

Agrégation interne d'anglais

Session 2024

Épreuve EPC

**Exposé de la préparation
d'un cours**

**EPC
413**

Ce sujet comprend 3 documents :

- Document 1 : Jack London, *The Call of the Wild*, London, Puffin Books, 2008 [1903].
- Document 2 : Simon Cellan Jones, *Klondike*, Part 1, chapter 1, Discovery Channel, 2014.
- Document 3 : Melanie J. Mayer, *Klondike Women*, book cover, Swallow Press, 1989.

Compte tenu des caractéristiques de ce dossier et des différentes possibilités d'exploitation qu'il offre, vous indiquerez à quel niveau d'apprentissage vous pourriez le destiner et quels objectifs vous vous fixeriez. Vous présenterez et justifierez votre démarche pour atteindre ces objectifs.

Document 1 : Jack London, *The Call of the Wild*, London, Puffin Books, 2008 [1903], pp. 109 – 112.

When Buck earned sixteen hundred dollars in five minutes for John Thornton, he made it possible for his master to pay off certain debts and to journey with his partners into the East after a fabled lost mine, the history of which was as old as the history of the country. Many men had sought it; 5 few had found it; and more than a few there were who had never returned from the quest.

This lost mine was steeped in tragedy and shrouded in mystery. No one knew of the first man. The oldest tradition stopped before it got back to him. From the beginning there had been an ancient and ramshackle 10 cabin. Dying men had sworn to it, and to the mine the site of which it marked, clinching their testimony with nuggets that were unlike any known grade of gold in the Northland.

But no living man had looted this treasure house, and the dead were dead; wherefore John Thornton and Pete and Hans, with Buck and half a 15 dozen other dogs, faced into the East on an unknown trail to achieve where men and dogs as good as themselves had failed. They sledded seventy miles up the Yukon, swung to the left into the Stewart River, passed the Mayo and the McQuestion, and held on until the Stewart itself became a streamlet, threading the upstanding peaks which marked the backbone of 20 the continent.

John Thornton asked little of man or nature. He was unafraid of the wild. With a handful of salt and a rifle he could plunge into the wilderness and fare wherever he pleased and as long as he pleased. Being in no haste, he hunted his dinner in the course of the day's travel; and if he failed to 25 find it, he kept on travelling, secure in the knowledge that sooner or later he would come to it. So, on this great journey into the East, straight meat was the bill of fare, ammunition and tools principally made up the load on the sled, and the time-card was drawn upon the limitless future.

To Buck it was boundless delight, this hunting, fishing, and indefinite 30 wandering through strange places. For weeks at a time they would hold on steadily, day after day; and for weeks upon end they would camp, here and there, the dogs loafing and the men burning holes through frozen muck and gravel and washing countless pans of dirt by the heat of the fire. Sometimes they went hungry, sometimes they feasted riotously, all according to the 35 abundance of game and the fortune of hunting. Summer arrived, and dogs and men packed on their backs, rafted across blue mountain lakes, and descended or ascended unknown rivers in slender boats whipsawed from the standing forest.

The months came and went, and back and forth they twisted through
40 the uncharted vastness, where no men were and yet where men had been
if the Lost Cabin were true. They went across divides in summer blizzards,
shivered under the midnight sun on naked mountains between the timber
line and the eternal snows, dropped into summer valleys amid swarming
gnats and flies, and in the shadows of glaciers picked strawberries and
45 flowers as ripe and fair as any the Southland could boast. In the fall of the
year they penetrated a weird lake country, sad and silent, where wildfowl
had been, but where then there was no life nor sign of life—only the blowing
of chill winds, the forming of ice in sheltered places, and the melancholy
rippling of waves on lonely beaches.

