



Codice del candidato:

**Državni izpitni center**



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SESSIONE PRIMAVERILE

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

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

**Sabato, 27 maggio 2017 / 60 minuti (35 + 25)**

*Materiali e sussidi consentiti:*

*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 30 punti nella parte B, per un totale di 50 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: Sentence completion

Read the text and complete the sentences below. Use 1–5 words in each gap. Bear in mind that all contracted forms with the exception of *can't* count as two words. There is an example at the beginning: Sentence 0.

Example:

0. Gerald Seymour's publishers organized a dinner to celebrate the beginning of his successful literary career.

1. The 'Lidl-trolley' story and the present clearly show Seymour's wife's fears that Gerald  
\_\_\_\_\_.
2. The author of the article believes that a character feature shared by all writers is  
\_\_\_\_\_.
3. Nowadays, it is \_\_\_\_\_ that writers reward their readers by producing a novel annually.
4. As a writer of thrillers, Seymour longs for the times when the UK  
\_\_\_\_\_.
5. Seymour is proud that his thrillers are \_\_\_\_\_ despite being fiction.
6. Using the 'Ndrangheta as an example, Seymour criticizes  
\_\_\_\_\_.
7. Frederick Forsyth set a trend for the writers to make use  
\_\_\_\_\_ when writing thrillers.
8. Seymour's satisfaction upon completing a piece of writing is always accompanied by  
\_\_\_\_\_.
9. After its publication in 1975, *Harry's Game* was considered a potential candidate for  
\_\_\_\_\_.
10. Seymour still turns into \_\_\_\_\_ when doing research for his novels.



## Gerald Seymour: 'Of course I'm still a hack. You can't get it out of your veins'

Gerald's publishers held a dinner for him last month to mark the 40th anniversary of his ground-breaking thriller *Harry's Game*. He told the guests that from time to time he thought about retiring – he is now 74 and about to publish his 32nd book – and imagined a future for himself pushing a trolley round Lidl looking for the special offers. When he sketched out this scenario to his wife, he said, she bought him a present: a package of 500 sheets of blank printing paper. The story, told against himself, is typical of Seymour, who is as ego-free as any writer you are likely to meet. He would be very comfortably off if he ever did retire, but there is no immediate prospect of that. His new book, *No Mortal Thing*, is out in January; the next is being written and the research has been done for several others. Lidl will have to wait.

Seymour is one of the last of a dying breed – thriller writers who produce a novel annually for a loyal audience. He tells me that when he started, he was at the same publisher as Alistair MacLean, Hammond Innes, Desmond Bagley and a string of others “who had been captains or majors or second lieutenants in the navy in the second world war”. That era is long gone. “The problem with being a thriller writer like me today,” he says, “is the weakening of the UK's global role.” No one any longer believes that the government has the will or the means to drop an agent into an international trouble spot – a theme of many of his books – to accomplish some improbably dangerous mission. This observation is made without rancour, though it is evident Seymour is no fan of the rash of police procedurals that have replaced the thriller writers of old.

He makes no great literary claim for his books – he demurs when I say some critics have said he should be talked about in the same breath as John le Carré – but he does stand by his books' factual accuracy and seriousness of intent. They have to entertain – otherwise he has no audience – but he also wants them to inform.

*No Mortal Thing* deals with the 'Ndrangheta, the little-written-about but immensely powerful mafia-like organisation based in Calabria which controls much of Europe's cocaine trade. Seymour traces the way its tentacles stretch out from a small village at the foot of Italy, across Germany, the UK and the rest of Europe. He wants us to understand its power, viciousness and the immense damage it inflicts, and he criticises those who are not prepared to engage with the subject. “I dislike people who live in a

comfortable, complacent world where they are simply not interested in what's round the corner,” he says.

