BROCHURE UE940
LVE Anglais

2022-2023

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Présentation de l’UE

L'ENSEIGNANTE
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Joignable uniquement du lundi au vendredi jusqu’à 19h.
Merci de respecter ces horaires. Je ne réponds aux mails ni en soirée ni le weekend.

LE PROGRAMME
Chaque cours sera consacré à une aire anglophone :

Cours 1: Remise à niveau en anglais + Angleterre
Cours 2: Angleterre
Cours 3: Ecosse
Cours 4: Irlande
Cours 5: Etats-Unis
Cours 6: Etats-Unis
Cours 7: Commonwealth
Cours 8: Exposés
Cours 9: Exposés

• PRESENTATION DU COURS
Ce cours doit vous permettre de consolider l’UE de M1, et de valider le niveau B2.
Le programme portera sur la langue, la culture et la civilisation des pays anglophones à partir des programmes de l’école primaire.
Nous effectuerons une remise à niveau linguistique et culturelle à partir de documents authentiques, sur des thèmes liés au programme des langues à l’école (fêtes calendaires, gastronomie, folklore, rythmes, etc.)

• OBJECTIFS
Travailler les 4 grandes activités langagières en accord avec le CECRL (voir p.9) :
1. Compréhension de l’oral
2. Compréhension de l’écrit
3. Expression orale
4. Expression écrite.
L’accent sera mis sur l’oral : écoute de documents en langue anglaise, vidéos, lecture etc…

• ÉVALUATION
Expression orale 1 en continu :
Présentation orale de 10’ / binôme, 15’/ trinôme, d’un sujet de civilisation/culture lié à la langue étudiée avec support diaporama Powerpoint (6 à 10 diapositives). Les présentations auront lieu devant le groupe pendant le/les derniers cours (selon effectif du groupe).

Expression orale 2 en interaction avec la formatrice :
Proposer 3 documents authentiques de nature différente et adaptés au niveau A1, en lien avec le thème développé pour l’exposé, et expliquer en langue anglaise comment ces documents pourraient être utilisés en classe (15’ / binôme, 20’ / trinôme). L’interaction se déroule pendant la présentation.
Une note sur 20.
## Banque de sujets

*Vous pouvez puiser dans la liste suivante pour vos exposés. Bien évidemment, cette liste est non-exhaustive.*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>The United Kingdom</th>
<th>The United States</th>
<th>The Commonwealth</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Burns Night</td>
<td>The American Dream</td>
<td>Winter in Canada</td>
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<tr>
<td>Guy Fawkes Night</td>
<td>Independence Day</td>
<td>Summer in Australia</td>
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<td>Robin Hood</td>
<td>Thanksgiving</td>
<td>New Zealand</td>
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<td>Harry Potter</td>
<td>Halloween</td>
<td>ANZAC day</td>
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<td>Irish Myths</td>
<td>Mardis Gras</td>
<td>Family Day</td>
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<tr>
<td>Saint Patrick’s Day</td>
<td>New York</td>
<td>Day of Reconciliation</td>
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<td>Poppy Day</td>
<td>The Empire State Building</td>
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<td>Sherlock Holmes</td>
<td>4th of July</td>
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<td>The Royal family</td>
<td>Cowboys</td>
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<td>The Loch Ness</td>
<td>Native Americans</td>
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<td>Leprechauns</td>
<td>Labor Day</td>
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<td>Stonehenge</td>
<td>American food</td>
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<td>Pancake Day</td>
<td>The Pilgrims</td>
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<td>Rugby</td>
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<td>Traditional English Food</td>
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<td>The English Breakfast</td>
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<td>London</td>
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<td>The Beatles</td>
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<td>British schools</td>
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<td>Broonies</td>
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Consignes pour les exposés

1. Merci de privilégier les groupes de 2.
2. Vous devrez vous inscrire sur le document partagé qui vous sera envoyé par mail. Ce dernier sera également disponible sur le site, rubrique Espace étudiants > Parcours > MEEF > 1er degré.
3. Le jour J, vous pouvez apporter des documents au format papier (vos documents authentiques).
4. La notation se fera selon deux critères :
   a. une note collective sur 6 (la structure des propos, le contenu, le diaporama, l’exploitation didactique proposée)
   b. une note individuelle sur 14 (maîtrise de la langue, tant d’un point de vue grammatical que phonologique).
Ressources pour enseigner l’anglais

1er degré

- **DIDACTIQUE DE L’ANGLAIS**


- **PRATIQUE DE L’ANGLAIS**

  o  Maternelle


  o  Primaire


  o  Tous niveaux


## Cadre Commun de Référence pour les Langues

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>UTILISATEUR EXPÉRIMENTÉ (maîtrise)</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>C2</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peut comprendre sans effort pratiquement tout ce qu'il/elle lit ou entend. Peut restituer faits et arguments de diverses sources écrites et orales en les résumant de façon cohérente. Peut s'exprimer spontanément, très couramment et de façon précise et peut rendre distinctes de fines nuances de sens en rapport avec des sujets complexes.</td>
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<tr>
<th>UTILISATEUR EXPÉRIMENTÉ (autonome)</th>
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<tr>
<td><strong>C1</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Peut comprendre une grande gamme de textes longs et exigeants, ainsi que saisir des significations implicites. Peut s'exprimer spontanément et couramment sans trop apparemment devoir chercher ses mots. Peut utiliser la langue de façon efficace et souple dans sa vie sociale, professionnelle ou académique. Peut s'exprimer sur des sujets complexes de façon claire et bien structurée et manifester son contrôle des outils d'organisation, d'articulation et de cohésion du discours.</td>
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<th>UTILISATEUR INDÉPENDANT (indépendant)</th>
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<tr>
<td><strong>B2</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Peut comprendre le contenu essentiel de sujets concrets ou abstraits dans un texte complexe, y compris une discussion technique dans sa spécialité. Peut communiquer avec un degré de spontanéité et d'aisance tel qu'une conversation avec un locuteur natif ne comportant de tension ni pour l'un ni pour l'autre. Peut s'exprimer de façon claire et détaillée sur une grande gamme de sujets, émettre un avis sur un sujet d'actualité et exposer les avantages et les inconvénients de différentes possibilités.</td>
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<tr>
<th>UTILISATEUR INDÉPENDANT (seuil)</th>
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<tr>
<td><strong>B1</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Peut comprendre les points essentiels quand un langage clair et standard est utilisé et s'il s'agit de choses familières dans le travail, à l'école, dans les loisirs, etc. Peut se débrouiller dans la plupart des situations rencontrées en voyage dans une région où la langue cible est parlée. Peut produire un discours simple et cohérent sur des sujets familiers et dans ses domaines d'intérêt. Peut raconter un événement, une expérience ou un rêve, décrire un espoir ou un but et exposer brièvement des raisons ou explications pour un projet ou une idée.</td>
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<tr>
<th>UTILISATEUR ÉLÉMENTAIRE (survie)</th>
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<tr>
<td><strong>A2</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Peut comprendre des phrases isolées et des expressions fréquemment utilisées en relation avec des domaines immédiats de priorité (par exemple, informations personnelles et familiales simples, achats, environnement proche, travail). Peut communiquer lors de tâches simples et habituelles ne demandant qu'un échange d'informations simple et direct sur des sujets familiers et habituels. Peut décrire avec des moyens simples sa formation, son environnement immédiat et évoquer des sujets qui correspondent à des besoins immédiats.</td>
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<thead>
<tr>
<th>UTILISATEUR ÉLÉMENTAIRE (découverte)</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>A1</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peut comprendre et utiliser des expressions familières et quotidiennes ainsi que des énoncés très simples qui visent à satisfaire des besoins concrets. Peut se présenter ou présenter quelqu'un et poser à une personne des questions la concernant - par exemple, sur son lieu d'habitation, ses relations, ce qui lui appartient, etc. - et peut répondre au même type de questions. Peut communiquer de façon simple si l'interlocuteur parle lentement et distinctement et se montre coopératif.</td>
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Part 1

England
CHAPTER 1

Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland
Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland

Author: Lewis Carroll (1832-1898)

Year of publication: 1865

Summary: “Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland, widely beloved British children’s book by Lewis Carroll, [was] published in 1865. With its fantastical tales and riddles, it became one of the most popular works of English-language fiction. It was notably illustrated by British artist John Tenniel.

The story centres on Alice, a young girl who falls asleep in a meadow and dreams that she follows the White Rabbit down a rabbit hole. She has many wondrous, often bizarre adventures with thoroughly illogical and very strange creatures, often changing size unexpectedly (she grows as tall as a house and shrinks to 3 inches [7 cm]). She encounters the hookah-smoking Caterpillar, the Duchess (with a baby that becomes a pig), and the Cheshire Cat, and she attends a strange endless tea party with the Mad Hatter and the March Hare.

She plays a game of croquet with an unmanageable flamingo for a croquet mallet and uncooperative hedgehogs for croquet balls while the Queen calls for the execution of almost everyone present. Later, at the Queen’s behest, the Gryphon takes Alice to meet the sobbing Mock Turtle, who describes his education in such subjects as Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision.

Alice is then called as a witness in the trial of the Knave of Hearts, who is accused of having stolen the Queen’s tarts. However, when the Queen demands that Alice be beheaded, Alice realizes that the characters are only a pack of cards, and she then awakens from her dream.” (Source: Britannica)
10 things you didn't know about Alice in Wonderland

Oliver LANSLEY | Fri 17 Apr 2015 | The Guardian

Oliver Lansley, creative director and co-writer of two stage adaptations of Lewis Carroll's novel, Adventures in Wonderland and Alice’s Adventures Underground, reveals some curiouser and curiouser facts about Alice and Carroll that you might not know (but no – not the reason why a raven is like a writing desk…)

1. Alice’s character was based on a real-life little girl named Alice Liddell. She was in fact not a blonde as illustrated in the book but a brunette. The real life Alice has been portrayed in fiction almost as many times than the fictional one! Recently in John Logan’s stage play Peter and Alice in which she was played by Dame Judi Dench.

2. The tree that is said to have inspired the Cheshire Cat’s tree stands in the garden behind Alice’s home at Christ Church College, Oxford.

3. Mock Turtle soup IS REAL! It was a popular dish in Victorian times, created as a cheaper version of green turtle soup. It was made from various odd parts of a calf, such as brains, head and hoof!

4. After reading Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland, Queen Victoria, having loved the book, suggested that Carroll dedicate his next book to her! And so, his next work, An Elementary Treatise on Determinants, With Their Application to Simultaneous Linear Equations and Algebraic Equations, was presented to the Queen – perhaps not quite what she’d had in mind…

5. The names of the three little sisters in the Dormouse’s story (Elsie, Lacie and Tillie) also refer to the names of the three Liddell sisters. Elsie originated from the initials of Lorina Charlotte, Lacie is a transformation of Alice, and Tillie was short for Matilda, a name given to Edith by her sisters.

