



# Baccalauréat Français International

## ENTRY TEST MARCH 2025

### **PART ONE: Reading Comprehension**

Excerpt from *Fahrenheit 451*, Ray Bradbury, 1953

Answer the questions in English. (1 hour)

### **PART TWO: Writing Assignment**

Choose one subject. Write about 150 words. (30 minutes)

### **PART THREE: Listening Comprehension**

Listen to the document three times and report what you understood. You can write your report in French or in English. (15 minutes)

# PART ONE: Reading Comprehension

Excerpt from *Fahrenheit 451*, Ray Bradbury, 1953

1. What is Montag's job? What does it consist in?
2. L. 5-13. What imagery is associated to Clarisse's eyes? Quote the text to justify your answer.
3. Clarisse causes Montag to recall a childhood memory in which a wish was embedded. What was the significance of the memory and the wish?
4. What two observations does Clarisse make about Montag's conversational mannerisms?
5. What things do the McClellans do which cause them to be classified as peculiar?
6. What final question does Clarisse ask Montag on the night of their first encounter? How do you account for Montag's reaction? (50 words)
7. What impression does the whole extract give you of the society it describes?

# PART TWO: Writing Assignment

Choose one subject. Write about 150 words.

1. Why is it important to read? Give examples to justify your view.

OR

2. Write about a time when you felt afraid. Focus on words and vocabulary choice to be as specific as possible.

OR

3. What is your definition of a "happy" life?

OR

4. "He stood looking up at the ventilator grille in the hall and suddenly remembered that something lay hidden behind the grille, something that seemed to peer down at him now. He moved his eyes quickly away." Imagine what could be there, and in which way it could impact Montag's life.

# PART THREE: Listening Comprehension

Listen to the document three times and report what you understood. You can write your report in French or in English. ***Timothée Chalamet on learning the guitar embodying Bob Dylan in biopic***, ABC News, 17<sup>th</sup> December 2024

They walked on again in silence and finally she said, thoughtfully, "You know, I'm not afraid of you at all."

He was surprised. "Why should you be?"

"So many people are. Afraid of firemen, I mean. But you're just a man, after all . . ."

5 He saw himself in her eyes, suspended in two shining drops of bright water, himself dark and tiny, in fine detail, the lines about his mouth, everything there, as if her eyes were two miraculous bits of violet amber that might capture and hold him intact. Her face, turned to him now, was fragile milk crystal with a soft and constant light in it. It was not the hysterical light of electricity but—what? But the strangely comfortable and rare and gently flattering light of the candle. One time, as a child, in a power  
10 failure, his mother had found and lit a last candle and there had been a brief hour of rediscovery, of such illumination that space lost its vast dimensions and grew comfortably around them, and they, mother and son, alone, transformed, hoping that the power might not come on again too soon . . .

15 And then Clarisse McClellan said:

"Do you mind if I ask? How long've you worked at being a fireman?"

"Since I was twenty, ten years ago."

"Do you ever read any of the books you burn?"

He laughed. "That's against the law!"

20 "Oh. Of course."

"It's fine work. Monday burn Millay, Wednesday Whitman, Friday Faulkner, burn 'em to ashes, then burn the ashes. That's our official slogan."

They walked still farther and the girl said, "Is it true that long ago firemen put fires out instead of going to start them?"

25 "No. Houses have always been fireproof, take my word for it."

"Strange. I heard once that a long time ago houses used to burn by accident and they needed firemen to stop the flames."

He laughed.

She glanced quickly over. "Why are you laughing?"

30 "I don't know." He started to laugh again and stopped. "Why?"

"You laugh when I haven't been funny and you answer right off. You never stop to think what I've asked you."

He stopped walking. "You are an odd one," he said, looking at her. "Haven't you any respect?"

35 "I don't mean to be insulting. It's just I love to watch people too much, I guess."

"Well, doesn't this mean anything to you?" He tapped the numerals 451 stitched on his char-colored sleeve.

"Yes," she whispered. She increased her pace. (...)

40 They walked the rest of the way in silence, hers thoughtful, his a kind of clenching and uncomfortable silence in which he shot her accusing glances. When they reached her house all its lights were blazing.

"What's going on?" Montag had rarely seen that many house lights.

45 "Oh, just my mother and father and uncle sitting around, talking. It's like being a pedestrian, only rarer. My uncle was arrested another time—did I tell you?—for being a pedestrian. Oh, we're most peculiar."

"But what do you talk about?"

She laughed at this. "Good night!" She started up her walk. Then she seemed to remember something and came back to look at him with wonder and curiosity. "Are you happy?" she said.

50 "Am I what?" he cried.

But she was gone—running in the moonlight. Her front door shut gently.

"Happy! Of all the nonsense."

He stopped laughing.

55 He put his hand into the glove hole of his front door and let it know his touch. The front door slid open.

Of course I'm happy. What does she think? I'm not? he asked the quiet rooms. He stood looking up at the ventilator grille in the hall and suddenly remembered that something lay hidden behind the grille, something that seemed to peer down at him now. He moved his eyes quickly away.

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*Fahrenheit 451*, Ray Bradbury, 1953