Osnovna raven

**ANGLEŠČINA**

Izpitna pola 1

A: Bralno razumevanje
B: Poznavanje in raba jezika

Sobota, 4. junij 2005 / 80 minut (40 + 40)

Dovoljeno dodatno gradivo in pripomočki: kandidat prinese s seboj nalivno pero ali kemični svinčnik, svinčnik HB ali B, radiro in šilček.

Kandidat dobi list za odgovore.

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**SPLOŠNA MATURA**

Načelno izpitno politiko naj boste sledili. 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.

Prilepite kodo oziroma vpisite 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 reševalje 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. Vračanje 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.

Odgovore z nalivnim perom ali s kemičnim svinčnikom vpisujte v izpitno polo v za to predvideni prostor. Na 2. in 3. nalogi dela A pa na listu za odgovore s svinčnikom še počrtajte ustrezne krogle. Pišite čitljivo. Če se zmotite, odgovor prečrtajte in napišite na novo. Nečitljive rešitve in nejasni popravki se točkujajo z nič (0) točkami.

Zaupajte vsebu in svoje sposobnosti.

Želimo Vam veliko uspeha.

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Ta pola ima 12 strani, od tega 2 prazni.
A: BRALNO RAZUMEVANJE (Čas reševanja: 40 minut)

READING TASK 1: SHORT ANSWERS

Answer in note form in the spaces below.

Example:

0. When was record banana consumption recorded?
   _______________________________________________________
   Over the last 12 months

We're all going bananas

1. What is one of the reasons for the banana boom in the UK?
   _______________________________________________________

2. When could the people in Britain taste a banana for the first time?
   _______________________________________________________

3. Besides being the ultimate food, what else speaks of bananas' versatility?
   _______________________________________________________

4. Who does not benefit from the rise of the nation's favourite fruit?
   _______________________________________________________

5. What proves that bananas were brought to the UK before Victorian times?
   _______________________________________________________

6. What prevented the refrigerated shipment of bananas to the UK?
   _______________________________________________________

7. Who took advantage of the banana day (in 1946)?
   _______________________________________________________
We’re all going bananas

Adapted from an article in The Observer, 30 June 2002, by Robin McKie

Britain has gone bananas. Over the past 12 months we have consumed an unprecedented 3.5 billion pieces of the tropical fruit, forcing our native apple into a poor second place.

The nation’s banana boom is one of the most remarkable nutritional phenomena of recent years, a guide not just to the flowering health consciousness of the British people but also to the country’s economic health.

We spend more money on bananas than any other supermarket item apart from petrol and lottery tickets, and more than 95 per cent of our households buy them every week. Bananas are us, it seems.

Yet a century ago hardly anyone in Britain had tasted or even seen a banana. The first commercial refrigerated shipment arrived 100 years ago this month, triggering a national love affair from which we have never looked back.

The banana has everything going for it, so its popularity should not seem that surprising. It is easy to open; it is packed with energy, fibre and vitamins; it is rich in potassium and low in calories. It is also a first-class hangover cure, stabilises blood pressure and soothes heartburn. You can even use the skins as garden fertiliser when you have finished. It is astonishingly versatile. On top of all this, bananas contain chemicals that stimulate the production of serotonin and dopamine, the same neurotransmitters set off by Prozac and Ecstasy.

As a result, some supermarkets, such as the Co-op, now offer Fairtrade bananas which have been bought directly from growers who are guaranteed realistic prices for their product.

Bananas were virtually unheard of during Victorian times. Early attempts to introduce them to our northern climes met with failure because by the time they had been picked, packaged and then shipped to the UK they had rotted beyond recognition. (Some did reach our shores, however, as was revealed by a recent archeological excavation in London in which the remains of a sixteenth century banana were dug up.)

The development of refrigerated shipping changed everything. Then, as now, bananas were imported in bunches to ripening houses in dockyards where they were stored until they had turned a greenish-yellow colour. Then they were broken into individual fingers and transported to stores and markets.

