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 2025

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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 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 »**

**<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 (about 500 words): taking into account the specificities of the documents, analyse how immigrants' visions of America shape their aspirations and experiences.

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

"Tell him you're not going," Betty said in the kitchen while the children fought over the remote control in the living room. "What does he mean life is too hard here? If life was not hard for us back home why did we leave our countries and come here?"

"He thinks it's better for a person to suffer in their own country than to suffer somewhere else."

"Ha! Please, don't make me laugh. He really thinks suffering in Cameroon is better than suffering in America?" (l. 36-42)

**DOCUMENT A**

What is this land America, so many travel there
I'm going now while I'm still young, my darling meet me there
Wish me luck my lovely, I'll send for you when I can
And we'll make our home in the American Land

Over there the women wear silk and satin to their knees
Children dear, the sweets, I hear, are growing on the trees
Gold comes rushing out the rivers straight into your hands
If you make your home in the American Land

There's diamonds in the sidewalk, there's gutters lined in song
Dear I hear that beer flows through the faucets all night long
There's treasure for the taking, for any hard working man
Who'll make his home in the American Land

I docked at Ellis Island in the city of light and spire
Wandered to the valley of red-hot steel and fire
Made the steel that built the cities with the sweat of our two hands
We made our home in the American Land

There's diamonds in the sidewalk, there's gutters lined in song
Dear I hear that beer flows through the faucets all night long
There's treasure for the taking, for any hard working man
Who will make his home in the American Land

The McNicholas, the Posalski's, the Smiths, Zerillis too
The Blacks, the Irish, Italians, the Germans and the Jews
Come across the water a thousand miles from home
With nothin' in their bellies but the fire down below

They died building the railroads, worked to bones and skin
Died in the fields and factories, names scattered in the wind
Died to get here a hundred years ago, they're dyin' now
The hands that built the country we're always trying to keep down

Bruce Springsteen, "American Land", *We shall overcome*, 2006

**DOCUMENT B**

By her late twenties, all she could think about was America.

It wasn't that she thought life in America had no ills—she'd watched enough episodes of *Dallas* and *Dynasty* to know that the country had its share of vicious people—but, rather, because shows like *The Fresh Prince of Bel Air* and *The Cosby Show* had shown her that there was a place in the world where blacks had the same chance at prosperity as whites. The African-Americans she saw on TV in Cameroon were happy and successful, well-educated and respectable, and she'd come to believe that if they could flourish in America, surely she could, too. America gave everyone, black or white, an equal opportunity to be whatever they wished to be. Even after she'd seen the movies *Boyz n the Hood* and *Do the Right Thing,* she couldn't be swayed or convinced that the kind of black life depicted represented anything but a very small percentage of black life, just like Americans probably understood that the images they saw of war and starvation in Africa were but a very small percentage of African life. None of the folks from Limbe who had emigrated to America sent home pictures of a life like the ones in those movies. Every picture she'd seen of Cameroonians in America was a portrait of bliss: children laughing in snow; couples smiling at a mall; families posing in front of a nice house with a nice car nearby. America, to her, was synonymous with happiness.

Which was why, on the day Jende shared with her Winston's offer to buy him a ticket so he could move to America and eventually bring her and Liomi over, she had wept as she composed a five-paragraph email of gratitude to Winston. She began watching American movies like *Stepmom* and *Mrs. Doubtfire* not only for leisure but also as advance preparation, envisioning a future in New York where she would finish her education, own a home, raise a happy family. Though she'd been surprised to learn upon arrival that not many blacks lived like the ones in the sitcoms, and virtually no one, black or white, had a butler like the family in *The Fresh Prince,* the realization had done little to change her impression of what was possible in America. America might be flawed, but it was still a beautiful country. She could still become far more than she would have become in Limbe. In spite of her daily hardships, she could still send pictures to her friends in Limbe and say, look at me, look at me and my children, we're finally on our way.

But now, after coming so far for so long, with only two semesters left at BMCC[1] before she could transfer to a pharmacy school, Jende wanted her to return home. He wanted to drag her back to Limbe. Never.

"But what you gonno do?" Fatou asked as she braided Neni's hair.

"I don't know," Neni said. "I really don't know." […]

[1] BMCC: Borough of Manhattan Community College.

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"Ha! Please, don't make me laugh. He really thinks suffering in Cameroon is better than suffering in America?"

Imbolo Mbue, *Behold the Dreamers*, 2016

**DOCUMENT C**

**Lady Liberty**




David Horsey, *www.theweek.com*, January 11, 2015

**SUJET 2**

**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 (about 500 words): taking into account the specificities of the documents, analyse how their authors deal with the thirst for adventure.

