

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** :  /  /

 Liberté • Égalité • Fraternité  
RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE

1.1

### ÉPREUVES COMMUNES DE CONTRÔLE CONTINU

**CLASSE** : Première

**VOIE** :  Générale  Technologique  Toutes voies (LV)

**ENSEIGNEMENT** :

**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** : 3

## SUJET LANGUES VIVANTES : ANGLAIS

### ÉVALUATION 2 (3<sup>e</sup> trimestre de première)

#### Compréhension de l'écrit et expression écrite

*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.*

L'ensemble du sujet porte sur l'axe 5 du programme : **Fictions et réalités**

Il s'organise en deux parties :

#### 1. Compréhension de l'écrit

#### 2. Expression écrite

*On a cold day in April of 1984, a man named Winston Smith returns to his home. Thin, frail, and thirty-nine years old, Winston is an insignificant official in the Party, the totalitarian political regime that rules all of Airstrip One - the land that used to be called England - as part of the larger state of Oceania. From where Winston stands, it is possible to read the three slogans of the Party: WAR IS PEACE, FREEDOM IS SLAVERY, IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH.*

Inside the flat a fruity voice was reading out a list of figures which had something to do with the production of pig-iron<sup>1</sup>. The voice came from an oblong metal plaque like a dulled mirror which formed part of the surface of the right-hand wall. Winston turned a switch and the voice sank somewhat, though the words were still distinguishable. The instrument (the telescreen, it was called) could be dimmed, but there was no way of shutting it off completely. He moved over to the window: a smallish, frail figure, the meagreness of his body merely emphasised by the blue overalls which were the uniform of the party. His hair was very fair, his face naturally sanguine, his skin roughened by coarse soap and blunt razor blades and the cold of the winter that had just ended.

Outside, even through the shut window-pane, the world looked cold. Down in the street little eddies of wind were whirling dust and torn paper into spirals, and though the sun was shining and the sky a harsh blue, there seemed to be no colour in anything, except the posters that were plastered everywhere. The black moustachio'd face gazed down from every commanding corner. There was one on the house-front immediately opposite. BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU, the caption said, while the dark eyes

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<sup>1</sup> pig-iron: *fonte brute*

looked deep into Winston's own. [...] In the far distance a helicopter skimmed down between the roofs, hovered for an instant like a bluebottle, and darted away again with a curving flight. It was the police patrol, snooping into people's windows. The patrols  
20 did not matter, however. Only the Thought Police mattered. Behind Winston's back the voice from the telescreen was still babbling away about pig-iron and the overfulfilment of the Ninth Three-Year Plan. The telescreen received and transmitted simultaneously. Any sound that Winston made, above the level of a very low whisper, would be picked  
25 up by it, moreover, so long as he remained within the field of vision which the metal plaque commanded, he could be seen as well as heard. There was of course no way of knowing whether you were being watched at any given moment. How often, or on what system, the Thought Police plugged in on any individual wire was guesswork. It was even conceivable that they watched everybody all the time. But at any rate they  
30 could plug in your wire whenever they wanted to. You had to live - did live, from habit that became instinct - in the assumption that every sound you made was overheard, and, except in darkness, every movement scrutinised.

George Orwell, *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, Part 1, Chap. 1, 1949

### **1 – Compréhension de l'écrit (10 points)**

Give an account of the text **in English**, taking into consideration the nature of the text, the impression it produces and how the atmosphere and the objects in the scene reflect the political environment described.

### **2 – Expression écrite (10 points)**

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

#### **Sujet A**

Winston Smith manages to break the telescreen. Imagine what happens next.

#### **Sujet B**

To what extent does technology control our lives and freedom today?