At times of war, however, bananas disappeared from Britain. In World War I, this shortage led to the popularity of the music hall song 'Yes, we have no bananas', written by Leon Trotsky’s nephew. Similarly, during World War II bananas disappeared from shops. When transatlantic shipping re-commenced at the end of the war, the return of the banana was hailed as heralding an end to austerity and to the curse of the ration book. The Labour government even instigated a national banana day in 1946. Every child should have a banana that day, it was decreed – sometimes with unfortunate results, as the writer Auberon Waugh recalled. He and two of his sisters received their quota of three precious bananas, an exotic fruit whose deliciousness they had heard of but never experienced.

"They were put on my father's plate, and before the anguished eyes of his children he poured on cream, which was almost unprocumbable, and sugar, which was heavily rationed, and ate all three," Waugh wrote. "From that moment, I never treated anything he had to say on faith or morals very seriously."

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READING TASK 2: MATCHING (Paragraphs and Statements)

Match all statements 1–9 with paragraphs from A–H.
MORE THAN ONE STATEMENT may refer to THE SAME PARAGRAPH.
Write your answers in the spaces on the right and shade in the appropriate circles on your answer sheet.

Example:

0. The exhibition of Aztec culture in England will be an outstanding one.  
   A

When Mexico had its day in the sun

1. Spanish buildings in Tenochtitlan were knocked down to help archaeologists work. 

2. In the end, Motecuhzoma was too indecisive to defeat the Spaniards.

3. Stories about Aztecs fascinated the author when he was very young.

4. Cortez conquered Tenochtitlan despite having only a small army.

5. When in Mexico, the author could not believe how many valuable pieces of Aztec civilisation have been preserved.

6. There is more than one theory on how the famous Aztec king passed away.

7. The Aztecs' symbol of power was destroyed by the European invaders.

8. It is difficult to understand how cruelty and a sense of art could go hand in hand.

9. You feel respect when you see what sort of buildings the Aztecs were capable of building.
When Mexico had its day in the sun
Adapted from an article in The Independent, 9 November 2002, by Chris Coplans

A What is it that so fascinates us about the Aztecs? They were a nomadic tribe who, in less than 200 years, built up a huge and powerful empire. Then, with the arrival of the Spanish, the flourishing empire collapsed in just a few short years. This remarkable tale of a civilization’s decline and fall is to be vividly retold in a forthcoming exhibition in London. The most ambitious ever staged outside Mexico, it will feature more than 350 exhibits, some never seen in public.

B As a schoolboy I was intrigued by stories of this great warrior race, once led by a bloodthirsty king with the ferocious-sounding name of Motecuhzoma. I lapped up tales about the tzompantli skull rack, where thousands of trophy-heads of sacrificial victims were strung up in public. I knew that the Aztecs had long since disappeared, but the modern city that replaced their ancient capital was just as frenetic. There were bullfights in huge arenas, serenading Mariachi bands and señoritas who could break your heart with the lowering of an eyelid.

C Earlier this year, I finally made it to Mexico City and found myself in the Museo Nacional de Antropología. I was mesmerised by the abundance of treasures they left. The museum houses the greatest collection of Aztec art in the world and is a great starting point for an insight into their civilization. The museum is the home of the sun or calendar stone, decorated with intricate detail and bearing the face of Tonatiuh at its centre. A haunting statue of Coatlícuie is equally impressive. It seems somewhat incongruous that the same people who created some of these exquisite pieces would also sacrifice up to 20,000 victims a day.

D The vast archaeological site of Teotihuacan had been abandoned for nearly 1,000 years before the Aztecs claimed it. They believed that time itself started here. Like today’s visitor, they must have been equally in awe of the huge size of the city’s main buildings and planned layout. The Pyramid of the Sun, the world’s third largest pyramid, stands aligned to the place on the horizon where the sun rises on the equinox. A few hundred yards away lies the equally impressive but slightly smaller Pyramid of the Moon. Together they dwarf the landscape, rising dramatically against the hills.

