seldom—they saved that for nighttime, when they might get up a chorus of community frenzy—but always watching me, their eyes burning, clear gold, in their pointed, malevolent faces. They were beautiful for their delicate legs and  
40 heavy, aristocratic tails and the bright fur sprinkled on dark down their backs—which gave them their name—but especially for their faces, drawn exquisitely sharp in pure hostility, and their golden eyes.

Besides carrying water I helped my father when he cut the long  
45 grass, and the lamb's quarter and flowering money-musk, that grew between the pens. He cut with the scythe and I raked into piles. Then he took a pitchfork and threw fresh-cut grass all over the top of the pens, to keep the foxes cooler and shade their coats, which were browned by too much sun. My father did not talk to me  
50 unless it was about the job we were doing. In this he was quite different from my mother, who, if she was feeling cheerful, would tell me all sorts of things—the name of a dog she had had when she was a little girl, the names of boys she had gone out with later on when she was grown up, and what certain dresses of hers had  
55 looked like—she could not imagine now what had become of them.

<b>EAE 0422 A</b>	<b>Sujet Jury</b>	<b>Sujet Candidat</b>		<b>Code Sujet</b>	<b>CLG 10</b>
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**Your main commentary should be focused on *quantity*. Other topics may also be addressed.**

As a clerical officer of the lowest grade my first week's pay after deductions was fourteen pounds thirteen pence, in the novel decimal currency which had not yet lost its unserious, half-baked, fraudulent air. I paid four pounds a week for my room, and an extra pound for electricity. My travel cost just over a pound, leaving me eight pounds for food and all else. I present these details not to complain, but in the spirit of Jane Austen, whose novels I had once raced through at Cambridge. How can one understand the inner life of a character, real or fictional, without knowing the state of her finances? *Miss Frome, newly installed in diminutive lodgings at number seventy St Augustine's Road, London North West One, had less than one thousand a year and a heavy heart.* I managed week to week, but I did not feel part of a glamorous clandestine world.

Still, I was young, and maintaining a heavy heart all moments of the day was beyond me. My chum, at lunch breaks and evenings out, was Shirley Shilling, whose alliterative name in the dependable old currency caught something of her plump lopsided smile and old-fashioned taste for fun. She was in trouble with our chain-smoking supervisor, Miss Ling, in the very first week for 'taking too long in the lavatory'. Actually, Shirley had hurried out of the building at ten o'clock to buy herself a frock for a party that night, had run all the way to a department store in Oxford Street, found the very thing, tried it on, tried the next size up, paid and got a bus back – in twenty minutes. There would have been no time at lunch because she planned to try on shoes. None of the rest of us new girls would have dared so much.

So what did we make of her? The cultural changes of the past several years may have seemed profound but they had clipped no one's social antennae. Within a minute, no, less, by the time Shirley had uttered three words, we would have known that she was of humble origins. Her father owned a bed and sofa shop in Ilford called Bedworld, her school was a giant local comprehensive, her university was Nottingham. She was the first in her family to stay on at school past the age of sixteen. MI5 may have been wanting to demonstrate a

more open recruitment policy, but Shirley happened to be exceptional. She typed at twice the speed of the best of us, her memory – for faces, files, conversations, procedures – was sharper than ours, she asked fearless, interesting questions. It was a sign of the times that a large minority of the girls admired her – her mild Cockney had a touch of modern glamour, her voice and manner reminded us of Twiggy or Keith Richards or Bobby Moore. In fact her brother was a professional footballer who played for the Wolverhampton Wanderers reserves. This club, so we were obliged to learn, had reached the final of the newfangled UEFA Cup that year. Shirley was exotic, she represented a confident new world.

Some girls were snobbish about Shirley, but none of us was as worldly and cool. Many of our intake would have been presentable at court to Queen Elizabeth as debutantes if the practice hadn't been terminated fifteen years earlier. A few were the daughters or nieces of serving or retired officers. Two-thirds of us had degrees from the older universities. We spoke in identical tones, we were socially confident and could have passed muster at a country house weekend. But there was always a trace of an apology in our style, a polite impulse to defer, especially when one of the senior officers, one of the ex-colonial types, came through our crepuscular room. Then most of us (I exclude myself, of course) were the mistresses of the lowered gaze and the compliant near-smile. Among the new-joiners a low-level unacknowledged search was on for a decent husband from the right sort of background.

