

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.

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

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 > 1^{er} 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

1^{er} degré

- **DIDACTIQUE DE L'ANGLAIS**

ALLETRU Amélie, Marie Gaucher, *J'enseigne l'anglais - De la maternelle au CM2: De la maternelle au CM2*, Dunod, Paris, 2021.

DEFRASNE Martial, *Enseigner à l'école primaire - Enseigner l'Anglais du CP au CM2*, Hatier, Paris, 2018.

HANOT Sylvie, *Enseigner l'anglais à partir d'albums CM1-CM2 (+ ressources numériques)*, Retz, Paris, 2020.

- **PRATIQUE DE L'ANGLAIS**

- **Maternelle**

CORDIER Séverine, *Mes premières comptines en anglais – Livre sonore avec 6 puces*, Gründ, Paris, 2015.

HANOT Sylvie, Christine Hanot, *The méthode, apprendre l'anglais avec des chansons et des jeux 5-7 ans*, 2020.

PALLIS Mark, Peter Baynton, *L'incroyable bureau des objets trouvés et la petite souris anglaise*, New Westend Press, 2021.

TOUATY Corinne, Alexandre Bonnefoy, *Bravo les maternelles - Mon cahier avec plein d'activités d'anglais + CD audio - 3 à 6 ans*, Bordas, Paris, 2019.

- **Primaire**

Mon coffret pour apprendre l'anglais - Dès 6 ans (CP-CE), Bordas, Paris, 2014.

- **Tous niveaux**

BIORET Stéphanie, *Anglais, Guide de conversation des enfants*, Editions Bonhomme de Chemin, Paris, 2014.

LACHAUD Eleaume Stéphanie, *J'apprends l'anglais autrement - Niveau débutant : 80 cartes mentales pour apprendre facilement le vocabulaire, la conjugaison et la grammaire anglaise*, Eyrolles, Paris, 2019.

Cadre Commun de Référence pour les Langues

UTILISATEUR EXPÉRIMENTÉ (maîtrise)	C2	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.
UTILISATEUR EXPÉRIMENTÉ (autonome)	C1	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.
UTILISATEUR INDÉPENDANT (indépendant)	B2	Peut comprendre le <u>contenu essentiel de sujets concrets ou abstraits</u> dans un texte complexe, y compris une discussion technique dans sa spécialité. Peut communiquer avec un degré de <u>spontanéité et d'aisance</u> tel qu'une conversation avec un locuteur natif ne comportant de tension ni pour l'un ni pour l'autre. Peut <u>s'exprimer de façon claire et détaillée sur une grande gamme de sujets</u>, émettre un <u>avis sur un sujet d'actualité</u> et exposer les <u>avantages et les inconvénients</u> de différentes possibilités.
UTILISATEUR INDÉPENDANT (seuil)	B1	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.
UTILISATEUR ÉLÉMENTAIRE (survie)	A2	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.
UTILISATEUR ÉLÉMENTAIRE (découverte)	A1	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.

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*)

COMPRÉHENSION ÉCRITE 1

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 curiouiser 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)

COMPRÉHENSION ÉCRITE 2

CHAPTER I

Down the Rabbit-Hole

Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank¹, and of having nothing to do: once or twice she had peeped into² 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), whether³ the pleasure of making a daisy-chain⁴ 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 hedge⁵. [...]

The rabbit-hole went straight on like a tunnel for some way, and then dipped⁶ suddenly down, so suddenly that Alice had not a moment to think about stopping herself before she found herself falling down a very deep well⁷. 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

COMPRÉHENSION ORALE 2

“The Walrus and the Carpenter”

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=00WCEbKM_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 your 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*)

COMPRÉHENSION ORALE 3

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!

COMPRÉHENSION ÉCRITE 3

“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 gleefully⁸ 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 cuddling⁹ 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 nursed¹⁰ 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 will¹¹ 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."

COMPRÉHENSION ÉCRITE 4

J. M. Barrie, *Peter and Wendy*, 1911**CHAP. III – Come away, come away!**

There was another light in the room now, a thousand times brighter¹² than the night-lights, and in the time we have taken to say this, it had been in all the drawers¹³ in the nursery, looking for Peter's shadow, rummaged¹⁴ 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 tinkle¹⁵ as of golden bells¹⁶ 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 drops¹⁷ of water, and when they did not he was appalled¹⁸. He tried to stick it on with soap from the bathroom, but that also failed. A shudder¹⁹ passed through Peter, and he sat on the floor and cried.

His sobs²⁰ 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 bowed²¹ 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."

