

SESSION 2023

---

**CAPLP  
CONCOURS EXTERNE  
ET CAFEP**

**SECTION : LANGUES VIVANTES – LETTRES**

**ANGLAIS - LETTRES**

**ÉPREUVE ÉCRITE DISCIPLINAIRE ET DE  
DISCIPLINE APPLIQUÉE D'ANGLAIS**

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.

► **Concours externe du CAPLP de l'enseignement public :**

Concours	Section/option	Epreuve	Matière
EFE	0222J	101	9370

► **Concours externe du CAFEP/CAPLP de l'enseignement privé :**

Concours	Section/option	Epreuve	Matière
EFF	0222J	101	9370





**Le sujet comporte quatre documents et trois parties.**

**Document 1**

You see, most of the boys were looking upwards. Their feet might have been stepping on London soil for the first time – their shaking sea legs wobbling them on the steadfast land – but it was wonder that lifted their eyes. They finally arrive in London Town. And, let me tell you, the Mother Country – this thought-I-knew-you place – was bewildering these Jamaican boys. See them pointing at the train that rumbles across a bridge. They looked shocked when billowing black smoke puffed its way round the white washing hung on drying lines – the sheets, the pants, the babies' bonnets. Come, they had never seen houses so tall, all the same. And what is that? A chimney? They have fire in their house in England? No! And why everything look so dowdy? Even the sunshine can find no colour but grey. Staring on people who were staring on them. Man, the women look so glum. Traffic turning their head this way and that. Steady there, boy – watch out. Look, you see a white man driving a bus? And over there, can you believe what the eye is telling? A white man sweeping the road.

But this old RAF volunteer had seen it all before, during the war. So I was looking down, unlike them big-eyed newcomer boys. I just arrive back in England and there on the pavement before me I spy a brooch. What a piece of good fortune, what a little bit of luck. Lying lost, this precious oval jewel shimmered the radiant iridescent green of a humming-bird caught by the sun. My auntie Corinne would have raised her hands to the heavens to call it a sign.

Now these were the thoughts that passed through my head in the three steps it took me to reach that brooch. One: perhaps it fall from a young woman's coat. Cha, so my blessing was another's misfortune. Two: it was an old woman that lose it from her purse; maybe the police station was the proper place to take it. And three: Hortense – this deep-green brooch would look so pretty on her. I conjured an image in me mind. See me take the sparkling brooch to pin it to her dress, near her neck, against her smooth nut-brown skin. And look, see her touch the pin then tilt her head to charm a smile on me.

So all this rumination is taking place as I move closer. I was about to bend my knee so I could reach the brooch when hear this ... it flew away. Black flecks suddenly pitting the air. That jewel was no more than a cluster of flies caught by the light, the radiant iridescent green the movement of their squabbling backs. My eyes no longer believed what they saw. For after the host of flies flew they left me with just the small piece of brown dog's shit they had all gathered on. Was this a sign? Maybe. For one of the big-eyed newcomer boys walk straight along and step right in the muck.

Sleep in a room squashed up with six men and you will come to know them very well. Not because they tell you why they leave Jamaica or pine for the sweetheart that stay behind. You learn nothing of mummies, or schooldays, and hear no hopeful dreams for their life in England. No. What you come to know more intimate than a lover is the sound of every sleeping breath they make. Take Winston: every night him call out the words, 'Gimme nah.' His twin brother Kenneth sleep slapping his lips together as if sucking on a melon. Eugene and Curtis snore. Both sound to your ear like a faulty rumbling engine. But if you shout, 'Hush nah, man,' Eugene will obey while Curtis will rev up. The breath from Cleveland's open mouth smell as if it come from his backside, and Louis spend his night scratching himself and his morning wondering why his skin raw.

