

SESSION 2026

**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.

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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 :

- 1^{ère} partie - Composition en langue étrangère, pages 1 et 2 ;
- 2^{ème} partie - Traduction, page 3.

1^{ère} partie - Composition en langue étrangère

Write a commentary on the two documents analyzing the representation of Englishness with a specific focus on the notions of territory and memory.

Document 1

A Tourist Mecca Set in a Silver Sea

Two years ago an enterprising leisure group launched a new venture off the south coast of England. It has swiftly become one of the most coveted destinations for upmarket vacationers. Staff writer Kathleen Su asks whether the new Island state may prove a role model for more than just the leisure business.

It is a classic springtime day outside Buckingham Palace. The clouds are high and fleecy, William Wordsworth's daffodils are blowin' in the wind, and guardsmen in their traditional 'busbies' (bear-skin hats) are standing to attention in front of their sentry boxes. Eager crowds press their noses to the railings for a glimpse of the British Royal Family.

Promptly at 11.00, the tall double windows behind the balcony open. The ever-popular King and Queen appear, waving and smiling. A ten-gun salute splits the air. The guardsmen present arms and cameras click like old-fashioned turnstiles. A quarter of an hour later, promptly at 11.15, the tall windows close again until the following day.

All, however, is not as it seems. The crowds and the cameras are for real; so are the clouds. But the guardsmen are actors, Buckingham Palace is a half-size replica, and the gun salute electronically produced. Gossip has it that the King and Queen themselves are not real, and that the contract they signed two years ago with Sir Jack Pitman's Pitco Group excuses them from this daily ritual. Insiders confirm that an opt-out clause does exist in the royal contract, but that Their Majesties appreciate the cash fee that accompanies each balcony appearance.

This is showtime, but it's also big business. Along with the first Visitors (as they call tourists hereabouts) came the World Bank and the IMF. Their approval – coupled with the enthusiastic endorsement of the Portland Third Millennium Think Tank – means that this ground-breaking enterprise is likely to be much copied in years and decades to come. Sir Jack Pitman, whose brainchild the Island was, takes a back seat nowadays, while still keeping a beady eye on things from his exalted position as Governor, a historic title going back centuries. The public face of Pitman House is currently its CEO Martha Cochrane. Ms Cochrane, a trim forty-something with an Oxbridge brain, a sharp wit, and an array of designer suits, explained to the *Wall Street Journal* how one of the traditional problem areas of tourism has always been that five-star sites are too rarely in easy reach of one another. 'Remember the frustration of hauling yourself from A to B to Z? Remember those nose-to-tail tourist buses?' Visitors from the US to Europe's prime locations will recognize the tune: poor infrastructure, inefficient tourist throughput, inconsiderate opening hours – everything the traveler doesn't need. Here even the postcards come pre-stamped.

Once upon a time this used to be the Isle of Wight, but its current inhabitants prefer a simpler and grander title: they call it The Island. Its official address since declaring independence two years ago is typical of Sir Jack Pitman's roguish, buccaneering style. He named it England, England. Cue for song.

It was also his original stroke of lateral thinking which brought together in a single hundred-and-fifty-five-square-mile zone everything the Visitor might want to see of what we used to think of as

40 England. In our time-strapped age, surely it makes sense to be able to visit Stonehenge and Anne
Hathaway's Cottage in the same morning, take in a 'ploughman's lunch' atop the White Cliffs of
Dover, before passing a leisurely afternoon at the Harrods emporium inside the Tower of London
(Beefeaters push your shopping trolley for you!). As for transport between sites: those gas-guz-
zling tourist buses have been replaced by the eco-friendly pony-and-cart. While if the weather
45 turns showery, you can take a famous black London taxi or even a big red double-decker bus.
Both are environmentally clean, being fuelled by solar power.

This great success story began, it's worth recalling, under a hail of criticism. There were protests
at what some described as the virtually complete destruction of the Isle of Wight. This was clearly
an exaggeration. Key heritage buildings have been saved, along with much of the coastline and
parts of the central downland. But almost one hundred percent of the housing stock – described
50 by Professor Ivan Fairchild of Sussex University and a leading critic of the project, as 'dinky inter-
war and mid-century bungalows whose lack of stand-out architectural merit was compensated for
by their extraordinary authenticity and time-capsule fittings' – has been wiped out.

Julian Barnes, *England, England*, London: Jonathan Cape, 1998

Document 2



Simon Roberts, "London Olympics Opening Ceremony" (Olympic Stadium, Stratford, London, 27 July 2012) from the series *Merrie Albion – Landscape Studies of a Small Island*

2^{ème} partie - Traduction

Les candidats traduiront les deux textes ci-dessous.

Thème

Toute rentrée scolaire contraste fatalement avec l'été passé, et celui qui s'achevait avait été aussi insouciant que l'automne allait être soucieux.

Depuis qu'ils étaient enfants, Diane, Cora et Simon étaient trois, réunis chaque année au même endroit pour des vacances d'été au bord de la mer. Leurs parents, amis de longue date, buvaient des coups ensemble pendant qu'eux piaillaient à côté en torturant la faune aquatique avec leurs épuisettes, Méduse aux pieds ou perchés sur des matelas gonflables Titi et Grosminet que les pères s'étaient asphyxiés à gonfler un peu plus tôt.

Mais cet été-là, la donne avait changé. Désormais *ils* buvaient des coups pendant que leurs parents piaillaient plus loin, et ils avaient troqué leurs épuisettes pour des cigarettes hors de prix sur lesquelles, à leur tour, ils s'asphyxiaient. À présent ils étaient « grands », de cette manière adolescente qui disait surtout à quel point ils étaient encore petits.

Ambre Chalumeau, *Les vivants*, Paris : Stock, 2025

Version

Just when Edward's recovery appeared complete, he was seized again by another severe fever and the accompanying shivering. He dragged his wretched body back to the safety of his bed, and, as the British doctor applied a cold towel to his head, he closed his bloodshot eyes. Sadly, Edward's stubborn fever refused to break, and merciful sleep eluded him as his mind ranged back and forth. When sleep did come it was soon destroyed by demons which prodded at his memory as though it were an open wound. Accordingly, at night he chose instead to lie perfectly still, the towel now hot and burning his brow, his stubbled aspect irritating him to the point of madness, and he simply stared out of the window and up into the black African sky. The thick heat of this devil's climate clung to him like a woven blanket, and he was constantly visited by that unwelcome guest, thirst.

Caryl Phillips, *Crossing the River*, London: Bloomsbury Publishing Ltd, 1993