Ce sujet comprend 6 documents :

- **Document 1** : Trailer for *Flood*, directed by Tony Mitchell, 2007
- **Document 2** : Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Sign of the Four*, 1890
- **Document 3** : 3 A – Photograph, Maunsell Sea Forts
  
  3 B – Photograph, Maunsell Sea Forts
  
  3 C – Photograph, Maunsell Sea Forts
  
  3 D – “The Thames Estuary Army Forts”, Maunsellseafort.com
  
  3 E – “The Thames Estuary Army Forts”, Maunsellseafort.com

Compte tenu des caractéristiques de ce dossier et des différentes possibilités d’exploitation qu’il offre, vous indiquerez à quel niveau d’apprentissage vous pourriez le destiner et quels objectifs vous vous fixeriez. Vous présenterez et justifierez votre démarche pour atteindre ces objectifs.

Document vidéo (2'14") à consulter sur la tablette multimédia fournie.
As the assassins of Bartholomew Sholto attempt to flee London on the small steamer Aurora, Holmes and Watson follow in hot pursuit...

At that moment, however, as our evil fate would have it, a tug with three barges in tow blundered in between us. It was only by putting out helm hard down that we avoided a collision, and before we could round them and recover our way, the Aurora had gained a good two hundred yards. She was still, however, well in view, and the murky uncertain twilight was settling into a clear, starlit night. Our boilers were strained to their utmost and the frail shell vibrated and creaked with the fierce energy which was driving us along. We had shot through the pool, past the West India Docks, down the long Deptford Reach, and up again after rounding the Isle of Dogs. The dull blur in front of us resolved itself now into the dainty Aurora. Jones turned our searchlight upon her, so that we could plainly see the figures upon the deck. One man sat at the stern, with something black between his knees, over which he stooped. Beside him lay a dark mass, which looked like a Newfoundland dog. The boy held the tiller, while against the red glare of the furnace I could see old Smith, stripped to the waist, and shoveling coals for dear life. They may have had some doubt at first as to whether we were really pursuing them but now, as we followed every winding and turning which they took, there could no longer be any question about it. At Greenwich we were about three hundred paces behind them. At Blackwall we could not have been more than two hundred and fifty. I have coursed many creatures in many countries during my checkered career, but never did sport give me such a wild thrill as this mad, flying manhunt down the Thames. Steadily we drew in upon them, yard by yard. In the silence of the night we could hear the panting and clanking of their machinery. The man in the stern still lay crouched upon the deck, and his arms were moving as though he were busy, while every now and then, he would look up and measure with a glance the distance which still separated us. Nearer we came and nearer. Jones yelled to them to stop. We were not more than four boat’s-length behind them, both boats flying at a tremendous pace. It was a clear reach of the river, with Barking Level upon one side and the melancholy Plumstead Marshes on the other. [...] It was a wild and desolate place, where the moon glimmered upon a wide expanse of marshland, with pools of stagnant water and beds of decaying vegetation.
Document 3 A : Photograph, Maunsell Sea Forts
http://maunsellseafort.com

Document 3 B : Photograph, Maunsell Sea Forts
http://alondoninheritance.com/tag/southend/

Documents iconographiques également consultables sur la tablette multimédia fournie.
Located offshore on the Thames estuary, the Maunsell Sea Forts are some of the most bizarre-looking structures. They are named after the civil engineer that designed them, Guy Maunsell. The forts had a very short but intense life during World War II when Great Britain faced serious attacks from the Luftwaffe. [...] They were built in 1942 and decommissioned in the 1950s. They were left abandoned in 1958 but some of them still stand to this day.
[...] musician and troublemaker Screaming Lord Sutch founded Radio Sutch in 1964. The pirate radio started in a fishing boat but in May were relocated in the ruins of Shivering Sands fort. Although Sutch soon sold the radio station to his manager, many other pirate radios moved in to other forts and started broadcasting from there. Some of these pirate radios include Radio 390 on Redsands, Radio Essex on Knock John or Tower Radio on Sunk Head. Soon after the Marine Broadcasting Act passed and offshore pirate radios were outlawed. As a response BBC started Radio 1 and Radio 2 in 1967.