Višja raven

ANGLEŠČINA

Izpitna pola 1

A: Bralno razumevanje
B: Poznavanje in raba jezika

Sobota, 28. avgust 2004 / 80 minut (40 + 40)

Dovoljeno dodatno gradivo in prípomočki: kandidat prinese s seboj nalivno pero ali kemični svinčnik, HB ali B svinčnik, plastično radirko in šilček.
Kandidat dobi list za odgovore.

SPLOŠNA MATURA

NAVODILA KANDIDATU

Pazljivo preberite ta navodila. Ne izpuščajte ničesar!
Ne obračajte strani in ne začenjajte reševati nalog, dokler Vam nadzorni učitelj tega ne dovoli.
Naloge, pisane z navadnim svinčnikom, se točkujijo z nič (0) točkami.

Pripravite kodo oziroma vpišite svojo šifro (v okvirček desno zgoraj na tej strani in na list za odgovore).

Izpitna pola je sestavljena iz dveh delov, dela A in dela B. Časa za reševanje je 80 minut: 40 minut za del A in 40 minut za del B. Nadzorni učitelj Vas bo opozoril, kdaj lahko začnete reševati del B. Vprašanja k delu A ni priporočljivo. Izpitna pola vsebuje tri naloge v delu A in tri naloge v delu B. Vsak pravilen odgovor je vreden eno (1) točko.

Odgoove z nalivnim perom ali s kemičnim svinčnikom vpište na list za odgovore v za to predviđeni prostor, s svinčnikom pa počnite pola pri nalogah, ki to zahtevajo. Pišite čitljivo. Če se zmotite, odgovor prečrtajte in napišite na novo. Nečitljive rešitve in nejasni popravki se točkujijo z nič (0) točkami.

Zaupajte vase in v svoje sposobnosti.
Želimo Vam veliko uspeha.

Ta pola ima 12 strani, od tega 2 prazni.
Beijing rushes to "greenify" environment

1. Why has concern for the environment become more important recently?

2. During whose leadership did Beijing lose many of its green areas?

3. In which period was Beijing a green city?

4. Name two factors representing the threat to water reserves.

5. Mention one of the causes for the enormous waste of water in Beijing.

6. Why is the government reluctant to increase the price of water drastically?

7. What is the effect of water problems on farmers in some areas?
Beijing rushes to "greenify" environment

Adapted from an article in The Guardian Newspapers, 28 November 2000, by John Gittings

Two slim patches of grass on Tiananmen Square come as a surprise to many visitors. They were only planted last year, as a belated attempt to make the vast expanse of concrete a little more friendly. And they are actually green – unlike most grass elsewhere in Beijing where regular watering is discouraged because of a chronic shortage.

Beijing's water crisis is going from bad to worse. Last year, the water table was lowered by more than two metres and the underwater reserve shrank by 1.5bn cubic metres. Rainfall in the first half of this year was 39% less than average.

If Beijing needs any extra stimulus to take water seriously, it is the need to back up its bid to host the 2008 Olympics by looking green. Water conservation is an important part of the city's "Green Olympics" campaign, which also focuses on reducing atmospheric pollution, tackling factory waste and "greenifying" the environment.

The irony is that planting more trees and restoring grass - much of it ripped out in the Maoist decades - means a higher demand for water. Most greenery is kept alive by flood irrigation, with water channelled into miniature moats and ditches. The city is now shifting more than a million square meters of green space to less wasteful spray irrigation.

No one hides the seriousness of the problem now. When Beijing was first built by the Ming emperors, says the latest edition of Beijing Review, it had enormous water resources, with lakes and springs which made it a city of gardens. Today, it has become "one of the driest cities in northern China due to drought".

The Miyun reservoir, built in the late 1950s with Chairman Mao himself wielding a symbolic spade, may dry up within two or three years if last year's drought reoccurs. Another important reservoir, the Guangting, can no longer supply the city because of heavy pollution in its upper reaches.