Shirley, however, was unapologetically loud and, being in no mood to marry, looked everyone in the eye. She had a knack or weakness for laughing boisterously at her own anecdotes – not, I thought, because she found herself funny, but because she thought that life needed celebrating and wanted others to join in.

EAE 0422 A	Sujet Jury	Sujet Candidat		Code Sujet	CLG 11
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**Your main commentary should be focused on *THAT*. Other topics may also be addressed.**

In the morning Anna, who had slept deeply, and dreamed that she was hiding in the orchard at Darton and being called in, more and more loudly and persistently, awoke to find Oliver not there. She was lying in a deep pit in the middle of Professor Ainger's feather mattress, with the sheets wrinkled messily round her, and her own brassière and briefs protruding from under the pillow. She thought, perhaps he has just left me here and gone off, and then was involved in that particularly unpleasant panic which catches at those who wake in a strange house without a clock, and do not know whether they are inconveniently early or inconveniently late for breakfast, whether they are irritatedly awaited or will be properly called in due course. She sat up doubtfully and put on her underwear, which made her feel immediately more sordid and less abandoned.

Who would have thought, she reminisced, that Oliver had all that in him. And then, remembering how she had always been afraid of his intensesness and curled energy and small man's aggressiveness, she corrected herself, no, that's wrong, I would have thought it myself. She lay down again, her face in the stuffy pillow, and thought well, that's that. I can't wonder what that is like any more. A period had been set to what had been an ever-present curiosity, ever since she had known there was anything there to be curious about. She didn't think she missed the former state, the curiosity, but this was only the third real ending in her life; the other two had been her departure for school and her departure from school, and neither of these had been a prelude to anything that might have been called a real beginning. There was no reason to suppose that this would change anything either. Anna had sat in on conversation in college, where women she knew had swapped information about their reactions to their own deflorations, and had decided quite early that she herself was not one to whom anything

of this kind would, in itself, make a tremendous difference. Things don't shatter me, she thought. And certainly not Oliver; that had been proved at the end of the summer. That was probably why she was here, because Oliver would not shatter her. There was a great deal to be said for having got over a hurdle of this kind without being put out; one was left free. Not that one did not mind at all, it was just silly to suppose that. One regretted the unknowing curiosity, already, surprisingly. I may come to mind a great deal, later, she told herself, but she was not really attending – later was not a word with any urgency in Anna's vocabulary, except when it referred to her event. Those who do not expect a revelation, a transformation, are rarely transformed; she had expected little, and was not, she decided, transformed at all, though she was certainly spending time thinking about it. What really needled was the uncertainty about when, or if, she was expected to breakfast.

She discovered that she had a hangover; a headache, a bad, prickling taste in the mouth, and an intolerable thirst. She clambered unsteadily out of the bed and was drinking messily from the cold tap, in cupped hands, swearing to herself, when Oliver, shaved and dressed, and with shining shoes, came in, closed the door behind him, and looked at her. He said, 'I have made breakfast.'

'I don't think I can face any.'

'I'd try, if I were you. You've got to get out of this house anyway in half an hour or so. I want to be in the library, and I don't intend to come back here again. So please hurry up and dress.'

<b>EAE 0422 A</b>	<b>Sujet Jury</b>	<b>Sujet Candidat</b>	<b>Code Sujet</b>	<b>CLG 12</b>
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**Your main commentary should be focused on TO. Other topics may also be addressed.**

It was, in fact, one of those places that exist merely so that people can have come from them. The universe is littered with them: hidden villages, windswept little towns under wide skies, isolated cabins on chilly mountains, whose only mark on history is to be the incredibly ordinary place where something extraordinary started to happen. Often there is no more than a little plaque to reveal that, against all gynaecological probability, someone very famous was born halfway up a wall.

