

SESSION 2025

**CAPES
TROISIÈME CONCOURS
ET CAFEP CORRESPONDANTS**

Attention, le sujet du 3^e concours étant différent du sujet du concours externe, merci de vérifier que vous composez bien au titre du recrutement auquel vous concourez.

SECTION : LANGUES VIVANTES ÉTRANGÈRES

ANGLAIS

ÉPREUVE D'ADMISSIBILITÉ

Durée : 6 heures

L'usage de tout ouvrage de référence, de tout dictionnaire et de tout matériel électronique (y compris la calculatrice) est rigoureusement interdit.

Il appartient au candidat de vérifier qu'il a reçu un sujet complet et correspondant à l'épreuve à laquelle il se présente.

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. Le fait de rendre une copie blanche est éliminatoire.

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.

► **Troisième concours du CAPES de l'enseignement public :**

Concours	Section/option	Epreuve	Matière
E B V	0 4 2 2 E	1 0 1	9 4 0 9

► **Troisième concours CAFEP/CAPES de l'enseignement privé :**

Concours	Section/option	Epreuve	Matière
E B W	0 4 2 2 E	1 0 1	9 4 0 9

Organisation du sujet

Ce sujet se décompose de la façon suivante :

- Première partie - Composition en langue étrangère, pages 1 et 2 ;
- Seconde partie - Traduction, page 3.

Première partie - Composition en langue étrangère

Write a commentary on the two documents. Taking into account the historical and cultural background, analyze the role of diversity in the construction of individual and national identity.

Document 1

My mother danced all night and Roberta's was sick. That's why we were taken to St Bonny's. People want to put their arms around you when you tell them you were in a shelter, but it really wasn't bad. No big long room with one hundred beds like Bellevue. There were four to a room, and when Roberta and me came, there was a shortage of state kids, so we were the only ones
5 assigned to 406 and could go from bed to bed if we wanted to. And we wanted to, too. We changed beds every night and for the whole four months we were there we never picked one out as our own permanent bed.

It didn't start out that way. The minute I walked in and the Big Bozo introduced us, I got sick to my stomach. It was one thing being taken out of your own bed early in the morning — it was
10 something else to be stuck in a strange place with a girl from a whole other race. And Mary, that's my mother, she was right. Every now and then she would stop dancing long enough to tell me something important and one of the things she said was that they never washed their hair and they smelled funny. Roberta sure did. Smell funny, I mean. So when the Big Bozo (nobody ever called her Mrs. Itkin, just like nobody ever said St. Bonaventure), when she said, "Twyla, this is
15 Roberta. Roberta, this is Twyla. Make each other welcome," I said, "My mother won't like you putting me in here."

"Good," said Bozo. "Maybe then she'll come and take you home."

How's that for mean? If Roberta had laughed I would have killed her, but she didn't. She just walked over to the window and stood with her back to us.

20 "Turn around," said the Bozo. "Don't be rude. Now Twyla. Roberta. When you hear a loud buzzer, that's the call for dinner. Come down first floor. Any fights and no movie." And then, just to make sure we knew what we would be missing, *"The Wizard of Oz."*

Roberta must have thought I meant that my mother would be mad about my being put in the shelter. Not about rooming with her, because as soon as Bozo left she came over to me and said,
25 "Is your mother sick too?"

"No," I said. "She just likes to dance all night."

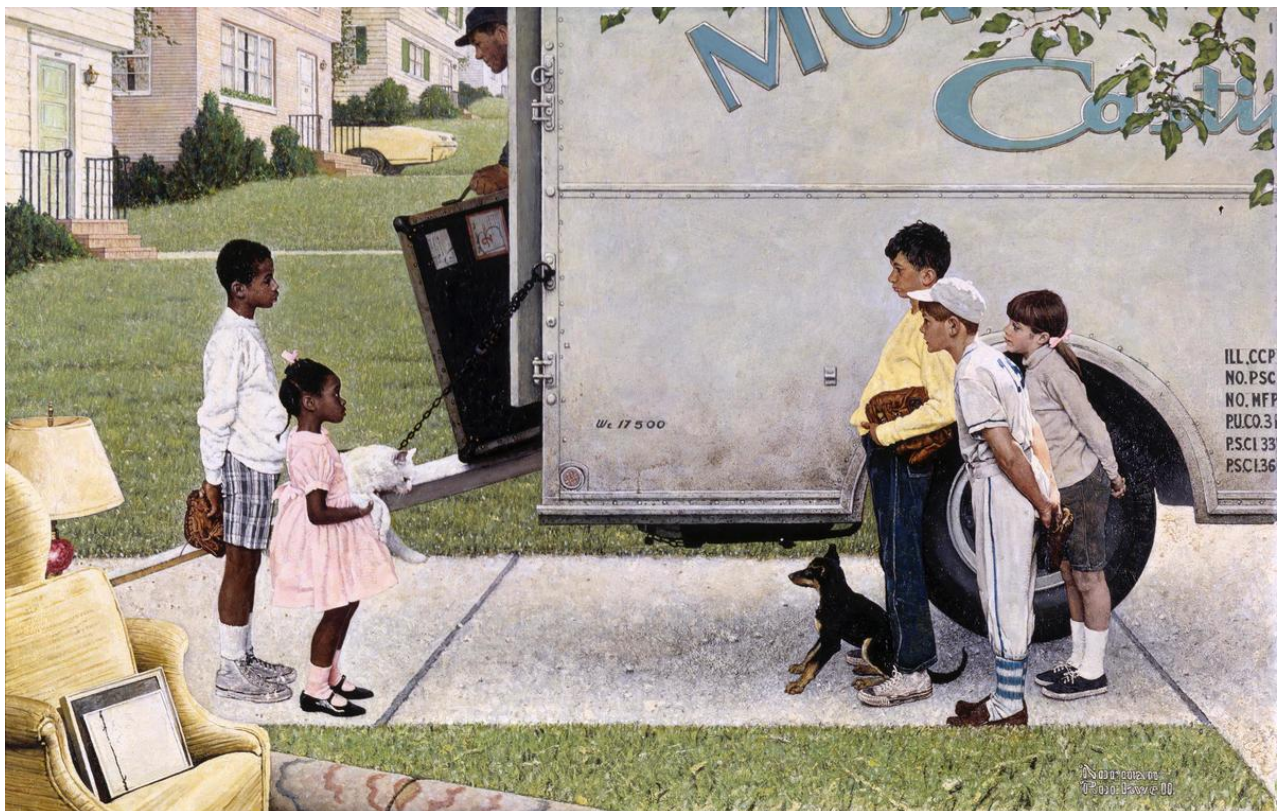
"Oh". She nodded her head and I like the way she understood things so fast. So for the moment it didn't matter that we looked like salt and pepper standing there and that's what the other kids called us sometimes. We were eight years old and got F's all the time. Me because I couldn't
30 remember what I read or what the teacher said. And Roberta because she couldn't read at all and didn't even listen to the teacher. She wasn't good at anything except jacks, at which she was a killer: pow scoop pow scoop pow scoop.