The immediate causes of the crisis are familiar ones. Beijing's population officially stands at 12m, but is swollen by at least 2m migrant workers. Improved living standards for the majority have increased the number of washing machines, flush toilets and other water-greedy appliances. There is massive wastage from poorly maintained mains while few people have enough social consciousness to turn off dripping taps in homes and on street standpipes. Water is virtually free: car washers and public baths have no incentive to limit their use.

Beijing's city government has started a water-saving campaign, backed by new restrictions. It is phasing in a "quota system" - a euphemism for scheduled cuts - which the privileged capital dwellers have largely avoided so far. Prices for tap water supply and sewage disposal have already risen though so far only marginally: the government is only too aware that a rapid price hike could provoke unrest. New reservoirs and more effective sewage plants are now being planned.

The water crisis is even worse outside Beijing. The state planning development commission has called for price reform throughout China where more than 400 out of 668 cities suffer chronic shortages. Peasant communities in some areas have waged war on their neighbours in disputes over water sharing.

The underlying causes are agricultural overuse, deforestation, and excessive reclamation of flood plains. This results in the paradoxical combination of worse floods and worse droughts as the land's water retention capacity diminishes. China's deserts are growing by 2,460sq km annually.

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READING TASK 2: GAPPED TEXT

In the following extract 9 sentences have been removed.
Choose from sentences A–J the one which fits each gap 1–9. There is one EXTRA sentence which you do not need.

Write your answer on the answer sheet and shade in the appropriate circle.

There is an example at the beginning: Gap 0.

Holy emperors! It's the birthplace of Europe

Adapted from an article in The Independent, 9 February 2003, by Jeremy Atiyah

It is not easy choosing a holiday destination for you and your father, when you are already 40 years old. I was wondering if we might take a week in Greece, or Spain, in early summer. 0 My dad insists. "Charlemagne is buried there," he explains. "The first Holy Roman Emperor! The founder of European unity!" And so do things begin to make sense. My dad is the type who goes misty-eyed at the thought of the peoples of Europe coming together in harmony. He loves the Roman empire, the Mediterranean, sunshine, fresh fruit and wine: 1

I just have to hope for the best. Anyway, it won't be a long trip. 2 To be on the safe side, although this is the nethermost of low seasons, my dad has gone to prodigiously lengths to book his train tickets weeks in advance, visiting half the travel agents in southern England in the process.

And although we are going only just beyond Belgium, when we meet at Waterloo I find him dressed for Siberia. "You're ready then?" I mumble, looking at his Russian fur hat and padded gloves and trench coat. 3 "The last time I went to Brussels," he reminds me, sternly, "was in 1938." He seems to be suggesting that it would be wise to be ready for any outcome.

Off we go. It is dark and wet. Our journey through the tunnel to Belgium seems normal to me. 4 "What do they think this is, lunch time?" he exclaims indignantly, having dismissed, with some contempt, the offer of champagne. What's more we have only 20 minutes to make our connection to Aachen, and we look like being late into Brussels. In the event, we are obliged to run for it, which may be the first time my dad has done any kind of running since 1963.

An hour later, though, he is beginning to cheer up. 5 As we cross the border, somewhere between Liège and Aachen, the sky is almost pitch black, and he has begun recalling his last visit to this part of Germany - during that same trip in 1938. "Yes, now let me see," he suddenly exclaims, trying to peer out into the darkness, "where are those famous German autobahns?"

In Aachen itself, by the time we arrive, my dad seems contented. It's a tidy, medium-sized provincial town. He keeps marvelling at the nicely painted apartment blocks. 6 "I don't know if we really needed to smash them so thoroughly," he muses, looking at the passers-by. Anyway, the main reason for our presence here is to visit the relics of Charlemagne, which we begin doing the next day. Under dark skies, we amble through the lanes in the centre of town, which are full of brightly lit shops selling gingerbread and tarts and cakes and biscuits.