E When the Spanish expedition led by Hernán Cortez arrived at Tenochtitlan in 1520 they were awestruck. They had entered a city which at its height was home to more than 250,000 people, making it one of the largest in the world. The Aztecs thought Tenochtitlan was the centre of the Universe and built their symbol of power, the Templo Mayor, in 1325, on the exact spot where they first saw a symbolic eagle with a snake in its beak. Unfortunately, when the Spanish gained control of the city they demolished the temple, using its plundered stone to build their own religious monument, the imposing Cathedral Metropolitana. To add insult to injury they then erected colonial buildings on the vandalised site.

F In an ironic twist in 1978, these buildings were demolished so that archaeologists could excavate the site. The adjoining Museo del Templo Mayor now houses many of the recovered artefacts. A wheel-like stone of a decapitated Coyolxauhqui rightfully takes pride of place in the museum. She was murdered by her brother Huiztilopochtli, who also killed 400 of his brothers.

G How did the Spaniards get their hands on this prize city and all its riches? Cortez’s band of conquistadors was undermanned without funds and a long way from home. His adversary, the enigmatic Motecuhzoma, on the other hand, was a strong and battle-experienced leader with a vast army. He had known about Cortez from the moment that the Spaniard had set foot on the Yucatan Peninsula in 1519. However, from the outset something about the Spaniards spooked him and he may even have thought of Cortez as the incarnation of a deified king.

H Cortez was an opportunist and, with a combination of guile and patience, tricked his way into the city. Motecuhzoma could still have disposed of him, but he hesitated and the longer he left it the more he lost his nerve. Cortez, sensing victory, moved in for the kill. In a daring raid he kidnapped the Aztec leader from his palace and the great god-king was soon little more than a puppet. Motecuhzoma died shortly afterwards as a result of a stoning by his own followers, although according to later Indian accounts he was secretly strangled by the Spaniards. In less than a year the Spanish had seized power and were busy building their own empire.

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READING TASK 3: TRUE / FALSE / NOT GIVEN

Decide whether the following statements are TRUE, FALSE, or NOT GIVEN.
Tick (✓) the appropriate column below and shade in the appropriate circles on your answer sheet.

Example:

0. The author felt strange when he arrived in Edinburgh because of two things. ✓

How my office was turned into a five-star bedroom

1. From the very beginning the building was meant to be a hotel.

2. The Scotsman was delivered to many parts of Scotland.

3. Being editor at The Scotsman was an important promotion for the author.

4. The lower part of the building was in poor condition.

5. The building became difficult to use towards the turn of the century.

6. A lot of people saw an opportunity to turn the building into a hotel.

7. At the time of the author's visit all the rooms in the hotel were in use.

8. The author used to sleep in his office.

9. Smoking during meetings was banned in the editor's office.
How my office was turned into a five-star bedroom

Adapted from an article in The Observer on Sunday, 6 May 2001, by Alan Ruddock

For twenty-four hours I found it hard to shake off a sense of unreality. Arriving in Edinburgh to be greeted by bright sunshine was unsettling enough, but wandering around the old offices of The Scotsman, now a five-star hotel, was downright weird.

There was nothing five-star about the old building when I was there: purpose built at the start of the last century as a newspaper office, it was a phenomenon of its time. It sprawled over nine different levels, a one-stop newspaper production plant that opened straight on to the sidings at Waverley station.

It was a seamless production process, from scribbling, to hot metal, to bundles of newspapers on a train heading for far-flung parts of Scotland. Or at least the outer edges of the Lothians.

By the time I arrived as editor in May 1998, the idea of the building being purpose built for newspapers was absurd. The lower levels, where the presses used to be, were dark cavernous spaces, filled with the detritus of years of newspaper production. It was a place you hurried through on your way to the car park and where, inevitably, you got lost.

The Scotsman operated from the third floor, with its departments scattered in a variety of cubby-holes and dark offices. The editor’s suite was wonderfully grand, with oak-panelled walls and imposing portraits of former editors. In stark contrast, the newsroom was a dreadful place lit by mind-altering yellow uplights and was horribly overcrowded.

What was ideal in the early 1900s had become unmanageable by the end of the century: there was a real sense of relief when we finally moved out in October 1999 to the sleek modernism of a new building down by the site of Scotland’s new Parliament.

