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 2024

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 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

Thématique : **« Expression et construction de soi »**

## Partie 1 : Synthèse du dossier, 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 specificities of the three documents, show how they interact to reflect the ways people relate to gardens.

## Partie 2 : Traduction, en français (4 points)

**Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document C (lignes 18 à 24) :**

It may be my nature to complicate matters unduly, to search for large meanings in small things, but it did seem that there was a lot more going on in than I'd expected to find.

I began gardening for the same reasons people usually do: for the satisfaction of pulling bunches of carrots from one's own ground; the desire to make a patch of land more hospitable or productive; the urge to recover a place remembered from childhood and the basic need to keep the forest from swallowing up one's house.

**Document A**



Sir J. TENNIEL, “The Garden of Live Flowers” from Lewis Carroll’s *Alice in Wonderland*, chapter 2, illustration for the original 1865 edition of the book.

**Document B**

They always called it Magic and indeed it seemed like it in the months that followed – the wonderful months – the radiant months – the amazing ones. Oh! the things which happened in that garden! If you have never had a garden you cannot understand, and if you have had a garden you will know that it would take a whole book to describe all that came to pass there. At first it seemed that green things would never cease pushing their way through the earth, in the grass, in the beds, even in the crevices of the walls. Then the green things began to show buds and the buds began to unfurl and show color, every shade of blue, every shade of purple, every tint and hue of crimson […].

The seeds Dickon and Mary had planted grew as if fairies had tended them. Satiny poppies of all tints danced in the breeze by the score, gaily defying flowers which had lived in the garden for years and which it might be confessed seemed rather to wonder how such new people had got there. And the roses – the roses! Rising out of the grass, tangled round the sun-dial, wreathing the tree trunks and hanging from their branches, climbing up the walls and spreading over them with long garlands falling in cascades – they came alive day by day, hour by hour. Fair fresh leaves, and buds – and buds – tiny at first but swelling and working Magic until they burst and uncurled into cups of scent delicately spilling themselves over their brims and filling the garden air.

Colin saw it all, watching each change as it took place. Every morning he was brought out and every hour of each day when it didn't rain he spent in the garden. Even gray days pleased him. He would lie on the grass "watching things growing," he said. If you watched long enough, he declared, you could see buds unsheath[1] themselves. Also you could make the acquaintance of strange busy insect things running about on various unknown but evidently serious errands, sometimes carrying tiny scraps of straw or feather or food, or climbing blades of grass as if they were trees from whose tops one could look out to explore the country. A mole throwing up its mound at the end of its burrow and making its way out at last with the long-nailed paws which looked so like elfish hands, had absorbed him one whole morning. Ants' ways, beetles' ways, bees' ways, frogs' ways, birds' ways, plants' ways, gave him a new world to explore and when Dickon revealed them all and added foxes' ways, otters' ways, ferrets' ways, squirrels' ways, and trout' and water-rats' and badgers' ways, there was no end to the things to talk about and think over.

Frances HODGSON BURNETT, *The Secret Garden*, 1911.

[1] Unsheath: open.

**Document C**

This book is the story of my education in the garden. The garden in question is actually two, one more or less imaginary, the other insistently real. The first is the garden of books and memories, that dreamed-of outdoor utopia, gnat-free and ever in bloom, where nature answers to our wishes and we imagine feeling perfectly at home. The second garden is an actual place, consisting of the five acres of rocky, intractable hillside in the town of Cornwall, Connecticut, that I have been struggling to cultivate for the past seven years. Much separates these two gardens, though every year I bring them a little more closely into alignment.

Both of these gardens have had a lot to teach me, and not only as it turned out, about gardening. For I soon came to the realization that I would not learn to garden very well before I'd also learned about a few other things: about my proper place in nature (was I within my rights to murder the woodchuck that had been sacking my vegetable garden all spring?); about the somewhat peculiar attitudes toward the land that an American is born with (why is it the neighbors have taken such a keen interest in the state of my lawn?); about the troubled borders between nature and culture; and about the experience of place, the moral implications of landscape design, and several other questions that the wish to harvest a few decent tomatoes had not prepared me for. It may be my nature to complicate matters unduly, to search for large meanings in small things, but it did seem that there was a lot more going on in than I'd expected to find.

I began gardening for the same reasons people usually do: for the satisfaction of pulling bunches of carrots from one's own ground; the desire to make a patch of land more hospitable or productive; the urge to recover a place remembered from childhood and the basic need to keep the forest from swallowing up one's house. […]

Although gardening may not at first seem to hold the drama or grandeur of, say, climbing mountains, it is gardening that gives most of us our most direct and intimate experience of nature – of its satisfactions, fragility, and power.

Michal POLLAN, *Second Nature, A Gardener's Education*, 1991.

# SUJET 2

Thématique : **« Arts et débats d'idées »**

## Partie 1 : Synthèse du dossier, 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 specificities of the three documents, show how they interact to present books as instruments of emancipation.

