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# BACCALAURÉAT GÉNÉRAL

ÉPREUVE D'ENSEIGNEMENT DE SPÉCIALITÉ

**SESSION 2026**

# LANGUES, LITTÉRATURES
# ET
# CULTURES ÉTRANGÈRES ET RÉGIONALES

# ANGLAIS

## Mercredi 17 juin 2026

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 « Voyages, territoires, frontières ».**

## 1re partie. Synthèse en anglais (16 points)

**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) :**

Paying particular attention to the characteristics of the three documents, show how they interact to illustrate the encounter between two worlds.

## 2e partie. Traduction en français (4 points)

**Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document A (lignes 2 à 9) :**

I've written nothing in this record for many days. So much has happened that I hardly know where to begin.

The Indians have come to visit on three occasions thus far and I have no doubt there will be more. Always the same two with their escort of six or seven other warriors. (I am amazed that all these people are warriors. Have not seen a man yet who is not a fighter.)

Our meetings have been highly amicable, though greatly hampered by the language barrier.

**Document A**

*Lieutenant Dunbar travels to the American Frontier to reorganize a deserted military camp.*

May 17, 1863

I've written nothing in this record for many days. So much has happened that I hardly know where to begin.

The Indians have come to visit on three occasions thus far and I have no doubt there will be more. Always the same two with their escort of six or seven other warriors. (I am amazed that all these people are warriors. Have not seen a man yet who is not a fighter.)

Our meetings have been highly amicable, though greatly hampered by the language barrier. Whatever I have learned to date is so little compared to what I could know. I still don't know what type of Indians they are but suspect them to be Comanche. I believe I have heard a word that sounds like Comanche more than once. […]

We converse in made-up signs, a sort of pantomime which both Indians are starting to get the hang of. But it is very slow going, and most of our common ground has been established on the basis of failure rather than success in communication.

The fierce one dumps extraordinary amounts of sugar into his coffee. It won't be long before that ration is exhausted. Luckily, I do not take sugar. Ha! The fierce one (as I call him) is likable despite his taciturn manner, rather like a king of street toughs who, by virtue of his physical prowess, commands respect. Having spent some time on the streets myself, I respect him in this way.

Beyond that, there is a crude honesty and intent which I like.

He is a direct fellow.

I call the other man the quiet one and like him immensely. Unlike the fierce one, he is patient and inquisitive.

I think he is as frustrated as I with the language difficulties. He has taught me a few words of their speech, and I have done the same for him. I know the Comanche words for head, hand, horse, fire, coffee, house, and several others, as well as hello and good-bye. I don't know enough yet to make a sentence. It takes a long time to get the sounds right. I have no doubt it is hard for him as well.

The quiet one calls me Loo Ten Nant[1] and for some reason does not use Dunbar. I am sure he doesn't forget to use it (I have reminded him several times), so there must be another reason. It certainly has a distinctive ring . . . Loo Ten Nant.

He strikes me as being possessed of a first-rate intelligence. He listens with care and seems to notice everything. […] Without language I am reduced to reading his reactions with my senses, but by all appearances he is favorably inclined toward me.

Michael BLAKE, *Dances with Wolves*, 1986

[1] Loo Ten Nant: phonetics for "lieutenant"

**Document B**

*Jim Burden, the young narrator, arrives in Nebraska, USA, for the first time and meets Ántonia Shimerda, her parents, her younger sister Yulka, and Krajiek, their neighbor.*

As we approached the Shimerdas' dwelling, I could still see nothing but rough red hillocks, and draws[1] with shelving banks and long roots hanging out where the earth had crumbled away. Presently, against one of those banks, I saw a sort of shed […]. The door stood open, and a woman and a girl of fourteen ran out and looked up at us hopefully. A little girl trailed along behind them. The woman had on her head the same embroidered shawl with silk fringes that she wore when she had alighted from the train at Black Hawk. She was not old, but she was certainly not young. Her face was alert and lively, with a sharp chin and shrewd little eyes. She shook grandmother's hand energetically. "Very glad, very glad!" she ejaculated. Immediately she pointed to the bank out of which she had emerged and said, "House no good, house no good!"