6. Lewis Carroll suffered from a rare neurological disorder that causes strange hallucinations and affects the size of visual objects, which can make the sufferer feel bigger or smaller than they are – a huge theme of the book. The disease, first discovered by English psychiatrist John Todd in 1955, was later named Alice in Wonderland Syndrome. It is also known as Todd’s syndrome.

7. Lewis Carroll’s real name was Charles Lutwidge Dodgson. His pseudonym is an Anglicization of Ludovicus, the Latin version of “Lutwidge”, and the Irish surname Carroll, which bears great resemblance to the Latin forbear of “Charles”, Carolus.

8. The novels were banned in China in 1931, on the grounds that “animals should not use human language”.

9. In 1890 Lewis Carroll released a shortened version of Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland for smaller children aged “from nought to five”. It includes 20 of John Tenniel’s illustrations from the original book coloured, enlarged and, in some cases, revised. (10. facts about the Alice in Wonderland production by Lansley)
CHAPTER I

Down the Rabbit-Hole

Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do: once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, “and what is the use of a book,” thought Alice “without pictures or conversations?” So she was considering in her own mind (as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid), whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a White Rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

There was nothing so very remarkable in that; nor did Alice think it so very much out of the way to hear the Rabbit say to itself, “Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be late!” (when she thought it over afterwards, it occurred to her that she ought to have wondered at this, but at the time it all seemed quite natural); but when the Rabbit actually took a watch out of its waistcoat-pocket, and looked at it, and then hurried on, Alice started to her feet, for it flashed across her mind that she had never before seen a rabbit with either a waistcoat-pocket, or a watch to take out of it, and burning with curiosity, she ran across the field after it, and fortunately was just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit-hole under the hedge.

The rabbit-hole went straight on like a tunnel for some way, and then dipped suddenly down, so suddenly that Alice had not a moment to think about stopping herself before she found herself falling down a very deep well. Either the well was very deep, or she fell very slowly, for she had plenty of time as she went down to look about her and to wonder what was going to happen next.

---

1 Bank = rive
2 To peep into = jeter un coup d’œil
3 Whether = si (lorsqu’il y a un choix entre au moins deux choses)
4 Daisy-chain = collier de marguerites
5 Hedge = haie
6 To dip = descendre
7 Well = puits
"The Walrus and the Carpenter"

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=00WC EbKM_SE

The sun was __________________ on the sea
Shining with all his _________________
He did his very best to make
The billows ______________ and ______________
And this was odd because it was

__________________________________________________

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking ______________________________
The beach was wide
From side to side
But much _________________ of sand
"Mr. Walrus," said the Carpenter
"My _________________ begins to perk
We'll _________________ in 'alf a year
If you don't mind the _________________"

"Work?! The time has come," the Walrus said
"To talk of other things
Of _________________ and _______________ and sealing ______________
Of _________________ and kings
And why the sea is boiling _________________
And whether pigs have wings
Calloo-Callay

________________________________
We're cabbages and kings"

Oh, uh, _________________, come and walk with us
The day is warm and bright
A pleasant ______________
A pleasant ______________
Would be a sheer _______________
Yes, and should we get hungry on the way
We'll stop and, uh, ________________?

But Mother Oyster ______________ her eye
And shook her ________________
She knew too well
This was no time to leave her Oyster bed
"The sea is nice
Take my advice
And ________________," Mum said
Yes, yes, of course, of course, but, uh, ha, ha
The time has come, my little friends
To talk of other things
Of ______________ and ______________ and sealing ______________
Of ______________ and kings
And why the sea is boiling ______________
And whether pigs have wings, ha ha
Callo-Callay
Come, run away
With ______________ and kings!

Well, now, uh, let me see
Ah, a ______________ is
What we chiefly need!
Listen, how 'bout some pepper and salt and ________________, eh?
Well, yes, yes, ________________, ha ha!
Very good, indeed
Now, if you're ready, Oysters, dear
We can begin the ______________
________________________?!
Oh, yes, the time has come, my little friends
To talk of food and ________________________
Of peppercorns and mustard seeds
And other ____________________________!
We'll mix 'em all together
In a sauce that's fit for kings
Calloo-Callay
We'll eat today
Like _______________________________ and kings!
I, uh, weep for you. I (hic), oh excuse me
I deeply __________________________
For I've enjoyed your company, oh much more
Than you realize
Little ___________________? Little ___________________?

But answer, there came _______________________
And this was scarcely _______________ because
They'd been ______________________
Every one!

With cabbages and kings!
The End!
CHAPTER 2

Peter Pan
Peter Pan

Author: J.M. BARRIE (1860-1937)

Year of publication: 1911

Summary: “The play begins in the nursery of the Darling household in London, where Wendy, John, and Michael are going to bed when they are surprised by the arrival of Peter Pan and the fairy Tinker Bell. Peter has come to retrieve his shadow, which he had previously lost there. Peter reveals that he lives in the Never Land as captain of the Lost Boys, children who fell out of their baby carriages when their nurses were looking the other way. Invited by Peter to come to the Never Land to tell stories to the Lost Boys, Wendy and her brothers fly with Peter to an island populated by, in addition to the Lost Boys, villainous pirates led by Peter's sworn enemy, Captain Hook; a crocodile that had been fed Hook's arm by Peter Pan and wishes to eat the rest of him (but has also swallowed a clock, the ticking of which can be heard when the beast is near); and Tiger Lily, leader of a band of “redskin braves” who is also in competition with Wendy and the jealous Tinker Bell for Peter’s affection. Peter, however, shows little reciprocal interest. Magical adventures and pirate attacks take place. At length the Darling children decide to return home, taking the Lost Boys with them, but they are captured by the pirates. The boys are being made to walk the plank and Wendy is tied to the mast, but Peter Pan rescues them, and the boys kill all the pirates. At last the children return to London, leaving Peter Pan to his perpetual boyhood.” (Source: Britannica)
**Hook, 1991**

Peter: Oh, no. It's finally happened. I'm having a total ________________________.

Tinkerbell: Come on, Peter, ________________________ me and all will be well.

Peter: I'm ________________________, I'm heading towards __________________________. I've left my ___________________. See? There's my house way down there. There are my feet. Oh, my God. Where are we going?

Tinkerbell: To save your ________________________.

Peter: How do you know about my kids?

Tinkerbell: Everybody knows. Captain Hook's got them and you've gotta fight him! Let's ____________!

It is true, then. You ____________ grow up. I drank ____________ for you. You ____________ call me "Tink." Have you forgotten everything?

Peter: Are you in there, little ____________?

Tinkerbell: I'm not a ____________. I'm a ___________________.

Peter: __________________________________________________________.

Tinkerbell: Every time someone says, "I do not believe in fairies"... somewhere there’s a fairy that ________________________________________________________.

Peter: I do not believe in fairies! Oh, my God, I think I killed it. Are you alive, little bug? Look out!

Tinkerbell: Clap your hands, Peter. It's the only way to ______________ me.

Clap....

Tinkerbell: ________________________, Peter!

Peter: Okay, I'm clapping. I'm clapping! Oh, God, you're alive!
Tinkerbell: All right, now. Who am I?

Peter: You're... You're a complex Freudian _____________________________ having something to do with my ________________ and I don't know why you have ________________, but you have very ________________ and you're a very nice ________________ person and... What am I saying? I don't know who my mother was, I'm an ________________ and I've never taken drugs because I missed the '60s, I was an __________________.

Tinkerbell: ________________ again.

Peter: Oh, look, stars…

Tinkerbell: That's right, Peter. Second star to the right and straight on till morning. Never Land.

Peter: What a _____________________________. Moira!
“How the fantasy of Peter Pan turned sinister”

By Constance GRADY | Vox | July 27, 2017

J.M. Barrie began the story of Peter Pan in his 1902 novel The Little White Bird. It’s the semi-autobiographical tale of a man becoming enamored of a little boy who he wants to steal away from his mother; in order to befriend the child, he makes up the story of Peter Pan, the fairy/bird/baby who lives in London’s Kensington Gardens.

Peter Pan is a week-old baby when he leaves home, and he never ages past that marker. He believes that his mother will always leave the window open for him, so he plays gleefully with the fairies and the birds without fear of losing her affection, but when he finally makes up his mind to go back to her, he finds that it’s too late: The windows are barred, and his mother is cuddling another baby. Her love was conditional after all, and now she’s replaced him. It’s a portrait of Peter Pan that’s much more tragic than the iconic portrait to come.

The whole thing was based on Barrie’s own relationship with George Llewelyn Davies, a 5-year-old boy he met in Kensington Gardens when he was 37 (Barrie’s dog, the basis for Nana, ran right up to him), and for whom he nursed a deep affection. Barrie was soon to develop a similarly deep and jealous friendship with George’s four little brothers: John, Michael, Nicholas, and Peter, the last of whom would ultimately share his name with Peter Pan.

Critics and biographers have been arguing for decades about whether or not there was anything sexual about Barrie’s affection for the boys, and the question has never been settled to anyone’s satisfaction. Most of Barrie’s contemporaries described him as asexual, although he was married twice (he never fathered any children of his own). […] Sexual or not, the affection was certainly proprietary: After the death of the Llewelyn Davies children’s mother in 1910 (their father had died in 1907), Barrie, then 50 years old, altered her will to suggest that she meant for him to take on guardianship of her sons, rather than their nanny, and so fulfilled the dream of the narrator of The Little White Bird. The Llewelyn Davies children would live with Barrie for years.

But before he became their guardian, Barrie was merely the faithful friend of the Llewelyn Davies boys. He and his wife vacationed with the Llewelyn Davies family, and Barrie played with the children around the lake, creating endless tales of pirates and Indians and fairies. Those stories would become a book of photographs, ostensibly authored by Peter Llewelyn Davies and published by Barrie just for the family, and then the beginnings of the Peter Pan story in The Little White Bird.

---

8 Gleefully : joyeusement
9 To cuddle : s’embrasser, faire un câlin
10 To nurse (dans ce contexte) : nourrir
11 Will (dans ce contexte) : testament
In 1904, the story became a play: *Peter Pan, or the Boy Who Would Not Grow Up*. And in 1911, Barrie turned the play into a book, originally titled *Peter and Wendy* but soon to become known as *Peter Pan*. That’s the book we usually think of when we talk about “the original book of Peter Pan,” although it’s several steps removed from “original.”

The Peter Pan of both book and play retains the tragic backstory of the Peter Pan of *The Little White Bird*, but he is no longer confined to Kensington Gardens. Now, he has all of Neverland to play in, and pirates to fight, and Lost Boys to play with, and Wendy Darling and all of her descendants to transform into mothers to replace his original, inferior mother. He is no longer a tragic week-old baby left to fend for himself, but a gleeful, delighted school-aged sprite, forever crowing, “Oh, the cleverness of me!”

