

Anne-Charlotte Legrand et Alexis Troszczynski – Académie de Versailles, inspirée de l'unité The Train to Rhodisia, *Shine Brighter 2de*. Editions Nathan. 2025.

British Africa: Imperialism and Perspectives	
<i>Les Pays du Commonwealth : héritages, unité, diversité</i> - "The conquest of the earth... is not a pretty thing when you look into it too much." — Joseph Conrad (<i>Heart of Darkness</i>)	
	How does literature shed light on the colonialism in Africa?
At the end of the Unit, I will	Write a story in class
What vocabulary will I need ?	Colonialism imperialism
What grammatical structure will I need ?	Opinion suposition
What documents will be used ?	<p>1-British Africa : imperialism 1a- Quizz Imperialism 1b- Africa wants maps to show its true size 1c- African Map, bigthink.com/strange-maps/africa-wants-a-new-map 1d- Equal Earth vs Mercator, bigthink.com/strange-maps/africa-wants-a-new-map 1e- Conclusion: no map is perfect</p> <p>2- different visions of colonialilsm 2a- Agatha Christie in Egypt, photo taken in 1933 2b- Street Sellers by the Nile, Agatha Christie, <i>Death on the Nile</i>, chapter 1 part 1, 1937 2c- Nadine Gordimer interview on racism, The Nobel Prize, 2008</p> <p>3- The train of Rhodesia, Nadine Gordmier, The Soft Voice of the Serpent and Other Stories, 1952 PART 1 – Arrival at the station PART 2 – The Sellers Arrive PART 3- The Bargain for the Lion PART 4 - The Lion and the Argument</p>
What will I learn about ?	The aftermath of Colonialism
Final project	Write what happens next in the story <i>The train from Rhodisia</i> . You may choose any extract and will need to write from another character's point of view

Instructions for your Final Project :

- 1- You will have one hour full to write your story
- 2- You may have some written notes
- 3- You must write from an intern point of view

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Source text: Nadime Gordimer. *The Train from Rhodesia*, a short novel part of *The Soft Voice of the Serpent*. 1952. Wake County Public School System.

Source images: *Shine Brighter 2de*. Editions Nathan. 2025.

Source front cover: painting by Ellis Silas from the photograph by Smart & Copley. *Passing through the Amatongas Forest en route from Beira to Umtali*. c. 1914. www.rhodesia.me.uk. Colin Weyer.

Page setting: M. Troszczynski. Professeur certifié. Lycée Alain, Le Vésinet (78). Académie de Versailles.

Axis : Les Pays du Commonwealth : héritages, unité, diversité

Issue : How does literature shed light on the colonialism in Africa?

Projet Final : Write the end of the story from the point of view of the seller.

Anticipation : présentation British Empire -> focus sur l'Afrique

Part 1: Décolonisation

1-British Africa : imperialism

1a- Quizz Imperialism: travail sur le quizz – retour sur les questions définition de l'impérialisme.

Mis en // avec les plans:

travail sur les différentes illustrations => conclusion

1b- Africa wants maps to show its true size

1c- African Map

1d- Equal Earth vs Mercator

2- the African Union mapping campaign

2a- comparing the African continent bigthink.com/strange-maps/africa-wants-a-new-map

2b- Same world, different perspective bigthink.com/strange-maps/africa-wants-a-new-map

3c- Africa wants Maps to show its true size, by [nhatduyen611](https://www.scribd.com/document/411111111), Scrib project

the world is a matter of perspective and projection — precisely because no map projection is perfect

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2- different visions of colonialism

2a- Agatha Christie in Egypt, photo taken in 1933

2b- Street Sellers by the Nile, Agatha Christie, *Death on the Nile*, chapter 1 part 1, 1937

point de vue impérialiste (personnages blancs mise en valeur)

Objectif : vocabulaire pauvreté / différence sociale

Trace écrite : éléments les plus choquants ? // en quoi *Death of the Nile* est un point de vue Impérialisme

2c- Nadine Gordimer interview on racism

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VWcxSsd8N2M>

TE : pourtant, même sous l'Apartheid (concept impérialisme moderne), Nadine Gordimer s'en détache

Micro-tâche : faire l'interview de Agatha Christie : quelle serait son point de vue sur l'impérialisme

Part 3: The Train from Rhodesia

<https://jerrywbrown.com/wp-content/uploads/2020/02/The-Train-from-Rhodesia-Gordimer-Nadine.pdf>

Découpe en 4 parties : lecture en individuel à la maison + partage 15min en classe de ce qu'ils ont compris (méthode du reading circle ? discussion leader, summary builder, words master, quizz master → un rôle différent chacun pour qu'ils soient actifs)

Part 1

Écrire le prompt d'un dessin qu'ils pourraient générer par IA (choisir 4/5 éléments importants + justifier choix). possibilité de le faire générer ou dessiner soi-même.

