

EFE ANL 1

SESSION 2021

**CAPLP
CONCOURS EXTERNE
ET CAFEP**

**SECTION LANGUES VIVANTES – LETTRES :
ANGLAIS - LETTRES**

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.

Si vous repérez ce qui vous semble être une erreur d'énoncé, vous devez le signaler très lisiblement sur votre copie, en proposer la correction et poursuivre l'épreuve en conséquence. De même, si cela vous conduit à formuler une ou plusieurs hypothèses, vous devez la (ou les) mentionner explicitement.

NB : Conformément au principe d'anonymat, votre copie ne doit comporter aucun signe distinctif, tel que nom, signature, origine, etc. Si le travail qui vous est demandé consiste notamment en la rédaction d'un projet ou d'une note, vous devrez impérativement vous abstenir de la signer ou de l'identifier.

Tournez la page S.V.P.

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 CAPLP de l'enseignement public :**

Concours	Section/option	Epreuve	Matière
EFE	0222J	101	0478

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

Concours	Section/option	Epreuve	Matière
EFF	0222J	101	0478

1. Composition en langue étrangère

Analyse the following three documents and comment on the ways they express and illustrate the theme they have in common.

Document A

Our brains ache, in the merciless iced east winds that knive us . . .
 Wearied we keep awake because the night is silent . . .
 Low drooping flares confuse our memory of the salient . . .
 Worried by silence, sentries whisper, curious, nervous,
 5 But nothing happens.

Watching, we hear the mad gusts tugging on the wire,
 Like twitching agonies of men among its brambles.
 Northward, incessantly, the flickering gunnery rumbles,
 Far off, like a dull rumour of some other war.
 10 What are we doing here?

The poignant misery of dawn begins to grow . . .
 We only know war lasts, rain soaks, and clouds sag stormy.
 Dawn massing in the east her melancholy army
 Attacks once more in ranks on shivering ranks of gray,
 15 But nothing happens.

Sudden successive flights of bullets streak the silence.
 Less deadly than the air that shudders black with snow,
 With sidelong flowing flakes that flock, pause, and renew,
 We watch them wandering up and down the wind's nonchalance,
 20 But nothing happens.

Pale flakes with fingering stealth come feeling for our faces—
 We cringe in holes, back on forgotten dreams, and stare, snow-dazed,
 Deep into grassier ditches. So we drowse, sun-dozed,
 Littered with blossoms trickling where the blackbird fusses.
 25 —Is it that we are dying?

Slowly our ghosts drag home: glimpsing the sunk fires, glozed
 With crusted dark-red jewels; crickets jingle there;
 For hours the innocent mice rejoice: the house is theirs;
 Shutters and doors, all closed: on us the doors are closed,—
 30 We turn back to our dying.

Since we believe not otherwise can kind fires burn;
 Now ever suns smile true on child, or field, or fruit.
 For God's invincible spring our love is made afraid;
 Therefore, not loath, we lie out here; therefore were born,
 35 For love of God seems dying.

Tonight, this frost will fasten on this mud and us,
 Shrivelling many hands and puckering foreheads crisp.
 The burying-party, picks and shovels in shaking grasp,
 Pause over half-known faces. All their eyes are ice,
 40 But nothing happens.

Wilfred Owen, *Exposure*, 1918

Document B

The noise overhead began to intensify. Seven-fifteen. They were almost there. Stephen on his knees, some men taking photographs from their pockets, kissing the faces of their wives and children. Hunt telling foul jokes, Petrossian clasping a sliver cross.

5 The bombardment reached its peak. The air overhead was packed solid with noise that did not move. It was as though waves were piling up in the air but would not break. It was like no sound on earth. Jesus, said Stephen, Jesus, Jesus.

10 The mine went up on the ridge, a great leaping core of compacted soil, the earth eviscerated. Flames rose to more than a hundred feet. It was too big, Stephen thought. The scale appalled him. Shock waves from the explosion ran through the trench. Brennan was pitched forward off the firestep and broke his leg.