He is, in short, no longer a sentimental Victorian tragedy, but an ageless fantasy, and the only true tragedy is that Wendy will inevitably grow up and thus cannot play with him and be his mother forever. Peter kills pirates and Lost Boys alike without remorse, but these are play deaths that carry no emotional weight with them: You get the sense that his victims will get up smiling and be ready to play again as soon as Peter turns his back. […]

Peter Pan became an icon, but the Llewelyn Davies children lived short and tragic lives. George died at 21 as a soldier during World War I in 1915. Michael was just shy of his 21st birthday when he drowned in 1921, in what is widely believed to have been a suicide. John died of lung disease in 1959, at age 65. Peter, who called Peter Pan “that terrible masterpiece,” died of suicide in 1960, at age 63. Only Nicholas, the one who called Barrie “an innocent,” survived until he died of natural causes in 1980, at age 77.

Barrie himself died of pneumonia at age 77, in 1937. But he had been devastated by George and Michael’s deaths years earlier. He had come to think of Peter Pan less as a celebration of the childhood innocence of his young friends and more as a referendum on himself. “It is as if long after writing ‘P. Pan’ its true meaning came to me,” he wrote in a notebook. “Desperate attempt to grow up but can’t.”
J. M. Barrie, *Peter and Wendy*, 1911

CHAP. III – Come away, come away!

There was another light in the room now, a thousand times brighter than the night-lights, and in the time we have taken to say this, it had been in all the drawers in the nursery, looking for Peter’s shadow, rummaged the wardrobe and turned every pocket inside out. It was not really a light; it made this light by flashing about so quickly, but when it came to rest for a second you saw it was a fairy, no longer than your hand, but still growing. It was a girl called Tinker Bell […]. She was slightly inclined to embonpoint.

A moment after the fairy’s entrance the window was blown open by the breathing of the little stars, and Peter dropped in. He had carried Tinker Bell part of the way, and his hand was still messy with the fairy dust.

“Tinker Bell,” he called softly, after making sure that the children were asleep, “Tink, where are you?” […]

“[…] Tell me, do you know where they put my shadow?”

The loveliest tinkle as of golden bells answered him. It is the fairy language. You ordinary children can never hear it, but if you were to hear it you would know that you had heard it once before.

Tink said that the shadow was in the big box. […] If he thought at all, but I don’t believe he ever thought, it was that he and his shadow, when brought near each other, would join like drops of water, and when they did not he was appalled. He tried to stick it on with soap from the bathroom, but that also failed. A shudder passed through Peter, and he sat on the floor and cried.

His sobs woke Wendy, and she sat up in bed. She was not alarmed to see a stranger crying on the nursery floor; she was only pleasantly interested.

“Boy,” she said courteously, “why are you crying?”

Peter could be exceeding polite also, having learned the grand manner at fairy ceremonies, and he rose and bowed to her beautifully. She was much pleased, and bowed beautifully to him from the bed.

“What’s your name?” he asked.

“Wendy Moira Angela Darling,” she replied with some satisfaction. “What is your name?”

“Peter Pan.”
**Expression orale**

*What if Peter Pan and Alice met?*

- By groups of two, imagine a dialogue between the two characters.
- By groups of 4, imagine a dialogue between Peter, Alice, Wendy and the Cheshire Cat or the Rabbit.

Then, perform it in front of the class.

Your dialogue should last 5 minutes (more or less).
CHAPTER 3

King Arthur
1. What are the three tales linked to King Arthur’s legend?

2. Who was Richard?

3. Who did Uther Pendragon fall in love with?

4. What happened to the lovers?

5. What did Uther do to stay with his lover?

6. Where was King Arthur conceived? Who were his parents?
7. How old was Arthur when he was crowned king?

8. When did Richard die?

9. Where is King Arthur’s roundtable supposed to be located?

10. What legend surrounds Stonehenge?
Part 2

Scotland
The Sharp Grey Sheep (1)

There was a king and a queen, and they had a daughter, and the queen found death, and the king married another. And the last queen was bad to the daughter of the first queen, and she used to beat her and put her out of the door. She sent her to herd the sheep, and was not giving her what should suffice her. And there was a sharp (horned) grey sheep in the flock that was coming with meat to her.

The queen was taking wonder that she was keeping alive and that she was not getting meat enough from herself, and she told it to the henwife. The henwife thought that she would send her own daughter to watch how she was getting meat, and Ni Mhaol Charach [Bald Scabby Thing], the henwife’s daughter, went to herd the sheep with the queen’s daughter. The sheep would not come to her so long as Ni Mhaol Charach was there, and Ni Mhaol Charach was staying all the day with her.

The queen’s daughter was longing for her meat, and she said, “Set thy head on my knee, and I will dress thy hair.”

And Ni Mhaol Charach set her head on the knee of the queen’s daughter, and she slept.

The sheep came with meat to the queen’s daughter, but the eye that was in the back of the head of the bald black-skinned girl, the henwife’s daughter, was open, and she saw all that went on, and when she awoke she went home and told it to her mother, and the henwife told it to the queen, and when the queen understood how the girl was getting meat, nothing at all would serve her but that the sheep should be killed.

The sheep came to the queen’s daughter and said to her, “They are going to kill me, but steal thou my skin and gather my bones and roll them in my skin, and I will come alive again, and I will come to thee again.”

The sheep was killed, and the queen’s daughter stole her skin, and she gathered her bones and her hoofs and she rolled them in the skin; but she forgot the little hoofs. The sheep came alive again, but she was lame.

She came to the king’s daughter with a halting step, and she said, “Thou didst as I desired thee, but thou hast forgotten the little hoofs.”

And she was keeping her in meat after that.

There was a young prince who was hunting and coming often past her, and he saw how pretty she was, and he asked, “Who’s she?”

And they told him, and he took love for her, and he was often coming the way; but the bald black-skinned girl, the henwife’s daughter, took notice of him, and she told it to her mother, and the henwife told it to the queen.

The queen was wishful to get knowledge what man it was, and the henwife sought till she found out whom he (was), and she told the queen. When the queen heard who it was she was wishful to send her own daughter in his way, and she brought in the first queen’s daughter, and she set her own
daughter to herd in her place, and she was making the daughter of the first queen do the cooking and every service about the house.

The first queen’s daughter was out a turn, and the prince met her, and he gave her a pair of golden shoes. And he was wishful to see her at the sermon, but her muime [stepmother] would not let her go there.

But when the rest would go she would make ready, and she would sit where he might see her, but she would rise and go before the people would scatter, and she would be at the house and everything in order before her muime would come. But the third time she was there the prince was wishful to go with her, and he sat near to the door, and when she went he was keeping an eye on her, and he rose and went after her. She was running home, and she lost one of her shoes in the mud; and he got the shoe, and because he could not see her he said that the one who had the foot that would fit the shoe was the wife that would be his.

The queen was wishful that the shoe should fit her own daughter, and she put the daughter of the first queen in hiding, so that she should not be seen till she should try if the shoe should fit her own daughter.

When the prince come to try the shoe on her, her foot was too big, but she was very anxious that the shoe should fit her, and she spoke to the henwife about it. The henwife cut the points of her toes off that the shoe might fit her, and the shoe went on her when the points of the toes were cut.

When the wedding day came the daughter of the first queen was set in hiding in a nook that was behind the fire.

When the people were all gathered together, a bird came to the window, and he cried, “The blood’s in the shoe, and the pretty foot’s in the nook at the back of the fire.”

One of them said, “What is that creature saying?”

And the queen said, “It’s no matter what that creature is saying; it is but a nasty, beaky, lying creature.”

The bird came again to the window; and the third time he came, the prince said, “We will go and see what he is saying.”

And he rose and he went out, and the bird cried, “The blood’s in the shoe, and the pretty foot’s in the nook that is at the back of the fire.”

He returned in, and he ordered the nook at the back of the fire to be searched. And they searched it, and they found the first queen’s daughter there, and the golden shoe on the one foot. They cleaned the blood out of the other shoe, and they tried it on her, and the shoe fitted her, and its like was on the other foot. The prince left the daughter of the last queen, and he married the daughter of the first queen, and he took her from them with him, and she was rich and lucky after that.
The Seal-Catcher’s Adventure (2)

There was once upon a time a man who lived upon the northern coasts, not far from “Taigh Jan Crot Callow” (John-o’-Groat’s House), and he gained his livelihood by catching and killing fish, of all sizes and denominations. He had a particular liking for the killing of those wonderful beasts, half dog half fish, called “Roane,” or seals, no doubt because he got a long price for their skins, which are not less curious than they are valuable. The truth is, that the most of these animals are neither dogs nor cods, but downright fairies, as this narration will show; and, indeed, it is easy for any man to convince himself of the fact by a simple examination of his tobacco-spluichdan, for the dead skins of those beings are never the same for four-and-twenty hours together.

Sometimes the spluichdan will erect its bristles almost perpendicularly, while, at other times, it reclines them even down; one time it resembles a bristly sow, at another time a sleekit cat; and what dead skin, except itself, could perform such cantrips? Now, it happened one day, as this notable fisher had returned from the prosecution of his calling, that he was called upon by a man who seemed a great stranger, and who said he had been despatched for him by a person who wished to contract for a quantity of seal-skins, and that the fisher must accompany him (the stranger) immediately to see the person who wished to contract for the skins, as it was necessary that he should be served that evening. Happy in the prospect of making a good bargain, and never suspecting any duplicity, he instantly complied. They both mounted a steed belonging to the stranger, and took the road with such velocity that, although the direction of the wind was towards their backs, yet the fleetness of their movement made it appear as if it had been in their faces. On reaching a stupendous precipice which overhung the sea, his guide told him they had now reached their destination.

“Where is the person you spoke of?” inquired the astonished seal-killer.

“You shall see that presently,” replied the guide. With that they immediately alighted, and, without allowing the seal-killer much time to indulge the frightful suspicions that began to pervade his mind, the stranger seized him with irresistible force, and plunged headlong with him into the sea. After sinking down, down, nobody knows how far, they at length reached a door, which, being open, led them into a range of apartments, filled with inhabitants—not people, but seals, who could nevertheless speak and feel like human folk; and how much was the seal-killer surprised to find that he himself had been unconsciously transformed into the like image. If it were not so, he would probably have died from the want of breath. The nature of the poor fisher’s thoughts may be more easily conceived than described. Looking at the nature of the quarters into which he had landed, all hopes of escape from them appeared wholly chimerical, whilst the degree of comfort, and length of life which the barren scene promised him were far from being flattering. The “Roane,” who all seemed in very low spirits, appeared to feel for him, and endeavoured to soothe the distress which he evinced by the amplest assurances of personal safety. Involved in sad meditation on his evil fate, he was quickly roused from his stupor by his guide’s producing a huge gully or joctaleg, the object of which he supposed was to put an end to all his earthly cares. Forlorn as was his situation, however, he did not wish to be killed; and, apprehending instant destruction, he fell down, and earnestly implored for mercy. The poor generous animals did not mean him any harm, however much his former conduct deserved it, and he was accordingly desired to pacify himself, and cease his cries.

“Did you ever see that knife before?” said the stranger to the fisher.
The latter instantly recognised his own knife, which he had that day stuck into a seal, and with which it had escaped, and acknowledged it was formerly his own, for what would be the use of denying it?