Quite how anybody could look at that building and see a five-star hotel was something none of us could understand at the time. The man who did was Jonathan Wix, who had already created the highly regarded 42 The Calls in Leeds. Eighteen months and £19.5 million later, he has got his five-star hotel.

Or very nearly. Although open for business, the hotel is far from finished. Builders hammer away as they rush to finish restaurants, a leisure centre complete with stainless steel swimming pool, a night club and several conference areas. Of the 68 bedrooms and suites, about 40 are ready for guests, with the rest due on stream within weeks. The ultimate deadline has to be the series of festivals that take over Edinburgh for most of August.

Soon after I arrived last Monday I started to poke around, trying to work out what had gone where. The newsroom, mercifully, is no more. In its place is a collection of bedrooms: people will now pay – rather than be paid – to sleep there. The old features department is, suitably, a bar, its wall lined with back-lit bottles of malt whiskies – it claims to have 399 in stock and on display.

My old office is a bedroom, and quite an impressive one at that. It was always an imposing room, with a sweeping view of the New Town through its three-cornered windows. It was a strange feeling, standing in the middle of that room. It used to host smoky conferences enlivened by occasional spats. In my first month at the paper I had sat dutifully by the window and listened to the Chancellor’s views on macro-economics and why Scottish nationalism was a busted flush; now, the office will host excitable tourists and dour financiers unaware of what went before.

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

TASK 1: GAP FILL

Write the missing words in the spaces on the right.
There is ONE word missing in each gap.
There is an example at the beginning: Gap 0.

Life support

Adapted from an article in The Observer Magazine, 3 March 2002, by Lucy Siegle

Sharon Maguire and Tracey MacLeod were the inspiration for Shazza and Jude in Helen Fielding's Bridget Jones's Diary.

Sharon Maguire: Tracey is the queen of the Salon. She loves those kinds of literary parties _0_ she drops one of her little witticisms and everyone falls about laughing.

Of course, I was fiercely intimidated by her when I first saw her at one of these functions being tall and willowy and articulate. I remember feeling profoundly grateful that she even spoke to me. Since _1_ I just sort of shuffle behind her like a little mascot.

She used to sweep into the office at midday when we _2_ working together on the Late Show in the late 80s. She was the glamorous presenter in designer clothes; I was the put-upon director, trolling away in the corner. I was quite relieved _3_ I overheard her discussing Coronation Street and realised she might be human.

She's from Ipswich and I'm from Coventry – we're both small-town girls. We also lost our fathers _4_ impressionable ages. And we both have trailer-park names. We used to get pissed off when people referred generically to Shazons and Traceys, but _5_ was quite a lot of mileage to be had from turning _6_ at posh parties and announcing: 'I'm Sharon and she's Tracey.'

When I directed Bridget Jones's Diary _7_ was similar to Tracey having her baby. Everything was suddenly different. It felt like the end of _8_ era. Now I can't imagine Tracey without David. I was shocked that she's such a cuddly, natural mum.

In 12 years we've never fallen out properly. We had a tiff on holiday once, but then I am an insomniac with a gruelling exercise regime which tests Tracey's patience. She's gone to great lengths _9_ extend my musical tastes but now she realises I like crap things like handbag house. In fact, I'd never want to have a big argument _10_ her because I'd be too scared of losing her for good.

Tracey MacLeod: I remember a few years ago when Sharon said, 'Bye, I love you' at the end of a phone call. I sort of grunted, put the phone _11_ and went really pink. Now I say it to her all the time, and also to my mum and brother. In fact, I think she's changed my whole attitude to love.

I was immediately drawn to Sharon _12_ she's a funny mimic. Our sense of humour is quite similar and tends to be a cataloguing of our gaffes and inadequacies. Nowadays I forage for nuts and berries in the media forest, whereas Sharon shines _13_ a star. Where work's concerned she's amazingly focused _14_ diligent, whereas I'm a slacker _15_ avoids stress at all costs.

© The Observer Magazine
'Disoriented' doctor seen weeks after he vanished

Adapted from an article in *The Independent*, 16 August 2003, by Martin Hickman

A doctor who disappeared almost four weeks ago from the hospital where he worked has been spotted wandering through an airport in a "confused and disoriented" state. Police said there was a confirmed sighting of Dr Richard Stevens, a consultant haematologist, at Liverpool's John Lennon airport in the early hours of Thursday.

