

## CONSEILS AUX ETUDIANTS ADMIS EN CLASSE PREPARATOIRE DE LETTRES, DEUXIEME ANNEE KHAGNE LYON ET ULM/CHARTES RENTREE 2024

### ANGLAIS – TRONC COMMUN LVA

**1)** L'explication de **texte littéraire** constituera une part importante du travail en khâgne. Il est donc important de continuer à se familiariser avec quelques grands auteurs anglophones. Il est conseillé de lire au moins une œuvre classique et une œuvre moderne choisie dans les listes suivantes :

19e siècle: Jane Austen (*Pride and Prejudice, Sense and Sensibility*), Charles Dickens (*Hard Times, Oliver Twist, Great Expectations*), les soeurs Brontë (*Jane Eyre, Wuthering Heights*), Henry James (*The Turn of the Screw*), Oscar Wilde (*The Picture of Dorian Gray*), Bram Stoker (*Dracula*)...

20e siècle: Scott Fitzgerald (*The Great Gatsby*); Virginia Woolf (*Mrs Dalloway*), William Golding (*Lord of the Flies*), George Orwell (*1984*), A. Huxley (*Brave New World*), J.D. Salinger (*The Catcher in the Rye*), Toni Morrison (*The Bluest Eye, Sula*)

Quelques nouvelles également pourraient vous accompagner en vacances : allez donc voir Munro, Flannery O'Connor, Poe, McCullers, Dahl, Sillitoe...

Ces listes ne sont en aucun cas limitatives, juste quelques pistes !

**2) Ouvrages de référence** dont l'achat est obligatoire:

-**Concise Oxford English Dictionary** (OUP). Ce dictionnaire unilingue est autorisé pour l'épreuve écrite de tronc commun du concours des ENS. Il sera donc utilisé systématiquement en deuxième année, notamment lors des concours blancs.

- **Françoise Grellet, A Literary Guide, Nathan** : ATTENTION : des tests de lecture des différents chapitres pourront être effectués régulièrement pendant l'année.

- Pour la grammaire et le vocabulaire, vous pouvez conserver les ouvrages qu'il vous a été demandé d'acheter en HK.

3) Pour **travailler la langue**, nous vous recommandons le site suivant qui est très bien fait <http://www.bbc.co.uk/worldservice/learningenglish> (allez dans les onglets Grammar, Vocabulary, Pronunciation)

**4) Version à faire pour la rentrée :**

It is almost the end of May. The weather is getting hotter. In the Tube at rush-hours, people are getting restless. I can tell by their quick eyes, by the way they barely tolerate each other's sticky, jostling bodies, each other's need to occupy space of their own. Something must happen soon. All this packing together of nature into unnatural circumstances must lead to

something.

Two or three times, when I've emerged at Clapham South onto the pavement, I've had this urge to take off my tie, my socks and shoes – to go no further – and simply to walk away; as if Clapham Common were some endless, enveloping savannah. But, of course, I don't. I turn to my left, along Nightingale Lane, and shamble home, like any man returning from work, clad in his weariness, his perplexities, his frustrations. If you were to pass me by, it would not surprise me if you noticed my brows contract tightly every so often (I have inherited from Dad that intermittent little knot of lines above the nose and between the eyebrows, though in my case it makes me look simply harassed, not nobly thoughtful) and my lips move and mutter indistinct, garbled words. They say if you want to see a man as he really is, catch him unawares, when he isn't thinking of being seen. Well, that's the time to catch me. When I'm not under the eye of Quinn or of my family – and I'm free from the scrutiny of the Tube. That's when I am what I am, I don't deny it. But recently, I've been keeping a check on myself, even during these permissive moments. I've been developing an eager, erect carriage as I step homeward, a brisk, confident pace (in this heat) and imitating the zeal of some of my fellow commuters. For not all of them drift home like zombies capable of walking under a bus without noticing it. Some of them launch themselves from the station with an energy unsapped by the rigours of the day, shirt collars seemingly undirtied, briefcases and papers jauntily gripped, and sail buoyantly along the pavement, eager to embrace wives, dandle children and nurture gardens; and whether they are acting or not I don't know. But I've been induced to ape them in a quite fraudulent manner myself.

*Shuttlecock* Graham Swift 1981 Penguin Books

Nous vous souhaitons de bonnes vacances,

**Floriane Bozon, Laurent Maestracci, Alexandre Palhière**