

# CORRIGE

**Ces éléments de correction n'ont qu'une valeur indicative. Ils ne peuvent en aucun cas engager la responsabilité des autorités académiques, chaque jury est souverain.**

# BACCALAUREAT TECHNOLOGIQUE

**SESSION 2005**

**ANGLAIS**

**LANGUE VIVANTE 1**

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**CORRIGÉ**

**Séries SMS, STL, STI, STT**

(STT spécialité comptabilité et gestion ; spécialité informatique et gestion)

**Langue vivante 1 renforcée-Série STT**

(spécialité action et communication commerciales ;  
spécialité action et communication administratives)

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**Durée de l'épreuve : 2 heures.**

**Coefficient : 2**

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Ce corrigé comporte 3 pages numérotées de 1 à 3.

Répartition des points

Compréhension	12 points
Expression	8 points

‘Allen? Are you deaf, or are you simply on a different astral plane this morning?’

I poked my head out of my cubicle. All around me my coworkers were staring straight ahead at their terminals – a habit we all fell into whenever Rubinek decided to berate someone, out of fear that he might catch our eye and turn his poisonous attention to us.

5 ‘I didn’t hear the question, Burt,’ I said.

‘So you *are* deaf.’

‘I was just preoccupied with –’

‘I WILL REPEAT THE QUESTION ONCE AGAIN: What time is designated as start of business in this company?’

10 ‘Eight-thirty,’ I said quietly.

‘Very good. Very good. Eight-three-oh. We are at our desks at eight-thirty, ready to make our first calls at eight-forty-five. And what time did you walk in this morning?’

‘Around eight-thirty.’

‘Wrong! You arrived here at eight-thirty-six. How many minutes late were you?’

15 ‘There was a delay in the subway. Someone jumped under a train at Thirty-fourth Street. I think he used to work here.’

Nervous titters from a few of my neighboring coworkers. When they saw Rubinek’s face go crimson (a sure sign he was about to declare war), they immediately refocused their eyes on their computer screens. He approached my cubicle and lowered his voice to a near whisper.

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‘A comedian, huh?’

‘I was just trying to lighten things up, Burt.’

‘My name is Mr. Rubinek. You were six minutes late this morning. And you were insubordinate.’

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‘It was a joke, *Mr. Rubinek*.’

‘I didn’t hire you to do stand-up. I hired you to push the product. And to show up not *around* eight-thirty, but *at* eight-thirty. Your quota this week is now eighteen units.’

‘Oh, for Christ’s sake...’

30 ‘You don’t like it, there’s the door.’ He glanced at the big digital clock that hung on the main wall. 8:44:52. Everyone else fell silent, watching the seconds tick down.

‘Right people...’ Burt Rubinek shouted. The clock turned 8:45. A loud bell sounded. The selling day had begun. Suddenly the room erupted into babble as all 120 telesales operators began chasing the first sale of the day, everyone fearfully conscious of the weekly quota they needed to reach in order to report back to work next Monday.

35 Rubinek turned back to me and said: ‘Eighteen units by close of business tomorrow, or you’re out of here.’

‘That’s not fair and you know it,’ I said.

He gave me a wall-to-wall smirk. ‘You’re right. It’s not fair. I do know it. And I don’t care.’

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Abridged from *The Job*, by Douglas Kennedy, 1998.

