



Šifra kandidata:

Državni izpitni center



JESENSKI IZPITNI ROK

**Višja raven  
ANGLEŠČINA**  
Izpitna pola 1

- A) Bralno razumevanje  
B) Poznavanje in raba jezika

**Sobota, 30. avgust 2014 / 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 vpisite 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 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. Use 1–5 words in each gap.

**Example:**

0. The author refers to the M/S Juno as the grand old lady of the canal.
  
1. The size of ships at sea \_\_\_\_\_ in extreme weather conditions.
  
2. The M/S Juno is the oldest passenger ship \_\_\_\_\_.
  
3. Travelling by the M/S Juno may also appeal to those interested in \_\_\_\_\_ of Scandinavian origin.
  
4. Aboard the M/S Juno a modern-day passenger \_\_\_\_\_ the rest of the world.
  
5. The enjoyment of the voyage can be spoilt by \_\_\_\_\_.
  
6. \_\_\_\_\_ remind the visitor to Trosa of its economic past.
  
7. The ship has to slow down because \_\_\_\_\_.
  
8. The author sentimentally \_\_\_\_\_ while visiting Ljungsbro.
  
9. At Vadstena, the author clearly \_\_\_\_\_ the town's monuments.
  
10. Compared to the voyage on the open sea, \_\_\_\_\_ on the Göta canal voyage is not fatal.



## A voyage among forests and meadows

Gavin Bell describes a voyage through the Göta Canal between Stockholm and Gothenburg on the M/S Juno, the grand old lady of the canal.

The big problem with ships is the sea. Even massive cruise liners tend to rock and roll in heavy weather, instilling a desire in their passengers to be somewhere else, preferably on dry land.

The problem doesn't arise on voyages between Stockholm and Gothenburg, thanks to Count Baltzar von Platen, a Swedish admiral who had the bright idea of building a nautical shortcut between them with the help of the Scottish engineer Thomas Telford and 60,000 soldiers. The result is the 120-mile Göta Canal, which meanders through meadows and forests between tranquil lakes, where the only waves come from friendly folk walking and cycling beside it.

The waterway is home to a fleet of vintage steamships that includes the M/S Juno, launched in 1874 and now the world's oldest registered passenger ship with overnight accommodation. The M/S Juno can accommodate a maximum of 50 passengers and its cabins are small – about the size of sleeping compartments on luxury trains. Her passengers are said to have included Henrik Ibsen and Hans Christian Andersen, and, apart from exchanging steam for diesel power, she hasn't changed much since they trod her decks.

Sailing on this grand old lady is like stepping back to an era before radio, television and the internet. None of these newfangled devices is available to passengers. Instead, she pootles along in a world of her own, blissfully unaware of anything beyond her horizons of woods and fields and old fishing villages. The only maritime hazard she faces is getting stuck in the mud of the canal bottom, which happens occasionally and requires a bit of toing and froing to get her out of it.

Our first stop after lunch is Trosa, a fishing village dating from the 14th century. The shoals of herring are long gone, along with the men and boats that followed them, and now the harbour is filled with pleasure craft, and the only old boats are models in the windows of picturesque wooden houses. There is time for a stroll through the village by the sides of a small canal, and to sit on a bench with an ice cream and watch the passage of life over flower-decked footbridges.

Next morning we explore the ruins of a fortress dating from the Middle Ages before entering the Göta Canal at Mem, a hamlet where it was inaugurated in 1832 in the presence of King Karl XIV and his family.

After the ship has negotiated the first of 58 locks, our speed slows to walking pace in the narrow waterway and a sense of detachment from the world is complete. For the next few days I have not the faintest idea of what is happening in the rest of the world, and I don't care. The countryside is so alluring that you keep wanting to get off the boat, and you can because her stately progress between locks is such that it is possible to disembark and walk, jog or cycle along the canal path ahead of her.

