



Š i f r a k a n d i d a t a :

Državni izpitni center



SPOMLADANSKI IZPITNI ROK

Osnovna raven
ANGLEŠČINA
Izpitna pola 1

- A) Bralno razumevanje
B) Poznavanje in raba jezika

Sobota, 30. maj 2009 / 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.

SPLOŠNA MATURA

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 2 nalogi v delu A in 3 naloge v delu B. Število točk, ki jih lahko dosežete, je 57, od tega 20 v delu A in 37 v delu B. Vsak pravičen odgovor je vreden eno (1) točko.

Rešitve, ki jih pišete z nalivnim peresom ali s kemičnim svinčnikom, vpišujte **v izpitno polo** v za to predvideni prostor. Pri 2. nalogi dela A izpolnite še **list za odgovore**. Če boste pri tej nalogi 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.

Ta pola ima 12 strani, od tega 4 prazne.

Grand Cayman: A long-haul family adventure

Adapted from an article in *The Independent*, 30 December 2006, by Mick Webb

We arrived in Grand Cayman on a cruise-ship day. Two huge vessels were moored in George Town harbour, dominating the tiny capital while their passengers filled the narrow streets, videoed the wooden houses and queued for the duty-free goods that, for a certain type of visitor, are the Caymans' main attraction. We, for our part, had come for a family holiday, with snorkelling and Caribbean-style relaxation in mind, though initial doubts about the wisdom of the choice surfaced as the transfer minibus took us along the length of Seven Mile Beach, the Caymans' prime tourist asset. Each of those seven miles is lined with luxury hotels, condominiums, shopping malls, smart restaurants not to mention a bar called Fidel O'Neill's, in mocking recognition of the legendary socialist neighbour, 150 miles north in Cuba.

Our larger-than-life driver, whose sunshield sported the no-nonsense message in huge capitals – TIPS ARE WELCOME – pointed out the understated British governor's house in the midst of the overwhelming Marriotts and Hiltons. This is one reminder that, politically, the Cayman Islands comprise a British Crown Colony rather than a holiday annexe of the United States. Within five minutes, though, we'd left the coastal strip and were in the West Beach area of the island. Globalised luxury architecture gave way to small wooden bungalows in shades of orange, green and blue. And, as we turned into the drive of our pink-painted hotel an electric-green iguana sat watching our arrival from a flowerbed. That was more the ticket.

The four of us had booked a week at a smallish all-inclusive hotel at Spanish Bay Reef. This cove lies on the western edge of the island, on the thrashing tail of the sea monster that Grand Cayman vaguely resembles. The coastline here is rugged and tends to take the brunt of the prevailing winds, so our inaugural dip that first afternoon was into disturbed and murky water the same colour as the English Channel. It proved about as good as the Strait of Dover for snorkelling, even if the temperature was more welcoming.

This early disappointment was soon offset by a couple of beachside cocktails which rivalled the glorious sunset in colour and in their impact on the senses. "You just gotta visit Sting Ray City," said our new-found friends from New York. "The boys'll love it." In fact we all did. A fast boat with a Jamaican named Captain Pete at the helm took a group of us in a blur of spray and reggae to the outer edge of the vast North Sound, where a sandbar makes it possible to stand up to your knees in the clear water. We fed pieces of squid to the

enormous rays. These fish first learnt to gather here when returning fishermen anchored at the sandbar to gut their catches and throw the nasty bits overboard.

Rays have no teeth but they do have a nasty set of gums and vacuum-cleaner like suction, which lends a bit of an edge to the feeding process. There's also the matter of their long, barbed stings. "Whatever you do," warned Captain Pete, "Don't lift up your feet when you're walking along, just kind of shuffle, you see those rays are tame but don't like being stepped on." At the time it seemed exciting and entertaining, but in the light of the death of Steve Irwin I'm not sure we'd do it again.

We went to Hell, which is another must-do Cayman experience. Hell was very different from the one I had been warned about – apart, that is, from the heat, which was made even more intense by our decision to go there by bike. I can reveal that the real Hell consists of a few souvenir shops grouped around a tiny post office, and the idea is to astonish your friends by sending them postcards bearing an infernal postmark. The place owes its name, allegedly, to an English aristocrat who was doing a spot of duck-hunting here in the 1930s and, having fired and missed, exclaimed, "Hell!".

