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BACCALAURÉAT GÉNÉRAL

ÉPREUVE D'ENSEIGNEMENT DE SPÉCIALITÉ

SESSION 2025

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 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, show how writers and artists portray dogs as invaluable companions.

2ème partie

Traduction : traduisez en français le passage ci-dessous extrait du document B.
L'usage du dictionnaire unilingue non encyclopédique est autorisé.

The dog looked at him curiously, its good ear twitching again. Those eyes, Neville thought.

What a world of feeling in those eyes! Distrust, fear, hope, loneliness—all etched in those big brown eyes. Poor little guy.

"Come on, boy, I won't hurt you," he said gently. [...]

More days passed. Each day Neville sat on the porch while the dog ate, and before long the dog approached the dish and bowls without hesitation, almost boldly, with the assurance of the dog that knows its human conquest.

(lines 35-41)

Document A



Poster for a presentation of Paul Auster's novel *Timbuktu,* 2015

Document B

Loneliness he still felt.

Sometimes he had indulged in daydreams about finding someone. More often, though, he had tried to adjust to what he sincerely believed was the inevitable—that he was actually the only one left in the world. [...]

For a certain period he went out on the porch just as the dog had finished eating. Every time he went out the dog ran away, but as the days passed it ran with decreasing speed, and soon it was stopping halfway across the street to look back and bark at him. Neville never followed, but sat down on the porch and watched. It was a game they played.

Then one day Neville sat on the porch *before* the dog came. And, when it appeared across the street, he remained seated.

For about fifteen minutes the dog hovered near the curb suspiciously, unwilling to approach the food. Neville edged as far away from the food as he could in order to encourage the dog. Unthinking, he crossed his legs, and the dog shrank away at the unexpected motion. Neville held himself quietly then and the dog kept moving around restlessly in the street, its eyes moving from Neville to the food and back again. [...]

When the dog had finished it straightened up and came across the street again, a little less hesitantly. Neville still sat there, feeling his heart thud nervously. The dog was beginning to trust him, and somehow it made him tremble. He sat there, his eyes fastened on the dog.

"That's right, boy," he heard himself saying aloud. "Get your water now, that's a good dog."

A sudden smile of delight raised his lips as he saw the dog's good ear stand up. He's *listening*! he thought excitedly. He hears what I say, the little son of a gun[1]!

"Come on, boy." He went on talking eagerly. "Get your water and your milk now, that's a good boy. I won't hurt you. Atta boy[2]."

The dog went to the water and drank gingerly, its head lifting with sudden jerks to watch him, then dipping down again.

"I'm not doing anything," Neville told the dog.

He couldn't get over how odd his voice sounded. When a man didn't hear the sound of his own voice for almost a year, it sounded very strange to him. A year was a long time to live in silence. When you come live with me, he thought, I'll talk your ear off[3].

The dog finished the water.

"Come 'ere, boy." Neville said invitingly, patting his leg. "*Come* on."

The dog looked at him curiously, its good ear twitching again. Those eyes, Neville thought. What a world of feeling in those eyes! Distrust, fear, hope, loneliness—all etched in those big brown eyes. Poor little guy.

"Come on, boy, I won't hurt you," he said gently. [...]

More days passed. Each day Neville sat on the porch while the dog ate, and before long the dog approached the dish and bowls without hesitation, almost boldly, with the assurance of the dog that knows its human conquest.

Richard Matheson, *I Am Legend*, 1954

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[1] little son of a gun: familiar way to talk to a friend
[2] Atta boy: good boy
[3] talk your ear off: talk until the listener is fed up

Document C

Travels with Charley *is a travelogue which depicts the road trip made by the writer with his dog, Charley, around the USA.*

I pulled Rocinante[1] into a small picnic area maintained by the state of Connecticut and got out my book of maps. And suddenly the United States became huge beyond belief and impossible ever to cross. I wondered how in hell I'd got myself mixed up in a project that couldn't be carried out. It was like starting to write a novel. When I face the desolate impossibility of writing five hundred pages a sick sense of failure falls on me and I know I can never do it. This happens every time. Then gradually I write one page and then another. One day's work is all I can permit myself to contemplate and I eliminate the possibility of ever finishing. So it was now, as I looked at the bright-colored projection of monster America. The leaves of the trees about the camp ground were thick and heavy, no longer growing but hanging limp and waiting for the first frost to whip them with color and the second to drive them to the earth and terminate their year.

Charley is a tall dog. As he sat in the seat beside me, his head was almost as high as mine. He put his nose close to my ear and said, "Ftt." He is the only dog I ever knew who could pronounce the consonant *F*. This is because his front teeth are crooked, a tragedy which keeps him out of dog shows; because his upper front teeth slightly engage his lower lip Charley can pronounce *F*. The word "Ftt" usually means he would like to salute a bush or a tree. I opened the cab door and let him out, and he went about his ceremony. He doesn't have to think about it to do it well. It is my experience that in some areas Charley is more intelligent than I am, but in others he is abysmally ignorant. He can't read, can't drive a car, and has no grasp of mathematics. But in his own field of endeavor, which he was now practicing, the slow, imperial smelling over and anointing of an area, he has no peer. Of course his horizons are limited, but how wide are mine?