Closed-circuit television pictures showed Dr Stevens, 54, who has three children, sitting with a black bag on a bench, forlornly into the distance. One of the lenses in his glasses was broken. He told a member of staff he had north, and took a cab to Lime Street train station, after which he went missing again.

Dr Stevens' family is convinced the man on the CCTV footage at the airport is the doctor. The sighting is the first firm news they have had since he disappeared from the Royal Manchester Children's Hospital in Pendlebury last month. There was no indication he was about missing.

Monday, 21 July started as an ordinary day. Dr Stevens set his alarm for 6.38 am, as usual, kissed his wife, Eirwen, and his home in Sale, Greater Manchester, at 6.50 am. Shortly after 7:10 am he arrived at the hospital, parked his car, and walked through the main entrance to his office.

Then, nothing. His Audi remained in the car park. CCTV cameras did not record him leaving the building. Police searches of the 19th-century hospital found no trace of him. His mobile phone was switched off and he had no contact with his family since. His passport was still at home. No money was withdrawn from his bank accounts.

Dr Stevens was highly respected at the hospital, working with children suffering from leukaemia and haemophilia. Professor Tim Eden, his closest colleague, described him as "one of the most personable people you could meet".

Yet there may have been discord in Dr Stevens’ mind – he had a family argument the day before his disappearance. His work with sick children, which he found difficult about with his wife, may, finally, have got to him. Members of the public have come forward with sightings of the doctor. He was thought wrongly to have boarded a London-bound train, and a woman reported this week that she believed she had given him a lift in Devon. But until now no sighting has been confirmed.

A spokeswoman for Greater Manchester Police said Dr Stevens’ family had seen the airport footage and were convinced the man was Dr Stevens. Sergeant Julie Connor said: "The man in the footage appears confused and disoriented and we are concerned that Richard may suffer some sort of breakdown and does not know where he lives."

© *The Independent*
Meals make us human
Adapted from an article in *The Guardian*, 14 September 2002, by Felipe Fernandez-Armesto

Fat can be fatal. Obesity is the great new __0__ health scare. Heart disease and late-onset diabetes grow out of grease.

The danger is baffling because it is paradoxical. For ours is the most diet-conscious era and diet-obsessed culture in the history of the world. We think thin and we get fat. This is more than a __1__ peculiarity: it bucks the whole trend of human evolution. Our species has long been suspiciously more __2__ in absorbing fat than any other land-based animal – why is that going wrong now? The experts' favourite explanations are all ideologically biased. Some blame capitalism for force feeding us sugar and starch, or industrialisation and urbanisation for distancing millions from healthy food. Dieting, say others, makes you fat by disturbing the metabolism and __3__ faddish eating. Some blame poverty, some blame abundance. Some of these explanations are wrong; the rest are inadequate. Really, fat is a function of deeper __4__ in our eating habits. It's the outward and visible sign of a profound social disaster: the decline of the meal. We have to face this threat if we want to face it down.

Mealtimes are our oldest rituals. The companionable effects of eating together help to make us human. The little links which bind households together are forged at the table. The __5__ of our homes probably depends more on regular mealtimes than on sexual fidelity or filial piety. Now it is in danger. Food is being desocialised. The demise of mealtimes means unstructured days and undisciplined appetites. The __6__ of the fast-food eater is uncivilising. In microwave households, family life fragments. The end of home cooking has long been both __7__ predicted and ardently desired. The anti-cooking __8__ started, rather feebly, more than 100 years ago, among socialists who wanted to liberate women from the kitchen and replace the family with a wider community. In 1887, Edward Bellamy imagined a paradise of kitchenless homes. Workers would order dinner from menus printed in newspapers and eat them in people's palaces. Twenty years later, Charlotte Perkins wanted to make cookery "__9__": in effect, eliminating it from most lives, while professionals in meal-making factories maintained energy levels for a world of work. It would have been insufferably dull – institutional eating can never beat home cooking. But at least it was __10__ conceived, with socialising effects in mind.

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