This is how I find my favourite toy racing car from my childhood. It is in a large shed along with about 10,000 other Dinky Toys, Corgi models and Hornby train sets collected by a retired geologist and on display near the town of Ljungsbro. I come across it on a leisurely cycle ride and spend a happy hour being a seven year-old again among vintage model cars and trains. There is still time for a swim in a lake and a picnic lunch before the Juno catches up and I am reunited with my fellow passengers for tea and waffles in the historic Göta Hotel, which has changed little since it was built in 1908.

This is a day for nostalgia. In the evening we dock at Motala, where the Juno was built, and visit another museum. It has real vintage cars, but I am drawn to a display of household goods from the Fifties – gramophones with "BBC Home Service" on the dials, Kodak Brownie box cameras, and typewriters with red-and-black ribbons. It is a sobering thought that items once considered the latest in modern technology have become museum pieces.

Most people who visit Vadstena tour a 15th-century abbey and an impressive castle complete with moat and drawbridge built a century later by King Gustav Vasa. I have no interest in gloomy monuments to religious zeal and faded power, and wander off to explore the pretty little town of narrow, cobbled streets.

We manage to negotiate the canal without getting stuck on the bottom, although there is a brief halt to disentangle an old tyre from the propeller, and one of the officers somehow slips and falls into the canal. At sea this would have been a problem, but here it is just amusing and a little embarrassing.

It is rare for the Göta Canal ships to encounter heavy weather, but if the captains deem it advisable, they simply bus passengers around the lake and pick them up in the canal. For those of us not born to be masters and commanders, this is champagne cruising with no danger of spilling it.

(Adapted from an article in *The Telegraph*, 8 March 2012, by Gavin Bell)



## 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 (L).

### Henning Mankell: Mystery man opens a new chapter

Henning Mankell's new novel, *The Shadow Girls*, is many things. (0 L) A portrait of an artist as a politically ignorant man. A scathing depiction of immigration in 21st-century Europe. An old book (it was published in Sweden in 2001) in a new one's clothing.

One thing *The Shadow Girls* most definitely is not is a crime novel. When I ask 64-year-old Mankell himself whether he thinks the story will surprise readers who know him primarily as the creator of Kurt Wallander, an idealistic police inspector, he pauses. (1  ) "The truth is that 25 per cent of what I have written is crime fiction. Seventy-five per cent is something else. You could say Wallander is a motor dragging all the other wagons. I hope that in five years, I will be known as what I am: a writer who writes about many different things."

Mankell was only ever an accidental crime writer. Far from being the basis for a lengthy career, the genre addressed a specific literary and political question. "We live in a world with so much crime. The biggest businesses are the selling of arms and of drugs. Number five, I think, is trafficking. We see the beginning of internet crime. Sometimes I believe the only way to describe our terrifying times is by writing crime fiction. Obviously that's not true. (2  )"

I am tempted to chant: Kurt Wallander is dead. Long live Henning Mankell – children's author, literary novelist and playwright with almost 50 works under his belt. Except, we talk on the same day that the most recent series of the BBC's Wallander is screened for the press. The plush London hotel couldn't be more Wallander if it tried. Even the man himself puts in an appearance in the slightly thinner form of Sir Kenneth Branagh. (3  )

Everyone talks giddily about the new episode, with the possible exception of his creator, who doesn't really do giddy. Not that Mankell is dissatisfied. Quite the opposite. "Kenneth and the team have done something which is like ancient Greek drama. They have taken away everything leaving just the main story. (4  ) It is very well done. The best way to make a bad movie is to be close to the novel. You have to distance yourself."

Distancing himself is precisely what Mankell has done in the three years since bidding adieu to Kurt Wallander (which he pronounces Val-AN-der) in *The Troubled Man*, an elegiac, moving and deliberately anti-climactic conclusion to one of the finest series in modern crime fiction. "I don't feel any loss," he says. "It is the reader who should feel loss. I shouldn't feel anything. (5  ) Not me."

In person, Henning Mankell dresses, as one might expect, in black, although his elaborately patterned shirt betrays hints of flamboyance. (6  ) He speaks somewhat lugubriously, in impeccable English, but with hints of wry humour beneath his default setting of high seriousness. When I ask



whether he enjoys interviews, he says, "I do it very rarely, but my wife wanted to come to London to go to the theatre."

