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BACCALAURÉAT GÉNÉRAL

ÉPREUVE D'ENSEIGNEMENT DE SPÉCIALITÉ

SESSION 2025

LANGUES, LITTÉRATURES
ET
CULTURES ÉTRANGÈRES ET RÉGIONALES

ANGLAIS

Mercredi 10 septembre 2025

Durée de l'épreuve : **3 heures 30**

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Dès que ce sujet vous est remis, assurez-vous qu'il est complet.

Ce sujet comporte 9 pages numérotées de 1/9 à 9/9.

Le candidat traite au choix le sujet 1 ou le sujet 2.
Il précisera sur la copie le numéro du sujet choisi.

Répartition des points

Synthèse	16 points
Traduction ou transposition	4 points

SUJET 1

Thématique : **« Expression et construction de soi »**

Partie 1 : Synthèse du dossier, en anglais (16 points)

Prenez connaissance de la thématique ci-dessus et du dossier composé des documents A, B, et C et répondez en anglais à la consigne suivante (500 mots environ) :

Paying particular attention to the characteristics of the documents, show how they interact to explore the purpose of reading.

Partie 2 : Traduction, en français (4 points)

Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document B (lignes 11 à 16) :

Reading was my means, I thought, of escaping the narrowness of the world I lived in. But was it possible that my world had seemed narrow precisely because I was a voracious reader? After all, how can any reality match the worlds that exist only in books? Either way, the fact was that novels had done for me exactly what critics had anticipated when 'romances' first began to circulate widely, in the eighteenth century: they had created dreams and desires that were unsettling […].

Document A



Edward HOPPER, *Compartment C, Car 293*, oil on canvas,1938

Document B

The narrator is a collector of rare books working between Brooklyn and Calcutta. He has been in conversation with Palash, a young Bengali migrant who is working in Italy.

As he was speaking, a strange sense of recognition began to dawn on me: it was as though I were seeing myself in Palash. I remembered the restlessness of my own youth and how it had been fed by another, very powerful medium of dreams – novels, which I had read voraciously, especially savouring those that were about faraway places. I thought of my teenage years and all the time I had spent hunting for cheap paperbacks in the alleys and back lanes of Calcutta (Aldo Manutius[1] might well have had me in mind when he pioneered the publication of inexpensive books; I was addicted to them in much the same way that people of Palash's generation were to their phones).

Back in those days there were very few bookshops in Calcutta and their wares were far beyond my reach: instead I had frequented libraries and second-hand bookshops. Reading was my means, I thought, of escaping the narrowness of the world I lived in. But was it possible that my world had seemed narrow precisely because I was a voracious reader? After all, how can any reality match the worlds that exist only in books? Either way, the fact was that novels had done for me exactly what critics had anticipated when 'romances' first began to circulate widely, in the eighteenth century: they had created dreams and desires that were unsettling in the exact sense that they were the instruments of my uprooting.

If mere words could have this effect, then what of pictures and videos that scroll continuously past our eyes on laptops and cellphones? If it is true that a picture is worth a thousand words then what is the power of the billions of images that now permeate every corner of the globe? What is the potency of the dreams and desires they generate? Of the restlessness they breed?

Amitav GHOSH, *Gun Island*, 2019

[1] Aldo Manutius (1449-1515): Italian printer and humanist who introduced the small portable book format.

Document C

Literature is in the business of helping us to imagine ourselves and others more complexly, of connecting us to the ancient conversation about how to live as a person in a world full of other people.

Let me tell you what is, in my opinion, the central problem of human existence: I am stuck in my body, in my consciousness, seeing out of my eyes. I am the only me I ever get to be, and so I am the only person I can imagine endlessly complexly. That's not the problem, actually. The problem is you. You are so busy taking in your own wondrousness that you can't be bothered to acknowledge mine.

But let me say this: I think this is why we read. I mean, finally, what does reading do that movies and video games and television do not? I would argue that books, more than other media, allow us to live inside the lives of others because we have to translate scratches on a page into ideas and make the story ours. We become co-creators of the story, and they allow us to inhabit someone else's body for a while. Books give us the faith that others are real, that their joy and pain should matter to us, and that ours can matter to them. In some ways, this confirms our own existence, because most of our mattering is in the context of one another.

And this cannot be accomplished in books without what one kid I recently met referred to as "all that English stuff." All that English stuff—metaphor and symbolism and the creative use of language. All That English Stuff, that teenagers distrust. […] All That English Stuff is how we as writers and readers re-create the experience of being one's self. Inside my body, I see myself in nonliteral ways constantly—in fact, it's impossible for me to imagine something so endlessly fascinating and complex as myself without symbol and simile and metaphor. And so I would argue that it is through all that English stuff that we as readers are able to truly experience another's world. It is through the nonliteral facets of writing that readers move from Seeing Jane Run[1] to Being Jane Running. In the end, All That English Stuff is not about analyzing a novel for the sake of analyzing it or sucking all the emotion out of it. All That English Stuff is an integral part of living inside someone else's head for a moment. All That English Stuff is the glorious pleasure of almost knowing how you came to be connected to characters you do not know and who may not exist. Walt Whitman[2] said it like this: "You will hardly know who I am or what I mean, / But I shall be good health to you nevertheless, / And filter and fibre to your blood." Whitman does not say you will not know who he is or what he means; he says you will hardly know. To me, hardly knowing is the ecstatic pleasure of critical reading, and I think we make a mistake every time we imply to young people that their brains are not yet ready for that joy.

