

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.)

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## ÉVALUATIONS COMMUNES

**CLASSE** : Terminale

**EC** :  EC1  EC2  EC3

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

**ENSEIGNEMENT** : ANGLAIS

**DURÉE DE L'ÉVALUATION** : 1h30

Niveaux visés (LV) : LVA **B2** LVB **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** : 5



## ANGLAIS – ÉVALUATION 3

### Compréhension de l'oral, de l'écrit et expression écrite

L'ensemble du sujet porte sur l'**axe 1** du programme : **Identités et échanges**.

Il s'organise en trois parties :

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

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

Vous disposez tout d'abord de **cinq minutes** pour prendre connaissance de **la composition** de l'ensemble du dossier et des **consignes** qui vous sont données.

Vous allez entendre trois fois le document de la partie 1 (compréhension de l'oral).

Les écoutes seront espacées d'une minute.

Vous pouvez prendre des notes pendant les écoutes.

À l'issue de la troisième écoute, vous organiserez votre temps (**1h30**) comme vous le souhaitez pour rendre compte **en français** du document oral et pour traiter **en anglais** la compréhension de l'écrit (partie 2) et le sujet d'expression écrite (partie 3).

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## Les documents

### Document audio

**Titre :** *This New-Zealand band is trying to save Maori culture one head banger at a time*

**Source :** NPR (National Public Radio), 5 December 2017 | “Morning Edition”, with Ashley Westerman

### Texte

Nearly 1 million people lived in Soweto<sup>1</sup>. Ninety-nine percent of them were black – and then there was me. I was famous in my neighborhood just because of the colour of my skin. I was so unique people would give me directions using me as a landmark. “The house on Makhalima Street. At the corner you’ll see light-skinned boy. Take a right there.”

Whenever the kids in the street saw me they’d yell, “*Indoda yomlungu!*” “The white man!” Some of them would run away. Others would call out to their parents to come look. Others would run up and try to touch me to see if I was real. It was pandemonium. What I didn’t understand at the time was that the other kids genuinely had no clue what a white person was. Black kids in the township didn’t leave the township. Few people had televisions. They’d seen the white police roll through, but they’d never dealt with a white person face-to-face, ever. [...]

As a kid I understood that people were different colours, but in my head white and black and brown were like types of chocolate. Dad was the white chocolate, mum was the dark chocolate, and I was the milk chocolate. But we were all just chocolate. I didn’t know any of it had anything to do with “race”. I didn’t know what race was. My mother never referred to my dad as white or to me as mixed. So when the other kids in Soweto called me “white”, even though I was light brown I just thought they had their colors mixed up like they hadn’t learnt them properly. “Ah, yes, my friend. You’ve confused aqua with turquoise. I can see how you made that mistake. You’re not the first.”

I soon learnt that the quickest way to bridge the race gap was through language. Soweto was a melting pot: families from different tribes and homelands. Most kids in the townships spoke only their home language, but I learnt several languages

<sup>1</sup> Soweto is a township of the city of Johannesburg.



because I grew up in a house where there was no option but to learn them. My mum made sure English was the first language I spoke. If you're black in South Africa, speaking English is the one thing that can give you a leg up. English is the language of money. English comprehension is equated with intelligence. If you're looking for a job, English is the difference between getting a job or staying unemployed. If you're standing on the dock, English is the difference between getting off with a fine or going to prison. [...]

I learned to use language like my mother did. I would simulcast – give you the program in your own tongue. I'd get suspicious looks from people just walking down the street. "Where are you from?" they'd ask. I'd reply in whatever language they'd addressed me in, using the same accent that they used. There would be a brief moment of confusion, and the suspicious look would disappear. "Oh, okay. I thought you were a stranger. We're good then."

It became a tool that served me my whole life. One day as a young man I was walking down the street and a group of Zulu guys was walking behind me, closing in on me, and I could hear them talking to one another about how they were going to mug me. "*Asibambe le autie yomlungu. Phuma ngapha mina nigizoqhamuka ngemuva kwakhe.*" "Let's get this white guy. You go to his left, and I'll come up behind him." I didn't know what to do. I couldn't run, so I just spun around real quick and said, "*Kodwa bafwethu yingani singavele simbambe umuntu inkunzi? Asenzeni. Mina ngiikulindele.*" "Yo, guys, why don't we just mug someone together? I'm ready. Let's do it."

They looked shocked for a moment, and then they started laughing. "Oh, sorry, dude. We thought you were something else. We weren't trying to take anything from you. We were trying to steal from white people. Have a good day, man." They were ready to do me violent harm, until they felt we were part of the same tribe, and then we were cool. That, and so many other small incidents in my life, made me realize that language, even more than color, defines who you are to people.

I became a chameleon. My colour didn't change, but I could change your perception of my color. If you spoke to me in Zulu, I replied to you in Zulu. If you spoke to me in Tswana, I replied to you in Tswana. Maybe I didn't look like you, but if I spoke like you, I was you.

Trevor Noah, *Born a Crime: Stories from a South African Childhood*, 2016

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

Vous rendrez compte, **en français**, de ce que vous avez compris du document.

### 2. Compréhension de l'écrit et de l'ensemble du dossier (10 points)

#### a- Compréhension du texte

Give an account of the text, **in English** and in your own words.

#### b- Compréhension de l'ensemble du dossier (document audio et texte)

Consider the **two documents** and compare how identity comes from a blend of cultures.

### 3. Expression écrite (10 points)

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

#### Sujet A

Write an e-mail to invite the band Alien Weaponry to a world music festival to promote Maori language and culture.

#### Sujet B

Consider Trevor Noah's statement: "I didn't look like you, but if I spoke like you, I was you." Do you agree that language defines who we are? Explain and justify your point of view.