

**TEST D'ENTRÉE EN SECONDE  
SECTION INTERNATIONALE  
LYCÉE BRANLY, NOGENT  
LYCÉE EVARISTE GALOIS, NOISY LE GRAND**

**SESSION DE 2018**

**ANGLAIS**

Durée de l'épreuve : 1h30

*L'usage du dictionnaire n'est pas autorisé.*

**Dès que ce sujet vous est remis, assurez-vous qu'il est complet.  
Ce sujet comporte 7 pages.**

**Répartition des points**

**I. Compréhension écrite : 10 points**

**II. Expression écrite : 10 points**

**NOTE IMPORTANTE :**

*Il est interdit aux candidats de signer leur composition ou d'y mettre  
un signe quelconque pouvant indiquer sa provenance.*

- **NUMERO DE CANDIDAT :** \_\_\_\_\_



## CONSIGNES À LIRE ATTENTIVEMENT AVANT DE COMMENCER A COMPOSER

- Indiquez votre numéro de candidat sur la page de garde.
- N'hésitez pas à annoter le texte.
- Les candidats devront répondre sur le sujet.
- Toutes vos réponses devront être rédigées en ANGLAIS.
- Veuillez écrire lisiblement, à l'encre ou au stylo bille uniquement.

*Read the following extract carefully and answer all of the questions below. The extract is taken from the novel Great Expectations written by Charles Dickens in 1860-61. The narrator has been sent for by a woman who was left alone on her wedding day years before. Since then, she has remained just as she was when she was given the news that her husband-to-be would not marry her and she lives a reclusive life.*

I entered and found myself in a pretty large room, well lighted with wax<sup>1</sup> candles. No glimpse of daylight was to be seen in it. It was a dressing-room, as I supposed from the furniture, though much of it was of forms and uses then quite unknown to me. But prominent in it was a draped table with a gilded<sup>2</sup> looking-glass, and that I made out at first to be a fine lady's dressing-table. In an armchair, with an elbow resting on the table and her head leaning on that hand, sat the strangest lady I have ever seen, or shall ever see.

She was dressed in rich materials – satins, and lace, and silks – all of white. Her shoes were white. And she had a long white veil dependent from her hair, and she had bridal flowers in her hair, but her hair was white. Some bright jewels sparkled on her neck and on her hands, and some other jewels lay sparkling on the table. Dresses, less splendid than the dress she wore, and half-packed trunks, were scattered about. She had not quite finished dressing, for she had but one shoe on – the other was on the table near her hand – her veil was but half arranged, her watch and chain were not put on, and some lace for her breast lay with those trinkets, and with her handkerchief, and gloves, and some flowers, and a prayer-book, all in a pile near the looking-glass.

It was not in the first moments that I saw all these things, though I saw more of them in the first moments than might be supposed. But I saw that everything within my view which ought to be white, had been white long ago, and had lost its lustre and was faded and yellow. I saw that the bride within the bridal dress had withered like the dress, and like the flowers, and had no brightness left but the brightness of her sunken eyes. I saw that the dress had been put upon the rounded figure of a young woman, and that the figure upon which it now hung loose, had shrunk to skin and bone. Once, I had been taken to see some ghastly waxwork at the Fair, representing I know not what impossible personage. Once, I had been taken to one of our old churches to see a skeleton in the ashes of a rich dress, that had been dug out from under the church pavement. Now, waxwork and skeleton seemed to have dark eyes that moved and looked at me. I should have cried out, if I could.

“Who is it?” said the lady at the table.

“Pip, ma’am.”

“Pip?”

“Mr. Pumblechook’s boy, ma’am. Come – to play.”

“Come nearer; let me look at you. Come close.”

It was when I stood before her, avoiding her eyes, that I took note of the surrounding objects in detail, and saw that her watch had stopped at twenty minutes to nine, and that a clock in the room had stopped at twenty minutes to nine.

“Look at me,” said Miss Havisham. “You are not afraid of a woman who has never seen the sun since you were born?”

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<sup>1</sup> Wax = Cire

<sup>2</sup> Circled with gold

**Part One: Comprehension questions (10 points)**

1. Who is the narrator? (1 point)

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2. Where does the scene take place? (1 point)

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3. Lines 1-14: Identify Pip’s first reaction to Miss Havisham (1 point)

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4. Lines 7-14: Give two short phrases that show Miss Havisham is dressed as a bride (2 points)

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5. What is Miss Havisham compared to? Why? (1 point)

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6. Lines 15-34: How does the writer use language to show Miss Havisham has become a faded and frightening character over time? Support your points with detailed reference to the text. (4 points)

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## Part Two: Writing (10 points)

Choose ONE of the following tasks.

1. Imagine you are Miss Havisham writing your diary the day your fiancé failed to turn up at the church.  
OR
2. Imagine you are Pip writing your diary about life in the Havisham household.

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