A speech by John GREEN[3], 2014

[1] reference to *See Jane Run*, a successful novel by Joy Fielding in the thriller genre.
[2] Walt Whitman: American poet.
[3] John Green: contemporary American author.

SUJET 2

Thématique : **« Voyages, territoires, frontières »**

Partie 1 : Synthèse du dossier, en anglais (16 points)

Prenez connaissance de la thématique ci-dessus et du dossier composé des documents A, B et C et répondez en anglais à la consigne suivante (500 mots environ) :

Paying particular attention to the characteristics of the three documents, explain how they interact to explore the importance of football in English society.

Partie 2 : Traduction, en français (4 points)

Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document A (lignes 1 à 6) :

But if I really think hard about it, the moment my life changed was when I met a guy named Clive Ellington. He used to mentor the kids in our neighbourhood who didn't have their fathers around. He genuinely cared about us. So one day he sat me down and he said, "Raheem, what do you love to do?"
Simple, simple question, right? But I never really thought about it like that. At that point, I was just playing football in the street, biking around with my friends, being a kid.

Document A

It Was All a Dream

But if I really think hard about it, the moment my life changed was when I met a guy named Clive Ellington. He used to mentor the kids in our neighbourhood who didn't have their fathers around. He genuinely cared about us. So one day he sat me down and he said, "Raheem, what do you love to do?"

Simple, simple question, right? But I never really thought about it like that. At that point, I was just playing football in the street, biking around with my friends, being a kid.

I said, "I love playing football."

He said, "Well, I got a little Sunday League team. Why don't you come out and play with us?"

And that was it. That moment changed my life. From that day, it was football, football, football. Obsessed. Totally obsessed. […]

But the real turning point came when I was 15. Liverpool wanted me, but it was three hours away from home. And I'll never forget sitting my mum down and telling her that I wanted to go. […]

For two years, I went ghost. You can ask my friends. When we had a day off, I'd come back to London on the train for a day to see my mum, and then it was back to Liverpool. I was shut down from the world. Just building myself up as a footballer. […]

You know what's so mind-blowing to me? I got called up for England at 17. The first time I ever got to play at Wembley was in a World Cup qualifier against Ukraine, and the most surreal part was sitting in the bus on the way to the stadium, just looking out the window as we're driving down Harrow Road, thinking to myself …

I'm telling you right now …

England is still a place where a naughty boy who comes from nothing can live his dream.

Raheem STERLING*, www.theplayerstribune*, 22 June 2018

Document B

As a boy, Nick Hornby was introduced to football by his father and grew into an Arsenal FC fan. Now a teenager, he undertook a journey to Derby to watch his favourite team play.

At our destination we were met by hundreds and hundreds of police, who then escorted us to the ground by a circuitous route away from the city centre; it was during these walks that my urban hooligan fantasies were given free rein. I was completely safe, protected not only by the law but by my fellow supporters, and I had therefore been liberated to bellow along in my still-unbroken voice with the chanted threats of the others. I didn't look terribly hard, in truth: I was as yet nowhere near as big as I should have been, and wore black-framed Brains-style National Health[1] reading glasses, although these I hid away for the duration of the route marches, presumably to make myself just that little bit more terrifying. But those who mumble about the loss of identity football fans must endure miss the point: this loss of identity can be a paradoxically enriching process. Who wants to be stuck with who they are the whole time? I for one wanted time out from being a jug-eared, bespectacled, suburban twerp[2] once in a while; I loved being able to frighten the shoppers in Derby or Norwich or Southampton (and they *were* frightened – you could see it). My opportunities for intimidating people had been limited hitherto, though I knew it wasn't *me* that made people hurry to the other side of the road, hauling their children after them; it was *us*, and I was a part of *us*, an organ in the hooligan body. The fact that I was the appendix – small, useless, hidden out somewhere in the middle – didn't matter in the slightest.

If going to the ground was all glory and raw power, standing inside it, and getting back to the station afterwards, was less invigorating. [...] For the first half of the seventies, however, there was a fight at every single Arsenal game I attended. At Highbury they mostly took place on the Clock End, where the opposition's fans stood; usually they were brief flurries, Arsenal fans charging into the enemy, the enemy scattering, the police taking control. These were ritualistic charges, the violence usually contained in the movement itself rather than in fists and boots (it was this 'running' that caused the Heysel tragedy, rather than any real physical attack). But occasionally, particularly against West Ham, Tottenham, Chelsea or Manchester United, the trouble was just as likely to be at the North Bank end of the ground where the noise comes from: when away fans could amass sufficient numbers they would attempt to seize the home fans' territory as if it were an island of strategic military importance.

Nick HORNBY, *Fever Pitch*, 1992

[1] National Health: organization in charge of medical care in the United Kingdom.
[2] twerp: (familiar) foolish or stupid person.

Document C



James HIGGS, *A Huddersfield Town Footballer Meets George V*[1], oil on board, National Football Museum, Manchester, 1933

[1] George V: King of the United Kingdom from 1910 to 1936

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