

ÉCOLE POLYTECHNIQUE – ÉCOLES NORMALES SUPÉRIEURES  
ÉCOLE SUPÉRIEURE DE PHYSIQUE ET DE CHIMIE INDUSTRIELLES

CONCOURS D'ADMISSION 2012

FILIÈRES **MP** ET **PC**

COMPOSITION DE LANGUE VIVANTE – (XEULC)

VERSION (Durée : 1 heure 30)

(SANS DICTIONNAIRE)

*Les candidats doivent traduire le texte correspondant à la langue qu'ils ont choisie pour l'épreuve écrite lors de leur inscription au concours.*

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page 2	allemand
page 3	anglais
page 4	arabe
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*L'épreuve sera jugée du double point de vue de l'intelligence du texte et de la maîtrise de la langue française.*

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## ANGLAIS

### Shoplifting

“Come along”, Peter said, pulling up his hood. “You’ll see”.

So Nick followed Peter as they pushed their way through the dark Brooklyn neighborhoods, still taking care to avoid busy thoroughways or corners where teenagers were loitering about, but no longer dashing down side streets or hiding behind trees. Nick didn’t feel a need to worry about Marko, not this far west, but couldn’t help keeping an eye out for the green van. After a while Nick began to relax, felt his step lighten, and realized that he was enjoying simply having someone to walk down the street with. [...]

He wasn’t like other street kids Nick had seen. His clothes might have been worn and dirty, but he wasn’t grimy. He was a bit nutty, sure, but he didn’t seem strung out on anything and his eyes were clear and sharp—even if they were gold. But though Peter felt like a friend, the best sort of friend, one you could count on to watch your back, Nick had to remind himself that he knew nothing about this weird boy and had to be careful. And there was something else, something below the contagious laugh and impish grins that nagged at Nick, something he couldn’t put his finger on, something wicked, something—*dangerous*.

The smell of nectarines filled Nick’s nose and his mouth began to water. He realized the smells were coming from the Chinese deli just ahead.

“Hungry ?” Peter asked.

Nick realized he was, that he hadn’t eaten since breakfast. He also remembered he didn’t have any money.

“Hold up,” Peter said as he glanced up and down the street. “You be the lookout. Okay ?”

“Lookout ?” Nick said. “For what ?”

But Peter had already entered the grocery.

Nick didn’t like where this was going. He tried to peer over the fruit stands to see what Peter was up to, but could only see the top of Peter’s head bobbing about inside the store. A few minutes later Peter came strolling out with two plastic containers of steaming Kung Pao chicken, fried rice, egg rolls, and three sacks of candy bars, almost more than he could carry.

“Here, help me with this,” Peter said, handing Nick the candy bars.

“Wait,” Nick said, “You didn’t—”

“We probably should skedaddle,” Peter interrupted, and headed away at a rapid clip.

A second later a plump, older Chinese man came skidding out of the grocery in his stained apron and yellow rain boots.

The man looked at Nick, then at the sack of candy bars.

Nick heard the man say something under his breath, and even though it was Chinese, Nick had no trouble recognizing it as profanity. Then the man pointed at Nick and started yelling *TEEF* over and over again.

Nick broke and ran after Peter.

Luckily for Nick, the old man’s running was about as good as his English, and Nick put a block or two between them in no time.

Brom  
*The Child Thief*, 2009.