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**

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 « 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 they explore the relationships between the representations of reality and the transformative power of imagination.

2ème partie

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

Across the canal a stray dog barked in a long monotonous howl of protest. Then there was silence. A long while later it was broken by the sharp, shrill whistle of the Janata Express from Assam clattering down the railway line. He bit down on a cigarette, cursing it: why was there always a train whistle in the dark, calling over vast spaces to all who longed to travel and move on? It promised nothing, it merely reminded prisoners of their bars, mocked them in their cells.

(lines 21-27)

Document A

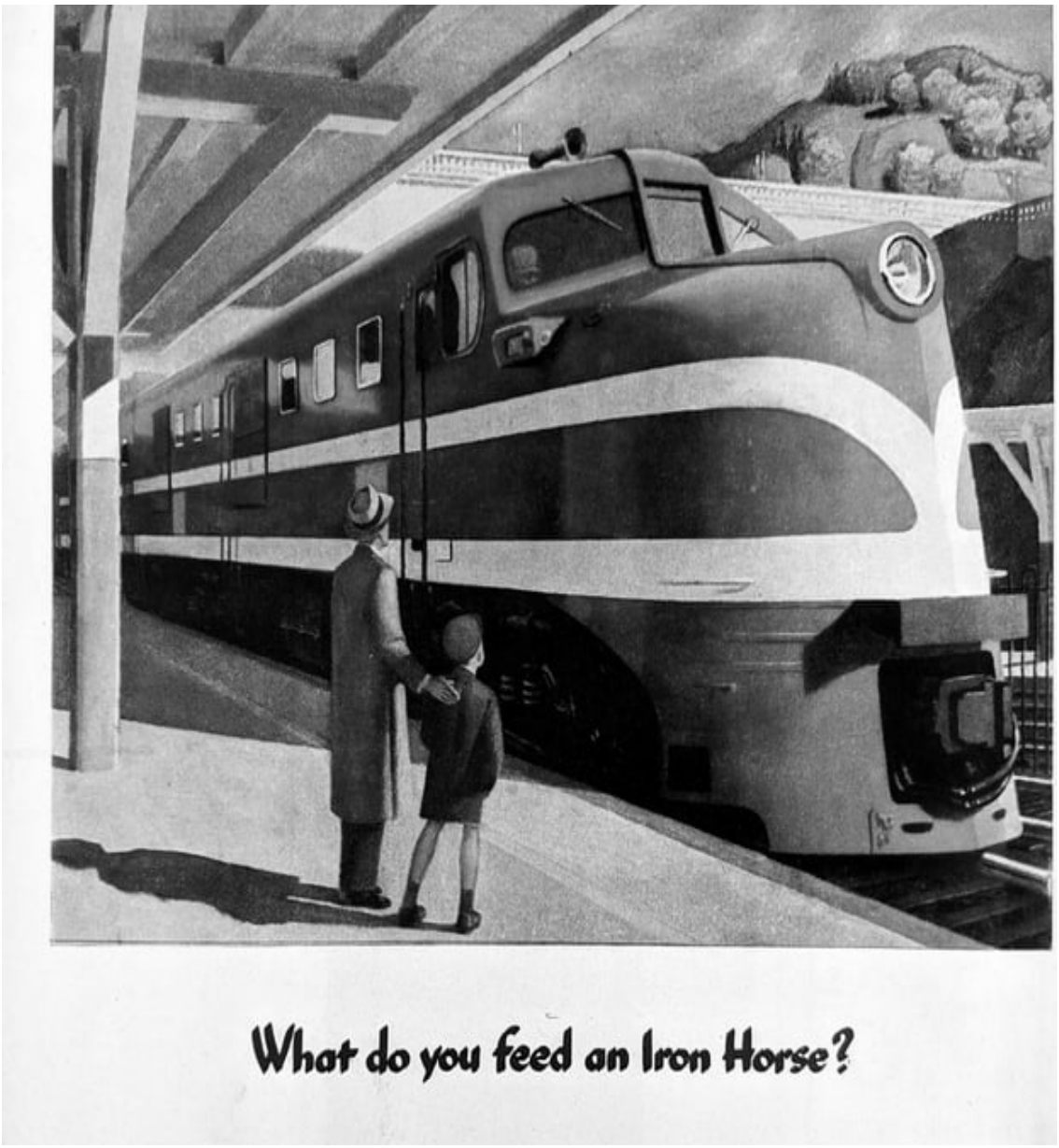
Review of the book *I Can Make a Train Noise*

I Can Make a Train Noise by Michael Emberley and Marie-Louise Fitzpatrick.