We didn't like each other all that much at first, but nobody else wanted to play with us because we weren't real orphans with beautiful dead parents in the sky. We were dumped. Even the New
35 York City Puerto Ricans and the upstate Indians ignored us. All kinds of kids were in there, black ones, white ones, even two Koreans. The food was good, though. At least I thought so. Roberta hated it and left whole pieces of things on her plate: Spam, Salisbury steak — even jello with fruit cocktail in it and she didn't care if I ate what she wouldn't. Mary's idea of supper was popcorn and a can of Yoo-Hoo. Hot mashed potatoes and two weenies was like Thanksgiving for me.

40 It really wasn't bad, St. Bonny's. The big girls on the second floor pushed us around now and then. But that was all. They wore lipstick and eyebrow pencil and wobbled their knees while they watched TV. Fifteen, sixteen, even, some of them were. They were put-out girls, scared runaways most of them. Poor little girls who fought their uncles off but looked tough to us, and mean. God did they look mean. The staff tried to keep them separate from the younger children, but some-
45 times they caught us watching them in the orchard where they played radios and danced with each other. They'd light out after us and pull our hair or twist our arms. [...] I used to dream a lot and almost always the orchard was there. Two acres, four maybe, of these little apple trees. Hundreds of them. Empty and crooked like beggar women when I first came to St. Bonny's but fat with flowers when I left. I don't know why I dreamt about that orchard so much. Nothing really
50 happened there. Nothing all that important, I mean. Just the big girls dancing and playing the radio. Roberta and me watching. Maggie fell down there once. The kitchen woman with legs like parentheses. And the big girls laughed at her. We should have helped her up, I know, but we were scared of those girls with lipstick and eyebrow pencil. Maggie couldn't talk. The kids said she had her tongue cut out, but I think she was just born that way: mute. She was old and sandy
55 colored and she worked in the kitchen. I don't know if she was nice or not. I just remember her legs like parenthesis and how she rocked when she walked.

Toni Morrison, *Recitatif*, London: Chatto & Windus, 2022

Document 2



Norman Rockwell, *New Kids in the Neighborhood (Negro in the Suburbs, Moving Day)*, 1967 (Brooklyn Museum, oil on canvas, 146.1 cm x 92.7 cm)

Seconde partie - Traduction

Les candidats traduiront les deux textes ci-dessous.

Thème

Il s'arracha à son parapet et se remit en marche. Il emprunta un des ponts métalliques qui faisaient la joie des touristes puis marcha jusqu'au parc des Buttes-Chaumont. Le jour baissait déjà en cet automne tiède et les grilles ne tarderaient pas à fermer. C'était l'heure où les nannies anglophones des bobos du quartier sortaient en trombe en se servant de leurs poussettes comme de béliers pour fendre la foule. Kevin se faufila à contrecourant et parcourut d'un bon pas les allées à la recherche d'un habitat pour les Eisenia. Il se dirigea vers un bosquet d'arbres et sortit sa pochette plastique. Les regards soupçonneux de deux joggeurs interrompirent son geste. Il fit le tour du lac et remarqua un tas de feuilles mortes dans un renforcement du chemin. L'endroit était idéal.

Gaspard Koenig, *Humus*, Paris : Editions de l'Observatoire, 2023

Version

Henry's summer, on the whole, has been a success: through Berkshire, Wiltshire and Somerset he has shown himself to the people on the roads, and (when the rain isn't bucketing down) they've stood by the roads and cheered. Why would they not? You cannot see Henry and not be amazed. Each time you see him you are struck afresh by him, as if it were the first time: a massive man, bull-necked, his hair receding, face fleshing out; blue eyes, and a small mouth that is almost coy. His height is six feet three inches, and every inch bespeaks power. His carriage, his person, are magnificent; his rages are terrifying, his vows and curses, his molten tears. But there are moments when his great body will stretch and ease itself, his brow clear, he will plump himself down next to you on a bench and talk to you like your brother.

Hilary Mantel, *Bring Up the Bodies*, London : Fourth Estate, 2012