A) Bralno razumevanje
B) Poznavanje in raba jezika

Torek, 31. avgust 2010 / 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.

Osnovna raven
ANGLÈŠČINA

IZPITNA POLA 1

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 pravilen odgovor je vreden eno (1) točko.

Rešitve, ki jih pišete z nalivnim peresom ali s kemičnim svinčnikom, vpisujte v izpitno polo 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 zapis in nejasni popravki bodo ocenjeni z nič (0) točkami.

Zaupajte vse in v svoje zmožnosti. Želimo vam veliko uspeha.

Ta pola ima 12 strani, od tega 4 prazne.
A) BRALNO RAZUMEVANJE (Priporočeni čas reševanja: 40 minut)

TASK 1: SHORT ANSWERS
Answer in note form in the spaces below. Use 1–5 words for each answer.

Example:
0. How did Ian and the writer expect to ride camels in China?
   ____________________________
   Like Lawrence of Arabia

China: a difficult place to travel, a glorious country to explore

1. What were Ian and the writer confronted with on arriving in Urumqi?
   ____________________________

2. What was forbidden in hotel rooms?
   ____________________________

3. Which interest did Ian and the writer share during the trip?
   ____________________________

4. What were the locals ignorant of?
   ____________________________

5. Who were Chinese hotels reluctant to accept?
   ____________________________

6. What made the writer’s life in China easier?
   ____________________________

7. Why are some of the most beautiful parts of China still unspoilt by tourism?
   ____________________________

8. Which ethnological event did the writer experience?
   ____________________________

9. How did the writer trick the authorities in Tibet?
   ____________________________

10. Who was she mistaken for in the Urumqi hotel?
    ____________________________
Ian and I had had visions of ambling across the dunes on our camels like Lawrence of Arabia, wrapped in colourful scarves to protect us from the searing desert sun. Unfortunately, we arrived in Urumqi, the capital of the Turkic region of Xinjiang in the far northwest of China, to freezing sleet, and had to spend our first day there searching for down jackets, warm gloves and thermal underwear. It was a fitting start to a trip that was as bizarre as holidays in China usually are.

We stayed in hotels where the bathroom fittings fell off the walls as soon as you touched them, and where officious notices urged us to hand in our weapons and explosives. Our search for camels continued for most of the trip. Ian, a travel photographer, wanted to take pictures of them; I, a food writer, wanted to eat them. I'd seen a grainy photograph of a whole roasted camel in a book about local customs and was intrigued. But everyone I asked about the whereabouts of the nearest camel-roasting restaurant looked at me as if I was a lunatic, and assured me that they'd never heard of such a thing.

Travelling in China has always been a hassle. When I first started doing it, in the early 1990s, the country was notorious among backpackers for hotel and restaurant staff who always said "no" (or rather, mei you, "there isn't any"); for a complicated dual currency system, and a transport system that made it virtually impossible to buy train tickets except on the black market. And if you couldn't secure a "hard-sleeper" ticket, you might have to face 72 hours in an unnumbered "hard-seat" carriage, where you would spend all night struggling for a few inches of room in a seething crowd of people, bundled in with their unappried infants and squawking fowl, smoking furiously, spitting, chomping corncobs and watermelon seeds and tossing the debris on the floor.

Nonetheless, the thrill of exploring a country that was opening up after decades of Maoism was irresistible. Every brutal encounter with a hostile railway clerk was matched by the discovery of landscapes beautiful beyond my wildest dreams. By the time I went to live in China, in 1994, I spoke basic Mandarin, so the problems of moving around were eased. I could haggle with black market ticket vendors, read maps and timetables, and ask locals for their advice on where to go.

But large parts of the country were officially closed to foreigners, and these were always the places that I wanted to visit. "Closed areas" were untouched by tourism, and included some of the most scenic parts of China. Within them, I crossed mountain passes where the snow gleamed pink in the evening sun, stayed in villages where I was the only foreigner to have been seen in living memory, slept on dogskins by the fire in remote farmhouses, and attended a traditional Confucian funeral.

