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

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 2025

LANGUES, LITTÉRATURES ET CULTURES ÉTRANGÈRES ET RÉGIONALES

ANGLAIS

Durée de l'épreuve : **3 heures 30**

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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 « 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 coincidences or unexpected events affect the characters' lives.

2ème partie

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

His sister, he says to himself, finally remembering why he is here, and now that it is past ten and he has failed to call her, he fully expects Naomi to be the person on the other end of the line [...] but once the person on the other end begins to speak, it turns out not to be Naomi but a man, an unknown man with an unfamiliar voice who is stammering out some sort of apology to him for being late. Late for what? Baumgartner asks.

(lines 25-30)

Document A

Tom glanced behind him and saw the man coming out of the Green Cage, heading his way. Tom walked faster. There was no doubt that the man was after him. Tom had noticed him five minutes ago, eyeing him carefully from a table, as if he weren't quite sure, but almost. He had looked sure enough for Tom to down his drink in a hurry, pay and get out.

At the corner Tom leaned forward and trotted across Fifth Avenue. There was Raoul's. Should he take a chance and go in for another drink? Tempt fate and all that? Or should he beat it over to Park Avenue and try losing him in a few dark doorways? He went into Raoul's.

Automatically, as he strolled to an empty space at the bar, he looked around to see if there was anyone he knew. There was the big man with red hair, whose name he always forgot, sitting at a table with a blonde girl. The red-haired man waved a hand, and Tom's hand went up limply in response. He slid one leg over a stool and faced the door challengingly, yet with a flagrant casualness.

'Gin and tonic, please,' he said to the barman.

Was this the kind of man they would send after him? Was he, wasn't he, was he? He didn't look like a policeman or a detective at all. He looked like a businessman, somebody's father, well-dressed, well-fed, greying at the temples, an air of uncertainty about him. Was that the kind they sent on a job like this, maybe to start chatting with you in a bar, and then bang! – the hand on the shoulder, the other hand displaying a policeman's badge. Tom Ripley, you're under arrest. Tom watched the door.

Here he came. The man looked around, saw him and immediately looked away. He removed his straw hat, and took a place around the curve of the bar.

My God, what did he want? [...]

'Pardon me, are you Tom Ripley?'

'Yes.'

'My name is Herbert Greenleaf. Richard Greenleaf's father.' The expression on his face was more confusing to Tom than if he had focused a gun on him. The face was friendly, smiling and hopeful. 'You're a friend of Richard's, aren't you?'

It made a faint connection in his brain. Dickie Greenleaf. A tall blond fellow. He had quite a bit of money, Tom remembered. 'Oh, Dickie Greenleaf. Yes.'

