

Compréhension de l'oral, de l'écrit et expression écrite

L'ensemble du sujet porte sur l'**axe 1** du programme : **Identités et échanges**.

Il s'organise en trois parties :

- 1. Compréhension de l'oral ;**
- 2. Compréhension de l'écrit ;**
- 3. Expression écrite.**

Afin de respecter l'anonymat de votre copie, vous ne devez pas signer votre composition, ni citer votre nom, celui d'un camarade ou celui de votre établissement.

Vous disposez tout d'abord de **cinq minutes** pour prendre connaissance de **la composition** de l'ensemble du dossier et des **consignes** qui vous sont données.

Vous allez entendre trois fois le document de la partie 1 (compréhension de l'oral).

Les écoutes seront espacées d'une minute.

Vous pouvez prendre des notes pendant les écoutes.

À l'issue de la troisième écoute, vous organiserez votre temps (**1h30**) comme vous le souhaitez pour rendre compte **en français** du document oral et pour traiter **en anglais** la compréhension de l'écrit (partie 2) et le sujet d'expression écrite (partie 3).

Modèle CCYC : ©DNE

Nom de famille (naissance) :


(Suivi s'il y a lieu, du nom d'usage)

Prénom(s) :

N° candidat : N° d'inscription :

(Les numéros figurent sur la convocation.)

Né(e) le : / /



1.1

Les documents :

- **Document audio**

Titre : *The Paradox of Latino University Students*

Source : *NPR*, April 27, 2018

- **Texte**

Home gradually began to feel more distant, almost like a place in my imagination. While I was in college, I kept up with a few of my high school friends, most especially Santita, who'd landed at Howard University in Washington, D.C. I went to visit her there over a long weekend and we laughed and had deep conversations, same as we always had. Howard's campus was urban – "Girl, you're still in the hood¹!" I teased, after a giant rat charged past us outside her dorm—and its student population, twice the size of Princeton's, was almost entirely black. I envied Santita for the fact she was not isolated by her race—she didn't have to feel that everyday drain of being in a deep minority – but still, I was content returning to the emerald lawns and vaulted stone archways of Princeton, even if few people there could relate to my background.

I was majoring in sociology, pulling good grades. I started dating a football player who was smart and spontaneous, who liked to have fun. Suzanne and I were now rooming with another friend, Angela Kennedy, a wiry, fast-talking kid from Washington, D.C. Angela had a quick, wacky wit² and made a game of making us laugh. Despite being an urban black girl, she dressed like a preppy³ out of central casting, wearing saddle shoes and pink sweaters and somehow managing to pull off the look.

I was from one world but now lived fully in another, one in which people fretted about⁴ their LSAT⁵ scores and their squash games. It was a tension that never quite went away. At school, when anyone asked where I was from, I answered, "Chicago." And to make clear that I wasn't one of the kids who came from well-heeled northern suburbs like Evanston or Winnetka and staked some false claim on Chicago, I would add, with a touch of pride or maybe defiance, "the South Side." I knew that if those words conjured anything at all, it was probably stereotyped images of a black ghetto, given that gang battles and violence in housing projects were what most often showed up in the news. But again, I was trying, if only half consciously, to represent the alternative. I belonged at Princeton, as much as anybody. And I came from the South Side of Chicago. It felt important to say out loud.



30 For me, the South Side was something entirely different from what got shown on TV. It was home. And home was our apartment on Euclid Avenue, with its fading carpet and low ceilings, my dad kicked back in the bucket of his easy chair. It was our tiny yard with Robbie's blooming flowers and the stone bench where, what seemed like eons ago, I'd kissed that boy Ronnell. Home was my past, connected by gossamer threads to where I was now. [...]

35 I was meeting kids from East Coast cities whose roots were Puerto Rican, Cuban, and Dominican. Czerny's relatives came from Haiti. One of my good friends, David Maynard, had been born into a wealthy Bahamian family. And there was Suzanne, with her Nigerian birth certificate and her collection of beloved aunties in Jamaica. We were all different, our lineages half buried or maybe just half forgotten. We didn't talk about our ancestry. Why would we? We were young, focused only on the future though of
40 course we knew nothing of what lay ahead.

Michelle Obama, *Becoming*, 2018

1. short for "neighborhood"
2. *esprit vif*
3. *bon chic bon genre*
4. *se faire du souci pour*
5. Law School Admission Test = *examen d'entrée à une faculté de droit*