I spent weeks roaming the Tibetan areas of western Sichuan on my own or with friends. It was illegal for us to be there, so we had to travel by our wits. I disguised myself on several occasions as a Chinese peasant, covering my light-brown hair, wearing local sunglasses to hide my green eyes, bundling my backpack into a plastic sack, and concealing my large nose in a handkerchief at key moments of encounter with policemen or officials. Usually, they rumbled me, but not before I'd visited the hilltop monastery or whatever was the mission of my trip.

At the tail end of that trip with Ian to Xinjiang he returned to England before me. Staying in the same seedyly glamorous hotel in Urumqi that we'd passed through together on our way to Kashgar, he was harassed by prostitutes, including a catsuited woman who burst into his room in the middle of the night, offering all kinds of attentions. A fortnight later I stayed there myself, and was propositioned constantly by Pakistani businessmen who assumed without asking that I was a Russian prostitute. "What room number?" they would say as they approached me in the lobby. The hotel offered rooms by the hour, and the dining room at breakfast was full of single working girls. What are you supposed to write on the customer survey form of a hotel like that when they ask whether you were satisfied with the room service?

China is not the easiest place to visit, and I'm not sure I'd ever describe my trips there as "holidays". Yet the worst experiences have often been the funniest, and the magic of the best moments – whether climbing a Buddhist mountain in Guizhou, drinking tea in a Yangzhou salt merchant's mansion, or catching ducks for New Year's dinner in a village in Hunan – is incomparable.

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TASK 2: GAPPED SENTENCES

In the following extract 10 sentence parts have been removed.

Choose from the sentence parts A–K the one which fits each gap (1–10). There is one extra sentence part which you do not need to use.

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

There is an example at the beginning: Gap 0 (L).

The quiet south American

Adapted from an article in *The Guardian*, 18 November 2006, by Ben Anderson

I was sitting on a horse next to the Rupununi river, waiting for the vaqueros to return home to Dadanawa, (0 __). Suddenly, I could hear ecstatic screams, whistles and bullwhips cracking like a victorious army rolling home. Hundreds of cows and bulls plunged into the river in front of me, driven by the Wapishana Indians who are hired every year from September to Christmas, when all of the cattle are collected, counted and sometimes sent to slaughter. The vaqueros had ridden about 30 miles that day and their euphoria on returning home was contagious.

When about 500 cows and bulls had crossed the river, I followed behind and shook hands with a few of the vaqueros, who I'd met the day before when I first arrived at the ranch. They greeted me warmly in heavy West Indian accents (1 __). Everyone laughed when I failed to make a sound.

The vaqueros work in the same way they have done for hundreds of years. Most of the Wapishana families live in single-room huts that they built themselves. There are a few wooden houses with running water and a sporadic solar-powered electricity supply, (2 __). Every night, the women cook fantastic organic free-range feasts, using food that's all produced on site.

The men are out most days herding cattle, catching bulls and hunting. There is one small ranch store, and every night a congregation forms outside it to share cowboy stories over rum. The vaqueros talk about wrestling anacondas or capturing wild bulls (3 __).

But Dadanawa in the south-east of the country, and Guyana itself, should be famous for much more than the vaqueros. Most of its population lives on the coast, so as soon as you head south (4 __). People often come just to see a specific animal and some spend weeks in search of one particular species of bird or butterfly. But nobody comes here for luxury and you must be prepared to live sparsely. I'd only recommend Dadanawa if you can manage a smile when Duane DeFreitas picks you up from Lethem airport in a 50s Land Rover with no roof and asks “have you ever been in so decrepit a vehicle?”

There's a sign at Guyana’s airport that welcomes you to “The world’s last undiscovered natural paradise”. I barely noticed it on my outbound journey. By the time I returned to get my flight home, I was sure Guyana has more right than any other country in the world (5 __). The only mystery is that despite it being on the Caribbean coast, English speaking and with an easy-to-spot population of jaguars, caiman, anteaters, giant river otters, manatees and tapirs, along with over 800 species of birds (“and still counting”), Guyana hasn’t established itself on the adventure travel map.
"There's red siskin, bearded tachuri, harpy eagle, crimson fruit crow, cock of the rock, macaw, Rio Branco ant bird," said Duane Junior when I asked him what some of the brightly coloured birds I'd seen were. "And I'm not giving you all of them, (6 ___)."

