BACCALAURÉAT GÉNÉRAL

ÉPREUVE D'ENSEIGNEMENT DE SPÉCIALITÉ

SESSION 2024

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 10 pages numérotées de 1/10 à 10/10.

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

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, explain how literature helps both readers and writers deal with reality.

2ème partie

Traduction :

Translate the following passage from Document A into French.

L'usage du dictionnaire unilingue non encyclopédique est autorisé.

'What kind of books do you like?'
'I like books about nice people. And a story where it all comes out right in the end.'
'But Nancibel, that's not true to life.'
'I dare say not. Why should it be?'
'You're an escapist'
'Pardon?'
'You don't want to face facts.'
'Not in story books, I don't. I face plenty between Monday and Saturday without reading any of them.
Bruce sighed.
'I don't think a book ought to be sad,' said Nancibel, 'unless it's a great classical book like *Wuthering Heights*.'

(lines 1-12)

Document A

'What kind of books do you like?'
'I like books about nice people. And a story where it all comes out right in the end.'
'But Nancibel, that's not true to life.'
'I dare say not. Why should it be?'
'You're an escapist.'
'Pardon?'
'You don't want to face facts.'
'Not in story books, I don't. I face plenty between Monday and Saturday without reading any of them.'
Bruce sighed.
'I don't think a book ought to be sad,' said Nancibel, 'unless it's a great classical book, like *Wuthering Heights*[1].'
'Oh! You've read *Wuthering Heights*. Did you like it?'
'Yes, but I didn't think it was the right part for Merle Oberon. Running about with bare feet, well she was hobbling most of the time. You could see she wasn't used to it.'
'Oh… you mean the film.'
'Yes. The picture. That was a classic. Like *Pride and Prejudice*. Those Bronty[2] sisters were classical writers.'
'Seeing the picture isn't the same as reading the book.'
'Oh, I don't know. It's the same story, isn't it? But what I mean is if you're a classical writer it's all right; you can get people so interested they don't mind its being sad.'
'And I'm not a classical writer?' suggested Bruce.
'You can't be till you're dead,' said Nancibel.
'The Brontës happened to be alive when they wrote their books. They didn't wait till they were dead.'
'Oh. I see what you mean. Well...it'll just depend on if you can get people interested, won't it?'
'And it doesn't interest you?'
'Not the way you tell it. Look… this is my home. Good night, Bruce.'
'Good night, Nancibel.'
She ran up a path and opened a cottage door. For a moment he saw her framed in an oblong of light and got a glimpse of a family within, sitting round a table with tea cups. Faces turned to greet her. Then the door shut.
He turned and strolled back to the town. Nancibel was a stupid, almost an illiterate girl. Nancibel was unique; the most delightful girl he had ever met. *Hangman's Boy*[3] was tripe. He would burn it. He was a great classical writer, and he might rank with 'the Bronty sisters' if only he could find something to write about. Soon, very soon, he would find something. The world was all before him. He must see her again.