The action begins on the book's cover, where readers can spot a young child and her family walking down a busy city street, headed into a bustling café. Inside, they encounter even more noise among its preoccupied patrons, whose thought and speech bubbles fill the page with gray clouds, worries, and complaints. The young child looks out at the readers, asserting, "I can make a train noise now!" (This sentence and its variants compose the entire text.) Soon she hops off her chair and, through a portal in the book, sweeps her surroundings into new order as the café becomes a car on a speeding train. Across each subsequent spread, the font of the propulsive refrain/mantra ("I can make a train noise, I can make a train noise, I can make a train noise, now!") grows, shrinks, and swerves, offering cues for an engaging read-aloud experience. The train races through an *In the Night Kitchen*-esque cityscape of tall condiments and kitchen tools, whistles through a tunnel, and emerges into spacious, serene landscapes. As the train finally returns to the city and slows to a stop—"I…can…make…a… train…noooiiissssssse…now!"—and the passengers rearrange themselves into the more-familiar café, the former gloom and grayness has been transformed into cheer and community. Lush with colorful and richly detailed illustrations, this innovative picture book compels its readers to get on board with the sound, speed, and rhythm of a train powered by a child's imagination.

Grace McKinney, *The Horn Book Magazine*, August 2021

Document B



Part of an advert for the railway company American Locomotive, illustration by Edward Hopper, *Life Magazine*, February, 21 1944

Document C

Turning his mind decisively away from these dangerous shoals, he paced up and down in his bare feet, his pyjamas and the vest full of holes, scratching at mosquito bites, smoking an occasional cigarette, refusing to entertain poetry and thinking in strict prose that he must look like a caged animal in a zoo to any creature that might be looking down at earth from another planet. And that was all he was – a trapped animal. In his youth, he had had the illusion of having free will, not knowing he was in a trap. Marriage, a family and a job had placed him in this cage; now there was no way out of it. The unexpected friendship with Nur had given him the illusion that the door of the trap had opened and he could escape after all into a wider world that lay outside but a closer familiarity with the poet had shown him that what he thought of as 'the wider word' was an illusion too – it was only a kind of zoo in which he could not hope to find freedom, he would only blunder into another cage inhabited by some other trapped animal. Being an illustrious poet had drawn people to the zoo to come and stare at him but Nur had not escaped from his cage for all that – he was as trapped as Deven was even if his cage was more prominent and attracted more attention. Still, it was just a cage in a row of cages. Cage, cage. Trap, trap.

Then where was freedom to be found? Where was there fresh air to breathe?

He looked up at the dusky pelt of sky for some chink that promised, or assured, escape, but even the stars were smothered in murk. No message came whispering on a nocturnal breeze; every leaf on the *neem* tree hung still, lifeless. Out in the lane a bullock cart creaked by, the wooden wheels lacking oil and shrieking dismally. Across the canal a stray dog barked in a long monotonous howl of protest. Then there was silence. A long while later it was broken by the sharp, shrill whistle of the Janata Express from Assam clattering down the railway line. He bit down on a cigarette, cursing it: why was there always a train whistle in the dark, calling over vast spaces to all who longed to travel and move on? It promised nothing, it merely reminded prisoners of their bars, mocked them in their cells.

Anita Desai, *In Custody*, 1984

SUJET 2

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

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 books are presented as a way to make everything possible, whatever the circumstances.

2ème partie

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

"Well," the housewife said. "Go on."

Grace hesitated. "You want me... to read it?" Everyone on the platform of Farringdon Station watched her expectantly. "Out loud?"

The lot of them all nodded, and quite a few smiled.

Suddenly, she was the painfully shy girl of her youth again in scuffed shoes that pinched at her toes, standing before the class with a bit of chalk in her hand and every set of eyes on her. Her stomach coiled itself into a knot.

"Please," the young mother said.