Part 2

Le parallèle avec Agatha Christie → lecture critique, TE pov favorable aux indigènes
Exercice envisageable : réécrire extrait Agatha C. style N. Gordimer

Part 3

Récit fait par un point de vue secondaire (stationmaster's wife, beer drinker, another salesman).

Part 4

Résumé en 4 questions : 3 concernent la partie 4 et une plus générique sur la nouvelle.
→ partage des questions par groupe et TE mise en commun des questions génériques.

PF : une heure en classe, notes autorisé (à prendre avant), travail IND.

Idée DST : Once Upon a Time N. Gordimer // The Dark Continent Léonard Kibera

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(perle envoyé par AC)

<https://www.pearltrees.com/s/file/preview/378195197/Agatha%20Christie%20-%20Death%20On%20The%20Nile%20%20PDFDrive%20.pdf?pearlId=782674105>

<https://www.pearltrees.com/s/file/preview/378195197/Agatha%20Christie%20-%20Death%20On%20The%20Nile%20%20PDFDrive%20.pdf?pearlId=782674105>

They came out from the shade of the garden on to a dusty stretch of road bordered by the river. Five watchful bead sellers, two vendors of postcards, three sellers of plaster scarabs, a couple of donkey boys and some detached but hopeful infantile riff-raft closed in upon them.

"You want beads, sir? Very good, sir. Very cheap "

"Lady, you want scarab. Look---great queen--very lucky ."

"You look, sir--real lapis. Very good, very cheap ."

"You want ride donkey, sir? This very good donkey. This donkey Whisky and Soda, sir ' "You want to go granite' quarries, sir? This very good donkey. Other donkey very bad, sir, that donkey fall down"

"You want postcard--very cheap--very nice "

"Look, lady Only ten piastres--very cheap--lapis--this ivory "

"This very good fly whisk---this all amber "

"You go out in boat, sir? I got very good boat, sir "

"You ride back to hotel, lady? This first-class donkey " Hercule Poirot made vague gestures to rid himself of this **human cluster of flies**. Rosalie stalked through them like a sleep walker.

"It's best to pretend to be deaf and blind," she remarked.

The infantile riff-raft ran alongside murmuring plaintively.

"Bakshish? Bakshish? Hip, hip, hurrah--very good, very nice " Their gaily coloured rags trailed picturesquely and the flies lay in clusters on their eyelids.

They were the most persistent. The others fell back and launched a fresh attack on the next corner.

Now Poirot and Rosalie only ran the gauntlet of the shops--suave persuasive accents here.

"You visit my shop to-day, sir?" "You want that ivory crocodile, sir?" "You not been in my shop yet, sir?

I show you very beautiful things." They turned into the fifth shop and Rosalie handed over several rolls of films--the object of the walk.

Then they came out again and walked towards the river's edge.

One of the Nile steamers was just mooring. Poirot and Rosalie looked interestedly at the passengers.

"Quite a lot, aren't there?" commented Rosalie.

She turned her head as Tim Allerton came up and joined them. He was a little out of breath as though he had been walking fast.

They stood there for a moment or two and then Tim spoke: "An awful crowd as usual, I suppose," he remarked disparagingly, indicating the disembarking passengers.

"They're usually quite terrible," agreed Rosalie.

All three wore the air of superiority assumed by people who are already in a place when studying new arrivals.


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Agatha Christie, *Death on the Nile*, chapter 1 part 1, 1937

et deconlisation zimbawe explained

Back in his village, the old man tells another vendor what happened at the station that day. Imagine his story.

Africa Wants Maps to Show Its True Size



The African Union (AU) is asking the world to stop using a popular map that makes Africa look smaller than it really is. This map is called the Mercator projection, created in 1569 by the mapmaker Gerardus Mercator. From the 18th century, sailors began to use it, and today it is still the most common map in schools and online. But the Mercator projection is not accurate: countries far from the Equator look much bigger, while those near the Equator look smaller. Because of this, Africa often appears less important than it really is.

