



Š i f r a k a n d i d a t a :

**Državni izpitni center**



JESENSKI ROK

Višja raven  
**ANGLEŠČINA**  
Izpitna 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.*

**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.**

**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 počrnite ustrezne krogece. Pišite čitljivo. Če se zmotite, odgovor prečrtajte in napišite na novo. Nečitljive rešitve in nejasni popravki se točkujejo z nič (0) točkami.

Zaupajte vase in v svoje sposobnosti.

Želimo Vam veliko uspeha.

*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. 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 Guevara 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.

**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 (K).*

## **Italy: Walking in the mountains of Tuscany and Umbria**

Adapted from an article in *The Independent*, 5 November 2005, by Sue Gaisford

The village street was steep and narrow and the old woman was coming down it at quite a lick. **(0 K)** She laughed uproariously, cheerfully indicating that we could take whichever side we liked but she'd be sticking to the middle. We had paused in the village of Montemerano at the start of our first day, a straggling band of 15 booted-and-sticked walkers heading for the hills. Though our clumsy kit seemed gauche and slightly absurd amid such ancient beauty, we provoked no more than mild amusement from the people we met. **(1\_\_\_)**

It was good to be out in the fresh morning air. The previous night, the first of our trip, had been spent in the noxious atmosphere of the Terme Hotel in Saturnia. They say that the god Saturn himself founded this place. **(2\_\_\_)** The Terme is a fashionable health resort that has sprung up around the famous hot and sulphurous springs. Its disdainfully anonymous residents take their treatments grimly. Prowling about in long, white, hooded robes, they were more silent and far gloomier than a congregation of Carthusians, and have clearly forgotten how to enjoy a decent Saturnalia. It would have been feeble not to have had a dip, but because the healing waters are unfiltered, pungent and full of algae, there was little temptation to linger. **(3\_\_\_)** One offered "rain and fog, with a blue sense of rejuvenation", the other "forest rain, with orange hints". I tried them both and emerged smelling like a damp fruit bowl, but it had to be better than bad eggs.

It was a surreal beginning to a week of walking. We were travelling with ATG of Oxford, which provided two staff to cater for our every need. **(4\_\_\_)** The other, Chiara, took our luggage to the next stop, and then prepared a delicious picnic for us, just at the point in the walk when every muscle screamed for a rest. **(5\_\_\_)** Free of all anxieties, we had only to decide whether to start with white wine before moving on to red.

You can't escape history in this part of the world, nor would you want to. On the map we passed from Tuscany through Lazio and into Umbria; but in our mind's eye we were in Etruria, a timeless and tangible land. Long ago, colossal volcanic activities created this landscape, evident in the conical peak of Monte Amiata that dominates the skyline. **(6\_\_\_)** Tall sunflowers have turned dry and brown, seeds bursting from their huge, heavy heads. In the vineyards, grapes hang juicy upon the vines; along the tracks, dark figs, bursting with sweetness, fall into your welcoming hands.

But the truly distinctive element of this place is its tufa. It was formed when volcanic ash, hurled into the air by titanic prehistoric eruptions, landed and hardened into a strange, porous rock. Vast outcrops

of it support most of the towns and villages of Etruria, and it is the bedrock of many of the lower hills. It looks spongy in texture and its colour varies from ochre through greyish-brown to something like terracotta. It is both hard and, to some extent, malleable, though its aerated quality makes detailed carving difficult.

