Bac Général HLP + LLCER (Humanités, littérature et philosophie et Langues, littératures et cultures étrangères et régionales)

SUJET D'EXAMEN (SESSION OFFICIELLE)

LLCER - Anglais - Session 2026

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BACCALAURÉAT GÉNÉRAL

ÉPREUVE D'ENSEIGNEMENT DE SPÉCIALITÉ

SESSION 2026

LANGUES, LITTÉRATURES ET CULTURES ÉTRANGÈRES ET RÉGIONALES

ANGLAIS

Durée de l'épreuve : **3 heures 30**

L'usage du dictionnaire unilingue non encyclopédique est autorisé.
La calculatrice n'est pas autorisée.

Dès que ce sujet vous est remis, assurez-vous qu'il est complet.
Ce sujet comporte 10 pages numérotées de 1/10 à 10/10.

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 ».

1ère partie

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 traitez en anglais la consigne suivante (500 mots environ) :

Taking into account the specificities of each document, show how they illustrate immigration both as an asset for British society and as a challenging process.

2ème partie

Traduction, en français (4 points)

Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document C (lignes 13 à 18)

L'usage du dictionnaire unilingue non encyclopédique est autorisé.

Frequently the mean, white, hating faces had public meetings and the Union Jacks were paraded through the streets, protected by the police. There was no evidence that these people would go away – no evidence that their power would diminish rather than increase. The lives of Anwar and Jeeta and Jamila were pervaded by fear of violence. I'm sure it was something they thought about every day. Jeeta kept buckets of water around her bed in case the shop was firebombed in the night.

Document A

Take some Picts[1], Celts and Silures[2]
And let them settle,
Then overrun them with Roman conquerors.

Remove the Romans after approximately 400 years
Add lots of Norman French to some
Angles, Saxons, Jutes and Vikings, then stir vigorously.

Mix some hot Chileans, cool Jamaicans, Dominicans,
Trinidadians and Bajans with some Ethiopians, Chinese,
Vietnamese and Sudanese.

Then take a blend of Somalians, Sri Lankans, Nigerians
And Pakistanis,
Combine with some Guyanese
And turn up the heat.

Sprinkle some fresh Indians, Malaysians, Bosnians,
Iraqis and Bangladeshis together with some
Afghans, Spanish, Turkish, Kurdish, Japanese
And Palestinians
Then add to the melting pot.

Leave the ingredients to simmer.

As they mix and blend allow their languages to flourish
Binding them together with English.

Allow time to be cool.

Add some unity, understanding, and respect for the future,
Serve with justice
And enjoy.

Note: All the ingredients are equally important. Treating one ingredient better than another will leave a bitter unpleasant taste.

Warning: An unequal spread of justice will damage the people and cause pain. Give justice and equality to all.

Benjamin Zephaniah, “The British” in *We Are Britain!*, 2002

[1] **The Picts** were a people of northern Scotland who came originally from Scandinavia
[2] **The Silures** were a people of ancient Britain, occupying much of southeastern Wales

Document B



MAX (Movement Against Xenophobia), “I am an immigrant” campaign, *jcwi.org.uk*, February 2015

Document C

Jamila, the narrator's best friend, is a British young woman whose parents, Anwar and Jeeta, immigrated from India.

Under the influence of Angela Davis, Jamila had started exercising every day, learning karate and judo, getting up early to stretch and run and do press ups. She bowled along like a dream, Jamila; she could have run on snow and left no footsteps. She was preparing for the guerrilla war she knew would be necessary when the whites finally turned on the blacks and Asians and tried to force us into gas chambers or push us into leaky boats.

This wasn't as ludicrous as it sounded. The area in which Jamila lived was closer to London than our suburbs, and far poorer. It was full of neo-fascist groups, thugs who had their own pubs and clubs and shops. On Saturdays they'd be out in the High Street selling their newspapers and pamphlets. They also operated outside the schools and colleges and football grounds, like Millwall and Crystal Palace. At night they roamed the streets, beating Asians and shoving shit and burning rags through their letter-boxes. Frequently the mean, white, hating faces had public meetings and the Union Jacks[1] were paraded through the streets, protected by the police. There was no evidence that these people would go away – no evidence that their power would diminish rather than increase. The lives of Anwar and Jeeta and Jamila were pervaded by fear of violence. I'm sure it was something they thought about every day. Jeeta kept buckets of water around her bed in case the shop was firebombed in the night. Many of Jamila's attitudes were inspired by the possibility that a white group might kill one of us one day.

Jamila tried to recruit me to her cadre of training but I couldn't get up in the morning. 'Why do we have to start training at eight?' I whined.

'Cuba wasn't won by getting up late, was it? Fidel and Che[32] didn't get up at two in the afternoon, did they? They didn't even have the time to shave!'

Anwar didn't like these training sessions of hers. He thought she was meeting boys at these karate classes and long runs through the city. Sometimes she'd be running through Deptford and there, in a doorway with his collar turned up, his hairy nose just visible, would be Baby Face[3] watching her, turning away in disgust when she blew Daddy a kiss.

Soon after Daddy's hairy nose had been blown a kiss that didn't reach its destination, Anwar got a phone installed and started to lock himself in the living room with it for hours on end. The rest of the time the phone was locked. Jamila had to use a phone-box. Anwar had secretly decided it was time Jamila got married.