For now, Guyana only seems to attract fanatical birdwatchers who are prepared to rough it, but the DeFreitas family who run Dadanawa are part of a growing group who realise the unique attractions of their country. Duane junior has just started a conservation project that involves fencing off large areas of riverbank where turtles lay their eggs. Usually only one hatchling in 90 survives, but if they get protection for that early period, their shells will grow hard enough (7 ___).

Duane senior showed me a video of some of his wildlife trips, on which he's filmed jaguars just feet away from his boat, giant otters playing in the river and even an anaconda, hanging from a tree and swallowing a boa constrictor, which itself was swallowing an iguana. On longer trips into the south east, which is uninhabited apart from one tribe called the Wai Wai, Duane has even found birds, like the red siskin, (8 __).  

At the end of one long day of riding, the younger vaqueros invited me for a game of barefoot football on a pitch peppered with cowpats. It was getting dark, (9 __). We only stopped when a large cloud blocked the moon above the tiny outpost that we were spending the night on. The vaqueros then showed me how to tie our hammocks to trees and we walked down to the river to bathe. After a long soak in the cool water, I sat on the rock banks which were still warm from the day's sun and thought (10 __).

© The Guardian

A giant otters are easily sighted in Guyana
B you're surrounded by millions of acres of pristine rainforests and savannah
C and one of them gave me his bullwhip to crack
D which were previously thought to be extinct
E that no spa or five-star resort in the world could possibly feel as good as this
F where the manager, senior vaqueros and guests stay
G but it was just about possible to play by moonlight
H like we talk about beating parking tickets
I to make such a claim
J just those that the birdwatchers freak out about
K to save them from local predators
L Guyana's oldest working ranch
Mistletoe: Endangered species or ripe for the picking?

Adapted from an article in The Guardian, 9 December 2008, by Emine Saner

Christmas kissing under the mistletoe may be in great danger as Emine Saner reports for The Guardian.

Mistletoe is commonly used a Christmas decoration, though such use was rarely referred before the 18th century. According to custom, the mistletoe must not touch the ground between its cutting and its removal as the last of Christmas greens; it may remain hanging through the year, often to preserve the house lightning or fire, until it is replaced the following Christmas Eve. The tradition has spread throughout the English-speaking world but is largely unknown in the rest Europe.

Last week, a crop of headlines seemed to suggest that our mistletoe was doomed. "Christmas kissing is at threat of mistletoe shortage," warned a headline in the Daily Telegraph. Then, over the weekend, other newspapers reported that a bumper harvest had provided "the kiss of life". What is going?

"There is no threat to mistletoe as a species, because grows wild in taller trees," says Jonathan Briggs, an ecologist and mistletoe expert, "but we could find that within a couple of decades won't be enough to harvest." Mistletoe, a parasite, likes to grow on apple trees but orchards have been disappearing; there has been a 57% decline in the last 50 years. Briggs says that other problem is that fewer people know to manage mistletoe. Only the female plants produce berries, so only the female plants are harvested from the trees and sold. "Either through neglect or naivety, people are leaving the male mistletoe behind. Across the counties, trees now have between 60–90% male mistletoe growing on them, is not a natural situation."

This puts stress on the tree, in winter it can make the trees top-heavy and vulnerable to blowing over, and in dry summers the thirsty plant can take than its fair share of water, which in turn leads to fewer trees, and therefore fewer places mistletoe can grow.

That said, this year's harvest has been one of the biggest harvests, thanks to last year's mild winter and a wet summer. Britain's mistletoe capital is the rural Worcestershire town of Tenbury Wells, where almost of Britain's crop has been bought and sold for 150 years. As a matter of fact, the last auction of 2008 takes place today. "There are lots of mistletoe species around the world, but ours is the original species of legend," says Briggs. "We have seen an awful lot of berries this year, we've had a beautiful crop of mistletoe."
A hundred years ago this week a man __0__ (SIT) in the wooden porch of a trading post in the village of Vanavara in deepest Siberia when a blinding flash of light, followed by a huge blast of sound __1__ (THROW) him to the ground. Several years later, he recounted the terrifying moment to an inquisitive Russian scientist from St Petersburg who was on an expedition __2__ (FIND OUT) what had caused such a massive explosion in one of the remotest regions on Earth.