We had walked steeply out of Montemerano past barking dogs and crowing cocks, through bell-led flocks of flop-eared sheep, many with late and bleating lambs. As the sun grew warmer, these sounds of habitation died away in the valley and we found ourselves climbing towards wooded hills, past the white flowers of campion and the blue of wild chicory, through drifts of vibrant pink cyclamen and tiny autumn crocuses and into a darker, danker wood. (7\_\_\_)

And then, as the path grew wider and deeper, holes shaped like large fireplaces began to appear in the tufa walls. These, Roxanne told us, were our first Etruscan graves, simple ledges hidden deep in the fungal, leafy wood. (8\_\_\_) The Etruscans had lived here long before the Romans began their empire-building, centuries before the birth of Christ. It was an exciting moment – although, in truth, there was not much to look at. But that was to change. Later that afternoon, after nearly 15 miles on foot, we rounded a bend in the track to find ourselves suddenly facing Pitigliano, a perfect, golden little town glowing in the light of the declining sun.

You can't afford to be romantic about such a sight. To the seasoned walker in Italy, the three words "little hilltop town" mean only one thing: a steep and weary climb. To reach Pitigliano, however, we were to take our first sunken road, and that was certainly something new. One of a network of narrow paths carved deep into the tufa by those same Etruscans, it snakes its cool and crumbly way down to the river in the valley and then up the other side. (9\_\_\_) There were certainly no Italians, but we felt pretty close to the Etruscans.

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- A** In the evenings, we were wined and dined in the best local restaurants.
- B** Here mushrooms pushed up through the fallen leaves of the forest floor.
- C** One, Roxanne, led us along every step of the way, identifying everything we saw, from finches to frescoes.
- D** We encountered them on the very first morning of our trip.
- E** We met few people still using these mossy old roads.
- F** They had seen our sort before.
- G** If so, his bad breath lingers still.
- H** They had been hollowed out to house the mortal remains of people.
- I** It is a richly fertile country, and in autumn it is a symbol of ripeness.
- J** The marble bath hall also boasted two New Age showers.
- K** *We shuffled awkwardly to make way for her.*

**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:*

	TRUE	FALSE	NOT GIVEN
0. The documentaries were well received by the public.		✓	

## Sofia Gubaidulina's music of poverty

	TRUE	FALSE	NOT GIVEN
1. Success has turned Sofia into a spoilt member of the consumer society.			
2. According to Sofia the intellectual stimuli in the Soviet Union were limited.			
3. Repression in society resulted in artists' creativity.			
4. The author had met Sofia before the first interview.			
5. The author heard Sofia's music at a concert.			
6. The author was surprised because Sofia asked him many questions.			
7. Sofia was eager to talk about herself to the journalist.			
8. Sofia's mother was proud of her daughter's musical achievements.			
9. Nowadays Sofia has lost concern about her origin.			

# 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 north-east 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.

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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.*

## Let them eat sweets

Adapted from an article in *The Guardian*, 6 August 2005, by Tim Richardson

Space Dust. If you \_\_0\_\_ brought up in the 1970s or 80s, or had children growing up at \_\_1\_\_ time, you will probably remember this amazing substance – a sherbet-like chemical concoction that cracked and popped on your tongue with alarming noisiness and seemed to fill your head \_\_2\_\_ wild, unpredictable sounds. \_\_3\_\_ wonder there were urban myths circulating at the time along the lines of, "I knew a kid who \_\_4\_\_ six packs of Space Dust and then drank a can of Pepsi – his stomach exploded!" In America \_\_5\_\_ was even a very specific urban myth – ask anyone – concerning Little Mikey, an annoyingly cutesy character in a breakfast cereal TV advert, who was supposed to \_\_6\_\_ met with this exact fate (the actor is, in fact, alive and well and was last heard of working as \_\_7\_\_ advertising rep on a radio station).

A month or so ago I rediscovered Space Dust, now renamed Fiz Wiz, in a sweet \_\_8\_\_ and immediately bought a packet for the delectation of my children, George, four, and Arthur, two. I ceremoniously poured the orange and yellow granules on a saucer and invited \_\_9\_\_ to dab some on a finger and try it. George went first, and his face was a picture of wonderment, which turned to slight concern \_\_10\_\_ the granules started to work their magic. He was not at all sure about this strange stuff. Then Arthur had some, and he wrinkled up his face in the way he does whenever he tastes anything sour like a lemon – not convinced, either. But in the ensuing days George asked me several \_\_11\_\_ whether he could try the Space Dust again, and more than a month \_\_12\_\_ he still talks about it.

