Osnovna raven

**ANGLEŠČINA**

**Izpita pola 1**

A: Bralno razumevanje
B: Poznavanje in raba jezika

**Sreda, 29. avgust 2007 / 80 minut (40 + 40)**

Dovoljeno dodatno gradivo in pripomočki:

Kandidat prinese s seboj nalivno pero ali kemični svinčnik, svinčnik HB ali B, radirko in šilček.

Kandidat dobi list za odgovore.

NAVODILA KANDIDATU

Pazljivo preberite ta navodila. Ne izpuščajte ničesar.

Ne obračajte strani in ne začenjajte reševati nalog, dokler Vam nadzorni učitelj tega ne dovoli.

Rešitev nalog v izpitni poli ni dovoljeno zapisovati z navadnim svinčnikom.

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 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 peresom ali s kemičnim svinčnikom vpisujte v izpitno polo v za to predvideni prostor, pri 2. in 3. nalogi dela A pa na listu za odgovore s svinčnikom še počnite ustrezne krogce. Pišite čitljivo. Če se zmotite, odgovor prečrtajte in napišite na novo. Nečitljive rešitve in nejasni popravki se točkujejo z nič (0) točkami.

Zaupajte vse v 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. What do young tourists miss in the monastery?

____________________________________________________

Entertainment

Live like a monk in Andalucia

1. Who restored the monastery?

____________________________________________________

2. What makes the region of Sierra Norte different from the plains of Seville?

____________________________________________________

3. What is the path to the monastery like?

____________________________________________________

4. Why did the monks abandon the monastery?

____________________________________________________

5. What happened to the monastery’s valuables?

____________________________________________________

6. Which foreign citizens did Carmen help settle in Spain?

____________________________________________________

7. Who financially helped Carmen to realise her dream?

____________________________________________________
Live like a monk in Andalucia
Adapted from an article in The Independent, 4 September 2005, by Robert Verkaik

Once a refuge for pilgrims, now holiday-makers are enjoying the tranquillity of this former monastery.

Not everybody who books into La Cartuja de Cazalla stays the course. The day before I arrived at this former Carthusian monastery perched on a plateau deep in the Andalucian countryside, a young couple fled into the night complaining that the place was short on entertainment. Monastic life is not to everybody's taste.

Most hotel proprietors might be a little perturbed about the premature exit of two paying guests. But Carmen Ladron de Guévara y Bracho, the monastery's owner, who single-handedly saved it from ruin, has seen it all before. "I usually take one look at the guests and know whether the Cartuja is for them. Many turn up expecting a different kind of atmosphere or some excitement that simply isn't here. I knew this couple were leaving before they did," she says.

It is true that at La Cartuja de Cazalla there are no kids' clubs, discos or swanky restaurants. Such is the remoteness of the location that taxi drivers make a surcharge for the wear and tear to their vehicles for reaching the monastery. But the 60-mile journey from the dusty plains of Seville to the lush vegetation of the Sierra Norte is worth every click on the cabbie's meter.

Three miles from the white-faced buildings of Cazalla de la Sierra, the nearest settlement to the monastery, a steep track bordered by olive orchards leads visitors to the Cartuja's gatehouse. Behind the dark metallic gates is a very special, tranquil place that has been sought out by pilgrims for centuries. Before the Carthusian monks consecrated this site in 1476, Celts, Romans and Moors came here to sample the natural springs that still provide water for the monastery and its estate.

Among the ruins of La Cartuja, set in an area of outstanding natural beauty – the Iberian lynx and Spanish wolf are still occasionally sighted in the surrounding cork and oak woods – my week rushes by.

Even today La Cartuja is still giving up the secrets of its pious founders' past. Recent finds include coins, medieval tiles and Carthusian cooking utensils. The monks themselves were forced out in 1834 during the dissolution of the Spanish monasteries. Soon afterwards the buildings fell into disrepair as local farmers stripped them of anything valuable. It wasn't until a former Battle of Britain spitfire pilot bought La Cartuja in 1973 that the reclamation could begin.