If the asteroid __3__ (COLLIDE) just a few hours later, it could easily have exploded over Paris, London, New York or Moscow, with devastating consequences. Scientists calculate that if something of similar size exploded over London today, little within the M25 area __4__ (REMAIN) standing.

Although the impact happened in 1908, it was not until 1921 that Leonid Kulik, the chief curator of meteorites at St Petersburg Museum, __5__ (LEAD) the first expedition to find out what happened, and possibly discover the crater it had left behind. He failed on that occasion because of the harsh conditions – swampy, mosquito-infested forests in summer and penetrating cold and ice in winter. In 1927, Kulik made another attempt and managed to reach the blast area to witness the devastation. He tried to get the deeply suspicious locals – reindeer herders __6__ (CALL) the Evenki – to tell him what they remember of that fateful morning 19 years earlier.

They believed the blast was a visitation by the god Ogdy, who had cursed the area by destroying trees and animals. Those trees acted as markers, __7__ (POINT) directly away from the blast's epicentre. Later, when the team arrived at ground zero, they found the trees there standing upright – but their bark __8__ (STRIP) away. They looked like a forest of telephone poles.

The absence of a crater and of meteoroid fragments has made scientists speculate about what __9__ (CAUSE) the explosion – from mini black holes to space aliens. A more sensible suggestion, however, is that it was not a space object, but an explosion caused by the sudden release of huge quantities of methane or some other kind of explosive gas from deep below the ground.

Giuseppe Longo of Bologna University and colleagues __10__ (BELIEVE) they have located a potential crater, a large water-filled depression known as Lake Cheko, where the meteoroid hit and __11__ (BURY) under permafrost. They intend to dig for what remains of the space object to prove their case. However, others point out that Lake Cheko __12__ (LACK) the attributes of a crater – such as raised edges – and is probably nothing more than one of the region's many oxbow lakes, formed from a river bend that collects slow-running water that then sinks into the permafrost below.
Celebrity chef Jamie Oliver will present his plans for tackling the country's obesity crisis to MPs today when he appears before a Commons committee.

The campaigning culinary television presenter will give evidence to the cross-party health committee as part of its inquiry into how to reduce inequalities across the country.

Last month, Oliver set out an anti-obesity "manifesto", in which he called for more cookery education and Government-funded food centres in every town.

In a letter to ministers, he warned of "devastating consequences" of inaction for the NHS -- saying problems cost the health service £4.2bn a year, 55 per cent more than smoking.

"Babies and toddlers are at risk because many young mothers don't know how to cook, nor do they have any basic knowledge of nutrition," he told them.

The manifesto calls for cooking skills to be taught in primary schools as well as to adults at work and in the community.

It says food centres, such as one set up in Rotherham for his latest show, should be opened all over the country with trained cookery teachers offering lessons and advice.

They would cost £150,000 each to set up, or £22.5m for 150, and the money should come from local government and health budgets, he believes.

"We need to get loads of cookery teachers trained up to work right through the community. They need to reach the people who don't cook, don't watch cookery programmes, don't buy cook books, don't know about food," he said in his manifesto.

"If they give it a try and start to feel inspired about cooking, the Government could make a massive difference, and all it needs is proper funding and support."

Oliver has success lobbied ministers in the past, most notably over the healthiness of school meals.

After his campaign won huge public support, politics banned junk food from school canteens and vending machines and in 2006 new rules to introduce robust nutrient standards were announced.

Figures released in July showed his school dinners campaign was having some effect, with take up across English primary schools rising by 2.3 per cent to 43.6 per cent.

But secondary schools are still not following the trend, with the figures showing take up was down 0.5 per cent this year.

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