To get a proper look at Grand Cayman we traded in the bikes and rented a car for a day, which is long enough to get to see the whole island. George Town was quiet, with one modest museum and surprisingly little evidence of the 500-plus banks that have made this the world's fifth largest financial institution. The eastern end of the island is much more sparsely populated than the area around George Town, West Beach and Seven Mile Beach. And the number of semi-wrecked buildings here made it easier to appreciate the scale of the damage wrought by Hurricane Ivan, which devastated the island in 2004.

Grand Cayman's eastern end was also the scene of our least successful expedition, a walk along the Mastic trail. This ancient track cuts across the waist of the island through the little bit of its remaining forest, taking in this low-lying island's highest point (65ft) and offering the prospect of sighting rare birds and plants. In the event, it being the middle of the day and also the rainy season, we failed even to make it to the highest point and the only bird we saw at all was in the car-park. We did, though, manage to get drenched, bitten all over by mosquitoes and collect a good few blisters. After this we stuck to snorkelling.

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TASK 2: MATCHING (Paragraphs and Statements)

Match all statements 1–10 with paragraphs A–I.

MORE THAN ONE STATEMENT may refer to **THE SAME PARAGRAPH**.

WRITE your answers in the spaces on the right, then **COMPLETE** the answer sheet according to the instructions on it.

Example:

| | | |
|----|---------------------------------------|----------|
| 0. | The visitors received a warm welcome. | A |
|----|---------------------------------------|----------|

Mongolia pastures green

| | | |
|-----|--|--|
| 1. | The traditional means of transport was replaced by a modern one. | |
| 2. | One camel showed a different attitude to different people. | |
| 3. | The family had a problem in protecting their domestic animals from danger. | |
| 4. | The nomads trade in plants. | |
| 5. | The camel trek was preceded by a traditional custom. | |
| 6. | The guests shared the food with the host. | |
| 7. | The landscape had a variety of geographic features. | |
| 8. | Riding camels was quite strenuous. | |
| 9. | The simple way of life is combined with modern technological achievements. | |
| 10. | The desert is far from being a deserted area. | |

Mongolia pastures green

Adapted from an article in *The Independent*, 17 December 2006, by Robert Nurden

- A** Our host, Enkhtuyaa, waved me towards the guest's place of honour at the back of his ger, the nomad's traditional home. The tent was circular and made of felt, warm in winter and cool in summer. He handed me his snuff bottle, whose sharp, tangy smell was of sage mixed with earth. Then came the brittle goat's cheese, which I nibbled and passed on.
- B** By this time other members of the family had left off from herding the yaks and sheep out in the Gobi desert, stepped inside, and were lounging on brightly coloured settees, their wind-chafed cheeks glowing in the half light. They stared silently at us, their new guests, as we lounged on the rugs, resting our weary limbs after the day's camel trek.
- C** Above us bright orange slats tapered to the summit of the ger, where a thin plume of blue smoke snaked out of the stove pipe into the 35C heat. Enkhtuyaa's family was relatively prosperous by nomadic standards. "It's better than in communist times," he said. They have two motorbikes, solar power and a satellite dish. "The problem is the wolves that come down at night and kill the weakest livestock," he said. "We go out with guns, but there are too many of them and besides, nowadays young men can't shoot properly."
- D** Soon it was time for bed, which was a limb-restoring, camel-hair mattress, from where we could see the stars twinkling through the hole at the apex of the ger. There was the screech of an owl and then oblivion. The next morning our hostess, Uyanga, ladled some mare's milk on to the ground as we geed up our camels – helped by our leader Delger – before setting out for our second day of camel trekking. Apparently, it was a mark of respect for her to perform this ancient shamanistic ritual to bless our expedition across 30 miles of one of the earth's most inhospitable regions.
- E** Far from being just a parched desert, the Gobi teems with life. As we swayed gently to an easy rhythm, wildlife was never far away: in the air, bearded vultures, eagles and buzzards, and, on the earth, lizards, ground squirrels, sand grouse and partridges. Somewhere out there were Gobi bears, snow leopards and ibex.
- F** Away to our right as far as the eye could see were bare plains where, incredibly, occasional herds of horses and gazelles grazed on, well, virtually nothing. To our left the Khongoryn Els, towering banks of sands that sing, 985 feet high and eight miles wide, and beyond them, the crags of the Gov-Altai mountains. In between, there was a fast-flowing river and either side of it meadows full of purple irises and grass as green as anything in England. Just the right place for a picnic lunch.
- G** We were becoming attached to our Bactrian camels. Mine, Shiree Ulaa, was especially intelligent, gentle and forgiving of the awkward way I clawed and scrambled my way on and off his bony back. In July, when I was visiting, camels are usually thin and scraggy, their humps – reservoirs of moisture and fat – reduced to flaps of skin. But Shiree was still the proud owner of two healthy humps. We got along just fine. But he didn't take such a shine to our cook: every time she walked past he turned and spat at her.
- H** We could see rain falling, but it was so hot that the water was evaporating before it reached the ground. We escaped the heat by ducking beneath the saxaul's shade. Delger dug a hole in the sand. Clean spring water rushed into the cavity and we quenched our parched throats – an old trick of the nomads. "This is the goyoo," said Delger. He pointed out a spiky plant that grew two feet above ground and six feet below it. "We use it as protection against heart disease, and we sell it to the Chinese, who pay us lots of tugrugs [local currency]." Proud to show us his home patch, Delger took us to a little shelter of saxaul twigs that he and his fellow camel herders used as a base when they rounded up their camels at the end of each winter. Amazingly, every year, thousands of camels are returned to their rightful owners.
- I** We camped out in Western-style tents and at last the sands lived up to their name and began to sing, a low hypnotic moan. Howling wolves added to the eerie sound. The next morning, through a slit in the tent, I saw Delger leading the camels away. They had slipped off without saying goodbye, and in their place was a 4x4. For us, the camel trek was over. But another adventure awaited. The vehicle whisked us east across the Gobi grit to the Flaming Cliffs, where in 1921 Roy Chapman Andrews – the maverick American explorer who provided the inspiration for Indiana Jones – unearthed fossilised remains of dinosaurs.