The AU is supporting a campaign called Correct the Map, which wants maps to show Africa and all continents in their real sizes. The deputy chairperson of the AU explained that maps are not just drawings, but also powerful symbols. She said that the Mercator projection creates a false image of Africa. In fact, Africa is the second-largest continent in the world and has more than one billion people.

QUIZZ : IMPERIALISM

1. What is imperialism?

- a) When one country takes over another country for political and economic reasons
- b) When one country is allied with another country
- c) When one country is at war with another country
- d) When a country changes from handmade goods to manufactured goods

2. Which word best describes "the extension of a nation's power over other lands"?

- a) Imperialism
- b) Nationalism
- c) Communism
- d) Industrialization

3. Which term best describes extreme pride in one's country?

- a) Nationalism

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- b) Communism
- c) Imperialism
- d) Social Darwinism

4. Which of the following was NOT a cause of imperialism?

- a) The need for natural resources
- b) National pride
- c) The quest to cure diseases in Africa
- d) Rivalries with other countries

5. What does "The sun never sets on the British Empire" mean?

- a) Great Britain is near the equator
- b) Great Britain continues to fight after dark
- c) Great Britain has colonies all over the world
- d) Great Britain never set out to conquer new colonies

6. Economic motives for imperialism include:

- a) A desire to spread Christianity
- b) A need for military bases around the world
- c) A need for raw materials to be used in factories
- d) A desire to gain glory

7. The race for European countries to claim land in Africa was called the:

- a) Scramble for Africa
- b) African Marathon
- c) Great Competition
- d) Monopoly

8. What was the Berlin Conference?

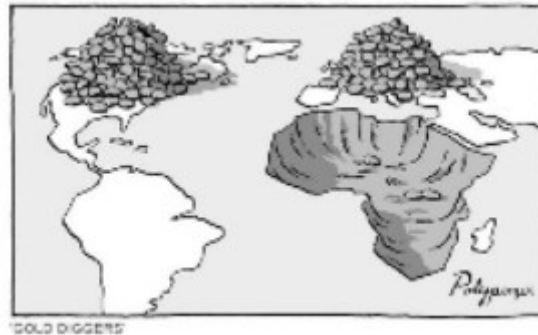
- a) A meeting of European nations to declare war
- b) A meeting of the US and European nations to partition African lands
- c) A meeting of Germans to create a plan for German unification
- d) A meeting of Africans to keep Europeans out

9. Who was excluded from the Berlin Conference?

- a) Representatives for the US
- b) Representatives of European countries
- c) Representatives of African countries
- d) Representatives of the 3rd Estate

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10. The main motivation for imperialism was:



- a) Economic
- b) Religious
- c) Ideological
- d) Political

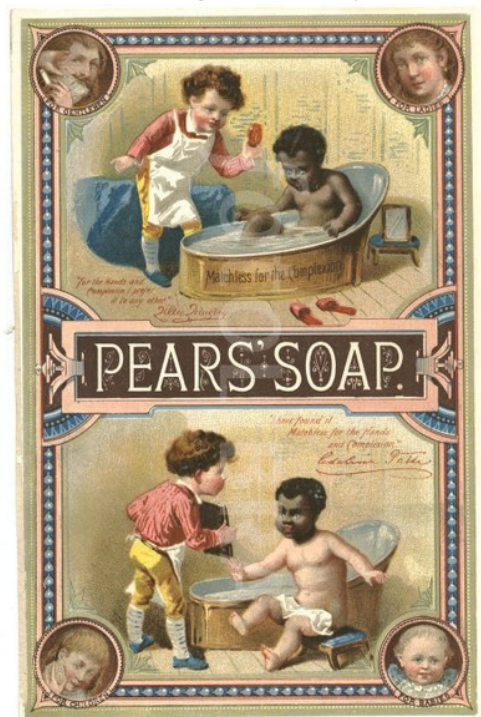
11. Which is a push factor for imperialism?

- a) Lack of natural resources in Africa
- b) Nationalism
- c) Abundance of natural resources in Africa
- d) Lack of natural resources in Europe

12. Which is a pull factor?

- a) Abundance of natural resources in Europe
- b) Lack of natural resources in Europe
- c) Abundance of natural resources in Africa
- d) Lack of land in Europe

13. What imperialism motive is being shown by this image?



- a) Social Darwinism

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- b) Nationalism
- c) Economic
- d) Religious

14. What is Social Darwinism?

- a) Survival of the fittest in society
- b) The idea that some races are better than others
- c) The idea that you need to "civilize" other cultures
- d) All of these options

