

Modèle CCYC : ©DNE

Nom de famille (naissance) :


(Suivi s'il y a lieu, du nom d'usage)

Prénom(s) :

N° candidat :  (Les numéros figurent sur la convocation.)

N° d'inscription :

Né(e) le :

 Liberté • Égalité • Fraternité  
RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE

1.1

## Évaluation

**CLASSE :** Première

**VOIE :** ☐ Générale ☐ Technologique ☒ Toutes voies (LV)

**ENSEIGNEMENT :** ANGLAIS

**DURÉE DE L'ÉPREUVE :** 1h30

Niveaux visés (LV) : LVA **B1-B2** LVB **A2-B1**

Axes de programme :

**CALCULATRICE AUTORISÉE :** ☐ Oui ☒ Non

**DICTIONNAIRE AUTORISÉ :** ☐ Oui ☒ Non

☐ Ce sujet contient des parties à rendre par le candidat avec sa copie. De ce fait, il ne peut être dupliqué et doit être imprimé pour chaque candidat afin d'assurer ensuite sa bonne numérisation.

☐ Ce sujet intègre des éléments en couleur. S'il est choisi par l'équipe pédagogique, il est nécessaire que chaque élève dispose d'une impression en couleur.

☐ Ce sujet contient des pièces jointes de type audio ou vidéo qu'il faudra télécharger et jouer le jour de l'épreuve.

**Nombre total de pages :** 4

# Évaluation

## LANGUES VIVANTES

### ANGLAIS

Compréhension : 10 points

Expression : 10 points

Temps alloué : 1 heure et 30 minutes

L'usage de la calculatrice et du dictionnaire n'est pas autorisé.

Afin de respecter l'anonymat de votre copie, vous ne devez pas signer votre composition, citer votre nom, celui d'un camarade ou celui de votre établissement.

L'ensemble du sujet porte sur l'**axe 5** du programme : **fictions et réalités**.

The narrator is a regular user of a commuter train to London.

*Friday, 5 July 2013*

*Morning*

5 There is a pile of clothing on the side of the train tracks. Light-blue cloth – a shirt, perhaps – jumbled up with something dirty white. It's probably rubbish, part of a load fly-tipped into the scrubby little wood up the bank. It could have been left behind by the engineers who work this part of the track, they're here often enough. Or it could be something else. My mother used to tell me that I had an overactive imagination; Tom said that too. I can't help it, I catch sight of these discarded scraps, a dirty T-shirt or a lonesome shoe, and all I can think of is the other shoe, and the feet that fitted into  
10 them.

The train jolts and scrapes and screeches back into motion, the little pile of clothes disappears from view and we trundle on towards London, moving at a brisk jogger's space. Someone in the seat behind me gives a sigh of helpless irritation; the 8.04 train from Ashbury to Euston can test the patience of the most seasoned  
15 commuters. The journey is supposed to take fifty-four minutes, but it rarely does: this section of the track is ancient, decrepit, beset with signaling problems and never-ending engineering work. [ ...]

My head leaning against the carriage window, I watch the houses roll past me like a tracking shot in a film. I see them as others do not; even their owners probably  
20 don't see them from this perspective. Twice a day, I am offered a view into other lives, just for a moment. There's something comforting about the sight of strangers safe at home.

Someone's phone is ringing, an incongruously joyful and upbeat song. They're slow to answer, it jingles on and on around me. I can feel my fellow commuters shift in  
25 their seats, rustle their newspaper, tap at their computers. The train lurches and sways around the bend, slowing as it approaches a red signal. I try not to look up, I try to read the free newspaper I was handed on my way into the station, but the words blur in front of my eyes, nothing holds my interest. In my head I can still see that little pile of clothes lying at the edge of the track, abandoned.

30 *Monday, 8 July 2013*

*Morning*

It's a relief to be on the 8.04. It's not that I can't wait to get into London to start my week – I don't particularly want to be in London at all. I just want to lean back in the

35 soft, sagging velour seat, feel the warmth of the sunshine steaming through the window, feel the carriage rock back and forth and back and forth, the comforting rhythm of wheels on tracks. I'd rather be here, looking at the houses beside the tracks, than almost anywhere else.

40 There's a faulty signal on this line, about halfway through my journey. I assume it must be faulty, in any case, because it's always red; we stop there most days, sometimes just for a second, sometimes for minutes on end. If I sit in carriage D, which I usually do, and the train stops at this signal, which it almost always does, I have a perfect view into my favorite trackside house: number 15. [...]

45 While we're stuck at the red signal, I look for them. Jess is often out there in the mornings, especially in the summer, drinking her coffee. Sometimes, when I see her there, I feel as though she sees me too, I feel as though she looks right back at me, and I want to wave. I'm too self-conscious. I don't see Jason quite so much, he's away a lot with work. But even if they're not there, I think about what they might be up to.

Paula Hawkins, *The Girl on the Train*, 2015

### 1. Compréhension de l'écrit (10 points)

Give an account of the text **in English**, taking into consideration the narrator's point of view and her reaction to what she sees.

### 2. Expression écrite (10 points)

Vous traiterez **en anglais**, et en 120 mots au moins, **l'un des deux sujets suivants au choix** :

#### Sujet A

Using her "overactive imagination", the narrator writes in the evening of Friday, 5 July 2013 about the pile of clothes she saw in the morning and the possible reasons for its being next to the rail track.

#### Sujet B

Do you think imagination helps us escape reality?