He used the monastery as a hideaway where he lived with his 17-year-old British girlfriend. When she tired of her much older lover and his reclusive lifestyle, he lost interest in the monastery. La Cartuja, one of only four of the region's surviving Carthusian monasteries, faced an uncertain future. Carmen, then a property developer, had fallen in love with the place and was determined to buy it. After a career spent helping the British build new homes on the Costa del Sol, she wanted to save La Cartuja for Spain. Carmen finally persuaded him to sell.

But her quest to restore it to its original glory continued to be frustrated as local politicians and businessmen did their best to thwart her. Her principal obstacle was the Catholic church, which had shown little interest in the survival of the break-away Carthusian movement. However, the church had also underestimated Carmen's determination. She finally managed to persuade a private investor to lend her the money and the result is a breathtaking example of a restoration project that has preserved the main church, its sanctuary, dome and belfry as well as La Cartuja's two chapels, cloisters, refectory and chapter house.

Today, these buildings, which in 1987 were finally recognised by the European Union as a national monument, function as a centre of contemporary art. The main church houses a gallery exhibiting the work of many of the artists who have visited the monastery over the past 25 years. There are three smaller galleries in the buildings set around the old cloisters where the monks used to eat and sleep.

© The Independent
READING TASK 2: MATCHING (Paragraphs and Statements)

Match statements 1–9 with paragraphs 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. Altarini are typical of Catholic countries. | D |

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Fatal attraction

| 1. The rate of road accidents is discouraging. |
| 2. The penalty for fresh drivers is stricter. |
| 3. Busy traffic and little distance between vehicles affect the number of accidents. |
| 4. Certain memorials show that the sadness of the relatives will never fade. |
| 5. The Church is also concerned about the drivers’ behaviour. |
| 6. Not all altarini carry the name of the dead. |
| 7. Losing a driving licence means losing self-esteem. |
| 8. The road connecting the two cities is one of the most dangerous ones. |
| 9. New measures have improved road safety. |
Fatal attraction
Adapted from an article in The Guardian, 18 August 2005, by Barbara McMahon

Despite a campaign by the government to reduce road deaths, the number of people killed every year in Italy remains shockingly high – some 6,000 deaths annually or roughly 17 a day. The victims are mostly young and male, and there have been two tragic examples recently. Three teenagers, off on holiday to celebrate the end of school, were killed when their car plunged off a bridge in Genoa while in Bari five young men, all aged 18, were killed in a collision with a lorry as they were returning from an afternoon at a go-kart track.

It is too soon to say what caused these incidents but according to the Automobile Club D'Italia (ACI), driving too fast and driving too close to the car in front are the main causes of road accidents. Another factor is the sheer amount of traffic on congested roads and motorways. There are an estimated 34m cars in Italy, one for every 1.7 inhabitants.

Evidence of Italy's shocking road safety record is apparent in the number of "altarini" or roadside memorials all over the country. On a stretch of road between Ravenna and Ferrara, one of the worst accident blackspots in northern Italy, there are dozens of these sad little cemeteries: a miniature statue of David left in memory of Fabio, 18 years old; a piece of marble inscribed to Giuseppe, aged 24, and a cross for Stefano, who was killed in 1975 just before he graduated in science.

The practice of leaving roadside memorials originated in Mediterranean Catholic countries and is not only confined to Italy, of course, but they do seem to multiply here. The further south in Italy you go, the more likely you are to find "altarini" draped with crucifixes, holy pictures, black ribbons and statues. In this part of the country the Church has a stronger influence and people are less constrained by emotion, giving full vent to their grief at this modern of massacres.

Michele Smargiassi, a journalist for La Repubblica newspaper, decided to write about "altarini" and in the course of two days drove 700 km (440 miles), stopping to photograph and examine these sad tributes tied to guardrails or erected on grass verges. He was intrigued by the use of plastic flowers over fresh flowers but came to see that plastic flowers were a way of people saying that their grief will never end while fresh flowers indicated that nothing, especially life, lasts for ever.

