Višja raven

**ANGLEŠČINA**

**Izpitna pola 1**

**A) Bralno razumevanje**

**B) Poznavanje in raba jezika**

*Sobota, 24. maj 2008 / 80 minut (40 + 40)*

*Dovoljeno gradivo in pripomočki:*

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

*Kandidat dobi list za odgovore.*

**NAVODILA KANDIDATU**

Pazljivo preberite ta navodila.

Ne odpirajte izpitne pole 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. Priporočamo vam, da za reševanje vsakega dela porabite 40 minut.

Izpitna pola vsebuje 3 naloge v delu A in 3 naloge v delu B. Število točk, ki jih lahko dosežete, je 72, od tega 25 v delu A in 47 v delu B. Vsak pravilen odgovor je vreden eno (1) točko.

Rešitve, ki jih pište z nalivnim peresom ali s kemičnim svinčnikom, vpišite v izpitno polo v za to predvideni prostor. Pri 2. in 3. nalogi dela A s svinčnikom še počnite ustrezne krogce na listu za odgovore. Če boste pri teh dveh nalogah pri posameznih postavkah izbrali več odgovorov, bodo ocenjeni z nič (0) točkami. Pišite čitljivo. Če se zmotite, napisano prečrtajte in rešitev zapišite na novo. Nečitljivi zapisi in nejasni popravki bodo ocenjeni z nič (0) točkami.

Zaupajte vase in v svoje zmožnosti. Želimo vam veliko uspeha.
A) BRALNO RAZUMEVANJE (Priporočeni čas reševanja: 40 minut)

TASK 1: SHORT ANSWERS

Answer in note form in the spaces below.

Example:
0. What is Peter Rock interested in?
   ————————————————————
   Seagulls

Example:
1. How have seagulls' migration habits changed in the last two years?
   ————————————————————

2. What might the birds drop on people to frighten them?
   ————————————————————

3. Why are seagulls most dangerous in summer?
   ————————————————————

4. Since when have the seagulls had an abundant supply of food?
   ————————————————————

5. How many natural enemies do they have?
   ————————————————————

6. How has the gulls' reproduction practice in the cities changed?
   ————————————————————

7. When do the residents in Bristol clear away the gulls' mess?
   ————————————————————

Attack of the killer seagulls
The stake-out begins. On the roof of an office building in Bristol, Peter Rock sets up his telescope between sludgy rain pools filled with dark-green pigeon poo, and trains it on a bin on the pavement below. Standing on top of the bin, its beak hanging down into its contents, is a large, cocksure seagull taking a gluttonous interest in a packet of Hula Hoops.

Rock, a gull consultant, knows the bird's ring number without even looking. For the last two years, it has been claiming the bin as its turf. At this time of year, it shouldn't even be in this country, let alone intimidating litter-conscious pedestrians in Bristol. Ordinarily, it would be kicking up its feet on a sunny coastline in Spain, Portugal or Morocco, were it not for the lure of a better life in urban Britain. The numbers of urban gulls – the majority of which are lesser black-backed and herring – are on a dramatic rise. Rock estimates that at the end of last year's breeding season, there were around 500,000, a 10-fold increase in the last nine years. In another four, he predicts, the figure will have increased by 50 per cent.

Anyone who thinks that this isn't a problem should inspect Rock's scalp. "I used to get hit quite a lot, about six or seven times in the breeding season. I mean serious hits. Blood. It's always from behind with their claws. Don't think it doesn't hurt. If you fail to clear off after the ominous ‘gagaga’ call, you will be subjected to a low pass. Their next intimidation tactic will be to drop the contents of their bowels with the accuracy of a stealth-bomber. They will probably also vomit. If you don't take the hint then, the last phase is the full-on attack," says Rock, who has witnessed three people being felled to the pavement in Bristol, which has one of the highest urban sea colonies in England. If you are just knocked to the ground, you can count yourself lucky. The worse month for such assaults is July, since adult birds are protecting their offspring.

In Britain, the seagull population increased dramatically following the 1956 Clean Air Act, which prevented rubbish being burnt on tips and thus providing gulls with an unlimited food source. They outgrew their natural colonies and began nesting in towns and cities. With no predators, plenty of food, street lighting that enabled them to feed at night, and an ambient temperature two to three degrees higher than the surrounding countryside (which gave them a head start in breeding), they flourished.