(lines 32-39)

Document A

The story takes place in London, during World War II. The air raid siren has just started its afternoon wail. Grace and Mr. Evans, her boss, have found shelter in Farrington Tube Station.

She'd only just started *Middlemarch* the night before and was several chapters in, her mind locked on Dorothea and the young woman's plight with her new, much older husband. The siren overhead cut off and the shuffle and muttered conversation of dozens of people inside the tube echoed against the rounded walls. Wind billowed in from the gaping tunnels on either side of the platform, issuing a low, haunting note and tickling Grace's hair across her cheek.

She blocked all sound out, propped her open book on her knees and began to read. Outside came the now familiar sounds of war, the booming ack-ack guns firing at enemy aircraft as the RAF dove and shot at the Germans in an effort to fend them off. Amid it all, and far less often than at night, came the distant thud of falling bombs.

"What are you reading, miss?" a woman asked from beside her.

Grace looked up to find the young mother she'd comforted weeks before. "*Middlemarch* by George Eliot."

Guns pounded overhead. The woman glanced up anxiously. "What's it about?"

"A woman named Dorothea," Grace replied. "She has a handsome suitor intent on marrying her, but he's not the man who draws her eye."

"Why is that?"

"She quite prefers an older man, a reverend."

[...]

"What about the handsome man?" a voice asked.

Grace grinned. "He pursues her sister."

Someone laughed. "Brilliant!"

"Does it work out then?" a burly man in a yellow pullover asked. He hardly looked the type to care with his tousled dark hair and rumpled clothes more likely suited for a pub.

"With the sister and the handsome suitor?" Grace asked. "Or Dorothea and the reverend?"

The man shrugged. "Both, I suppose."

The crack of the anti-aircraft guns rang out overhead as a plane swooped low enough for the hum of its engine to echo through the cavernous tube station.

"I don't know." Grace glanced at the book, still pinched at her location. "I haven't read that far yet."

“Well,” the housewife said. “Go on.”

Grace hesitated. “You want me...to read it?” Everyone on the platform of Farringdon Station watched her expectantly. “Out loud?”

The lot of them all nodded, and quite a few smiled.

Suddenly, she was the painfully shy girl of her youth again in scuffed shoes that pinched at her toes, standing before the class with a bit of chalk in her hand and every set of eyes on her. Her stomach coiled itself into a knot.

“Please,” the young mother said. Another barrage of gunfire came, and she cowered down into herself.

Mr. Evans’s expressive brows crept upward in silent question.

Despite every brutally shy bit of Grace’s makeup screaming at her to refuse, she opened the book, licked her suddenly dry lips and began to read. Her tongue tripped over the first couple of sentences, and she was awkwardly aware of how many people were witnessing her missteps. And when a bomb exploded somewhere far off, its thunder distracted her so thoroughly, she forgot what line she’d been on.

But as she continued to read, the crowd around her faded away and her mind focused only on the story. Her world curled around Dorothea’s, experiencing that miserable honeymoon in Rome with a man who hoarded his scholarly aspirations to himself. [...]

A howling screech came overhead, followed by a boom that plunged the tube station into darkness.

“Here.” There was a rustling as someone dug in a handbag, followed a moment later by the weight of a torch being nudged into Grace’s hand. She flicked on the beam and continued to read, bringing the entire group with her through the story.

