



Codice del candidato:

**Državni izpitni center**



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SESSIONE PRIMAVERILE

**Livello di base**  
**I N G L E S E**  
≡ Prova d'esame 1 ≡

- A) Comprensione di testi scritti  
B) Conoscenza e uso della lingua

**Sabato, 2 giugno 2012 / 60 minuti (35 + 25)**

*Al candidato è consentito l'uso della penna stilografica o della penna a sfera.  
Al candidato viene consegnata una scheda di valutazione.*

**MATURITÀ GENERALE**

**INDICAZIONI PER IL CANDIDATO**

**Leggete con attenzione le seguenti indicazioni.**

**Non aprite la prova d'esame e non iniziate a svolgerla prima del via dell'insegnante preposto.**

Incollate o scrivete il vostro numero di codice negli spazi appositi su questa pagina in alto a destra e sulla scheda di valutazione.

La prova d'esame si compone di due parti, denominate A e B. Il tempo a disposizione per l'esecuzione dell'intera prova è di 60 minuti: vi consigliamo di dedicare 35 minuti alla risoluzione della parte A, e 25 minuti a quella della parte B.

La prova d'esame contiene 2 esercizi per la parte A e 2 esercizi per la parte B. Potete conseguire fino a un massimo di 20 punti nella parte A e 25 punti nella parte B, per un totale di 45 punti. È prevista l'assegnazione di 1 punto per ciascuna risposta esatta.

Scrivete le vostre risposte negli spazi appositamente previsti **all'interno della prova** utilizzando la penna stilografica o la penna a sfera. Scrivete in modo leggibile e ortograficamente corretto. In caso di errore, tracciate un segno sulla risposta scorretta e scrivete accanto ad essa quella corretta. Alle risposte e alle correzioni scritte in modo illeggibile verranno assegnati 0 punti.

Abbiate fiducia in voi stessi e nelle vostre capacità. Vi auguriamo buon lavoro.

*La prova si compone di 8 pagine, di cui 1 vuota.*

**A) COMPrensione DI TESTI SCRITTI****Task 1: Short answers**

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

**Example:**

0. What was the author doubtful about?

*Moving to China.*

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1. What does the author compare the family breakfast time to?

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2. What made the author's middle child furious at breakfast?

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3. What does the raised red flag signal?

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4. What environment did the author grow up in?

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5. In what way does the author remember his childhood?

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6. Why did the family move to China?

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7. How did the author follow his son's Chinese?

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8. What is the common misconception about children's assimilation?

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9. Which method did the family use to adapt to their new life?

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10. What does early childhood knowledge of two different languages stimulate?

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## Expatriate life: Have children, will travel

It was at a typically chaotic breakfast time a few weeks back when I found myself asking, not for the first time, why on earth we had moved to China. Anyone with young children – we have a litter of three aged between two and five – will be familiar with the farmyard scene: the smallest, ignored as ever, was yelling for her milk, while her elder sister was throwing a magnificently pointless tantrum over the colour of the plastic spoon she'd been allocated for her *Weetabix*.

Their elder brother was unusually silent, staring out of the window of our 16th-floor flat. The view was much the same as the day before and the day before that: a looming forest of tower blocks receding into the murk of a grey Beijing morning. I asked him what was up.

"It's all smoggy," he said. "The red flag will be up. Miss Kate won't let us outside." How I hate that red flag; not the Chinese one with its five golden-yellow stars representing the Party and the four old revolutionary classes, but the one that hangs accusingly outside my son's classroom when it is too polluted to go out and play.

What kind of parent chooses to bring his children up in a place where the air isn't fit to breathe? If we aspire to give our children something better than what we ourselves enjoyed, then on mornings like this, I can't help but reflect that I have failed.

When I was my son's age, my daily alarm call was an old Massey Ferguson tractor firing up outside my bedroom window and a lowing herd of bleary-eyed Friesians stumbling into the Shropshire farmyard that formed the playpen of my early years.

Mawkish nostalgia that may be, but every time my son's school bus disappears into a honking snake of traffic, I recall the cow-parsley country lanes of my own school run. As my wife acidly observed one particularly smog-bound morning: "This was never how I imagined bringing up our children."

