Bac Général HGGSP + LLCER (Histoire-géographie, géopolitique et sciences politiques et Langues, littératures et cultures étrangères et régionales)

SUJET D'EXAMEN (SESSION OFFICIELLE)

LLCER - Anglais - Session 2021

Sujet de l'examen national tel que publié pour la session indiquée. Source : sujets nationaux publiés par le ministère chargé de l'examen et les services académiques. Document mis à disposition par FormaV pour la révision.

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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**

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 ».

<u>Partie 1</u> (16 pts). Prenez connaissance des documents A, B et C et traitez le sujet suivant <u>en anglais</u> :

Write a commentary on the three documents (minimum 500 words): taking into account their specificities, analyse how they investigate the notions of separation and personal achievement.

<u>Partie 2</u> (4 pts). Traduisez le passage suivant du document A <u>en français</u> :

"None came. I was free. I was affronted by freedom. The day's silence said, Go where you will. It's all yours. You asked for it. It's up to you now. You're on your own, and nobody's going to stop you. As I walked, I was haunted by echoes of home, by the tinkling sounds of the kitchen, shafts of sun from the windows falling across the familiar furniture, across the bedroom and the bed I had left.

When I judged it to be tea-time I sat on an old stone wall and opened my tin of treacle biscuits." (L. 19-25)

Document A

Laurie Lee grew up in Slad, a small south-west England village. The scene takes place in 1934. He is 19 years old.'

It was a bright Sunday morning in early June, the right time to be leaving home. […] My mother had got up early and cooked me a heavy breakfast, had stood wordlessly while I ate it, her hand on my chair, and had then helped me pack up my few belongings. There had been no fuss, no appeals, no attempts at advice or persuasion, only a long and searching look. Then, with my bags on my back, I'd gone out into the early sunshine and climbed through the long grass to the road. […]

As I left home that morning and walked away from the sleeping village, it never occurred to me that others had done this before me. I was propelled, of course, by the traditional forces that had sent many generations along this road—by the small tight valley closing in around one, stifling the breath with its mossy mouth, the cottage walls narrowing like the arms of an iron maiden, the local girls whispering, "Marry, and settle down." […]

And now I was on my journey, in a pair of thick boots and with a hazel stick in my hand. Naturally, I was going to London, which lay a hundred miles to the east. […] The first day alone—and now I was really alone at last—steadily declined in excitement and vigour. […]Through the solitary morning and afternoon I found myself longing for some opposition or rescue, for the sound of hurrying footsteps coming after me and family voices calling me back.

None came. I was free. I was affronted by freedom. The day's silence said, Go where you will. It's all yours. You asked for it. It's up to you now. You're on your own, and nobody's going to stop you. As I walked, I was haunted by echoes of home, by the tinkling sounds of the kitchen, shafts of sun from the windows falling across the familiar furniture, across the bedroom and the bed I had left.

When I judged it to be tea-time I sat on an old stone wall and opened my tin of treacle[1] biscuits. As I ate them, I could hear mother banging the kettle on the hob and my brothers rattling their tea-cups. The biscuits tasted sweetly of the honeyed squalor of home—still only a dozen miles away. I might have turned back then if it hadn't been for my brothers, but I couldn't have borne the look on their faces. […]

When darkness came, full of moths and beetles, I was too weary to put up the tent. So I lay myself down in the middle of a field and stared up at the brilliant stars. I was oppressed by the velvety emptiness of the world and the swathes of soft grass I lay on. Then the fumes of the night finally put me to sleep—my first night without a roof or bed.

Laurie LEE, *As I Walked Out One Midsummer Morning*, 1969

[1] Treacle: mélasse.

Document B



Norman ROCKWELL*, Breaking Home Ties*, September 25, 1954

Document C

Cecilia 'Sissy' Jupe, is a circus girl, who has been chosen to become a student of Thomas Gradgrind's very strict classroom.

Sissy, who all this time had been faintly excusing herself with tears in her eyes, was now waved over by the master of the house to Mr. Gradgrind. She stood looking intently at him, and Louisa stood coldly by, with her eyes upon the ground, while he proceeded thus:

'Jupe, I have made up my mind to take you into my house; and, when you are not in attendance at the school, to employ you about Mrs. Gradgrind, who is rather an invalid. I have explained to Miss Louisa—this is Miss Louisa—the miserable but natural end of your late career; and you are to expressly understand that the whole of that subject is past, and is not to be referred to any more. From this time you begin your history. You are, at present, ignorant, I know.'

