

You are allowed ten minutes before the start of the examination to acquaint yourself with the instructions below and to read the question paper.

Do not write anything until the invigilator informs you that you may start the examination. You will be given five minutes at the end of the examination to complete the front of any answer books used.

May/June 2012

FR323 2011/12 A001
1 answer book

UNIVERSITY OF READING

Examination for BA (Part 3),

Course in French, and

Courses combined with French

TRANSLATION INTO FRENCH

Three hours

Translate into French TWO of the passages set.

1.

On the western side of Scotland Road, that is to say, between it and the Docks, there is a regular network of streets, inhabited mostly by the lowest class of the Liverpool poor. And those who have occasion to penetrate their dark and filthy recesses are generally thankful when they find themselves safe out again. In the winter those streets and courts are kept comparatively clean by the heavy rains; but in the summer the air fairly reeks with the stench of decayed fish, rotting vegetables and every other conceivable kind of filth.

The children that seem to fairly swarm in this neighbourhood are nearly all of a pale, sallow complexion, and of stunted growth. Shoes and stockings and underclothing are luxuries that they never know, and one good meal a day is almost more than they dare hope for. Cuffs and kicks they reckon upon every day of their lives; and in this they are rarely disappointed.

A friend of ours, some years ago, came into considerable property in this neighbourhood, and employed a young man who was new to the work to collect the rents for him. On entering the first house the agent was confronted by a big, villainous-looking man, who demanded in a surly tone what he wanted.

‘I am come for the rent,’ said the agent.

‘Oh, you have, have you?’ was the reply.

‘Yes.’

‘Ah! Did anybody see you come in?’

‘No.’

And instantly, seizing a huge poker and waving it in the air, he shouted to the affrighted agent, with a terrible oath. ‘Then I’ll take care nobody ever sees you go out.’

Silas K. Hocking, *Her Benny* (adapted)

2.

A former adviser to George W. Bush recalls, ‘One Saturday morning, I got a call summoning me urgently to the Oval Office because the President was furious about something. I dashed over, wearing a shirt with the collar buttoned, and he stopped me at the door and launched into a 15-minute tirade because I was not wearing a tie.’

What effect does anger have? In the case of this adviser, it certainly made him feel small, and ensured that he wouldn’t forget to put on a tie next time. For Bush it meant he’d be shown respect in the future. But more than that, it made him feel more powerful.

Emotion is energy that drives us to act. Every emotion we feel provokes psychological reactions that prepare us for a certain type of action. Fear makes us ready to flee, depression helps us save our energy. Of all these emotions, anger is probably the most energising. It encourages us to defend our territory, those close to us, things dear to us. At the same time as boosting the ego, however, it tends to put pressure on relationships. It can take years to repair the damage if we get angry with a friend. And with people we don’t know, it may come to blows. It’s sadly common to draw energy from anger expressed against those who can’t or won’t leave us – our partners and children. We allow ourselves to speak to them in a way we would never dare with others: ‘I’m fed up with your laziness. You’re completely useless!’ This is not something we should be proud of, but anger is important. So how can we use our anger without destroying things or feeling terrible because we’ve turned on our kids or our dog?

David SERVAN-SCHREIBER (adapted)

3.

She had flung her day clothes over the back of a chair. Colette swooped on them; lady's maid was part of her job. She slid her forearm inside Al's black crepe skirt. It was as large as a funerary banner, a pall.

Alison was a woman who seemed to fill a room, even when she wasn't in it. She was of an unfeasible size, with plump creamy shoulders, rounded calves, thighs and hips that overflowed her chair. In a small space, she seemed to use up more than her share of the oxygen; in return her skin breathed out moist perfumes, like a giant tropical flower. When you came into a room she'd left, you felt her presence, a trail. Alison had gone, but you could feel a chemical mist like hairspray falling through the bright air. On the floor would be a line of talcum powder, and her scent – *Je Reviens* – would linger in curtain fabric, in cushions.

In the centre of the room Colette stooped, picked up Al's shoes. For a moment she disappeared from her own view. When her face bobbed back into sight in the mirror, she was almost relieved. What's wrong with me? she thought. When I'm gone I leave no trace. Perfume doesn't last on my skin. I barely sweat. I don't indent the carpet.

'It's true,' Alison said. 'It's as if you wipe out the signs of yourself as you go. Like a robot housekeeper. You polish your own fingerprints away.'

'Don't be silly', Colette said. 'And don't read my private thoughts.'

Hilary MANTEL, *Beyond Black* (adapted)

[End of question paper]