Madeline MARTIN, *The Last Bookshop in London*, 2021

Document B

How World War II Turned Soldiers Into Bookworms

AMERICAN GIs DEVOURED PAPERBACKS ON THE FRONT LINES,
SPAWNING A NEW GENERATION OF READERS

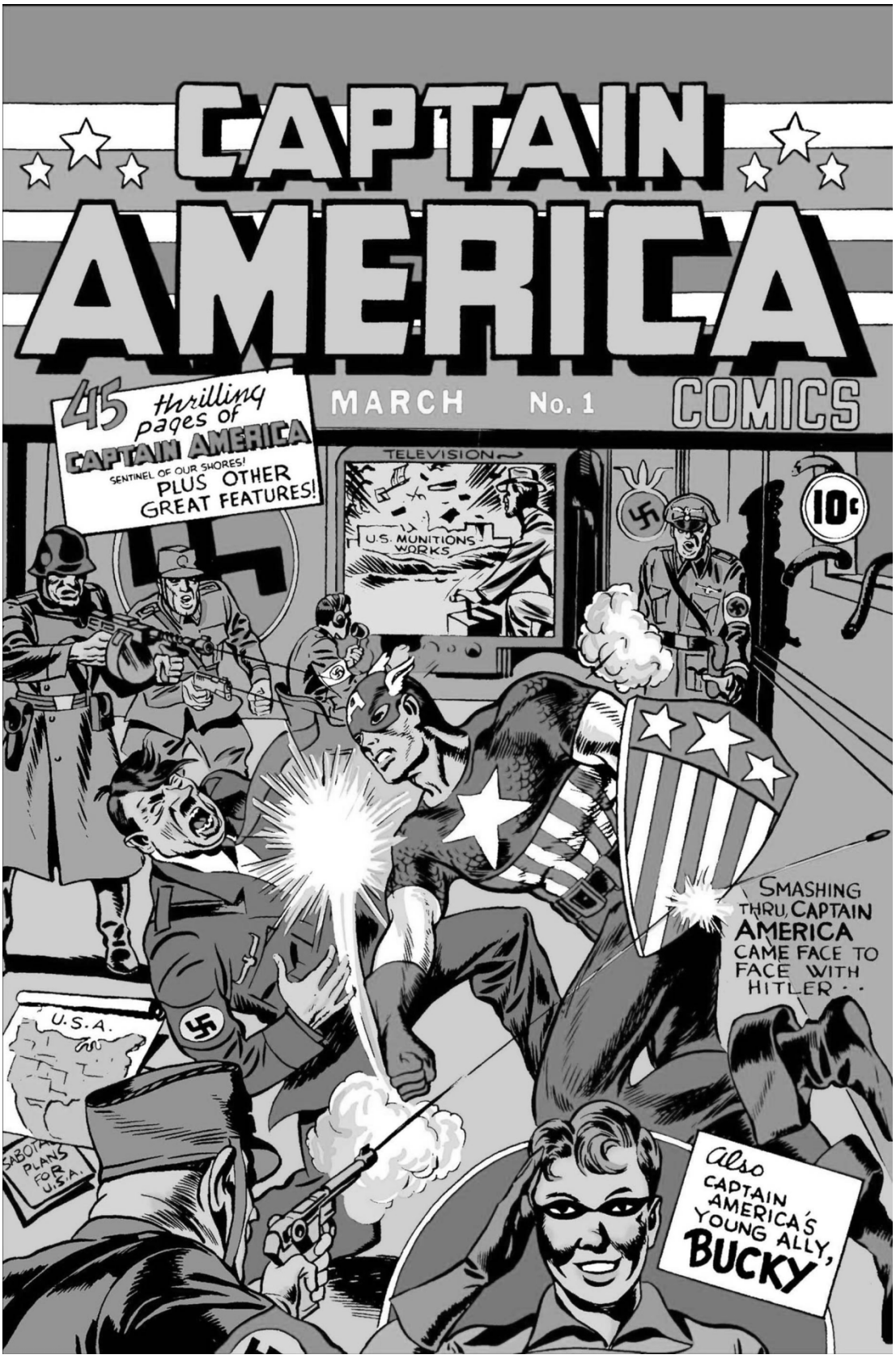
In January 1942, thousands of New Yorkers gathered on the steps of the legendary New York Public Library, at 5th Avenue and 42nd Street, wearing their Sunday best and warmest coats. When standing room became scarce, crowds formed across the street. Nearly everyone had at least one book in hand. These were not overdue, nor did they need to be returned to the library; instead they were "Victory Books," bound for soldiers overseas.

[...] But this was no ordinary campaign. At the time, books—vehicles for new ideas—were being banned and burned in Europe by the German Army. […]

With this threat across the Atlantic, Americans felt an urgent need to preserve books and all they symbolized. [...] They stressed that the best defense against Germany's war on books was to do the opposite: read and spread information. And so books became a sort of weapon in the war—fighting ignorance, censorship, and boredom.

Molly Guptill Manning*, https://www.whatitmeanstobeamerican.org*, April 8 2016

Document C



Joe Simon & Jack Kirby, *Captain America Comics*,
issue n°1, March 1st 1941