

CONCOURS GÉNÉRAL DES LYCÉES

SESSION 2025

VERSION ET COMPOSITION EN LANGUE ANGLAISE

(Classes de terminale voie générale et toutes séries technologiques)

Durée : 5 heures

L'usage de tout dictionnaire est interdit

Consignes aux candidats

- Ne pas utiliser d'encre claire
- N'utiliser ni colle, ni agrafe
- Ne joindre aucun brouillon
- Ne pas composer dans la marge
- Numéroté chaque page en bas à droite (numéro de page / nombre total de pages)
- Sur chaque copie, renseigner l'en-tête + l'identification du concours :

Concours / Examen : CGL Epreuve : Anglais Matière : ANGL Session : 2025

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CORRECTIF

Information à transmettre aux candidats et à écrire au tableau

Page 3 : **Translation into French:**

Au lieu de :

From “What made a woman who named herself and her daughter after flowers call her grandson a dog?” (line 57) to “A name, thin as air, can also be a shield.” (line 67).

Lire :

From “What made a woman who named herself and her daughter after flowers call her grandson a dog?” **(line 55)** to “A name, thin as air, can also be a shield.” **(line 64)**.

In a previous draft of this letter, one I've since deleted, I told you how I came to be a writer. How I, the first in our family to go to college, squandered it on a degree in English. How I fled my shitty high school to spend my days in New York lost in library stacks, reading obscure texts by dead people, most of whom never dreamed a face like mine floating over their sentences—and least of all that those sentences would save me. But none of that matters now. What matters is that all of it, even if I didn't know it then, brought me here, to this page, to tell you everything you'll never know.

What happened was that I was a boy once and bruiseless. I was eight when I stood in the one-bedroom apartment in Hartford staring at Grandma Lan's sleeping face. Despite being your mother, she is nothing like you; her skin three shades darker, the color of dirt after a rainstorm, spread over a skeletal face whose eyes shone like chipped glass. I can't say what made me leave the green pile of army men and walk over to where she lay under a blanket on the hardwood, arms folded across her chest. Her eyes moved behind their lids as she slept. Her forehead, lashed deep with lines, marked her fifty-six years. A fly landed on the side of her mouth, then skittered to the edge of her purplish lips. Her left cheek spasmed a few seconds. The skin, pocked with large black pores, rippled in the sunlight. I had never seen so much movement in sleep before—except in dogs who run in dreams none of us will ever know.

But it was stillness, I realize now, that I sought, not of her body, which kept ticking as she slept, but of her mind. Only in this twitching quiet did her brain, wild and explosive during waking hours, cool itself into something like calm. I'm watching a stranger, I thought, one whose lips creased into an expression of contentment alien to the Lan I knew awake, the one whose sentences rambled and rattled out of her, her schizophrenia only worse now since the war. But wildness is how I had always known her. Ever since I could remember, she flickered before me, dipping in and out of sense. Which was why, studying her now, tranquil in the afternoon light, was like looking back in time.

The eye opened. Glazed by a milky film of sleep, it widened to hold my image. I stood against myself, pinned by the shaft of light through the window. Then the second eye opened, this one slightly pink but clearer. "You hungry, Little Dog?" she asked, her face expressionless, as if still asleep.

I nodded.

"What should we eat in a time like this?" She gestured around the room.

A rhetorical question, I decided, and bit my lip.

But I was wrong. "I said *What* can we eat?" She sat up, her shoulder-length hair splayed out behind her like a cartoon character just blasted with TNT. She crawled over, squatted before the toy army men, picked one up from the pile, pinched it between her fingers, and studied it. Her nails, perfectly painted and manicured by you, with your usual precision, were the only unblemished thing about her. Decorous and ruby-glossed, they stood out from her callused and chapped knuckles as she held the soldier, a radio operator, and examined it as though a newly unearthed artifact.

A radio mounted to his back, the soldier crouches on one knee, shouting forever into the receiver. His attire suggests he's fighting in WWII. "Who yoo arrgh, messeur?"

45 she asked the plastic man in broken English and French. In one jerking motion, she pressed his radio to her ear and listened intently, her eyes on me. “You know what they telling me, Little Dog?” she whispered in Vietnamese. “They say—” She dipped her head to one side, leaned in to me, her breath a mix of Ricola cough drops and the meaty scent of sleep, the little green man’s head swallowed by her ear. “They say good soldiers only win when their grandmas feed them.” She let out a single, clipped
50 cackle—then stopped, her expression suddenly blank, and placed the radio man in my hand, closed it into a fist. Like that she rose and shuffled off to the kitchen, her sandals clapping behind her. I clutched the message, the plastic antennae stabbing my palm as the sound of reggae, muffled through a neighbor’s wall, seeped into the room.

55 I have and have had many names. Little Dog was what Lan called me. What made a woman who named herself and her daughter after flowers call her grandson a dog? A woman who watches out for her own, that’s who. As you know, in the village where Lan grew up, a child, often the smallest or weakest of the flock, as I was, is named after the most despicable things: demon, ghost child, pig snout, monkey-born,
60 buffalo head, bastard—little dog being the more tender one. Because evil spirits, roaming the land for healthy, beautiful children, would hear the name of something hideous and ghastly being called in for supper and pass over the house, sparing the child. To love something, then, is to name it after something so worthless it might be left untouched—and alive. A name, thin as air, can also be a shield. A Little Dog shield.

Ocean Vuong, *On Earth We're Briefly Gorgeous*, 2019

Questions to be answered in the following order:

- 1) Study the writer’s use of contrast in the portrait of his grandmother.
- 2) Discuss the themes of place and displacement in the extract.
- 3) “All of it [...] brought me here, to this page”: Analyse the purposes of the letter.
- 4) Why write? Use examples from the English-speaking world.

Translation into French:

From “What made a woman who named herself and her daughter after flowers call her grandson a dog?” (line 57) to “A name, thin as air, can also be a shield.” (line 67).