So why did we come? Well, I know why I came. I was lured by the possibility of reporting on the story of the century: the great conundrum that is China and its role in the emerging post-Cold War order. No foreign correspondent worth his expenses would pass up that assignment. But it's also fair to ask what's in it for my wife and children, beyond a lungful of soot particles and a life cooped up like battery hens in a Beijing high-rise.

It was my son who helped answer that question, one afternoon a few days ago when I came home from work early to surprise him off the school bus. He emerged with a huge smile, the only British child in a polyglot of preschoolers – Chinese, French, Thai, German, Vietnamese – all prattling away in the common language of their playground: Mandarin Chinese.

As it happened, his *ayi* (our wonderful Chinese nanny, who speaks not a word of English) had also come to pick him up and, after a cursory "Hi, Dad", he proceeded to recount his school day in rapid-fire Chinese. I caught something about bean seeds and how they grow, and then a snatched phrase about jet planes and how they fly, but for the most part my own language skills were utterly unequal to the task.

It is an exhilarating, if faintly unnerving, sensation not to be able to keep up with your own child as he speaks a foreign language. It was only 15 months since we had arrived in China from rural New Zealand, the children dazed and culture shocked, unable even to ask for a cup of milk.

Everyone will tell you "how quickly" children adapt to their new environment, but those are either people with selective memories or friends at home who have never lived outside the M25. Perhaps we made it hard by deliberately choosing total immersion – an *ayi* who spoke no English, a Chinese kindergarten for the girls – but the truth is that there have been moments of serious doubt.

Children can be painfully direct. Shortly after we arrived in China and had (what I at least thought was) a fun day by the Great Wall, I asked if they enjoyed living here. "No!" came the unanimous chorus from the back seat. "We liked New Zealand."

But such are the calculations that all expatriates must make. Listening to my children forming friendships with Chinese children, I take heart in the belief that we are preparing them for the world in which they must live, not the one we once enjoyed. It is a world in which China, and all things Chinese, will play an ever-growing role and which they will approach with an assurance born of friendship and familiarity.

Back home, friends often say my children's grasp of Chinese will give them an enviable edge over their peers in Britain. At this juncture, I cannot tell, but if there is an advantage, it will be primarily cultural, not commercial. Even if the younger ones don't remember a single word of their Chinese (these things can fade quickly), there's plenty of research that shows it is good for brain development to have grappled with two such different languages.

My son's school, an experimental establishment affiliated to the University of Michigan, has also required an adjustment of my expectations. The campus is split into two hemispheres, one side exclusively in Chinese – teachers who don't speak a word of English, wall posters and books all in Chinese characters – the other in English where the same strictures apply in reverse.

(Adapted from an article in *The Telegraph*, 16 August 2010, by Peter Foster)

## 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.

There is an example at the beginning: Gap 0.

### Rickshaws are great, but the tiger is the star

We'd seen plenty of wildlife in Ranthambore National Park during our bumpy progress by Jeep along the Indian reserve's rocky paths.

But it looked like we weren't going to catch a glimpse of the one animal we'd really come here to see – the tiger. Then, the radio crackled. One of these big cats had been spotted down by the water.

Most of the 36 tigers in this reserve in Rajasthan have radio tags, (0 L), increasing the chances of tourists seeing the world's most charismatic big cat. We roared down to the water – quickly joined by other Jeeps, until there were 100-plus binocular-wielding, camera-carrying tourists eagerly scanning the horizon.

Then the tiger appeared, out of the trees, slinking through undergrowth before settling into the mud next to the lake, about half a mile away. Excitement ripped through our party of 10 adults and children (1 \_\_\_\_). My children, Finlay and Kate, both aged under seven, took turns to peer through the guide's binoculars.

Ten minutes later, the tiger, its signature stripes obscured by mud, sauntered back into the woods with the nonchalance of a predator that fears no animal. The children were pleased; (2 \_\_\_\_). Seeing a tiger in the wild is something you never forget, and we had a second opportunity the very next day, when we spotted a tigress sunbathing in the dappled shade of the scrub.

Seeing a couple of India's 1,411 remaining tigers was just one of the highlights of our family tour of northern India. But, as well as the "tiger hunt", we wanted to experience the local culture. This was also possible thanks to a 10-day trip called "Taj, Tigers & Palaces" with Explore, a company that specialises in adventure trips to far-flung places, some of which are specially tailored (3 \_\_\_\_).

