



MINISTÈRE
DE L'ÉDUCATION
NATIONALE

EBE ANG 1

SESSION 2018

**CAPES
CONCOURS EXTERNE
ET CAFEP**

SECTION : LANGUES VIVANTES ÉTRANGÈRES – ANGLAIS

SECTION : LANGUES RÉGIONALES

COMPOSITION EN ANGLAIS

Durée : 5 heures

L'usage de tout ouvrage de référence, de tout dictionnaire et de tout matériel électronique (y compris la calculatrice) est rigoureusement interdit.

Dans le cas où un(e) candidat(e) repère ce qui lui semble être une erreur d'énoncé, il (elle) le signale très lisiblement sur sa copie, propose la correction et poursuit l'épreuve en conséquence.

De même, si cela vous conduit à formuler une ou plusieurs hypothèses, il vous est demandé de la (ou les) mentionner explicitement.

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A

INFORMATION AUX CANDIDATS

Vous trouverez ci-après les codes nécessaires vous permettant de compléter les rubriques figurant en en-tête de votre copie

Ces codes doivent être reportés sur chacune des copies que vous remettrez.

► Concours externe du CAPES de l'enseignement public :

• **Langue vivante étrangère Anglais:**

Concours	Section/option	Epreuve	Matière
E B E	0 4 2 2 E	1 0 1	7 4 1 1

• **Langue régionale Basque :**

Concours	Section/option	Epreuve	Matière
E B E	0 4 4 0 E	1 0 2	7 4 1 1

• **Langue régionale Breton :**

Concours	Section/option	Epreuve	Matière
E B E	0 4 4 1 E	1 0 2	7 4 1 1

• **Langue régionale Catalan :**

Concours	Section/option	Epreuve	Matière
E B E	0 4 4 2 E	1 0 2	7 4 1 1

• **Langue régionale Créole :**

Concours	Section/option	Epreuve	Matière
E B E	0 4 4 9 E	1 0 2	7 4 1 1

• **Langue régionale Occitan-Langue d'Oc :**

Concours	Section/option	Epreuve	Matière
E B E	0 4 4 4 E	1 0 2	7 4 1 1

► Concours externe du CAFEP/CAPES de l'enseignement privé :

• **Langue vivante étrangère Anglais:**

Concours	Section/option	Epreuve	Matière
E B F	0 4 2 2 E	1 0 1	7 4 1 1

• **Langue régionale Basque :**

Concours	Section/option	Epreuve	Matière
E B F	0 4 4 0 E	1 0 2	7 4 1 1

• **Langue régionale Breton :**

Concours	Section/option	Epreuve	Matière
E B F	0 4 4 1 E	1 0 2	7 4 1 1

• **Langue régionale Catalan :**

Concours	Section/option	Epreuve	Matière
E B F	0 4 4 2 E	1 0 2	7 4 1 1

• **Langue régionale Occitan-Langue d'Oc :**

Concours	Section/option	Epreuve	Matière
E B F	0 4 4 4 E	1 0 2	7 4 1 1

Compare and contrast the following texts.**Document A**

“Fishing the Sloe-Black River”

The women fished for their sons in the sloe-black river that ran through the small Westmeath town, while the fathers played football, without their sons, in a field half a mile away. Low shouts drifted like lazy swallows over the river, interrupting the silence of the women. They were casting with ferocious hope, twenty-six of them in unison, in a straight line along the muddy side of the low-slung river wall, whipping back the rods over their shoulders. They had pieces of fresh bread mashed onto hooks so that when they cast their lines the bread volleyed out over the river and hung for a moment, making curious contours in the air – cartwheels and tumbles and plunges. The bread landed with a soft splash on the water, and the ripples met each other gently.

The aurora borealis was beginning to finger the sky with light the colour of skin, wine bottles and the amber of the town’s football jerseys. Drowsy clouds drifted, catching the colours from the north. A collie dog slept in the doorway of the only pub. The main street tumbled with litter.

