

CAPES/CAFEP EXTERNE D'ANGLAIS SESSION 2016

EPREUVE DE MISE EN SITUATION PROFESSIONNELLE

Première partie :

Vous procéderez à la présentation, à l'étude et à la mise en relation des trois documents proposés (A, B, C non hiérarchisés).

Deuxième partie :

Cette partie de l'épreuve porte sur les documents A et B.

A partir de ces supports, vous définirez des objectifs communicationnels, culturels et linguistiques pouvant être retenus dans une séquence pédagogique en cycle terminal, en vous référant aux programmes. En vous appuyant sur la spécificité de ces supports, vous dégagerez des stratégies pour développer les compétences de communication des élèves.

Document A

Ce document est à visionner sur le lecteur qui vous a été remis.

Video: Trailer of *Pirates of the Caribbean: Curse of the Black Pearl* (Gore Verbinski, 2003)

Lien : <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=G7z74BvLWUg>

Document B

SQUIRE TRELAWNEY, Dr. Livesey, and the rest of these gentlemen having asked me to write down the whole particulars about Treasure Island, from the beginning to the end, keeping nothing back but the bearings of the island, and that only because there is still treasure not yet lifted, I take up my pen in the year of grace 17__ and go back to the time when my father kept the Admiral Benbow inn and the brown old seaman with the sabre cut first took up his lodging under our roof.

I remember him as if it were yesterday, as he came plodding to the inn door, his sea-chest following behind him in a hand-barrow—a tall, strong, heavy, nut-brown man, his tarry pigtail falling over the shoulder of his soiled blue coat, his hands ragged and scarred, with black, broken nails, and the sabre cut across one cheek, a dirty, livid white. I remember him looking round the cover and whistling to himself as he did so, and then breaking out in that old sea-song that he sang so often afterwards:

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest--
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

in the high, old tottering voice that seemed to have been tuned and broken at the capstan bars. Then he rapped on the door with a bit of stick like a handspike that he carried, and when my father appeared, called roughly for a glass of rum. This, when it was brought to him, he drank slowly, like a connoisseur, lingering on the taste and still looking about him at the cliffs and up at our signboard. (...)

How that personage haunted my dreams, I need scarcely tell you. On stormy nights, when the wind shook the four corners of the house and the surf roared along the cove and up the cliffs, I would see him in a thousand forms, and with a thousand diabolical expressions. Now the leg would be cut off at the knee, now at the hip; now he was a monstrous kind of a creature who had never had but the one leg, and that in the middle of his body. To see him leap and run and pursue me over hedge and ditch was the worst of nightmares. And altogether I paid pretty dear for my monthly fourpenny piece, in the shape of these abominable fancies.

But though I was so terrified by the idea of the seafaring man with one leg, I was far less afraid of the captain himself than anybody else who knew him. There were nights when he took a deal more rum and water than his head would carry; and then he would sometimes sit and sing his wicked, old, wild sea-songs, minding nobody; but sometimes he would call for glasses round and force all the trembling company to listen to his stories or bear a chorus to his singing. Often I have heard the house shaking with "Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum," all the neighbours joining in for dear life, with the fear of death upon them, and each singing louder than the other to avoid remark. For in these fits he was the most overriding companion ever known; he would slap his hand on the table for silence all round; he would fly up in a passion of anger at a question, or sometimes because none was put, and so he judged the company was not following his story. Nor would he allow anyone to leave the inn till he had drunk himself sleepy and reeled off to bed.

His stories were what frightened people worst of all. Dreadful stories they were—about hanging, and walking the plank, and storms at sea, and the Dry Tortugas, and wild deeds and

places on the Spanish Main. By his own account he must have lived his life among some of the wickedest men that God ever allowed upon the sea, and the language in which he told these stories shocked our plain country people almost as much as the crimes that he described. My father was always saying the inn would be ruined, for people would soon cease coming there to be tyrannized over and put down, and sent shivering to their beds; but I really believe his presence did us good. People were frightened at the time, but on looking back they rather liked it; it was a fine excitement in a quiet country life, and there was even a party of the younger men who pretended to admire him, calling him a "true sea-dog" and a "real old salt" and such like names, and saying there was the sort of man that made England terrible at sea.

