

Ollscoil na hÉireann, Gaillimh
National University of Ireland, Galway

GX1005

Semester II, 2002 - 2003

Exam Code 3BA1, 4BA4

Exam Final Arts

Module Code FR331

Module French Language III

Paper No. I

Repeat Paper - Special Paper -

External Examiners Dr. J. McKee, Dr. É. Ní Mhuirthile

Internal Examiners Dr. M. Scott

Ms. M. Denis

Mr. E. Ó Cofaigh

Instructions:

All candidates must answer ALL questions.

Separate answer books must be used for questions 1 and 2.

Enter your name and number on ALL answer books.

Candidates may translate from either English or Irish in Question 1 and may translate into English or Irish in Question 2.

Duration 3 hrs

No. of Answer books 2

Requirements:

Handout

MCQ

Statistical Tables

Graph Paper

Log Graph Paper

Other Material

No. of Pages 3 (not including this one)

Department French

OLLSCOIL NA hÉIREANN, GAILLIMH
NATIONAL UNIVERSITY OF IRELAND, GALWAY
THIRD & FOURTH ARTS EXAMINATION
SEMESTER II, 2002 - 2003
PAPER I
FRENCH – FR331

Dr. J. McKee, Dr. É. Ní Mhuirthile, Prof. P. Ó Gormaille, Dr. M. Scott,
Ms. M. Denis, Mr. É. Ó Cofaigh

Time allowed: 3 hours

All candidates must answer two questions

Separate answer books must be used for each question

Candidates may translate from English or Irish in Question 1 and may translate into English or Irish in Question 2

FR331: French Language III

ECTS: 7.5 (incl. CA)

Tom glanced behind him and saw the man coming out of the Green Cage, heading his way. Tom walked faster. There was no doubt that the man was after him. Tom had noticed him five minutes ago, eyeing him carefully from a table, as if he weren't *quite* sure, but almost. He had looked sure enough for Tom to down his drink in a hurry, pay and get out.

At the corner Tom leaned forward and trotted across Fifth Avenue. There was Raoul's. Should he take a chance and go in for another drink? Or should he hurry over to Park Avenue and try losing him in a few dark alleys? He went into Raoul's. Automatically, he looked around to see if there was anyone he knew. There was the big man with the red hair, whose name he always forgot, sitting at a table with a blonde girl.

"Whisky on the rocks", he said to the barman.

Who was this man and what did he want? He didn't look like a policeman or a detective, more like a businessman, someone's father, well-dressed, well-fed and greying at the temples.

Tom watched the door.

Here he came. The man saw him and immediately looked away. He removed his straw hat and took a place at the end of the bar.

Adapted from Patricia Highsmith, *The Talented Mr Ripley*

B. Aistrigh:

Bhí an bheirt bhan siúd i gcéadbhláth na hóige agus iad thar a bheith dathúil, maidir le ceannaghaidh agus snua agus leagan coirp. Mar deirtear, chuirfidís fonn pósta ar na mairbh. Treabhsair dhearga a bhí orthu, go díreach mar bhí ar an mbuachaill óg. Ní mórán nach é an saghas céanna bróige bhí orthu freisin; ach go raibh méaracha a gcos le feiscint agus dath bándearg ar na hingne beaga deasa. As sin suas ní raibh orthu ach léinteacha gorma gan muinchillí; iad seo leagtha go dlúth le craiceann agus oscailte ag an scórnach. Bhí duine acu dorchá, maidir le gruaig agus súile. Bhí an ceann eile fionn. Bhí seoda ag lonradh ina ngruaig agus ina gcuid fáinní cluaise agus ar mhéaracha a lámh. Níor thugadar aird dá laghad ar na daoine a bhí ag dearcadh orthu. Choinníodar orthu ag comhrá le chéile os íseal agus ag dathú a mbéil.

“Cogar,” adeir an buachaill le Máirtín i gceann tamaill. “Tá deifir bheag orainn agus níor thug tú aon fhreagra fós ar mo cheist.” Gheit Máirtín agus thug sé aghaidh arís ar an mbuachaill.

“Cé an teanga aisteach atá á labhairt acu siúd thall?” adeir sé go caidéiseach. “Ní hí Béarla Mheireacá bheadh inti? Deamhan focal di táim i ndon a thuiscint.”

“Fraincis atáid ag labhairt,” adeir an buachaill.

Bunaithe ar *Dúil*, le Liam Ó Flaithearta

2. Traduire:

En quittant les bureaux de la police, Wallas a été repris par cette impression de vide dans la tête qu'il avait d'abord attribuée au froid. Il a pensé, à ce moment, que la longue marche faite à jeun y était peut-être aussi pour quelque chose. Pour être en mesure de réfléchir avec fruit aux propos du commissaire et mettre de l'ordre dans ses propres idées, il a jugé utile de se restaurer. Il est donc entré dans une brasserie, déjà remarquée une heure plus tôt, où il a mangé de bon appétit deux oeufs au jambon avec du pain complet. Il s'est en même temps fait expliquer, par la serveuse, le chemin le plus commode pour se rendre rue de Corinthe.

Il a trouvé facilement la clinique, mais le docteur Juard venait de sortir. L'infirmière qui l'a reçu lui a demandé de quoi il s'agissait; il a répondu qu'il désirait parler au docteur en personne; elle lui a proposé alors un entretien avec Mme Juard. Wallas s'en est sorti en déclarant qu'il ne venait pas pour une question médicale. Cette explication a fait sourire l'infirmière – sans raison apparente – mais elle n'a plus rien demandé. Pendant qu'elle refermait la porte, elle a murmuré, assez fort pour que Wallas l'entende: «Tous les mêmes!»

Adapted from Alain Robbe-Grillet, *Les Gommes*