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BACCALAURÉAT GÉNÉRAL

ÉPREUVE D'ENSEIGNEMENT DE SPÉCIALITÉ

SESSION 2021

LANGUES, LITTÉRATURES ET CULTURES ÉTRANGÈRES ET RÉGIONALES

ANGLAIS

Durée de l'épreuve : **3 heures 30**

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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 « Voyages, territoires, frontières ».

Partie 1. Synthèse en anglais (16 pts)

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) :

Show how the three documents convey three visions of Britain, taking into account the way rural and urban landscapes are depicted.

Partie 2. Traduction en français (4 points)

Traduisez le passage suivant du document A en français :

Mr Hu Dawei was visiting the UK for a few days in order to cement his business relationship with Andrew Bishop, Simon's father. Andrew had spent his working life in dairy farming, and during that time had transformed what was once a small family farm into an expanding international agribusiness. He was approaching his mid-sixties but showed no sign of retiring or running out of ideas: only recently he had discovered a profitable new export market in China, where British milk enjoyed a good reputation. (lines 21 to 26)

Document A

Sophie Potter and her husband Ian are playing golf. Simon Bishop is a friend of Ian's.

The moment before he struck the ball was a moment of almost perfect stillness. There was a chirrup of birdsong, yes, but that only emphasized the otherwise profound silence. Here there was no traffic noise, not even a faint murmur from the nearby M40[1]: perhaps it was the trees that muted it, the elegant line of oaks and larches that bordered the eastern side of the fairway[2], keeping patient, dutiful watch over this manicured landscape. The sun beat down from a cloudless sky, a sky of rich, flawless cerulean blue. The morning was, indeed, a symphony of blue and green: above Sophie, the sky; to her right in the distance, the simmering blue of a water hazard, a small artificial lake; around her, all the variegated greens placed there by both man and nature, infinitely calming and pleasing to the eye. The passing of time seemed to have been suspended. A feeling of immense restfulness was stealing over her. […]

Spending Sunday morning at the Golf and Country Club at Kernel Magna – somewhere, five years earlier, she would never have imagined even setting foot. And thinking, as she walked arm in arm with her husband in the sunshine, that she had found Deep England at last, and that it wasn't so bad after all.

"What do you think he makes of this?" she asked Ian, nodding in the direction of Mr Hu. "I expect they do have golf courses in China," he said. "Yes, of course, but ... this." She gestured around her. "It's all so stereotypically *English*. I wonder if it seems exotic to him."

"I'm sure he loves it."

Mr Hu Dawei was visiting the UK for a few days in order to cement his business relationship with Andrew Bishop, Simon's father. Andrew had spent his working life in dairy farming, and during that time had transformed what was once a small family farm into an expanding international agribusiness. He was approaching his mid-sixties but showed no sign of retiring or running out of ideas: only recently he had discovered a profitable new export market in China, where British milk enjoyed a good reputation and UHT milk, in particular, was in strong demand. Mr Hu had been staying at the Bishops' handsome eighteenth-century farmhouse since Thursday, had enjoyed thorough tours of the milking sheds and the processing plant, had spent Saturday afternoon in Stratford-upon-Avon[3] with Mrs Bishop, culminating in a trip to the RSC[4] to see *Coriolanus*.

Jonathan COE (British novelist born in 1961), *Middle England*, 2020

[1] M40: a motorway connecting London to the north of England
[2] fairway: part of a golf course
[3] William Shakespeare's birthplace
[4] the RSC: the Royal Shakespeare Company

Document B

The narrator, Richard Pearson, drove out of London and is now sitting in an Indian restaurant.

I tried to work out where I was. Vaguely south-west of Heathrow[5], I guessed, in one of the motorway towns that had grown unchecked since the 1960s, home to a population that only felt fully at ease within the catchment area[6] of an international airport. Here, a filling station beside a dual carriageway enshrined a deeper sense of community than any church or chapel, a greater awareness of a shared culture than a library. […]

I asked the manager where we were, offering him the map, but he was too distracted to answer. […] [He] had tried to steer me into the rear of the empty restaurant, saying that the window table was reserved, but I ignored him and sat beside the fractured glass, curious to observe the town and its daily round.

The passers-by were too busy with their shopping to notice me. They seemed prosperous and content, confidently strolling around a town that was entirely composed of shops and small department stores. Even the health centre had redesigned itself as a retail[7] space, its window filled with blood-pressure kits and fitness DVDs. The streets were brightly lit, cheerful and cleanly swept, so unlike the inner London I knew. Whatever the name of this town, there were no drifting newspapers and chewing-gum pavements, no citizenry of the cardboard box[8]. This was a place where it was impossible to borrow a book, attend a concert, say a prayer, consult a parish record or give to charity. In short, the town was an end state of consumerism. I liked it, and felt a certain pride that I had helped to set its values. History and tradition, the slow death by suffocation of an older Britain, played no part in its people's lives. They lived in an eternal retail present, where the deepest moral decisions concerned the purchase of a refrigerator or washing machine. But at least these Thames Valley natives with their airport culture would never start a war.