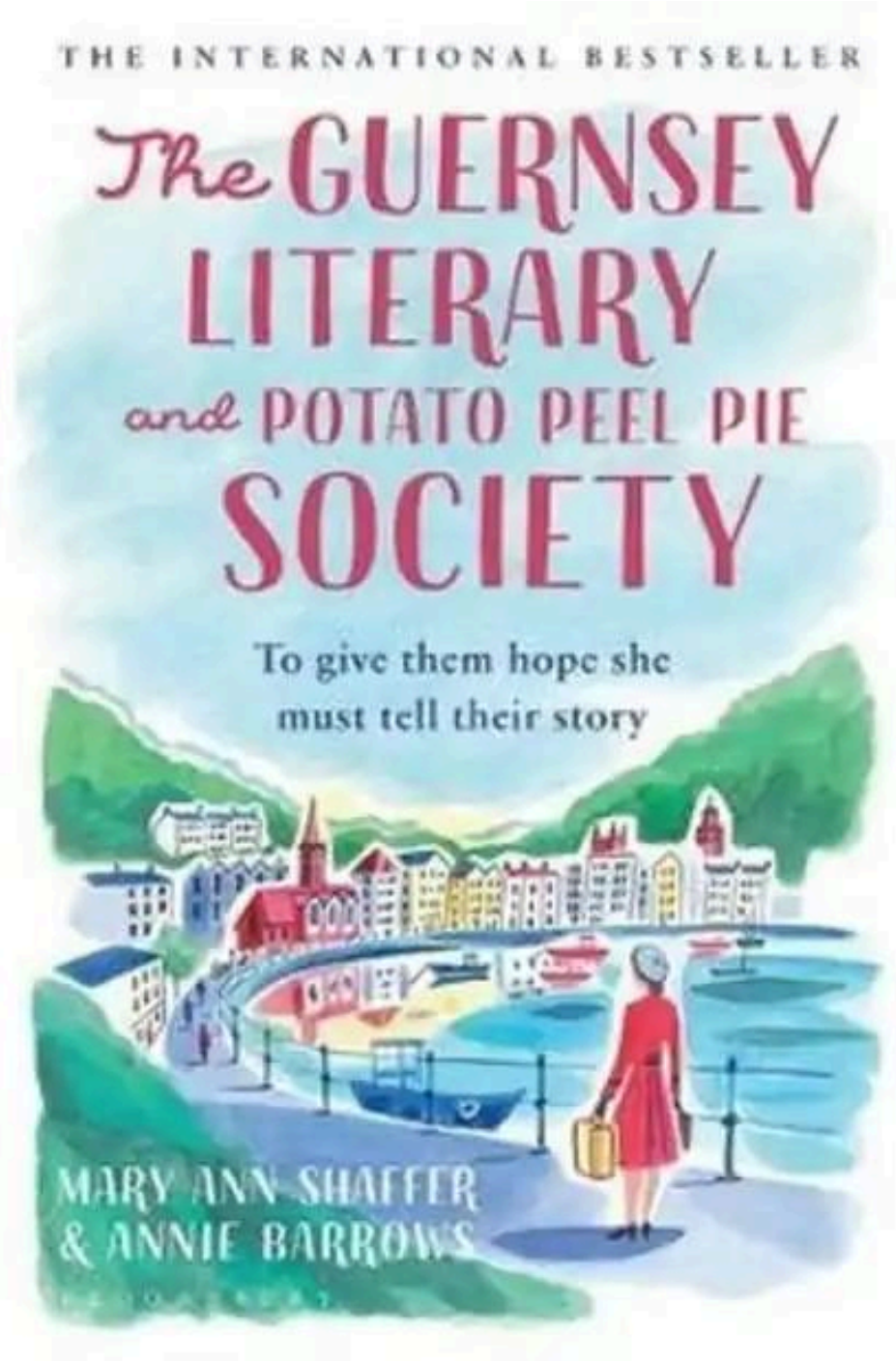
[1] *Wuthering Heights* is a major novel in English literature, written by Emily Brontë.
[2] Bronty refers to the Brontë sisters.
[3] *Hangman's Boy* is a book written by Bruce, not a real book.

He was cast down and uplifted; humble yet full of a tonic exhilaration. He knew that he had done nothing so far, but he had never been more sure that he was Somebody. He walked on air until the lane brought him within sight of the town again. Down on the marine parade the band was still playing.

His spirits fell to zero. He remembered who he was and what he was.

Margaret Kennedy, *The Feast*, 1950

Document B



Cover of *The Guernsey Literary and Potato Peel Pie Society,*
Mary Ann Shaffer and Annie Barrows, 2008

Document C

Assumptions lie behind the work of all writers. The writer is unaware of most of them, and many of them are weird. Often the weirder the better. Words love the ridiculous areas of our minds. But silly or solid, assumptions are necessary elements in a successful base of writing operations. It is important that a poet not question his or her assumptions, at least not in the middle of composition. Finish the poem first, then worry, if you have to, about being right or sane.

Whenever I see a town that triggers whatever it is inside me that wants to write a poem, I assume at least one of the following:

The name of the town is significant and must appear in the title.

The inhabitants are natives and have lived there forever. I am the only stranger.

I have lived there all my life and should have left long ago but couldn't.

Although I am playing roles, on the surface I appear normal to the townspeople.

I am an outcast returned. Years ago the police told me to never come back but after all this time I assume that either I'll be forgiven or I will not be recognized.

At best, relationships are marginal. The inhabitants have little relation with each other and none with me.

The town is closely knit, and the community is pleasant. I am not a part of it but I am a happy observer.

A hermit lives on the outskirts in a one-room shack. He eats mostly fried potatoes. He spends hours looking at old faded photos. He has not spoken to anyone in years. Passing children often taunt him with songs and jokes.

Each Sunday, a little after 4 P.M., the sky turns a depressing gray and the air becomes chilly.

I run a hardware store and business is slow.

I run a bar and business is fair and constant.

I work in a warehouse on second shift. I am the only one in town on second shift.

I am the town humorist and people are glad to see me because they know I'll have some good new jokes and will tell them well.

The churches are always empty.

