

**Agrégation interne d'anglais**

**Session 2025**

**Épreuve EPC**

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

**EPC**

**731**

Ce sujet comprend 4 documents :

- Document 1 : Salman Rushdie, *Midnight's Children*, Vintage Classics, Penguin, 1981, p. 1-2.
- Document 2 : Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*, Penguin Classics, 1850, p. 1.
- Document 3 : Barbara Kingsolver, *Demon Copperhead*, Chapter 1, Harper Collins, 2022, p. 1-2.
- Document 4 : Ford Madox-Brown, *Take your Son, Sir!*, 1851-1856, Tate Gallery, London

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** : Salman Rushdie, *Midnight's Children*, Vintage Classics, Penguin, 1981, p. 1-2.

## Book One

### The perforated sheet

I was born in the city of Bombay... once upon a time. No, that won't do, there's no getting away from the date: I was born in Doctor Narlikar's Nursing Home on August 15th, 1947. And the time? The time matters, too. Well then: at night. No, it's important to be more... On the stroke of  
5 midnight, as a matter of fact. Clock-hands joined palms in respectful greeting as I came. Oh, spell it out, spell it out: at the precise instant of India's arrival at independence, I tumbled forth into the world. There were gasps. And, outside the window, fireworks and crowds. A few seconds later, my father broke his big toe; but his accident was a mere trifle when set  
10 beside what had befallen me in that benighted moment, because thanks to the occult tyrannies of those blandly saluting clocks I had been mysteriously handcuffed to history, my destinies indissolubly chained to those of my country. For the next three decades, there was to be no escape. Soothsayers had prophesied me, newspapers celebrated my arrival, politicians ratified my authenticity. I was left entirely without a say in the  
15 matter. I, Saleem Sinai, later variously called Snotnose, Stainface, Baldy, Sniffer, Buddha and even Piece-of-the-Moon, had become heavily embroiled in Fate – at the best of times a dangerous sort of involvement. And I couldn't even wipe my own nose at the time.

20 Now, however, time (having no further use for me) is running out. I will soon be thirty-one years old. Perhaps. If my crumbling, over-used body permits. But I have no hope of saving my life, nor can I count on having even a thousand nights and a night. I must work fast, faster than Scheherazade, if I am to end up meaning – yes, meaning – something. I  
25 admit it: above all things, I fear absurdity.

**Document 2** : Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*, Penguin Classics, 1850, p. 1.

### CHAPTER 1. I AM BORN

Whether I shall turn out to be the hero of my own life, or whether that station will be held by anybody else, these pages must show. To begin my life with the beginning of my life, I record that I was born (as I have been informed and believe) on a Friday, at twelve o'clock at night. It was  
5 remarked that the clock began to strike, and I began to cry, simultaneously.

In consideration of the day and hour of my birth, it was declared by the nurse, and by some sage women in the neighbourhood who had taken a lively interest in me several months before there was any possibility of our becoming personally acquainted, first, that I was destined to be unlucky in  
10 life; and secondly, that I was privileged to see ghosts and spirits; both these gifts inevitably attaching, as they believed, to all unlucky infants of either gender, born towards the small hours on a Friday night.

I need say nothing here, on the first head, because nothing can show better than my history whether that prediction was verified or falsified by the  
15 result. On the second branch of the question, I will only remark, that unless I ran through that part of my inheritance while I was still a baby, I have not come into it yet. But I do not at all complain of having been kept out of this property; and if anybody else should be in the present enjoyment of it, he is heartily welcome to keep it.

**Document 3** : Barbara Kingsolver, *Demon Copperhead*, Chapter 1, Harper Collins, 2022, p. 1-3.

## 1

First, I got myself born. A decent crowd was on hand to watch, and they've always given me that much: the worst of the job was up to me, my mother being let's just say out of it.

5 On any other day they'd have seen her outside on the deck of her trailer home, good neighbors taking notice, pestering the tit of trouble as they will. All through the dog-breath air of late summer and fall, cast an eye up the mountain and there she'd be, little bleach-blonde smoking her Pall Malls, hanging on that railing like she's captain of her ship up there and now might be the hour it's going down. This is an eighteen-year-old girl we're  
10 discussing, all on her own and pregnant as it gets. The day she failed to show, it fell to Nance Peggot to go bang on the door, barge inside and find her passed out of the bathroom floor with her junk all over the place and me already coming out. A slick fish-colored hostage picking up grit from the vinyl tile, worming and shoving around because I'm still inside the sack that  
15 babies float in, pre-real-life.

Mr. Peggot was outside idling his truck, headed for evening service, probably thinking how much of his life he'd spent waiting on women. His wife would have told him the Jesusing could hold on a minute, first she needed to see if the pregnant little gal had got herself liquored up again.  
20 Mrs. Peggot being a lady that doesn't beat around the bushes and if need be, will tell Jesus Christ to sit tight and keep his pretty hair on. She came back yelling for him to call 911 because a poor child is in a bathroom trying to punch himself out of a bag.

25 Like a little blue prizefighter. Those are the words she'd use later on, being not at all shy to discuss the worst day of my mom's life. And if that's how I came across to the first people that laid eyes on me, I'll take it. To me that says I had a fighting chance. Long odds, yes I know. If a mother is lying in her own piss and pill bottles while they're slapping the kid she's shunted out, telling him to look alive: likely the bastard is doomed. Kid born to a  
30 junkie is a junkie. [...] Anybody will tell you the born of this world are marked from the get-out, win or lose.

Me though, I was a born sucker for the superhero rescue. Did that line of work exist, in our trailer-home universe? Had they all quit Smallville and gone looking for bigger action? Save or be saved, these are questions. You  
35 want to think it's not over till the last page.

**Document 4** : Ford Madox-Brown, *Take your Son, Sir!*, 1851-1856, Tate Gallery, London

Document iconographique consultable sur la tablette multimédia fournie.