He is also fond of the pithy, if gnomic epigram. For example, on a specialist subject: European colonialism in Africa. "We came to Africa with suitcases full of answers instead of suitcases full of questions." Or, on Western aid in Africa: "Instead of seeds we brought fruit. (7 \_\_\_\_ ) It was the surplus fruit. Who created the problem? The African? We created a monster. Sooner or later, people get used to getting things. People want money. I would – you also."

For four decades now, Mankell has divided his time between Sweden and Mozambique. For the past 25 years, he has run the Teatro Avenida in Maputo, the country's only professional theatre. "I have never had a problem, because I never tried to impose a European culture on them. I never gave them an answer. (8 \_\_\_\_ )"

Straddling these two continents has helped Mankell understand both his homeland and the world as a whole. "I live with one foot in the sand and one in the snow. (9 \_\_\_\_ ) I normally say that my African experience has made me a better European." It also opened Mankell's eyes to the central subject of *The Shadow Girls*: immigration. "I find it scary that we have such a short memory in Europe. One-hundred years ago we were the ones who emigrated to the States and Australia to find a better life. Now there is a mythology that says we will be invaded by hordes of immigrants. The absolute majority of immigrants from poor countries in Africa are in other poor countries in Africa. They are not coming to Europe. The poor takes care of the poor."

*The Shadow Girls* was first published 10 years ago with the distinctly less haunting title of *Tea-Bag*, after the nick-name given to one of novel's three young female immigrants. Having survived a refugee camp, "Tea-Bag" travels to Sweden in pursuit of a European dream. (10 \_\_\_\_ ) "They don't have magnificent dreams. They have basic dreams of survival. They ask not to be afraid, to have food. All of them want to work. They have dignity.'

(Adapted from an article in *The Independent*, 4 September 2012, by James Kidd)

- A A similar combination is present in his conversation.
- B But that is because we didn't want to sell our seeds.
- C There is so little dialogue, so much silence, so much thinking.
- D "That was the idea," he says evenly, before sighing.
- E Apparently, he has been on a strict weight-loss regime.
- F Losing one's identity turns out to be Mankell's greatest fear.
- G There's European egocentricity, and the African opposite.
- H There are other ways to tell stories.
- I Mankell calls her a composite of many refugees he has met – in Africa, living illegally in Sweden, Spain and in Portugal.
- J I should do my work to see that you react.
- K I helped them formulate questions.
- L An absurdist account of a midlife crisis.



## B) POZNAVANJE IN RABA JEZIKA

### Task 1: Gap fill

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.

### A head injury made me a musical prodigy

It was fairly typical of me to imagine I could dive 0 the shallow end of a swimming pool and emerge unscathed – at 39, I still had a pretty devil-may-care attitude 1 life. I'd imagined rolling as I hit the water, barely breaking the surface. But as my head hit the tiles, I knew I 2 miscalculated badly, and that the injury was serious. I shot up out of the water 3 a rocket, hands over my ears, convinced they were bleeding. My friends ran over to drag me out, but I was unable to stand, and 4 I could see they were talking to me, I couldn't hear a word.

I'd been having a pool party while visiting my mother, and once out of the emergency room, I stayed with her for the 5 few days. I was diagnosed with serious concussion, and was told my 35% hearing loss 6 remain, and gradually worsen over time. My eyes were black and my whole body ached as if I'd been beaten up. My vision seemed blurry, too. I could see blobs moving in my peripheral vision, and had a strange sense of agitation. My fingers wouldn't stop moving and even when I concentrated I found it difficult to stop them. But by the fifth day, I felt well 7 to leave my mother's and started packing to go home.

In the early evening, I went over to my friend Rick's house to say goodbye. Rick is a musician and lives in an apartment full of instruments. We were just sitting around, talking, when I felt an intense, utterly compelling need to touch his piano. I just moved over and started playing – 8 was no transition, it was all at once, like I'd been doing it all my life.

