



Š i f r a k a n d i d a t a :

**Državni izpitni center**



M 1 8 2 2 4 1 2 1

JESENSKI IZPITNI ROK

**Osnovna raven**  
**ANGLEŠČINA**  
==== Izpitna pola 1 ====

- A) Bralno razumevanje  
B) Poznavanje in raba jezika

**Sreda, 29. avgust 2018 / 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 45, od tega 20 v delu A in 25 v delu B. Vsaka pravilna rešitev je vredna 1 točko.

Rešitve, ki jih pišite 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: Short answers

Answer in note form in the spaces below. Use 1–5 words for each answer. Bear in mind that all contracted forms with the exception of *can't* count as two words. There is an example at the beginning: Answer 0.

**Example:**

0. Why did Violet describe her fast engagement to James as weird?

*They hardly ever met.*

1. What did the British commercial enterprise in India turn into?

\_\_\_\_\_

2. Why did the Company's officers rarely visit their homeland during their service?

\_\_\_\_\_

3. Who financially supported British women in India before they got married?

\_\_\_\_\_

4. Why did Charlotte's father decide to send some of his daughters to India?

\_\_\_\_\_

5. Where were the rough seas expected on the voyage to India?

\_\_\_\_\_

6. Why was Minnie cautious about her food during the voyage?

\_\_\_\_\_

7. For what reason was flannel required as underwear fabric?

\_\_\_\_\_

8. Where did some people in India go to escape the unbearable climate?

\_\_\_\_\_

9. Why were the wives expected to accept subordination in their marriage?

\_\_\_\_\_

10. On what occasion was the rank of the husband important for his wife?

\_\_\_\_\_



## The women who flocked to India to bag a husband

From the 1600s until the Second World War, 'surplus women' flocked to India in a bid to bag a husband.

Right through the era of "the Fishing Fleet" – the name given to the girls and women who went out to India to look for husbands from the 17th century on – engagements were often a brisk affair. After only half a dozen meetings with her future husband, Violet Swinhoe wrote in her diary (in 1916): "James had final talk with Daddy and then we were engaged. Too strange for words." The history of the Fishing Fleet dates from the days of the East India Company, that vast trading organisation with its own army that eventually ended up ruling India. In its early days, when journeys by sail could take up to six months, many Company officers only came home once, if at all, during their service. Some formed liaisons or marriages with Indian girls. For others, the Company developed the practice of sending out batches of prospective brides, whom they maintained in India for a year, during which time they were supposed to find a mate. They were known as the Fishing Fleet; if after the year they had proved too plain or too unpleasant for even the most desperate Company man, they were shipped home as "Returned Empties".

But most were snapped up on arrival, after courtships that lasted from a month or so to – sometimes – a mere few days. "You must not be surprised when I tell you I am going to be married on the 13th of next month to Miss Charlotte Britten," wrote Lieutenant Stuart Corbett to his father in February 1822. Corbett was a mere 19 years old but he had managed to land one of the 1821 Fishing Fleet within a month or two of their arrival in Calcutta. His bride, Charlotte Batten, aged 20, was one of eight sisters: their father, in rural Kent, must have despaired of marrying them all off. His solution was to send two of them out to stay with their brother in India's happy hunting ground.

When I began to research my book *The Fishing Fleet: Husband-Hunting in the Raj*, I soon realised that this annual migration of young women was a vast phenomenon, not only a story hitherto untold but also a gripping aspect of our history that opened a window on the wider sphere of Empire. In the early days, the first hurdle was the five-month journey out to India, negotiating anything from pirates to the perilous, stormy seas of the Cape of Good Hope. "The eggs all went bad and had to be thrown overboard weeks ago and though there is dessert on the table every day I cannot touch a thing, as biscuits, figs and ratafia are

alive," wrote Minnie Blane, travelling in the late 1850s. The first shock was the arrival port, seething with humanity – saris of bright pink, scarlet and emerald green vivid against brown skins, sellers of fruit, curry and sweetmeats shouting their wares – and a heat so searing it was like opening an oven door. One of the stranger habits of the Raj was the medical insistence on wearing flannel next to the skin even in 40-degree heat; only at the beginning of the Twenties were corsets dropped in favour of cotton underwear.

