

## ÉPREUVE DE LEÇON

### **Première partie :**

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

### **Seconde partie :**

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

À partir de ces supports, vous définirez des objectifs communicationnels, culturels et linguistiques pouvant être retenus dans une séquence pédagogique en classe de Sixième, 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

As for me, words and stories shaped the contours of my childhood, and from the start they mattered, even before I knew what they meant. An elderly cousin told me about a child who was bundled up in a fur-trimmed white hood, strapped into a perambulator, and wheeled ceremoniously back and forth on frosty mornings in Riverside Park on New York's Upper West Side. The granddaughter of immigrants on her father's side, she would astonish passersby with impromptu renditions of the Preamble to the U.S. Constitution. At bedtime, she heard poetry, not just stories: Robert Louis Stevenson, Eugene Field. A. A. Milne, Rudyard Kipling, Robert Frost.

I waited for the effect of my mother's voice. Modulated and mellifluous, it filled me with sounds, images, and wistful longings. It made me sad and happy all at once. Even now sometimes, reading to children makes me cry, and one of my daughters, when she was small, would cast furtive glances at me during long pauses in my reading—silences that gave me away.

Lying perfectly still beside my mother with her voice in my ears, I floated off to lands where pastel-colored gumdrops cascaded from silvery trees and turreted stone castles rose out of landscapes carpeted in the deepest of green. Witches cackled and grimaced; shy boys gave their knitted caps to princesses. Ogres menaced me with gaping mouths and guttural roars. Stalwart toy soldiers perished, their paper hats askew. Flowers with human faces erupted into bursts of tinkling laughter. Rocking horses teased their riders. A delicate lady in black rescued an elephant that had lost its mother. Another elephant asked a crocodile what it ate for breakfast on the banks of a great gray-green greasy river all set about with fever trees. A woman gave birth to a mouse. I shivered when Carabosse, the uninvited fairy, cast her hundred-year spell and tasted the drops of blood that fell from Sleeping Beauty's finger. Lonely and shy, I longed to be cared for, like the Darling children, by a furry Nana or to have a fairy godmother or a turbaned genie of my own.

Words determined my childhood loves. My father's oldest brother, Nathan, was my favorite uncle. I begged to sit next to him at family dinners because of his prodigious vocabulary. He specialized in arcane polysyllabic words and was fond of quoting as he launched into complex sagas with Homeric flourishes. He was never condescending to children. After dinner, he would indulge in aromatic cigars, the traces of their scent clinging to his scratchy tweeds. When my direct gaze met his, he responded with a knowing twinkle. Seated beside him, I felt enveloped not only by his mysterious words but by his bulk, his aroma, and by my primitive sensation that he was, because of his linguistic gifts, a font of limitless mental adventure.

My second-favorite uncle was Phil, who hailed from England and was actually named Lazarus, an eerie appellation to me long before I heard the story from which it came. Uncle Phil had an odd, clipped way of speaking and an impediment that made him sound as though he were hissing. Taking my beribboned sister on one knee and me on his other, he would regale us with cunningly crafted renditions of the great European fairy tales. Especially thrilling was his retelling of "Rumpelstiltskin". Astonishingly inventive, he could make the terrified queen guess dozens of names, each more exotic than the one before. Streams of names poured effortlessly from his lips until finally in the end when the dwarf had to be recognized by the queen, Uncle Phil would pronounce "RUMPLESTILTSKIN" in stentorian tones, enunciating the sibilants with his irrepressible hiss, and then let go suddenly, dropping us from his knees to the floor below, where we collapsed in a heap (falling down like the dwarf himself), only to plead for a repeat performance.

What about you? As you mull over your own childhood, why not try to recall the arts experiences that mattered to you. Recently, I polled my fellow scholars at the Clark Art Institute in Williamstown, Massachusetts, and they gave evocative replies. One, who grew up in Paris and travels regularly to Greece, works today in the field of classical archaeology. After only a moment, he was able to describe a book he had been given as a prize when he was six years old. It was Homer's *Odyssey*, and its front cover displayed a striking image of the prow of a trireme ship with the hero, Odysseus, his arms crossed, proudly stationed at the helm. My colleague treasured the book for years and believes that somewhere, in a box, he possesses it still. He feels it played a key role in determining his profession and the focus of his subsequent writing and research.

Ellen Handler SPITZ, *The Brightening Glance – Imagination and Childhood*,  
New York, Pantheon Books, 2006, pp.26-28.

*For Geraldine, Joe, Naomi,  
Eddie, Laura and Isaac  
M.R.*

*For Amelia  
H.O.*

First published 1989 by  
Walker Books Ltd, 87 Vauxhall Walk,  
London SE11 5HJ

This edition published 1993  
20 19

Text © 1989 Michael Rosen  
Illustrations © 1989 Helen Oxenbury

This book has been typeset in Veronan Light Educational.

