

**Agrégation interne d'anglais**

**Session 2023**

**Épreuve EPC**

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

**EPC**

**472**

Ce sujet comprend 3 documents :

- Document 1: Time Magazine cover, "Visions of Space and Science", *time.com*, April 10, 2000.
- Document 2: Ray Bradbury, "December 2001, The Green Morning", *The Martian Chronicles*, (first published in 1950), Harper Collins, 2008.
- Document 3: Ridley Scott, *The Martian*, Twentieth Century Fox and TSG Entertainment, 2015.

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** : Time Magazine cover, "Visions of Space and Science", *time.com*, April 10, 2000.



Document iconographique également consultable sur la tablette multimédia fournie.

**Document 2** : Ray Bradbury, "December 2001 The Green Morning", *The Martian Chronicles*, (first published in 1950), Harper Collins, 2008, pp. 120 – 123.

December 2001

*The Green Morning*

When the sun set he crouched by the path and cooked a small supper and listened to the fire crack while he put the food in his mouth and chewed thoughtfully. It had been a day not unlike thirty others, with many neat holes dug in the dawn hours, seeds dropped in, and water brought from the bright canals. Now, with an iron weariness in his slight body, he lay and

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watched the sky colour from one darkness to another. His name was Benjamin Driscoll, and he was thirty-one years old. And the thing that he wanted was Mars grown green and tall with trees and foliage, producing air, more air, growing larger with each season; trees to cool the towns in the boiling summer, trees to hold back the winter winds. There were so many things a tree could do: add colour, provide shade, drop fruit, or become a children's playground, a whole sky universe to climb and hang from; an architecture of food and pleasure, that was a tree. But most of all the trees would distill an icy air for the lungs, and a gentle rustling for the ear when you lay nights in your snowy bed and were gentled to sleep by the sound.

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He lay listening to the dark earth gather itself, waiting for the sun, for the rains that hadn't come yet. His ear to the ground, he could hear the feet of the years ahead moving at a distance, and he imagined the seeds he had placed today sprouting up with green and taking hold on the sky, pushing out branch after branch, until Mars was an afternoon forest, Mars was a shining orchard.

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In the early morning, with the small sun lifting faintly among the folded hills, he would be up and finished with a smoky breakfast in a few minutes and, treading out the fire ashes, be on his way with knapsacks, testing, digging, placing seed or sprout, tamping lightly, watering, going on, whistling, looking at the clear sky brightening towards a warm noon.

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'You need the air', he told the night fire. The fire was a ruddy, lively companion that snapped back at you, that slept close by with drowsy pink eyes warm through the chilly night. 'We all need the air. It's thin air here on Mars. You get tired so soon. It's like living in the Andes, in South America, high. You inhale and don't get anything. It doesn't satisfy.'

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He felt his rib-case. In thirty days, how it had grown. To take in more air, they would all have to build their lungs. Or plant more trees.

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'That's what I'm here for,' he said. The fire popped. 'In school they told a story about Johnny Appleseed walking across America planting apple trees. Well, I'm doing more. I'm planting oaks, elms, and maples, every kind of tree, aspens and deodars and chestnuts. Instead of making just fruit for the stomach, I'm making air for the lungs. When those trees grow up some year, *think* of the oxygen they'll make!'

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He remembered his arrival on Mars. Like a thousand others, he had gazed upon a still morning and thought, How do I fit here? What will I do? Is there a job for me?

Then he had fainted.

45 Someone pushed a vial of ammonia to his nose and, coughing, he came round.

'You'll be all right,' said the doctor.

'What happened?'

50 'The air's pretty thin. Some can't take it. I think you'll have to go back to Earth.'

'No!' He sat up, and almost immediately felt his eyes darken and Mars revolve twice around under him. His nostrils dilated and he forced his lungs to drink in deep nothingnesses. 'I'll be all right. I've got to stay here!'

55 They let him lie gasping in horrid fish-like motions. And he thought, Air, air, air. They're sending me back because of air. And he turned his head to look across the Martian fields and hills. He brought them to focus, and the first thing he noticed was that there were no trees, no trees at all, as far as you could look in any direction. The land was down upon itself, a land of black loam, but nothing on it, not even grass. Air, he thought, the thin  
60 stuff whistling in his nostrils. Air, air. And on top of hills, or in their shadows, or even by little creeks, not a tree and not a single green blade of grass.

**Document 3:** Ridley Scott, *The Martian*, Twentieth Century Fox and TSG Entertainment, 2015.

Document audio/vidéo (2'22") à consulter sur la tablette multimédia fournie.