A) Bralno razumevanje
B) Poznavanje in raba jezika

Dovoljeno gradivo in pripomočki:

Kandidat prinese nalivno pero ali kemični svinčnik.
Kandidat dobi ocenjevalni obrazec.

Sobota, 27. maj 2017 / 60 minut (35 + 25)

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

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 50, od tega 20 v delu A in 30 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 vse in v svoje zmožnosti. Želimo vam veliko uspeha.
A) BRALNO RAZUMEVANJE

Task 1: Multiple choice

For questions 1–8, choose the answer (A, B, C or D) which fits according to the text. There is an example at the beginning: Answer 0.

The Petting Zoo

1 At first Johnson thought it was a joke. As he sped down the country road, the cheap sign was only a blur. But it was that one word. Slowing down, he swung the Lexus onto the paved roadside. In the rear-view mirror, he could see it clearly. The sign was tacked to a stick that was stuck in the ground just beyond the paved roadside.
5 Shifting the powerful car into reverse, Johnson jammed the accelerator down. The tires squealed and loose gravel flew as he backed up the road. Screeching to a halt, Johnson stared at the faded handwriting:

ELSWORTH’S FAMOUS SPIDER PETTING ZOO 5Ms Next RT

Spiders fascinated Johnson. One summer, when he was eight, a large gold and black spider had taken up residence underneath the shingles by the back door. Every morning, Johnson would gather up ants in a jar from a nest in the scrubby woods behind his house. One by one, he would drop the wriggling insects into the web. With lightning speed, the spider would spring from her hiding place and race towards the victim. Sinking her fangs into the ant, she would retreat, waiting for the poison to take effect. When the ant slowly stopped struggling, she would climb back down and delicately wrap her prey in a white shroud.

This continued until, one day, his mother caught him. “What a cruel little boy you are,” she scolded between clenched teeth as she pummelled his backside. He could still feel the shame of being spanked.

Years later, in a rare moment of remorse, Johnson wondered what it was like for the ant. Trapped, helpless, waiting for the spider to return. Did they know fear or horror? Or was that something only humans experienced? The insect brain was too small he told himself. Or so he hoped.

Five miles, thought Johnson, this side trip might only add another half hour or so to his journey. He would still have time once he got to his motel to have a shower. The dinner with the buyer from the supermarket chain wasn’t until 6 o’clock and it was only 4 now. Johnson hated his job. Endless meetings with bad food and balding buyers. Too many drinks and too many hangovers. He was packing on the pounds, too.

I have to get back to the gym, he reminded himself.

The only redeeming feature of his job was that he was good at it. Top sales representative for the last three years. I should have been an actor, he told himself. Instead I’m selling toilet paper and tampons to these turkeys.

Driving, Johnson scanned the road looking for the turnoff. About one hundred yards ahead, he saw a lane that intersected with the highway. Flicking on his turn signal, he shot a quick glance at his watch.

If I don’t find it in fifteen minutes, he promised himself, I’ll turn back.

Accelerating smoothly, he turned right onto a well-paved secondary road with deep ditches on either side. Punching the buttons on the CD player, he stretched his arms, settling back into the soft leather seat. As the throbbing beat of Queen filled the Lexus, his mood lightened – an unexpected adventure in an otherwise boring day.

As the needle on the speedometer crept higher and higher, the neatly kept fields and freshly painted houses became a blur. Mile after mile slipped by. Johnson felt that he and the car had become one, soaring along like a hawk on a summer breeze. But his mood soon soured. The condition of the road deteriorated. Asphalt gave way to chip-seal, which gave way to gravel; and, finally ended up as dirt.

Johnson jumped on the brakes when a huge crater emerged in the centre of the road. Cursing the delay, he checked his watch again. It was almost 5. The long drive down the country road had dulled his sense of time. I better turn around, he cautioned himself. As he studied the road ahead looking for a safe place to make a U-turn, he saw it. An old farm house set back from the road. By the mailbox, a freshly painted sign read:

ELSWORTH’S FAMOUS SPIDER PETTING ZOO

(Adapted from The Petting Zoo by Peter de Niverville)
Example:
0. Johnson drove off the road because he
   A saw a sign for the zoo.
   B jammed the accelerator down.
   C had a broken tyre.
   D was lost.