Our tour had a star-rating of four out of five for comfort and just one out of five for exertion, so it promised to be a suitably laid-back trip to take our youngsters on – though there seemed to be barely a moment when we weren't touring palaces, learning about history and culture, or getting up close to exotic animals.

Friends had thought we were, well, "brave" was the word they used, (4 \_\_\_\_). Perhaps they were thinking of the temperatures that often hit 40C, the dust and the crowds, the ever-present threat of a stomach upset. And, of course, the beggars; a sight that can upset young children and lead to awkward questions that are rarely asked during a week in a cottage in the Isle of Wight – the destination of our previous family holiday.

Day One, and we dived straight into Indian life with a rickshaw tour of Old Delhi. As we weaved through its narrow thoroughfares, (5 \_\_\_\_). As our driver battled with the onrush of pedestrians, motorbikes and carts, we sat back and took in the glorious chaos, peering into the street-side shacks

selling sweets, lentils and beans, costumes, books and oily second-hand car parts, and watching the hawkers offer everything (6 \_\_\_\_).

Next, we travelled more than 100 miles by air-conditioned coach to Amber for a mixture of wildlife and culture – an elephant ride to the Amber Fort. Moving two-by-two up to the ancient palace, (7 \_\_\_\_). Once at the top, we dismounted our lumbering steeds and wandered the ramparts taking in the views of the dusty hills of Rajasthan – a desert state fought over for its control of trade routes – and peeping through the gaps in walls which, we explained to the curious kids, (8 \_\_\_\_). At Pushkar we swapped elephants for camels. The children fretted about falling off, but were soon enjoying the bumpy ride, watching their shadows shifting across the sands.

A restored desert fort furnished us with sumptuous lodgings at Pachewar, where we toured the local village in a bullock-drawn cart. As the children dangled their legs over the side, we rolled past sari-clad women busy cooking by wood-fired clay ovens in mud-walled huts (9 \_\_\_\_). At dusk, we sank into comfortable chairs in the courtyard of the fort for entertainment Indian-style – a puppet show in which brightly coloured Rajasthani marionettes danced and fought to traditional music.

For most of the tour, we travelled by coach, but we also made some journeys by train. The children in the group quickly made friends, playing cards and reading books together – in truth, they enjoyed playing with their new mates as much as seeing the sights and the animals.

For the adults, the highlight of our dusty progress around the "Golden Triangle" of Delhi, Jaipur and Agra was a trip to the Taj Mahal. After rising at dawn, we made our way along the shacks selling cola, past the hawkers selling postcards, bangles and guide books, (10 \_\_\_\_). There we watched the early morning sun glint on the white marble walls and minarets, while the children hopped along the paving stones and around the ornamental ponds.

(Adapted from an article in *The Independent*, 21 November 2010, by Martin Hickman)

- A were once used for firing on the attackers
- B when we announced we were taking our two young children to India
- C as we jockeyed for position to get the best long-lens pictures
- D never complained about the heat
- E to be less demanding for families with young children
- F and through the army security checks into the Taj Mahal
- G the rickshaw's battered seats offered a great point from which to enjoy the sights
- H the parents thrilled
- I the elephants plodded along at their own pace
- J and a gaggle of older women drawing water from a well
- K from soft drinks to fans made from peacock feathers
- ✓ which means guides can be alerted to their presence quickly

## B) CONOSCENZA E USO DELLA LINGUA

### Task 1: Gap Fill

For gaps 1–15, write one missing word in the spaces on the right.

There is ONE word missing in each gap.

There is an example at the beginning: Gap 0.

## Visit Yakutia

Russia is abundant \_\_0\_\_ regions that can claim to be very big, very remote and very cold, but Yakutsk takes the (frozen) biscuit. It's extreme, \_\_1\_\_ by Siberian standards. Yakutia, the region of which it is the capital, covers more than a million square miles, but \_\_2\_\_ is home to fewer than one million people. It boasts very few large towns, and is divided \_\_3\_\_ administrative units the size of Britain, with individual regional centres that are little more than villages.

Locals claim that there are enough lakes and rivers in the region for each inhabitant \_\_4\_\_ have one of each. They are fond of boasting that the region contains every element in the periodic table. According to a local legend, the god of creation \_\_5\_\_ been flying around the world to distribute riches and natural resources, but when he got to Yakutia he got \_\_6\_\_ cold that his hands went numb and he dropped everything.

