

Name: _____

PART ONE: Listening

[20 pts]

You will hear a radio interview with a business woman, Megan Turner (MT), whose life has changed direction.

- For questions **1-10**, complete the sentences using between **1-4** words.
- For questions **11-20**, answer **true (T)** or **false (F)**.
- You will hear the discussion **twice**. You **now** have **three** minutes to read through the questions.

- MT previously worked as a in London in 2002.
 - Every morning she would get ready for work and join .
 - MT's decision to came after she met her business partner Minisha.
 - Their business specializes in clothing.
 - After setting up the business, their first collection was launched in the of the following year.
 - MT has learned that being able to trust her is one of the most satisfying things of all.
 - Their company aims for the & treatment of everyone involved with the company.
 - Their business also does things like ; 5% of the company's profits.
 - Suppliers must adhere to the & standards they agree on with the company.
 - MT has hopes that one day the company will and employ more staff.
- | | T | F |
|--|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 11. MT used to enjoy a more luxurious lifestyle. | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 12. MT felt she went unnoticed in her previous job. | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 13. Initially, MT designed the clothes herself. | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 14. Managing the business' finances has never worried MT. | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 15. A website has offered to use their photos for free. | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 16. Their clothes are often manufactured abroad. | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 17. Label V5 signifies that child labour has not been used. | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 18. MT can't get used to not having a regular salary. | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 19. MT misses her old colleagues. | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 20. She does not want her colleagues to one day feel the way she does about her job now. | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |

The Story of an Hour

1

Knowing that Mrs. Mallard was afflicted with a heart trouble, great care was taken to break to her as gently as possible the news of her husband's death.

It was her sister Josephine who told her, in broken sentences. Her husband's friend Richards was there, too, near her. It was he who had been in the newspaper office when news of the railroad disaster was received, with Brently Mallard's name leading the list of "killed." He had only taken the time to assure himself of its truth by a second telegram, and had hastened to prevent any less careful, less tender friend in delivering the sad message.

She did not hear the story as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significance. She wept at once, with sudden, wild abandonment, in her sister's arms. When the storm of grief had spent itself she went away to her room alone. She would have no one follow her.

There stood, facing the open window, a comfortable, roomy armchair. Into this she sank, pressed down by a physical exhaustion that haunted her body and seemed to reach into her soul.

She could see in the open square before her house the tops of trees that were trembling with the new spring life. The delicious breath of rain was in the air. In the street below a ¹peddler was crying his wares. The notes of a distant song which some one was singing reached her faintly.

There were patches of blue sky showing here and there through the clouds that had met and piled one above the other in the west facing her window.

She sat with her head thrown back upon the cushion of the chair, quite motionless, except when a ²sob came up into her throat and shook her, as a child who has cried itself to sleep continues to sob in its dreams.

She was young, with a fair, calm face, whose lines spoke of repression and even a certain strength. But now there was a dull look in her eyes, eyes that were fixed on one of those distant patches of blue sky. It was not a glance of reflection, but rather indicated a suspension of intelligent thought.

2

There was *something coming* to her and she was waiting for it, fearfully. What was it? She did not know; it was too subtle and elusive to name. But she felt it, creeping out of the sky, reaching toward her through the sounds, the scents, the color that filled the air.

Now her chest rose and fell tumultuously. She was beginning to recognize *this thing* that was approaching to possess her, and she was trying desperately to beat it back with her will - as powerless as her two white slender hands would have been.

When she abandoned herself a little whispered word escaped her slightly parted lips. She said it over and over under her breath: "free, free, free!" The vacant stare and the look of terror that had followed it went from her eyes. They stayed keen and bright. Her pulses beat fast, and the coursing blood warmed and relaxed every inch of her body.

She did not stop to ask if it were or were not a monstrous joy that held her. A clear and exalted perception enabled her to dismiss the suggestion as trivial.

She knew that she would cry again when she saw the kind, tender hands folded in death; the face that had never looked at her except with love, fixed and gray and dead. But she saw beyond that bitter moment a long procession of years to come that would belong to her absolutely. And she opened and spread her arms out to them in welcome.

There would be no one to live for during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow-creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination.

And yet she had loved him - sometimes. Often she had not. What did it matter! What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being!

"Free! Body and soul free!" she kept whispering.

Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission. "Louise, open the door! I beg, open the door - you will make yourself ill. What are you doing Louise? For heaven's sake open the door."

¹ un colporteur

² un sanglot

"Go away. I am not making myself ill." No; she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window.

55 Her imagination was racing along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own. She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder of fear that life might be long.

She arose at length and opened the door to her sister's importunities. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory. She clasped her sister's waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom.

60 Some one was opening the front door with a latchkey. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his travel-bag and umbrella. He had been far from the scene of the accident, and did not even know there had been one. He stood amazed at Josephine's piercing cry; at Richards' quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife.

But Richards was too late.

65 When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease - of joy that kills.

*Adapted from a short story by Kate Chopin.
Written in 1894.*

PART TWO: Comprehension

[20 pts]

*Answer each of the following questions in about 50-60 words (approx. 5 lines) each.
Use your own words.*

1. In line 24 'something' is described as 'coming to' Mrs Mallard. What is 'this thing' (line 27) and how does it make her feel?
2. Using evidence from the text, make comment on the relationship you believe Mrs Mallard might have had with her husband. What do you think their marriage might have been like?
3. There are a few twists and turns in this story. Can you identify two major surprises and comment on how they add to our appreciation of the story?
4. How appropriate do you feel the title 'The story of an Hour' is?
5. Women's and men's reasons for marrying have changed since the late eighteen hundreds. Do you believe marriage has a place in modern society?

- **PLEASE USE A SEPARATE SHEET OF PAPER**
- **PLEASE LEAVE A MARGIN DOWN THE LEFT SIDE OF YOUR PAGE**
- **IF YOU QUOTE FROM THE TEXT USE QUOTATION MARKS**

PART THREE: Translation

[20 pts]

- Vous pouvez me croire quand je dis qu'elle est vraiment une charmante jeune fille, Madame Nitta. Je dois dire que j'ai souvent pensé venir vous demander la permission d'en faire mon apprentie. Cependant elle a été empêchée de mettre un terme à sa formation...
- Mère dut être choquée d'entendre une telle chose. Alors qu'elle était sur le point de boire une gorgée de thé, sa main s'arrêta avant d'atteindre les lèvres et demeura ainsi jusqu'au moment où je quittai la pièce. J'étais presque rentrée dans ma chambre, située au même étage que le hall d'entrée, lorsqu'elle se décida finalement à répondre.
- Mameha-san, une geisha aussi adulée que vous pourrait choisir n'importe qui parmi les apprenties qui vivent à Gion.
- Il est vrai qu'on me le demande souvent, mais cela fait plus d'un an que je n'accepte plus de 'petite sœur'. Vous pensez probablement que les clients se font de plus en plus rares à cause de la terrible crise économique, alors qu'en réalité je n'ai jamais eu autant de travail de ma vie.
- Les riches ont d'autant plus besoin de se distraire, dit Mère. Mais vous disiez ?
- Oui, qu'est-ce que je disais? Oh, cela ne fait rien. Je ne veux pas vous voler votre temps. Je suis ravie que Chiyo se porte bien.

Freely adapted from 'Memoirs of a Geisha' by Arthur Golden

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