

# Projet de lecture Cursive

## à effectuer pendant les vacances d'été

- ✚ Œuvre : *Lord of the Flies* (William Golding)
- ✚ Support fourni : fiches d'aide à la compréhension (une par chapitre)
- ✚ Classe : Première L (en 2012-2013) Terminale L (en 2013-2014)

### Contexte

- Etablissement privé St Marc à Nivolas Vermelle avec des groupes d'élève stables entre la première et la terminale
- 23 élèves en 1<sup>o</sup> L - 23 élèves en Terminale L (deux élèves sont partis ; deux autres sont arrivés)
- 21 élèves (soit 91 %) sont les mêmes élèves en 1<sup>o</sup> et en Terminale
- Le professeur (Odile Gouget) a suivi cette classe de première pour les retrouver en terminale
- Pour les deux élèves qui n'étaient pas dans la classe l'an dernier et qui n'avaient donc pas fait le travail durant les vacances :
  - ✓ L'une avait déjà lu le livre
  - ✓ L'autre a fait cette lecture entre la rentrée et les vacances d'automne

### Précisions sur la mise en œuvre

- Travail préparatoire effectué à la maison : lecture des fiches d'introduction
- Lecture et commentaire du premier chapitre : en Mai - travail effectué en classe
- Lecture de l'œuvre dans son intégralité : durant l'été
- Travail en classe: septembre - octobre
  - ✓ Reprise des chapitres à partir des fiches de lecture
  - ✓ Travail de production écrite : se mettre dans la peau d'un personnage afin d'imaginer son ressenti au sujet des événements (narration à la première personne - page de 'diary')
  - ✓ Etude d'un extrait de **The Coral Island** de Ballantyne & mise en parallèle avec l'œuvre de Golding
  - ✓ Etude d'un extrait du film de Peter Brook (version de 1963)

## Exemples de production écrite

Travail d'écriture réalisé par les élèves après l'étude des premiers chapitres du roman.

The boys have been on the desert island for a few weeks.

Let's pretend Piggy keeps a secret diary. Imagine the page he writes after Simon's death. He also reflects about all that has happened since the plane crash. He expresses his feelings and impressions about the situation now and what may happen in the near future.

Put yourself in Piggy's shoes ! Write about 300 words.

It was an accident. An accident! How can I feel guilty about that? It was dark. We didn't see him. It happened too fast! This whole story happened too fast. The plane crash first and then the fights between all of us! And the beast... does it even exist? No, it doesn't. Simon was right, it is the evil inside each of us. Poor him... I can't realize we did that! We killed a man! Human blood was spilt! And now, will we all die? Who will be the next? Maybe me... I'm so scared!

If only Jack respected the rules and the conch we wouldn't be in this situation today! Poor Simon, he didn't deserve that! I knew him, he was kind and intelligent!

Now I know that we're no more civilized. Jack only wants to kill and I'm sure Simon was only the first. We will not be rescued. The conch doesn't mean anything. There is no democracy. We're like animals and if we're lucky we will die of hunger instead of violence. I heard before of the decivilizing process but I didn't know it was possible.

I'm scared, so scared. And the relationship between Ralph and Jack is always deteriorating. We need to face death now. That's all I know.

This island looked like paradise first, now it is a real nightmare.

I need to go now, something seems to happen. I can hear someone shouting. I hope no-one will ever find this... Simon believed there was a God above. Well if it is true I would like him to help us. I'll pray him to help us. Now I'm leaving. Good bye.

Stessy P.

It has been four days since the big accident now. The sea along with the weather is finally calm after the big storm. It is up to me to take trace of all that happened previously because no one else can. Although I couldn't write just after that... thing, I think I have enough courage to write it all down now.

It all happened so quickly, it was dark and the memories are still blurred because of the hypnotizing songs we sang that night... and the feroce dance around the fire. We were all convinced it was the beast. Ralph, Sam, Eric and I were on the outside, we didn't even do anything except being a part of it. Ralph thinks it was our fault but I don't agree. It was too dark to see, it was absolutely an accident. After this happened, the rest of the boys that were

still with Ralph have left. Just like Simon did. The only good boy on this damned island. He was always good to everyone, he even gave me a bit of his own meat when nobody else wanted to. We are all very sorry for what happened to him.