Mist curled between the houses as the wizard crossed a narrow bridge over the swollen stream and made his way to the village smithy, although the two facts had nothing to do with one another. The mist would have curled anyway: it was experienced mist and had got curling down to a fine art.

The smithy was fairly crowded, of course. A smithy is one place where you can depend on finding a good fire and someone to talk to. Several villagers were lounging in the warm shadows but, as the wizard approached, they sat up expectantly and tried to look intelligent, generally with indifferent success.

The smith didn't feel the need to be quite so subservient. He nodded at the wizard, but it was a greeting between equals, or at least between equals as far as the smith was concerned. After all, any halfway competent blacksmith has more than a nodding acquaintance with magic, or at least likes to think he has.

The wizard bowed. A white cat that had been sleeping by the furnace woke up and watched him carefully.

'What is the name of this place, sir?' said the wizard.

The blacksmith shrugged.

'Bad Ass,' he said.

'Bad—?'

'Ass,' repeated the blacksmith, his tone defying anyone to make something of it.

The wizard considered this.

'A name with a story behind it,' he said at last, 'which were circumstances otherwise I would be pleased to hear. But I would like to speak to you, smith, about your son.'

'Which one?' said the smith, and the hangers-on sniggered. The wizard smiled.

'You have seven sons, do you not? And you yourself were an eighth son?'

40 The smith's face stiffened. He turned to the other villagers.

'All right, the rain's stopping,' he said. 'Piss off, the lot of you. Me and—' he looked at the wizard with raised eyebrows.

'Drum Billet,' said the wizard.

45 'Me and Mr. Billet have things to talk about.' He waved his hammer vaguely and, one after another, craning over their shoulders in case the wizard did anything interesting, the audience departed.

The smith drew a couple of stools from under a bench. He took a bottle out of a cupboard by the water tank and poured a couple of very small glasses of clear liquid.

50 The two men sat and watched the rain and the mist rolling over the bridge. Then the smith said: 'I know what son you mean. Old Granny is up with my wife now. Eighth son of an eighth son, of course. It did cross my mind but I never gave it much thought, to be honest. Well, well. A wizard in the family, eh?'

55 'You catch on very quickly,' said Billet. The white cat jumped down from its perch, sauntered across the floor and vaulted into the wizard's lap, where it curled up. His thin fingers stroked it absent-mindedly.

'Well, well,' said the smith again. 'A wizard in Bad Ass, eh?'

60 'Possibly, possibly,' said Billet. 'Of course, he'll have to go to University first. He may do very well, of course.'

The smith considered the idea from all angles, and decided he liked it a lot. A thought struck him.

'Hang on,' he said. 'I'm trying to remember what my father told me. A wizard who knows he's going to die can sort of pass on his sort of wizardness to a sort of successor, right?'

65 'I have never heard it put so succinctly, yes,' said the wizard.

'So you're going to sort of die?'

'Oh yes.'

<b>EAE 0422 A</b>	<b>Sujet Jury</b>	<b>Sujet Candidat</b>	<b>Code Sujet</b>	<b>CLG 13</b>
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**Your main commentary should be focused on *OF, 'S and compound nouns*. Other topics may also be addressed.**

Fire-watching is beyond him now, but there is little need for it. In the spring of 1944, the sirens seldom sound. The unexpected resumption of German night raids at the beginning of the year turned out to be just a token retaliation for the carpet-bombing of German cities by the British and American air forces and soon petered out. Now there is only the occasional hit-and-run daylight raid by some fast low-flying fighter-bomber that slips under the radar shield, and these rarely get as far as central London. Nazi Germany has more important things on its military mind: grimly resisting the advance of the Russian army in the east, and preparing to repulse the invasion of occupied France which everybody knows is imminent. London is safe again, and one by one the leaseholders of Hanover Terrace are creeping back to reclaim their property, viewed with some contempt by H.G. who has been here for the duration, keeping to his routine, writing his books, answering letters, going for a daily constitutional – across the road and into the park, to the Zoo or the Rose Garden, or down Baker Street to the Savile Club in Brook Street, pausing for a browse in Smith's bookshop on the way.