A pleasant middle-aged couple paused by the window, leaning against each other in a show of affection. Happy for them, I tapped the broken glass and gave a vigorous thumbs up. Startled by the apparition smiling a few inches from him, the husband stepped forward to protect his wife and touched the metal flag in the lapel of his jacket.

J.G. BALLARD (British novelist, 1930-2009), *Kingdom Come*, 2006

[5] Heathrow: one of London's airports
[6] catchment area: here, the area around the airport
[7] retail: the activity of selling goods
[8] citizenry of the cardboard box: homeless people

Document C



John CONSTABLE (British landscape painter, 1776-1837), *Wivenhoe Park* (1816)
National Gallery of Art, Washington D.C., Oil on canvas, 56.1 cm x 101.2 cm

SUJET 2

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

Partie 1. Synthèse en anglais (16 pts)

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

Show how the three documents illustrate the role of children's literature, focusing on the ways in which stories help children explore the complexities of the world.

Partie 2. Traduction en français (4 points)

Traduisez le passage suivant du document A en français :

They tell us that life is much bigger and more complex than we might have imagined, and that it contains people who are both like and unlike ourselves. This may seem daunting, but a great children's book portrays an environment in which the young are not powerless. Such books confront our deepest fears of being lost, hungry or in mortal danger, and they reinforce a child's inner ability to cope with this fearfulness and to discover where true strength lies.(lines 18 to 23)

Document A

Why this is a golden age for children's literature: 'Children's books are one of the most important forms of writing we have'

The first book I read to myself was Dr Seuss's *The Cat in the Hat* – something I still recommend to learners – and the Cat's wild anarchic humour has always struck me as the perfect analogy for what happens to a child who discovers books. We think it's about being good – remember how the kids in the story are made to "sit-sit-sit-sit / And we did not like it / Not one little bit"?[9] Reading involves sitting, and getting a child to stay still is one of the most unattractive aspects. But once you master this, everything changes. People who love reading are often called bookworms[10] – but that's the wrong way around. It's not you that worms into a book, it's books that worm into you.

And worm into us they have. Children's books, new and old, are actually what is keeping publishers in business. They are what parents and grandparents, aunts and uncles, teachers and godparents actually buy, and go on buying. […]

Children's books are, paradoxically, one of the most important forms of writing we have, and the most overlooked. It is children's authors who are what Shelley called "the unacknowledged legislators of the world". From them, as much as from parents, a child receives an idea of how the world could or should be. They are the first real visual and literary culture that an unformed person receives, and this is one reason why we tend to remember children's books as our favourites. But they also give a child a lever[11] with which to prise open the world. They tell us that life is much bigger and more complex than we might have imagined, and that it contains people who are both like and unlike ourselves. This may seem daunting, but a great children's book portrays an environment in which the young are not powerless. Such books confront our deepest fears of being lost, hungry or in mortal danger, and they reinforce a child's inner ability to cope with this fearfulness and to discover where true strength lies. Almost any great story which people enjoy conforms to this model, whether it is about David and Goliath, Alice in Wonderland or Varjak Paw. Yet for most of the time, children's books are treated as infantile, escapist or easy to write. Believe me, they are not.