15. Which describes a territory that belongs to another country?

- a) Mother country
- b) Island
- c) Innovation
- d) Colony

Corrigés

- 1. a
- 2. a
- 3. a
- 4. c
- 5. c
- 6. c
- 7. a
- 8. b
- 9. c
- 10.a
- 11.d
- 12.c
- 13.a
- 14.d
- 15.d

PART 1 – Arrival at the station

The train came out of the red horizon and bore down towards them over the single straight track. The stationmaster came out of his little brick station with its pointed chalet roof, feeling the creases in his serge uniform in his legs as well. A stir of preparedness rippled through the squatting native venders waiting in the dust; the face of a carved wooden animal, eternally surprised, stuck out of a sack. The stationmaster's barefoot children wandered over. From the grey mud huts with the untidy heads that stood within a decorated mud wall, chickens, and dogs with their skin stretched like parchment over their bones, followed the piccanins down to the track. The flushed and perspiring

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west cast a reflection, faint, without heat, upon the station, upon the tin shed marked “Goods,” upon the walled kraal, upon the grey tin house of the stationmaster and upon the sand, that lapped all around, from sky to sky, cast little rhythmical cups of shadow, so that the sand became the sea, and closed over the children’s black feet softly and without imprint.

The stationmaster’s wife sat behind the mesh of her veranda. Above her head the hunk of a sheep’s carcass moved slightly, dangling in a current of air.

They waited.

The train called out, along the sky; but there was no answer; and the cry hung on: I’m coming...I’m coming...

The engine flared out now, big, whisking a dwindling body behind it; the track flared out to let it in. Creaking, jerking, jostling, gasping, the train filled the station.

Here, let me see that one—the young woman curved her body farther out of the corridor window. Missus? smiled the old man, looking at the creatures he held in his hand. From a piece of string on his grey finger hung a tiny woven basket; he lifted it, questioning. No, no, she urged, leaning down towards him, across the height of the train towards the man in the piece of old rug; that one, that one, her hand commanded. It was a lion, carved out of soft, dry wood that looked like spongecake; heraldic, black and white, with impressionistic detail burnt in. The old man held it up to her still smiling, not from the heart, but at the customer. Between its vandyke teeth, in the mouth opened in an endless roar too terrible to be heard, it had a black tongue. Look, said the young husband, if you don’t mind! And round the neck of the thing, a piece of fur (rat? rabbit? meerkat?); a real mane, majestic, telling you somehow that the artist had delight in the lion.

PART 2 – The Sellers Arrive

All up and down the length of the train in the dust the artists sprang, walking bent, like performing animals, the better to exhibit the fantasy held towards the faces on the train. Buck, startled and stiff, staring with round black and white eyes. More lions, standing erect, grappling with strange, thin, elongated warriors who clutched spears and showed no fear in their slits of eyes. How much, they asked from the train, how much?

Give me penny, said the little ones with nothing to sell. The dogs went and sat, quite still, under the dining car, where the train breathed out the smell of meat cooking with onion.

A man passed beneath the arch of reaching arms meeting grey-black and white in the exchange of money for the staring wooden eyes, the stiff wooden legs sticking up in the air; went along under the voices and the bargaining, interrogating the wheels. Past the dogs; glancing up at the dining car where he could stare at the faces, behind glass, drinking beer, two by two, on either side of a uniform railway vase with its pale dead flower. Right to the end, to the guard’s van, where the stationmaster’s children had just collected their mother’s two loaves of bread; to the engine itself, where the stationmaster and the driver stood talking against the steaming complaint of the resting beast.

The man called out to them, something loud and joking. They turned to laugh, in a twirl of steam. The two children careered over the sand, clutching the bread, and burst through the iron gate and up the path through the garden in which nothing grew.

Passengers drew themselves in at the corridor windows and turned into compartments to fetch money, to call someone to look. Those sitting inside looked up: suddenly different, caged faced, boxed in, cut off after the contact of the outside. There was an orange a piccanin would like....

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What about that chocolate? It wasn't very nice...

A girl had collected a handful of the hard kind, that no one liked, out of the chocolate box, and was throwing them to the dogs, over at the dining car. But the hens darted in and swallowed the chocolates, incredibly quick and accurate, before they had even dropped in the dust, and the dogs, a little bewildered, looked up with their brown eyes, not expecting anything.

PART 3- The Bargain for the Lion

—No, leave it, said the young woman, don't take it...