Urban gulls are also starting to breed at a younger age than those in the wild, which means they produce even more offspring; they have breeding careers of around 10 to 20 years. There are now colonies in most towns and cities in the UK. Some are even breeding in London. There are pairs in Covent Garden, some near the Bank of England and others in Russell Street, WC1. And they will be here for many years to come. A lesser black-backed gull can live up to 34 years, and a herring gull up to 28.

As their numbers increase, so do the number of complaints registered at local councils. One of the most common problems is the gulls' ear-piercing wake-up call, which starts at around 4am. Then there's the mess. Many residents in Bristol no longer bother to clean their windows until the end of the breeding season. And, if having to drive a car covered in gull droppings weren't undignified enough, the acidic composition of guano also corrodes car paintwork.

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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).

Does my bum look big in this?

Adapted from an article in The Observer, 27 October 2003, by Dorota Nosowicz

My hands and feet were flat on the ground, my wobbling backside pointed in the general direction of the morning sun and my eyes were shut. I knew I was wearing the wrong trousers, their elasticated waist was cutting off the blood supply to my brain. (0 K)

This was my first yoga class and I was in what is apparently known in the yoga world as the ‘downward dog’ position, part of the sun salutation. I was on a two-week yoga holiday at Ulpotha in Sri Lanka, a lush, 20-acre organic farming village. (1 ___)

Our driver met us at a noisy, dusty Colombo airport and we drove through the night at breakneck speed. The sun rose as our minibus hurtled down bumpy, narrow tracks to the gates of Ulpotha, where Giles Scott, co-owner of the village, led us to our first Sri Lankan breakfast of coriander and ginger tea, baby bananas and soft, warm rice-flour pancakes. There we were each given a sarong and shown to our huts. Built on a low platform, without walls, the huts are made of wattle, mud and dried coconut fronds. (2 ___)

Although I’d been warned, it was still a bit of a shock to realise there’s no electricity at Ulpotha. (3 ___) The village uses about 1,000 candles a month. We all adapted quickly, and it became part of the romance of Ulpotha to weave our way back to our huts along candlelit paths after dinner.

Ulpotha welcomed its first visitors six years ago, after three friends came across a deserted coconut plantation and decided to create a place where they could live while preserving the natural environment and adding a spiritual dimension to modern living. They bought the land, and two of the three remain: Viren Perera, a one-time merchant banker, and Scott, a former property developer who left London and an ulcer behind. (4 ____) Thousands of trees have been planted, rare varieties of rice grown, huts built and the land organically cultivated, using traditional farming methods.

There is a routine at Ulpotha if you choose to adopt it, but it’s up to the individual to choose how much they give and take from their surroundings. Most days began with phenomenally loud dawn birdsong to which the village dogs bark along. After a couple of days of secretly wishing I had an airgun, I overcame my uncharitable feelings towards small things with wings or four legs. (5 ___) Peace and harmony were restored.

After a light breakfast in the Kade, a womb-like hut at the village entrance, we trooped off for the morning yoga session with our teacher, Esther Jones. Our group was a mix: some really
experienced and scarily flexible, some novices and some who had been to a few sessions and were hoping to use this holiday as a way of improving.

The twice-daily classes, which are far from compulsory, take place in a large airy hut. When I first heard we were to do almost four hours of yoga a day I was horrified, my mind already rebelling and leading me towards the nearest hammock. (6 ___) Yoga became not only a way of greeting each day, and closing each afternoon, but also a means of finding solace and balance. The whole process of intense, slow yoga movements was both hypnotic and seductive. There were no outside influences or distractions, which forced us all, I think, to look at both positive and negative aspects of our lives. (7 ___) The absence of a consumer culture was a surprising relief.

Most people went to every session, although in my case, there were a few occasions when the heart was willing but the flesh was just too weak, and the hammock by the lake beckoned. Some days, I just read from the plentiful book cupboard in the main house, or visited the Ayurvedic centre for oil treatments and massage. (8 ___) Good and bad memories spilled over into each other and an old love was at last banished from my head. I slept deeply each night and my dreams were extraordinarily vivid and often rather unusual.