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.

Britain's 700,000 years of immigrants

Adapted from an article in *The Guardian*, 6 September 2006, by Alok Jha

Humans have tried to colonise Britain on at least eight separate occasions 0 the past 700,000 years, palaeontologists said yesterday. On each occasion but the last populations were wiped 1 when an ice age arrived. "British people today are new arrivals, we're products of only the last 12,000 years," said Chris Stringer, head of human origins at the Natural History Museum. The findings, 2 mean that modern native Britons are descended 3 a continuous line younger than their counterparts in the Americas and Australia, are part of the five-year Ancient Human Occupation of Britain (Ahob) project, which concluded this month.

Evidence from burial sites shows that modern humans, homo sapiens, arrived 4 Britain around 30,000 years ago. But Professor Stringer's project showed that also species of other humans made the journey from Africa via Europe some time earlier.

A recent fossil discovery in Pakefield, Suffolk, was identified 5 a species called homo antecessor, nicknamed pioneer man, and was dated at 700,000 years old. It pushed 6 the first evidence of humans by some 200,000 years. Pioneer man was known to 7 lived in southern Europe 800,000 years ago and probably made the journey to Britain via a connecting land bridge.

"It looks 8 there were eight separate colonisation attempts we can record and seven of those 9 unsuccessful," said Prof Stringer, speaking yesterday at the British Association Festival of Science in Norwich. "Britain was re-populated over and over again. This is a very young continuous occupation we're seeing here."

Each unsuccessful population died out or was forced to retreat due to 10 adverse change in climate. "Britain has suffered some of the 11 severe climate changes of any area of the world during the ice ages," said Prof Stringer. "At this time Britain was on the edge of the inhabited world, at the edge of human occupation and human capabilities."

When the first humans arrived Britain was warm, resembling modern north Africa. The human inhabitants would have shared 12 country with hippos, elephants, rhinos and hyenas. But ice covered the country at several stages, making the environment similar 13 that of Scandinavia. As an ice age approached temperatures dropped too low for the unadapted people to survive.

The Ahob project also shed fresh light 14 Neanderthal man. Danielle Schreve, of Royal Holloway, University of London, found evidence these humans may not have 15 scavengers with low intelligence, as often described.

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TASK 2: GAP FILL (Verbs)

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.

'Had my first experience of squalls ... I've also had a chance to do some homework'

Adapted from an article in *The Guardian*, 29 December 2006, by Paul Lewis

He is not old enough to drive a car or buy a drink in a pub. It **__0__ (BE)** two years before he can get married and four before he can vote. Michael Perham, however, is on the verge of making history: at 14, he is within days of becoming the youngest person **__1__ (SAIL)** across the Atlantic single handed.

