**FINAL EXAM – WRITING with Integrated LISTENING (15%)**

1. **Use page 2 of this document as the first page of your exam text.**

Fill out the section that says “To be filled out by STUDENT.”

N.B. There will be a deduction if you forget to include that page or if you don’t fill it out.

1. **Write a text of about 350 words with your made-up ending of the short story that you listened to in class.**

* Think of **an ending to the story and write it up**. If you can write about 350 words, then the ending is all you need.
* If your text isn’t long enough, add some text BEFORE your ending.

Make sure that your final text is cohesive and works well; it should not look as if it has two separate parts (like a summary and then the ending).

Suggestions:

* Summarize the story you heard.
* Retell the story (=more detailed than a summary).
* Give some examples (or anecdotes) from the story to add some context.

1. You may change aspects or elements of the story you listened to.

You are allowed to change: the tense; who narrates (maybe third person instead of “I,” for example); the origins of Yasi’s family; etc.

1. When ready: submit your work in the Remise on Léa (in TRAVAUX).
2. ATTENTION! You must submit your text by the end of today’s class, even if it isn’t finished. – If you are allowed extra time (SAIDE students, for example), talk to the teacher but you must still submit your work-in-progress by the end of the lab period.

**FINAL WRITING EXAM (15%)**

**To be filled out by STUDENT:**

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **Name:** | **Paul-Étienne Paquin** |
| **Number of Words:** | **372** |

|  |
| --- |
| **Answer “Yes” or “No”** |
| Yes | I have double-spaced (2.0) my text |
| Yes | I have used a regular font size (usually about 11 or 12 points) |
| Yes | I have organized my text into multiple paragraphs |
| Yes | I have skipped a line (left some extra space) between paragraphs. |
| Yes | I have checked my verbs to make sure I **don’t mix** PRESENT tense and PAST tense.  (Either tell the story as if it’s happening now, or write it as if it has happened at some point in the past.) |

**To be filled out by TEACHER:**

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Content & Organization: | / 10 |
| Grammar & Vocabulary & Spelling & Punctuation: | / 10 |
| Remember to double-space (2.0) your texts! | **Penalty 1 point** |
| Use a regular font size. |  |
| Organize your text into more paragraphs. |  |
| Leave some extra space between paragraphs. |  |

**START YOUR TEXT ON THIS PAGE:**

Hannah had her throat visibly tightened. It was the first time I had seen her outside of her exuberant persona. She tried to greet my grandmother with conviction, but all that came out was a shy “Hi…” My grandma squinted her eyes and analyzed my girlfriend for what felt like hours. She could tell something wasn’t right. Although she still said in a jovial tone: “It’s my pleasure to meet you, please come and take a seat!”

We all headed towards the table. I sat close to Hannah while my grandmother took a seat across from us, on the other side of the table. At first, she didn’t seem to be curious about “us”. She was simply offering food as she usually does during family dinners. I was, of course, helping her fill up our plates, as I had cooked most of the food we were going to eat. We ate in silence for most of the supper. Me and Hannah exchanged anxious looks with one another as we eyed my grandma. We were both waiting for her reaction. It didn’t look like she was planning on giving us her opinion.

I had never experienced such an awkward moment with my grandmother. At some point, I couldn’t take the pressure any longer. But that’s when she finally opened her mouth and said: “You two are… going out with one another?” Me and Hannah stared at each other, not knowing what to answer. Grandma lowered and shook her head: “As I feared… I’d like for the both of you to leave my house and to never come back.” Tears started flooding my face. I never could have imagined someone that I loved this much pushing me away so easily.

That’s when I exploded. Anger was pouring out of me. It seemed to be flowing around me, empowering me. In a way that didn’t seem like me at all, I poured out what I had in my heart: “You know what, grandma? This isn’t for you to decide! I love Hannah, whether you like it or not. I’m bisexual and that is not for you to choose!” My grandmother stood stoned by what I had just said. A slight grin grew on her face.