Patricia Highsmith, *The Talented Mr Ripley*, 1955

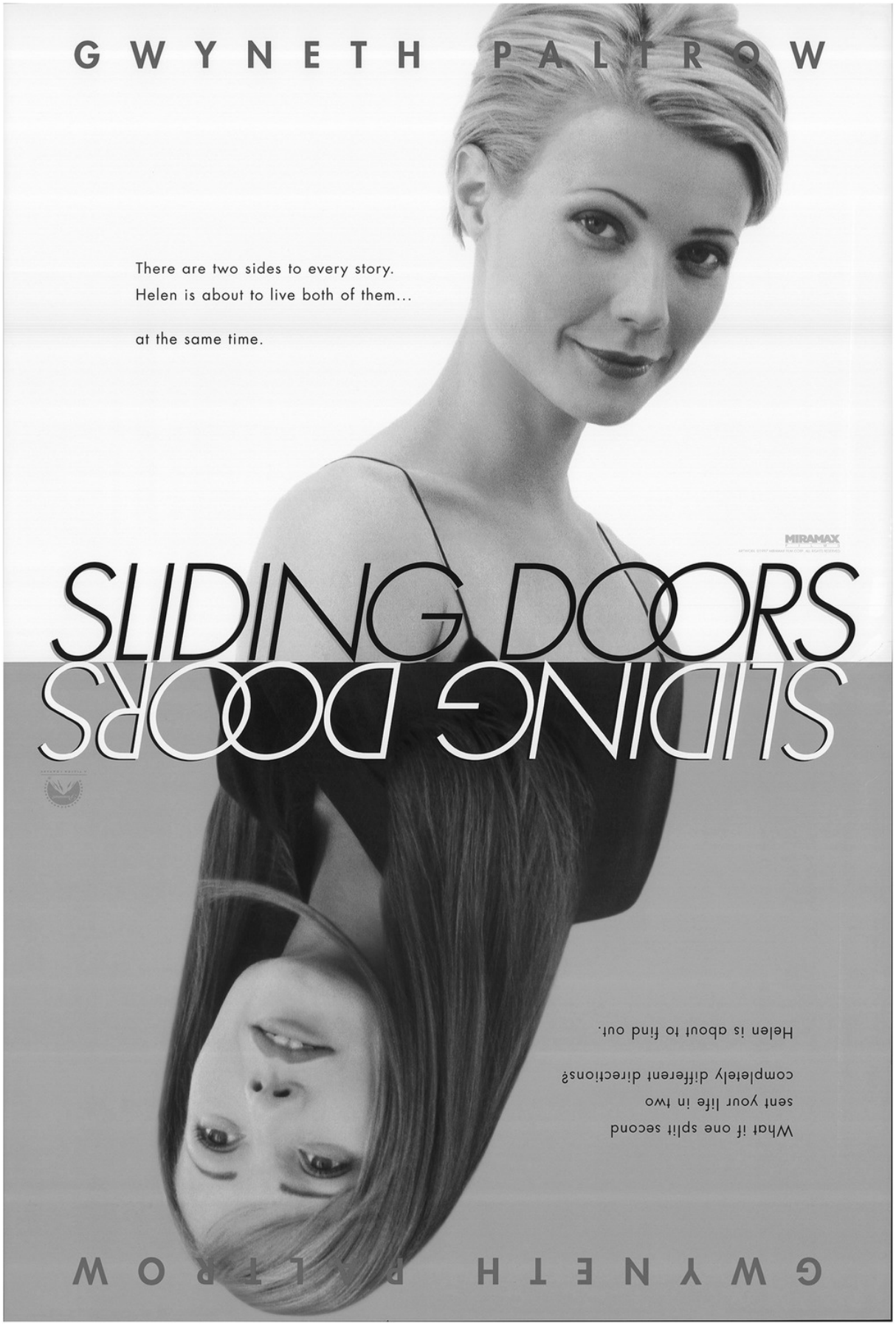
Document B

Baumgartner is sitting at his desk in the second-floor room he variously refers to as his study, his cogitorium, and his hole. Pen in hand, he is midway through a sentence in the third chapter of his monograph on Kierkegaard's pseudonyms when it occurs to him that the book he needs to quote from in order to finish the sentence is downstairs in the living room, where he left it before going up to bed last night. On the way downstairs to retrieve the book, it also occurs to him that he promised to call his sister this morning at ten o'clock, and since it is almost ten now, he decides that he will go into the kitchen and make the call before retrieving the book from the living room. When he walks into the kitchen, however, he is stopped in his tracks by a sharp, stinging smell. Something is burning, he realizes, and as he advances toward the stove, he sees that one of the front burners has been left on and that a low, persistent flame is eating its way into the bottom of the small aluminium pot he used three hours ago to cook his breakfast of two soft-boiled eggs. He turns off the burner, and then, without thinking twice, that is, without bothering to fetch a pot holder or a towel, he lifts the destroyed, smoldering egg boiler off the stove and scalds his hand. Baumgartner cries out in pain. A fraction of a second later, he drops the pot, which hits the floor with an abrupt, clattering ping, and then, still yelping in pain, he rushes over to the sink, turns on the cold water, sticks his right hand under the spout, and holds it there for the next three or four minutes as the chilly stream pours down over his skin.

Hoping he has warded off any potential blisters on his fingers and palm, Baumgartner cautiously dries off his hand with a dish towel, pauses for a moment to flex his fingers, pats his hand with the towel a couple of more times, and then asks himself what he is doing in the kitchen. Before he can remember that he is supposed to be calling his sister, the telephone rings. He lifts the receiver off the hook and mumbles forth a guarded hello. His sister, he says to himself, finally remembering why he is here, and now that it is past ten and he has failed to call her, he fully expects Naomi to be the person on the other end of the line [...] but once the person on the other end begins to speak, it turns out not to be Naomi but a man, an unknown man with an unfamiliar voice who is stammering out some sort of apology to him for being late. Late for what? Baumgartner asks.

Paul Auster, *Baumgartner*, 2023

Document C



Film poster of *Sliding Doors*, Peter Howitt, Miramax, 1998

SUJET 2

Le sujet porte sur la thématique « Voyages, territoires, frontières ».

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 they interact to reflect visions and representations of the American West.

2ème partie

Traduction : traduisez en français le passage ci-dessous extrait du document A.
L'usage du dictionnaire unilingue non encyclopédique est autorisé. La traduction du nom propre « Nine Quarter Circle Ranch » n'est pas nécessaire.