He says the "altarini" that moved him most were the ones that left behind a tantalising piece of the story – a soft toy, a football scarf, a single Camel cigarette – but he was puzzled by the numbers of anonymous tributes. No names of the victims or clues as to what had happened. Wasn't the point to record who had died there and to warn other drivers that these were danger spots? According to psychologists he spoke to, many roadside memorials, especially in the north of Italy where people are less likely to be practising Catholics, are silent messages of anger and sorrow. "By not leaving any identification, people are saying: 'This grief is mine, only mine. No one else can understand it,'" says Smargiassi.

There are encouraging signs that the Italian government's "patente a punti" (points-based driving licence) policy is having an effect on driver behaviour and consequently, reducing road casualties. Each person has 20 points on their driving licence and points are deducted for speeding and other bad practices. Drivers who get down to 10 points risk having their licences suspended for a period of at least one to three months. More importantly, newly qualified drivers are subjected to double penalty points for driving offences for their first three years on the road. Even Pope Benedict XVI has contributed to the campaign, telling Italians to drive carefully during the holiday season.

"An Italian feels less of a man without his licence so the thought of it being taken away is proving to be a very good deterrent, much more effective than a fine," adds an ACI spokesman. But he acknowledged that there is a lot of work to do to change the culture of driving in Italy. "Italians like to drive fast and they are not considerate towards other drivers," he says. "Until we change that behaviour we will continue to see these sad places where dear ones have died."
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></th>
<th>TRUE</th>
<th>FALSE</th>
<th>NOT GIVEN</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>0. The documentaries were well received by the public.</td>
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<td>✔</td>
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Sofia Gubaidulina's music of poverty

<table>
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<tr>
<th></th>
<th>TRUE</th>
<th>FALSE</th>
<th>NOT GIVEN</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. Success has turned Sofia into a spoilt member of the consumer society.</td>
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<td>2. According to Sofia the intellectual stimuli in the Soviet Union were limited.</td>
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<td>3. Repression in society resulted in artists' creativity.</td>
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<td>4. The author had met Sofia before the first interview.</td>
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<td>5. The author heard Sofia's music at a concert.</td>
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<td>6. The author was surprised because Sofia asked him many questions.</td>
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<td>7. Sofia was eager to talk about herself to the journalist.</td>
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<td>8. Sofia's mother was proud of her daughter's musical achievements.</td>
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<tr>
<td>9. Nowadays Sofia has lost concern about her origin.</td>
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Sofia Gubaidulina's music of poverty
Adapted from an article in The Guardian, 12 August 2005, by Gerard McBurney

In the early 1990s, BBC2 broadcast three groundbreaking documentaries about modern Soviet music, including a one-hour film devoted to Sofia Gubaidulina – a composer then almost completely unknown in the UK. Not everyone liked the results: one newspaper mockingly trailed the programme as "portrait of oddball Russian composer".

Things have changed since then. With the fall of the Soviet Union and a spate of large-scale commissions from orchestras in Europe, North America and Japan, Gubaidulina, now in her 70s, has become one of the most sought-after composers in the world. Success has brought modest independence and a small house outside Hamburg, where she lives quietly and simply, with close friends nearby. All she wants is to write music.

In a striking moment in that interview (shot 15 years ago in the tiny Moscow apartment), she uses the word "bednost" – poverty – to describe Soviet life, looking back over the stark Stalinism of her youth to the dreariness and repression of the Brezhnev era. But she quickly clarifies: she doesn't mean material poverty, lack of food and other basic needs, but poverty of information. And then she goes further, describing such poverty as an advantage for Soviet artists of her generation, giving them an edge on their western counterparts. "If you cannot lay your hands on information – this book is forbidden for some reason, that piece of music restricted – when by some miracle you do manage to get hold of something, you throw yourselves upon it with an intensity probably not even dreamt of by the person who has everything," she says. The key word here is "intensity", the creative intensity that springs from restriction.

I first visited Gubaidulina in Moscow in the spring of 1985. My Russian was fractured, and I was a new hand at Soviet living. I made my way to the Preobrazhenskoye district in the northeast of the city. This is where the boy-emperor Peter the Great formed his famous toy regiments. Venturing up a leafy side street along the crumbling wall of a 19th-century cemetery and into a standard block of Soviet flats, I was nervous. One of the main reasons for being in Russia at all had been my encounter two years before with a scratchy recording of an astonishing violin concerto called Offertorium, and now I was going to meet its composer.