¹² Bright = brillant

¹³ Drawers = tiroirs

¹⁴ To rummage = fouiller

¹⁵ Tinkle = tintement

¹⁶ Bells = cloches

¹⁷ Drops = gouttes

¹⁸ Appalled = consterné, effaré, horrifié

¹⁹ Shudder = frisson

²⁰ Sobs = sanglots

²¹ To bow = s'incliner

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

COMPRÉHENSION ORALE 4

English Heritage: “Did King Arthur Really Exist?”

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

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2. Who was Richard?

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3. Who did Uther Pendragon fall in love with?

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4. What happened to the lovers?

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

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6. Where was King Arthur conceived? Who were his parents?

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7. How old was Arthur when he was crowned king?

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8. When did Richard die?

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9. Where is King Athur's roundtable supposed to be located?

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10. What legend surrounds Stonehenge?

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Part 2

Scotland

COMPRÉHENSION ECRITE 1

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 go after them, 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 p. 103people, 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 Norrway (4)

In Norrway, 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 jewellery 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 ?

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

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3. How is the Scottish landscape?

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4. How did the production crew apprehend the land?

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

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6. What did they want to achieve through their depiction of Scotland?

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COMPRÉHENSION ORALE 2

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, *Awb, 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 peppery!*

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

Ed Sheeran, “Nancy Mulligan” (2017)

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 ÉCRITE 1

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.) It

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, *ellén* 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.

EXPRESSION ÉCRITE

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

COMPRÉHENSION ORALE 2

“Friends on the Other side”

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=g00kEcGh4j8&ab_channel=PATFvids

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)

COMPRÉHENSION ORALE 3

History of Voodoo - Tales of New Orleans

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-5SWTLhxfEo&ab_channel=YurView

1. What are voodoo dolls? How do they work?

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2. Who was Marie Laveau?

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3. How does Madame Cinnamon Black call her?

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4. What is the chicken foot used for?

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5. Where does voodoo originate from?

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6. What is peculiar about voodoo's journey according to Madame Cinnamon Black?

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7. What does the folk tale about Papa Legba say? What about the sunglasses?

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COMPRÉHENSION ÉCRITE 1

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 transhipped, 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?

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

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

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4. What is the name of the delicacy specific to this holiday season?. Where is the big carnival held?

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5. What are the season's traditional colors?

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

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7. Who organizes the processions?

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8. What are "throws"?

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CHAPTER 2

The West

COMPRÉHENSION ÉCRITE 2

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



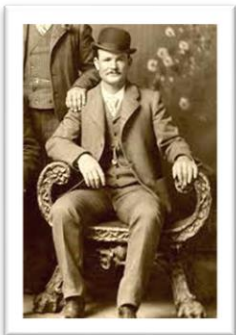
Born Martha Jane Canary in Missouri, Calamity Jane grew up to be an adventurous frontiersman and performer. Famous for dressing and shooting like a man — and drinking like one, too — Jane moved to booming gold rush towns out West and became an expedition scout in South Dakota. She became famous for her 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 Hickok.

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

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.

COMPRÉHENSION ORALE 2

« 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?

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

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3. What does her work celebrate?

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4. What other artistic activities did she practice?

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5. What was she interested in ?

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6. What did she speculate ?

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7. Can we say L.M. Montgomery's work has had an international impact ? Why ?

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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,



Megan Follows as Anne Shirley



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)

COMPREHENSION ECRITE 1

Anne of Green Gables

CHAPTER XVI.

Diana Is Invited to Tea with Tragic Results

October was a beautiful month at Green Gables, when the birches²² in the hollow turned as golden as sunshine and the maples behind the orchard²³ were royal crimson²⁴ and the wild cherry trees along the lane²⁵ put on the loveliest shades²⁶ of dark red and bronzy green, while the fields sunned themselves in aftermaths.²⁷

Anne revealed²⁸ in the world of color about her.

“Oh, Marilla,” she exclaimed one Saturday morning, coming dancing in with her arms full of gorgeous boughs²⁹, “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 maple³⁰ 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 up³¹ 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 jug³² 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.”

²² Birch : bouleau

²³ Orchard : verger

²⁴ Crimson : carmin

²⁵ Lane : sentier, chemin

²⁶ Shades : tons

²⁷ Aftermaths : suites, conséquences

²⁸ To revel : se délecter, se réjouir

²⁹ Boughs : branches

³⁰ Maple : érable

³¹ To clutter up : encombrer

³² Jug : pichet, carafe

“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 addleheaded 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-upish. 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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EXPRESSION ÉCRITE

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=IYjRotc8cek>

1. Describe the scene in your own words.

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2. Why does Marilla want to send Anne back?

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3. What does Anne suggest to Marilla?

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4. Sum up Anne's arguments.

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