“Well,” rejoined the guide, “the apparent seal which made away with it is my father, who has lain dangerously ill ever since, and no means can stay his fleeting breath without your aid. I have been obliged to resort to the artifice I have practised to bring you hither, and I trust that my filial duty to my father will readily excuse me.”

Having said this, he led into another apartment the trembling seal-killer, who expected every minute to be punished for his own ill-treatment of the father. There he found the identical seal with which he had had the encounter in the morning, suffering most grievously from a tremendous cut in its hind-quarter. The seal-killer was then desired, with his hand, to cicatrise the wound, upon doing which it immediately healed, and the seal arose from its bed in perfect health. Upon this the scene changed from mourning to rejoicing—all was mirth and glee. Very different, however, were the feelings of the unfortunate seal-catcher, who expected no doubt to be metamorphosed into a seal for the remainder of his life. However, his late guide accosting him, said—

“Now, sir, you are at liberty to return to your p. 105wife and family, to whom I am about to conduct you; but it is on this express condition, to which you must bind yourself by a solemn oath, viz. that you will never maim or kill a seal in all your lifetime hereafter.”

To this condition, hard as it was, he joyfully acceded; and the oath being administered in all due form, he bade his new acquaintance most heartily and sincerely a long farewell. Taking hold of his guide, they issued from the place and swam up, till they regained the surface of the sea, and, landing at the said stupendous pinnacle, they found their former steed ready for a second canter. The guide breathed upon the fisher, and they became like men. They mounted their horse, and fleet as had been their course towards the precipice, their return from it was doubly swift; and the honest seal-killer was laid down at his own door-cheek, where his guide made him such a present as would have almost reconciled him to another similar expedition, such as rendered his loss of profession, in so far as regarded the seals, a far less intolerable hardship than he had at first considered it.
The Daughter of the Skies (3)

There was there before now a farmer, and he had a leash of daughters, and much cattle and sheep. He went on a day to see them, and none of them were to be found; and he took the length of the day to search for them. He saw, in the lateness, coming home, a little doggy running about a park.

The doggy came where he was—“What wilt thou give me,” said he, “if I get thy lot of cattle and sheep for thee?” “I don’t know myself, thou ugly thing; what wilt thou be asking, and I will give it to thee of anything I have?” “Wilt thou give me,” said the doggy, “thy big daughter to marry?” “I will give her to thee,” said he, “if she will take thee herself.”

They went home, himself and the doggy. Her father said to the eldest daughter, Would she take him? and she said she would not. He said to the second one, Would she marry him? and she said, she would not marry him, though the cattle should not be got for ever. He said to the youngest one, Would she marry him? and she said, that she would marry him. They married, and her sisters were mocking her because she had married him.

He took her with him home to his own place. When he came to his own dwelling-place, he grew into a splendid man. They were together great time, and she said she had better go see her father. He said to her to take care that she should not stay till she should have children, for then she expected one. She said she would not stay. He gave her a steed, and he told her as soon as she reached the house, to take the bridle from her head and let her away; and when she wished to come home, that she had but to shake the bridle, and that the steed would come, and that she would put her head into it.

She did as he asked her; she was not long at her father’s house when she fell ill, and a child was born. That night men were together at the fire to watch. There came the very prettiest music that ever was heard about the town; and everyone within slept but she. He came in and he took the child from her. He took himself out, and he went away. The music stopped, and each one awoke; and there was no knowing to what side the child had gone.

She did not tell anything, but so soon as she rose she took with her the bridle, and she shook it, and the steed came, and she put her head into it. She took herself off riding, and the steed took to going home; and the swift March wind that would be before her, she would catch; and the swift March wind that would be after her, could not catch her.

She arrived. “Thou art come,” said he. “I came,” said she. He noticed nothing to her; and no more did she notice anything to him. Near to the end of three quarters again she said, “I had better go see my father.” He said to her on this journey as he had said before. She took with her the steed, and she went away; and when she arrived she took the bridle from the steed’s head, and she set her home.

That very night a child was born. He came as he did before, with music; every one slept, and he took with him the child. When the music stopped they all awoke. Her father was before her face, saying to her that she must tell what was the reason of the matter. She would not tell anything. When she grew well, and when she rose, she took with her the bridle, she shook it, and the steed came and put her head into it. She took herself away home. When she arrived he said, “Thou art come.” “I
came,” said she. He noticed nothing to her; no more did she notice anything to him. Again at the end of three quarters, she said, “I had better go to see my father.” “Do,” said he, “but take care thou dost not as thou didst on the other two journeys.” “I will not,” said she.

He gave her the steed and she went away. She reached her father’s house, and that very night a child was born. The music came as was usual, and the child was taken away. Then her father was before her face; and he was going to kill her, if she would not tell what was happening to the children; or what sort of man she had. With the fright he gave her, she told it to him. When she grew well she took the bridle with her to a hill that was opposite to her, and she began shaking the bridle, to try if the steed would come, or if she would put her head into it; and though she were shaking still, the steed would not come. When she saw that she was not coming, she went out on foot. When she arrived, no one was within but the crone that was his mother. “Thou art without a houseman today,” said the crone; and if thou art quick thou wilt catch him yet. She went away, and she was going till the night came on her. She saw then a light a long way from her; and if it was a long way from her, she was not long in reaching it.

When she went in, the floor was ready swept before her, and the housewife spinning up in the end of the house. “Come up,” said the housewife, “I know of thy cheer and travel. Thou art going to try if thou canst catch thy man; he is going to marry the daughter of the King of the Skies.” “He is!” said she. The housewife rose; she made meat for her; she set on water to wash her feet, and she laid her down. If the day came quickly, it was quicker than that that the housewife rose, and that she made meat for her. She set her on foot then for going; and she gave her shears that would cut alone; and she said to her, “Thou wilt be in the house of my middle sister tonight.”

She was going, and going, till the night came on her. She saw a light a long way from her; and if it was a long way from her, she was not long in reaching it. When she went in the house was ready swept, a fire on the middle of the floor, and the housewife spinning at the end of the fire. “Come up,” said the housewife, “I know thy cheer and travel.”

She made meat for her, she set on water, she washed her feet, and she laid her down. No sooner came the day than the housewife set her on foot, and made meat for her. She said she had better go; and she gave her a needle would sew by itself. “Thou wilt be in the house of my youngest sister tonight,” said she. She was going, and going, till the end of day and the mouth of lateness. She saw a light a long way from her; and if it was a long way from her, she was not long in reaching it. She went in, the house was swept, and the housewife spinning at the end of the fire. “Come up,” said she, “I know of thy cheer and travel.” She made meat for her, she set on water, she washed her feet, and she laid her down. If the day came quickly, it was quicker than that that the housewife rose; she set her on foot, and she made her meat; she gave her a clue of thread, and the thread would go into the needle by itself and as the shears would cut, and the needle sew, the thread would keep up with them. “Thou wilt be in the town tonight.”

She reached the town about evening, and she went into the house of the king’s hen wife, to lay down her weariness, and she was warming herself at the fire. She said to the crone to give her work, that she would rather be working than be still. “No man is doing a turn in this town today,” says the hen wife; “the king’s daughter has a wedding.” “Ud!” said she to the crone, “give me cloth to sew, or a shirt that will keep my hands going.” She gave her shirts to make; she took the shears from her pocket, and she set it to work; she set the needle to work after it; as the shears would cut, the needle would sew, and the thread would go into the needle by itself.
One of the king’s servant maids came in; she was looking at her, and it caused her great wonder how she made the shears and the needle work by themselves. She went home and she told the king’s daughter, that one was in the house of the hen wife, and that she had shears and a needle that could work of themselves. “If there is,” said the king’s daughter, “go thou over in the morning, and say to her, I what will she take for the shears.”

In the morning she went over, and she said to her that the king’s daughter was asking what would she take for the shears. “Nothing I asked,” said she, “but leave to lie where she lay last night.” “Go thou over,” said the king’s daughter, “and say to her that she will get that.”

She gave the shears to the king’s daughter. When they were going to lie down, the king’s daughter gave him a sleep drink, so that he might not wake. He did not wake the length of the night; and no sooner came the day, than the king’s daughter came where she was, and set her on foot and put her out. On the morrow she was working with the needle, and cutting with other shears. The king’s daughter sent the maid servant over, and she asked “what would she take for the needle?”

She said she would not take anything, but leave to lie where she lay last night. The maid servant told this to the king’s daughter. “She will get that,” said the king’s daughter. The maid servant told that she would get that, and she got the needle. When they were going to lie down, the king’s daughter gave him a sleep drink, and he did not wake that night. The eldest son he had was lying in a bed beside them; and he was hearing her speaking to him through the night, and saying to him that she was the mother of his three children. His father and he himself was taking a walk out, and he told his father what he was hearing. This day the king’s daughter sent the servant maid to ask what she would take for the clue; and she said she would ask but leave to lie where she lay last night.

“She will get that,” said the king’s daughter. This night when he got the sleep drink, he emptied it, and he did not drink it at all. Through the night she said to him that he was the father of her three sons; and he said that he was. In the morning, when the king’s daughter came down, he said to her to go up, that she was his wife who was with him. When they rose they went away to go home. They came home; the spells went off him, they planted together and I left them, and they left me.
Black Bull of Norroway (4)

In Norroway, long time ago, there lived a certain lady, and she had three daughters: The oldest of them said to her mother: “Mother, bake me a bannock, and roast me a collop, for I’m going away to seek my fortune.”

Her mother did so; and the daughter went away to an old witch washerwife and told her purpose. The old wife bade her stay that day, and look out of her back-door, and see what she could see. She saw nothing the first day. The second day she did the same, and saw nothing.

On the third day she looked again, and saw a coach-and-six coming along the road. She ran in and told the old wife what she saw. “Well,” quoth the old woman, “yon’s for you.” So they took her into the coach and galloped off.

The second daughter next says to her mother: “Mother, bake me a bannock, and roast me a collop, for I’m going away to seek my fortune.” Her mother did so; and away she went to the old wife, as her sister had done.

On the third day she looked out of the back-door, and saw a coach-and-four coming along the road. “Well,” quoth the old woman, “yon’s for you.” So they took her in, and off they set.

The third daughter says to her mother: “Mother, bake me a bannock, and roast me a collop, for I’m going away to seek my fortune.”

Her mother did so; and away she went to the old witch. She bade her look out of her back-door, and see what she could see. She did so; and when she came back, said she saw nothing. The second day she did the same, and saw nothing. The third day she looked again, and on coming back said to the old wife she saw nothing but a great Black Bull coming crooning along the road.

“Well,” quoth the old witch, “yon’s for you.” On hearing this, she was next to distracted with grief and terror; but she was lifted up and set on his back, and away they went.

Aye they travelled, and on they travelled, till the lady grew faint with hunger. “Eat out of my right ear,” says the Black Bull, “and drink out of my left ear, and set by your leaving.” So she did as he said, and was wonderfully refreshed. And long they rode, and hard they rode, till they came in sight of a very big and bonny castle.