Our first stop is the Schatzkammer ("treasury"), containing Aachen's hoarded treasures from the past 1,200 years. My dad seems suitably impressed. The first thing we see is the famous life-sized bust of Charlemagne, made of partly gilded silver and covered in antique gems and cameos.

Charlemagne's real cranium, we read, is enclosed behind this forehead, in the "anatomically correct position": 7 My dad begins marvelling aloud at the altars, reliquaries, chalices, sceptres and crowns, all embodying the spirit of European unity.

By now we are ready to enter the church itself, built by Charlemagne more than 1,200 years ago. Only when we find ourselves signing up for the compulsory guided tour does my dad suddenly look suspicious. "What?" he exclaims. "A guided tour in German?" And he begins muttering darkly about this whole trip having been a waste of time, until our guide actually appears. 8 From her, we immediately learn that the cathedral was the first monument in Germany to be included in the Unesco Cultural Heritage list.
Meanwhile, our guide is taking us through the Gothic choir, to one gilded shrine containing the relics of Charlemagne, and another containing the nappies of the infant Jesus. She then leads us upstairs to the gallery to inspect an ancient marble throne on which 32 German kings were crowned. What single object, suggests our guide, could be more sacred in the history of European unity than this? "How marvellous!" sighs my dad.

A. He could be a general in the Soviet army.
B. The trouble is that he doesn't like cold weather, sauerkraut or beer.
C. It seems to fit perfectly with his idea of European unity.
D. Tests prove that the throne dates back to the age of Charlemagne himself.
E. We are reaching Germany.
F. We are going by Eurostar to Brussels, and then on to Aachen.
G. But my dad can't understand why we are being served a meal at 11 o'clock in the morning.
H. The only trouble is that he can't help talking about the war in a loud voice wherever we go.
I. In the next room, we find the 1,000-year-old gold cross of Lothair.
J. Like most Germans, she speaks perfect English.

K. Instead, we are going to Aachen, in Germany, by train, in the middle of the winter.
READING TASK 3: TRUE / FALSE / NOT GIVEN
Decide whether the following statements are TRUE / FALSE or NOT GIVEN.
Tick (✓) the appropriate column on your answer sheet and shade in the appropriate circle.

Example:
0. Teddy Boys were the beginners of a new culture among young people.

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FATHER TEDS

1. Many people were scared of the Teddy Boys.

2. Teddy Boy fan clubs appeared across the country.

3. It is not known why the youngsters were called Teddy Boys.

4. The author’s father was strict when the son tried to imitate the Teddy Boys’ style.

5. The Teddy Boys became of interest to the media again about 20 years later.

6. The author was disappointed by the Teds’ rock’n’roll party.

7. The book The Teds has been translated into French and German.

8. The author wanted to meet some of the people mentioned in the book.

9. Danny was for a while financially supported by the author.

10. Despite health problem Danny and Sue still socialise.
FATHER TEDS

Adapted from an article in The Observer Magazine, 26 January 2003, by Chris Steele-Perkins

'In early 1954, on a late train from Southend, someone pulled the communication cord. The train ground to a halt. Light bulbs were smashed. Police arrested a gang dressed in Edwardian suits. In April, two gangs, also dressed Edwardian-style, met after a dance. They were ready for action: bricks and sand-filled socks were used – 55 youths were taken in for questioning. The following August Bank Holiday the first Best-Dressed Ted contest was held. The winner was a 20-year-old greengrocer's assistant. The Teddy Boy myth was born...'

The Teddy Boys were the first mass expression of British youth culture: a tribal clique determined to strut, threaten, amaze, entertain and finally define the aspirations and imagination of working-class youth in post-war Britain. Many others would follow: Mods, Punks, Skins, Hippies, Goths and – like the Teds – they would blend music, dress, hair, slang and attitude in a unique, creative subculture. But none could rival the place in history of the Teds who, with their outrageous style, rebellious attitude and violent behaviour, became the first teenage embodiment of dread to all decent right-thinking citizens.

