Modèle CCYC : ©DNE Nom de famille (naissance) : (Suivi s'il y a lieu, du nom d'usage)																		
Prénom(s) :																		
N° candidat :]	N° o	d'ins	scrip	otio	n :			
	(Les nu	uméros	figure	ent sur	la con	vocati	on.)		_	-							•	
Liberté · Égalité · Fraternité RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE NÉ(e) le :			/]/												1.1

ÉVALUATION									
CLASSE : Première									
VOIE : 🗆 Générale 🗆 Technologique X Toutes voies (LV)									
ENSEIGNEMENT : ANGLAIS									
DURÉE DE L'ÉPREUVE : 1h30									
Niveaux visés (LV) : LVA B1-B2 LVB A2-B1									
CALCULATRICE AUTORISÉE : Oui x Non									
DICTIONNAIRE AUTORISÉ : Oui x 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

Le sujet porte sur l'axe 1 du programme : Identités et échanges.

Il s'organise en deux parties :

- 1. Compréhension de l'écrit ;
- 2. 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.

Texte

Traveling between Reardan and Wellpinit, between the little white town and the reservation, I always felt like a stranger.

I was half Indian in one place and half white in the other.

It was like being Indian was my job, but it was only a part-time job. And it didn't pay well at all.

5

The only person who made me feel great all the time was Penelope.

Well I shouldn't say that.

I mean, my mother and father were working hard for me, too. They were constantly scraping together enough money to pay for gas, to get me lunch money, to buy me a new pair of jeans and a few new shirts.

10

My parents gave me just enough money so that I could pretend to have more money than I did.

I lied about how poor I was.

Everybody in Reardan assumed we Spokanes¹ made lots of money because we had a casino. But that casino, mismanaged and too far away from major highways, was a money-losing business. In order to make money from the casino, you had to work at the casino.

¹ an Indian tribe

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And white people everywhere have always believed that the government just gives money to Indians.

20 And since the kids and parents at Reardan thought I had a lot of money, I did nothing to change their minds. I figured it wouldn't do me any good if they knew I was dirt poor.

What would they think of me if they knew I sometimes had to hitchhike to school?

Yeah, so I pretended to have a little money. I pretended to be middle class. I pretended I belonged.

25 Nobody knew the truth.

Of course, you can't lie forever. Lies have short shelf lives. Lies go bad. Lies rot and stink up the joint.

In December, I took Penelope to the Winter Formal. The thing is, I only had five dollars, not nearly enough to pay for anything—not for photos, not for food, not for gas, not for a hot dog and soda pop. If it had been any other dance, a regular dance, I would have stayed home with an imaginary illness. But I couldn't skip Winter Formal. And if I didn't take Penelope then she would have certainly gone with somebody else.

Because I didn't have money for gas, and because I couldn't have driven the car if I wanted to, and because I didn't want to double date, I told Penelope I'd meet her at the gym and for the dance. She wasn't too happy about that.

But the worst thing is that I had to wear one of Dad's old suits:

I was worried that people would make fun of me, right? And they probably would have if Penelope hadn't immediately squealed with delight when she first saw me walk into the gym.

40 "Oh, my, God!" she yelled for everybody to hear. "That suit is so beautiful. It's so retroactive. It's so retroactive that it's radioactive!"

And every dude in the joint immediately wished he'd worn his father's lame polyester suit.

Sherman ALEXIE, The Absolutely True Diary of a Part-Time Indian, 1996



1. Compréhension de l'écrit (10 points)

Give an account of the text, **in English** and in your own words, focusing on the narrator's social and cultural identity and the way he feels about being different.

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

After taking Penelope to the Winter Formal, the narrator writes her a letter telling her the truth about his insecurity and his social situation.

Sujet B

Do you think that being different can make life more difficult? Explain.