These days, when people say "Yellowstone," you can't be certain that they're referring to America's first national park. More often than not, they're referring to one of television's most popular series by the same name. Paramount Network's drama about the fictional Dutton family ranch set in Montana's Paradise Valley has smashed viewer rating records and is driving millions of tourists to visit the state.
"It's absolutely a welcome surprise," said Sally Kelsey, co-owner of the Nine Quarter Circle Ranch […].

(lines 7-13)

Document A

The Duttons are fake, but the 'Yellowstone' tourism boom is very real

Fans are coming to Montana to live their best cowboy life. That comes with positive economic effects, but misconceptions, too.

BOZEMAN, Mont. — The Taylor Fork Creek, a tributary of Montana's famed Gallatin River south of Bozeman, rushes downstream from the steeply slanted high peaks of the Taylor Peaks to the west, wending through a high mountain and wildflower-studded meadow as the horse corrals for the Nine Quarter Circle Ranch come into view. At 7,000 feet of elevation, the view is breathtaking. It's also the natural backdrop for one of TV's most talked-about shows.

These days, when people say "Yellowstone," you can't be certain that they're referring to America's first national park. More often than not, they're referring to one of television's most popular series by the same name. Paramount Network's drama about the fictional Dutton family ranch set in Montana's Paradise Valley has smashed viewer rating records and is driving millions of tourists to visit the state.

"It's absolutely a welcome surprise," said Sally Kelsey, co-owner of the Nine Quarter Circle Ranch located in the some 100-mile stretch of highway between Bozeman and West Yellowstone. "Every week or so, someone tells us: We decided to look into dude ranches[1] because of the show 'Yellowstone'."

The drama, which debuted in 2018 and will wrap up the second half of its final season this month, stars Kevin Costner as John Dutton, the family patriarch and owner of the largest cattle ranch in the state: Yellowstone Dutton Ranch. The series follows family conflict at the ranch and often bloody conflicts between the bordering, fictional Broken Rock Indian Reservation and corporate land-development projects.

"We definitely have seen an uptick in interest because of 'Yellowstone'," said Lucy Beighle, director of communications for Glacier Country Tourism, a non-profit [organisation] that represents the Western Montana region, where Seasons 4 and 5 were filmed. "If Montana wasn't already on the map, and if people have seen 'Yellowstone', it certainly is now," she said. Some tourists come to Big Sky country looking for the "Yellowstone" lifestyle — cowboy hats, ranches and all — even if the drama isn't real. And that means sometimes visitors show up with misconceptions about the state. Kelsey runs Nine Quarter Circle Ranch with her husband, Kameron, whose grandfather Howard Kelsey purchased it in 1946. The property, situated in an alpine meadow bordering Taylor Creek, was established as a dude ranch in 1912. The rustic and family-friendly guest ranch offers all-inclusive weekly stays with quintessential Montana activities such as horseback riding, fly-fishing and hiking.

Out of an extended family of 10 from the suburbs of Minneapolis, Greta Anderson was

[1] A dude ranch, also known as a guest ranch, is a type of ranch oriented towards visitors or tourism. It is considered a form of agrotourism.

the only one who'd ridden a horse before staying at the Nine Quarter Circle Ranch. Her in-laws planned the trip for her family and her husband's siblings. For everyone, it was their first trip to Montana. Anderson and her family regularly watch 'Yellowstone', and she said the show had some influence on picking a dude-ranch vacation. "It's as beautiful as I thought it'd be," Anderson said. "Why would anyone want to live anywhere else? "