The yoga awoke all my senses, especially my taste buds. (9 ___) Meals were taken in the ambalama, an open-sided pavilion. Apparently, Sri Lankans believe that it's only by eating with our fingers that we can enjoy all the flavours of food. That's what happened, although sometimes I succumbed to the lure of cutlery after losing half my dinner to my sarong. Each day was a feast: papaya, pineapple, dhals, red rice, avocados, coconut curry, waterlily seeds and buffalo curd. It was all fantastic and alive with flavour.

Ulpotha isn't about fluffy bathrobes and fawning service, but somewhere our Western preoccupation with past and future quickly dissipates. I returned relaxed as never before with some new friends and a flat stomach.

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A There's no choice but to rise with the dawn chorus and go to bed by candlelight.
B However, after our first session with our delightful teacher, I was hooked.
C On other days, I just let my mind wander and enjoyed the silence.
D Five farming families then joined them.
E Beds are simple: a comfortable mattress on a bamboo frame, with mosquito nets.
F It is located in a remote spot at the foot of the Galgiriyawa mountains.
G I found some dusty earplugs at the bottom of my bag.
H There was no need for any money at Ulpotha.
I Everything we ate was organic, vegetarian and came from the land around us.
J The beauty of the landscape inspired me as well.
K I was in pain and I could hear several people behind me breathing very heavily.
**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>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>0</td>
<td>It is difficult to land in Bhutan.</td>
<td>✓</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Shiny happy people**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>True</th>
<th>False</th>
<th>Not Given</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>The writer's guide is poorly dressed.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>The king's birthday was celebrated as usually.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Michael Rutland was invited to Bhutan to become the king's tutor.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Some of the people are practicing for a performance.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Young people are looking forward to having mobile phones.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>The health minister feared for the future of free health care.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>The health minister's campaign also found supporters outside of Bhutan.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>The monk ignores the ringing of his mobile phone.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>The Bhutanese are capable of controlling Western influence.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Shiny happy people
Adapted from an article in The Observer, 11 January 2004, by William Sutcliffe

You don't glide into Bhutan, you plummet. The valleys are so steep that to reach the nation's only airport, at Paro, your jet has to go into the kind of nose-down-tail-up dive normally only seen in disaster movies. I am met at the airport by a guide whose name, Karma, seems auspicious. He is a neat, courteous 27-year-old in polished black shoes, long socks and a gho – traditional Bhutanese male dress, which resembles a knee-length dressing gown with broad white cuffs. After a short drive into town, it is apparent that this isn't a folklore act for tourist consumption. Almost every man, from the peasants in the fields to drivers in Toyota Land Cruisers, is wearing the same outfit.

The following day is the king's birthday, marked this year not just with the usual parades and celebrations but with the inauguration of Bhutan's mobile phone service. At my hotel I bump into Englishman Michael Rutland, who has lived in Bhutan since he 'went to the wrong dinner party' 30 years ago and ended up as tutor to the man who is now king. He is in good spirits, despite claiming that his dog, kept to frighten away bears, had the previous day been eaten by a leopard.

He invites me to join him in the dignitaries' tent for the birthday celebration. The entire town has come out, from child monks in crimson robes to aged peasants in their finest ghos. People are buying and selling clothes, food and toys, or gossiping in groups, or rehearsing in corners for their part in the day's celebrations. Others are picnicking, dotted all over the grassy parade ground, with a few select groups huddled in intense debate around mobile phones.

Karma and I discuss politics. He explains to me that the health minister told the king a few years ago that he needed to introduce charges or the free universal health care in the country would go bust. Three times he asked the king for permission to introduce charges, and three times the king gave the same reply: that he would under no circumstances be allowed to charge, and, furthermore, that it was his responsibility to make the system continue to function. So what did the minister do? He did a sponsored walk. He drove to the far east of the country and walked back to Thimpu, the capital, publicising his cause so well that every Bhutanese citizen who could afford it chipped in, as did many rich foreigners, Bill Gates giving £175,000. The minister needed £14m. He raised more than £10m, and was given a medal by the World Health Organisation.

The sacred and the profane coexist in Bhutan like nowhere else, and at dawn I hear a horn being blown in the monastery and wander up to see what is happening. I watch and listen with the shafts of dawn light in the incense-thick air creeping up from the walls to the floor. Everything disappears from my mind except that room, those monks and their music. Then I hear a familiar modern trill. One of the monks pulls a chunky mobile phone from under his robes, takes the call, has a leisurely chat, then puts it away again and continues praying.

