

**CAPES/CAFEP EXTERNE D'ANGLAIS SESSION 2018**

**EPREUVE DE MISE EN SITUATION PROFESSIONNELLE**

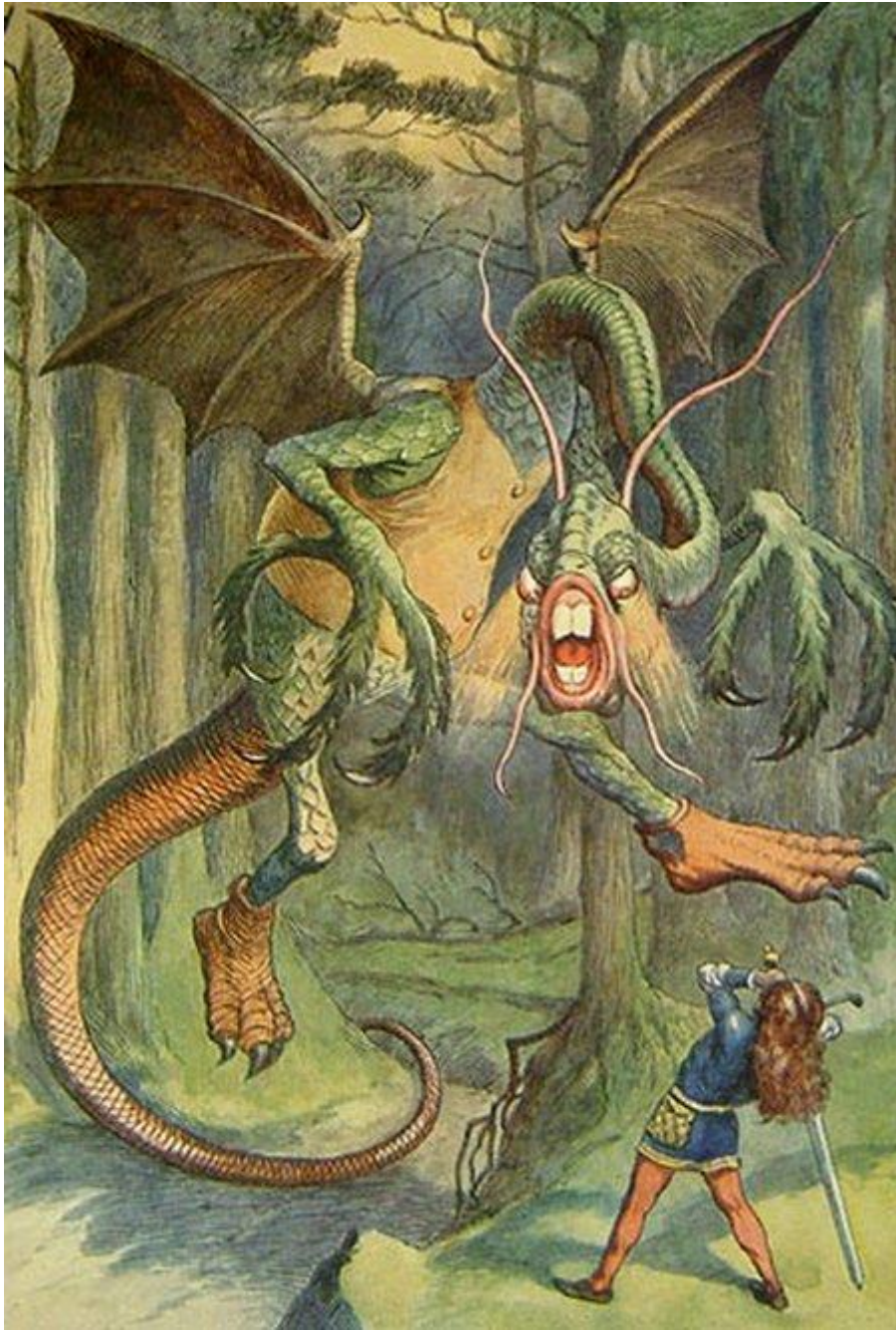
**Première partie :**

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

**Deuxième partie :**

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

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

**Document A**

Jabberwocky, illustration by John Tenniel (in *Through the Looking Glass*, Lewis Carroll), 1871

