Višja 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, radičko in šišek. Kandidat deli 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 točkujo z nič (0) točkami.

Prilepite 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 pozoril, 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 vpišite v izpitno polo v za to predvideni prostor, pri 2. in 3. nalogi dela A pa na listu za odgovore s svinčnikom še počrtajte ustrezne krogice. Pišite čitljivo. Če se zmotite, odgovor prečrtajte in napišite na novo. Nečitljive rešitve in nejasni popravki se točkajo z nič (0) točkami.

Zaupajte vse in svoje sposobnosti.

Želimo Vam veliko uspeha.

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Ta pola ima 12 strani, od tega 1 prazno.
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. In short, bananas are healthy – and they give you a buzz. It is the ultimate food: ambrosia in a colourful skin.

The rise and rise of the nation's favourite fruit has also been the result of some skilful and cunning marketing by traders and producers – as well as the influx of cheap 'dollar bananas' from Latin America and the Caribbean.

And here lies the downside to the banana's popularity. As campaigners point out, banana plantation workers are usually paid a pittance. Many have to live in miserable housing in near-starvation and are left sterile by toxic agricultural chemicals. Some of their trade union leaders risk being attacked and killed.

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 unprocurable, 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: 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 answers in the spaces next to the numbers and shade in the appropriate circles on your answer sheet.

There is an example at the beginning: Gap 0.

White mischief

Adapted from an article in The Guardian, 9 December 2002, by William Dalrymple

Towards the end of the autumn of 1801, a major scandal broke out in Calcutta over the behaviour of James Achilles Kirkpatrick, the British resident (in effect, ambassador) at the court of Hyderabad. Some of the stories circulating about Kirkpatrick were harmless enough. He habitually swanned around the British residency in what one surprised visitor had described as "a Musselman's dress of the finest texture".

These eccentricities were, in themselves, hardly a matter for alarm. The British in India – particularly those at some distance from the thoroughly Anglicised presidency towns of Calcutta, Madras and Bombay – had long adapted themselves to Mughal customs, shedding their Britishness like an unwanted skin, and wearing Indian dress, writing Urdu poetry, taking harem and adopting the ways of the Mughal governing class that they slowly came to replace, a process that Salman Rushdie, talking of modern multiculturalism, has called "chutnification". Although by 1801 this had become a little unfashionable, it was hardly something which could affect a man's career. (1)

First, there were consistent reports that Kirkpatrick had "connected himself with a female" of one of Hyderabad's leading noble families. The girl in question, Khair un-Nissa, was said to be little more than 14 years old at the time. Moreover, she was a Sayyeda, a descendant of the prophet, and thus, like all her clan, kept in the very strictest purdah. Despite these powerful taboos, the girl had somehow managed to become pregnant by Kirkpatrick and was said to have given birth to his child. Finally, and perhaps most alarmingly for the authorities in Bengal, it was said that Kirkpatrick had formally married the girl. (2) These rumours had led some of his colleagues to wonder whether his political loyalties could still be depended on.

I first came across Kirkpatrick's story on a visit to Hyderabad in February 1997. I thought it was most extraordinary, and by the time I left the city I was captivated. It seemed so different from what one expected of the British in India. Little did I know then that it was to be the start of an obsession that would take over my life for the next five years.

I had been working in the India Office library on the papers of Kirkpatrick for several months before members of my own Scottish family started popping up in the story. At first they sounded a remarkably dour and unpromising lot. (3) But he entered stage left as the principal gooseberry of the plot, doing all he could to keep Kirkpatrick apart from his beloved, and scheming with Khair's grandfather to stop the two from seeing each other. Dalrymple's sister-in-law, Margaret, was an even less promising proposition, described by Kirkpatrick as "an affected, sour, supercilious woman".

My relations suddenly became a lot more interesting, however, with the appearance in the story of a Muslim princess with the somewhat unexpected name of Mooti Begum Dalrymple, a woman whose name had certainly been rigorously removed from all the family records I had seen at home. Mooti turned out to be the daughter of the Nawab of the nearby port of Masulipatam, and was married to James Dalrymple. (4) The boys were sent to Madras to be brought up as Christians, eventually to be sent back to East Lothian and reabsorbed into Scottish society, while the only girl from the marriage, Noor Jah Begum, was brought up as a Hyderabad Muslim and remained in India.

