

SESSION 2014

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**CAPLP  
CONCOURS EXTERNE  
ET CAFEP**

**Section : LANGUES VIVANTES – LETTRES  
ANGLAIS – LETTRES**

**ANGLAIS**

Durée : 5 heures

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*L'usage de tout ouvrage de référence, de tout dictionnaire et de tout matériel électronique (y compris la calculatrice) est rigoureusement interdit.*

*Dans le cas où un(e) candidat(e) repère ce qui lui semble être une erreur d'énoncé, il (elle) le signale très lisiblement sur sa copie, propose la correction et poursuit l'épreuve en conséquence.*

*De même, si cela vous conduit à formuler une ou plusieurs hypothèses, il vous est demandé de la (ou les) mentionner explicitement.*

***NB : La copie que vous rendrez ne devra, conformément au principe d'anonymat, comporter aucun signe distinctif, tel que nom, signature, origine, etc. Si le travail qui vous est demandé comporte notamment la rédaction d'un projet ou d'une note, vous devrez impérativement vous abstenir de signer ou de l'identifier.***

**Tournez la page S.V.P.**

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CAPLP  
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Section : Langues vivantes-Lettres

Anglais

**RECTIFICATIF**

**Page 3, ligne 17 :**

Thème

Au lieu de :  
"vielle "

Lire :  
"vieille"

**COMMENTAIRE GUIDÉ, EN LANGUE ÉTRANGÈRE,  
D'UN TEXTE EN LANGUE ÉTRANGÈRE**

*Paying particular attention to the narrator's viewpoint, the structure, the allusions and references to the Indian community in the United Kingdom, comment on this passage.*

Miss Blake was blind and always at her gate when the children returned from school and the commuters from work. Some of the other kids would cry out at her – 'She's playing a blinder today!' – but she would continue to stand there, a pure, inane smile on her lips. Sometimes, Ali walked around his bedroom with his eyes closed and his hands out in front, trying to know  
5 what it was like for her. He had visited her a lot lately, needing a few pennies. In return, she asked to hear what he'd done at school and what he thought of his friends. He had begun to enjoy his monologues; it was like keeping a diary out loud. Whatever he said, she would listen. It was odd, but he spoke to her more than he did to anyone else.

He tapped on the front window. 'Hi, Miss Blake.'

10 'Come on in, Alan, dear.'

She thought his name was Alan. He enjoyed being Alan for a while; it was a relief. Sometimes he went all day being Alan.

He followed her into the kitchen which had patches of curling lino over the bare floorboards. The kitchen couldn't have been painted for twenty years and it smelled of gas. To  
15 keep warm, Miss Blake always kept the stove lit. She knew where everything was in the house, just by touch. The radio was playing wartime big-band music.

She got him a glass of water which he tried never to drink, the glass was so filthy, and he placed it next to the metal box in which she kept her change. She always seemed to have plenty of coins. She was meant to have paintings inherited from her family, and in the  
20 neighbourhood it was rumoured that, unable to see them, she had sold them.

She sat there, waiting for him to speak.

At first, he thought he would tell her about the visit of his family and the restaurants they'd all been to; how they'd seen the zoo, Madame Tussaud's and Hyde Park. But he had never mentioned his Indian connection before. She didn't know he was half-Indian; she was the only  
25 person he knew who wasn't aware of this.

He had no idea of her real age. She could have been in her forties; she could have been in her early thirties. It was all the same to him.

'Alan, light me one up,' she said.

He pulled out a Players Number Six for her, and she took it and placed it in her mouth. She  
30 smoked heavily, and liked him to light her fags so she could hang on to his hand with hers.

'Where you bin?' she said.

'Busy, busy, busy,' he said.

She leaned forward. 'It's good to be busy. Doin' what?'

He told her about the visit of his uncle, auntie and cousins. He told her the whole thing,  
35 dropping in the fact they were from India. She listened attentively, as she always did, with one of her ears, rather than her eyes, pointed at him; he found himself speaking to the side of her head, to her wispy long hair and the lopsided smile.

Hanif Kureishi, *The Body*, 2002

## THÈME

\_ C'est votre premier voyage à Malderney ? crie le capitaine, ses mains noiraudes vissées au gouvernail.

L'inconnu ne répond pas. Debout à l'avant du ferry, enrobé dans un trench-coat râpé, coiffé d'une casquette en vieux tweed, il rappelle la proue d'un drakkar.

5 \_ Vous connaissez les îles anglo-normandes ? insiste le marin, en grattant son œil gauche où s'est logé un cocon d'écume.

L'homme ne daigne pas se retourner. Tout juste resserre-t-il son écharpe, permettant au capitaine d'entrevoir un cou décharné et presque à vif, bientôt caché par l'épaisse laine bleu nuit.

10 "Et vous n'avez pas trop chaud ?" s'apprête à demander encore le marin. Mais à quoi bon ? Voilà bientôt une demi-heure qu'ils ont quitté le port de Diélette, et l'unique passager n'a pas articulé la moindre syllabe. Lorsque le vieux Damien Fortin, capitaine du *Duc de Normandie*, le charmant petit ferry Diélette-Malderney, est arrivé au port, ce matin, l'homme était déjà assis sur le vieux banc rouge délavé, face au bateau. Posé entre deux valises rapiécées, il fixait  
15 l'horizon.

"Pas grand monde, pour un 1<sup>er</sup> août", a songé Fortin en hissant son vélo dans le bateau. Sa vieille maison du port ayant été bombardée en 1944, voilà cinq ans qu'il partage un immeuble communautaire construit à la diable dans les ruines de Flamanville, à deux kilomètres ; une chance que son bateau ait échappé au carnage, sinon c'était le chômage, comme pour tant de  
20 Normands depuis l'armistice.

Sans un mot, l'inconnu a acheté son billet, puis s'est tassé à l'avant du petit esquif, sur l'un des rares sièges vissés au plancher.

L'aube est prodigieuse de clarté. Une de ces aurores normandes, où les flots virent de turquoise en émeraude. Pas de vent, mais un souffle câlin, presque tendre, que dérangent à  
25 peine les cris des mouettes et les vibrations ratées du moteur. Ce petit ronronnement est bien poétique, bien discret, à côté des mugissements qui ont défigurés la côte, pendant la guerre.

"Interdit de littoral" – telle était la formule –, le capitaine Damien Fortin avait dû se reconverter dans la limonade.

Nicolas d'Estienne d'Orves, *Les fidélités successives*, 2012