It is hard to imagine how radical Teds were when they first appeared in the conventional, austere, post-war 50s. They revelled in hairstyles borrowed from American rock and film stars and exaggerated music from the new, loud, sexual rock’n’roll. They sported velvet-cuffed drape coats which were copied from the high Edwardian style (hence the Teddy), tight trousers, and an attitude magnified by British truculence. And their shoes were from... Mars!

Certainly my father, the most conservative of men, considered Teds to be beyond the pale, threatening that I didn't want to turn out like one of them. But I sort of did. I was too young and too scared of them then, but I did cultivate a Brylcreme quiff and I bought a pair of winkle-pickers, which my father threw in the fire. And that was more or less that.

Or it was, until the 70s when I was asked to photograph the Teddy Boy revival for New Society magazine. I teamed up with my friend and writer, Richard Smith, and both of us were intrigued by what we found – the energy, the style, the kitsch, the buzz. And the music was good – not cutting edge, but good. A night out with the Teds was generally a good crack – sometimes some violence, some vomit on the carpet, but generally a rock'n'roll party. I wasn't a Ted, but it was easy enough to fit in. I was the bloke who took photographs.

The book of the work we did came out in 1979. It was called The Teds and it became a bit of a cult. The book has recently been republished and looking at it again, my curiosity got the better of me. I decided to go back and find some of the characters who were in the book. It was almost like going to a school reunion – 'Whatever happened to...' I went down to a Teddy Boy weekender in Reading. I didn't realise these things still went on, but I was told by some of the Teds that there were too many of these kinds of events now, that the scene was getting diluted. It was certainly getting old.

I tracked down Tongue-Tied Danny through Val, who had organised the event. When I did the book, he was one of the best-known DJs, in demand around the country, and I photographed his wedding to Sue, 24 years ago. Danny had been out of the scene for many years. He'd got fed up with it, his equipment was always being stolen, his car trashed, he'd had enough. He moved into historical re-enactments and building computers. But the pull of the Ted was too strong, and through some old friends he gradually got back into it.

Nowadays, Danny has to use a walking stick and Sue is permanently in a wheelchair and often in great pain (but still active in her residents' association). She collects porcelain dolls. Danny still gets down to the Galileo pub and the Pavilion in Battersea for rock'n'roll nights.

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**B: POZNAVANJE IN RABA JEZIKA** (Čas reševanja: 40 minut)

**TASK 1: GAP FILL**

Read through the article to the end carefully, then write the missing words in the spaces provided on the answer sheet.

Contractions such as *can't*, *isn't*, *it's* etc count as one word.

There is ONE word missing in each gap.

*There is an example at the beginning: Gap 0.*

**Beauty is skin deep – and also fur free**

Adapted from an article in *The Observer Magazine*, 8 June 2003, by Robin McKie

Scientists have uncovered the secrets of the supermodel’s velvet skin and the Hollywood starlet’s clear, glowing complexion: they are designed to show that their **0** [owners] do not have lice or fleas. Researchers believe humans shed their furry, primate coats half a million years ago to **1** themselves from disease-carrying parasites. Since **2**, smooth skin has become a signal of a person’s health and breeding potential. **3** short, mankind went naked into the world not from shame or out of a need to keep cool **4** to help to fight off bugs. ‘Animal fur is usually riddled with parasitical insects that trigger diseases,’ said Sir Walter Bodmer, of the Institute of Molecular Medicine, Oxford. ‘Clear, hairless skin shows a person is free **5** such infection and is unlikely to be suffering immune problems. Smoothness has therefore become an evolutionary calling card we use unconsciously to pick healthy mates, especially men when **6** for female partners.’

Humans are unique among large mammals in having hairless, soft skin, a condition that is only shared **7** naked mole-rats, a species described as resembling overcooked sausages with buck teeth. In **8**, humans are not strictly hairless,’ said Prof Mark Pagel, of Reading University. ‘We have the same number of body hairs as a chimpanzee, but **9** are much finer and thinner. The question is: why did our body hairs become reduced this way, while chimps – our closest evolutionary cousins – kept theirs?’