**Document B**

Presently Moreau sounded the great horn again, and at the sound of it all the Beast People writhed and grovelled in the dust. Then, slinking out of the canebrake, stooping near the ground and trying to join the dust-throwing circle behind Moreau's back, came the Leopard-man. The last of the Beast People to arrive was the little Ape-man. The earlier animals, hot and weary with their grovelling, shot vicious glances at him.

5

“Cease!” said Moreau, in his firm, loud voice; and the Beast People sat back upon their hams and rested from their worshipping.

“Where is the Sayer of the Law?” said Moreau, and the hairy-grey monster bowed his face in the dust.

10 “Say the words!” said Moreau.

Forthwith all in the kneeling assembly, swaying from side to side and dashing up the sulphur with their hands,—first the right hand and a puff of dust, and then the left,—began once more to chant their strange litany. When they reached, “Not to eat Flesh or Fish, that is the Law,” Moreau held up his lank white hand.

15 “Stop!” he cried, and there fell absolute silence upon them all.

I think they all knew and dreaded what was coming. I looked round at their strange faces. When I saw their wincing attitudes and the furtive dread in their bright eyes, I wondered that I had ever believed them to be men.

“That Law has been broken!” said Moreau.

20 “None escape,” from the faceless creature with the silvery hair. “None escape,” repeated the kneeling circle of Beast People.

“Who is he?” cried Moreau, and looked round at their faces, cracking his whip. I fancied the Hyena-swine looked dejected, so too did the Leopard-man. Moreau stopped, facing this creature, who cringed towards him with the memory and dread of infinite torment.

25 “Who is he?” repeated Moreau, in a voice of thunder.

“Evil is he who breaks the Law,” chanted the Sayer of the Law.

Moreau looked into the eyes of the Leopard-man, and seemed to be dragging the very soul out of the creature.

30 “Who breaks the Law—” said Moreau, taking his eyes off his victim, and turning towards us (it seemed to me there was a touch of exultation in his voice).

“Goes back to the House of Pain,” they all clamoured,—“goes back to the House of Pain, O Master!”

“Back to the House of Pain,—back to the House of Pain,” gabbled the Ape-man, as though the idea was sweet to him.

35 “Do you hear?” said Moreau, turning back to the criminal, “my friend—Hullo!”

For the Leopard-man, released from Moreau's eye, had risen straight from his knees, and now, with eyes aflame and his huge feline tusks flashing out from under his curling lips, leapt towards his tormentor. The whole circle of threescore monsters seemed to rise about us. I drew

40 my revolver. (...) In another second I was running, one of a tumultuous shouting crowd, in pursuit of the escaping Leopard-man.

“Steady!” cried Moreau, “steady!” as the ends of the line crept round the tangle of undergrowth and hemmed the brute in.

I was on the slope above the bushes; Montgomery and Moreau beat along the beach beneath. Slowly we pushed in among the fretted network of branches and leaves. The quarry was silent.

45 “Back to the House of Pain, the House of Pain, the House of Pain!” yelled the voice of the Ape-man, some twenty yards to the right.

50 When I heard that, I forgave the poor wretch all the fear he had inspired in me. I heard the twigs snap and the boughs swish aside before the heavy tread of the Horse-rhinoceros upon my right. Then suddenly through a polygon of green, in the half darkness under the luxuriant growth, I saw the creature we were hunting. I halted. He was crouched together into the smallest possible compass, his luminous green eyes turned over his shoulder regarding me.

55 It may seem a strange contradiction in me,—I cannot explain the fact,—but now, seeing the creature there in a perfectly animal attitude, with the light gleaming in its eyes and its imperfectly human face distorted with terror, I realised again the fact of its humanity. In another moment other of its pursuers would see it, and it would be overpowered and captured, to experience once more the horrible tortures of the enclosure. Abruptly I slipped out my revolver, aimed between its terror-struck eyes, and fired. As I did so, the Hyena-swine saw the Thing, and flung itself upon it with an eager cry, thrusting thirsty teeth into its neck. All about me the green masses of the thicket were swaying and cracking as the Beast People came  
60 rushing together.