The women along the wall stood yards apart, giving each other room so their lines wouldn’t tangle. Mrs Conheeny wore a headscarf patterned with corgi dogs, the little animals yelping at the side of her ashy hair. She had tiny dollops of dough still stuck under her fingernails. There were splashes of mud on her wellingtons. She bent her back into the familiar work of reeling in the empty line. Each time she cast she curled her upper lip, scrunching up the crevices around her cheeks. She was wondering how Father Marsh, the old priest for whom she did housekeeping, was doing as goalkeeper. The joke around town was that he was only good for saving souls. As she spun a little line out from the reel she worried that her husband, at right-half back, might be feeling the ache in his knee from ligaments torn long ago.

Leaning up against the river wall, tall and bosom-burdened, she sighed and whisked her fishing rod through the air.

Beside her Mrs Harrington, the artist’s wife, was a salmon leap of energy, thrashing the line back and forth as deftly as a fly fisherwoman, ripping crusts from her own loaves, impaling them on the big grey hook and spinning them out over the water’s blackness, frantically tapping her feet up and down on the muddy bank. Mrs Harrington’s husband had been shoved in at left full-forward in the hope that he might poke a stray shot away in a goalmouth frenzy. But by all accounts – or so Mr Conheeny said – the watercolour man wasn’t worth a barman’s fart on the football field. Then again, they all laughed, at least he was a warm body. He could fill a position against the other teams in the county, all of whom still managed to gallop, here and there, with young bones.

Mrs Conheeny scratched at her forehead. Not a bite, not a bit, not a brat around, she thought as she reeled in her line and watched a blue chocolate wrapper get caught in a gust of wind, then float down onto the water.

The collie left the door of the pub, ambling down along the main street, by the row of townhouses, nosing in the litter outside the newsagents. Heavy roars keened through the air as the evening stole shapes. Each time the women heard the whistle blow they raised their heads in

the hope that the match was finished so they could unsnap the rods and bend towards home with
40 their picnic baskets.

Mrs Conheeny watched Mrs Hynes across the river, her face plastered with make-up, tentatively clawing at a reel. Mrs King was there with a graphite rod. Mrs McDaid had come up with the idea of putting currants in her bread. Mrs O'Shaughnessy was whipping away with a long slender piece of bamboo – did she think she was fishing in the Mississippi? Mrs Bergen, her
45 face scrunched in pain from the arthritis, was hoping her fingers might move a little better, like they used to on the antique accordion. Mrs Kelly was sipping from her little silver flask of the finest Jameson's. Mrs Hogan was casting with firefly-flicks of the wrist. Mrs Docherty was hauling in her line, as if gathering folds in her dress. And Mrs Hennessy was gently peeling the crust from a slice of Brennan's.

50 Further down along the pebbledashed wall Mrs McCarton was gently humming a bit of a song. *Flow on lovely river flow gently along, by your waters so clear sounds the lark's merry song.* Her husband captained the team, a barrel of a man who, when he was young, consistently scored a hatrick.¹ But the team hadn't won a game in two years, ever since the children had begun their drift.

55 They waited, the women, and they cast, all of them together.

When the long whistle finally cut through the air and the colours took on forms that flung themselves against the northern sky, the women slowly unsnapped their rods and placed the hooks in the lowest eyes. They looked at each other and nodded sadly. Another useless day fishing. Opening picnic baskets and lunch boxes, they put the bread away and waited for the line
60 of Ford Cortinas and Vauxhalls and Opel Kaddets and Mr Hogan's blue tractor to trundle down and pick them up.

Their husbands arrived with their amber jerseys splattered with mud, their faces long in another defeat, cursing under taggles of pipes, their old bones creaking at their joints.

Mrs Conheeny readjusted her scarf and watched for her husband's car. She saw him lean
65 over and ritually open the door even before he stopped. She ducked her head to get in, put the rod and basket in the back seat. She waved to the women who were still waiting, then took off her headscarf.

'Any luck, love?' he asked.

