BACCALAURÉAT GÉNÉRAL

ÉPREUVE D'ENSEIGNEMENT DE SPÉCIALITÉ

SESSION 2026

LANGUES, LITTÉRATURES
ET
CULTURES ÉTRANGÈRES ET RÉGIONALES

ANGLAIS

Durée de l'épreuve : **3 heures 30**

L'usage du dictionnaire unilingue non encyclopédique est autorisé.

La calculatrice n'est pas autorisée.

Dès que ce sujet vous est remis, assurez-vous qu'il est complet.

Ce sujet comporte 9 pages numérotées de 1/9 à 9/9

Le candidat traite au choix le sujet 1 ou le sujet 2.
Il précisera sur la copie le numéro du sujet choisi

Répartition des points

Synthèse	16 points
Traduction ou transposition	4 points

SUJET 1

Le sujet porte sur la thématique « Expression et construction de soi ».

1ère partie

Synthèse du dossier, en anglais (16 points)

Prenez connaissance de la thématique ci-dessus et du dossier composé des documents A, B et C, et traitez en anglais la consigne suivante (500 mots environ) :

Taking into account the specificities of the documents, analyse how American women are portrayed.

2ème partie

Traduction, en français (4 points)

Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document B (lignes 13-18).

L'usage du dictionnaire unilingue non encyclopédique est autorisé.

They were taught to pity the neurotic, unfeminine, unhappy women who wanted to be poets or physicists or presidents. They learned that truly feminine women do not want careers, higher education, political rights – the independence and the opportunities that the old-fashioned feminists fought for. Some women, in their forties and fifties, still remembered painfully giving up those dreams, but most of the younger women no longer even thought about them.

Document A



Catherine Gourley, Book cover of *Rosie*[1] *and Mrs. America*[2], 2007

[1] Rosie, from the poster "We Can Do It!" by Howard Miller, 1942
[2] Mrs. America, photograph from the 1930s by H.A. Roberts

Document B

Chapter I: The Problem that Has No Name

The problem lay buried, unspoken, for many years in the minds of American women. It was a strange stirring, a sense of dissatisfaction, a yearning that women suffered in the middle of the twentieth century in the United States. Each suburban wife struggled with it alone. As she made the bed, shopped for groceries, matched slip-cover material, ate peanut butter sandwiches with her children, chauffeured Cub Scouts and Brownies, lay beside her husband at night, she was afraid to ask even of herself the silent question: 'Is this all?'

[…] Experts told them how to catch a man and keep him, how to breastfeed children and handle their toilet training, how to cope with sibling rivalry and adolescent rebellion; how to buy a dishwasher, bake bread, cook gourmet snails, and build a swimming pool with their own hands; how to dress, look, and act more feminine and make marriage more exciting; how to keep their husbands from dying young and their sons from growing into delinquents. They were taught to pity the neurotic, unfeminine, unhappy women who wanted to be poets or physicists or presidents. They learned that truly feminine women do not want careers, higher education, political rights – the independence and the opportunities that the old-fashioned feminists fought for. Some women, in their forties and fifties, still remembered painfully giving up those dreams, but most of the younger women no longer even thought about them. A thousand expert voices applauded their femininity, their adjustment, their new maturity. All they had to do was devote their lives from earliest girlhood to finding a husband and bearing children.

[…] If I[1] am right, the problem that has no name stirring in the minds of so many American women today is not a matter of loss of femininity or too much education, or the demands of domesticity […]. We can no longer ignore that voice within women that says: 'I want something more than my husband and my children and my home.'

Betty Friedan, *The Feminine Mystique*,1963

[1] "I" refers to Betty Friedan, the author, and an American feminist journalist.

Document C

This novel, starting in the 1930s, is based on the true story of Black women working as scientists at NASA.

Outer Space

Katherine sat down with the engineers to review the requirements for the space technology lectures and the research reports that were starting to come out of the process. She listened closely to their instructions and as was her habit, she asked questions.

[…] As the work intensified, something that had been hibernating in her mind awakened, and once roused it would not go away. She considered the issue and checked its logic, just as she did with her analytical work. At first, she asked it only of herself, but eventually she came to the engineers with the question.

"Why can't I go to the editorial meetings?" she asked the engineers. A postgame recap of the analysis wasn't nearly as thrilling as being there for the main event. How could she not want to be a part of the discussion? They were her numbers, after all.

"Girls don't go to the meetings," Katherine's male colleagues told her.

"Is there a law against it?" Katherine retorted. There wasn't, in fact. There were laws telling her where she might answer nature's call—a law she ignored at Langley[1]—and which fountain to drink from. There were laws restricting her ability to apply for a credit card in her own name, because she was a woman. But no law applied to the editorial meeting. It wasn't personal: it was just the way things had always been done, they told her.

[…] Whether or not a woman was promoted, if she was given a raise, if she had access to the smoky sessions where the future was being conceived and built, had much to do with the prejudices and predilections of the men she worked for.

[…] Whatever personal insecurities Katherine Goble might have had about being a woman working with men, or about being one of the few blacks in a white workplace, she managed to cast them aside when she came to work in the morning. The racism stuff, the woman stuff: she managed to tuck all that way in a place far from her core, where it would not damage her steely confidence. As far as Katherine was concerned—as far as she had *decided*—once they got to the office, "they were all the same." She was going to assume that the smart fellas who sat across the desk, with whom she shared a telephone line and the occasional lunchtime game of bridge, felt the same. She only needed to break through their blind spots and make her case.