'Yes, sir, very,' she answered, curtseying.

'I shall have the satisfaction of causing you to be strictly educated; and you will be a living proof to all who come into communication with you, of the advantages of the training you will receive. You will be reclaimed and formed. You have been in the habit now of reading to your father, and those people I found you among, I dare say?' said Mr. Gradgrind, beckoning her nearer to him before he said so, and dropping his voice.

'Only to father and Merrylegs, sir. At least I mean to father, when Merrylegs was always there.'

'Never mind Merrylegs, Jupe,' said Mr. Gradgrind, with a passing frown. 'I don't ask about him. I understand you to have been in the habit of reading to your father?'

'O, yes, sir, thousands of times. They were the happiest—O, of all the happy times we had together, sir!'

It was only now when her sorrow broke out, that Louisa looked at her.

'And what,' asked Mr. Gradgrind, in a still lower voice, 'did you read to your father, Jupe?'

'About the Fairies, sir, and the Dwarf, and the Hunchback, and the Genies,' she sobbed out; 'and about—'

'Hush!' said Mr. Gradgrind, 'that is enough. Never breathe a word of such destructive nonsense any more. Bounderby, this is a case for rigid training, and I shall observe it with interest.'

Charles DICKENS, *Hard Times*, Book 1, chapter VII, 1854

SUJET 2

Le sujet porte sur la thématique « Voyages, Territoires, Frontières ».

<u>Partie 1</u> (16 pts) : prenez connaissance des documents A, B et C et traitez le sujet suivant <u>en anglais</u> :

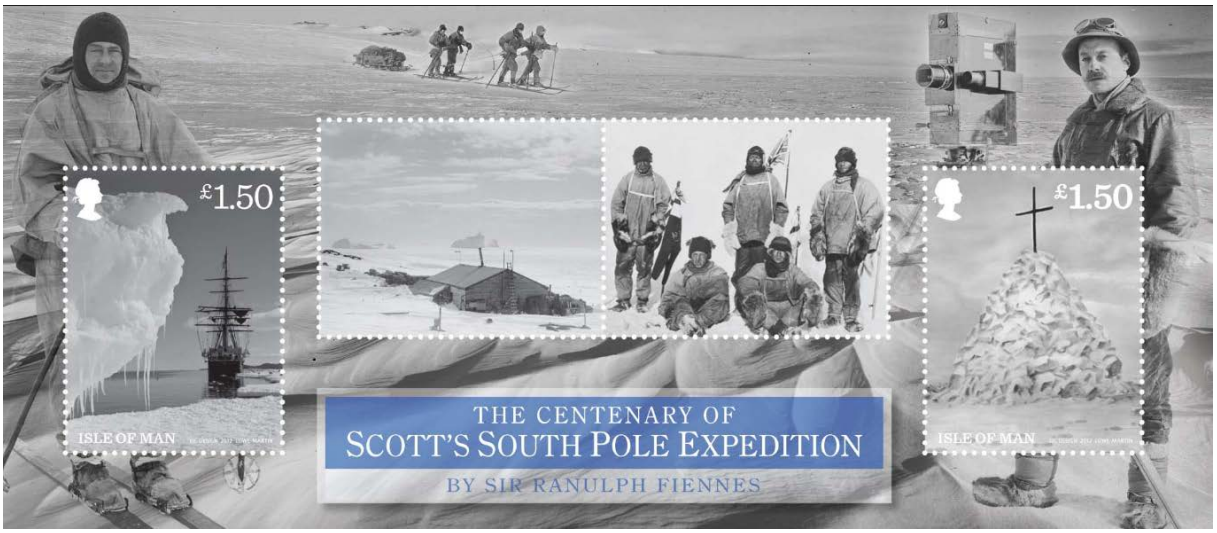
Write a commentary on the three documents (minimum 500 words): taking into account their specificities, analyse how they question the need for exploration.

<u>Partie 2</u> (4 pts) : traduisez le passage suivant du document B <u>en français</u> :

“After that most people forgot about Antarctica for a while, and when all the other white spaces on the map had been colored in, they came back to it. The British were especially keen on Antarctica, as they had done Africa and spent much of the nineteenth century fretting over the Arctic. By the time the twentieth century rolled around they were fully engaged in the great quest for the south, and it culminated in the central Antarctic myth.” (L. 9-14)

Document A

Stamps issued in 2012 for the celebration of the anniversary of Scott's South Pole expedition.



