

Your main commentary should be focused on prepositions and adverbial particles. Other topics may also be addressed.

- One Saturday afternoon Agatha and Miriam were upstairs dressing. Their bedroom was over the stable. It was a low room, not very large, and bare. Miriam had nailed on the wall a reproduction of Veronese's
- 5 "St. Catherine". She loved the woman who sat in the window, dreaming. Her own windows were too small to sit in. But the front one was dripped over with honeysuckle and virginia creeper, and looked upon the tree-tops of the oak-wood across the yard, while the little
- 10 back window, no bigger than a handkerchief, was a loophole to the east, to the dawn beating up against the beloved round hills.
- The two sisters did not talk much to each other. Agatha, who was fair and small and determined, had rebelled against the home atmosphere, against the doctrine of "the other cheek". She was out in the world now, in a fair way to be independent. And she insisted on
- 15 worldly values, on appearance, on manners, on position, which Miriam would fain have ignored.
- Both girls liked to be upstairs, out of the way, when Paul came. They preferred to come running down, open the stair-foot door, and see him watching, expectant of them. Miriam stood painfully pulling over
- 20 her head a rosary he had given her. It caught in the fine mesh of her hair. But at last she had it on, and the red-brown wooden beads looked well against her cool brown neck. She was a well-developed girl, and very handsome. But in the little looking-glass nailed against the whitewashed wall she could only see a fragment of herself at a
- 25 time. Agatha had bought a little mirror of her own, which she propped up to suit herself. Miriam was near the window. Suddenly she heard the well-known click of the chain, and she saw Paul fling open the gate, push his bicycle into the yard. She saw him look at the house, and she shrank away. He walked in a nonchalant fashion, and his
- 30 bicycle went with him as if it were a live thing.
- "Paul's come!" she exclaimed.
- "Aren't you glad?" said Agatha cuttingly.
- Miriam stood still in amazement and bewilderment.
- "Well, aren't you?" she asked.
- 35 "Yes, but I'm not going to let him see it, and think I wanted him."
- Miriam was startled. She heard him putting his bicycle in the stable underneath, and talking to Jimmy, who had been a pit-horse, and who was seedy.
- "Well, Jimmy my lad, how are ter? Nobbut sick an' sadly, like? Why,
- 40 then, it's a shame, my owd lad."

D.H. Lawrence, *Sons and Lovers*, 1913, GB
807 words

- She heard the rope run through the hole as the horse lifted its head from the lad's caress. How she loved to listen when he thought only the horse could hear. But there was a serpent in her Eden. She searched earnestly in herself to see if she wanted Paul Morel. She felt
- 45 there would be some disgrace in it. Full of twisted feeling, she was afraid she did want him. She stood self-convicted. Then came an agony of new shame. She shrank within herself in a coil of torture. Did she want Paul Morel, and did he know she wanted him? What a subtle infamy upon her. She felt as if her whole soul coiled into knots
- 50 of shame.
- Agatha was dressed first, and ran downstairs. Miriam heard her greet the lad gaily, knew exactly how brilliant her grey eyes became with that tone. She herself would have felt it bold to have greeted him in such wise. Yet there she stood under the self-accusation of wanting
- 55 him, tied to that stake of torture. In bitter perplexity she kneeled down and prayed:
- "O Lord, let me not love Paul Morel. Keep me from loving him, if I ought not to love him."
- Something anomalous in the prayer arrested her. She lifted her head
- 60 and pondered. How could it be wrong to love him? Love was God's gift. And yet it caused her shame. That was because of him, Paul Morel. But, then, it was not his affair, it was her own, between herself and God. She was to be a sacrifice. But it was God's sacrifice, not Paul Morel's or her own. After a few minutes she hid her face in the
- 65 pillow again, and said: "But, Lord, if it is Thy will that I should love him, make me love him - as Christ would, who died for the souls of men. Make me love him splendidly, because he is Thy son."
- She remained kneeling for some time, quite still, and deeply moved, her black hair against the red squares and the lavender-sprigged
- 70 squares of the patchwork quilt. Prayer was almost essential to her. Then she fell into that rapture of self-sacrifice, identifying herself with a God who was sacrificed, which gives to so many human souls their deepest bliss.

SUJET JURY

SUJET CANDIDAT N°

CODE SUJET: ILG (9)