

## Lisez les documents A et B

### Document A

Only one year ago the Smithforks were like families in East New York, Brooklyn. They lived in a brownstone house, built in 1880, that, except for plumbing and electricity, had not had much done to it since then. Their mom, Anne, loved architectural history, and she couldn't bear to modernize old buildings. To her, adding conveniences to a building meant losing its original character. "Think of the family that built this house," she would say. "Think how proud they were of this paneled wall, even if it has termites in it." She had painted the old oak floors of their Brooklyn house green, and that's how they had stayed-warped and green—the entire time the Smithforks lived there.

Maybe the best thing about their Brooklyn home was that they had a yard. It wasn't much of a yard, so small and their mom said she could mow the lawn with her tweezers. Still, it was a piece of the earth that was theirs, and they could go outside whenever they wanted.

Now they were Manhattanites. It seemed everyone lived in apartments here, stacked on top of one another just like the moving boxes. Worst of all, their mom was too busy to spend her days with them the way she always had. She was meeting with interior decorators and shopping for furniture, and she hired Maricel, a stern woman from the Philippines, to be their nanny. Maricel was efficient and professional and used to working with families more structured than their own.

Their father wasn't strict at all. Mr. Smithfork used to be poor and now was rich. After college, when his friends went to work for investment banks on Wall Street, Bruce Smithfork couldn't pull himself away from games—specifically video games. Not only was he good at playing them, he liked to invent them. He started a company in their Brooklyn basement called LeCube, and his game, the PeeWee, was a big seller.

Then something happened that changed everything. Bruce Smithfork sent the PeeWee to one of his friends for his fortieth birthday. His friend, who worked on Wall Street, liked it so much, he told Mr. Smithfork that his game was better than any game he had ever played, and Mr. Smithfork should take his company to the public, giving the family a lot of cash and allowing the company to be traded on the New York Stock Exchange.

Within weeks, their Brooklyn living room filled with men in suits. They spread long rolls of paper on the scuffed-up table and punched numbers into calculators. They drank a lot of coffee.

Finally the day came when the men in suits left and Mr. Smithfork rang the bell at the New York Stock Exchange. The kids couldn't believe it when he came home and said, "Hey, we're millionaires!" He swung their mom, Anne, around, and they all went out to eat at a diner. They ordered whatever they wanted and didn't take home the leftovers. After that, Bruce Smithfork went to work every day in a Manhattan office and wore a suit. He had real employees, rather than his own kids, to test his games on. He had shareholders who insisted his company grow and make more and more money.

Anne Smithfork spent most of her time getting ready to move the family out of Brooklyn. She searched Manhattan for the perfect apartment; she shopped for furniture and curtains and schools for children. She was rarely around during the day anymore.

Maureen Sherry, *Walls Within Walls*, 2012