Maggie Doherty, *The Washington Post,* November 2, 2023

Document B

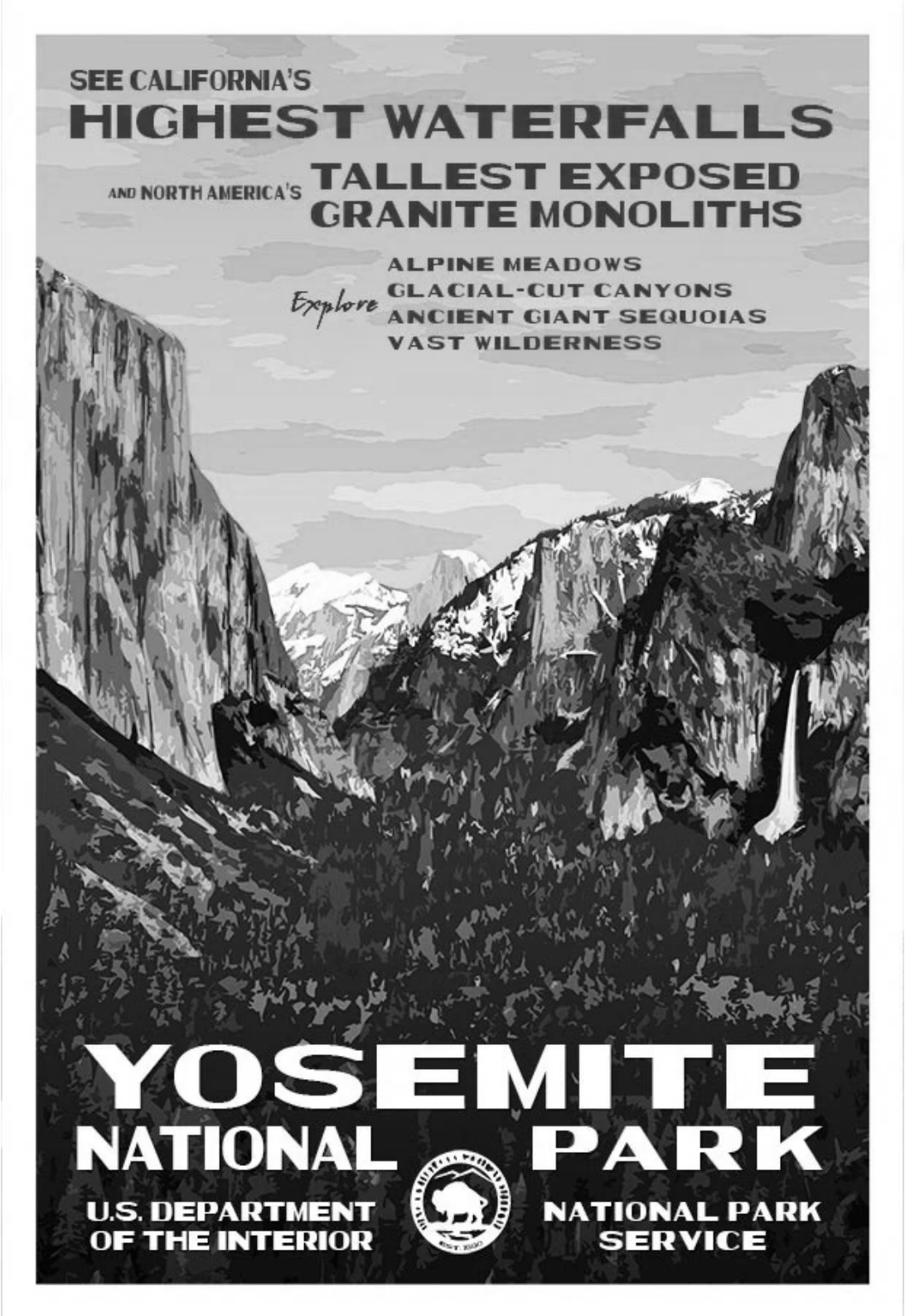
You stand there, braced. Cloud shadows race over the buff rock stacks as a projected film, casting a queasy, mottled ground rash. The air hisses and it is no local breeze but the great harsh sweep of wind from the turning of the earth. The wild country—indigo jags of mountain, grassy plain everlasting, tumbled stones like fallen cities, the flaring roll of sky—provokes a spiritual shudder. It is like a deep note that cannot be heard but is felt, it is like a claw in the gut.

Dangerous and indifferent ground: against its fixed mass the tragedies of people count for nothing although the signs of misadventure are everywhere. No past slaughter nor cruelty, no accident nor murder that occurs on the little ranches or the isolate crossroads with their bare population of three or seventeen, or in the reckless trailer courts of mining towns delays the flood of morning light. Fences, cattle, roads, refineries, mines, gravel pits, traffic lights, graffiti'd celebration of athletic victory on bridge overpass, crust of blood on the Wal-Mart[1] loading dock, the sun-faded wreaths of plastic flowers marking death on the highway are ephemeral. Other cultures have camped here a while and disappeared. Only earth and sky matter. Only the endlessly repeated flood of morning light. You begin to see that God does not owe us much beyond that.

Annie Proulx, “People in Hell Just Want a Drink of Water,”
Close Range, Wyoming Stories, 1999

[1] Wal-Mart is a popular chain of supermarkets across North America.

Document C



Retro poster of Yosemite National Park, Robert Decker, "Tunnel View", 2020