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# BACCALAURÉAT GÉNÉRAL

ÉPREUVE D'ENSEIGNEMENT DE SPÉCIALITÉ

**SESSION 2026**

# LANGUES, LITTÉRATURES ET CULTURES ÉTRANGÈRES ET RÉGIONALES

# ANGLAIS

**Mercredi 17 juin 2026**

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

**Le sujet porte sur la thématique « Voyages, territoires, frontières ».**

## 1re partie. Synthèse 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, show how they interact to explore the relationship between Americans and their land.

## 2e partie. Traduction en français (4 points)

**Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document C (lignes 15 à 20) :**

There the wild animals wandered and fed as though they were in a pasture that stretched much farther than a man could see, and there were no settlers. Only Indians lived there. One day in the very last of the winter Pa said to Ma, “Seeing you don't object, I've decided to go see the West. I've had an offer for this place, and we can sell it now for as much as we're ever likely to get, enough to give us a start in a new country”.

**Document A**



Albert BIERSTADT, *The Rocky Mountains*, Wyoming, oil painting (186.7 x 306.7 cm), 1863

**Document B**

A long time ago came a man on a track
Walking thirty miles with a sack on his back
And he put down his load where he thought it was the best
He made a home in the wilderness

He built a cabin and a winter store
And he ploughed up the ground by the cold lake shore
And the other travellers came walking down the track
And they never went further, no, they never went back

Then came the churches, then came the schools
Then came the lawyers, then came the rules
Then came the trains and the trucks with their load
And the dirty old track was the Telegraph Road[1]

Then came the mines, then came the ore
Then there was the hard times, then there was a war
Telegraph sang a song about the world outside
Telegraph Road got so deep and so wide
Like a rolling river

And my radio says tonight it's gonna freeze
People driving home from the factories
There's six lanes of traffic
Three lanes moving slow

I used to like to go to work, but they shut it down
I've got a right to go to work, but there's no work here to be found
Yes, and they say we're gonna have to pay what's owed
We're gonna have to reap from some seed that's been sowed [...]

Well, I'd sooner forget, but I remember those nights
Yeah, life was just a bet on a race between the lights
You had your head on my shoulder, you had your hand in my hair
Now you act a little colder like you don't seem to care

But just believe in me, baby, and I'll take you away
From out of this darkness and into the day
From these rivers of headlights, these rivers of rain
From the anger that lives on the streets with these names
'Cause I've run every red light on memory lane
I've seen desperation explode into flames
And I don't want to see it again

From all of these signs saying, "Sorry, but we're closed"
All the way down the Telegraph Road

Mark KNOPFLER,[2] lyrics of "Telegraph Road", 1982

[1] Telegraph Road: a major road in Michigan, USA
[2] Mark Knopfler: songwriter of the rock band Dire Straits

**Document C**

*The scene takes place in the United States in the late 19th century.*

A long time ago, when all the grandfathers and grandmothers of today were little boys and little girls or very small babies, or perhaps not even born, Pa and Ma and Mary and Laura and Baby Carrie left their little house in the Big Woods of Wisconsin. They drove away and left it lonely and empty in the clearing among the big trees, and they never saw that little house again. They were going to the Indian country. Pa said there were too many people in the Big Woods now. Quite often Laura heard the ringing thud of an ax which was not Pa's ax, or the echo of a shot that did not come from his gun. The path that went by the little house had become a road. Almost every day Laura and Mary stopped their playing and stared in surprise at a wagon slowly creaking by on that road. Wild animals would not stay in a country where there were so many people. Pa did not like to stay, either. He liked a country where the wild animals lived without being afraid. He liked to see the little fawns and their mothers looking at him from the shadowy woods, and the fat, lazy bears eating berries in the wild-berry patches. In the long winter evenings he talked to Ma about the Western country. In the West the land was level, and there were no trees. The grass grew thick and high. There the wild animals wandered and fed as though they were in a pasture that stretched much farther than a man could see, and there were no settlers. Only Indians lived there. One day in the very last of the winter Pa said to Ma, "Seeing you don't object, I've decided to go see the West. I've had an offer for this place, and we can sell it now for as much as we're ever likely to get, enough to give us a start in a new country." "Oh, Charles, must we go now?" Ma said. The weather was so cold and the snug house was so comfortable. "If we are going this year, we must go now," said Pa. "We can't get across the Mississippi after the ice breaks." So Pa sold the little house. He sold the cow and calf. He made hickory bows and fastened them upright to the wagon box. Ma helped him stretch white canvas over them. […]

Everything from the little house was in the wagon, except the beds and tables and chairs. They did not need to take these, because Pa could always make new ones.

There was thin snow on the ground. The air was still and cold and dark. The bare trees stood up against the frosty stars. But in the east the sky was pale and through the gray woods came lanterns with wagons and horses, bringing Grandpa and Grandma and aunts and uncles and cousins. […]

He helped Ma climb up to the wagon-seat, and Grandma reached up and gave her Baby Carrie. Pa swung up and sat beside Ma, and Jack, the brindle bulldog, went under the wagon. So they all went away from the little log house. The shutters were over the windows, so the little house could not see them go. It stayed there inside the log fence, behind the two big oak trees that in the summertime had made green roofs for Mary and Laura to play under. And that was the last of the little house.

