



Š i f r a k a n d i d a t a :

Državni izpitni center



M 1 3 2 2 4 2 1 1

JESENSKI IZPITNI ROK

Višja raven
ANGLEŠČINA
==== Izpitna pola 1 ====

- A) Bralno razumevanje
B) Poznavanje in raba jezika

Torek, 27. avgust 2013 / 60 minut (35 + 25)

*Dovoljeno gradivo in pripomočki:
Kandidat prinese nalivno pero ali kemični svinčnik.
Kandidat dobi ocenjevalni obrazec.*

SPLOŠNA MATURA

NAVODILA KANDIDATU

Pazljivo preberite ta navodila.

Ne odpirajte izpitne pole in ne začenjajte reševati nalog, dokler vam nadzorni učitelj tega ne dovoli.

Prilepite kodo oziroma vpišite svojo šifro (v okvirček desno zgoraj na tej strani in na ocenjevalni obrazec).

Izpitna pola je sestavljena iz dveh delov, dela A in dela B. Časa za reševanje je 60 minut. Priporočamo vam, da za reševanje dela A porabite 35 minut, za reševanje dela B pa 25 minut.

Izpitna pola vsebuje 2 nalogi v delu A in 2 nalogi v delu B. Število točk, ki jih lahko dosežete, je 47, od tega 20 v delu A in 27 v delu B. Vsaka pravilna rešitev je vredna 1 točko.

Rešitve, ki jih pišete z nalivnim peresom ali s kemičnim svinčnikom, vpisujte **v izpitno polo** v za to predvideni prostor. Pišite čitljivo in skladno s pravopisnimi pravili. Če se zmotite, napisano prečrtajte in rešitev zapišite na novo. Nečitljivi zapisi in nejasni popravki bodo ocenjeni z 0 točkami.

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

Ta pola ima 8 strani, od tega 1 prazno.

A) BRALNO RAZUMEVANJE**Task 1: Sentence completion**

Read the text and complete the sentences below in your own words. Use 1–5 words in each gap.

Example:

0. Alen Bennet is clearly *against* closing down public libraries.

1. There are only a few _____ characters in Bennett's plays.

2. The author's literary characters pour out their frustrations at books by _____
_____.

3. _____ gave the users of the Armley Public Library unlimited admission.

4. The author is _____ about the prospects of the library in Leeds.

5. Unlike his brother's comics, the ones read by the author featured more _____
_____.

6. The author feels as if he acquired the ability to read _____.

7. The atmosphere in the Junior library was _____ for its young users.

8. _____ was seriously wounded during the war.

9. The author's family decided to leave Leeds to run away from _____.

10. In Guildford the author did not bother to _____ yet still managed to read a lot.

Alan Bennett on libraries of a lifetime

As the debate intensifies over the closure of local libraries, Alan Bennett remembers the reading rooms of his youth – and argues that access to a book-lined haven is as important for a child today as it has ever been.

I have always been happy in libraries, though without ever being entirely at ease there. A scene that seems to crop up regularly in plays that I have written has a character, often a young man, standing in front of a bookcase feeling baffled. He – and occasionally she – is overwhelmed by the amount of stuff that has been written and the ground to be covered. "All these books. I'll never catch up," wails the young Joe Orton in the film script of *Prick Up Your Ears*, and in *The Old Country* another young man reacts more dramatically, by hurling half the books to the floor. In *Me, I'm Afraid of Virginia Woolf* someone else gives vent to their frustration with literature by drawing breasts on a photograph of Virginia Woolf and kitting out EM Forster with a big cigar. Orton notoriously defaced library books before starting to write books himself. This resentment, which was, I suppose, somewhere mine, had to do with feeling shut out. A library, I used to feel, was like a cocktail party with everybody standing with their back to me; I could not find a way in.

The first library I did find my way into was the Armley Public Library in Leeds where a reader's ticket cost tuppence in 1940; not tuppence a time or even tuppence a year but just tuppence; that was all you ever had to pay. It was rather a distinguished building, put up in 1901, the architect Percy Robinson, and amazingly for Leeds, which is and always has been demolition-crazy, it survives and is still used as a library, though whether it will survive the present troubles I don't like to think.

We would be there as a family, my mother and father, my brother and me, and it would be one of our regular weekly visits. I had learnt to read quite early when I was five or six by dint, it seemed to me then, of watching my brother read. We both of us read comics but whereas I was still on picture-based comics like the *Dandy* and the *Beano*, my brother, who was three years older, had graduated to the more text-based *Hotspur* and *Wizard*. Having finished my *Dandy*, I would lie down on the carpet beside him and gaze at what he was reading, asking him questions about it and generally making a nuisance of myself. Then – and it seemed as instantaneous as this – one day his comic made sense and I could read. I'm sure it must have been more painstaking than this but not much more.