She shook her head: 'I didn't even get a bite.'

70 She looked out to the sloe-black river as they drove off, then sighed. One day she would tell him how useless it all was, this fishing for sons, when the river looked not a bit like the Thames or the Darling or the Hudson or the Loire or even the Rhine itself, where their own three sons were working in a car factory. He slapped his hands on the steering wheel and said with a sad laugh: 'Well fuck it anyway, we really need some new blood in midfield,' although she knew
75 that he too would go fishing that night, silently slipping out, down to the river, to cast in vain.

Colum McCann, "Fishing the Sloe-Black River", a short story (here in its entirety)
published in the collection *Fishing the Sloe-Black River*, 1994.

¹ Hatrick = hat-trick: a series of three goals scored by the same person in a football game.

Document B

[This standalone play is set in Hamburg Airport on the night when the French football team caused Ireland's exit from the 2010 World Cup. After emigrating to Germany to seek work in the 1980s, Eoin, the only character in the play, is now returning to Ireland with his German wife and son.]

He sits.

(Frieda's voice) People change, countries change, marriages change.

(Own voice) Are we changing Frieda?

(Frieda's voice) Maybe we're too settled.

5 *(Own voice)* I'm scared to make the same mistake as my dad, I say, scared of believing in Ireland and having my hopes dashed.

(Frieda's voice) Your father was man enough to emigrate and man enough to return. You were willing to stay here for me; I'm willing to go there for you. When we first met you made me laugh. You shook up my world and had terrible taste in underwear. Maybe we need to shake up
10 our world again.

(To audience as he stands) Maybe we do. For years Ireland has been an unresolved phantom pain inside me. Suddenly Dublin is Europe's trendiest capital, Ireland's economic miracle proclaimed in every business supplement. As a child I stood outside Trinity College in Dublin, afraid to go in. I realise that what I want most is for my father's ghost to see Dieter enter an Irish
15 university by right and know that we kowtow to nobody anymore. Dieter will never have an Irish accent, but he can still get a sense of where he sprang from. Dieter doesn't do teenage histrionics, he is cool about giving Ireland a try.

(To Dieter) What about your friends, I say.

(As Dieter) It's called Facebook, Dad.

20 *(To Audience)* On our last night in Hamburg I watch Frieda get ready for bed.

(To Frieda) Are things changed between us? I ask.

(Frieda's accent) I'm ready for a change, Eoin. Seduce me. Show me someone I don't know.

He moves to the seats, stage right.

(To audience) Suddenly I know I'm not going home for my mother: I'm going home for myself.
25 I'm calling my own bluff, claiming my inheritance in a new land of tall skinny lattes and gleaming apartment blocks. I'm going home to fulfil my father's dreams. Dublin airport is a massive building site the morning we fly home. The route in from the airport is the same: cranes and earthmovers – a pandemic of SUVs. All the women have turned blonde, all the waitresses speak Latvian. The bookies in Dorset Street are now sex shops. The girls buying John Player
30 Blue at Hardwick Street flats are so posh they have a different pair of pyjamas to wear to the shops every day.

Dublin is so dear we wind up renting on a vast estate in Leixlip. I have a job arranged within days and two better offers before I sign the contract. I get lost on new roads driving to see my mother. Some mornings I feel an exhilarated sense of belonging. On other mornings I feel more of an immigrant than Frieda. And so a year passes in a cocoon of work and sleep and endless traffic tailbacks. Ireland is a jigsaw under construction. It is Polish shops and Romanian bodybuilders and African mothers outside schools. It is unexpected estates dropped from space. It is Sunday walks with Frieda on Howth Head to show her pubs I remember and find places I don't. Seduce me, show me someone I don't know. I push the bedroom door softly closed while Dieter chats on Facebook to old friends in Germany and new friends from the German school in Clonskeagh. I kiss Frieda's lips in the dark. I know I have taken the risk of coming home and I am blessed.

Dermot Bolger, *The Parting Glass*, 2011.