For centuries Bhutan turned its back on everything the West has to offer. Only in the last 30 years has it dipped its toe into the treacherous waters of development, and the staggering fact is that this tiny, archaically ruled monarchy seems to be one of the only nations in the world that has managed to play the development game by its own rules. It has cherry-picked the technological advances that serve its purposes – modern medicine has almost doubled life expectancy in the last three decades, for example – while rejecting those that would threaten its social and environmental fabric. This may seem like a simple and obvious goal, yet I can think of no other country that has achieved it.

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B) POZNAVANJE IN RABA JEZIKA (Priporočeni 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.

Mightier than Niagara

Adapted from an article in The Independent, 21 February 2004, by Hugh O’Shaughnessy

The toucans ___0___ their great yellow bills flew among the hundreds of different species of butterfly in the canopy above us. The monkeys screamed down at our trailer. Drawn by an environmentally-friendly electric tractor, our vehicle paused ___1___ let another trailer coming up from the river, this one empty of people, pass us on its route along the jungle track.

"Well," said our guide Claudia, nonchalantly, "no survivors from that particular trip." The man from Adelaide and his Filipino companion worried ___2___ a moment – we were, after all, about to take a ride aboard a raft that would get closer ___3___ anything else to the world’s greatest display of raw strength – until they realised it was all a joke.

A few minutes later we were barefoot in a yellow inflatable, tearing over rapids between forested cliffs on our ___4___ to the Iguacu Falls. Hanging on for dear life in our plastic capes and lifejackets, we skimmed over rocks and whirlpools. Three miles wide, a whole series of cataracts up to 100 yards high reared up ___5___ front of us. With names such as Adam and Eve, The Devil's Throat, The Two Sisters, Santa Maria, The Three Musketeers and Belgrano, they send 2,000 tons of water ___6___ second, the product of 30 rivers, crashing down in an apotheosis of spray and rainbows. Earth has nothing more impressive than this product of a volcanic cataclysm 100 million years ago. The comment of Eleanor Roosevelt, the wife of the US president, during her visit, was short ___7___ eloquent. "Poor Niagara," she said.

Our boatman carefully sought calmer waters ___8___ it was possible to pause and photograph the torrents which thundered above and around us, and the rainbow ___9___ end seemed to lie in the foaming water only metres away. Then he twirled the tiller and pushed our vessel almost into the flood. I recalled Claudia’s words and wondered what a watery death in Brazil would be ___10___. Would my lifejacket keep me alive ___11___ would I drift lifeless down towards the mighty river Parana?

In the event, the boatload of us had a ___12___ jolly time. Nevertheless we were thankful to retrieve our shoes on the landing-stage and go back to ___13___ dry land of a forest that contains deer, pumas, tapirs and lianas, which if you cut a few
yards of them, will yield a glass of pure drinking __14__. This all happens within the vast and wonderful Iguacu National Park where, with great taste and sensitivity, Brazil is making the falls accessible to thousands of tourists at a __15__, while keeping ecological damage to a minimum. Even smoking is discouraged, and this is a country where cigarettes are regarded as a birthright. "Ten years ago litter would have been a __16__ but today there is a lot more care for the environment. The sort of people __17__ come here don’t need telling not to litter the place," said Marcio, __18__ of the wardens.

The frontier between Brazil and Argentina passes through __19__ middle of the Iguacu river, with the cataracts split between the two __20__. Facilities for visitors are better and more modern on the Brazilian __21__. Unless you are a guest at the comfortable Hotel Tropical (run by the Brazilian airline Varig), which overlooks the falls, you have to __22__ your car outside the park. Frequent buses take visitors up and down the only paved __23__, the one which leads to the falls.

Not __24__ from the entrance is the Parque das Aves, or Bird Park. Anna, an enthusiastic German woman with great experience of Africa, created __25__ haven for the birds, and some of the butterflies and reptiles of the region, with the help from her late husband.
Nineteen years and counting
Adapted from an article in The Observer Magazine, 1 December 2002, by P Vernon

Juliet and I have been going out for so long that we've almost forgotten how we first met. The first time I can remember meeting her was at a hat party, in our first week at university. Juliet turned up in this Maid Marion cornflake-packet hat with a purple scarf draped from the top. I couldn't believe she was wearing an actual hat – the rest of us were kitted out in TV aerials, lampshades and traffic cones.