“Yonder we must be this night,” quoth the Bull; “for my elder brother lives yonder;” and presently they were at the place. They lifted her off his back, and took her in, and sent him away to a park for the night. In the morning, when they brought the Bull home, they took the lady into a fine shining parlour, and gave her a beautiful apple, telling her not to break it till she was in the greatest strait ever mortal was in the world, and that would bring her out of it. Again she was lifted on the Bull’s back, and after she had ridden far, and farther than I can tell, they came in sight of a far bonnier castle, and far farther away than the last.

Says the Bull to her: “Yonder we must be this night, for my second brother lives yonder;” and they were at the place directly. They lifted her down and took her in, and sent the Bull to the field for the night. In the morning they took the lady into a fine and rich room, and gave her the finest pear
she had ever seen, bidding her not to break it till she was in the greatest strait ever mortal could be in, and that would get her out of it.

Again she was lifted and set on his back, and away they went. And long they rode, and hard they rode, till they came in sight of the far biggest castle and far farthest off, they had yet seen. “We must be yonder tonight,” says the Bull, “for my young brother lives yonder,” and they were there directly.

They lifted her down, took her in, and sent the Bull to the field for the night. In the morning they took her into a room, the finest of all, and gave her a plum, telling her not to break it till she was in the greatest strait mortal could be in, and that would get her out of it. Presently they brought home the Bull, set the lady on his back, and away they went.

And aye they rode, and on they rode, till they came to a dark and ugsome glen, where they stopped, and the lady lighted down. Says the Bull to her: “Here you must stay till I go and fight the Old One. You must seat yourself on that stone, and move neither hand nor foot till I come back, else I’ll never find you again. And if everything round about you turns blue, I have beaten the Old One; but should all things turn red, he’ll have conquered me.” She set herself down on the stone, and by-and-by all round her turned blue. Overcome with joy, she lifted one of her feet, and crossed it over the other, so glad was she that her companion was victorious. The Bull returned and sought for her, but never could find her.

Long she sat, and aye she wept, till she wearied. At last she rose and went away, she didn’t know where. On she wandered, till she came to a great hill of glass, that she tried all she could to climb, but wasn’t able. Round the bottom of the hill she went, sobbing and seeking a passage over, till at last she came to a smith’s house; and the smith promised, if she would serve him seven years, he would make her iron shoon, wherewith she could climb over the glassy hill.

At seven years’ end she got her iron shoon, clomb the glassy hill, and chanced to come to the old washerwife’s habitation. There she was told of a gallant young knight that had given in some clothes all over blood to wash, and whoever washed them was to be his wife. The old wife had washed till she was tired, and then she set her daughter at it, and both washed, and they washed, and they washed, in hopes of getting the young knight; but for all they could do they couldn’t bring out a stain. At length they set the stranger damsel to work; and whenever she began, the stains came out pure and clean, and the old wife made the knight believe it was her daughter had washed the clothes. So the knight and the eldest daughter were to be married, and the stranger damsel was distracted at the thought of it, for she was deeply in love with him.

So she bethought her of her apple and breaking it, found it filled with gold and precious jewellery, the richest she had ever seen. “All these,” she said to the eldest daughter, “I will give you, on condition that you put off your marriage for one day and allow me to go into his room alone at night.” The lady consented; but meanwhile the old wife had prepared a sleeping drink, and given it to the knight who drank it, and never wakened till next morning. The live-long night the damsel sobbed and sang:

“Seven long years I served for thee,
The glassy hill I clomb for thee,
Thy bloody clothes I wrang for thee;
And wilt thou not waken and turn to me?”
Next day she knew not what to do for grief.

Then she broke the pear, and found it filled with jewellery far richer than the contents of the apple. With these jewels she bargained for permission to be a second night in the young knight’s chamber; but the old wife gave him another sleeping drink, and again he slept till morning. All night she kept sighing and singing as before:

“Seven long years I served for thee,
   The glassy hill I clomb for thee,
   Thy bloody clothes I wrang for thee;
   And wilt thou not waken and turn to me?”

Still he slept, and she nearly lost hope altogether. But that day, when he was out hunting, somebody asked him what noise and moaning was that they heard all last night in his bedchamber. He said: “I have heard no noise.”

But they assured him there was; and he resolved to keep waking that night to try what he could hear. That being the third night and the damsel being between hope and despair, she broke her plum, and it held far the richest jewellry of the three. She bargained as before; and the old wife, as before, took in the sleeping drink to the young knight’s chamber; but he told her he couldn’t drink it that night without sweetening. And when she went away for some honey to sweeten it with, he poured out the drink, and so made the old wife think he had drunk it. They all went to bed again, and the damsel began, as before, singing:

“Seven long years I served for thee,
   The glassy hill I clomb for thee,
   Thy bloody clothes I wrang for thee;
   And wilt thou not waken and turn to me?”

He heard, and turned to her. And she told him all that had befallen her, and he told her all that had happened to him. And he caused the old washerwife and her daughter to be burnt. And they were married, and he and she are living happy to this day for aught I know.
COMPRÉHENSION ORALE 1

*Brave Featurette: Pixar Goes to Scotland*

1. Why is *Brave* set in Scotland?

2. Spot the characteristics of the country enumerated by the crew.

3. How is the Scottish landscape?

4. How did the production crew apprehend the land?

5. According to Robbie Coltrane, what is amazing about Scotland?

6. What did they want to achieve through their depiction of Scotland?
**Scottish Food: Is It Good Or Bad? | Growing Up Scottish | BBC Scotland**

**Person A:** Scottish cuisine… that's not two words you see____________________very often. I mean, you go all the way__________________________, you see, like, Thai restaurants, Indian restaurants, Italian restaurants… I've never________________seen a Scottish restaurant.

**Person B:** Scottish food was_________________________. It was bad. It was like___________and___________and stuff that helps you go down a____________________and survive in a hole for a day

**Person C:** I've not seen a Scottish_________________________. I've never been somewhere else in the world and went in to get mince and tatties in a bag. Does Scotland have a cuisine? Yeah, I think. If it is, it's us having a wee laugh__________________________.

**Person B:** And then you come back up and be like, what's for____________________?____________________and____________________because you need to go back down the__________, and that was it.

**Person D:** Scottish cuisine is some of the____________________cuisine in the world. I genuinely_________________________that. When you____________________and you eat proper Scottish food there's literally nothing______________________, but you know, there's never a middle ground in Scotland. It's either____________________or really____________________.

**Person E:** I think people think in Scotland we roam around the________________________and just____________________live deer and all that kind of stuff. *On the side, a pie on a roll.* Which annoys me, *Aweh, you're Scottish? Have you brought your____________________?*

**Person F:**____________________especially. *Oh my god I would love to try____________________. Do you have____________________on the menu? Oh, it tastes delicious It's quite peppy!*

**Person G:** I don't think Americans are like... *Oh, I go to Scotchland. They eat a lot of____________________there, don't they?*

**Person H:** I mean, I don't ever remember before the age of 21 having venison or____________________or langoustines. I mean, I love scallops but I never had one before I was 30 years old.____________________, any of that stuff. I'm sure there is a stratum of Scottish society that has this stuff for their dinner, but__________________________.
**Person I:** I don't go down to the _________________ from my weekly shop and get the venison. I think there's been a _________________ in Scottish cuisine because of celebrity chefs, thankfully who've given us a bit more ________________.

**Person G:** We were the first nation to _________________ a Mars bar, I mean, we've done other things, haven't we? Invented television and penicillin. _________________ Mars bars, I think that's a fair contribution to the world.

**Person E:** I think I blame Scottish food from my overindulgence because my repertoire of foods growing up was so ________________, and then it was like I was thrown into a....I don't know a gourmet orgy.

**Person F:** You're smelling that lovely ________________ city smell just makes you feel ________________, doesn't it?

**Person C:** Just like Oscar Wilde, as far as food goes I can resist anything except _________________. That's me showing how pretentious I am.
Part 3

Ireland
**Compréhension orale 1**


I was ____________________________

When I met the woman I would call my ________________

Twenty-two grand kids now _______________________

In that house that your brother _________________ ya

On the ______________________ when I proposed

I made that ______________________ from dentist gold

And I asked her father, but her daddy said, no

You ____________________________ my daughter

She and I went ______________________

Don't care about ______________________

I'm gonna marry the woman I love

Down by the Wexford border

She was Nancy Mulligan

And I was William Sheeran

She took my _________________ and then we were one

Down by the Wexford border

Well, I met her at Guy's in the ____________________________

And she was working on a soldier's _________________

Never ______________________ such beauty before

The moment that I saw her

Nancy was my ______________________

And we got married wearing ______________________ clothes

We got eight children now growing old

__________________ sons and _______________ daughters

She and I went ______________________

Don't care about ______________________
I'm gonna marry the woman I love
Down by the Wexford border
She was Nancy Mulligan
And I was William Sheeran
She took my ___________________ and then we were one
Down by the Wexford border

From the ___________________ streak in her ___________________ hair
Over sixty years __________________________ her
Now we're sat by the fire in our old ___________________________
You know Nancy, I ____________________________ ya
From a __________________________ born near Belfast town
I never worried about the ____________ and ____________
'Cause I found my heart upon the __________________ ground
There's ________________________, I assure ya
COMPRÉHENSION ORALE 2

The myth of Oisín and the land of eternal youth

Sum up the legend in your own words.
COMPRÉHENSION ORALE 3

“Saint Patrick vs The Snakes and Other Myths and Legends Behind St. Patrick’s Day”

Écoutez la vidéo et résumez-la en français. Notez tous les mots que vous comprenez.

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And shortly after that they looked into a room that was quite empty except for one big wardrobe; the sort that has a looking-glass in the door. There was nothing else in the room at all except a dead blue-bottle on the window-sill.

"Nothing there!" said Peter, and they all trooped out again — all except Lucy. She stayed behind because she thought it would be worth while trying the door of the wardrobe, even though she felt almost sure that it would be locked. To her surprise it opened quite easily, and two moth-balls dropped out.

Looking into the inside, she saw several coats hanging up — mostly long fur coats. There was nothing Lucy liked so much as the smell and feel of fur. She immediately stepped into the wardrobe and got in among the coats and rubbed her face against them, leaving the door open, of course, because she knew that it is very foolish to shut oneself into any wardrobe. Soon she went further in and found that there was a second row of coats hanging up behind the first one. It was almost quite dark in there and she kept her arms stretched out in front of her so as not to bump her face into the back of the wardrobe. She took a step further in — then two or three steps always expecting to feel woodwork against the tips of her fingers. But she could not feel it.

"This must be a simply enormous wardrobe!" thought Lucy, going still further in and pushing the soft folds of the coats aside to make room for her. Then she noticed that there was something crunching under her feet. "I wonder is that more mothballs?" she thought, stooping down to feel it with her hand. But instead of feeling the hard, smooth wood of the floor of the wardrobe, she felt something soft and powdery and extremely cold. "This is very queer," she said, and went on a step or two further.