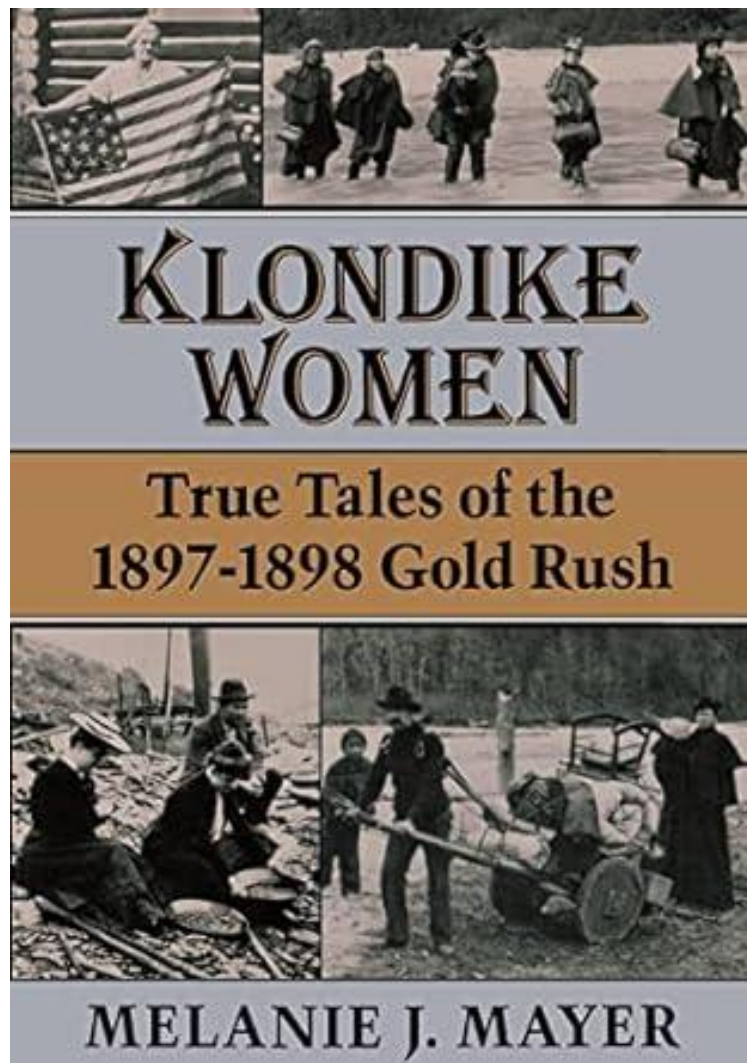
50 And through another winter they wandered on the obliterated trails of
men who had gone before. Once, they came upon a path blazed through
the forest, an ancient path, and the Lost Cabin seemed very near. But the
path began nowhere and ended nowhere, and it remained mystery, as the
man who made it and the reason he made it remained mystery. Another
55 time they chanced upon the time-graven wreckage of a hunting lodge, and
amid the shreds of rotted blankets John Thornton found a long-barrelled
flint-lock. He knew it for a Hudson Bay Company gun of the young days in
the Northwest, when such a gun was worth its height in beaver skins packed
flat. And that was all—no hint as to the man who in an early day had reared
60 the lodge and left the gun among the blankets.

Spring came on once more, and at the end of all their wandering they
found, not the Lost Cabin, but a shallow place in a broad valley where the
gold showed like yellow butter across the bottom of the washing-pan. They
sought no farther. Each day they worked earned them thousands of dollars
65 in clean dust and nuggets, and they worked every day. The gold was sacked
in moosehide bags, fifty pounds to the bag, and piled like so much firewood
outside the spruce-bough lodge. Like giants they toiled, days flashing on
the heels of days like dreams as they heaped the treasure up.

Document 2 : Simon Cellan Jones, *Klondike*, Part 1, chapter 1, Discovery Channel, 2014.

Document vidéo (2'48") à consulter sur la tablette multimédia fournie.

Document 3 : Melanie J. Mayer, *Klondike Women*, book cover, Swallow Press, 1989.



Document iconographique également consultable sur la tablette multimédia fournie.