Printed in Hong Kong

British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data  
A catalogue record for this book is  
available from the British Library.


ISBN 0-7445-2323-0



# *We're Going on a Bear Hunt*

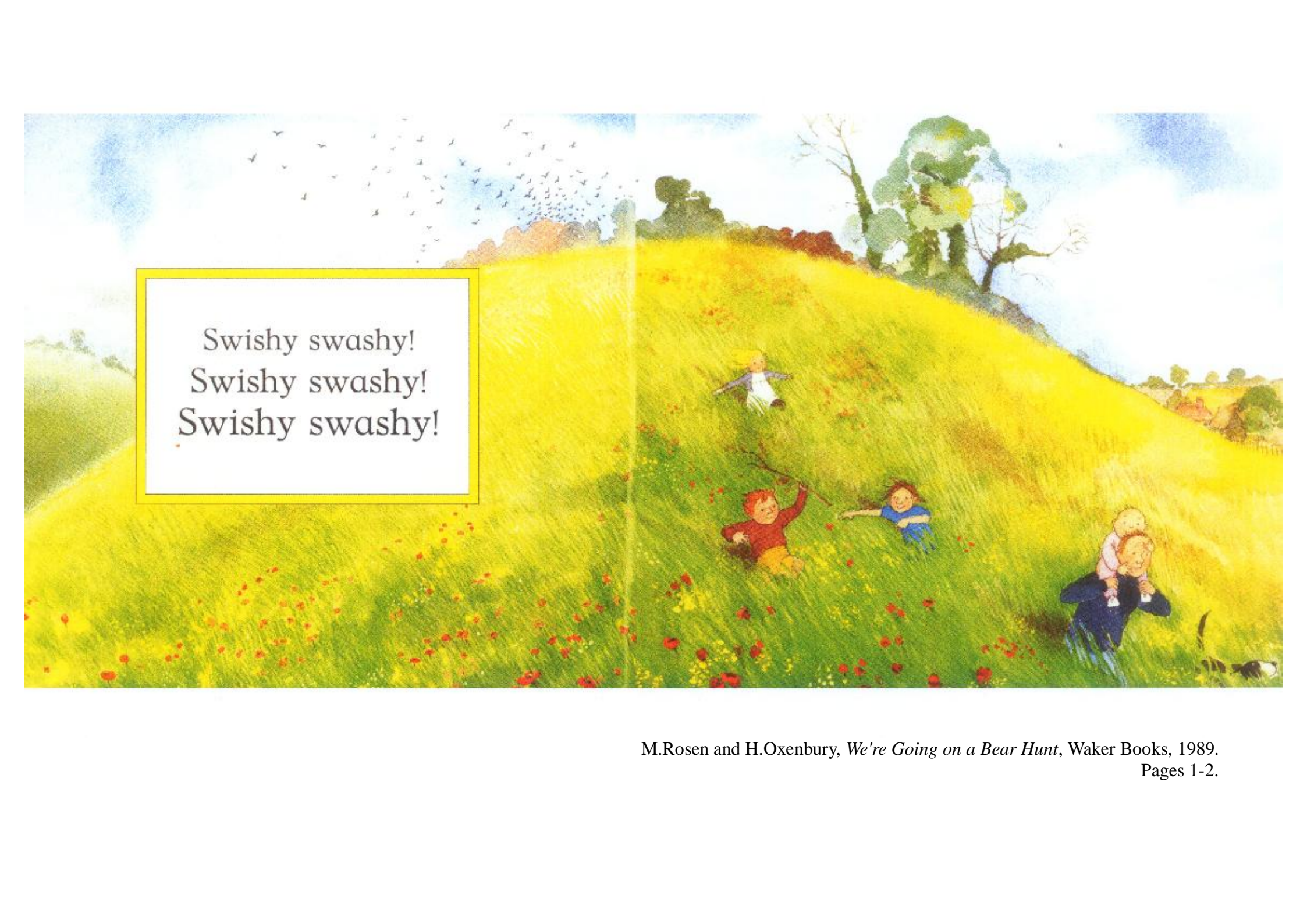
*Retold by  
Michael Rosen*

*Illustrated by  
Helen Oxenbury*

  
WALKER BOOKS  
AND SUBSIDIARIES  
LONDON • BOSTON • SYDNEY

DOCUMENT B

M.Rosen and H.Oxenbury, *We're Going on a Bear Hunt*, Waker Books, 1989.  
Cover pages.



Swishy swashy!  
Swishy swashy!  
Swishy swashy!

M.Rosen and H.Oxenbury, *We're Going on a Bear Hunt*, Waker Books, 1989.  
Pages 1-2.

DOCUMENT C

Michael Rosen, *We're Going on a Bear Hunt*, 2007.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ytc0U2Wz4s>

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