We must go now, thought Stephen. No word came. Byrne looked questioningly at him. Stephen shook his head. Still ten minutes.

German fire began at once. The lip of the British trench leapt and spat soil where machine guns raked it. Stephen ducked. Men shouting.

15 "Not yet." Stephen screaming. The air above the trench now solid.

The second hand of his watch in slow motion. Twenty-nine past. The whistle in his mouth. His foot on the ladder. He swallowed hard and blew.

20 He clambered out and looked around him. It was for a moment completely quiet as the bombardment ended and the German guns also stopped. Skylarks wheeled and sang high in the cloudless sky. He felt alone, as though he had stumbled on this fresh world at the instant of its creation.

25 Then the artillery began to lay down the first barrage and the German machine guns resumed. To his left Stephen saw men trying to emerge from the trench but being smashed by bullets before they could stand. The gaps in the wire became jammed with bodies. Behind him the men were coming up. He saw Gray run along the top of the trench, shouting encouragement.

He walked hesitatingly forward, his skin tensed for the feeling of metal tearing flesh. He turned his body sideways, tenderly, to protect his eyes. He was hunched like an old woman in the cocoon of tearing noise.

30 Byrne was walking beside him at the slow pace required by their orders. Stephen glanced to his right. He could see a long, wavering line of khaki, primitive dolls progressing in tense deliberate steps, going down with a silent flap of arms, replaced, falling, continuing as though walking into a gale. He tried to catch Byrne's eye but failed. The sound of machine guns was varied by the crack of snipers and the roar of the barrage ahead of them.

35 He saw Hunt fall to his right. Studd bent to help him and Stephen saw his head opening up bright red under machine gun bullets as his helmet fell away.

His feet pressed onward gingerly over the broken ground. After twenty or thirty yards there came a feeling that he was floating above his body, that it had taken an automatic life of its own over which he had no power. It was as though he had become detached, in a dream, from the metal air through which his flesh was walking. In this trance there was a kind of relief, something close to hilarity.

40 Ten yards ahead and to the right was Colonel Barclay. He was carrying a sword.

Stephen went down. Some force had blown him. He was in a dip in the ground with a bleeding man, shivering. The barrage was too far ahead. Now the German guns were placing a curtain of their own. Shrapnel was blasting its jagged cones through any air space not filled by the machine guns.

45 All that metal will not find room enough, Stephen thought. It must crash and strike sparks above them. The man with him was screaming inaudibly. Stephen wrapped his dressing round the man's leg, then looked at himself. There was no wound. He crawled to the rim of the shellhole. There were others ahead of him. He stood up and began to walk again.

50 Perhaps with them he would be safer. He felt nothing as he crossed the pitted land on which humps of khaki lay every few yards. The load on his back was heavy. He looked behind and saw a second line walking into the barrage in no man's land. They were hurled up like waves breaking backwards into the sea. Bodies were starting to pile and clog the progress.

Sebastian Faulks, *Birdsong*, Vintage Books, 1993

Document C



Paul Nash, *We Are Making a New World*, 1918
Oil on canvas, Imperial War Museums, London.

2. Version

We must go now, thought Stephen. No word came. Byrne looked questioningly at him. Stephen shook his head. Still ten minutes.

German fire began at once. The lip of the British trench leapt and spat soil where machine guns raked it. Stephen ducked. Men shouting.

5 “Not yet.” Stephen screaming. The air above the trench now solid.

The second hand of his watch in slow motion. Twenty-nine past. The whistle in his mouth. His foot on the ladder. He swallowed hard and blew.

10 He clambered out and looked around him. It was for a moment completely quiet as the bombardment ended and the German guns also stopped. Skylarks wheeled and sang high in the cloudless sky. He felt alone, as though he had stumbled on this fresh world at the instant of its creation.

Sebastian Faulks, *Birdsong*, Vintage Books, 1993