

## **Enregistrement d'évaluation**

### **Version anglaise**

#### **Texte monologue**

Monsieur Seguin had always been unlucky with his goats. He kept on losing them, and all in the same way: one fine morning they would break loose from their rope, go off up into the mountains, and be eaten by the wolf. Nothing—neither the caresses of their master nor fear of the wolf—could hold them back. They were, it seemed, independent goats, determined to have fresh air and freedom at any cost.