Kirkpatrick's children, who were roughly the same age as my long-lost cousin Noor Jah Begum, also made a similarly strange journey across cultural frontiers: brought up as Muslims in Hyderabad
with the names Sahib Allum and Sahib Begum, they were shipped off to London where they were baptised and took the names James and Kitty Kirkpatrick.

(5___) With brothers and sisters in cross-cultural marriages apparently routinely divided between Christianity and Islam, this was not an era when notions of clashing civilisations would have made sense to anyone. The world inhabited by Sahib Begum/Kitty Kirkpatrick was far more hybrid, and had far less clearly defined ethnic, national and religious borders, than we have all been conditioned to expect.

As I progressed in my research, it was not long before I discovered that I had a direct Indian ancestor, was the product of a similar interracial liaison from this period, and had Indian blood in my veins. (6___) We had all heard the stories of how our beautiful, dark-eyed, Calcutta-born great-great-grandmother, Sophia Pattle, used to speak Hindustani with her sisters. But it was only when I poked around in the archives that I discovered that she was descended from a Hindu Bengali woman, who had converted to Catholicism, taken the name Marie Monica, and married a French officer.

(7___) The wills of East India Company officials, now in the India Office library, clearly show that in the 1780s, more than one-third of the British men in India were leaving all their possessions to one or more Indian wives, or to Anglo-Indian children – a degree of cross-cultural mixing which has never made it into the history books. It suggests that, 200 years before multiculturalism became a buzzword, the India of the East India Company was an infinitely more culturally, racially and religiously mixed place than modern Britain can even dream of being.

This period of intermixing did not last. (8___) The wills written by dying East India Company servants show that the practice of marrying or cohabiting with Indian babis quickly began to decline. The mutiny of 1857 merely finished off the process. Afterwards, nothing could ever be as it was. With the British victory, and the genocidal spate of hangings and executions that followed, the entire top rank of the Mughal elite was swept away and British culture was unapologetically imposed on India.

The story of mixed-race families such as my own and the Kirkpatricks seems to raise huge questions about Britishness and the nature of empire, faith and personal identity; indeed, about how far all of these matters, are fixed and immutable – and to what extent they were flexible, tractable and negotiable. It is significant, moreover, that all this surprises us as much as it does. (9___) Yet at a time when east and west, Islam and Christianity, appear to be engaged in another major confrontation, this unlikely group of expatriates provides a timely reminder that it is very possible – and has always been possible – to reconcile the two worlds and build bridges across cultures. Only bigotry, prejudice, racism and fear drive them apart. But they have met and mingled in the past; and they will do so again.

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A I am sure that I am hardly alone in making this sort of discovery.
B James Dalrymple was the first of my kinsmen to make an appearance.
C No one in my family seemed to know about this, though it should not have been a surprise.
D But other charges against Kirkpatrick were of a much more serious nature.
E The rise of the Victorian Evangelicals in the 1830s and 40s slowly killed off the intermingling of Indian and British ideas, religions and ways of life.
F It is as if the Victorians succeeded in colonising not just India but also, more permanently, our imaginations.
G It seems to have been a measure of the strangeness of their marriage that the two agreed to split the upbringing of their children according to sex.
H That meant that he had embraced Islam and had become a practising Shi'a Muslim.
I Kirkpatrick's children entered the new culture without ever looking back or returning to India.
J The period seemed to be full of unexpected collisions and intermixings.
K It was said that he had given up wearing English clothes for all but the most formal of occasions.
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:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TRUE</th>
<th>FALSE</th>
<th>NOT GIVEN</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>✓</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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

**How my office was turned into a five-star bedroom**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TRUE</th>
<th>FALSE</th>
<th>NOT GIVEN</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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.

© *The Observer on Sunday*
Lost for words?