I'd played guitar in a couple of little rock bands when I was young but I'd never progressed beyond that 9 any instrument. Yet here I was, producing a fluid melody I'd 10 heard before. Rick stared, open-mouthed. "Derek," he said, "What's going on?" I had no answer. I just wanted to keep playing.

The "blobs" had resolved into moving black and white blocks in my mind, that seemed to flow 11 left to right in a wave pattern. My fingers simply followed the movement of the squares. I realised the music had been writing itself in my unconscious ever 12 the accident – now, at last, I was simply letting it 13 into the world. The sense of release was incredible, and I kept playing for hours.

Six years on, the moving shapes are still going, and I can hear the music in my head 24 hours a day. I've been analysed by neurologists, and my condition has been diagnosed as Acquired Savant Syndrome. There are others like me 14, following a head injury, develop a striking ability never before hinted at – but I'm the world's 15 documented acquired musical savant. I'm told the shapes I see are a form of synesthesia – a union of the senses that allows me to literally "see" the music I'm composing.

(Adapted from an article in *The Guardian*, 12 October 2012, by Derek Amato)



## Task 2: Multiple choice

For gaps 1–10, choose the answer (A, B, C or D) which fits according to the text.

There is an example at the beginning (0).

### Woody Allen and his films

Along with Alfred Hitchcock, Woody Allen 0 be the most recognisable director in the history of cinema. In 1984, an anthology was published 1 to people's dreams about him. To like his early films is to like him; perhaps the peculiar intimacy of his relationship with the audience stemmed from the fact that he had been a stand-up comedian. These films maintained that sense of performing to their audience – *Annie Hall* (1977) is as much about the faux-intimacy of addressing the viewer as 2 *Alfie* (1966).

There is nothing 3 intimate or immediate than a joke. Allen knows this all too 4, and in *Annie Hall* he dramatised it, showing the way that jokes establish sympathy with another person; they 5 a response – you either get them or you miss them. It's there in the moment when Alvy Singer (played by Allen) tries to repeat with another woman the laughter he had shared with Annie Hall (played by Diane Keaton) over their attempts to catch and cook a still-living lobster. We in the audience are free to laugh along or not; if we don't, then what is at stake is perhaps not just our sympathy with the movie or its director. In his 1970s jeremiad *The Culture of Narcissism*, Christopher Lasch 6 worried about Allen's use of the self-wounding joke. Allen, he asserted, was using humour to defend against the serious. Nonetheless, many people hate Allen's films. Like Bob Dylan, he has lost his form and yet the current work strikes many viewers as a comeback. More 7, he has always made some weaker films, had some bad runs, 8 he clearly has it in him to produce at every turn in his career vibrant, spirited movies.

Allen has never produced a single great masterpiece, no *Godfather*, no *Raging Bull*. Instead over the years, he has made a multitude of small things, comic novellas 9 than great novels, pleasurable and rewarding works of art that, 10 trying to be great, have accumulated greatness, remaining tentative and lovable.

(Adapted from an article in *The Guardian*, 13 January 2012, by Michael Newton)

- |     |              |             |               |              |
|-----|--------------|-------------|---------------|--------------|
| 0.  | A can        | B must      | C should      | D will       |
| 1.  | A to devote  | B devote    | C devoting    | D devoted    |
| 2.  | A were       | B it is     | C is          | D its        |
| 3.  | A so         | B more      | C that        | D as         |
| 4.  | A good       | B correctly | C perfect     | D well       |
| 5.  | A call for   | B get by    | C go against  | D throw away |
| 6.  | A also       | B has       | C very        | D critic     |
| 7.  | A accurately | B exact     | C likely      | D precise    |
| 8.  | A but        | B despite   | C nonetheless | D however    |
| 9.  | A better     | B rather    | C more        | D such       |
| 10. | A indeed     | B moreover  | C regardless  | D without    |



V sivo polje ne pišite.

# Prazna stran