



Compréhension de l'écrit et expression écrite

Le sujet porte sur l'axe 7 du programme : **Diversité et inclusion.**

Il s'organise en deux parties :

- 1. Compréhension de l'écrit ;**
- 2. Expression écrite.**

Afin de respecter l'anonymat de votre copie, vous ne devez pas signer votre composition, ni citer votre nom, celui d'un camarade ou celui de votre établissement.

Texte

Matthew, the narrator, is a 12-year-old boy.

Every day my mum delivered my meals to my room on a tray. Lunchtime's selection consisted of one pre-wrapped ham and cheese sandwich, one sealed carton of orange juice, one banana and three unopened bottles of water to drink throughout the day. Very safe. Very sterile.

5 Food was always accompanied by Mum trying to have a chat. I tried not to say much and to avoid her eyes if I could.

"Mr Charles's grandchildren look sweet, don't they? It'll be nice having some kids next door for the summer holidays, won't it, Matthew?"

"Yep, I guess so."

10 I had decided not to say anything about the pond episode or the tapping on my wall.

"His daughter is in New York for a month. She's some hotshot banker, apparently. It's odd. I've never known her to visit him, have you?"

I shook my head. Mum knew how much I watched the neighbours and that if anyone had seen Mr Charles's daughter visit before it would have been me.

15 "Isn't that funny? Those kids have probably never even met him. Maybe her usual childcare let her down or something."

"Yeah, maybe."



50 "Mum? Please!"

"Why, Matthew? It's just a foot. It's not going to hurt you, is it?" She giggled nervously, her naked toes snuggling into the pile. I began to shake.

55 "I'll tell you what, let's make a deal. I'll move if you promise to come and see Dr Kerr tomorrow morning. How does that sound?" She'd have been in the conservatory this morning: her bare feet padding around the cold tiles where Nigel chucks up fur balls and mice guts. She must be riddled with germs – germs that were escaping in their millions into my room. I gripped the edge of the door and thought about slamming it against her toes, but if I did that I might end up with blood on my carpet, and that made me feel dizzy. I didn't look up.

60 "OK, OK. I'll go. Now can you move? Please?"

Her foot froze.

"Promise?"

"Promise."

I had absolutely no intention of going through with it.

Lisa Thompson, *The Goldfish Boy*, 2017

