

## ÉPREUVE DE LEÇON

### **Première partie :**

Vous procéderez à la présentation, à l'étude et à la mise en relation des trois documents proposés (A, B et C, non hiérarchisés).

### **Seconde partie :**

Cette partie de l'épreuve porte sur les documents A et B.

A partir de ces supports, vous définirez des objectifs communicationnels, culturels et linguistiques pouvant être retenus dans une séquence pédagogique en cycle terminal, en vous référant aux programmes. En vous appuyant sur la spécificité des documents, vous dégagerez des stratégies pour développer les compétences de communication des élèves.

## Doc A

I spent my first night in Manhattan curled up in an alleyway. It wasn't intentional; while still in L.A., I had heard that a friend of a friend would be vacating her apartment in Spanish Harlem, near Columbia, and that given New York's real estate market I'd better grab it while I could. An agreement was reached; I wired ahead with the date of my August arrival; and after dragging my  
5 luggage through the airport, the subways, Times Square, and across 109th Broadway to Amsterdam, I finally stood at the door, a few minutes past ten P.M.

I pressed the buzzer repeatedly, but no one answered. The street was empty, the buildings on either side boarded up, a bulk of rectangular shadows. Eventually, a young Puerto Rican woman emerged from the building, throwing a nervous look my way before heading down the street. I rushed to  
10 catch the door before it slammed shut, and, pulling my luggage behind me, proceeded upstairs to knock, and then bang, on the apartment door. Again, no answer, just a sound down the hall of a deadbolt thrown into place.

New York. Just like I pictured it. I checked my wallet – not enough money for a motel. I knew one person in New York, a guy named Sadik whom I'd met in L.A., but he'd told me that he worked all  
15 night at a bar somewhere. With nothing to do but wait, I carried my luggage back downstairs and sat on the stoop. After a while, I reached into my back pocket, pulling out the letter I'd been carrying since leaving L.A.

*Dear Son,*

*It was such a pleasant surprise to hear from you after so long. I am fine and doing all those things  
20 which, you know, are expected of me in this country. I just came back from London where I was attending to Government business, negotiating finances, etc. In fact, it is because of too much travel that I rarely write to you. In any case, I think I shall do better from now on.*

*You will be pleased to know that all your brothers and sisters here are fine, and send their greetings. Like me, they approve of your decision to come home after graduation. When you come, we shall,  
25 together, decide on how long you may wish to stay.*

*Barry, even if it is only for a few days, the important thing is that you know your people, and also that you know where you belong.*

*Please look after yourself, and say hallo to your mum, Tutu and Stanley. I hope to hear from you  
soon,*

*Love,*

*Dad*

I folded the letter along its seams and stuffed it back into my pocket. It hadn't been easy to write him; our correspondence had all but died over the past four years. In fact, I had gone through several drafts, crossing out lines, struggling for the appropriate tone, resisting the impulse to explain  
35 too much. "Dear Father." "Dear Dad." "Dear Dr Obama" And now he had answered me, cheerful and calm. Know where you belong, he advised. He made it sound simple, like calling directory assistance.

"Information – what city, please?"

"Uh... I'm not sure. I was hoping you could tell me. The name's Obama. Where do I belong?"

Maybe it was really that simple for him. I imagined my father sitting at his desk in Nairobi, a big  
40 man in government, with clerks and secretaries bringing him papers to sign, a minister calling him for advice, a loving wife and children waiting at home, his own father's village only a day's drive away. The image made me vaguely angry, and I tried to set it aside, concentrating instead on the sound of salsa coming from an open window somewhere down the block. The same thoughts kept  
45 returning to me, though, as persistent as the beat of my heart.

Where did I belong?

**Doc B**

*From homeless to Harvard; Chris Crocker talks with Liz Murray*  
*ABC news 4 | May, 12, 2010*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rtYnrBmLW-s>

Ce document vidéo est à visionner sur le lecteur qui vous a été remis.

## Doc C

The train shudders and pitches towards Fourteenth Street, stopping twice for breathers in the tunnel. You are reading about Liz Taylor's new boyfriend when a sooty hand taps your shoulder. You do not have to look up to know that you are facing a casualty, one of the city's MIAs. You are more than willing to lay some silver on the physically handicapped, but folks with the long-distance eyes give you the heebie-jeebies. The second time he taps your shoulder, you look up. His clothes and hair are fairly neat, as if he had only recently let go of social convention, but his eyes are out-to-lunch and his mouth is working furiously.

5 "My birthday", he says, "is January thirteenth. I will be twenty-nine years old". Somehow he makes this sound like a threat to kill you with a blunt object.

10 "Great" you say, going back to the paper. When you next look up, the man is halfway down the car, staring at an ad for a business training institute. As you watch, he sits down in the lap of an old lady. She tries to get out from under him, but he has her pinned.

15 "Excuse me, sir, but you're sitting on me", she says. "Sir, sir! Excuse me". Almost everyone in the car is watching and pretending they're not. The man folds his arms across his chest and leans farther back. "Sir, please get off of me."

You can't even believe it. Half a dozen healthy men are within spitting distance. You would have jumped up yourself but you assumed someone closer to the action would act. The woman is quietly sobbing. As each moment passes it becomes harder and harder to do anything without calling attention to the fact that you hadn't done anything earlier. You keep hoping the man will stand up and leave her alone. You imagine the headline in the Post: GRANNY CRUSHED BY NUT WHILE WIMPS WATCH.

20 "Please, sir."

25 You stand up. At the same time, the man stands up. He brushes his coat with his hands and then walks down to the far end of the car. You feel silly standing there. The old lady is dabbing at her eyes with a Kleenex. You would like to see if she's all right, but at this point, it wouldn't do much good. You sit down.

Jay McInerney, Bright Lights, Big City (1984) (pp.22-23)  
Vintage Books (a division of Random House Inc.)