Seymour, who was a high-profile reporter and foreign correspondent at ITN in the 1960s and early 70s, became a novelist when *Harry's Game* proved an immediate success in 1975. “I had come back from the Yom Kippur war in 1973, and the office said I was to have three weeks at home,” he recalls. “We'd had a fairly vigorous war. It was said at the time that never mind the Israelis and the Egyptians or Syrians fighting each other, the real combat was Mike Nicholson and Gerry Seymour from ITN against Keith Graves and Martin Bell from the BBC. My wife said: 'What are you going to do?' I said: 'I think I might have a go at a novel.'”

The success of journalist-turned-novelist Frederick Forsyth's *The Day of the Jackal*, which was published in 1971 and made into a film two years later, inspired other reporters to have a go at writing a thriller based on their experiences. None was more successful than Seymour, though initially he had doubts about what he had produced. “I remember finishing the typescript and then putting it away for four or five months. I've always been someone who's nervous about what I've done and apprehensive as to its value.” Eventually his colleague, the late Gordon Honeycombe, who had written novels and plays, steered him to an agent, and on publication in 1975 *Harry's Game* did sensationally well. “It was a Book of the Month Club main selection, a big paperback deal, a film option, lead review in the New York Times,” Seymour recalls. “I know it sounds ridiculous, but that really wasn't what I was looking for. It was a game-changer, which I hadn't anticipated. I thought I'd be going on [in journalism] until my 60s.” He struggled on for two years combining writing novels and reporting, but then abandoned news to write full time. Has he ever regretted it? “Most weeks for the past 37 years,” he says with a laugh. He's not really serious about this, because talking to him it becomes clear he has never ceased to be a reporter. He just does the reporting for himself now rather than for ITN, making an extended study of the area he intends to write about to get a feel for people and locations – and to search for the clue, often a single scene or anecdote, that will animate the novel. For *No Mortal Thing* he went to the towns and villages of Calabria to sniff out the story – he always talks about writing stories rather than novels.

(Adapted from an article in *The Guardian*, 29 December 2015, by Stephen Moss)



## Task 2: Gapped text

In the following extract, ten sentences have been removed. Choose from sentences A–K the one which fits each gap (1–10). There is one extra sentence 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 (L).

### Colombia's Ciudad Perdida: Secrets of the Lost City

The jungle hummed in my ear as the violet dawn receded and cicadas began to rattle like maracas.

0 L We wiped away the drops of sweat the already sultry air dragged from our foreheads. Suddenly, Celso – our indigenous Wiwa guide – stopped and let out a birdlike whistle to get our attention. 1 \_\_\_\_\_ Hardly visible through a curtain of lianas and low-hanging branches was a steep flight of stone steps, browned with lichens and leaves, leading enticingly upwards. I would have walked right past it.

And that's exactly what happened to Colombia's Ciudad Perdida (Lost City) for nigh on 400 years.

2 \_\_\_\_\_ It was once home to a 2,000-strong township of potters and farmers who carved terraces and a living from the high hillsides of the 5,700m Sierra Nevada de Santa Marta mountain range. They remained there unencumbered until Spanish conquistadors arrived in the late 16th century. They brought Catholicism, syphilis and smallpox. The site was abandoned and, like a fairytale castle, all memory of her was forgotten until the mid-1970s. Then looters, hunting for tropical birds, pulled back the roots and discovered the ruins. They found burial plots filled with golden earrings, jadeite figurines and fine pottery.

Today, Teyuna, as the locals know it, is still a four-day walk from the nearest road. It has been clear of narco-traffickers and rebel armies since 2005. 3 \_\_\_\_\_ I joined a hiking tour with adventure operator Explore to see if the buzz was justified.

On the drive from the coastal town of Santa Marta to the start of the trail in El Mamey, we passed groups crowding around silver-barrelled water tankers. They were pushing their buckets towards the tap on its side that spouted water. "No rain has fallen here for five months," laments our Bogotan translator, León. He grinds his black-stubble jawline in worry. "The situation is getting pretty desperate."