A few people attend church and the sermons are boring.

Everybody but me goes to church and the sermons are inspiring.

On Saturday nights everyone has fun but me. I sit home alone and listen to the radio. I wish I could join the others though I enjoy feeling left out.

Richard Hugo, *The Triggering Town*, 1979

SUJET 2

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

1ère partie

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, compare the representations of space conquest.

2ème partie

Traduction :

Translate the following passage from document A into French.

L'usage du dictionnaire unilingue non encyclopédique est autorisé.

For the eyes of the world now look into space, to the moon and to the planets beyond, and we have vowed that we shall not see it governed by a hostile flag of conquest, but by a banner of freedom and peace. We have vowed that we shall not see space filled with weapons of mass destruction, but with instruments of knowledge and understanding.
Yet the vows of this Nation can only be fulfilled if we in this Nation are first, and, therefore, we intend to be first.

(lines 9 to 16)

Document A

If this capsule history of our progress teaches us anything, it is that man, in his quest for knowledge and progress, is determined and cannot be deterred. The exploration of space will go ahead, whether we join in it or not, and it is one of the great adventures of all time, and no nation which expects to be the leader of other nations can expect to stay behind in the race for space.

Those who came before us made certain that this country rode the first waves of the industrial revolutions, the first waves of modern invention, and the first wave of nuclear power, and this generation does not intend to founder[4] in the backwash[5] of the coming age of space. We mean to be a part of it—we mean to lead it. For the eyes of the world now look into space, to the moon and to the planets beyond, and we have vowed that we shall not see it governed by a hostile flag of conquest, but by a banner of freedom and peace. We have vowed that we shall not see space filled with weapons of mass destruction, but with instruments of knowledge and understanding.

Yet the vows of this Nation can only be fulfilled if we in this Nation are first, and, therefore, we intend to be first. In short, our leadership in science and in industry, our hopes for peace and security, our obligations to ourselves as well as others, all require us to make this effort, to solve these mysteries, to solve them for the good of all men, and to become the world's leading space-faring nation.

We set sail on this new sea because there is new knowledge to be gained, and new rights to be won, and they must be won and used for the progress of all people. For space science, like nuclear science and all technology, has no conscience of its own. Whether it will become a force for good or ill depends on man, and only if the United States occupies a position of pre-eminence can we help decide whether this new ocean will be a sea of peace or a new terrifying theater of war. I do not say that we should or will go unprotected against the hostile misuse of space any more than we go unprotected against the hostile use of land or sea, but I do say that space can be explored and mastered without feeding the fires of war, without repeating the mistakes that man has made in extending his writ[6] around this globe of ours.

[…] We choose to go to the moon. We choose to go to the moon in this decade and do the other things, not because they are easy, but because they are hard, because that goal will serve to organize and measure the best of our energies and skills, because that challenge is one that we are willing to accept, one we are unwilling to postpone, and one which we intend to win, and the others, too.

John F. Kennedy, *Address at Rice University on the Space Effort*, Sept. 12, 1962

[4] to founder: to sink
[5] backwash: *sillage*
[6] writ: power and authority given by a written order

Document B

AUGUST

2001

THE SETTLERS

The men of Earth came to Mars.

They came because they were afraid or unafraid, because they were happy or unhappy, because they felt like Pilgrims or did not feel like Pilgrims. There was a reason for each man. They were leaving bad wives or bad jobs or bad towns; they were coming to find something or leave something or get something, to dig up something or bury something or leave something alone. They were coming with small dreams or large dreams or none at all. But a government finger pointed from four-color posters in many towns: THERE'S WORK FOR YOU IN THE SKY: SEE MARS! and the men shuffled forward, only a few at first, a double-score, for most men felt the great illness in them even before the rocket fired into space.

And this disease was called The Loneliness, because when you saw your home town dwindle to the size of your fist and then lemon-size and then pin-size and vanish in the fire-wake, you felt you had never been born, there was no town, you were nowhere, with space all around, nothing familiar, only other strange men. And when the state of Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, or Montana vanished into cloud seas, and, doubly, when the United States shrank to a misted island and the entire planet Earth became a muddy baseball tossed away, then you were alone, wandering in the meadows of space, on your way to a place you couldn't imagine.

So it was not unusual that the first men were few. The number grew steadily in proportion to the census of Earth Men already on Mars. There was comfort in numbers. But the first Lonely Ones had to stand by themselves....

Ray Bradbury, *The Martian Chronicles*, 1951

Document C



Poster for *2001, A Space Odyssey*, a film by Stanley Kubrick, 1969