Margot Lee Shetterly, *Hidden Figures,* 2016

[1] Langley: NASA research center

SUJET 2

Le sujet porte sur la thématique « Voyages, territoires, frontières ».

1ère partie

Synthèse du dossier, en anglais (16 points)

Prenez connaissance de la thématique ci-dessus et du dossier composé des documents A, B et C, et traitez <u>en anglais</u> la consigne suivante (500 mots environ) :

Taking into account the specificities of the documents, show how motherhood shapes women's experiences of migration.

2ème partie

Traduction, en français (4 points)

Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document A (lignes 2 à 8)

L'usage du dictionnaire unilingue non encyclopédique est autorisé

Like Ashoke, busy with his teaching and research and dissertation seven days a week, she, too, now has something to occupy her fully, to demand her utmost devotion, her last ounce of strength. Before Gogol's birth, her days had followed no visible pattern. She would spend hours in the apartment, napping, sulking, rereading her same five Bengali novels on the bed. But now the days that had once dragged rush all too quickly toward evening - those same hours are consumed with Gogol, pacing the three rooms of the apartment with him in her arms.

Document A

Ashima and her husband, Ashoke, moved from India to America, where Ashoke is a professor at a prestigious university. They have just welcomed their first son, Gogol.

Three days later, Ashoke is back at MIT. […] Ashima begins to pride herself on doing it alone, in devising a routine. Like Ashoke, busy with his teaching and research and dissertation seven days a week, she, too, now has something to occupy her fully, to demand her utmost devotion, her last ounce of strength. Before Gogol's birth, her days had followed no visible pattern. She would spend hours in the apartment, napping, sulking, rereading her same five Bengali novels on the bed. But now the days that had once dragged rush all too quickly toward evening - those same hours are consumed with Gogol, pacing the three rooms of the apartment with him in her arms. Now she wakes at six, pulling Gogol out of the crib for his first feeding, and then for half an hour she and Ashoke lie with the baby in bed between them, admiring the tiny person they've produced. Between eleven and one, while Gogol sleeps, she gets dinner out of the way, a habit she will maintain for decades to come. Every afternoon she takes him out, wandering up and down the streets, to pick up this or that, or to sit in Harvard Yard, sometimes meeting up with Ashoke on a bench on the MIT campus, bringing him some homemade samosas and a fresh thermos of tea. At times, staring at the baby she sees pieces of her family in his face - her mother's glossy eyes, her father's slim lips, her brother's lopsided smile.[…]

Letters arrive from her parents, from her husband's parents, from aunts and uncles and cousins and friends, from everyone, it seems, but Ashima's grandmother. The letters are filled with every possible blessing and good wish, composed in an alphabet they have seen all around them for most of their lives, on billboards and newspapers and awnings, but which they see now only in these precious, pale blue missives. Sometimes two letters arrive in a single week. One week there are three. As always, Ashima keeps her ear trained, between the hours of twelve and two, for the sound of the postman's footsteps on the porch, followed by the soft click of the main slot in the door. […] "We are dying to see him," her mother writes. "These are the most crucial months. Every hour there is a change. Remember it." Ashima writes back with careful descriptions of her son, reporting the circumstances of his first smile, the day he first rolls over, his first squeal of delight. She writes that they are saving money for a trip home the following December, after Gogol turns one.

Jhumpa Lahiri, *The Namesake*, 2003

Document B

HE WOULD NOT BE LEAVING. NEVER. SHE WOULD NOT BE RETURNING TO Limbe[1]. For years she had stayed in her father's house doing nothing but housework […]. He had suggested she apprentice as a seamstress, which she was opposed to because, she told him, she'd never imagined herself sitting at a sewing machine five days a week. […]

By her late twenties, all she could think about was America. […] She began watching American movies like *Stepmom* and *Mrs. Doubtfire* not only for leisure but also as advance preparation, envisioning a future in New York where she would finish her education, own a home, raise a happy family. Though she'd been surprised to learn upon arrival that not many blacks lived like the ones in the sitcoms, and virtually no one, black or white, had a butler like the family in *The Fresh Prince,* the realization had done little to change her impression of what was possible in America. America might be flawed, but it was still a beautiful country. She could still become far more than she would have become in Limbe. In spite of her daily hardships, she could still send pictures to her friends in Limbe and say, look at me, look at me and my children, we're finally on our way.

But now, after coming so far for so long, with only two semesters left at BMCC[2] before she could transfer to a pharmacy school, Jende wanted her to return home. He wanted to drag her back to Limbe. […]

It wasn't only that she loved New York City and the times it had given her and the times it held in store for her. It wasn't just because she was hopeful that she would one day become a pharmacist, and a successful one at that. It was hardly only about what she would leave behind, things she could never find in her hometown, things like horse-drawn carriages on city streets, and gigantic lighted Christmas trees in squares and plazas, and pretty parks where musicians played for free beside polychromatic foliage. It wasn't merely for what she was leaving behind. No. It was mostly for what her children would be deprived of, and for where they would all be returning to: Limbe. It was for the boundless opportunities they would be denied, the kind of future she was almost denied in her father's house. She was going to fight for her children.

Imbolo Mbue, *Behold the Dreamers,* 2016

[1] City in Cameroon.

[2] Borough of Manhattan Community College

Document C



Photograph, 4x5 inches, Library of Congress, Prints and Photographs Division - Dorothea Lange, “Nipomo, Calif. March 1936. Migrant agricultural worker’s family. Seven hungry children and their mother aged 32. The father is a native Californian”, 1936