Lately he has had to give up these excursions – even the Rose Garden is too far. He is not well. He has no strength. He has no appetite. He rises late and sits in an armchair in the small sitting room, or in the sun lounge, a glassed-in balcony at the back of the house, with a rug over his knees, reading and dozing intermittently, woken with a start by the sound of his book sliding to the floor, or by his daughter-in-law Marjorie, who has acted as his secretary ever since his wife died, coming in with some letters that need answering or just to check that he is comfortable. In the evenings he is visited by his elder son Gip, Marjorie's husband, or by Anthony, his natural son by Rebecca West, born on the first day of the First World War. He is conscious of these three people going in and out, scrutinizing him with worried frowns. For some time he has had a nurse in the house at nights; now his physician Lord Horder has recommended that they employ a day nurse as well. He wonders if he is dying.

One evening in April, Anthony West rings up his mother. She receives the call at her home, Ibstone House, the surviving wing of a Regency period mansion, with its own farm attached, in the country near High Wycombe, where she lives with her husband Henry Andrews, a banker and economist now working at the Ministry of Economic Warfare.

'I'm afraid I've some bad news,' Anthony says. 'Horder says H.G. has cancer of the liver.'

'Oh God!' says Rebecca. 'How awful! Does he know?'

'Not yet.'

'You're not going to tell him, I hope?'

'Well, I've been talking it over with Gip. We think we should.'

'But why?'

'H.G. has always believed in facing facts. He's not afraid of death. He's said so on many occasions.'

'It's one thing to say it...'

'I don't think we should discuss this over the phone, Rac,' Anthony says, using the nickname she acquired when she married Henry and they began calling themselves Ric and Rac after two French cartoon dogs. 'I wish I could have come over and told you in person.'

'Because you're feeling dreadful?'

'Because I thought *you* would feel dreadful.'

'Well, of course I do,' says Rebecca, bristling slightly. Their conversations tend to be barbed with little implied or inferred accusations and rebuttals, which often turn into bigger ones.

'I can't get over to Ibstone at the moment,' Anthony says. 'We're short-staffed in Far East and I'm very busy.' He is currently working as a sub-editor in the Far Eastern Department of the BBC's Overseas Service.

<b>EAE 0422 A</b>	<b>Sujet Jury</b>	<b>Sujet Candidat</b>	<b>Code Sujet</b>	<b>CLG 14</b>
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**Your main commentary should be focused on DO. Other topics may also be addressed.**

Nora takes a bottle, half full, out of the top of the organ and pours some of what is in it into the two glasses that she and my father have emptied of the orange drink.

"Keep it in case of sickness?" my father says.

5 "Not on your life," says Nora. "I'm never sick. I just keep it because I keep it. One bottle does me a fair time, though, because I don't care for drinking alone. Here's luck!" She and my father drink and I know what it is. Whisky. One of the things my mother has told me in our talks together is that my father never drinks  
10 whisky. But I see he does. He drinks whisky and he talks of people whose names I have never heard before. But after a while he turns to a familiar incident. He tells about the chamberpot that was emptied out the window. "Picture me there," he says, "hollering my heartiest. *Oh, lady, it's your Walker Brothers man, anybody home?*"  
15 He does himself hollering, grinning absurdly, waiting, looking up in pleased expectation and then—oh, ducking, covering his head with his arms, looking as if he begged for mercy (when he never did anything like that, I was watching), and Nora laughs, almost as hard as my brother did at the time.

20 "That isn't true! That's not a word true!"

"Oh, indeed it is ma'am. We have our heroes in the ranks of Walker Brothers. I'm glad you think it's funny," he says sombrely.

I ask him shyly, "Sing the song."

25 "What song? Have you turned into a singer on top of everything else?"

Embarrassed, my father says, "Oh, just this song I made up while I was driving around, it gives me something to do, making up rhymes."