Social life depended on the climate, often near-perfect in the cold weather but hell in the heat. Then – for those who could not go up to the hills – shoes had to be shaken in case a scorpion had curled up inside, insects gathered so thickly that every wine glass had to have a cover, fatal diseases could kill overnight, clothes would rot, termites could destroy a house's foundations and prickly heat made life a misery. The new arrival plunged into a whirl of gaiety – polo matches, race meetings, moonlight picnics, dances, cocktail parties and dawn rides as the blue smoke from a distant village rose against the sky. Then there were the men. Fit from days in the open air and the sport that formed so large a part of Raj life, handsome in their uniforms, and eagerly attentive, they were enough to turn the head of any susceptible young woman. Once married, the realities of Raj life hit home. The Fishing Fleet bride found her life subordinated to that of her husband, as his was to the Raj, a patriarchal hierarchy shot through with a rigid protocol. Calling cards were de rigueur and there was even a document entitled the Warrant of Precedence that showed the exact status of everyone in British employ so that seating at official dinners, for instance, could be arranged according to seniority. Wives took their husband's rank, so that senior ladies had their "own" sofa at the Club and first use of the loos after dinner.

What drove the Fishing Fleet girls in their thousands to this alien land? The answer was the inexorable, increasing pressure to marry. It is difficult for us today to realise that for most of the 19th century, a girl without fortune or great beauty became a non-person if she did not marry. When the taking-over of India by the British government was declared in 1858, single women continued to come out. Ten years later came the opening of the Suez Canal – and a sudden shift in demographics. The trickle became a flood.

(Adapted from an article in *The Telegraph*, 18 July 2012, by Anne de Courcy)



## Task 2: Gapped sentences

In the following extract, ten sentence parts have been removed. Choose from 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 (L).

### Why I ran a marathon to help my daughter with Asperger's syndrome

I knew for a long time that my daughter was somehow separate. Not just different, but also ... apart. She was eight when we got the diagnosis that placed her on the autism spectrum, and I was shattered. I felt like the world's worst parent for not realising sooner. I felt disloyal, (0 L).

At the time we got the diagnosis, Grace was struggling. Though she is articulate and gifted in art, music and drama, (1 \_\_\_\_). She struggles with abstract concepts, and conceptual shades of grey. There's what she's interested in – a colourful but small selection of topics – and there's what the rest of the world is doing.

These characteristics do not make for an easy time at school. At first her peers accepted her eccentricities; very small children tend to take people as they are. But as she grew, (2 \_\_\_\_). Grace spent her days being tormented, and being sent out of class when she rose to the bait of classmates who were fascinated by her weirdness and potential for combustion. Maths was a foreign language, and comprehension exercises in English lessons poured poison into the pool of her previously peaceful reading.

I was at a loss to help her. Each evening, I would try to calm her, reason with her, explain how to be around people (3 \_\_\_\_). We had the same conversations every day. She stormed around and sobbed: I shouted. The guilt and sadness grew until they started to blot out the light. I would wake tearful and depressed. My job as a news editor started to unravel and (4 \_\_\_\_). My counsellor asked me what I was going to do about the unhappiness that was clinging to me.

One day, I woke and realised (5 \_\_\_\_). I hunted for my sports kit – crumpled, musty and a size too small – and put it on, gritting my teeth at the tight fabric on my wobbly thighs. I ran down the road and started to feel ill after 200 metres. After five minutes I wanted to throw myself down in defeat. Running any further seemed an impossible target; something that only other people did.

But then it struck me that Grace, in a strange sense, also had to run every single day. She didn't get to decide to stay on the sofa. She had to battle forward. Within weeks of starting to run, I put my name down for the National Autistic Society's London Marathon team, to spread awareness of my daughter's condition.

I worked my way up slowly, from three miles, to six, to nine and onwards. In the meantime, I learned more about Grace's condition and (6 \_\_\_\_). I took on the school, the bullies and the local council, attending meeting after meeting, writing letter after letter. I attended support groups and seminars on



how to get a statement of educational needs for my daughter. I read everything about Asperger's that I could get my hands on. It was a long, slow process, and (7\_\_\_).