1. During one summer, the eight-year-old
   Johnson
   A brought a pet spider to his house.
   B went into the woods to observe ants.
   C gathered ants to feed the zoo’s
      spiders.
   D observed the feeding behaviour of his
      spider.

2. It appears that Johnson’s mother
   A would regularly spank her son for
      keeping unusual pets.
   B felt sorry for the victim.
   C was horribly afraid of spiders and other
      insects.
   D disliked having any pets in the house.

3. Looking back on that summer experience
   years later, Johnson
   A was convincing himself that ants were
      unlike people.
   B regretted his childhood foolishness and
      misbehaviour.
   C felt trapped, helpless and horrified.
   D felt no guilt and remorse.

4. The word side in line 24 means
   A occasional.
   B additional.
   C field.
   D long.

5. The main reason for Johnson’s trip was
   A to visit the new supermarket.
   B to buy a supermarket chain.
   C to meet a business client.
   D to get back to the gym.

6. Which of the following statements is FALSE
   about Johnson’s work?
   A Johnson and his customers ate and
      drank heavily.
   B Some of Johnson’s customers showed
      signs of ageing.
   C Johnson was in charge of products for
      personal hygiene.
   D Johnson was selling pre-packed
      turkeys to supermarkets.

7. Johnson’s cheery mood ended
   A as the needle of the speedometer
      crept higher.
   B when the throbbing beat of Queen
      stopped.
   C when the summer breeze started to
      blow.
   D as the road to the zoo worsened.

8. After reading the extract, the reader learns
   that the abbreviations Ms and RT in the
   notice stand for
   A Motorways and Reverse Turn.
   B Metres and Round Trip.
   C Minutes and Run Time.
   D Miles and Right Turn.
Task 2: Gapped sentences

In the following extract, 12 sentence parts have been removed. Choose from sentence parts A–M the one which fits each gap (1–12). 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 (N).

Not a single day passes without me missing New Zealand

The first thing to strike visitors about the small town of Takaka is that barefoot pedestrians outnumber those in shoes, 0 ______. Probably because it’s so hard to get there in the first place.
Nestled between the Kahurangi and Abel Tasman National Parks, Golden Bay is accessible by road from one direction only, 1 ______. The area is so remote that even the earliest European settlers shunned it. Many of the 3,000 inhabitants here in the South Island’s north-west corner are British expats. They perform a variety of mostly freelance activities, 2 ______.

Having spent two months travelling the North Island coastline from Auckland to Wellington, we’re happy to make Golden Bay our base for day trips between bush and beach. We stay three weeks at the Anatoki River B&B, 3 ______.

Wedged between mountains and thick forest just outside Takaka, their property is also home to sheep, goats, ducks and chickens. Thanks to a fresh water supply from a local creek and a garden packed with citrus fruits and delicious pear-like nashis, 4 ______. Our daily routine typically begins with a dip in a nearby swim hole, before tucking into a hearty breakfast of organic farm produce, including homemade yogurt and the most succulent avocados imaginable. At just two dollars for four, they sell like hot cakes at the weekly farmers’ market, where local growers team up with bohemians 5 ______.

In this area sealed roads mostly end up as gravel or dust tracks – often at the start of a national park trail. Of the nine national “Great Walks”, two are very close; 6 ______, hugging the eastern shores. You need several days to complete each walk. We spend just one day trekking the Abel Tasman trail, where dense vegetation meets the sea, skirting beaches like Whariwharangi Bay.

What strikes me is not just the almost glasslike clearness of the sea, but the pristine, pure white foam whipped up by the waves. It could almost pass for frothy cappuccino topping. We share this world-class beach with no one else, apart from a four-strong colony of gannets. We enjoy watching them waddle over clusters of foam clinging to rocks in the corner of the bay.