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

I was browsing through the travel section when I saw a cardboard box crammed with old road maps. Amidst an all-American collection of highway cartography, I stumbled across an anomaly: a 1957 Royal Automobile Club map of Australia. Price: $1.75. I opened it up, spreading it out on the bookshop floor. It was unlike any map I'd ever seen: an island the size of America with only one road crossing its vacant mid-section and one road circumnavigating the entire continent. (l. 6-11)

**DOCUMENT A**

My encounter with serenity was a quickie. It ended when I looked at the map of Australia that I'd left spread out across the bed. That dumbshit map. I'd been seduced by it. Seduced by its possibilities. That map had brought me here. To Darwin. That map had been a serious mistake.

I'd first seen the map in a Boston bookshop. […]

I was browsing through the travel section when I saw a cardboard box crammed with old road maps. Amidst an all-American collection of highway cartography, I stumbled across an anomaly: a 1957 Royal Automobile Club map of Australia. Price: $1.75. I opened it up, spreading it out on the bookshop floor. It was unlike any map I'd ever seen: an island the size of America with only one road crossing its vacant mid-section and one road circumnavigating the entire continent.

A shop assistant stumbled upon me kneeling above Australia.

'You gonna buy that map or what?' the shop assistant said.

'Yeah,' I said. 'I'll buy it.'

I didn't simply buy the map, I also stopped by the Harvard Co-op and picked up a guide to Australia. Inside there was a more up-to-date map of the country's thoroughfares – and I was intrigued to discover that there was still only one road bisecting its center and one hugging its coast. This wasn't a real country, this was some sort of fictive frontier. The Big Nowhere.

I returned to my hotel room, ordered up a pizza and a six-pack of Schlitz, and spent the evening dallying in the land of Oz. My eye kept fastening on the city of Darwin. Geographically speaking, it was a real back-of-beyond burgh – the High North midpoint for the road that ringed the continent. Due East was a state called Queensland – famed (according to the guidebook) for its fruit plantations, its tropical swelter, its redneck politics – making me think that it must be twinned with Mississippi. Due West, however, you entered a realm of peculiar enchantment.

*Imagine travelling a thousand miles and never encountering any signs of twentieth-century life,* the guidebook said*. Imagine wide-open country under brilliant cobalt-blue skies, far far away from the cares and pressures of modern-day existence. The 3,000-mile road from Darwin to Perth not only brings you through the heart of the natural wonder that is the West Australian Outback, it also gives you access to the last great wilderness on the planet.*

Now I knew that I was being fed a heavy dose of copywriter cant[1] – but I still couldn't take my eyes off that map. All that space; all that *nothing*.

Douglas Kennedy, *The Dead Heart*, 1994

[1] Cant = hypocritical talk.

**DOCUMENT B**




Geolyn Carvin, *Boots McFarland: 20 years on the trail,* 2022

**DOCUMENT C**

‘Liz. Dave.’

‘Hi,’ she said, offering me a cheek to peck. (Fantastic skin, too.)

‘And have I introduced you to these?’ said James, taking a step back and indicating two pairs of identical brown leather boots, sported by him and Paul.

‘What the hell is that?’ I said.

‘Walking boots. Brand new,’ replied James. ‘We’ve done our final big shop. Look.’ He lifted a huge green YHA-shop bag on to the table, and we all sat down.

‘Rucksack; money belt; mosquito-repellent stick; mosquito-repellent spray; mosquito-repellent gel; water-purification tablets — eight packs; travel wash — four tubes…’

While the pile of junk mounted on the table, I caught sight of Liz’s face. She was squinting slightly, and her mouth was set in an angry pout. James, you see, was doing

his big trip with Paul (oldest friend and general obedient stooge), while Liz was stuck in London doing an art foundation course.

'…mini sewing kit; water-resistant torch; special sweat-absorbent socks; nylon emergency towel; rubber all-purpose sink plug; and, best of all . . . this.'

In his hand, James held out a palm-sized piece of square black plastic.

'What is it?'

'Da-daaah.' He prised open the plastic, revealing a square of paper which, after delicate unfolding, showed a map of the world.

The last thing I wanted to see was a map of the world, since it inevitably indicated that he was about to force-feed me with yet another account of the latest, infinitesimal changes to his 'master plan'. I opted for swift diversionary tactics.

'Walking boots? What do you need walking boots for?'

'For our trek. We're doing a trek in the…'

'Since when have you been into walking?'

'Since always.'

'Bollocks. You always said you hate the countryside. You think it's boring.'

'This is the Himalayas we're talking about, Dave. It's not countryside.'

'It is. It's just big countryside.'

'David — we're going to see three eight-thousand-metre peaks. Do you realize how many eight-thousand-metre peaks there are in the world?'

'No, and I'm not int—'

[…]

'Dave — you can't face us talking about our trip because it reminds you that you are pissing away your year. You're pissing it away because you haven't planned anything, and you haven't planned anything because you're basically too scared to go travelling.'

'I'm going abroad.'

'To Switzerland?'

'Yes.' […]

I could feel my face going red.

'You're jealous, and you're a coward,' he said. 'You can't face doing any real travel because you don't think you could survive in… in a different culture.'

'I could survive.'

'Why aren't you doing it, then?'

William Sutcliffe, *Are You Experienced?,* 1997