

# BACCALAURÉAT GÉNÉRAL

**SESSION 2014**

**ANGLAIS**

**LANGUE VIVANTE 1**

**Séries Générales**

**Durée de l'épreuve : 3 heures**

**Série L - Coefficient total des épreuves de LV1 : 4**

**- Coefficient total des épreuves de LVA : 4**

**Série ES/S - Coefficient total des épreuves de LV1 : 3**

*L'usage de la calculatrice et du dictionnaire n'est pas autorisé.*

Dès que ce sujet vous est remis, assurez-vous qu'il est complet.  
Ce sujet comporte 5 pages numérotées de 1/5 à 5/5.

|               |           |
|---------------|-----------|
| Compréhension | 10 points |
| Expression    | 10 points |

## Text 1: London Road

The stooping (1) figure of my mother, waist-deep in the grass and caught there like a piece of sheep's wool, was the last I saw of my country home as I left it to discover the world. She stood old and bent at the top of the bank, silently watching me go, one gnarled (2) red hand raised in farewell and blessing, not questioning why I went. At the bend of the road I looked back again and saw the gold light die behind her; then I turned the corner, passed the village school, and closed that part of my life for ever.

It was a bright Sunday morning in early June, the right time to be leaving home. My three sisters and a brother had already gone before me; two other brothers had yet to make up their minds. They were still sleeping that morning, but my mother had got up early and cooked me a heavy breakfast, had stood wordlessly while I ate it, her hand on my chair, and had then helped me pack up my few belongings. There had been no fuss, no appeals, no attempts at advice or persuasion, only a long and searching look. Then, with my bags on my back, I'd gone out in the early sunshine and climbed through the long wet grass to the road.

It was 1934. I was nineteen years old, still soft at the edges, but with a confident belief in good fortune. I carried a small rolled-up tent, a violin in a blanket, a change of clothes, a tin of treacle biscuits, and some cheese. I was excited, vain-glorious, knowing I had far to go; but not, as yet, how far. As I left home that morning and walked away from the sleeping village, it never occurred to me that others had done this before me.

I was propelled, of course, by the traditional forces that had sent many generations along this road – by the small tight valley closing in around one, stifling the breath with its mossy mouth, the cottage walls narrowing like the arms of an iron maiden, the local girls whispering, 'Marry, and settle down.' Months of restless unease, leading to this inevitable moment, had been spent wandering about the hills, mournfully (3) whistling, and watching the high open fields stepping away eastwards under gigantic clouds...

And now I was on my journey, in a pair of thick boots and with a hazel stick in my hand. Naturally, I was going to London, which lay a hundred miles to the east; and it seemed equally obvious that I should go on foot. But first, as I'd never yet seen the sea, I thought I'd walk to the coast and find it. This would add another hundred miles to my journey, going by way of Southampton. But I had all the summer and all time to spend.

Laurie LEE, *As I Walked Out One Midsummer Morning*, 1971.

(1) *Stooping* = *courbé, penché*

(1) *Gnarled* = *noueuse*

(1) *Mournfully* = *tristement, lugubrement*

## Text 2

The academic year was drawing to a close, governmental cuts had hit my school hard, and my temporary contract was not to be renewed. My previous travelling had been limited to the six-week summer holidays, and I had used them most years in East Asia and East Africa. This year, with no September return to the classroom, I had as much time as I wanted, but I did not have the money. [...]

Plenty had travelled through England and written about it. But this was not so much a journey through a country as a journey through a lifestyle. I would, I decided, walk through England, and I would walk as a tramp.

I forced myself to minimise on everything I would take. My two sets of clothes were charity-shop bought, as was the shabby knapsack they were stuffed into, alongside a pound-shop penknife, bin-bag raincoat and two tatty paperbacks: Penguin Popular Classic editions of *A Tale of Two Cities* and *Great Expectations*. I looked, by all outward appearances, a tramp, though some things gave me away. My boots were good. My tiny camping stove, a plastic spork (1), a few tins of beans and sausages and my warm sleeping bag were all items I perhaps should have discarded, but they were minimal luxuries I felt I could not do without on the long walk I planned. [...]

And so I became a tramp. I would travel like one (on foot), sleep like one (rough), and live like one (all possessions portable). No mobile phone, no laptop, no bank cards; a wallet with fifty pounds to spend on food so that I would not have to rely on begging (though I will admit I sewed an emergency hundred rounds into the lining of my shoddy jacket), a cheap digital watch, a toothbrush, fingerless gloves. Everything I carried was expendable. Only two matters remained: the route and the rules by which to travel it.

I would start, I decided, at my own Cornish front door. From there, the rest of the country lay in the same direction: north. Scottish John O'Groats was a tempting finale, but scores of thousands had done that before. *If I were a tramp*, I thought, *eager to leave Cornwall, where would I go?* The answer came immediately. *I would go to London.* London. Where the streets were paved with gold. I could be bloody Dick Whittington: bundle on a stick; mangy cat at my heels.

I scanned maps and saw a likely route. If I began on the coast, I could walk it all the way to Bristol, then forge a line east to the capital.

Charlie CARROLL, *No Fixed Abode*, 2013.

(1) *spork* = *cuillère dentée pour campeur*

NOTE IMPORTANTE AUX CANDIDATS :

Les candidats traiteront tous les exercices **sur la copie** qui leur sera fournie et veilleront à :

- respecter l'**ordre des questions** et reporter la **numérotation** sur la copie (numéro de l'exercice et, le cas échéant, la lettre repère ; ex. : 1a, 1b, etc.)
- composer des phrases complètes à chaque fois qu'il leur est demandé de rédiger. En l'absence d'indication, les candidats répondront en 20 mots environ à la question posée.
- faire précéder les citations éventuellement demandées du **numéro de ligne** dans le texte.

## COMPREHENSION

### 1 – Read the two texts.

- 1.1 When do the events take place in the two documents?
- 1.2 Who is the narrator in each document?
- 1.3 Where does each of them live?
- 1.4 What do they intend to do? By what means? Justify by quoting from the text.
- 1.5 What is the main reason each of them gives for making such a decision?
- 1.6 What does each of them take? What does this reveal about their plans?

### 2 – Text 1.

- 2.1 What do we know about the narrator's family?
- 2.2 What is the mother's reaction to her son's departure? Justify your answer by quoting from the text.
- 2.3 What are the narrator's feelings about his own decision?
- 2.4 Focus on paragraph 4: '*I was propelled...*' (lines 21-27). What other choice could the narrator have made?

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### 3 – Text 2.

- 3.1 Explain '*not so much a journey through a country as a journey through a lifestyle*' (lines 6-7).

**Seul(e)s les candidats de la série L traiteront la question 3.2.**

- **3.2** Focus on the paragraph starting with '*And so I became a tramp*' (from line 17 to line 23). What matters to the narrator?

**Seul(e)s les candidat(e)s de L – LVA traiteront la question 4.**

**4-** In your own words define and compare the motivations of the two narrators.

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### **EXPRESSION**

**Les candidat(e)s des séries ES/S/L-LV1 traiteront le sujet en 250 mots (+/- 10%)**

**Les candidat(e)s de LVA traiteront le sujet en 350 mots (+/- 10%)**

**Choisir l'un des deux sujets :**

**A -** Do you think that all students should spend some time abroad?

**OU**

**B -** What original lifestyle would you like to experience? Explain why.