30 But after some urging he does sing it, looking at Nora with a droll, apologetic expression, and she laughs so much that in places he has to stop and wait for her to get over laughing so he can go

on, because she makes him laugh too. Then he does various parts of his salesman's spiel. Nora when she laughs squeezes her large bosom under her folded arms. "You're crazy," she says. "That's all  
35 you are." She sees my brother peering into the gramophone and she jumps up and goes over to him. "Here's us sitting enjoying ourselves and not giving you a thought, isn't it terrible?" she says. "You want me to put a record on, don't you? You want to hear a nice record? Can you dance? I bet your sister can, can't she?"

40 I say no. "A big girl like you and so good-looking and can't dance!" says Nora. "It's high time you learned. I bet you'd make a lovely dancer. Here, I'm going to put on a piece I used to dance to and even your daddy did, in his dancing days. You didn't know your daddy was a dancer, did you? Well, he is a talented man, your  
45 daddy!"

She puts down the lid and takes hold of me unexpectedly around the waist, picks up my other hand and starts making me go backwards. "This is the way, now, this is how they dance. Follow me. This foot, see. One and one-two. One and one-two. That's fine,  
50 that's lovely, don't look at your feet! Follow me, that's right, see how easy? You're going to be a lovely dancer! One and one-two. One and one-two. Ben, see your daughter dancing!" *Whispering while you cuddle near me Whispering where no one can hear me...*

<b>EAE 0422 A</b>	<b>Sujet Jury</b>	<b>Sujet Candidat</b>	<b>Code Sujet</b>	<b>CLG 15</b>
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**Your main commentary should be focused on articles ( $\emptyset$ , A/AN, THE). Other topics may also be addressed.**

Take a birth. Any birth.

Arriving on the threshold of womanhood (for it is she, as chance would have it) Maria finds herself in Mrs Leadbetter's study. Mrs Leadbetter the headmistress. She beamed at Maria and waved her to an armchair. Outside it was dark.

'I won't keep you long,' she said. 'I wanted to say this only: that we are proud of you, Maria. The first of our girls in fifty-four years to have won a place at Oxford. What an opportunity stretches before you. How excited you must be.'

Maria smiled.

'One doesn't like to crow,' said Mrs Leadbetter, 'but the boys's school this year has secured only three places. Out of twelve entrants, this represents only twenty-five per cent. And yet out of our two entrants, you represent fifty per cent success. You must feel very proud.'

Mrs Leadbetter had a peculiar face, very brown and wrinkled. She was a stout woman. Her breasts resembled nothing so much as two Dundee rock cakes (bonus size) of the sort sold in the bakery just around the corner, although strictly speaking this was a comparison which Mr Leadbetter alone was entitled to draw. Maria anyway took no notice of her, her mind running on the school motto, *Per ardua ad astra*, which she could read, upside down, on Mrs Leadbetter's headed notepaper.

'In less than a year's time, Maria, you will be going to Oxford,' the old woman continued. 'It is a city of dreams. I went there myself of course. Yes, I can remember doing my Christmas shopping there once. Have you any idea, Maria, what an exciting time of your life approaches? Freed from school's closed world, you fling yourself pell-mell into the giddy whirl of life, in the company of life's gay young things on the doorstep of their dreams.'

Maria did not believe a word of this, of course. She was inexperienced, but not stupid, and in the last few years she had begun to notice things, and to withdraw, unimpressed, from the society of her school friends, her former playmates. Miserable Maria, they had started to call her. Moody Mary. Childish nicknames, that's all. Shit-face. Snot-bag. Their invention was inexhaustible. Maria's reserve infuriated Mrs Leadbetter, as usual.

'You are a quiet girl, Maria. You have a silent and studious disposition, admirable in one so young. You channel your youthful high spirits into the peaceful streams of the intellect, the passive contemplation of the great works of art and literature. You are placid, imperturbable.'

Maria was thinking furiously of a way to be rid of this maniac. She craved her lamp-lit bedroom.

'All I wanted to say, Maria, is that I and all the staff, all of us here at St Jude's, are behind you and rooting for you, and are pleased and proud with what you have done. We want your time at Oxford to be the glorious start of a life rich in achievement and fulfilment. You must begin even now to prepare yourself for it, psychologically and spiritually. Think daily on your success, Maria, and what it will mean for you. Look forward to it with joy and anticipation. Be thrilled.'