Too expensive, too much, she shook her head and raised her voice to the old man, giving up the lion. He held it high where she had handed it to him. No, she said, shaking her head. Three-and-six? insisted her husband, loudly. Yes baas! laughed the old man. Three-and-six?—the young man was incredulous. Oh leave it—she said. The young man stopped. Don't you want it? he said, keeping his face closed to the old man. No, never mind, she said, leave it. The old native kept his head on one side, looking at them sideways, holding the lion. Three-and-six, he murmured, as old people repeat things to themselves.

The young woman drew her head in. She went into the coupe and sat down. Out of the window, on the other side, there was nothing; sand and bush; and thorn tree. Back through the open doorway, past the figure of her husband in the corridor, there was the station, the voices, wooden animals waving, running feet. Her eye followed the funny little valance of scrolled wood that outlined the chalet roof of the station; she thought of the lion and smiled. That bit of fur round the neck. But the wooden buck, the hippos, the elephants, the baskets that already bulked out of their brown paper under the seat and on the luggage rack! How will they look at home? Where will you put them? What will they mean away from the places you found them? Away from the unreality of the last few weeks? (...)

Outside, a bell rang. (...) There was a grunt. The train jerked. Through the glass the beer drinkers looked out, as if they could not see beyond it. Behind the flyscreen, the stationmaster's wife sat facing back at them beneath the darkening hunk of meat.

There was a shout. The flag drooped out. Joints not yet coordinated, the segmented body of the train heaved and bumped back against itself. It began to move; slowly the scrolled chalet moved past it, the yells of the natives, running alongside, jetted up into the air, fell back at different levels. Here, one-and-six baas!—As one automatically opens a hand to catch a thrown ball, a man fumbled wildly down his pocket, brought up the shilling and sixpence and threw them out; the old native, gasping, his skinny toes splaying the sand, flung the lion.

The old native stood, breath blowing out the skin between his ribs, feet tense, balanced in the sand, smiling and shaking his head. In his opened palm, held in the attitude of receiving, was the retrieved shilling and sixpence.

The blind end of the train was being pulled helplessly out of the station.

The young man swung in from the corridor, breathless. He was shaking his head with laughter and triumph. Here! he said. And waggled the lion at her. One-and-six!

What? she said.

He laughed. I was arguing with him for fun, bargaining—when the train had pulled out already, he came tearing after... One-and-six Baas! So there's your lion.

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PART 4 - The Lion and the Argument

She was holding it away from her, the head with the open jaws, the pointed teeth, the black tongue, the wonderful ruff of fur facing her. She was looking at it with an expression of not seeing, of seeing something different. Her face was drawn up, wryly, like the face of a discomforted child. Her mouth lifted nervously at the corner. Very slowly, cautious, she lifted her finger and touched the mane, where it was joined to the wood.

But how could you, she said. He was shocked by the dismay of her face.

Good Lord, he said, what's the matter?

If you want the thing, she said, her voice rising and breaking with the shrill impotence of anger, why didn't you buy it in the first place? If you wanted it, why didn't you pay for it? Why didn't you take it decently, when he offered it? Why did you have to wait for him to run after the train with it, and give him one-and-six? One and six!

She was pushing it at him, trying to force him to take the lion. He stood astonished, his hands hanging at his sides.

But you wanted it! You liked it so much?

—It's a beautiful piece of work, she said fiercely, as if to protect it from him.

You liked it so much! You said yourself it was too expensive—

Oh you—she said, hopeless and furious. You... She threw the lion onto the seat. He stood looking at her.

She sat down again in the corner and, her face slumped in her hands, stared out of her window. Everything was turning round inside her. One-and-six. One-and-six. Oneand-six for the wood and the carving and the sinews of the legs and the switch of the tail. The mouth open like that and the teeth. The black tongue, rolling, like a wave. The man round the neck. To give one-and-six for that. The heat of shame mounted through her legs and body and sounded in her ears like the sound of sand pouring. Pouring, pouring. She sat there, sick. A weariness, a tastelessness, the discovery of a void made her hands slacken their grip, atrophy emptily, as if the hour was not worth their grasp. She was feeling like this again. She had thought it was something to do with singleness, with being alone and belonging too much to oneself.

She sat there not wanting to move or speak, or to look at anything even; so that the mood should be associated with nothing, no object, word, or sight that might recur and so recall the feeling again.... Smuts blew in grittily, settled on her hands. Her back remained at exactly the same angle, turned against the young man sitting with his hands drooping between his sprawled legs, and the lion, fallen on its side in the corner.

The train had cast the station like a skin. It called out to the sky, I'm coming, I'm coming; and again, there was no answer.