I was struck by Gubaidulina's bird-like shyness, by her formality and sense of ceremony. Her concern was for me, her foreign guest. How was I managing in a strange country, what had brought me here, what kind of music was I interested in? With difficulty, I prodded her to talk about herself, about her music and about her childhood.

Born in 1931, she grew up in Kazan, a huge city on the River Volga and the capital of the Tatar Republic. Her mother was Russian, but her Tatar father seemed the more important, if contradictory influence. A child of the revolution – Russian-speaking by choice, atheist, practical, dismissive of sentimentality and tradition – he never approved of her musical ambitions or her fascination with religion. What seemed to matter most to Gubaidulina, however, was not their relationship, but his "eastern" roots: she proudly showed me a muzzy photograph on her desk of her father's father, a mullah wearing a white embroidered robe and white turban, taken around the time of the 1917 revolution.

As Gubaidulina spoke, I saw the passionate curiosity of someone driven by frustration and anger that their background, traditions and culture had been ripped away. For her it was essential to make connections with what had been lost. If there remained only tiny bits of information on which to base such connections, then so be it. Later, as I spent more time in Russia, I realised such an attitude was common to many who had grown up in this society, which denied its own past so harshly.

© The Guardian
It's a brave, or possibly ill-informed, man \(0\) attempts to sell lawnmowers in times of drought, yet there he is by the side of the road, standing proudly next to 15 such machines, each one looking \(1\) if, beneath the layers of dust from the prolonged dry season, it could be brought to life at a moment's notice.

The stall next to him, selling widescreen televisions from Japan and refrigerators from Germany, \(2\) doing steady business, and you realise that, \(3\) though people in Niger are dying of hunger, for many others in the capital, Niamey, life goes on seemingly unaware of the crisis on its doorstep. To wander these streets is to see a city bustling with life.

The roadside markets show \(4\) shortage of food: red onions and bulbous green tomatoes are piled high in wicker baskets, alongside other, more exotic fruits from Ghana and Nigeria. Even on the road \(5\) of the capital, the rising stalks of maize show that, when it does rain, meagre crops can survive. Cresting one of the few hills in this region, the view of the countryside shows it to be all red earth, punctuated by patches of leafy green shoots, fragile signs of next season's harvest.

Everywhere the same colours, red and green, green and red, as reflected in the horizontal stripes of \(6\) country's flag. But when the rains do fail and any surviving crops are devoured by the worst locust swarms of the past 20 years, then the price of food skyrockets and the people cannot afford \(7\) eat. This is the reality of life in Niger, a country perpetually on the brink of disaster. It is a vast country: four times the size of Britain, twice the size of Texas. Eighty per cent of northern Niger is desert \(8\), thanks in part to global warming, is spreading every year. It's the second poorest country on the planet, with a life expectancy for men of 42 years, and of a population of about 12 million nearly a third \(9\) endangered by the current food shortage.

To the south lies more prosperous Nigeria, a country with money, food and oil. Niger has desert and the occasional deposits \(10\) uranium, its only natural resource. But with the Cold War not being \(11\) it used to be, weapons-grade plutonium is as hard to shift around here as lawnmowers.

The food crisis is not solely confined to Niger. In the Sahel desert region, countries \(12\) as Mali, Burkina Faso and Mauritania could soon be as badly affected. Famine is \(13\) emotive word, a biblical word, a political word. A word some people here are reluctant to use. But when \(14\) hunger become famine? When does the skinny season between planting and harvest last so long \(15\) a country is pushed into catastrophe? 'Is it a famine, is it not a famine? It's not really relevant,' says Dominic MacSorley, director of operations for Concern, one of the many aid agencies in Niger. 'When children are dying, it does not matter what you call it.'
Beating around the bush
Adapted from an article in The Independent, 15 August 2005, by Tim Walker

The campfire has dwindled to a pale orange glow. Somewhere out in the gathering dark a herd of elephants lumber among the baobabs. In a low voice, Francis is recounting another big game adventure. He was out at night in the bush on a conservation project, he recalls, "and I was sitting in the jeep waiting for my colleagues to return. I saw them coming towards me and was about to call out, when they stopped dead in their tracks, staring at a point just behind my head... I turned very slowly to see a leopard sitting in the back seat! What could I do? It had crept up so quietly. If I ran, its instinct was to chase me. So I knew the best thing was just to sit there, very still. Eventually, the leopard jumped out of the jeep and disappeared into the bush again."