Now it's not just me, Ralph, Sam and Eric. We are what is left of our little island fellowship that used to be so well united. Maybe not that well, but at least we were together, now we are all alone. I mean, we still have my specs to light a fire. But we are only four and I am not sure that we will be able to maintain it. Ralph still feels responsible for everything that happened here and seems lost, I don't know what to do.

Today Ralph decided to go to Castle Rock and convince the other boys to rejoin his group. I hope that everything is going to be okay. I will travel with him as well as the twins. I will continue my diary when I'll come back.

Anna-Marie J.

Dear diary,

Today has been the 25<sup>th</sup> day we spent on this goddam desert island, but I am not even sure about it. I think I've lost the notion of time. Everybody is getting crazy around here. They all started to act weird when the idea that a beast could lurk on the island was born in one of the boy's mind. I thought Ralph and Simon still had the priority to be rescued by a passing ship, unlike Jack's group that only thinks about killing pigs... Yesterday everything changed though: Simon died, or I should say, we - I mean they - killed him. Everything happened so fast, I can't clearly remember. I guess it was an accident; yes that's what it was. It couldn't be another way. But maybe I'm wrong, I mean I hope I'm not. This fire was burning so strongly, this pig was so delicious, I'm still able to feel this amazing smell of grilled meat floating in the atmosphere. We were all dancing around the fire and laughing and kidding. I felt really comfortable for once. Suddenly something got out of the forest, I think it was a shadow. The hunters were more powerful, as usual, maybe thanks to the meat. They didn't fear this beast that probably didn't exist anymore. I don't really know why but they decided to attack it. Unfortunately it was too late when we realized it was not the beast but Simon. Oh my God! We - they - really did it! They killed him. I don't feel involved in this murder though. What a strange feeling it is! I just figure out that my friend Simon has been murdered and I haven't done anything to help him. I would have never thought I would be a guilty witness. This desert island has changed me. Actually it has definitely changed all of us. I would deserve to go to jail, but I won't go. That's unfair but I agree with it.

I am not the same person anymore, Piggy is dead. Piggy lost his soul on the island. My silent tears are invisible to others. My heart is crying. I can't guess what will happen next, but I can't foreshadow anything good.

Jérémy W.

Dear diary,

Something terrible happened last night. Something came out of the blue. We went to the feast organized by Jack and his hunters on the beach. They killed Simon like if he was a pig they would hunt. This group of savages killed a boy... and a good friend of mine. I was there, I saw what happened but I didn't move. I was terrified.

Today the nightmare keeps on. This morning I was with Ralph and Sam'n Eric. We were all prone to guiltiness, I mean, kind of guiltiness, you know, though we were at the feast when that happened, we didn't act like *they* did. We couldn't do anything. Sometime it is better to forget, sometime it is not.

Since the plane crash, - we - I may say a part of the group of the boys became more and more savage every day. We may stay on the island a long time before being rescued. We should keep the organization of the civilization. I think it's for that, I take care of the conch like I do, like if it was the most important thing on the island. It is indeed the most important thing... the symbol of DEMOCRACY!

It may be stupid but this murder, the action of hunters' group and even the split of the boys... foreshadows something... I don't know why but I have this feeling that something terrible is coming, something is threatening us.

I feel anxious about the near future but if I stay with Ralph I know he will always defend me and consider me as his equal. Only you know how I praise him. Definitely we need a stroke of genius, a great idea to find how leave this island of evil. WE NEED TO BE RESCUED NOW !

Victorine P.

## Retour d'expérience

- Résultats d'un sondage effectué par le professeur
  - 1 élève a répondu qu'elle aurait préféré lire le livre sans s'arrêter pour répondre aux questions (soit 4.5 % des élèves de la classe)
  - 1 élève a dit qu'elle avait trouvé la correction des questions fastidieuses (soit 4.5 % des élèves de la classe)
  - 21 élèves ont répondu que ces fiches avaient grandement facilité la lecture de l'œuvre (soit 91 % des élèves de la classe)
    - ➔ L'objectif du professeur a donc été atteint puisque ces fiches avaient été élaborées précisément pour cette raison (classe de première globalement en difficulté en anglais)
  - 15 élèves sur 23 ont ainsi lu leur première œuvre intégrale en anglais (soit 65 % de la classe)
    - ➔ L'objectif du professeur a été globalement atteint puisqu'elle souhaitait les inciter à la lecture cursive en langue vivante étrangère
  - La majorité des élèves ont apprécié le travail effectué durant cette séquence