The Armley library was at the bottom of Wesley Road, the entrance up a flight of marble steps under open arches, through brass-railed swing doors panelled in stained glass which by 1941 was just beginning to buckle. Ahead was the Adults' Library, lofty, airy and inviting; to the right was the Junior Library, a low dark room made darker by the books which, regardless of their contents, had been bound in heavy boards of black, brown or maroon, embossed with the stamp of Leeds Public Libraries. This grim packaging was discouraging to a small boy who had just begun to read, though more discouraging still was the huge and ill-tempered, walrus-moustached British Legion commissionaire who was permanently installed there. The image of General Hindenburg, who was pictured on the stamps in my brother's album, he had lost one or other of his limbs in the trenches, but since he seldom moved from his chair and just shouted, it was difficult to tell which.

The books I best remember reading there were the *Dr Dolittle* stories of Hugh Lofting, which were well represented and (an important consideration) of which there were always more. I think I knew even at six years old that a doctor who could talk to animals was fiction but at the same time I thought the setting of the stories, Puddleby-on-the-Marsh, was a real place set in historical time with the doctor (and Lofting's own illustrations of the doctor) having some foundation in fact. Shreds of this belief clung on because when, years later, having recorded some of Lofting's stories for the BBC, I met his son, I found I still had the feeling that his father had been not quite an ordinary mortal.

In 1944, believing, as people in Leeds tended to do, that flying bombs or no flying bombs, things were better down South, Dad threw up his job with the Co op and we migrated to Guildford. It was a short-lived experiment and I don't remember ever finding the public library, but this was because a few doors down from the butcher's shop where Dad worked there was a little private library, costing 6p a week, which in the children's section had a whole run of Richmal Crompton's William books. I devoured them, reading practically one a day, happy in the knowledge that there would always be more. Years later when I first read Evelyn Waugh I had the same sense of discovery: here was a trove of books that was going to last. I wish I could say I felt the same about Dickens or Trollope or Proust even, but they seemed more of a labour than a prospect of delight.

Task 2: Gapped text

In the following extract, 10 sentences have been removed.

Choose from the sentences A–K the one which fits each gap (1–10). There is one extra sentence.

WRITE your answers in the spaces next to the numbers.

There is an example at the beginning: Gap 0.

Tinnitus: When the music stops

In the summer of 2007 the music stopped for Nick Coleman. For 30-odd years he had steeped himself in music – singing in a choir, playing trombone, soaking up medieval and modern-classical influences from his father, drenching himself in 1960s rock'n'roll and 1970s "prog rock" – until it became his greatest love and his career. (0 L) He lived and breathed notes, chords, cadences, riffs, rhythm, harmony, melody – and then came what he calls The Calamity. As he sat on his bed one morning, his right ear went stone deaf. And soon, his left ear – as though in a well-meaning but painful attempt at compensation – started to make appalling noises.

"The inside of my head began to resound like the inside of an old fridge hooked up to a half-blown amplifier ... torqued skeins of sound punctuated every now and then by clanks, zizzles, and whistles ... (1) A fight, a riot."

In hospital, comatose, stricken, unable to keep his balance and nauseous from steroids, he learnt that the doctors had no clue what was wrong, nor what the future held. So Coleman, at 47, was sent home to contemplate a life without the sense that mattered most to him, while a mad throng of hooligans maintained an unrelenting cacophony in his weary brain.

His book, *The Train in the Night*, published this week, brilliantly evokes this grisly experience, the horror of tinnitus (not just the uproar of white noise, but the non-deaf ear's hypersensitivity to everyday noises) and the author's struggle to get music back into his life. (2) It delves back into his past, to examine how music defined the identity and set the emotional template of British schoolchildren in the 1970s.

We meet at his home in rickety-but-fashionable Stoke Newington, London, one street from Johnny Rotten's childhood home and a stone's throw from where The Clash recorded *London Calling*. (3) Bald and goatee-bearded, Coleman resembles the grown-up Peter Gabriel. His daughter Berry plays keyboards, his son Tom electric guitar. His wife Jane is currently the family breadwinner. He makes coffee, gives me the sugar bowl and a spoon, and talks about some heavyweight friends he's encountered since going deaf.