A hard thing to ask, that, of Maria, whom little thrilled, not even the darkness through which she walked that evening on her way to the bus stop. It was a cold night, and school was empty, but for the cleaners to be seen at work in bright windows. The homeward traffic hummed, the chill breeze swept, Maria shivered.

<b>EAE 0422 A</b>	<b>Sujet Jury</b>	<b>Sujet Candidat</b>	<b>Code Sujet</b>	<b>CLG 16</b>
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**Your main commentary should be focused on WH- words. Other topics may also be addressed.**

In his bedroom at the Carlton Hotel George Bevan was packing. That is to say, he had begun packing; but for the last twenty minutes he had been sitting on the side of the bed, staring into a future which became bleaker and bleaker the more he examined it. In the last two days he had been no stranger to these grey moods, and they had become harder and harder to dispel. Now, with the steamer-trunk before him gaping to receive its contents, he gave himself up whole-heartedly to gloom.

Somehow the steamer-trunk, with all that it implied of partings and voyagings, seemed to emphasize the fact that he was going out alone into an empty world. Soon he would be on board the liner, every revolution of whose engines would be taking him farther away from where his heart would always be. There were moments when the torment of this realization became almost physical.

It was incredible that three short weeks ago he had been a happy man. Lonely, perhaps, but only in a vague, impersonal way. Not lonely with this aching loneliness that tortured him now. What was there left for him? As regards any triumphs which the future might bring in connection with this work, he was, as Mac the stage-door keeper had said, "blarzy". Any success he might have would be but a stale repetition of other successes which he had achieved. He would go on working of course, but—. The ringing of the telephone bell across the room jerked him back to the present. He got up with a muttered malediction. Someone calling up again from the theatre probably. They had been doing it all the time since he had announced his intention of leaving for America by Saturday's boat.

"Hullo?" he said wearily.  
 "Is that George?" asked a voice. It seemed familiar, but all female voices sound the same over the telephone.  
 "This is George," he replied. "Who are you?"  
 "Don't you know my voice?"  
 "I do not."  
 "You'll know it quite well before long. I'm a great talker."  
 "Is that Billie?"  
 "It's not Billie, whoever Billie may be. I am female, George."  
 "So is Billie."  
 "Well, you had better run through the list of your feminine friends till you reach me."  
 "I haven't any feminine friends."  
 "None?"  
 "No."  
 "That's odd."

"Why?"  
 "You told me in the garden two nights ago that you looked on me as a pal."

George sat down abruptly. He felt boneless.  
 "Is—is that you?" he stammered. "It can't be—Maud!"  
 "How clever of you to guess, George, I want to ask you one or two things. In the first place, are you fond of butter?"

George blinked. This was not a dream. He had just bumped his knee against the corner of the telephone table, and it still hurt most convincingly. He needed the evidence to assure himself that he was awake.

"Butter?" he queried. "What do you mean?"  
 "Oh, well, if you don't even know what butter means, I expect it's all right. What is your weight, George?"

"About a hundred and eighty pounds. But I don't understand."  
 "Wait a minute." There was a silence at the other end of the wire. "About thirteen stone," said Maud's voice. "I've been doing it in my head. And what was it this time last year?"

"About the same, I think. I always weigh about the same."  
 "How wonderful! George!"  
 "Yes?"

"This is very important. Have you ever been in Florida?"  
 "I was there one winter."  
 "Do you know a fish called the pompano?"

"Yes."  
 "Tell me about it."  
 "It's just a fish. You eat it."  
 "I know. Go into details."  
 "There aren't any details. You just eat it."

"I've never heard anything so splendid. The last man who mentioned pompano to me became absolutely lyrical about sprigs of parsley and melted butter. Well, that's that. Now, here's another very important point. How about wall-paper?"

George pressed his unoccupied hand against his forehead. This conversation was unnerving him.

"I didn't get that," he said.  
 "Didn't get what?"  
 "I mean I didn't quite catch what you said that time. It sounded to me like 'What about wall-paper?'"