Yakutsk's remoteness is also extraordinary. It is six time zones away from Moscow, and two centuries ago, it would \_\_7\_\_ taken more than three months to travel between the two. Now, it takes just six hours in a ropey Tupolev plane, but tickets start at £500 return, \_\_8\_\_ huge sum in a country where the average wage is £250 per month. There is no railway to Yakutsk. The only other options are a 1,000-mile boat ride up the Lena river during the few months of the year when it isn't frozen, or the "Road of Bones".

The road, built by Gulag prisoners, many of \_\_9\_\_ died in the process, travels 1,200 miles to Magadan on the Pacific. It is only fully traversable in winter, \_\_10\_\_ the rivers freeze over. It is mostly used by truckers bringing supplies to remote villages. They don't turn off their engines for the duration of the two-week drive, and usually set out in pairs: breaking down on the little-used road \_\_11\_\_ mean almost certain death.

In Yakutsk itself, most of the cars are second-hand Japanese imports; apparently, they handle the cold better than Ladas and other traditional Russian vehicles. Still, local people habitually leave the engines running if they have to stop off for half an hour, and some leave them \_\_12\_\_ all day while at work to stop them conking out and to make driving bearably warm. The overworked exhausts add to the fog that clings to the city.

The region was first conquered by the Russians in \_\_13\_\_ late 1630s, and Yakutsk was set up \_\_14\_\_ a small administrative centre. The native Yakuts, a Turkic tribe with Asiatic features \_\_15\_\_ speak a language full of throaty, mooring vowels, were largely engaged in reindeer herding. They acquiesced to Russian rule without much of a fight. Even today, Yakuts make up about 40 per cent of the local population, and most are still fluent in their language, though industrialisation and collectivisation during the Soviet years mean that few still keep a nomadic lifestyle.

(Adapted from an article in *The Independent*, 21 January 2008, by Shaun Walker)

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## Task 2: Gap Fill (Verbs)

For gaps 1–10, write the correct form of the verb in brackets in the spaces on the right.

There is an example at the beginning: Gap 0.

### How I helped save Wareham from the supermarkets

Two months ago, I was in our local butchers in the small Dorset town of Wareham, and **\_\_0\_\_ (SEE)** a list of names and signatures. I asked what that was. It happened to be a petition to the council, which had overturned its position **\_\_1\_\_ (NOT/BUILD)** a new supermarket on the edge of town. Well, you bet I signed that piece of paper – and right then went up to the council offices to make my objection in person.

When the idea of **\_\_2\_\_ (ALLOW)** a supermarket to build on the outskirts of town **\_\_3\_\_ (FIRST/SUGGEST)** five years ago, the council was itself against the idea. Five years on, they had changed their minds. I slightly smelt, if not a rat, then certainly a mouse. If you allow supermarkets on the edge of market towns, you automatically set an almost unalterable precept whereby the next one **\_\_4\_\_ (DO)** the same. As big supermarkets pop up, the authorities of neighbouring villages say: "It will be helpful to us to have a larger store near us." If it happened to Wareham, Dorchester **\_\_5\_\_ (BE)** next, then Weymouth. A case of surrender to Caesar. It would have killed stone dead the market trading in Wareham itself.

We **\_\_6\_\_ (LIVE)** there since 1982, and shopped there all these years. Like any market town, Wareham usual stores have all that **\_\_7\_\_ (REQUIRE)** by the locals. We have teashops rather than Starbucks, a wonderful ironmongers, a lovely butcher **\_\_8\_\_ (RUN)** by a Mr Curtis, who is very well known in the district. It's an old family business, so we knew his father, and his grandfather before him. They do very well. Despite three charity shops – which local traders regard as a blight and quite unnecessary – ours is not an identikit high street.

There are still markets on Saturday and in the week, by the town quay and near the Victorian church, which **\_\_9\_\_ (BUILD)** on the site of a 7th century church. It's a charming location. What people love about Wareham is that here you can mooch around, having tea and ice-cream. You come here **\_\_10\_\_ (GET)** away from high streets and supermarket culture, in search of a bit of quietness, and traders with the personal touch. I can go shopping and two hours later I will still be talking to people.

(Adapted from an article in *The Telegraph*, 10 October 2010, by Edward Fox)

0. \_\_\_\_\_ **saw** \_\_\_\_\_
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