Then I bumped into her in the sports centre a few weeks later. I don't think she's been in a sports centre since. She supposed to be meeting a postgrad she was seeing at that time. There were lots of jokes about him being an older man, though with hindsight, I now realise that he was probably only 22 or 23. Juliet was an hour late and presumed he had already left. In fact, he'd never come. I volunteered to be her date. And that, I suppose, was the beginning…

We arranged to meet in a student bar. She turned up wearing bright red jumbo cords, her father's moth-eaten cardigan, a string of pearls and a pair of £40 sandals. I was staggered that anyone could spend so much on a pair of shoes. It's an extravagant streak she has never grown out of. Anyway, we hit it off and started seeing each other in a casual, studenty kind of way. Well, that was how I saw Juliet.

But I found her intoxicating. At 19, she was a year older than me. She was clever and funny. She took siestas and stayed up all night talking. She could say 'I love you' in Russian. She didn't seem to mind my spots. And she never wore a bra. She was studying languages and had just spent a year in Paris. I'd never been there and after a few weeks suggested we should go during the Easter holidays. Paris in spring, how romantic. She burst out laughing and said, 'But Easter is still two months away. We'll be finished by then.' Hah… how wrong she was.

I'm sure it's easier to start a relationship when you're young. We were teenagers when we met, so there was no agenda. We were free to explore what we wanted and who we were. Somehow, it seemed like fun compared to the serious business of 'being in a relationship'. I said that, 'fun' could be pretty gruelling. We argued and fought over every conceivable thing. But you work it through. We were both beginners. And all the thrashing out establishes a template for everything that follows.

A year after we left university, we bought a flat on our own. We were 22, that seems incredibly young now. Then, it seemed completely straightforward. When we were about 26, my grandfather died. He was very religious and used to phone me up and say: 'My knees are sore, I have been praying for you so much.' Because we lived together in sin, he was sure we were going to go to hell. When he died, I suddenly wondered what we had been holding out against. So I decided to get married. Even after eight years together, I feel it was a momentous decision. I decided to propose to her.

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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.

Some are more equal
Adapted from an article in The Guardian, 19 May 2003, by Peter Singer

Why do we insist that rights to life, liberty and protection from torture be confined to humans?

Thirty years ago, in The New York Review of Books, I reviewed a pioneering work of what was to become the new animal rights movement. The book was a _0_ of essays called Animals, Men and Morals. I headed my review Animal Liberation, a title that invited – and received – ridicule. But I used it _1_, to say that just as we needed to overcome prejudices against black people, women and gays, so too we should strive to overcome our prejudices against non-human animals and start taking their interests seriously.

I did not deny or minimise the _2_ differences between humans and animals, but I argued that these differences do not justify the way we think of, or treat, animals. Being able to reason better than another being doesn't mean that our pains and _3_ count more than those of others – whether those "others" are human or non-human. After all, some humans – infants and those with severe intellectual _4_ – don't reason as well as some non-human animals, but we would, rightly, be shocked by anyone who proposed that we inflict slow, painful deaths on these _5_ inferior humans to test the safety of household products. Nor, of course, would we tolerate confining them in small cages and then slaughtering them in order to eat them. The fact that we are prepared to do these things to non-human animals is therefore a sign of "speciesism", a prejudice that survives because it is _6_ for the dominant group – in this case, not whites or males, but all humans.

A lot has changed since the _7_ of that review, and of the book, also called Animal Liberation, that grew out of it. We have seen the development of an entirely new movement that has had a significant impact on the way many people think about animals. A voluminous literature on animals and ethics has sprung up, and vigorous _8_ debate continues. One of the most significant developments is how science has come to the aid of the animal movement. This may seem odd, since animal advocates who criticise the use of animals in research are likely to be painted as "anti-science". But the animal movement must take its stand firmly on the side of science – a science bound by ethical constraints on how it treats animals, just as it is bound by ethical constraints on the way it treats human subjects of research.

Science assists the animal movement in many ways. Evolutionary theory effectively debunks the idea that God gave humans dominion over the other animals – used for millennia as an excuse for doing as we please with them. Now the _9_ and sequencing of the human genome and of the genome of our close relative, the chimpanzee, is showing us just how closely related we are. Next week, the prestigious American journal Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences will publish an article arguing, on strictly _10_ grounds, that chimpanzees should be included in the genus "homo", hitherto reserved for humans.

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Prazna stran