

[...]In the distance, large crowds of white people were lining in the curb directly across from the front of Central High. As me and my mother approached behind them, we could only see a mob of white people stretching around the building. [...] My mind could take in the sights and sounds only one by one : flashing cameras, voices shouting in my ears, men and women **jostling** each other, old people, young people, uniformed police officers walking, men running, men standing still, men and women waving their **fists**, and then the long line of uniformed soldiers **carrying** weapons just like in the war movies I had seen.

Everyone's attention seemed riveted on the center of the line of soldiers where a big **commotion** was taking place. At first we couldn't see what they were looking at. [...] As we drew near, the angry **outbursts** became even more intense, and we began to hear their words more clearly. « Niggers, go home ! Niggers, go back where you belong ! Two, four, six, eight, we ain't gonna integrate ! »

Over and over the words rang out. The terrifying **frenzy** of the **crowd** was building like steam in an erupting volcano.

« We have to find the others, » Mama yelled in my ear.  
« We'll be safer with the group. » She grabbed my arm to

mirrored the terror I felt. Some of the white men and women had angry faces and wide-opening mouths screaming their rage. Their words were becoming increasingly vile, fueled by whatever was happening directly in front of the school.[...]

« Oh, my Lord, » Mother said.

It was my friend Elizabeth they were watching. The anger of that huge crowd was directed toward Elizabeth Eckford as she stood alone, in front of Central High, facing the long line of soldiers, with a huge crowd of white people **screeching** at her back. Barely five feet tall, Elizabeth **cradled** her books in her arms as she desperately searched for the right place to enter. Soldiers in uniforms and helmets , cradling their rifles, towered over her. Each time she approached, the soldiers closed ranks, shutting her out.

As she turned towards us, her eyes hidden by dark glasses, we could see how erect and **proud** she stood despite the fear she must have been feeling.

Warriors don't cry (1994), Melba Patillo Beals – extract from chapter 4

1) Présentation du texte + Situation d'énonciation + ton du texte et rythme + justifier

2) Découpage du texte en parties + titres + 1 phrase d'explication

3) Comprendre et justifier les sentiments des personnages

4) Comprendre et justifier les effets de sens donnés par les mots.

Observer la construction du passage : ici une focalisation progressive sur un point visuellement inaccessible qui nous est révélé à la fin

Regarder les verbes : Actions (successives, agressives, défensives, factuelles) / Etat (pensées, descriptions)

Faire des comparaisons entre les personnages et voir comment ces comparaisons sont opérées (figures de style avec comparaison, utilisation d'un même mot attribué à 2 personnes différentes – analogie)

Les mots en gras sont à traduire.