

Anglais, Khâgne Lyon, Tronc Commun (ENS Lyon 1 : Spécialités Anglais, Histoire-Géographie)

1. Pour améliorer l'aisance de la lecture :

Lire ce qu'on a envie de lire. La lecture de nouvelles est généralement motivante. Il existe un grand nombre de recueils, y compris avec une aide pour les étudiants français (par exemple, la série *Lire en anglais*, chez *Livre de Poche*.)

2. Pour travailler le commentaire (le fond et la forme) :

- Robin Wilkinson, *Le commentaire littéraire anglais: close readings*, PUF, 2011 (30 textes suivis de commentaires en anglais, d'encadrés (outils critiques), de vocabulaire ; 17 au moins recouvrent le champs du concours ENS (fiction en prose ou 'essay', 19e siècle jusqu'à aujourd'hui).
- Grammaire : *Grammaire raisonnée 2*, de Persec et Burgué, chez Ophrys. Une révision systématique pendant les vacances est indispensable si l'on a beaucoup de lacunes, recommandée dans tous les cas.

3. Pour travailler la version :

Traduire en français le texte suivant, pour la semaine de la rentrée (ce travail n'est pas à rendre, mais à voir en classe) :

If one word could sum up Arun's childhood – or at least Uma's abiding impression of it – that word was "education". Although this was not what loomed large in the lives of his sisters – who were after all, being raised for marriage, by Mama, competently enough, or at least as well as she could manage considering the material at hand – if there was one thing Papa insisted on in the realm of home and family, then it was education for his son: the best, the most, the highest. Was this not what his father had endeavoured to provide for him and his brother Bakul, and had it not been the making of them? So what Uma remembered most vividly was seeing him set off for St John's School, his thin legs emerging sadly from his wide khaki shorts the way the scrawny neck did from his khaki shirt; he was often still coughing or snuffling or purplish from the last round of illness, his hand compulsively tearing at a tie round his neck, reduced to little more than a string but still an essential part of his equipment. He carried his bag of books and pencil boxes and geometry tools as a coolie might stagger along under an oversized load. Then he staggered back, late in the afternoon, ink on his fingers, chalk on his clothes, socks slipping down into his grey canvas shoes, to the glass of milk that was Mama's contribution to his education – and after that it was the turn of the tutors.

Tutors came in a regular sequence, an hour allotted to each, for tuition in maths, in physics, in chemistry, in Hindi, in English composition – in practically every subject he had already dealt with during the hours at school. Uma and Aruna were warned to keep away, not to provide the faintest distraction, but Uma often peeped into Papa's office room which was given over, in the afternoons, to Arun's education. There he sat, at Papa's desk, squirming, chewing his pencils down to the lead, his erasers to mousy shreds of rubber, while the tutors leant back in Papa's chair, (...) drumming theorems, dates, formulae and Sanskrit verses into Arun's head which began to look like one of the rubbers he liked to chew, or the bitten end of a pencil.

The sun would have sunk, there would be perhaps half an hour left of dusty daylight – in the summer, but not in the winter – when Papa would stride into the office, see off the last of the tutors (who also got the very last dregs of Arun's dwindling attention), and magnanimously tell Arun, "Now, go and play. Go and stretch your legs. Have a game of cricket – or something."

Anita DESAI *Fasting, Feasting* 1999