*The Island of Doctor Moreau*, H.G. Wells, 1896

## Document C

*The polar ice-cap, inside the Arctic Circle. A blizzard howls. A huge moon dominates the scene. The Creature wears nothing much, but he carries a sack. He is untroubled by the cold. He addresses us:*

5 CREATURE: My heart is black. It stinks. My mind, once filled with dreams of beauty, is a furnace of revenge! Three years ago, when I was born, I laughed for joy at the heat of the sun, I cried at the call of the birds – the world was a cornucopia to me! Now it is a waste of frost and snow.

10 *From his sack the Creature takes silver cutlery, a plate, a pewter goblet, a napkin. He lays a place on the ice. He places strips of fresh meat on the plate, and fills the cup with wine from a flask. Calls into the wind.*

Frankenstein! Come!

*Victor appears, wrapped in furs, frostbitten, harnessed to a dog-sled which he drags behind him.*

What's the matter? Oh, are you cold? Do you feel forsaken?

15 *Victor is too exhausted to reply. He stumbles towards the creature.*

Come, great explorer: Look – there is food. Seal meat! Explorer's food

*Victor falls upon the food and devours it. The creature squats and watches from a distance.*

You wanted power. Look at you. Immortality. Look at you. Why did you treat me like a criminal?

20 VICTOR: You killed my wife.

CREATURE: You killed mine.

VICTOR: You have brought this upon yourself.

25 CREATURE: Have I? How? How did I? Did I ask to be created? Did I ask you to make me from some muck in a sack? I am different, I know I am different! I have tried to be the same but I'm different! Why can I not be who I am? Why does humanity detest me? – The only one to show pity was Elizabeth. Lovely Elizabeth. I can still taste her lips, her strawberry lips... I can feel her warm breast...her thighs...

*Victor tries to struggle to his feet. But he is too weak and he collapses.*

30 Up you get! We go on, on to the Pole! Let's find the source of the magnet! Let's make some discoveries! What do you say? Bring light to the darkness! Up! Up!

*Victor lies face down in the snow, still in his harness.*

Master?

*Victor remains still.*

35 Don't tell me you are dead already. Master? Don't you have more stamina than that? Why, we've hardly started!

*The Creature is worried.*

Don't leave me. Don't leave me alone. You and I, we are one.

*The Creature kneels and gently cradles Victor.*

40 While you live, I live. When you are gone, I must go too. Master, what is death? What will it feel like? Can I die?

*Victor remains still.*

Oh, Frankenstein. Will you forgive me my cruelty? Please forgive me. I am driven on, I cannot stop. The moon draws me on. The solitary moon! We can only go forward, we cannot go back. – Master! Drink! It's good wine. Drink.

45 *The Creature pours wine into his mouth. The claret runs into the snow. The Creature weeps.*

All I wanted was your love. I would have loved you with all my heart. My poor creator.

*Suddenly Victor revives.*

Master! You do love me! You do!

VICTOR (*very weakly*): I don't know what love is.

50 CREATURE: I will teach you!

VICTOR: Every chance I had of love, I threw away. Every shred of human warmth, I cut to pieces. Hatred is what I understand. Nothingness. Despair. I am finished. – But you give me purpose. You, I desire. Go on. Walk on. You must be destroyed.

CREATURE: Good boy. That's the spirit! Bring my miserable line to an end! Up! Up!

55 *The Creature backs away. With a superhuman effort, Victor struggles to his feet, heaves his sledge, and follows. Come, scientist! Destroy me! Destroy your creation! Come!*

*They exit into the icy distance, the Creature prancing in front of Victor, who struggles after him. The End.*

*Frankenstein* (Based on the novel by Mary Shelley), Nick Dear, 2011