Next moment she found that what was rubbing against her face and hands was no longer soft fur but something hard and rough and even prickly. "Why, it is just like branches of trees!" exclaimed Lucy. And then she saw that there was a light ahead of her; not a few inches away where the back of the wardrobe ought to have been, but a long way off. Something cold and soft was falling on her. A moment later she found that she was standing in the middle of a wood at night-time with snow under her feet and snowflakes falling through the air.

Lucy felt a little frightened, but she felt very inquisitive and excited as well. She looked back over her shoulder and there, between the dark tree trunks; she could still see the open doorway of the wardrobe and even catch a glimpse of the empty room from which she had set out. (She had, of course, left the door open, for she knew that it is a very silly thing to shut oneself into a wardrobe.)
seemed to be still daylight there. “I can always get back if anything goes wrong,” thought Lucy. She began to walk forward, crunch-crunch over the snow and through the wood towards the other light. In about ten minutes she reached it and found it was a lamp-post. As she stood looking at it, wondering why there was a lamp-post in the middle of a wood and wondering what to do next, she heard a pitter patter of feet coming towards her. And soon after that a very strange person stepped out from among the trees into the light of the lamp-post.

He was only a little taller than Lucy herself and he carried over his head an umbrella, white with snow. From the waist upwards he was like a man, but his legs were shaped like a goat’s (the hair on them was glossy black) and instead of feet he had goat’s hoofs. He also had a tail, but Lucy did not notice this at first because it was neatly caught up over the arm that held the umbrella so as to keep it from trailing in the snow. He had a red woollen muffler round his neck and his skin was rather reddish too. He had a strange, but pleasant little face, with a short pointed beard and curly hair, and out of the hair there stuck two horns, one on each side of his forehead. One of his hands, as I have said, held the umbrella: in the other arm he carried several brown-paper parcels. What with the parcels and the snow it looked just as if he had been doing his Christmas shopping. He was a Faun. And when he saw Lucy he gave such a start of surprise that he dropped all his parcels.

“Goodness gracious me!” exclaimed the Faun.
Irish Creatures

Banshee
When I was a pre-teen and newly returned to Ireland with my parents after many years abroad, I hadn’t come across many mythical Irish creatures. My parents never really told us Irish tales, so I wasn’t aware of them. But I was soon educated in school about one of the scariest of all. The Banshee is a female spirit in Irish folklore that is said to be an omen for the death of a family member with her wailing/screeching/lamentful song. She is often called the woman of the fairy mound.

The word banshee comes from the Irish bean sí meaning the woman of the mounds. She can have many appearances including a beautiful young woman, a stately matron, or an old hag, with the latter being the most common. It is said she is dressed in a grey or white hooded cloak and with long silver hair through which she runs a comb. While some have said they have seen her, others have often not, instead hearing her mourning cries nearby. She is also most often associated with the main Irish families of O’Neill, O’Connor, O’Brien, O’Grady, and Kavanagh, although other families have claimed to have heard and seen her. This Irish mythological creature was the one that filled my youth with terror, and I prayed often that I would never see nor hear the banshee. She is one of the more intimidating fairy creatures from Irish folklore and similar creatures can be found across other Gaelic folklore such as in Scotland and Wales.

Abhartach
Abhartach is an Irish word for dwarf. It is said he was an evil dwarf and became an undead vampire who roamed Northern Ireland at night and drank the blood of his victims. It is said the Abhartach was a possible inspiration for Bram Stoker’s Dracula story.

There are a few tales about the Abhartach and about this Irish mythical monster. The earliest mention of the Abhartach is believed to have been in the 1875 story by Patrick Weston Joyce (The Origin and History of Irish Names of Places). Joyce tells of a magical dwarf who was also a tyrannical ruler in Derry, Northern Ireland. After learning all he could from a druid, he returned after a sudden disappearance as a sorcerer, committing terrible cruelties on those who opposed or mocked him.

Fionn Mac Cumhaill (of the Giant’s Causeway tale) is said to have confronted him in an effort to stop his cruelty and tyrannical ways. He killed Abhartach and buried him standing upright, to stop him from returning undead in any form.

However, he returned the very next day and reigned terror on the people of Ireland at night, drinking the blood of his victims. It wasn’t until Fionn Mac Cumhaill killed him for the third time and buried him standing upside down, that the Abhartach’s reign of terror ended.

Another, more Christian version follows a similar story, where the Abhartach fell to his first death when scaling a castle wall when trying to catch his wife in an adulterous situation. When being slain after rising from the dead by a hero called Cathain, he was killed with a sword made of yew wood.
There is actually a dolmen near the Abhartach’s hometown of Slaghtaverty in County Derry with a flat top under a hawthorn tree, believed to be the grave of Abhartach. Locals give this a wide berth, particularly at night. No matter which tale you choose to believe, the tale of the Abhartach is a scary one and is the stuff of nightmares in Ireland, a story I am glad I wasn’t aware of as a child.

The female equivalent is the Dearg Due, who stands in the shadows of the Abhartach and is less well known. She is said to be a cunning vampire and seduces men before draining them of their blood.

Ellén Trechend

When it comes to Irish folklore monsters, the three-headed Ellén Trechend is a slightly less scary one than others. It has taken many forms, depending on who is telling the tale. This mythical creature is said to have lived in the cave of Cruachan at Rathcroghan, Co. Roscommon, and after it emerged it laid Ireland to waste until it was slain by the Ulaid poet and hero Amergin. While trechend means three-headed, ellen is more difficult to interpret. The creature has been described as a three-headed bird and a three-headed fire-breathing monster.

Leprechaun

One of the most iconic symbols of Ireland is the Leprechaun. Ask anyone what comes to mind when they think of Ireland and many will answer with the leprechaun. These supernatural creatures in Irish folklore are often classed as solitary fairies. Typically depicted as a small, bearded man wearing a coat and hat, they are said to be mischievous creatures who are usually shoemakers. Leprechauns are said to be obsessed with gold, earning lots for the shoes and brogues they create and hide their crock of gold at the end of a rainbow. As far as Irish folklore creatures go, these are not the scariest and are probably one of the more fascinating and cheeky ones. While they are traditionally depicted as wearing green, earlier versions had them in red. They are mischievous, playing tricks but are also some of the most loveable Irish folklore characters.

Muckie

In Irish folklore, it is said that a mysterious creature inhabits the Lakes of Killarney called the Muckie. In 2003 scientists conducted sonar scans of the lakes and found a large solid mass in the water, fuelling speculation that Ireland had its own version of the Lough Ness Monster. The name comes from one of the three lakes, Muckross, and ‘sightings’ have been suggested as being a pair of seals.

Fear Gorta

A Fear Gorta is said to be an abandoned corpse with greyish green skin, deathly thin, long dirty nails, and often with rotten flesh or flesh missing, particularly on the cheekbones. It is usually clothed but in rags. The Fear Gorta is also known as the man of hunger or famine and walks the earth at times of famine, seeking alms from passers-by. Those who pay alms are blessed by him, but those who do not are cursed until the end of their days with eternal hunger, poverty, and bad luck. During the Great Famine of the 1840s, the tale of the Fear Gorta emerged where it was said he rose from a patch of hungry grass.
**Aibell**
In Irish mythology, Aibell was a guardian spirit of the Dál gCais, a powerful Gaelic tribe during the 10th century. She ruled a sídhe (mythological mound) in north Munster and had her dwelling at Craig Liath, a grey rock overlooking the Shannon near Killaloe in County Clare. She had a harp, of which it was said that anyone who hears its music did not live long afterward. Aibell, also called Aoibheall, has featured in poetry and stories including one by Lady Gregory and in a song by Seán Ó Seanacháin.

**Bodach**
The Bodach, in Irish folklore, is a trickster or bogeyman. Although he is said to have an appearance of a bogeyman, he is harmless. The name means old man or poor farmer. Gaelic tales say he comes down the chimney to kidnap naughty children, a tale told to keep children in check. Other tales suggest he was the father of the banshees as his appearance can foretell death and disaster. And if your children hear of him, spread salty on your hearth or threshold as it is said he will not cross it.

**Púca**
The Púca are creatures of Irish folklore, and the word comes from the Irish for spirit/ghost. These Irish mythological creatures are shape-shifting fairies and can take the appearance of a horse, goat, cat, dog, or hare. They can also take on a human form, albeit with some animals features such as ears or a tail.

They are described as having white or dark fur/hair and are harbingers of both good and bad fortune and can help or hinder rural and marine communities. They do have a fondness for trickery, and often entice humans to ride on their back whereupon they give them a wild and terrifying journey before dropping them off where they picked them up. In Irish folklore, it is said a rider can tame a púca if they wear sharp spurs to either prevent themselves from being taken or to steer the creature if already on its back. It has been said that the only man to ride a púca was Brian Boru, the last High King of Ireland.

The púca is often associated with Samhain, the harvest festival when the crops are brought in. Anything remaining in the fields is deemed to be for the púca and inedible for humans. Some farmers would leave a portion of the crop out for the púca to placate it. The púca has other tales associated with it and references are wide across stories, poetry, music, and more. You may also see it referred to as a pooka, or phouka.

**Glas Gaibhnenn**
This Irish folklore creature is a prized cow that yields bountiful quantities of milk. Owned by either a smith called Gaivnin, or a hero called Cian mac Cáinte, the cow is stolen by Balor the strong-smiter. The hero must fulfill a quest to regain the cow that involves being transported by a banshee to a tower where Balor’s daughter is, waiting to produce an heir that is destined to kill Balor. Of all the mythical creatures in Ireland, this is one of the least tales to tell children.

The cow is often depicted as being green or paled-skinned with green spots. Lady Gregory also recounted the tale of the Glas Gaibhnenn with the tower being made from glass. There are also other versions of the story but the one already mentioned is the most popular one told.
What if Narnia’s Lucy had not met a faun?

*Pick a creature from the list and imagine a different encounter. The tone can be light, scary, meant for very young kids or teens (about 300 words).*
Part 4

The United States
CHAPTER 1

The South
COMPRÉHENSION ORALE 1

*The Princess and the Frog (2009)*

“Baby Tiana learns to cook”

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KDLYOBvUvL0&ab_channel=DisneyPrincess
Don't you disrespect me little man!

Don't you derogate or deride!

You're in my ___________ now

Not your ________________

And I got friends on the other side!

That's an ________________, gentlemen

Just a little something we have here in Louisiana

A little parlor trick. ________________

Sit down at my ________________

Put your minds ________________

If you relax it will enable me to do anything ________________

I can ________________ your future

I can change it 'round some, too

I'll look deep into your __________ and soul

(You do have a soul, don't you, Lawrence?)

Make your ________________ dreams come ________________!

I got voodoo, I got hoodoo

I got __________ I ain't even tried!

And I got friends on the other side

The cards, the cards, the cards will tell

The ________________, the ________________, and the ________________ as well!

The cards, the cards, just take three
Take a little ____________ into your ______________ with me!