This may be a true story, or it may simply be a fable for the benefit of Francis' audience of young gappers, a parable of Africa: it's intimidating, sure, but stay calm, keep your head, and it won't bite. At Camp Kenya, a gap year site on the coast south of Mombasa, this group of 14 teenagers is experiencing some of the best that East Africa has to offer, and with the help of a group of unmatchable Kenyan staff – like Francis – they can comfortably ease their way into Third World travel without feeling overwhelmed.

Tonight they camped out in the Mwaluganje Elephant Sanctuary, a corridor of national parkland in the hills above the coast, and it was a long day. In the morning, some of the gappers were out on a game drive, getting up close and personal with the local elephants for the first time.

Kieran, one of the gappers, has spent most of his gap year back in England, training to become a qualified football instructor. One of his fellow gappers has come direct to Kenya from Australia, another spent the past few months at home, one is taking time out before restarting her A-levels. All of them have made firm friends in their time together.

Most draw to the Camp Kenya experience by the combination of adventure activities and community work that it involves. Mwaluganje is a good example: the game drives are great fun, but the students also help to monitor the elephant population for the Kenya Wildlife Service. Selling elephant dung paper is just one way to generate capital from the sanctuary; the gappers encourage to think of other means of making tourism profitable for the local community. Many of the teenagers take advantage of the opportunity to climb Mount Kenya or enjoy an extended safari.

Back at Makongeni, the village which is home to Camp Kenya's main site, however, they're helping to build new classrooms, to provide a decent water supply for the local school and, indeed, the children there. When the new Kenyan government introduced free primary education last year, the school's roll leapt from 150 to around 700 overnight, making Camp Kenya's input more important than ever.

© The Independent
New ads to tackle binge drink culture
Adapted from an article in *The Observer*, 14 August 2005, by Gaby Hinsliff

Binge drinkers will be targeted by a **0** advertising campaign attempting to shame them out of overindulging when pub opening hours are extended this autumn.

The £5 million campaign will portray drunk **1** as socially embarrassing, capitalising on disgust at images of incoherent revellers lying in gutters and vomiting in the streets.

It follows research suggesting one of the reasons Britain does not have a relaxed, Mediterranean-style 'cafe culture' of drinking is because there is little stigma now attached to being drunk in public. In **2** Europe, drunkenness is socially inappropriate, particularly for women – who in Britain appear to be **3** affected by binge drinking.

The move reflects **4** among ministers at the strength of the backlash against the change. The Bishop of Manchester, the Right Reverend Nigel McCulloch, joined the attack yesterday warning of a 'real danger' that people would simply drink more because of the longer opening hours. 'If that is the case then that is **5** and another example of the government not treating alcohol as a serious drug,' he told BBC Radio Four's Today programme.

The advertising campaign would be screened around Christmas and New Year to coincide with the **6** of the new liberalised licensing laws.

'We have all seen the pictures of people lying in gutters, stumbling around and falling over. We want to change public attitudes so they know it is not **7** to go out at the weekend and binge drink like that,' said a source at the Department for Culture, Media and Sport.

The Tories last week called for a U-turn on the licensing laws which would see late opening introduced only as isolated pilot schemes, which could be abandoned if they caused trouble.

However the DCMS has ruled that out, arguing that when Scotland tried a similar approach in the 1990s with 'zoning' for late-night drinking, crowds swamped the areas set aside for late opening.

No final **8** has been taken over whether the new ads should be grimly hard-hitting – as with drink-drive posters – or wittier. However, many of the participating **9** warned the ads would need to be as **10** as those promoting alcohol if they were to reach the intended audience.

© *The Observer*

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