Grandmother nodded consolingly. "You'll get fixed up comfortable after while, Mrs. Shimerda; make good house."

My grandmother always spoke in a very loud tone to foreigners, as if they were deaf. She made Mrs. Shimerda understand the friendly intention of our visit, and the Bohemian[2] woman handled the loaves of bread and even smelled them, and examined the pies with lively curiosity, exclaiming, "Much good, much thank!"—and again she wrung grandmother's hand. […]

While Krajiek was translating for Mr. Shimerda, Ántonia came up to me and held out her hand coaxingly. In a moment we were running up the steep draw-side together, Yulka trotting after us.

When we reached the level and could see the gold tree-tops, I pointed toward them, and Ántonia laughed and squeezed my hand as if to tell me how glad she was I had come. We raced off toward Squaw Creek and did not stop until the ground itself stopped—fell away before us so abruptly that the next step would have been out into the tree-tops. We stood panting on the edge of the ravine, looking down at the trees and bushes that grew below us. The wind was so strong that I had to hold my hat on, and the girls' skirts were blown out before them. Ántonia seemed to like it; she held her little sister by the hand and chattered away in that language which seemed to me spoken so much more rapidly than mine. She looked at me, her eyes fairly blazing with things she could not say.

"Name? What name?" she asked, touching me on the shoulder. I told her my name, and she repeated it after me […].

Willa CATHER, *My Ántonia*, 1918

[1] draws: small narrow valleys
[2] Bohemian: from Bohemia, one of the largest historical regions of the Czech Republic

**Document C**




Francis Ford COPPOLA (film director), *The Godfather: Part II*, 1974 (still from the movie)

Note: The scene takes place in 1901. The boy has just arrived on Ellis Island, an immigrant center located in New York Harbor.

# SUJET 2

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

## 1re partie. Synthèse en anglais (16 points)

**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) :**

Paying particular attention to the characteristics of the three documents, show how they interact to explore Shakespeare's presence and heritage in today's English-speaking world.

## 2e partie. Traduction en français (4 points)

**Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document B (lignes 33 à 39) :**

"[…] I never saw a man so eager to find out what posterity thought of him as poor Bill was. He worked hard at it."

"You enrolled William Shakespeare in my course?" mumbled Robertson. Even as an alcoholic fantasy, the thought staggered him. And *was* it an alcoholic fantasy? He was beginning to recall a bald man with a queer way of talking....

"Not under his real name, of course," said Dr. Welch. "Never mind what he went under. It was a mistake, that's all. A big mistake. Poor fellow."

**Document A**




Unknown photographer, Shakespeare's Globe theatre 2022 Summer Campaign in the London Underground, *type.land/blog/shakespeare-globe-summer-campaign*

**Document B**

*Dr. Phineas Welch, a drunk scientist, and Scott Robertson, a young English Professor, are having a conversation about the doctor's experiment, which made Shakespeare travel in time from the 1600s to the present day.*

"Did you say you brought back Shakespeare?"

"I did. I needed someone with a universal mind; someone who knew people well enough to be able to live with them centuries way from his own time. Shakespeare was the man. I've got his signature. As a memento, you know."

"On you?" asked Robertson, eyes bugging.

"Right here." Welch fumbled in one vest pocket after another. "Ah, here it is."

A little piece of pasteboard was passed to the instructor. On one side it said: "L. Klein & Sons, Wholesale Hardware." On the other side, in straggly script, was written, "Will' Shakesper."

A wild surmise filled Robertson. "What did he look like?"

"Not like his pictures. Bald and an ugly mustache. He spoke in a thick brogue. Of course, I did my best to please him with our times. I told him we thought highly of his plays and still put them on the boards. In fact, I said we thought they were the greatest pieces of literature in the English language, maybe in any language."