By now I was running three or four times a week, sometimes whooping through the nature reserve before daybreak, overloaded with endorphins and high on being alone to see the clouds turn apricot and lavender with the dawn. Other days it was a weary slog. But it always helped to frame my days, giving me purpose, letting me work off my worries instead of numbing them with pharmaceuticals. There were still times (8\_\_\_) and my systems would crash. There were days when I found it so hard to bear my daughter's troubles that I would leak tears for hours. But little by little, my mind and body grew stronger, and the courage and dignity of my daughter inspired me to try harder.

When I think about Sunday 22 April 2012 – marathon day – I remember the noise: the boom and clamour of the crowd all around; the whoosh and thump of my heart behind my ears and in my eyes; the steady one-two-three-four of my breaths, matching my stride; and behind it all a whisper, a murmur behind the din and the pain, a voice that said: "For Grace, my Grace, my girl." She came to watch me, among hordes of thousands, (9\_\_\_).

A few months after the marathon, the council confirmed it would fund extra support for my daughter. Grace has welcomed her diagnosis, relieved that she isn't "stupid and useless". She even took the decision to tell her schoolmates about her Asperger's. She is proud of being different and (10\_\_\_). These days my daughter stands tall again and so do I. I am a better mother. There are still tough times. But now I know I can run, and endure.

(Adapted from an article in *The Guardian*, 30 September 2012, by Sophie Walker)

- A holding her hands out to me over the barriers
- B her weak points caught the merciless scrutiny of bullies
- C there were constant setbacks
- D she lacks the ability to read and respond to social situations that come to the rest of us without thinking
- E I was prescribed antidepressants
- F embraces the gifts it brings
- G when the emotional overload would hit me
- H and negotiate homework that took hours
- I set to work finding her the educational and emotional support she needed
- J she hated it whenever she saw it
- K I hadn't done any exercise for months
- L as though somehow I had not truly seen her



## B) POZNAVANJE IN RABA JEZIKA

### Task 1: Gap fill

There is one word missing in each gap. Write the missing words in the spaces on the right. Bear in mind that all contracted forms with the exception of *can't* count as two words. There is an example at the beginning: Gap 0.

### I inherited a da Vinci

I remember the day my dad brought \_\_0\_\_ home. I was eight years old, and sitting on the floor absorbed in a jigsaw. "Look," he said, placing a large gilded frame against the back of the sofa. The painting was of a woman, dressed in red with a child on her knee. Beside them stood a young boy holding a cross, and a lamb was looking up \_\_1\_\_ him. I was spellbound. The picture, said my father, had been given to him by a private patient – we never found out exactly why. Dad was a popular GP, and it wasn't unusual for patients to give him gifts, \_\_2\_\_ there had never been anything quite like this.

Despite my father's obvious delight, I recall the occasion as rather solemn. He took my hand, \_\_3\_\_ was very unusual, and I knew even then this was \_\_4\_\_ very significant moment in my life.

Mum and Dad collected art, and so would certainly have known that a Renaissance portrait of this type – painted in oil on wood – was likely to be valuable. But the painting was never talked about in a material sense. It was treasured on \_\_5\_\_ own terms, and we all became very attached \_\_6\_\_ it. The painting was kept out of harm's way in my parents' bedroom, and \_\_7\_\_ it remained until we discovered the house had dry rot and moved.

In our next house, it took a more visible position on the landing. I remember my father referring to it \_\_8\_\_ *The Madonna And Child With John The Baptist*. I would always take time to stop and look at it, and I used to think of all the people who had seen the painting over the centuries.

The *Madonna* became very much part of our lives, so much so that on one occasion I didn't even take her off the wall \_\_9\_\_ I redecorated the room. I simply worked around the frame, and the flecks of emulsion that sprayed on to the painting are still there today.

After my father died, it stayed in the family home \_\_10\_\_ my 40th birthday, when my mother gave it to me as a gift. It has followed me ever \_\_11\_\_, but it was only 11 years ago, when I needed capital to set \_\_12\_\_ a business, that I thought of the *Madonna* as a potentially valuable asset.