Through these calls Anwar's brother in Bombay had fixed up Jamila with a boy eager to come and live in London as Jamila's husband. Except that this boy wasn't a boy. He was thirty.

Hanif KUREISHI, *The Buddha of Suburbia,* Chapter 4,1990

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[1]flag of the United Kingdom

[2]Fidel Castro and Ernesto “Che” Guevara were revolutionary leaders who took part in a guerilla war against the Cuban regime in the 1950s.

[3]Jamila’s father, Anwar, is referred to as both Baby Face and Daddy in the text

SUJET 2

Le sujet porte sur la thématique « Arts et débats d'idées ».

1ère partie

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 traitez <u>en anglais</u> la consigne suivante (500 mots environ) :

Taking into account the specificities of the documents, analyse how art explores the power of lies and manipulation.

2ème partie

Traduction, en français (4 points)

Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document A (lignes 8 à 13)

That Sunday I took some paper and sat down to write about how I had seen the President. His open car, trailing flowing streamers, had entered the football stadium. One car, full of secret service agents, went ahead and two cars followed close behind. The agents were brave men with guns to protect our President. The crowd rose as the President's car entered the arena. There had never been anything like it before. It was the President. It was him. He waved. We cheered.

Document A

One day Mrs. Fretag gave us an assignment.
"Our distinguished President, President Herbert Hoover, is going to visit Los Angeles this Saturday to speak. I want all of you to go hear our President. And I want you to write an essay about the experience and about what you think of President Hoover's speech."
Saturday? There was no way I could go. I had to mow the lawn. […] There was no way I could tell my father that I had to go see President Hoover.
So I didn't go. That Sunday I took some paper and sat down to write about how I had seen the President. His open car, trailing flowing streamers, had entered the football stadium. One car, full of secret service agents, went ahead and two cars followed close behind. The agents were brave men with guns to protect our President. The crowd rose as the President's car entered the arena. There had never been anything like it before. It was the President. It was him. He waved. We cheered. […] Then he began to speak and the people listened. I couldn't quite hear the speech because I was sitting too near a popcorn machine which made a lot of noise popping the kernels, but I think I heard him say that […] we shouldn't worry, all we had to do was to believe in America. There would be enough jobs for everybody. There would be enough dentists with enough teeth to pull, enough fires and enough firemen to put them out. Mills and factories would open again. […]
The President listened to the applause, waved, then went back to his car, got in, and was driven off followed by carloads of secret service agents as the sun began to sink, the afternoon turning into the evening, red and gold and wonderful. We had seen and heard President Herbert Hoover.
I turned in my essay on Monday. On Tuesday Mrs. Fretag faced the class.
"I've read all your essays about our distinguished President's visit to Los Angeles. I was there. Some of you, I noticed, could not attend for one reason or another. For those of you who could not attend, I would like to read this essay by Henry Chinaski."
The class was terribly silent. I was the most unpopular member of the class by far. It was like a knife slicing through all their hearts.
"This is very creative," said Mrs. Fretag, and she began to read my essay. The words sounded good to me. Everybody was listening. My words filled the room, from blackboard to blackboard, they hit the ceiling and bounced off, they covered Mrs. Fretag's shoes and piled up on the floor. Some of the prettiest girls in the class began to sneak glances at me. [...] I drank in my words like a thirsty man. I even began to believe them. I saw Juan sitting there like I'd punched him in the face. I stretched out my legs and leaned back. All too soon it was over.
"Upon this grand note," said Mrs. Fretag, "I hereby dismiss the class..."
They got up and began packing out.
"Not you, Henry," said Mrs. Fretag.
I sat in my chair and Mrs. Fretag stood there looking at me. Then she said, "Henry, were you there?" I sat there trying to think of an answer. I couldn't. I said, "No, I wasn¹t there."

She smiled. "That makes it all the more remarkable."
"Yes, ma'am..."
"You can leave, Henry."
I got up and walked out. I began my walk home. So, that's what they wanted: lies. Beautiful lies. That' s what they needed. People were fools. It was going to be easy for me.

Charles Bukowski, *Ham on Rye*, 1982

Document B



Ricky Gervais and Matthew Robinson, *The Invention of Lying,* 2009

Document C

Truth, Lies and literature

How to combat the worst aspects of the Internet, that parallel universe in which important information and total garbage coexist, side by side, with, apparently, the same levels of authority, making it harder than ever for people to tell them apart? […] How to combat the political demagoguery that seeks to do what authoritarians have always wanted—to undermine the public's belief in evidence, and to say to their electorates, in effect, "Believe nothing except me, for I am the truth"? What do we do about that? And what, specifically, might be the role of art, and the role of the literary arts in particular?

I don't pretend to have a full answer. I do think that we need to recognize that any society's idea of truth is always the product of an argument, and we need to get better at winning that argument. Democracy is not polite. It's often a shouting match in a public square. We need to be *involved* in the argument if we are to have any chance of winning it. And as far as writers are concerned, we need to rebuild our readers' belief in argument from factual evidence, and to do what fiction has always been good at doing—to construct, between the writer and the reader, an understanding about what is real. […] But when we read a book we like, or even love, we find ourselves in agreement with its portrait of human life. Yes, we say, this is how we are, this is what we do to one another, this is true. That, perhaps, is where literature can help most. We can make people agree, in this time of radical disagreement, on the truths of the great constant, which is human nature. Let's start from there.

Salman Rushdie, *The New Yorker*, May 31, 2018.