Whenever we’re not on short trips up and down the coastline there’s plenty to do on the farm. We collect goat milk and watch Fiona turn it into tasty paneer cheese. David also runs a massage clinic in the house, which is a blessing 7 ______. It must have been triggered by carrying our six-year-old daughter Matilda on my shoulders. A qualified massage and neuromuscular therapist, David is soon able to locate the source of my muscular discomfort, and provide instant relief.
When it comes to things to do in the evening we find there’s more than enough going on locally. Which is just as well, considering the nearest sizeable town, Nelson, is a 90-minute drive away. Most entertainment is home grown, such as open mic night in one of Takaka’s many bars and restaurants, 8 ______.

As part of involving Matilda in local life too, she joins in drama class and gatherings with a group of home-schooled girls, including a girl of a similar age, Freya, from the farm next door. We become good friends with her parents Mark and Rae, a British-New Zealand couple, 9 ______, and loved the area so much they didn’t want to leave.

By staying with locals, we gain an insight into the Kiwi way of life – something we probably wouldn’t have experienced 10 ______. We have long discussions with our hosts on the pros and cons of life Down Under. David compares living in New Zealand to the temptation of forbidden fruit. “You taste it, go away a bit but always want to come back for more.”

Since returning home to Bavaria, Germany, 11 ______; especially the amazing natural surroundings, and the generally more relaxed lifestyle. New Zealanders tend to be in much less of a hurry, and their roads are so much quieter, too. You can easily forget what it feels like to get stuck in a traffic jam.
What’s holding us back from swapping Germany for Down Under? Would-be emigrants need to know that wages in NZ are lower, 12 ______. The greatest drawback, however, seems to be the one we’ve heard so many expats talk about – the distance from loved ones in Europe.

(Adapted from an article in The Telegraph, 11 May 2015, by Tim Howe)
and we kept seeing views of beautiful bays

the farm is almost self-sufficient
to offer an eclectic mixture of healthy food and palm-reading services
not a single day passes without me missing New Zealand
had we opted for hotel or campsite accommodation
yet the cost of living is considerably higher than in Europe
and amateur productions staged by the local drama society
involving a two-hour ride over a steep and rugged hill
when I wake up one morning with a stiff neck
run by friendly British expat hosts David and Fiona
who met here on a backpacking holiday
from farming to bread baking
the 80km Heaphy Trail to the west and the 60km Abel Tasman Coast Track
and no one seems in any particular hurry to leave or go anywhere at all
Task 1: Gap fill

There is ONE word missing in each gap. Write the missing words in the spaces on the right.
There is an example at the beginning: Gap 0.

Agatha Ruiz de la Prada: My love of colour bred success

You’d be hard put if you entered a Spanish home not to find at least one item designed by Agatha Ruiz de la Prada.
The fashion designer has no connection to Italian fashion label Prada, is known for her colourful and funky designs. She may have started out with clothing her sprawling design empire now stretches from notepads to tiles, security doors and even gravestones.
Initially, however, she started out wanting to be an artist, a designer. The daughter of an aristocrat and an architect, Ms de la Prada was inspired by her father’s extensive contemporary art collection. She spent a childhood drawing, but eventually felt that as a profession it could be frustrating and slow. In contrast, fashion offered ‘immediate satisfaction’. She was drawn to it because of the teamwork involved and because she saw it as a ‘high energy’ and ‘quick environment’. Her artistic flair helped to inspire the unusual designs she is now renowned.
Ms de la Prada secured her first job in the industry aged 19, in the midst of the cultural movement known as La Movida that emerged after death of dictator General Franco in 1975 and saw Spain push boundaries in the arts.
Ms de la Prada’s boss Pepe Rubio was a fashion designer central to La Movida, and she credits with inspiring her. “I learned with him that you can do what you want.”
Helped contacts she made in this first job, Ms de la Prada held her first solo fashion show in Madrid in 1981 at the height of the artistic and cultural revolution. It showcased the vibrant colours and shapes that were to become her trademark. “Colour is important, and always been important for me. It’s part of my personality,” she says.
With such a distinctive image and through further fashion shows over the next decade she managed to achieve more and more recognition. But she was also struggling financially and realised she could not build the world famous brand for which she was aiming the backing of a big company. Her big breakthrough came when she secured a deal to design her own-label women’s clothing collection for Spanish department store chain El Corte Inglés. The deal catapulted her selling in small quantities to having several best-selling collections.
Ms de la Prada says partnering with well-known brands worked for her because it meant she did not have to invest financially, and could simply focus on the design. She has since teamed with partners on more than 300 collaborations. She has also gradually built up a small chain of her own stores.
She credits her early difficulties with getting paid by her customers for her current prudence. “It was the best lesson in my life... because it’s that which has helped me not to do silly things for the rest of my life.”
She says the experience taught her to keep close eye on the numbers, and says the first thing she now does each morning is look at the figures for the business. “I spend what I have, not more than I have.”