This old RAF volunteer had slept in barracks with many more than six men and everyone know war is as hard as life can get. But sleep in this tiny malodorous room, step over three beds to sit on yours, watch as one boy jumps out of his bed to go to work and another returning from work jumps in to take his place, have this man shush and cuss you because he needs to sleep while

you try to dress to look respectable for another day, try shaving with no water and sucking cornflakes so the crunching does not disturb and you will swear those days of war were a skylark.

50 But still breezy from the sailing on the *Windrush* these were the first weeks for we Jamaicans. And every one of us was fat as a Bible with the faith that we would get a nice place to live in England – a bath, a kitchen, a little patch of garden. These two damp cramped rooms that the friend of Winston’s brother had let us use were temporary. One night, maybe two. More private than the shelter. Better than the hostel. Two months I was there! Two months, and this intimate hospitality had begun to violate my hope. I needed somewhere so I could start to live.

Andrea Levy, *Small Island*, 2004

## Document 2

### Listen Mr Oxford Don

Me not no Oxford don  
me a simple immigrant  
from Clapham Common  
I didn’t graduate  
5 I immigrate

But listen Mr Oxford don  
I’m a man on de run  
and a man on de run  
10 is a dangerous one

I ent have no gun  
I ent have no knife  
but mugging de Queen’s English  
15 is the story of my life

I dont need no axe  
to split/ up yu syntax  
I dont need no hammer  
20 to mash/ up yu grammar

I warning you Mr Oxford don  
I’m a wanted man  
and a wanted man  
25 is a dangerous one

Dem accuse me of assault  
on de Oxford dictionary/  
imagine a concise peaceful man like me/  
30 dem want me serve time  
for inciting rhyme to riot  
but I rekking it quiet  
down here in Clapham Common

35 I’m not a violent man Mr Oxford don  
I only armed wit mih human breath  
but human breath

is a dangerous weapon

40 So mek dem send one big word after me  
I ent serving no jail sentence  
I slashing suffix in self defence  
I bashing future wit present tense  
and if necessary

45 I making de Queen's English accessory/ to my offence

John Agard, *Mangoes and Bullets*, *Serpent's Tail*, 1985

### Document 3

## Windrush Day 2022: Special monument unveiled at London's Waterloo station



Reuters

*National Windrush Monument*, Basil Watson

The monument shows a man, woman and child standing on top of suitcases and pays tribute to the thousands of people who arrived in the UK from Caribbean countries between 1948 and 1971. The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge joined those from the Windrush generation, their families and local schoolchildren to unveil the statue and the Queen sent a message of congratulations.

Source : <https://www.bbc.co.uk/newsround/61891772>

### Document 4

5 The Windrush scandal was a British political scandal which began in 2018 concerning people who were wrongly detained, denied legal rights, threatened with deportation, and in at least 83 cases deported from the UK by the Home Office. Many of those affected had been born British subjects and had arrived in the UK before 1973, particularly from Caribbean countries, as members of the "Windrush generation" (so named after the *Empire Windrush*, the ship that brought one of the first groups of West Indian migrants to the UK in 1948). [...] Despite a compensation scheme being announced in December 2018, by November 2021, only an estimated 5% of victims had received any compensation and 23 of those eligible had died before receiving payments.

Source : [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Windrush\\_scandal](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Windrush_scandal)

## Questions

La question 1 est à rédiger en anglais. Les questions 2 et 3 sont à rédiger en français.

- 1) Analyse the four documents and comment on the ways they express and illustrate the theme they have in common.
- 2) Vous présenterez une séquence pédagogique en prenant appui sur tout ou partie de ces documents et en lien avec la thématique identifiée. Vous prendrez en compte les besoins linguistiques et culturels des élèves de la classe à laquelle s'adresse votre séquence.
- 3) À partir du segment souligné, vous analyserez le fait de langue identifié et présenterez son application didactique.

***Their feet might have been stepping on London soil for the first time*** – *their shaking sea legs wobbling them on the steadfast land – but it was wonder that lifted their eyes.* (doc.1, l. 1-2)