

**TRAINING!**

**BAC BLANC**

**ANGLAIS**

**TERMINALE  
GÉNÉRALE**



**ANGLAIS – ÉVALUATION 3**

**Compréhension de l'oral, de l'écrit et expression écrite**

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

Il s'organise en trois parties :

- 1. Compréhension de l'oral**
- 2. Compréhension de l'écrit**
- 3. Expression écrite**

Afin de respecter l'anonymat de votre copie, vous ne devez pas signer votre composition, ni citer votre nom, celui d'un camarade ou celui de votre établissement.

Vous disposez tout d'abord de **cinq minutes** pour prendre connaissance de **la composition** de l'ensemble du dossier et des **consignes** qui vous sont données.

Vous allez entendre trois fois le document de la partie 1 (compréhension de l'oral).

Les écoutes seront espacées d'une minute.

Vous pouvez prendre des notes pendant les écoutes.

À l'issue de la troisième écoute, vous organiserez votre temps (**1h30**) comme vous le souhaitez pour rendre compte **en français** du document oral et pour traiter **en anglais** la compréhension de l'écrit (partie 2) et le sujet d'expression écrite (partie 3).

Modèle CCYC : ©DNE																				
Nom de famille (naissance) : <small>(Suivi s'il y a lieu, du nom d'usage)</small>																				
Prénom(s) :																				
N° candidat :											N° d'inscription :									
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## Les documents

### Document vidéo

**Titre :** George Orwell's *1984*: why it still matters

**Source :** *BBC News*, 10 June 2019

### Texte

#### Who am I?

When I was born – the only name I ever got given for free – I was Hanna Latch. The first time I robbed someone my name was Imelda Barlow. Last week I was Mindi Wheatman. Today, outside the magrail station in the rain, I'm Charlotte Alorda. But if you really knew me, if you saw through me, you'd call me Nova.

What I'm doing here is work, even if it looks like I'm watching the world turn. There's another city behind this one. An invisible city, without streets or buildings, a city built from code and cold light. This hidden city is the metanet: the web that links every person, every product, every machine, everything the corps<sup>1</sup> value. It's all around us, data flowing through secret pathways. I lean against the wall and watch the crowd and listen to the whispers. I hear the implants inside every commuter monitoring their heart rate and blood sugar and eye movements; I hear people talking to their families, downloading music, catching up on the newsfeeds – all this and more is the metanet, an infinite sea of information. This is where I do my work.

I've got digital assistants out in the crowd already, travelling unseen, prying and probing, trying to scent who's strong and who's weak, who didn't update to the latest version. When my assistants find someone, I hear a chime and my optical implants highlight the target so they shine like a beacon. Right there: today's unlucky object of my affection. One figure among countless others, ablaze with lumen-light.

I join the crowd. My target's up ahead. I can't see him anymore, but I can see the lumen-trail he leaves behind, a thread of light in the air. I'm good at moving through crowds, and soon I've caught up to my target, a corpsman with broad

<sup>1</sup> corps (in this novel): people living in towers and skyscrapers



shoulders and blond hair flattened down under the plastic hood of his rainwrap. I get to work.

It's pretty simple, the way it happens. Everyone's got a wristhub, the implant in your arm that lets you buy stuff. Your wristhub talks to someone else's and you fork out that way. What I'm doing is setting up a transaction, one that goes from him to me, without his permission, no receipts and no refunds. It's called leeching. The first problem is making sure he doesn't know it's happening, which is why I need my box of tricks. The second problem is that wristhub transactions have a limited range, so I need to stay right next to him.

It's going good so far. I can see readouts in the corner of my eye: confirming the first transaction, telling his hub that it already agreed to send me the money. I've got a rainwrap over my face and a nice fake ID with no criminal record, so there's no reason for security drones to take an interest.

First transaction goes down smooth. Second transaction goes through. Third payment goes through, more byts flowing from his account to mine. This is an excellent start to the day.

Out of nowhere he stops dead. I walk straight into his back. He's definitely realised. I keep cool. I've got location spoofers running, so there's no way for him to track where the leecher is. I brush past him, disengaging my programs. Nothing to see here.

A hand grabs my wrist, pulling me round so hard I nearly fall. I'm face to face with the corpsman. 'Get off me!' I yell, trying to slip away. He keeps his hand on my wrist, the tight, professional grip of a man who's used to catching people.

'Ms Alorda,' the guy says, 'you're aware unauthorised wristhub transactions are a Category Two crime.'

Leo Hunt, *Phantom*, 2018 (abridged)

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### 1. Compréhension de l'oral (10 points)

Vous rendrez compte, **en français**, de ce que vous avez compris du document.

### 2. Compréhension de l'écrit (10 points)

Give an account of the text, **in English** and in your own words, taking into consideration the narrator (the way she introduces herself, her activities and her team), the world she lives in and the sudden change in her plans.

### 3. Expression écrite (10 points)

Vous traiterez, **en anglais** et en **120 mots** au moins, l'**un** des deux sujets suivants, au choix.

#### Sujet A

You are a high school student. As part of a collaborative writing project, your English teacher asks you to write a dystopian short story in groups of three. You are in charge of the first page, which sets the tone and introduces the main elements of the story. Write the first lines of that first page.

#### Sujet B

Works of fiction (books, films, TV series, etc.) sometimes show that the world is not perfect. Do you think that they can contribute to making it better?