

Modèle CCYC : ©DNE

Nom de famille (naissance) :

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

Prénom(s) :

N° candidat :

N° d'inscription :



Liberté • Égalité • Fraternité
RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE

Né(e) le :

(Les numéros figurent sur la convocation.)

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

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



Compréhension de l'écrit et expression écrite

L'ensemble du sujet porte sur l'axe 8 du programme : **Territoire et mémoire.**

Il s'organise en deux parties :


- 1. Compréhension de l'écrit ;**
- 2. Expression écrite.**

Texte 1

The Wanderer

They had been on the road for six days, a clan of five bouncing along in a tired wagon, when Bam White woke to some bad news. One of his horses was dead. It was the nineteenth-century equivalent of a flat tire, except this was the winter of 1926. The Whites had no money. They were moving from the high desert chill of Las Animas, Colorado, to Littlefield, Texas, south of Amarillo, to start anew. Bam White was a ranch hand, a lover of horses and empty skies, at a time when the cowboy was becoming a museum piece in Texas and an icon in Hollywood. Within a year, Charles Lindbergh would cross the ocean in his monoplane, and a white man in blackface would speak from the screen of a motion picture show. The great ranches had been fenced, platted, subdivided, upturned, and were going out to city builders, oil drillers, and sodbusters. The least-populated part of Texas was open for business and riding high in the Roaring Twenties. Overnight, new towns were rising, bustling with banks, opera houses, electric streetlights, and restaurants serving seafood sent by train from Galveston. With his handlebar mustache, bowlegs, and raisin-skinned face, Bam White was a man high-centered in the wrong century. The plan was to get to Littlefield, where the winters were not as bad as Colorado, and see if one of the new fancy-pantsers might need a ranch hand with a quick mind. Word was, a family could always pick cotton as well.

Now they were stuck in No Man's Land, a long strip of geographic afterthought in the far western end of the Oklahoma Panhandle, just a sneeze from Texas. After sunrise, Bam White had a talk with his remaining horses. He checked their hooves, which were worn and uneven, and looked into their eyes, trying to find a measure of his animals. They felt bony to the touch, emaciated by the march south and dwindling rations of feed. The family was not yet halfway into their exodus. Ahead were 209 miles of road over the high, dry roof of Texas, across the Canadian river, bypassing dozens

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1.1

25 of budding Panhandle hamlets: Wildorado, Lazbuddie, Flagg, Earth, Circle, Muleshoe, Progress, Circle Back.

If you all can give me another two or three days, White told his horses, we'll rest you good. Get me to Amarillo, at least.

30 Bam's wife, Lizzie, hated the feel of No Man's Land. The chill, hurried along by the wind, made it impossible to stay warm. The land was so threadbare. It was here that the Great Plains tilted, barely susceptible to most eyes, rising to nearly a mile above sea level at the western edge. The family considered dumping the organ, their prized possession. They could sell it in Boise City and make just enough to pick up another horse. They asked around: ten dollars was the going rate for an heirloom organ — not

35 enough to buy a horse. Anyway, Bam White could not bring himself to give it up. Some of the best memories, through the hardest of years, came with music pumped from that box. They would push on to Texas, twenty miles away, moving a lot slower. After burying their dead horse, they headed south.

The Worst Hard Time: The Untold Story of Those Who Survived the Great American Dust Bowl, Timothy Egan, 2006

Texte 2

Talking Dust Bowl Blues

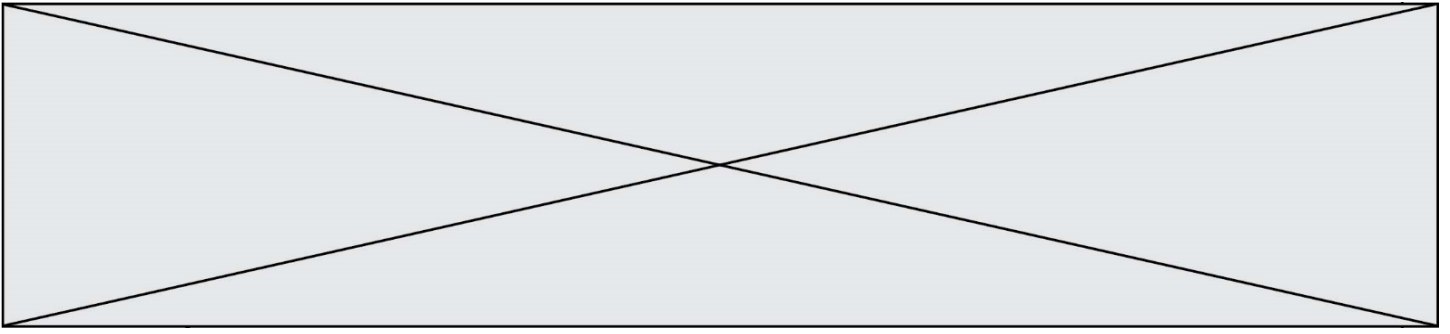
Back in Nineteen Twenty-Seven,
 I had a little farm and I called that heaven.
 Well, the prices up and the rain come down,
 And I hauled my crops all into town --

5 I got the money, bought clothes and groceries,
 Fed the kids, and raised a family.

Rain quit and the wind got high,
 And the black ol' dust storm filled the sky.
 And I swapped my farm for a Ford machine,

10 And I poured it full of this gas-i-line --
 And I started, rockin' an' a-rollin',
 Over the mountains, out towards the old Peach Bowl.[...]

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie © 1960



1. Compréhension de l'écrit (10 points)

a. Compréhension du texte 1

Give an account of the text, **in English** and in your own words, paying particular attention to the nature of the text, the situation (place and main action), the characters' feelings and the reasons why they feel that way.

b. Compréhension des textes 1 et 2

After reading the two documents, show that both documents illustrate a particular moment in US history.

2. Expression écrite (10 points)

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

Sujet A

Explain why some people are ready to leave everything behind.

Sujet B

"They would push on to Texas, twenty miles away, moving a lot slower. After burying their dead horse, they headed south." (texte 1, l. 37-38)

Write the end of the story.