## Partie 2 : Traduction, en français (4 points)

**Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document A (lignes 38 à 43) :**

What was this? I stood up trying to realize what reality lay behind the meaning of the words... Yes, this man was fighting, fighting with words. He was using words as a weapon. Using them as one would use a club. Could words be weapons? Well, yes, for here they were. Then maybe, perhaps I could use them as a weapon. No, it frightened me. I read on and what amazed me was not what he said, but how on earth anybody had the courage to say it.

**Document A**

*The main character is a young black man who wants to borrow books in a library, in the segregated South of the United States.*

"What do you want, boy?"

As though I did not possess the power of speech, I stepped forward and simply handed her the forged note, not parting my lips.

"What books by Mencken does he want?" she asked.

"I don't know, ma'am," I said, avoiding her eyes.

"Who gave you this card?"

"Mr Falk", I said.

"Where is he?"

"He's at work, At the M_____ Optical company," I said. "I've been in here for him before."

"I remember", the woman said. "But he never wrote notes like this."

Oh God, she's suspicious. Perhaps she would not let me have the books. If she had turned her back at that moment, I would have ducked out the door and never gone back. […]

"I'm sending him two books, she said. But tell Mister Falk to come in next time, or send me the names of the books he wants. I don't know what he wants to read."

I said nothing. She stamped the card and handed me the books. Not daring to glance at them, I went out of the library, fearing that the woman would call me back for further questioning. A block away from their library, I opened one of the books and read a title: *A Book of Prefaces*. I was nearing my nineteenth birthday and I did not know how to pronounce the word "preface". I thumbed the pages and saw strange words and strange names. I shook my head, disappointed. I looked at the other book. It was called *Prejudices*. I knew what that word meant. I had heard it all my life. And right off I was on guard against Mencken's books.

Why would a man want to call a book *Prejudices*? The word was so stained with all my memories of racial hate that I could not conceive of anybody using it for a title. Perhaps I had made a mistake about Mencken? A man who had prejudices must be wrong.

When I showed the books to Mr Falk, he looked at me and frowned.

"That librarian might telephone you," I warned him.

"That's all right, he said. But when you're through reading those books, I want you to tell me what you get out of them."

That night in my rented room, while letting the hot water run over my can of pork and beans in the sink, I opened *A Book of Prefaces* and began to read. I was jarred and shocked by the style, the clear, clean, sweeping sentences. Why did he write like that? And how did one write like that? I pictured the man as a raging demon, slashing with his pen, consumed with hate, denouncing everything American, extolling everything European or German, laughing at the weaknesses of people, mocking God, authority. What was this? I stood up trying to realize what reality lay behind the meaning of the words... Yes, this man was fighting, fighting with words. He was using words as a weapon. Using them as one would use a club. Could words be weapons? Well, yes, for here they were. Then maybe, perhaps I could use them as a weapon. No, it frightened me. I read on and what amazed me was not what he said, but how on earth anybody had the courage to say it.

Richard WRIGHT, *Black Boy*, 1945.

**Document B**

## Plot twist: Activists skirt book bans with guerrilla giveaways and pop-up libraries.

It was much busier than usual on a recent Friday at a Ben & Jerry's in Melbourne, Fla. But it wasn't the Cherry Garcia and Chunky Monkey[1] drawing the extra customers.

A crowd gathered in the back corner of the store, browsing through newly installed, rainbow-colored shelves displaying multiple copies of some 65 books currently banned from various Florida schools. It was opening night for the shop's "Banned Book Nook[2]," and customers with ice cream cones in one hand helped themselves to novels, memoirs and biographies with the other.

"This is my favorite series ever," exclaimed one young woman browsing the titles.

About 150 books were lent out that first night. The book nook was set up by Florida teacher Adam Tritt and Foundation 451, a group he launched last year after he was ordered to remove banned books from his classroom in nearby Palm Bay.

"My reaction was, 'Uh, no! I cannot allow this to happen,' " Tritt recalls. "If a kid needs this book, we want them to have it."

### A new front in the book ban battle

The free speech group PEN America says book bans in public school libraries this year are on pace to top last year's high mark, when there were more than 2,500 instances of book bans in U.S. schools. Most of those books were LGBTQ- or race-related.

It's exactly why many people opposed to bans are taking it upon themselves to find creative ways to put those books where young readers will see them — outside of schools. Pop-up banned-book libraries, banned-book giveaways and even a banned bookmobile have appeared around the nation in an ad hoc kind of counteroffensive.

It's becoming something of a cat-and-mouse game. As activists come up with creative ways around book bans, the other side is starting to look at how to quash those end runs, which only leaves activists even more determined.

Tovia SMITH, *National Public Radio*, March 2023.
*https://www.npr.org*

[1] Cherry Garcia and Chunky Monkey: ice-cream flavours.
[2] Nook: corner.

**Document C**




*www.houseofspeakeasy.org,* 2017.

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