Is this good parenting? There is an argument that introducing your \_\_13\_\_ to unusual foods or strong flavours, such as curry or polenta or prawns or artichokes, even Space Dust, is good training for later life, setting them up with a gourmet's inquisitive disposition. On the other hand, some people say sweets are bad for children and should \_\_14\_\_ strictly rationed. I take a simpler view: children love sweets and we should celebrate their enthusiasm open-heartedly, while at the same time making sure they come to no harm.

In the course of my research for a book on the global history of confectionery (someone had to do it), I \_\_15\_\_ sourced large quantities of sweets from all \_\_16\_\_ the world, which I have arrayed on every available surface around my study at home \_\_17\_\_ that I can break off from writing at any moment to sample some rare sugared delight. I have beautifully decorated tins of bonbons from France and Italy on my bookshelves, packs of

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cheap and weird sweets from 18 Far East all over the desk, boxes of Canadian maple candies and fine Swiss chocolates on the mantelpiece, and two suitcases on the floor filled with packets of extraordinary confections from every corner of the globe. George, who was just two when I started my research, 19 to come into my study and look at all these sweets, but at first he did not know what they were. Because so many of them were hard little balls – perfect "choking hazards" in regulatory parlance – I told him they 20 "daddy's pills" and that on no account should he touch them. At least that was my excuse for keeping the sweets to 21. George soon became aware that I often keep a stash of sweets in the breast pocket of my shirt, next to the mobile phone, and took great delight in finding these and feeding them to me while clinging to my chest, and Arthur 22 the same now.

Before long, however, George realised that these pills were, in fact, delicious sweets, and he began to conduct guerrilla raids on my important work-related confectionery store. So I put a 23 on the door. This has been only a partial success. A few weeks ago, for example, I left it unlocked and found Arthur in there. He 24 pushed my swivel chair over to the bookshelves, climbed up on it, grabbed a tin of rather choice Milanese liquorice balls, managed to prise it open, shoved about eight into his mouth and spilled the rest all over the floor. He really could not care less 25 or not these were daddy's pills.

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## TASK 2: GAP FILL

Write the correct form of the verbs given in brackets in the spaces on the right.

There is an example at the beginning: Gap 0.

## 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 **\_\_0\_\_ (RECOUNT)** another big game adventure. He was out at night in the bush on a conservation project, he recalls, "and I **\_\_1\_\_ (SIT)** 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, **\_\_2\_\_ (STARE)** 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 **\_\_3\_\_ (BE)** 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 **\_\_4\_\_ (NOT 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 unmatched Kenyan staff – like Francis – they can comfortably ease their way into Third World travel without **\_\_5\_\_ (FEEL)** overwhelmed.

Tonight they **\_\_6\_\_ (CAMP)** out in the Mwaluganje Elephant Sanctuary, a corridor of national parkland in the hills above the coast, and it **\_\_7\_\_ (BE)** 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 **\_\_8\_\_ (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 **\_\_9\_\_ (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 **\_\_10\_\_ (ENCOURAGE)** to think of other means of making tourism profitable for the local community. Many of the teenagers take advantage of the opportunity **\_\_11\_\_ (OFFER)** 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, **\_\_12\_\_ (TEACH)** 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.

0.                   is recounting
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### TASK 3: WORD FORMATION

Write the correct form of the words in the spaces on the right.

There is an example at the beginning: Gap 0.

## 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.

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0. GOVERN

*government*

1. BEHAVE

2. SOUTH

3. INCREASING

4. ANXIOUS

5. DISASTER

6. INTRODUCE

7. ACCEPT

8. DECIDE

9. CAMPAIGN

10. IMAGINE

PRAZNA STRAN