Adapted from an article in *The Observer*, 12 January 2003, by Robin McKie

It began with grunts, and very soon it may end with them. Excess hours in front of television and parents who have long working hours are robbing our children __0__ humanity’s most precious evolutionary attribute: language – ‘the dress of thought’, as Samuel Johnson described our capacity for intelligent speech.

It is a worrying vision, summed __1__ last week by education expert Alan Wells, who warned that youngsters now communicate in monosyllables, mainly because __2__ have lost the art of talking and playing with their children. __3__ the age when they come into school, many children have very few language skills at __4___. That clearly has an impact on their learning. In other __5__ we face a world in which intelligible communication is likely to become a rarity – though we should take care: the death of language has __6__ predicted many times in the past. As George Bernard Shaw said in the preface to *Pygmalion*: ‘The English have no respect for their __7__ and will not teach their children to speak it.’

Nevertheless, most parents would find it hard __8__ to agree with Wells’s basic message. It is a worrying trend, not just for those __9__ lose an ability to use language but for the fate of the planet. Robbed of an __10__ to follow, and sustain, complex arguments, more and more humans will simply give up trying to understand the world around them. Essentially, more and more __11__ will give up thinking and following these issues and leave them in the hands of eloquent experts – scientists, politicians and others – who will take __12__ the roles of shamans. That is scarcely a healthy development.

Indeed, it is a particularly alarming prospect __13__ a species that is distinguished by communication skills. Language has been found in every one of the thousands of societies documented by scientists __14__ is used by every neurologically normal member of humanity. Language is so tightly woven __15__ human experiences that it is scarcely possible to imagine life without it.

The importance of speech in our lives is revealed by the fact that a person may utter as many as 40,000 words in __16__ day, though the intriguing point is that most of these are about utterly trivial issues. By monitoring common-room chat, __17__ was
discovered that 86 per cent of our daily conversations are about personal relationships and experiences – love lives, TV programmes and jokes. Most of the time we use language to gossip. It is __18__ makes the world go round. The observation suggests that the root of human language is social, not intellectual, and that its usefulness in communicating complex notions came relatively late in our evolutionary history. For most of our time on Earth, language had the equivalent __19__ of grooming among monkeys, strengthening social bonds __20__ individuals and cementing tribes together.

__21__ relatively late in the story of Homo sapiens did language emerge in its current mature version. Recent works have dated key mutations in genes involved in neurone activity to about 200,000 years ago. These, they say, may have been crucial to our acquisition of sophisticated speech. It was, above all, our ability to exchange complex data – shelter and sources of food among many of our fellow humans – that __22__ us a critical advantage in those harsh days.

After that, humanity slowly conquered all the nooks and crannies of the planet, from the tip of South America __23__ the islands of Polynesia. To every one of these outposts we brought language. In short, language has been a mixed blessing for humanity, __24__ given that it virtually defines us as a species, it is hard to imagine us losing our prowess in the long term. 'In any case, just __25__ our kids grunt at us doesn't mean to say they cannot communicate,' says Professor Robin Dunbar. 'It probably just means they don't want to talk to adults.'

© The Observer
'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 __0__ (SPOT) wandering through an airport in a "confused and disoriented" state. Police said there __1__ (BE) 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, __2__ (STARE) forlornly into the distance. One of the lenses in his glasses was broken. He told a member of staff he __3__ (HEAD) north, and took a cab to Lime Street train station, after which he went missing again.

Dr Stevens' family is convinced the man __4__ (SEE) on the CCTV footage at the airport is the doctor. The sighting is the first firm news they have had since he __5__ (DISAPPEAR) from the Royal Manchester Children's Hospital in Pendlebury last month. There was no indication he was about __6__ (GO) 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 __7__ (LEAVE) 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 __8__ (LEAVE) the building. Police searches of the 19th-century hospital found no trace of him. His mobile phone was switched off and he __9__ (MAKE) no contact with his family since. His passport was still at home. No money __10__ (WITHDRAW) 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 __11__ (TALK) 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 __12__ (BOARD) 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 __13__ (CONFIRM).

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 __14__ (MAY / SUFFER) some sort of breakdown and does not know where he __15__ (LIVE)."

© 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 conspicuously _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.
PRAZNA STRAN