In the **10**, researchers argued that our ancestors shed their pelts when they stepped **11** from the trees millions of years ago and began hunting on the searing hot plains of central Africa. Furry animals would simply overheat, it was claimed, **12** so humans shed their hair to keep cool while running around on the savannah. ‘But this theory has a major flaw,’ said Pagel. ‘Hairlessness would keep us cool during the day, but it would also **13** we would get disastrously cold at night. The equations don’t add up.’ Instead, the two scientists, writing in the Royal Society’s ‘Biology Letters’, say humans shed their fur relatively recently, around 500,000 years ago, when we learnt how to build fires and shelters. ‘With huts and hearths to keep us warm at night, we could shed our bug-ridden pelts,’ said Bodmer. ‘In other **14**, it was not until we developed the intelligence to keep ourselves warm artificially **15** we lost our hair. However, we didn’t do it to keep cool during the day, we did it to lose the ticks, fleas and lice that **16** been infesting our fur until then and which would have been causes of serious diseases of the blood.’

Those individuals **17** first lost their fur this way were therefore given a precious evolutionary advantage over others – not just in fighting disease, but also in saving time and energy. ‘Chimps spend half their days grooming and pulling ticks from **18** other’s pelts,’ said Pagel. ‘Without fur, and their parasite load, men and women could **19** a lot of valuable time and energy that could then be expended **20** finding food and shelter. Nakedness has been really good for us.’ In this way, hairlessness became a highly desired attribute in humans, a signal that a person was a good mate, particularly for men seeking female partners. ‘For men, a signal that a woman was disease-free was especially important **21** it suggested they would have a better chance of surviving childbirth and so maintain **22** partner’s genotype,’ said Bodmer. ‘And certainly, everywhere you look in the world, you find that women, no matter what the race or tribe, are significantly **23** hairy than men.’ As a result, smooth, hairless, wrinkle-free skin is now considered the most desired attribute a woman can **24** and vast financial empires – L’Oréal, Estée Lauder, Lancôme and others – have been established to provide products aimed **25** maintaining good complexions.

© *The Observer Magazine*
The grass is greener

Adapted from an article in The Observer Magazine, 3 March 2002, by Tamsin Blanchard

Helen Ellery is delighted. She \_0\_ [has found] a snail on her stairs — inside her flat, a cosy two-bedroom Georgian sanctuary above an old shopfront which now \_1\_ (SERVE) as her office. While most of us would be vaguely disgusted to find a trail of slime \_2\_ (LEAD) to a snail inside our homes, for Helen it is proof that she has managed to achieve exactly what she wanted: to bring the outside in. If only the odd bee and caterpillar \_3\_ (MAKE) themselves at home too, she would be a very happy woman.

Walk up a narrow flight of stairs and you find yourself in Helen’s English country cottage. You can almost hear the sea washing up against the shingle beach outside and the seagulls swooping around the sunny blue sky. The smell of freshly cut narcissus wafts about in the breeze from the open windows of the living room. It’s only the end of February, but spring has arrived. But the truth is, we are about as far away from the great British seaside as it is possible \_4\_ (BE). This is industrial, urban Clerkenwell in central London.

The views of the windows are of scaffolding and building sites. In the middle of the night, it is not the waves that \_5\_ (KEEP) Helen awake but the rumble of the meat trucks on their way to Smithfield Market. Nevertheless, she \_6\_ (FILL) her home with a little bit of sea air with the help of some carefully chosen decoration and design.

