



Š i f r a k a n d i d a t a :

Državni izpitni center



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JESENSKI IZPITNI ROK

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

- A) Bralno razumevanje
B) Poznavanje in raba jezika

Četrtek, 26. avgust 2021 / 60 minut (35 + 25)

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

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).

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 pišite z nalivnim peresom ali s kemičnim svinčnikom v izpitno polo v za to predvideni prostor **znotraj okvirja**. 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 12 strani, od tega 2 prazni.



Rain

It was nearly bed-time and when they awoke next morning land would be in sight. Dr Macphail lit his pipe and, leaning over the rail, searched the heavens for the Southern Cross. After two years at the front and a wound that had taken longer to heal than it should, he was glad to settle down quietly at Apia for twelve months at least, and he felt already better for the journey. Since some of the passengers were leaving the ship next day at Pago-Pago they had had a little dance that evening and in his ears hammered still the harsh notes of the mechanical piano. But the deck was quiet at last. A little way off he saw his wife in a long chair talking with the Davidsons, and he strolled over to her.

Between the Macphails and the Davidsons, who were missionaries, there had arisen the intimacy of shipboard. Their chief tie was the disapproval they shared of the men who spent their days and nights in the smoking-room playing poker or bridge and drinking. Mrs Macphail was not a little flattered to think that she and her husband were the only people on board with whom the Davidsons were willing to associate, and even the doctor, shy but no fool, half unconsciously acknowledged the compliment. It was only because he was of an argumentative mind that in their cabin at night he permitted himself to criticize.

"Mrs Davidson was saying she didn't know how they'd have got through the journey if it hadn't been for us," said Mrs Macphail, as she neatly brushed out her transformation. "She said we were really the only people on the ship they cared to know."

"I shouldn't have thought a missionary was such a big bug that he could afford to put on airs."

"It's not that. I quite understand what she means. It wouldn't have been very nice for the Davidsons to have to mix with all that rough lot in the smoking-room."

"The founder of their religion wasn't so exclusive," said Dr Macphail with a chuckle.

"I've asked you over and over again not to joke about religion," answered his wife. "I shouldn't like to have a nature like yours, Alec. You never look for the best in people."

He gave her a sidelong glance with his pale, blue eyes, but did not reply. After many years of married life he had learned that it was more conducive to peace to leave his wife with the last word. He was undressed before she was, and climbing into the upper bunk he settled down to read himself to sleep.

When he came on deck next morning they were close to land. He looked at it with greedy eyes. There was a thin strip of silver beach rising quickly to hills. The coconut trees, thick and green, came nearly to the water's edge, and among them you saw the grass houses of the Samoans; and here and there, gleaming white, a little church. Mrs Davidson came and stood beside him. She was dressed in black and wore round her neck a gold chain, from which dangled a small cross.

"This must seem like home to you," said Dr Macphail, with his thin, difficult smile.

"Ours are low islands, you know, not like these. Coral. These are volcanic. We've got another ten days' journey to reach them. I'm glad we're not stationed here. They say this is a terribly difficult place to work in. The steamers' touching makes the people unsettled; and then there's the naval station; that's bad for the natives. In our district we don't have difficulties like that to contend with. There are one or two traders, of course, but we take care to make them behave, and if they don't we make the place so hot for them they're glad to go. It's almost a hopeless task for the missionaries here. I can never be sufficiently thankful to God that we are at least spared that."

She continued speaking of the depravity of the natives in a voice which nothing could hush, but with a vehemently unctuous horror. "Can you wonder that when we first went there our hearts sank? You'll hardly believe me when I tell you it was impossible to find a single good girl in any of the villages."

"Mr Davidson and I talked it over, and we made up our minds the first thing to do was to put down the dancing. The natives were crazy about dancing. The native dancing is not only immoral in itself, but it distinctly leads to immorality. However, I'm thankful to God that we stamped it out, and I don't think I'm wrong in saying that no one has danced in our district for eight years."

But now they came to the mouth of the harbour and Mrs Macphail joined them. The ship turned sharply and steamed slowly in. Near the entrance stood the governor's house in a garden. The Stars and Stripes dangled languidly from a flagstaff. They passed two or three trim bungalows, and a tennis



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court, and then they came to the quay with its warehouses. Mrs Davidson pointed out the schooner, moored two or three hundred yards from the side, which was to take them to Apia. There was a crowd of eager, noisy, and good-humoured natives come from all parts of the island, some from curiosity, others to barter with the travellers on their way to Sydney; and they brought pineapples and huge bunches of bananas, tapa cloths, necklaces of shells or sharks' teeth, kava-bowls, and models of war canoes. American sailors, neat and trim, clean-shaven and frank of face, sauntered among them, and there was a little group of officials.

While their luggage was being landed the Macphails and Mrs Davidson watched the crowd. Dr Macphail looked at the yaws from which most of the children and the young boys seemed to suffer, and his professional eyes glistened when he saw for the first time in his experience cases of elephantiasis, men going about with a huge, heavy arm or dragging along a grossly disfigured leg.

(Adapted from the short story *Rain* by W. Somerset Maugham.)

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Prazna stran

OBRNITE LIST.



King. “She intended to take off and finish her world flight.” But if the TIGHAR theory is true, landing on the rough coral damaged the plane, possibly **_14_ (CRIPPLE)** the landing gear, and she couldn’t take off again.

(Adapted from an article in *The National Geographic*, 23 August 2019, by Rachel Hartigan Shea.)

Example:

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