

**OPTION INTERNATIONALE DU BACCALAURÉAT
SESSION 2017**

SECTION : AMÉRICAINNE

ÉPREUVE : LANGUE ET LITTÉRATURE

DURÉE TOTALE : 4 HEURES

Les dictionnaires sont interdits.

Choose option A or option B or option C

A) Write on **two** of the following essay topics in Part I. Those candidates choosing two essay questions may not refer to the same works in both essays.

B) Write on **one** of the following essay topics in Part I and compose a **creative writing piece** from the prompt in Part II.

C) Write on **one** of the following essay topics in Part I and write a **commentary** on **one** of the two passages in Part III, either poetry or prose.

Part I - Essays

1. Often in literature a seemingly minor character plays a major role in the plot or development of the work's themes. Choose two works that you have studied in the OIB curriculum and explore how those works are shaped by minor characters.
2. "The deepest fear we have, 'the fear beneath all fears,' is the fear of not measuring up, the fear of judgment. It's this fear that creates the stress and depression of everyday life."(Tullian Tchividjian) Discuss how fear of judgment affects characters in two works in your program.
3. Vivid and striking imagery can be an essential feature of literature. Referring to two works on your OIB syllabus, discuss how the writers use imagery in particularly effective ways, and to what ends.
4. Some works of literature depict personal, political or gender power plays among characters. Discuss the presentation and resolution of these power plays in two works on your OIB program.

Part II

"To be a fly on the wall" is an expression meaning to be a secret observer of an interesting situation. Imagine a story told from the point of view of the fly on a particular wall, which may or may not be inspired by your OIB syllabus.

Part III -

Poetry – Comment on the following poem by Lynn Emanuel

Out of Metropolis

We're headed for empty-headedness,
the featureless amnesias of Idaho, Nebraska, Nevada,
states rich only in vowel sounds and alliteration.
We're taking the train so we can see into the heart
5 of the heart of America framed in the windows' cool
oblongs of light. We want cottages, farmhouses
with peaked roofs leashed by wood smoke to the clouds;
we want the golden broth of sunlight ladled over
ponds and meadows. We've never seen a meadow.
10 Now, we want to wade into one—up to our chins in the grassy
welter*—the long reach of our vision grabbing up great
handfuls and armloads of scenery at the clouds'
white sale, at the bargain basement giveaway
of clods and scat and cow pies*. We want to feel half
15 of America to the left of us and half to the right, ourselves
like a spine dividing the book in two, ourselves holding
the whole great story together.

Then, suddenly, the train pulls into the station,
and the scenery begins to creep forward—the ramshackle shapes
20 of Main Street, a Chevy dozing at a ribbon of curb, and here is a hound
and a trolley, the street lights on their long stems, here is the little park
and the park stuff: bum on a bench, deciduous trees, a woman upholstered
in a red dress, the bus out of town sunk to its chromium bumper in shadows.
The noise of a train gathers momentum and disappears into the distance,
25 and there is a name strolling across the landscape in the crisply voluminous
script of the title page, as though it were a signature on the contract, as though
it were the author of this story.

*Welter: word used here to signify a rolling movement

*Scat and cow pies: animal droppings

Prose: comment on the following excerpt from "New York Day Women" from *Krik? Krak!* by Edwidge Danticat

Today, walking down the street, I see my mother. She is strolling with a happy gait, her body thrust toward the DON'T WALK sign and the yellow taxicabs that make forty-five-degree turns on the corner of Madison and Fifty-seventh Street.

5 I have never seen her in this kind of neighborhood, peering into Chanel and Tiffany's and gawking at the jewels glowing in the Bulgari windows. My mother never shops outside of Brooklyn. She has never seen the advertising office where I work. She is afraid to take the subway, where you may meet those young black militant street preachers who curse black women for straightening their hair.

10 Yet, here she is, my mother, who I left at home that morning in her bathrobe, with pieces of newspapers twisted like rollers in her hair. My mother, who accuses me of random offenses as I dash out of the house.

*

Would you get up and give an old lady like me your subway seat? In this state of mind, I bet you don't even give up your seat to a pregnant lady.

*

15 My mother, who is often right about that. Sometimes I get up and give my seat. Other times, I don't. It all depends on how pregnant the woman is and whether or not she is with her boyfriend or husband and whether or not he is sitting down.

As my mother stands in front of Carnegie Hall, one taxi driver yells to another, "What do you think this is, a dance floor?" My mother waits patiently for this dispute to be settled before crossing the street.

*

20 **In Haiti when you get hit by a car, the owner of the car gets out and kicks you for getting blood on his bumper.**

*

My mother, who laughs when she says this and shows a large gap in her mouth where she lost three more molars to the dentist last week. My mother, who at fifty-nine, says dentures are okay.

*

25 **You can take them out when they bother you. I'll like them. I'll like them fine.**

Will it feel empty when Papa kisses you?

Oh no, he doesn't kiss me that way anymore.

*

30 My mother, who watches the lottery drawing every night on channel 11 without ever having played the numbers.

*

A third of that money is all I would need. We would pay the mortgage, and your father could stop driving that taxicab all over Brooklyn.

*

35 I follow my mother, mesmerized by the many possibilities of her journey. Even in a flowered dress, she is lost in a sea of pinstripes and gray suits, high heels and elegant short skirts, Reebok sneakers, dashing from building to building. My mother, who won't go out to dinner with anyone.

*

If they want to eat with me, let them come to my house, even if I boil water and give it to them.