Amanda CRAIG (born in 1959), *The Independent,* June 24, 2015

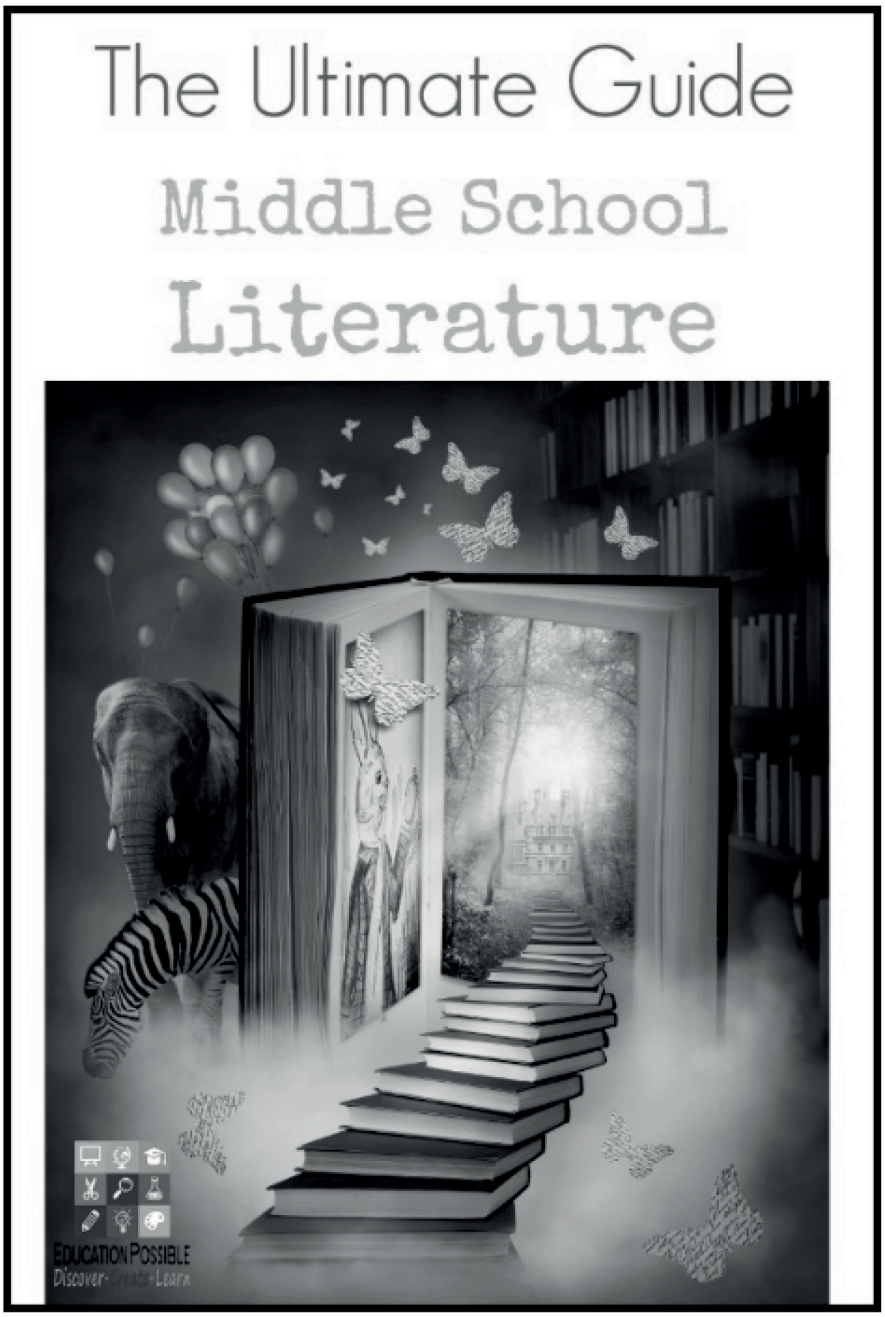
[9] A quote from *The Cat in the Hat*.
[10] a bookworm: someone who enjoys reading
[11] a lever: a tool; an iron bar used to open (or prise open) a door, for example

Document B

Coraline discovered the door a little while after they moved into the house.
It was a very old house – it had an attic under the roof and a cellar under the ground and an overgrown garden with huge old trees on it.
Coraline's family didn't own all of the house, it was too big for that. Instead they owned part of it.
There were other people who lived in the old house.
Miss Spink and Miss Forcible lived in the flat below Coraline's, on the ground floor. They were both old and round, and they lived in their flat with a number of ageing Highland terriers who had names like Hamish and Andrew and Jock. Once upon a time Miss Spink and Miss Forcible had been actresses, as Miss Spink told Coraline the first time she met her.
'You see, Caroline,' Miss Spink said, getting Coraline's name wrong, 'both myself and Miss Forcible were famous actresses, in our time. We trod the boards, lovey. Oh, don't let Hamish eat the fruitcake, or he'll be up all night with his tummy.'
'It's Coraline. Not Caroline. Coraline,' said Coraline.
In the flat above Coraline's, under the roof, was a crazy old man with a big moustache. He told Coraline that he was training a mouse circus. He wouldn't let anyone see it.
'One day, little Caroline, when they are all ready, everyone in the whole world will see the wonders of my mouse circus. You ask me why you cannot see it now. Is that what you asked me?'
'No,' said Coraline quietly, 'I asked you not to call me Caroline. It's Coraline.'
[…]
Coraline didn't think there really was a mouse circus. She thought the old man was probably making it up.
The day after they moved in, Coraline went exploring.
She explored the garden. It was a big garden: at the very back was an old tennis court, but no one in the house played tennis and the fence around the court had holes in it and the net had mostly rotted away; there was an old rose garden […].
There was also a well. On the first day Coraline's family moved in, Miss Spink and Miss Forcible made a point of telling Coraline how dangerous the well was, and they warned her to be sure she kept away from it. So Coraline set off to explore for it, so that she knew where it was, to keep away from it properly.
She found it on the third day, in an overgrown meadow beside the tennis court, behind the clump of trees – a low brink circle almost hidden in the high grass. The well had been covered over by wooden boards, and Coraline spent an afternoon dropping pebbles and acorns through the hole, and waiting, and counting, until she heard the *plop* as they hit the water, far below.

Neil GAIMAN (born in 1960), *Coraline*, 2002

Document C



Cover page of *The Ultimate Guide Middle School Literature*, 2020, a guide used to teach literature to secondary school students.

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