Originally from south Wales, Helen \_7\_ (LIVE) in London since her days working in the record industry, promoting bands. As a mature student, she \_8\_ (APPLY) to St Martin’s to do a foundation course and then a degree in graphics. Then she took a step further and went to Chelsea College of Art to do interior design. While there, she had the inklings of an idea and she \_9\_ (ALREADY / DECIDE) on the name of her business, The Plot. ‘It was about growth, propagation and all things that come from seed.’ Now 36, her interiors business has well and truly taken root. She is about to complete a 36-room house in Salisbury, which \_10\_ (FIT) out with grass-green rugs ‘mown’ to give the outlines of a maze, oversized checks, big chintz floral curtains, and a colour palette \_11\_ (TAKE) directly from the garden outside.

Helen’s own home is, in a way, her calling card. There are ‘lawn’ carpets in bright grassy green, ‘rape’ rugs the shade of an oil-seed rape field just before it’s flowered, miniature black-and-white chequerboard tiles in the kitchen, an oversized sofa with traditional English country check upholstery, and lovely, bloousy florals on curtains and coming alive on canvases \_12\_ (HANG) around the place.

‘\_13\_ (GO) home to my parents in the countrysides is definitely an inspiration for me,’ she says. ‘All those vegetable patches, big lawns, traditional flowers.’ The Britishness of it all is quite fundamental to Helen’s vision. Bit this is not a style lifted straight out of a typical stately home. It’s quite tongue in cheek. ‘There has to be an element of humour,’ she says. ‘I didn’t want it to be twee. You \_14\_ (LIVE) in the city after all, and I didn’t want to live in the past.’

Hence the upside-down china cup and saucer lampshade in the kitchen, the lettuce-leaf cushions, the miniature doll’s house bath and sink set perched in the bathroom under the toilet cistern, and the painting that she commissioned for the first-floor landing. She asked for a picture of a slug, and in return she \_15\_ (PRESENT) with the word ‘SLUG’ written in big, green sluggly letters.

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TASK 3: WORD FORMATION
Write the correct form of the words written on the left in the spaces provided on the answer sheet.
There is an example at the beginning: Gap 0.

It's good to talk – but...
Adapted from an article in The Observer Magazine, 8 December 2002, by Alexander Garrett

0) DEPEND
Most of us are pretty reliant on the telephone nowadays, but if you work from home in a rural area, the _0_ [dependency] is almost total. In July 1999, when my two lines stopped working, I was instantly cut off; nobody to talk to, no email, and no access to my in-house library, the world-wide web.

1) POVERTY
At least I knew that BT (British Telephone) had a 'service _2_' to restore the connection within 48 hours. But when I rang from a call-box I was told it would take a week for an engineer to get out to me. There had been thunderstorms in June, engineers were on holiday and in these 'wholly exceptional' circumstances, there weren't enough bodies around to do the job. A _3_ week later, I was finally reconnected. Was there any way to prevent this happening again? There is no cable in this area, so I am saddled with BT for better or worse. I was told I could take out a 'Total Care' package which would guarantee a faster _4_. It felt like blackmail, but I went along with it, and duly received written _5_ that one of my lines was now covered by Total Care.

2) COMMIT
Fast forward three years. This summer, a nasty crackling developed on both lines. Each time I rang BT, they told me the line was testing OK, and suggested it might be my own _6_ at fault. If an engineer came and discovered the fault was not BT's, I was darkly warned, I would have to pay more than £90 for the call-out. _7_, the crackling became unbearable, and the phones stopped working altogether.

3) FRUSTRATE
As it happened, a few weeks earlier, I had discovered by accident that I was no longer covered by Total-Care; BT had terminated it without my _8_. And I had been too busy to do anything about getting it restored. I rang to ask for an engineer and was offered an appointment _9_ the following Tuesday. Again, almost a week to have anyone look at the problem. The reason was the 'exceptional' weather, I was told, as a result of which they were again inundated with faults.

4) RESPOND
So far, so awful. I struggled on gamely, with the phone line intermittently coming back on over the next six days, calls often being cut off mid conversation, but just managing to get the most _10_ work done. The engineer duly turned up on the _10_ day and fixed it. Or thought he had.

5) CONFIRM
The following morning, the problem was back, the connection gone again.
PRAZNA STRAN
PRAZNA STRAN