

Modèle CCYC : ©DNE

Nom de famille (naissance) :


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

Prénom(s) :

N° candidat : N° d'inscription :

(Les numéros figurent sur la convocation.)

Né(e) le : / /



1.1

ÉPREUVES COMMUNES DE CONTRÔLE CONTINU

CLASSE : Première

VOIE : Générale Technologique Toutes voies (LV)

ENSEIGNEMENT :

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

ÉPREUVE DE CONTRÔLE CONTINU 2

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, who lives in Nigeria, is invited to America by a friend. She has an appointment at the U.S. embassy.

At 3 p.m., I arrived at Walter Carrington Crescent, the road on which the embassy is located. Inside the building, I wait in a small room with the buzzing fluorescent lights. There is an oscillating floor fan in the corner, and a window is open, but the air is still muggy and stale. I think of Gloria and I imagine what she is doing. It is morning
5 where she is in America, and perhaps she's already at her office at the university, jotting down notes at her desk, preparing lectures for her students, or perhaps even rehearsing for a public reading somewhere. [...]

I continued to wait. The fan oscillates, and I trace its rotations with my eyes. I think of the spill and I remember Gloria's description: something like black clouds forming in
10 waters that would usually be clear and blue. The waters of the Niger Delta were once clear and blue. Now the children wade in the water and come out with Shell oil glowing on their skin.

I'm imagining stagnant waters painted black and brown with crude when finally, someone calls my name. The voice is harsh and causes me to think of gravel, of
15 rock-strewn roads, the kind of potholes we see all over Nigeria, the kind I imagine America does not have.

I answered the call with a smile plastered on my face. But all the while my heart is palpitating – rapid, irregular beats that only I can hear. They are loud and distracting, like raindrops on zinc.

20 The man who calls my name is old and grey-haired and wears suspenders over a yellow-white short-sleeved shirt. He doesn't smile at me, just turns quickly around and leads me down a narrow corridor. He stops at a small room and makes a gesture with his hand, motioning me to enter. He does not follow me in the room, which is more an enclosed cubicle than a room; instead there is a clicking sound behind me. I
25 turn around to see that the door has been shut.

In the room, another man sits on a swivel chair, the kind with thick padding and expensive grey-and-white cloth covering. He stands up as I walk towards him. His skin is tan, but a pale sort of tan. He says hello, and his words come out a little more smoothly than I am accustomed to, levelled and under accentuated, as if his tongue
30 has somehow flattened the words, as if it has somehow diluted them in his mouth. An American.

He wears a black suit with pin stripes, a dress shirt with the two top buttons undone, no tie; and he looks quite seriously at me. He reaches across the table, which is more like a counter, to shake my hand. He wears three rings, each on its own finger,
35 excepting the index and the thumb. The stones in the ring sparkle as they reflect the light.

He offers me the metal stool across from him. When I am seated, he asks for my papers: identification documents; invitation letter; bank account records.

40 'Miss Nnenna Etoniru,' he begins, pronouncing my name in his diluted sort of way.
'Tell me your occupation.'

'Teacher,' I say.

'Place of employment,' he says, not quite a question.

'Federal Government Girls' College in Abuloma. I work there as a science teacher.'

'A decent job.'

45 I nod. 'Yes, it's a good job,' I say.

He lifts up my letter of invitation. The paper is thin and from the back I can see the swirls of Gloria's signature. 'Who is this Miss Gloria Oke?' he asks. 'Who is she to you?'

'A friend,' I say. And that answer is true.

50 'A friend?'

'A former co-worker, too.' I tell him that we met years ago at the Federal Government Girls' College in Abuloma. That we became friends when she was invited to help create a new curriculum. He can check the school records if he wishes, I say, confidently of course, because the answer, too, is true.

Chinelo Okparanta, *Happiness Like Water*, 2013

1. Compréhension de l'écrit (10 points)

Give an account of the text **in English**, taking into consideration the present situation and the narrator's representation of America.

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

The American Embassy has approved of the narrator's move to America. She phones her friend Gloria to tell her about the news. Imagine their conversation.

Sujet B

How do you explain the persistence of the American Dream?