Now you, young man, are from __________________________

You come from two long lines of _______________

I'm a ________________ myself on my mother's side

Your lifestyle's ________________

But your funds are ________________

You need to marry a lil' honey whose daddy got dough!

Mom and dad ____________________, huh playboy?

Now y'all gotta get hitched, but hitchin' ties you down

You just wanna be ______________

Hop from ______________________

But freedom takes ________________!

It's the _____________, it's the _____________, it's the _____________ you need

And when I looked into your future

It's the _________________ that I see!

On you little man, I don't wanna ________________ much time

You been pushed around all your life

You been pushed around by your

Mother and your sister and your brother

And if you was ________________

You'd be pushed around by your ________________

But in your future, the you I see

Is exactly the man you ________________ wanted to be!

________________________________

Come on boys
Won't you ______________ the poor ___________________’s hand?

Yes

Are you ready?

(Are you ready?)

Are you ready?

Transformation central!

(Transformation central!)

Reformation central!

(Reformation central!)

Transmogrification central!

Can you feel it?

You're changin', You're changin', You're changin', all right!

I hope you're satisfied

But if you ain’t

Don't blame me!

You can blame my friends on the other side!

(You got what you wanted)

(But you lost what you had)
1. What are voodoo dolls? How do they work?

2. Who was Marie Laveau?

3. How does Madame Cinnamon Black call her?

4. What is the chicken foot used for?

5. Where does voodoo originate from?

6. What is peculiar about voodoo’s journey according to Madame Cinnamon Black?
7. What does the folk tale about Papa Legba say? What about the sunglasses?
Mardi Gras in New Orleans

New Orleans, the great city at the mouth of the Mississippi is one of the most colorful, most cosmopolitan and most European of American cities. Though very few people in the city now speak or understand much French, New Orleans prides itself on its French heritage. The historic center of the city is known as the French Quarter, and the city is famous across the United States for its restaurants and its "Mardi Gras" celebrations. It is still one of America's great ports, where goods that have traveled down the Mississippi valley by barge or by truck or by train are offloaded and transported, to be exported all over the world.

Mardi Gras, meaning literally "Fat Tuesday" was first celebrated in Louisiana by French colonists in the eighteenth century. It was, in those days, a day of feasting before the start of Lent, the 40-day period leading up to Easter.

As the last "normal" day before the austerity of Lent, "fat Tuesday" was a day to make the most of, a day of carnivals, eating, drinking and revelry. It has remained a day of carnival ever since; but the original French celebrations are just a small part of today's festivities. Mardi Gras, New Orleans style, owes as much to Afro-Caribbean customs and the Latin American carnival tradition as it does to the French colonists who established it in their new city.

The Mardi Gras celebrations actually last for several weeks. About a month before the main carnival, a season of elaborate balls and parties begins: the official Mardi Gras program is published, and shops start selling the very sweet and colorful "King Cake", a delicacy that can only be found during this holiday season.

In other parts of Louisiana, the first Mardi Gras parades actually take place three to four weeks before the big carnival in New Orleans, and even in the city itself, smaller parades begin two weeks before the big day.

My first Mardi Gras party took place in a friend's apartment in New Orleans a few days before the parade. The apartment was decorated out in the season's traditional colors of green, gold and purple; the hi-fi system pounded out carnival music, while the guests danced, talked, and ate King Cake, washed down with "Blackened Voodoo Beer", another specialty brewed in a local brewery.

On Fat Tuesday itself, I joined the hundreds of thousands of local people and visitors, to watch the processions wind their way through the streets of New Orleans. The processions are organized by groups called "Krewes", which each have mythological or historic names, such as Proteus, Endemion, or Bacchus. The one I liked best was Zulu, a parade organized by members of the city's black community, resplendent with its colorful ornate floats and costumes based on African themes.

Perhaps the most astonishing aspect of Zulu and other parades was the "throws". As the floats move slowly through the crowds, tradition has it that those on them should throw all kinds of trinkets into the crowd — plastic necklaces, engraved plastic cups, plastic medallions (a coveted prize) and other souvenirs. Most parade-goers do all they can to catch these materially worthless items, and I found myself quickly caught up in the frenzy, scraping on the sidewalk among the surging spectators to proudly pick up my plastic prize. In the heat of the moment, it's hard not to be caught up in the madness of this ritual, in spite of the worthlessness of the prizes!
Traditionally, people in New Orleans use the "throw cups" they pick up, and decorate their cars or homes with the other souvenirs they take home.

As a Yankee spending my first Mardi Gras in New Orleans, however, I made some mistakes in planning my time. There is so much going on at Carnival time, that you can't see everything, and I was disappointed not to see more of the city's famous Dixieland jazz bands parading through the streets, but obviously I was often in the wrong place at the wrong time.

After a year, I know that I still have a lot to learn about the customs, cultures and traditions of Mardi Gras in New Orleans. This year, I'll try and restrain myself during the throws, so that I won't come home with a bagful of plastic objects that I simply have to recycle. I'll let someone else have that pleasure!

to make the most of: to take maximum advantage from, to enjoy - revelry: partying, fun customs: habits, traditions - to last: to endure, to survive - to brew: to make beer - wind their way: move and turn - resplendent: shining, colorful - floats: wagons, carts - trinkets: kitsch, worthless objects - coveted: desired, wanted - frenzy: excitement - surging: all moving together

QUESTIONS

1. What is the name of the 40-day period leading up to Easter?

2. Historically speaking, how was the last "normal" day before this period spent?

3. Nowadays, when do the Mardi Gras celebrations start?

4. What is the name of the delicacy specific to this holiday season? Where is the big carnival held?
5. What are the season’s traditional colors?

6. What is the name of the special beer people drink in New Orleans?

7. Who organizes the processions?

8. What are "throws"?
CHAPTER 2

The West
Old West Legends

Billy the Kid

While not much is known of Billy the Kid's early years, he was born William Henry McCarty Jr. in the slums of New York City and was orphaned at 14. He eventually moved out West, where his days as a Wild West outlaw and gunfighter was ripe before him. On the lam from New Mexican authorities for stealing, Billy the Kid fled to Arizona, where he murdered a man during a fight. He returned to New Mexico and joined a group of cattle thieves and fought in the Lincoln County War. Although he boasted of having gunned down close to two dozen men, he probably killed less than 10 before he was fatally shot at the age of 21 by Sheriff Pat Garrett.

Buffalo Bill

William F. “Buffalo Bill” Cody lived many lives before he became known to the world for his eponymous Wild West tour. Barely a teen, he took part in California's Gold Rush and two years later, became a Pony Express Rider. He served as an army scout in the Indian Wars, fought for the Union in the Civil War, and found a way of practicing his acting chops in between. By the time he launched his colorful cowboy-themed Wild West show in 1883, he was already a legend.

Davy Crockett

Easily identifiable by his coonskin cap, Davy Crockett — known for being a hunter, frontiersman, soldier and politician — is one of the most mythologized folk heroes and "forefathers" of the Wild West. Called the "King of the Wild Frontier," Crockett got involved in Tennessee's local and state politics before representing it as a U.S. Congressman starting in 1827 through 1833. After barely losing his election to serve out a fourth term, a disillusioned Crockett moved to Texas, which was under Mexico's jurisdiction at the time, in 1835. The following year, he fought for Texas' independence and was killed in the Battle of Alamo.
Calamity Jane

Born Martha Jane Canary in Missouri, Calamity Jane grew up to be an adventurous frontiersman and performer. Famous for dressing and shooting like a man — and drinking like one, too — Jane moved to booming gold rush towns out West and became an expedition scout in South Dakota. She became famous for her wild antics and quickly learned that telling tall tales of her exploits (real and mostly imagined) could make her a buck. Jane toured with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show and also appeared at the 1901 Pan-American Exposition in upstate New York. Her rumored romantic relations with Wild Bill Hickok were probably started by her, but soon, she even tired of her fanciful stories and persona. Suffering from alcoholism, Jane died at 51. Per her request, she was buried next to Hickock.

Annie Oakley

Called "Little Miss Sure Shot" among many other names, Ohio native Annie Oakley lived an extraordinary life, thanks to her champion sharpshooting skills, which started in her teens. At 15, her talents came out in full view when she dared to compete with expert marksman Frank E. Butler, whom she'd narrowly beat in a shooting contest and eventually marry. Later, she'd meet Buffalo Bill and become one of his star attractions in his Wild West show, where she'd have the opportunity to meet royalty, world leaders, and even befriend Chief Sitting Bull. Even up to her death, Oakley was setting records in shooting contests and preparing for a comeback. When she died in 1926, her husband of five decades was so devastated that he followed her to the grave just a few weeks later.

Butch Cassidy

Robert LeRoy Parker, better known as Butch Cassidy, closed out the last decade of the 1800s being a wanted man. With his accomplice Harry Alonzo Longabaugh (aka the Sundance Kid), the two robbed trains, banks and led a posse of criminals called the Wild Bunch. Cassidy and the Wild Bunch wreaked havoc in places like Idaho, Utah, Wyoming and New Mexico before fleeing the country to evade law enforcement. To make a clean escape, Cassidy and the Sundance Kid took a flight from New York City to South America. In 1908 they got involved in a shootout with local authorities in Bolivia, and it's believed that the two men lost their lives there.

Jesse James

Like Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid, Jesse James was another celebrated bank and train robber who, along with his brother Frank, led the James-Younger Gang. The James Brothers fought for the Confederate Army during the Civil War and were accused of atrocious crimes against Union soldiers and abolitionists. Robbing banks, trains and stagecoaches throughout the Midwest, James gained celebrity status and notoriety, starting in 1866. After close to two decades on the run, James' life of crime came to an end when he was shot by new gang recruit Robert Ford, who was promised by authorities to be forgiven of past crimes if he killed James.
CHAPTER 3

American traditions
Thanksgiving

COMPRÉHENSION ORALE 1

History of the Holidays: History of Thanksgiving | History

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lslqtUMuDxA&ab_channel=HISTORY
COMPRÉHENSION ORALE 2

“Native American Girls Describe the REAL History Behind Thanksgiving”

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=K7jLeBWMA0U&ab_channel=TeenVogue
Halloween

COMPRÉHENSION ORALE 3

“Halloween Scares up Tricks, Treats in US”

At the end of October, ________________ to America may notice something a little
_______________ going on: if the _________________ home does not look as
____________________ as it could, it is just part of a ________________ phenomenon in America: the celebration of Halloween. On October 31st, children all over the
country will dawn costumes and go house to house saying the words
”________________________” so people will give them ____________________.

The celebration dates back to Celtic rituals where people tried to ________________ spirits. In the US, the first ________________ Halloween celebration was recorded in the
northern state of Minnesota in ________________. The holiday’s popularity is
__________________: according to the National Retail Federation, nearly
____________________ of Americans plan on celebrating Halloween this year. Ellen Davis, the
Federation spokesperson, says that is because people do not view the holiday as just one day anymore:
“It's an entire ________________ long or even ________________ long celebration, and as a result
more people are getting in on Halloween activities and we're also seeing many businesses like
____________________ and orchards creating activities around the Halloween theme.”