The teenager, from Potters Bar, Hertfordshire, set off from Gibraltar on the 3,500-mile voyage to the Caribbean on November 18. With 670 miles remaining until he **__2__ (REACH)** his destination on the island of Antigua, he expects to break the world record for the youngest unaided sailor across the ocean, possibly as early as New Year's Day.

Speaking by satellite phone on his yacht, Cheeky Monkey, he said yesterday that he was "cruising along quite nicely".

"The weather is gorgeous. The wind's quite high and I'm getting clear blue skies almost every day. This is the longest trip I **__3__ (EVER / DO)**. I'm coping fine."

With sponsorship from local companies, Michael has taken three weeks off school to complete the voyage, during which he used the trade winds that **__4__ (CARRY)** sailors from Europe to the Americas for centuries.

The trip was scheduled to be completed before Christmas but had to **__5__ (EXTEND)** after satellite equipment on his 28ft (nine metre) boat failed and he **__6__ (FORCE)** to make a diversion to Lanzarote and the Cape Verde islands. He said that he was missing warm toast, cold drinks and crisps, but his diet of "mainly Tesco tinned food" **__7__ (BE)** reliable. "You empty the tin and five minutes later – voila!"

Michael's father, Peter, a chartered surveyor and experienced yachtsman, **__8__ (FOLLOW)** two miles behind his son and keeps regular radio contact with him.

Mr Perham said his son, who has sailed since the age of seven, first volunteered the idea of breaking the transatlantic record three years ago, after **__9__ (WATCH)** footage of a previous record attempt.

"Michael said to me: 'It **__10__ (BE)** great if I could do that, Dad.' As a parent I just thought it was a typical boy's dream. I never thought it **__11__ (ACTUALLY / HAPPEN)**. The poor lad has had no Christmas presents, nothing. And he's run out of snacks but I can't give him any because the rules say I can't help him in any way."

Over the last five weeks Michael, who **__12__ (ATTEND)** Chancellor's School in Brookmans Park, has sailed alongside dolphins and sharks, and battled through 25ft high waves and gale-force winds. 'Experienced my first experience of squalls,' he wrote in his travel log on November 25. 'They really do knock your teeth out.'

- | | | |
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| 0. | <i>will be</i> | _____ |
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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.

Burning the olive oil in Cadiz

Adapted from an article in *The Observer*, 23 December 2005, by Jayne Dingley

Teaching English to speakers of other languages? Where is the 0 in that? I speak English and I have been a teacher for more than 30 years, so, as my pupils say, everything should be easy-peasy. With these thoughts in mind, my only concern was choosing where to take my TEFL course.

It was with happy 1 that I boarded a flight for Cadiz; a month in Spain was my idea of bliss. I had carried out the pre-course tasks diligently and read the coursebook, and, despite a niggling concern that I did not understand all the grammatical terms and had made educated guesses on several questions, I was still 2 that the whole course would be a little beneath me. Upon my arrival I was pleased to find the accommodation delightful, and had the added bonus of 3 delightful flatmates for the month ahead. The language school was in walking distance, as was the beach, the old town was charming, the sun was shining – and I was in blissful 4 of what lay ahead.

The course introduction gave me my first inkling that this would be no holiday. The mention of the exam component made my stomach turn, and the assignments suddenly became rather more than the trifling little tasks I had imagined. I was comforted by the fact that the actual teaching would not be a big problem for me: oh dear, how wrong can you be?

It is many years since I have burned the midnight oil to prepare lessons, and it was a shock to the system to find out that I could not keep up with the vast amount of work I had to fit in. In 5 to teaching a class, observing my fellow trainees, and giving and receiving feedback on 6, I struggled to understand grammar and 7 rules in the language lectures. At the end of the first week I felt completely de-skilled, and began to doubt my ability to speak English, let alone teach it. The tutors were excellent, and I quickly realised not only that I had a great deal to learn, but also just how 8 the English language is. I have every admiration for the students in my classes who patiently sat through my early lessons and, amazingly enough, managed to progress as the weeks went on.

It was a frenetic month and our main topics of conversation seemed to revolve around our shared 9. Our flat became wallpapered with sticky notes showing words and phrases written phonetically to help our 10.

0. DIFFICULT
difficulty

1. ANTICIPATE

2. CONFIDENCE

3. EQUAL

4. IGNORE

5. ADD

6. PERFORM

7. PHONETICS

8. FASCINATE

9. ANXIOUS

10. REVISE

Prazna stran

Prazna stran

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