"I published a piece in the Guardian soon after *The Calamity*, and Pete Townshend wrote me a lovely long letter full of interesting thoughts and benign advice about how to address, philosophically, the problem of losing your hearing. And I met Paddy McAloon of Prefab Sprout who had a variation of the same thing and was very ill for ... could you please stop doing that?" I look down. (4) The chinking spoon against the china has sounded like a kango hammer in Coleman's head.

I apologise quietly. "Pete Townshend says he got tinnitus as a result of playing in front of banks of speakers night after night. Isn't your condition the result of too many roaring Motorhead concerts?" "No, no," says Coleman. "(5)"

The most salient advice he got came from Professor Oliver Sacks, the neurosurgeon author of *Awakenings*. Sacks told him that the old depth and spaciousness with which he used to hear music could be triggered again by association with memories. So he set himself to remember everything about music in his childhood.

Born in 1960, Coleman grew up in the Fens and attended the same school – The Perse – as David Gilmour of Pink Floyd. In those days, Cambridge had six record shops. "We were a musical family. My dad ran music groups for local kids and adults. He was a very ordinary pianist but a fan of David Munrow and amassed a stack of early music. (6 ____) I adored music but discovered early on that I don't have what it takes. The humiliation of my teacher saying, 'Nick, you have to remember, you're not a musician, you're a music lover.'"

In 1973, when Coleman bought his first records, Sixties pop, soul and hippie psychedelia had yielded to heavy metal, glam rock and the elaborately structured, multi-key-signatured, annoyingly pretentious "progressive rock", as exemplified by Pink Floyd, Genesis and Yes. (7 ____) "What chance did I have? I was 13 in 1973, and it was the most challenging thing there was. There's a widely held view that musical taste in those days divided strictly along class lines – that only working-class people liked soul and only middle-class people liked prog rock. Bollocks. (8 ____) I was the most middle-class of us – in his own mind, Lorry was a working-class antihero of the first order. But we were serious-minded. We were engaging with a discussion with ourselves about who we were and what our place was in the world."

He remembers the three visionaries sitting on a Cambridge bus in the early 1970s, discussing whether *Stairway to Heaven* should be the new national anthem, "safe in the knowledge that no-one else on the bus was tackling such serious issues. (9 ____) "Thirty-something years later, after *The Calamity*, Coleman tried listening to Zeppelin again – at a cinema preview of a remastered *The Song Remains the Same*, the band's 1976 movie. It was horrendous." The music didn't make any sense. (10 ____) Jimmy Page's guitar was a storm of white noise – and yet Robert Plant's voice was in tune, in the right place and totally coherent. My brain was messing with the message, it was literally unreadable, it no longer held its musical sense. That was really scary – I thought I'd literally lost music for a long time."

(Adapted from an article in *The Independent*, 31 January 2012, by John Walsh)

- A The drums were out of time, the bass line was detuned and inaudible.
- B Me and my two friends Andy and Lorry were a demonstration of that.
- C Once I was there, I started making progress very quickly.
- D Without realising, I've been stirring my coffee for a full minute.
- E But it does much more.
- F Coleman's pride is his collection of vinyl LPs stacked from ceiling to floor in the living room.
- G We were the freak Brains Trust at the front of the bus, scratching our stubbly chins.
- H It was deafening in there.
- I It was the natural choice of ambitious Cambridgeshire teens.
- J I never liked high volume.
- K My two sisters were far more talented than I am.
- ✎ For 25 years he wrote about music for the *NME*, *Time Out* and serious British national newspapers.

B) POZNAVANJE IN RABA JEZIKA

Task 1: Gap Fill

For gaps 1–16, 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.

Leonard Cohen: 'All I've got to put in a song is my own experience'

Leonard Cohen is back __0__ a great new album, *Old Ideas* – and more wit and wisdom. Leonard Cohen has been far __1__ of a success than he could have predicted. There have been reversals of fortune along the way but 40 years later he enters an ornate room in Paris's fabled Crillon Hotel to a warm breeze of applause. Looking __2__ a grandfatherly gangster, he doffs his hat and smiles graciously, just as he __3__ every night of the 2008–10 world tour that represented a miraculous creative revival. The prickly, saturnine, dangerously funny character witnessed in *Bird on a Wire* has found a measure of calm and, as he often puts __4__, gratitude.

These days, Cohen rations his one-on-one interviews with the utmost austerity, hence this press conference __5__ promote his 12th album, *Old Ideas*, a characteristically intimate reflection on love, death, suffering and forgiveness. After __6__ playback he answers questions. He was always funnier than he was given credit __7__. Erik from Denmark asks if he has come to terms with death. "I've come to the conclusion, reluctantly, __8__ I am going to die," he responds. "So, naturally, those questions arise and are addressed. But, you know, I like to do it with a beat." Under interrogation he would explain certain details in his songs, such as whether his friend's wife Suzanne Vaillancourt really served him "tea and oranges", __9__ never their meanings.