Cox farms in the state of Virginia is one of those places: hundreds of children pour into the farm
every day during the fall to go on hay rides, enjoy Halloween themed games, and of course pick out
the perfect ________________. The growing interest in the holiday has been anything but
_______________ for American businesses: consumers are expected to spend nearly
_______ billion dollars on Halloween this year. That money will be spent mainly on accommodation of
costumes, candy and decorations.
Even the National ______ in Washington is getting in on the celebration. ____________’s spokesman Matt O’Leary says the zoo has sold _______________ of tickets to their annual Halloween event where the kids dress up, but they are not the only ones getting treats: “The animals do get treats. We give pumpkins to the elephants. And the pygmy hippos in the Nile hippo and some of the other animals and here in the Great Ape house they get some treats as well.” And the kids get to __________________________. But the most important thing about Halloween is that everyone has some fun getting a little bit scared.
Part 4

The Commonwealth
Australia

COMPRÉHENSION ORALE 1

Australia | NatGeo Kids

This is Earth. Maybe you've heard of it. I ____________________, because you live on one of its seven ____________________.

This one's most known for its ____________ landscapes and ____________ animals. Australia is the ________________ of the seven ____________, and it's entirely ________________ by water. It's also the only country in the world that covers an entire ________________.

At almost 3 million ________________ miles, Australia is located below Asia in the Southern Hemisphere. That's how it got its nickname, the "______________________________".

Life ________________ is very _________________. It can go from ________________ dry temperatures to very subtropical. In the Southern Hemisphere, stars and constellations appear ________________ and reversed compared to the Northern Hemisphere. This is because the Earth turn on its axis from the North to the South Pole. Even the ________________ are in reverse. So get out your winter parkas in the summer and surf boards during the holidays.

And you'll definitely need ________________ if you visit one of Australia's many deserts. Like the Great Victoria Desert, the ________________ in the _________________. Australia's warm, sunny climate and giant open spaces make for great ________________ adventures. Ready to camp out underneath the stars in the Australian ________________? On clear nights, you can see almost 3,000 stars. Wanna take a ____________ in the ocean? There are over 1,500 species of fish that live in the ________________ located in the Pacific Ocean. The largest ________________ in the world. Another natural wonder can be found in the heart of the continent, Uluru, a ____________ rock formation that stands 1,100 feet tall.
And, of course, there are some incredible animals in Australia. Like _______ and emus that live on the coast. And the cute marsupials like koalas and wombats. And unique animals like the platypus and camels. Australia has almost 1,000 different reptile ________, including some of the most dangerous snakes.

Even though many of the world's ________ species live here, Australia is home to over 24 million people. The continent's first people, the Aborigines, arrived in Australia about 50,000 years ago. Australia is one of the most ethnically and geographically ________ nations in the world.

What an _________. A beautiful island. I mean country. Wait. _________. Well, you know what I mean. __________________________. Australia.
« Down Under », Men at Work

__________ in a fried-out Kombi

On a hippie trail, head full of _______________

I met a strange _______________, she made me nervous

She took me in and gave me ________________

And she said

Do you come from a land down under?

Where women _______________ and men _______________

Can't you hear, can't you hear the ________________?

_____________ run, ________________ take cover

Buying ________________ from a man in Brussels

He was six-foot-four and full of ________________

I said, "Do you speak-a my language?"

And he just ________________ and gave me a Vegemite ______________

And he said

I come from a land down under

Where ________________ does flow and men chunder

Can't you hear, can't you hear the ________________?

You ________________ run, you ________________ take cover, yeah

Lyin' in a den in Bombay

With a slack jaw, and not _______________________

I said to the man, "Are you trying to ________________?"

Because I come from the land of ________________

And he said
Canada

COMPRÉHENSION ORALE 3

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bWL-OGW7cPQ&ab_channel=UniversityofPrinceEdwardIsland

1. Who was Lucy Maud Montgomery?

2. Where was she from? Be as precise as possible.

3. What does her work celebrate?

4. What other artistic activities did she practice?

5. What was she interested in?

6. What did she speculate?

7. Can we say L.M. Montgomery’s work has had an international impact? Why?
Anne of Green Gables

Author: Lucy Maud Montgomery

Year: 1908

Anne of Green Gables, children’s novel by Canadian author Lucy Maud Montgomery, was published in 1908. The work, a sentimental but charming coming-of-age story about a spirited and unconventional orphan girl who finds a home with elderly siblings, became a classic of children’s literature and led to several sequels.

Matthew Cuthbert and his sister, Marilla, live in Avonlea on Canada’s Prince Edward Island. Needing help on their farm, Green Gables, they apply to adopt a boy from an orphanage. By mistake, however, a red-haired, freckle-faced 11-year-old girl named Anne Shirley is sent to the siblings. While Matthew instantly takes to Anne, Marilla is unsure about keeping her. However, the cheerful and highly imaginative Anne gradually transforms the joyless lives of shy Matthew and prim Marilla, and they come to view her as a daughter.

However, not everything about Avonlea is idyllic, and the quick-tempered Anne has two nemeses: the hypercritical Mrs. Rachel Lynde, who she eventually wins over, and Gilbert Blythe, a classmate who insults Anne by calling her “carrots”—she is sensitive about her looks, especially her red hair—and sets off a long-simmering feud; the two become friends by the end of the book and marry in a later sequel. Impulsive and sometimes mischievous, Anne has many misadventures, such as accidentally dyeing her hair green.

However, she matures in the course of the book, and, when Matthew dies, Anne foregoes college to care for Marilla, who is going blind. Showing no bitterness, Anne instead cheerfully welcomes her new situation, believing that it will hold great happiness.

*Anne of Green Gables* was inspired by a newspaper story, and Montgomery infused the work with her own girlhood experiences and the rural life and traditions of Prince Edward Island. Although initially rejected by several publishers, the novel was a huge success upon publication. Mark Twain called Anne “the most lovable child in fiction” since Lewis Carroll’s *Alice*. *Anne of Green Gables* was adapted for film, stage, and television. Although Montgomery was not interested in continuing the story, she wrote several sequels that traced Anne’s life from girlhood to motherhood. However, they were less popular than the original novel. (Source: Britannica)
CHAPTER XVI.

Diana Is Invited to Tea with Tragic Results

October was a beautiful month at Green Gables, when the birches\textsuperscript{22} in the hollow turned as golden as sunshine and the maples behind the orchard\textsuperscript{23} were royal crimson\textsuperscript{24} and the wild cherry trees along the lane\textsuperscript{25} put on the loveliest shades\textsuperscript{26} of dark red and bronzy green, while the fields sunned themselves in aftermaths.\textsuperscript{27}

Anne revel\textsuperscript{28} in the world of color about her.

“Oh, Marilla,” she exclaimed one Saturday morning, coming dancing in with her arms full of gorgeous boughs\textsuperscript{29}, “I’m so glad I live in a world where there are Octobers. It would be terrible if we just skipped from September to November, wouldn’t it? Look at these maple\textsuperscript{30} branches. Don’t they give you a thrill—several thrills? I’m going to decorate my room with them.”

“Messy things,” said Marilla, whose aesthetic sense was not noticeably developed. “You clutter up\textsuperscript{31} your room entirely too much with out-of-doors stuff, Anne. Bedrooms were made to sleep in.”

“Oh, and dream in too, Marilla. And you know one can dream so much better in a room where there are pretty things. I’m going to put these boughs in the old blue jug\textsuperscript{32} and set them on my table.”

“Mind you don’t drop leaves all over the stairs then. I’m going on a meeting of the Aid Society at Carmody this afternoon, Anne, and I won’t likely be home before dark. You’ll have to get Matthew and Jerry their supper, so mind you don’t forget to put the tea to draw until you sit down at the table as you did last time.”

“It was dreadful of me to forget,” said Anne apologetically, “but that was the afternoon I was trying to think of a name for Violet Vale and it crowded other things out. Matthew was so good. He never scolded a bit. He put the tea down himself and said we could wait awhile as well as not. And I told him a lovely fairy story while we were waiting, so he didn’t find the time long at all. It was a beautiful fairy story, Marilla. I forgot the end of it, so I made up an end for it myself and Matthew said he couldn’t tell where the join came in.”

\begin{flushleft}
\footnotesize
\textsuperscript{22} Birch : bouleau \\
\textsuperscript{23} Orchard : verger \\
\textsuperscript{24} Crimson : carmin \\
\textsuperscript{25} Lane : sentier, chemin \\
\textsuperscript{26} Shades : tons \\
\textsuperscript{27} Aftermaths : suites, conséquences \\
\textsuperscript{28} To revel : se délecter, se réjouir \\
\textsuperscript{29} Boughs : branches \\
\textsuperscript{30} Maple : érable \\
\textsuperscript{31} To clutter up : encombrer \\
\textsuperscript{32} Jug : pichet, carafe
\end{flushleft}
“Matthew would think it all right, Anne, if you took a notion to get up and have dinner in the middle of the night. But you keep your wits about you this time. And—I don’t really know if I’m doing right—it may make you more addlepated than ever—but you can ask Diana to come over and spend the afternoon with you and have tea here.”

“Oh, Marilla!” Anne clasped her hands. “How perfectly lovely! You are able to imagine things after all or else you’d never have understood how I’ve longed for that very thing. It will seem so nice and grown-uppish. No fear of my forgetting to put the tea to draw when I have company. Oh, Marilla, can I use the rosebud spray tea set?”

“No, indeed! The rosebud tea set! Well, what next? You know I never use that except for the minister or the Aids. You’ll put down the old brown tea set. But you can open the little yellow crock of cherry preserves. It’s time it was being used anyhow—I believe it’s beginning to work. And you can cut some fruit cake and have some of the cookies and snaps.”

“I can just imagine myself sitting down at the head of the table and pouring out the tea,” said Anne, shutting her eyes ecstatically. “And asking Diana if she takes sugar! I know she doesn’t but of course I’ll ask her just as if I didn’t know. And then pressing her to take another piece of fruit cake and another helping of preserves. Oh, Marilla, it’s a wonderful sensation just to think of it. […]”
Questions

1. What’s happening? How are the characters related?

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2. From what you’ve just read, how do you picture Anne? How would you describe her personality?

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Imagine what’s next for Anne and her friend: how will tea go? Will it be a disaster? Will anything extraordinary happen? Or, on the contrary, will it be a beautiful moment? Will they get into a fight, or remember good memories?

Be creative and write Anne of Green Gable’s next scene (about 300 words). It can be a dialogue or narration only (or a mix of both).
COMPREHENSION ORALE 4

*Anne with an E* | Clip: "Girls Can Do Anything" | Season 1, Netflix

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IYiRotc8cek

1. Describe the scene in your own words.

2. Why does Marilla want to send Anne back?

3. What does Anne suggest to Marilla?

4. Sum up Anne’s arguments.