

**Prenez connaissance des documents A, B et C.**

**Document A**

Now, here it was, the last Saturday in March, and Eddie settled down with his rod. He'd left his studio in the dark, and it was hardly daybreak when he began to fish. On both sides of the Hudson the sky was struck with a hazy pink glow. He'd brought along night crawlers<sup>1</sup> and crusts of bread in an old tin pail. Eddie avoided the  
5 Harlem River—it was overcrowded and overfished, even more so than the Hudson, littered with oystering boats. Several bridges had recently been built across the waters, disturbing the marsh birds. He knew it wouldn't be long before the countryside disappeared, as it had in Chelsea, where there was pavement everywhere.

10 Through the new leaves of the locust trees, Eddie spied Beck fishing farther down along the bank. An encounter with the old man appeared unavoidable, for the hermit gazed over and nodded. Eddie returned the greeting, considering how to best keep his distance. Beck was known to chase off intruders with a rifle, and there were those who said he vowed to kill any man who hunted the wildlife that was rapidly  
15 becoming rare, coyotes and fox and the huge, cantankerous<sup>2</sup> wild turkeys. Past the area of Washington Heights was Hudson Heights, the highest altitude in Manhattan, at 265 feet above sea level. There was the pastoral village of Inwood, and although the subway ran this far, this section of north Manhattan was still dotted with small farms, including a house once owned by the Audubon family. Eddie joined the hermit  
20 in his agitation over the constant building in Manhattan. Apartment buildings were rising everywhere.

Alice Hoffman, *The Museum of Extraordinary Things*, 2014

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<sup>1</sup> night crawlers = worms

<sup>2</sup> cantankerous = bad-tempered