John Steinbeck, *Travels with Charley*, 1962

[1] Rocinante is the name the author gives to his camper van.

SUJET 2

Le sujet porte sur la thématique « Arts et débats d'idées ».

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, analyse the ways in which artists use their art in order to spark debates and make things change.

2ème partie

Traduction : traduisez en français le passage ci-dessous extrait du document A.
L'usage du dictionnaire unilingue non encyclopédique est autorisé. Il est inutile de traduire « National Child Labor Committee ».

The National Child Labor Committee (NCLC) was established to raise public awareness and to campaign for the end of this child exploitation. The Committee hired Lewis Wickes Hine to work as an investigator and photographer, travelling the length and breadth of the country documenting the miserable working conditions of children. He often worked undercover, pretending to be a salesman or photographer documenting machinery, in order to get past suspicious supervisors and business owners.

(lines 16-22)

Document A

A PHOTOGRAPH CAN TELL A POWERFUL STORY

"For many years I have followed the procession of child workers winding through a thousand industrial communities, from the canneries of Maine to the fields of Texas. I have heard their tragic stories, watched their cramped lives and seen their fruitless struggles in the industrial game where the odds are all against them."

Lewis W. Hine, 1914

In the early twentieth century, photographers started to use the camera as a tool for social change, shedding light on injustice and inequality in society. One such photographer was Lewis Wickes Hine (1874–1940), a teacher in New York City, who played a key role in the campaign to abolish child labour in the United States.

In 1900, the US census revealed that more than 1.75 million American children under the age of 14 were working across the country in mills and mines, fields and factories, to help support their families. Many did not have access to education, and they were putting their health, and even their lives, at risk working long hours with dangerous machinery, or in toxic environments.

National Child Labor Committee

The National Child Labor Committee (NCLC) was established to raise public awareness and to campaign for the end of this child exploitation. The Committee hired Lewis Wickes Hine to work as an investigator and photographer, travelling the length and breadth of the country documenting the miserable working conditions of children. He often worked undercover, pretending to be a salesman or photographer documenting machinery, in order to get past suspicious supervisors and business owners.

Over 16 years, Hine took more than 5,000 pictures for this project, documenting and humanising the children working in coal mines, cotton mills, canneries, glass factories, farms, and hustling on the streets selling newspapers, shining shoes or delivering messages. […]

Evocative photo captions

Hine kept notes and wrote captions for his photographs, recording details about the children, and sometimes their own words. These captions also reveal Hine's empathy for the children and their plight [...].

As part of the NCLC's public awareness campaign, Hine's photographs were distributed to the press, reproduced in books, journals and pamphlets, and displayed in educational exhibitions. His work, ultimately, contributed to the first child labour bill, the Keating-Owen bill, being introduced in 1916 (though the law was later ruled unconstitutional). By 1920, the number of children working in the United States had significantly reduced.

Extract from the website of the National Gallery of Ireland, https://www.nationalgallery.ie/art-and-artists/exhibitions/moment-time-legacy-photographs-works-bank-america-collection/photograph, last accessed on June 24th, 2024

Document B

This poem was published shortly after the report by the Royal Commission of Inquiry into Children's Employment about child labour in the UK.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers!
Ere[1] the sorrow comes with years? […]

"True," say the children, "it may happen
That we die before our time!
Little Alice died last year—her grave is shapen
Like a snowball, in the rime[2].
We looked into the pit prepared to take her—
Was no room for any work in the close clay:
From the sleep wherein she lieth none will wake her,
Crying, 'Get up, little Alice! it is day.'
If you listen by that grave, in sun and shower,
With your ear down, little Alice never cries;
Could we see her face, be sure we should not know her,
For the smile has time for growing in her eyes,—
And merry go her moments, lulled and stilled in
The shroud, by the kirk-chime[3]!
It is good when it happens," say the children,
"That we die before our time!"

Alas, the wretched children! they are seeking
Death in life, as best to have!
They are binding up their hearts away from breaking,
With a cerement from the grave.
Go out, children, from the mine and from the city—
Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do—
Pluck you handfuls of the meadow-cowslips pretty
Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let them through!
But they answer, "Are your cowslips of the meadows
Like our weeds anear the mine?
Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal-shadows,
From your pleasures fair and fine!

"For oh," say the children, "we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap—
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping—

[1] ere: before
[2] rime: frost
[3] kirk: church

We fall upon our faces, trying to go;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring,
Through the coal-dark, underground—
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round.

"For all day, the wheels are droning, turning,—
Their wind comes in our faces,—
Till our hearts turn, — our heads, with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling—
Turns the long light that droppeth down the wall,—
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—
All are turning, all the day, and we with all!—
And all day, the iron wheels are droning;
And sometimes we could pray,
'O ye wheels,' (breaking out in a mad moaning)
'Stop! be silent for to-day!'"

"The Cry of the Children," Elizabeth Barrett Browning,
Blackwood's Magazine, 1843

Document C



Street mural in London, Trust Icon, “Child Labour”, 2015

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