When the director from the local branch of Sotheby's saw her, he simply said, "Phew!" I was delighted – I thought she was beautiful and I just wanted \_\_13\_\_ to agree. He said the painting was old – early 16th century – and that he'd like to take it \_\_14\_\_ be looked at by old master specialists in London and to get it laboratory tested.

I suddenly felt horrified at the prospect of separation, but as luck would have it my bank came to the rescue with the offer of a loan for my business, \_\_15\_\_ the painting remained on my wall. Had the *Madonna* left my house then, the wheels of commerce would surely have been set in motion and I doubt I'd have seen her again.

0. her \_\_\_\_\_
1. \_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_
4. \_\_\_\_\_
5. \_\_\_\_\_
6. \_\_\_\_\_
7. \_\_\_\_\_
8. \_\_\_\_\_
9. \_\_\_\_\_
10. \_\_\_\_\_
11. \_\_\_\_\_
12. \_\_\_\_\_
13. \_\_\_\_\_
14. \_\_\_\_\_
15. \_\_\_\_\_

(Adapted from an article in *The Guardian*, 28 September 2012, by Fiona McLaren)



**Task 2: Gap fill (word formation)**

For gaps 1–10, write the correct form of the words in brackets in the spaces on the right. There is an example at the beginning: Gap 0.

**Women in science: Physics is not done better by men**

The Institute of Physics report last week on the lack of girls progressing on to study physics at A-level continues to cause concern but is not surprising. Of course we need more positive female role models in the sciences and physics in particular and of course the media need to give more   0   (**EXPOSE**) to those that do exist.

However, there remains a   1   (**BELIEVE**) that physics and engineering is better done and done better by men. I understand that some of my fellow male scientists may find such an accusation insulting but I believe that those of us who know that girls make just as good physicists and engineers as boys need to make our views known at each and every turn.

In the same way that negative   2   (**RACE**) stereotypes persisted for far too long, even in the face of insurmountable evidence that people of any ethnic background were as capable of being intellectual, driven and successful in their   3   (**CHOOSE**) field, so will this misguided gender prejudice. It will not change until it is challenged whenever it is encountered.

When a mother at a school parents evening excuses her daughter's poor   4   (**PERFORM**) in a test on wave properties with "well, physics isn't really for girls", it needs to be challenged by the teacher. When a careers officer questions a teenage girl's desire to do physical science and maths at A-level, colleagues should ask why the concern. You may think that such examples are extreme but they are all from my   5   (**PERSON**) experience as a teacher and physics undergraduate.

It is   6   (**OBVIOUS**) difficult to collect firm evidence but one of the reasons that girls in single sex education are more likely to continue with their studies in physics is that they are less exposed to such negative attitudes. I think it is certainly true that for girls to   7   (**SUCCESS**) in physics at A-level, in a coeducational environment, that they need to be particularly strong-minded and very focused on what they want to achieve. A boy at 16 may wander into physics in the sixth form with a general feeling that the university officers will find it   8   (**IMPRESS**), whereas a girl at the same stage will generally have already settled on a narrower range of career paths for which physics is a prerequisite. This was certainly my experience for the majority of girls that I taught post sixteen physics to and the majority of them went on to study physical sciences at university.

I now run the Royal Institution's L'Oréal Young Scientist Centre and am happy to report that in the past year nearly 60% of our visitors have been girls. In the recent   9   (**COMPETE**) for Key Stage 4 students to become the Royal Institution's L'Oreal Young Scientist of the Year, we again saw the majority of entries come from girls, where they had to produce a time line of mankind's   10   (**INTERACT**) with electricity. Girls do not lack interest in science and physics but we must give them more reason to believe that it is a subject for them to pursue and that they can excel in it if they want to.

- 0.   exposure
- 1. \_\_\_\_\_
- 2. \_\_\_\_\_
- 3. \_\_\_\_\_
- 4. \_\_\_\_\_
- 5. \_\_\_\_\_
- 6. \_\_\_\_\_
- 7. \_\_\_\_\_
- 8. \_\_\_\_\_
- 9. \_\_\_\_\_
- 10. \_\_\_\_\_

(Adapted from an article in *The Independent*, 19 October 2012, by David Porter)



**Prazna stran**