Laura INGALLS WILDER, *Little House on the Prairie*, 1935

# SUJET 2

**Le sujet porte sur la thématique « Expression et construction de soi ».**

## 1re partie. Synthèse 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, show how they interact to explore the importance of swimming pools in American culture.

## 2e partie. Traduction en français (4 points)

**Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document C (lignes 24 à 30) :**

In his mind he saw, with a cartographer's eye, a string of swimming pools, a quasi-subterranean stream that curved across the country. He had made a discovery, a contribution to modern geography; he would name the stream Lucinda, after his wife. He was not a practical joker, nor was he a fool, but he was determinedly original, and had a vague and modest idea of himself as a legendary figure. The day was beautiful, and it seemed to him that a long swim might enlarge and celebrate its beauty.

**Document A**



Slim AARONS, *Poolside Gossip*, photograph, Palm Springs, California,1970

**Document B**

From sunbaked Los Angeles to cornfield-flanked towns in the Midwest, United States communities large and small share a common summertime obsession: the public swimming pool. For many kids, these pools capture the season's essence, setting the rhythm of days till school starts again.

Whether you're a local or a visitor, a plunge into one of the country's thousands of municipal watering holes offers a chance to cool off and find common ground with strangers, an increasingly rare opportunity in a polarized country.

Like many communal "bathing" rituals (Japanese hot springs, Turkish hamams), America's public pools began with a civic push toward good hygiene and better physical health. Between the 1890s and the 1940s, both indoor and outdoor natatoriums sprung up around the country. "Neighbors played, chatted, and flirted with one another, but they also fought about who should and should not be allowed to swim," says historian Jeff Wiltse […].

Initially, social classes, races, and even the sexes mixed at some facilities. But by the mid-1950s, pools were public in name only: municipalities across the U.S. segregated swimming facilities along with busses, movie theaters, and other shared spaces. Protests and Civil Rights legislation gradually forced their integration, but communities fought to exclude people of color.

When St. Louis, Missouri, desegregated its Fairgrounds Pool in 1949, about 30 Black children showed up to swim only to be forced out by thousands of white protestors. Other facilities admitted people of color just once a week—usually the day the pool was drained and refilled for the white swimmers who showed up the rest of the week.

When the 1964 Civil Rights Act definitively outlawed segregation in public places, many people began abandoning municipal pools for private swim clubs and backyard pools. Urban tax revenues shrank; city pools grew dilapidated, and many closed. Ironically, the people for whom public pools were originally created—poor and working-class families—often found themselves living far from spots to take a dip.

Today, there are more than 300,000 municipal pools in the U.S., open to anyone with a government I.D., a few bucks, and a towel.

Gregg SEGAL, "A salute to public pools, America's last great communal spaces", *National Geographic*, August 10th 2021

**Document C**

It was one of those midsummer Sundays when everyone sits around saying, "I *drank* too much last night." You might have heard it whispered by the parishioners leaving church, heard it from the lips of the priest himself, struggling with his cassock[1] in the *vestiarium*, heard it from the golf links and the tennis courts, heard it from the wildlife preserve where the leader of the Audubon group[2] was suffering from a terrible hangover. […]

The pool, fed by an artesian well with a high iron content, was a pale shade of green. It was a fine day. In the west there was a massive stand of cumulus cloud so like a city seen from a distance—from the bow of an approaching ship—that it might have had a name. Lisbon. Hackensack. The sun was hot. Neddy Merrill sat by the green water, one hand in it, one around a glass of gin. He was a slender man—he seemed to have the especial slenderness of youth—and while he was far from young, he had slid down his banister that morning and given the bronze backside of Aphrodite on the hall table a smack, as he jogged toward the smell of coffee in his dining room. He might have been compared to a summer's day, particularly the last hours of one, and while he lacked a tennis racket or a sail bag the impression was definitely one of youth, sport, and clement weather. He had been swimming and now he was breathing deeply, stertorously as if he could gulp into his lungs the components of that moment, the heat of the sun, the intenseness of his pleasure. It all seemed to flow into his chest. His own house stood in Bullet Park, eight miles to the south, where his four beautiful daughters would have had their lunch and might be playing tennis. Then it occurred to him that, by taking a dogleg[3] to the southwest, he could reach his home by water.

His life was not confining and the delight he took in this observation could not be explained by its suggestion of escape. In his mind he saw, with a cartographer's eye, a string of swimming pools, a quasi-subterranean stream that curved across the country. He had made a discovery, a contribution to modern geography; he would name the stream Lucinda, after his wife. He was not a practical joker, nor was he a fool, but he was determinedly original, and had a vague and modest idea of himself as a legendary figure. The day was beautiful, and it seemed to him that a long swim might enlarge and celebrate its beauty.

He took off a sweater that was hung over his shoulders and dove in. […] Being embraced and sustained by the light-green water seemed not as much a pleasure as the resumption of a natural condition, and he would have liked to swim without trunks, but this was not possible, considering his project.

John CHEEVER, "The Swimmer", *The New Yorker*,
July 18th 1964

[1] cassock: type of clothes worn by clergymen
[2] Audubon group: bird conservation organization
[3] a dogleg: a detour

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