"Good. Good," said Robertson breathlessly.

"I said people had written volumes of commentaries on his plays. Naturally he wanted to see one and I got one for him from the library."

"And?"

"Oh, he was fascinated. Of course, he had trouble with the current idioms and references to events since 1600, but I helped out. Poor fellow. I don't think he ever expected such treatment. He kept saying, 'God ha' mercy! What cannot be racked from words in five centuries? One could wring, methinks, a flood from a damp clout!'"[1]

"He wouldn't say that."

"Why not? He wrote his plays as quickly as he could. He said he had to on account of the deadlines. He wrote *Hamlet* in less than six months. The plot was an old one. He just polished it up."

"That's all they do to a telescope mirror. Just polish it up," said the English instructor indignantly.

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[1] God ha' mercy … a damp clout: a parody of Shakespeare writing, which would translate in modern English as "God have mercy! What cannot be racked from words in five centuries? One could wring, I think, a flood from a damp clout!"

The physicist disregarded him. He made out an untouched cocktail on the bar some feet away and sidled toward it. “I told the immortal bard[2] that we even gave college courses in Shakespeare.”

“*I* give one.”

“I know. I enrolled him in your evening extension course. I never saw a man so eager to find out what posterity thought of him as poor Bill[3] was. He worked hard at it.”

“You enrolled William Shakespeare in my course?” mumbled Robertson. Even as an alcoholic fantasy, the thought staggered him. And *was* it an alcoholic fantasy? He was beginning to recall a bald man with a queer way of talking...

“Not under his real name, of course,” said Dr. Welch. “Never mind what he went under. It was a mistake, that’s all. A big mistake. Poor fellow.” He had the cocktail now and shook his head at it.

“Why was it a mistake? What happened?” […]

Dr. Welch tossed off the cocktail. “Why, you poor simpleton, you *flunked* him.”

Isaac ASIMOV, “The Immortal Bard”, *Universe Science Fiction*, 1954

[2] bard: poet; nickname given to Shakespeare
[3] Bill: nickname for William

**Document C**

**Shakespeare: How do I compare thee[1] to hip-hop?**

In a community hall in Hoxton, London, a small piece of alchemy is taking place. A group of teenagers who only minutes before were fidgeting with their mobile phones, are up on stage reciting one of Shakespeare's best known sonnets in rap. […]

Mobo[2] award-winning rapper Akala […] is running a series of workshops that tease out the links between hip-hop and Shakespeare. But why? "I actually did a song called Shakespeare three or four years ago," says Akala, "It was a comedic parody that I was the rapping reincarnation of Shakespeare. Not that I am, but there is a genuine relationship between poetry of all forms and that song made me ask – if Shakespeare was alive today, would he have been a rapper?" […]

The nine teenagers at today's workshop aren't here because of their love for the Bard. In a Q&A[3] session, only two of them say they'd have come if today hadn't involved rapping. That begins to change when Akala engages them in a series of exercises that explore the close relationship between the rhythms of modern hip-hop and the iambic pentameter of Shakespeare. He hands out cards printed with a couple of lines. We have to decide whether they're the work of the playwright or a rapper. It's harder than you'd think. The kids are adamant that certain words and phrases are those of a rapper, but they're actually from Shakespeare. And vice versa. It's a hook, and it's only half an hour later that they're translating Sonnet 18 into hip-hop verse.

Some of the kids tell me that they hate how Shakespeare is taught at school – how boring the approach is. But will this send them scuttling back to Othello with a fresh eye? Akala says the aim isn't that limited: "It's about showing them what's attainable. And if Shakespeare is presented as the most unattainable, highbrow entity, but then it's made relevant to them, what else might be?"

Andrew Emery, *The Guardian*, April 2009

[1] thee: archaic English pronoun meaning 'you'
[2] Mobo: Music Of Black Origin
[3] Q&A: Questions and Answers

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