In El Mamey, we meet Celso for the first time. Like his Tairona descendants, a curtain of ebony hair trails down the back of his white tunic. 4 \_\_\_\_\_ We nod 'hello' and, without ceremony, he strides off down the sandy path and we scuttle after him.

After an hour, all conversation has faded away as we focus on hauling ourselves up a 600m hill in 90 per cent humidity. 5 \_\_\_\_\_ At the summit, we sink our teeth into segments of bittersweet orange laid out on palm leaves by our cook, Enrique.

Then it's down and down towards our first camp, Adán – a collection of tin-roofed huts shoehorned into a steep valley overgrown with giant yellow daisies and mango, orange and lime trees. The river has carved out a plunge pool and we jump from the rocks into the cool water and wallow while small fish nibble at our toes. 6 \_\_\_\_\_ "Hammocks are so uncomfortable," Simon, a fellow hiker, remarks. "No way! They're like a cuddle in your mother's arms," León enthuses.

We break camp early the next morning while skeins of smoke rise from the morning fires of families in the valley, and tramp past slopes singed black by slash-and-burn to replace coca plantations with cassava and cacao. Something rustles in the parched grass and Enrique pounces on it. 7 \_\_\_\_\_ "It's a baby Boa constrictor."

At midday, we take shelter from the high sun at a Wiwa camp. Celso leads us to a cacao tree where he slices off a green pod with his machete, tears it in half, and gestures for us to try some. I scoop my fingers around the slimy, white flesh and pop a piece into my mouth. It's soft and sweet and tastes slightly of oranges.

On the fourth day, we rise in the darkness, pull on sweat-soaked T-shirts and shorts, and sneak out of El Paraiso camp while the other groups are sleeping. Tentatively, we start to climb the 1,200 steps – thin shards of stone stabbed into the hillside – that lead to Teyuna. Halfway up, my thighs are burning.

8 \_\_\_\_\_ He snorts coca leaf-laced phlegm and spits it into the forest. I turn round to see him grinning up at me. He gives me a thumbs-up and we start to climb again.

At the top, we enter a clearing. 9 \_\_\_\_\_ Celso explains that Wymaco – father of the gods – chose the site so his people could live closer to the stars. When he's finished, we stand a moment in silence, looking up at the lianas. "How does being here make you feel?" I ask him. "I feel joyful – it's mine. It's a representation of who I am," translates León on his behalf.

Celso instructs us to walk around one of the stone circles seven times 'to clear away bad spirits'. Then we climb higher to La Capilla – the central section where feasts and rituals were held. 10 \_\_\_\_\_ Spread out before us are tiers of oval terraces that appear to perch on the clouds and tree canopy like a floating palace. For a full 20 minutes the scene is totally unblemished by other tourists.

(Adapted from an article in *The Independent*, 14 November 2014, by Emma Thompson)



- A Very soon my fellow hikers and I feel like wrung-out teabags.
- B “Look!” he exclaims proudly, holding up a snakelet.
- C He raised a sun-browned finger and pointed across the water.
- D We chat quietly but then the trees fall away and we are left open-mouthed and silenced.
- E I stop to rest a minute and behind me I hear the reassuring sound of Celso.
- F A mochila bag is slung across his body woven with colourful geometric designs.
- G Word of its beauty is spreading quickly among intrepid hikers.
- H Three circles of stone spread out before us and we can sense some spiritual energy.
- I Drying off, we assess our beds for the night.
- J The Tairona people built it around AD700–800, which makes it much older than Machu Picchu.
- K Perhaps what’s more important is that the Ciudad Perdida trail is welcome proof of how much Colombia has changed.
- ↙ One in front of the other, we picked our way over the tree roots and rounded boulders that lined the babbling Buritaca River.





