

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

## 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 30

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.

## SUJET LANGUES VIVANTES : ANGLAIS

### ÉVALUATION (3<sup>e</sup> trimestre de première)

#### 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

### Chapter One – My Marion

I was an adult before I ever saw the picture. But even as a girl, I knew there'd been a lynching in Marion, Indiana. That was my father's hometown. And on one of many trips to visit my grandparents, I heard the family story: the night it happened back in 1930, someone called the house and spoke to my grandfather, whose shift at the post office began at three in the morning. "Don't walk through the courthouse square tonight on your way to work," the caller said. "You might see something you don't want to see." Apparently that was the punchline—which puzzled me. *Something you don't want to see.* Then laughter.

I now know that, in the 1920s, Indiana had more Ku Klux Klan members than any other state in the union—from a quarter to a half million members—and my grandfather was one of them. Learning this after he died, I couldn't assimilate it into the frail Grandpa I'd known. Couldn't assimilate it at all and, for a long time, didn't try. He was an intensely secretive man, and certainly there had been other obfuscations<sup>1</sup>. He always said, for example, that he was an orphan, that his parents had died when he was three. I accepted this, but the grown-ups knew better. After Grandpa's funeral, my father discovered a safe deposit box and hoped at last to find a clue to the family tree. Instead he unearthed this other secret: a Klan membership card. All my father said later was "I never saw a hooded sheet. He'd go out. We never knew where he was going."

Much of this story is about shame. My grandfather was illegitimate, a fact that someone born in small-town Indiana in 1886 would rather die than discuss. And so he did. But if that particular humiliation seems foreign today, what about the other secret? A lot of us who are white come from something we would rather not discuss. "That's in the past," we like to say, as if that did anything but give us another hood to wear.

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<sup>1</sup> obfuscation = hidden information

25 I was in my late twenties when I first came upon the lynching photo in a book: two  
black men in bloody tattered clothing hang from a tree, and below them stand the  
grinning, gloating, proud, and pleased white folks. I couldn't believe that this was my  
Marion, the lynching referred to in my family, a tree I'd walked past as a child. I look  
anxiously for my grandfather's face in that photo. Didn't find it. That was some relief.  
30 But he too had gone to the square that night. There'd been *something you don't want  
to see*. Then laughter. And as I began to tell people this story, that was one detail I left  
out, because it shamed me: there was laughter.  
My Marion. As a child, I loved the town. And one thing I loved most was the fact that it  
had a past, unlike the various Midwestern suburbs where I grew up. Directly in front of  
35 my grandparents' house—tall, dark green clapboard with a black stone porch—stood  
an iron hitching post, a black horse's head with a ring through its nose. It was no  
decoration. They'd just never taken it down. They lived with history. And every visit  
gave me a chance to ask Grandma for the family stories, to page with her through the  
family album. Somehow I never noticed that all the stories and pictures were my  
40 grandmother's. My grandfather had none.

Cynthia CARR, *Our Town: A Heartland Lynching, A Haunted Town and the Hidden  
History of White America*, 2006

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

Give an account of the text **in English**, taking into consideration the nature of the document, the historical events referred to, the people involved and how the writer investigates their actions.

### 2. Expression écrite (10 points)

**Vous traiterez en anglais**, et en 120 mots au moins, **l'un des deux sujets au choix (A ou B)**.

#### Sujet A

"I look anxiously for my grandfather's face in that photo. Didn't find it. That was some relief." (l.28-29). Try and imagine why the author is happy not to have found her grandfather on the photo.

#### Sujet B

In an online discussion thread, you have read three different reactions from people who have just read *Our Town* by Cynthia CARR. Which one do you agree most with? Why?