Website of the Isle of Man Post Office
https://www.iompost.com

Document B

Until I was 30, my relationship with Antarctica was confined to the biannual reinflation of the globe hanging above my desk, its air valve located in the middle of the misshapen white pancake at the bottom. As far as I was then aware, the continent was little more than a testing ground for men with frozen beards to see how dead they could get. Then, in 1991, I traveled several thousand miles through Chile for a book I was writing. As I prodded around in the hinterland of the national psyche I discovered that the country did not come to a stop in Tierra del Fuego. A small triangle was suspended at the bottom of every map. […] Down here there is only cold hell.

After that most people forgot about Antarctica for a while, and when all the other white spaces on the map had been colored in, they came back to it. The British were especially keen on Antarctica, as they had done Africa and spent much of the nineteenth century fretting over the Arctic. By the time the twentieth century rolled around they were fully engaged in the great quest for the south, and it culminated in the central Antarctic myth, that of Captain Scott, a man inextricably woven into the fabric of the national culture. […]

In Antarctica I experienced a certainty amid the morass[1] of thoughts and emotions and intellectual preoccupations seething inside my balaclava'd[2] head. It was what I glimpsed out of the corner of my eye. It wasn't an answer. […] It was something that put everything else–everything that wasn't Antarctica–in true perspective. I felt as if I was realigning my vision of the world through the long lens of a telescope. It emanated from a sense of harmony. The landscape was intact, complete and larger than my imagination could grasp. It was free of the diurnal cycle that locked us earthlings in the ineluctable routine of home. I didn't suffer famine or social unrest. It was sufficient unto itself, and entirely untainted by the inevitable tragedy of the human condition. In front of me I saw the world stripped of its clutter: there were no honking horns, no overflowing litter bins, no gas bills–there was no sign of human intervention at all. […]

For the first time in my life, I didn't sense fear prowling around behind a locked door inside my head, trying to find a way out. It was as if a light had gone in that room, and I had looked the beast in the eye. […]

It had allowed me to believe in paradise, and that, surely, is a gift without price.

Sara WHEELER, *Terra Incognita*, 1996

[1] Morass: swamp; confusion (here)
[2] Balaclava'd: wearing a full face scarf hood

Document C

Sir Ranulph Fiennes sets off for Antarctica's highest mountain

Explorer Sir Ranulph Fiennes has set off to climb Mount Vinson, the highest peak in Antarctica, to raise money for Marie Curie[1].

The 72-year-old hopes to become the first person to have crossed both polar ice caps and climb the highest mountain on each continent, to raise money for the charity.

The intrepid explorer, who is famed for pushing himself to the limits despite ailing health, will contend with -40°C temperatures and severe winds as he tries to conquer the 16,050 feet (4892 m) peak.

Sir Ranulph is halfway to completing his Global Reach Challenge in aid of Marie Curie, having already crossed both polar ice caps, and climbed Mount Everest in Asia, Mount Kilimanjaro in Africa and Mount Elbrus in Europe.

He still needs to successfully summit Mount Vinson, Aconcagua in South America, Mount Carstensz in Australasia and Denali, the highest peak in North America and one of the world's most dangerous and difficult mountains to climb in order to complete the challenge.

The money raised will help Marie Curie provide care and support to people living with a terminal illness and their families in the UK. […]

Sir Ranulph said: "I'm nervous, this is going to be a difficult mountain for me. I've been training on Snowdonia[2], but you just don't know what you might face and this mountain is very remote so it's not so easy to get help if you find yourself in trouble. I really hope everyone will go to my JustGiving page and donate to Marie Curie."

No stranger to physical challenges, Sir Ranulph has suffered two heart attacks and undergone a double heart bypass. He also suffers from vertigo and a potentially serious breathing condition when climbing called Cheyne–Stokes.

His motivation comes from a determination to raise funds for Marie Curie. Dr Jane Collins, Chief Executive of the charity said: "Sir Ranulph has an unfailing commitment to raise money for Marie Curie and he is quite literally going to the ends of the earth and back to do so. His determination and ability to push himself to his limits is truly inspiring. We hope Sir Ranulph will inspire others to take on their own personal challenge in aid of Marie Curie and help us care for more people living with a terminal illness."

Sir Ranulph has raised £18m in total for charity and aims to raise £20m for good causes in his lifetime.

www.tomorrowscare.co.uk, July 6, 2016

[1] Marie Curie: a registered charity.
[2] Snowdonia is a mountainous region in Northwestern Wales.