**Task 2: Gap fill (verbs)**

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

**The weird afterlife of the world’s subterranean ‘ghost stations’ town**

In 1920, construction began on what was to become an important new transportation system for Cincinnati, Ohio. Local voters **\_0\_ (GIVE)** unanimous support to a \$6m municipal bond, and the project began. Little did the city’s officials know that the system they were building **\_1\_ (NEVER / CARRY)** a single passenger.

Five years later, when the money had run out, the federal government refused to help and construction **\_2\_ (HALT)**. Today, there is an entire six-mile subway system abandoned underneath the Cincinnati streets. Though Cincinnati’s empty subway is an extreme example, it’s part of a global phenomenon that’s actually quite common. Over the years, underground travel **\_3\_ (TURN)** into a familiar routine for millions of urban dwellers, but most commuters are unaware that on the other side of the walls there are the remains of abandoned stations slowly deteriorating. **\_4\_ (KNOW)** as ‘ghost stations’, they are silent but powerful reminders of forgotten history.

Tom Moran, an expert on abandoned stations, says: “For me, what makes abandoned subways more compelling than other subterranean infrastructure is the fact that they were built **\_5\_ (CATER)** for large crowds of people.”

In the west, many stations were abandoned due to the boom of capitalist markets; in former or current communist countries, ghost stations are symbols of the excesses of authoritarianism. But their histories remain local. Though no longer part of the daily lives of people, each abandoned station **\_6\_ (FIRMLY / ROOT)** in its city’s past – and may yet become part of their city’s future. New York, not surprisingly, has quite a few ghost stations; the most famous one, City Hall on the Lexington Avenue line, was closed in 1945, because **\_7\_ (RECONSTRUCT)** it to serve newer trains was considered too expensive.

Although other countries on the American continent **\_8\_ (MAY / NOT / EMBRACE)** the automobile as enthusiastically as the US did, they’re still home to a number of ghost stations. Toronto’s Lower Bay station was closed in 1966. In capitalist countries, where one generation’s crisis is the next generation’s tourist trap, many of the stations have been repurposed. London’s Aldwych station **\_9\_ (BECOME)** a favourite for movie shoots, while Toronto’s Lower Bay is a location for parties during the city’s huge film festival.

Crisis also spawned the ghost stations of the former Soviet bloc. Perhaps the most famous disused subway in Moscow is the Metro 2, a top-secret, parallel subway system which is reported **\_10\_ (CONSTRUCT)** in the 1940s for the emergency transportation of Communist party top brass. Many doubt it **\_11\_ (EXIST)**, and there are no photos of its lines or stations. However, many top Russian officials, as well as a US intelligence report from 1991, **\_12\_ (CONFIRM)** its existence. In other communist countries, stations have been abandoned for similar reasons. In the Beijing metro, Fushouling station appears to have been built for strategic military use, but was only used to transport rural children to school, **\_13\_ (RUN)** only two trains per day until its closure in 2007.

But ghost stations have something to say that isn’t just about transportation and the economy. Subways are important ways for citizens **\_14\_ (GET)** around, but they’re also important as public spaces. Indeed, by providing an identifiable shared experience, subway systems are often important parts of the distinctive identities of cities like Paris, London and New York. Rob the stations of their healthy blood flow of regular commuters and they **\_15\_ (EVENTUALLY / HAUNT)** the city. Perhaps they are better off left to urban explorers.

- 0. had given
- 1. \_\_\_\_\_
- 2. \_\_\_\_\_
- 3. \_\_\_\_\_
- 4. \_\_\_\_\_
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- 8. \_\_\_\_\_
- 9. \_\_\_\_\_
- 10. \_\_\_\_\_
- 11. \_\_\_\_\_
- 12. \_\_\_\_\_
- 13. \_\_\_\_\_
- 14. \_\_\_\_\_
- 15. \_\_\_\_\_

(Adapted from an article in *The Guardian*, 25 September 2014, by Drew Reed)



**Pagina vuota**