Robert L. Stevenson, *Treasure Island* (1883)

Document C

Now we are to begin a History full of surprizing Turns and Adventures; I mean, that of Mary Read and Anne Bonny, alias Bonn, which were the true Names of these two Pyrates; the odd Incidents of their rambling Lives are such, that some may be tempted to think the whole Story no better than a Novel or Romance; but since it is supported by many thousand Witnesses, I mean the People of Jamaica, who were present at their Tryals, and heard the Story of their Lives, (...) the Truth of it can be no more contested, than that there were such Men in the World, as Roberts and Black-beard, who were Pyrates.

Mary Read was born in England, her Mother was married young, to a Man who used the Sea, who going a Voyage soon after their Marriage, left her with Child, which Child proved to be a Boy. As to the Husband, whether he was cast away, or died in the Voyage, Mary Read could not tell; but however, he never returned more; nevertheless, the Mother, who was young and airy, met with an Accident, which has often happened to Women who are young, and do not take a great deal of Care; which was, she soon proved with Child again, without a Husband to Father it, but how, or by whom, none but her self could tell, for she carried a pretty good Reputation among her Neighbours. (...) Soon after her Departure her Son died, but Providence in Return, was pleased to give her a Girl in his Room, of which she was safely delivered, in her Retreat, and this was our Mary Read.

(...) The changing a Girl into a Boy, seem'd a difficult Piece of Work, and how to deceive an experienced old Woman, in such a Point, was altogether as impossible; however, she ventured to dress it up as a Boy, brought it to Town, and presented it to her Mother in Law, as her Husband's Son; (...)

Thus the Mother gained her Point, she bred up her Daughter as a Boy, and when she grew up to some Sense, she thought proper to let her into the Secret of her Birth, to induce her to conceal her Sex. (...) being now thirteen Years of Age: Here she did not live long, for growing bold and strong, and having also a roving Mind, she entered her self on Board a Man of War, (...) and tho' upon all Actions, she behaved herself with a great deal of Bravery, (...) she behaved so well in several Engagements, that she got the Esteem of all her Officers; but her Comrade who was a Fleming, happening to be a handsome young Fellow, she falls in Love with him.

(...) The Story of two Troopers marrying each other, made a great Noise, so that several Officers were drawn by Curiosity to assist at the Ceremony (...) But this Happiness lasted not long, for the Husband soon died, (...) so that the Widow having little or no Trade, was forced to give up House-keeping, and her Substance being by Degrees quite spent, she again assumes her Man's Apparel, and (...) ships herself on Board of a Vessel bound for the West-Indies.

35 It happen'd this Ship was taken by English Pyrates, and Mary Read was the only English
Person on Board, they kept her amongst them, and having plundered the Ship, let it go again;
after following this Trade for some Time, the King's Proclamation came out, and was publish'd
in all Parts of the West-Indies, for pardoning such Pyrates, who should voluntarily surrender
40 themselves by a certain Day therein mentioned. The Crew of Mary Read took the Benefit of
this Proclamation, and having surrender'd, liv'd quietly on Shore; but Money beginning to grow
short, and hearing that Captain Woods Rogers, Governor of the Island of Providence, was
fitting out some Privateers to cruise against the Spaniards, she with several others embark'd for
that Island, in order to go upon the privateering Account, being resolved to make her Fortune
one way or other.

45 These Privateers were no sooner sail'd out, but the Crews of some of them, who had been
pardoned, rose against their Commanders, and turned themselves to their old Trade: In this
Number was Mary Read. It is true, she often declared, that the Life of a Pirate was what she
always abhor'd, and went into it only upon Compulsion, both this Time, and before, intending
to quit it, whenever a fair Opportunity should offer it self; yet some of the Evidence against her,
50 upon her Tryal, who were forced Men, and had sailed with her, deposed upon Oath, that in
Times of Action, no Person amongst them were more resolute, or ready to Board or undertake
any Thing that was hazardous, as she.

(...) It is no doubt, but many had Compassion for her, yet the Court could not avoid finding
her Guilty; (...) Being found quick with Child, as has been observed, her Execution was
55 respited, and it is possible she would have found Favour, but she was seiz'd with a violent
Fever, soon after her Tryal, of which she died in Prison.

Charles Johnson, *A General History of the Robberies and Murders of the Most Notorious
Pirates*, Ch. Rivington (1724), pp.157-165