Cohen falls into the odd category of underrated legend. To his fans, including many songwriters, he is about __10__ good as it gets, but he has never enjoyed a hit single or a platinum album. He has said that a certain image of him has been "put into the computer": the womanising poet who sings songs of "melancholy and despair" enjoyed by __11__ who wish they could be womanising poets, too.

Cohen was born in Montreal on 21 September 1934, three months before Elvis Presley. When he first shopped his songs around New York, agents responded: "Aren't you a little old for this game?" By then he had already lost his father while very young, met Jack Kerouac, lived in a bohemian idyll on the Greek island of Hydra, visited Cuba __12__ the Bay of Pigs invasion, and published two novels and four volumes of poetry. He was __13__ the best singer, the best musician nor the best-looking man around, but he had the charisma and the words. Perhaps __14__ his style owed more to French chansonniers and Jewish cantors than American folk, he was always more loved in Europe than North America. An early write-up in folk gazette *Sing Out!* remarked: "__15__ comparison can be drawn between Leonard Cohen and any other phenomenon."

In 1993, Cohen disappeared from the public gaze. He spent the next six years in a monastery on Mount Baldy, California, studying with his old friend and Zen master Kyozan Joshu Sasaki, __16__ he calls Roshi and who is now a resilient 104 years old. When he came down from the mountain his lifelong depression had finally lifted.

(Adapted from an article in *The Guardian*, 19 January 2012, by Dorian Lynskey)

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Task 2: Gap Fill (Word formation)

For gaps 1–11, write the correct form of the word in brackets in the spaces on the right.

There is an example at the beginning: Gap 0.

The long shadow line: History and the war on drugs

It is fair to say that the 0 (**GLOBE**) drug war began 400 years ago this autumn, when a man named John Rolfe obtained tobacco seeds from the Caribbean.

Rolfe was a colonist in Jamestown, Virginia, which was the first successful English 1 (**SETTLE**) in the Americas. Most people know him today, if they know him at all, as the man who married Pocahontas, the "Indian princess" in 2 (**COUNT**) romantic stories. A few history buffs understand that by taking tobacco to Jamestown, Rolfe launched the Virginia tobacco market – the primary force behind Jamestown's eventual success. That success hints at a third, still more important role: inadvertently, Rolfe's tobacco set the template for today's £200bn trade in illegal drugs.

Tobacco rose and fell and rose and fell in a 400-year smoking spree that established a pattern for the trade in all addictive 3 (**SUBSTANT**). Beginning with tobacco, governments have sought to ban drugs as soon as they arrive, invariably invoking their 4 (**DESTROY**) effects on family and nation. Without exception, the bans have produced waves of criminality and the criminals have become threats to political 5 (**STABLE**) in the areas in which they operate. Governments waffle between turning blind eyes to the criminals and fighting them 6 (**BLOOD**). The ultimate ends of this process – social stigma, legalisation, and, most direly, unfashionability – suggest what will happen to the global market for marijuana and heroin.

Nicotiana tabacum, as botanists call it, was the first global commodity craze. Fun, exotic, hallucinogenic and addictive, it was – is – a near-perfect consumer product. England fell under its spell in the 1580s, when the 7 (**SURVIVE**) of the nation's first, unsuccessful colonies landed in Brighton with strange, fiery clay tubes at their lips. Obviously conscious of the impact of their appearance, they descended on the docks, smoking languidly, like so many Elizabethan versions of James Dean and Humphrey Bogart. By 1607, when Jamestown was founded, London's streets were jammed with more than 7,000 tobacco "houses" – café-like places where the city's 8 (**GROW**) number of nicotine junkies could buy and consume tobacco.

None of this was exceptional. Between 1580 and 1610, *Nicotiana tabacum*, a species 9 (**ORIGIN**) from the Amazon, became a fixture in every inhabited part of the earth. Almost immediately it attracted 10 (**GOVERN**) fury. Bans on tobacco, some enforced by the death penalty, were enacted by France, Russia, Sweden, the Ottoman and Mughal empires, and the Japanese shogunate. The smoking weed quickly became so ubiquitous in Manchuria, that in 1635 the Khan, Hong Taiji, discovered that his soldiers "were selling their weapons to buy tobacco". He was so 11 (**RAGE**) that he prohibited smoking.

No anti-tobacco crusader is better known than King James I. James sought to ban tobacco outright, but was rebuffed by a hostile Parliament.

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Prazna stran