(Adapted from http://www.bbc.com, 13 December 2013, by Katie Hope)
Task 2: Gap fill (word formation)

For gaps 1–15, write the correct form of each word given in brackets in the spaces on the right. There is an example at the beginning: Gap 0.

On your bike in central Laos

It’s been 60 years since Laos declared itself _0_ (DEPEND) of France’s colonial rule, on 22 October, 1953. Since then the history of this tiny state has hardly been serene, with civil war and _1_ (HORRIFY) bombing during the Vietnam War leading eventually to the overthrow of the constitutional _2_ (MONARCH) and the establishment of Laos as a communist country. These days, though, there’s tranquillity to be found. The capital Vientiane is intimate and friendly – especially when compared with giants such as Jakarta or Ho Chi Minh City – and the centre is _3_ (DELIGHT) compact. And while Vientiane might not have the immediate good looks of its sister city Luang Prabang, it is soaked in craggy charm and atmosphere. You can almost sense the ghosts of Russian spies and CIA operatives based here during the Secret War, as Vietnam’s other theatre of war is often known. John Le Carre set some of _The Honourable Schoolboy_ here. On the other hand, Paul Theroux reported in _The Great Railway Bazaar_ that “the brothels are cleaner than hotels … and marijuana is surprisingly _4_ (EXPENSE) compared to a relatively costly glass of beer”.

Neither the brothels nor the marijuana are in _5_ (EVIDENT) on my return to Vientiane; indeed if you exclude the gaggle of ladyboys lingering on street corners, Vientiane is anything but sleazy. It’s also amazing value if you want to live here in style for a few days, drinking Bloody Marys in _6_ (CLASS) restaurants and sleeping in Indochinese style.

I’ve come to Laos to balance adventure – specifically a motorcycle road-trip – with a little bit of _7_ (AFFORD) luxury and enjoyment. Thanks to newly sealed roads through stunning _8_ (SCENE), available satellite navigation gadgetry and a number of new motorcycle _9_ (RENT) offices dotted about the country, Laos has become a great place for two-wheeled adventures. I intend to ride a road less travelled to the central region of the country – but not without a little _10_ (RELAX) first in languid Vientiane.

Having dumped my bags at the cosy Lao Heritage Hotel in a quiet bougainvillea-painted street, I head for breakfast at Le Banneton, the city’s best _11_ (BAKE). It’s staggeringly hot, the Mekong River gaspingly dry, the parched tamarind trees of Setthathirat Street yearning for the onset of the monsoon. Wandering through the old quarter, a mélange of Soviet, Thai, Lao and French _12_ (ARCHITECT), I’m struck by how much the place has blossomed over the past couple of years thanks to increased _13_ (INVEST); with old French villas tastefully restored as boutique hotels, and almost every conceivable kind of cuisine from Japanese to contemporary Lao. Add to this the ubiquitous redolence of _14_ (FRESH) baked baguettes and you can begin to understand Vientiane’s easy charm.

To reach Central Laos I hire a bike. If you’re short of time, for an extra fee you can now drop off one of their _15_ (EXCEL) motor-cross bikes at your destination so you don’t have to double back on yourself. You can also have your bags forwarded to your destination.

(Adapted from an article in _The Independent_, 12 October 2013, by Richard Waters)
V sivo polje ne pišite.

Prazna stran