



Šifra kandidata:

Državni izpitni center



M 1 6 1 2 4 2 1 1

SPOMLADANSKI IZPITNI ROK

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

- A) Bralno razumevanje
B) Poznavanje in raba jezika

Sobota, 28. maj 2016 / 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 47, od tega 20 v delu A in 27 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: Multiple choice

For items 1–9, choose the answer (A, B, C or D) which fits according to the text. There is an example at the beginning (0).

The Glass Room

Viktor and Liesel Landauer left the city immediately after the wedding and drove to Vienna, to the Sacher Hotel, where the manager met them on the steps. Hotel servants scurried round to the back of their car for suitcases. There was much bowing and scraping, much dispensing of compliments. They were to make themselves completely at home. It was the first time that Liesel had heard herself addressed as Mrs Viktor Landauer. It suddenly dawned on her that she would be tied for life in one way or another to this man at her side, who seemed, for that moment when he was accepting the welcome, no longer her beloved Viktor but a stranger, someone she had encountered only a short while before and now saw as calm, detached and somehow admirable.

The suite they were shown to was elaborate and ornate, the walls covered with silk and the gold plaster mouldings, the sort of thing Viktor loathed. 'It is exactly the kind of nonsense that we need to throw off, all this romanticism, all this clinging to the past. This is everything our new house will not be!' Liesel laughed at him. When he got onto the subject of the new house, he spoke with exclamation marks – that was how she put it to herself. Often talked about, this new house did not yet have shape or form. It merely existed as an abstract, written with capitals and punctuated by exclamation marks: The New House! Liesel's parents had given them a plot of land on which to build, and that was to be their wedding present. 'Something good and solid,' Liesel's father had suggested. 'Good, yes, but not solid,' said Viktor. 'We don't want a house that looks like a fortress, all turrets and towers and Gothic windows. Good God, we're living in the twentieth century, not the fourteenth. The world is moving on.'

And once the porters and the maid had left them alone in their suite, the world certainly did move on, as Viktor went up to Liesel and carefully removed her spectacles, and then the silk jacket she was wearing, and then the dress she had on under that. 'What are you doing, Viktor?' she asked, rather nervously. Standing there in her underwear, she felt defenceless. So it was that, rather to her surprise – she had expected to wait until evening – they made love for the first time at four o'clock in the afternoon, on a heavy Biedermeier bed, with the light flooding in through the tall windows and their clothes strewn on the carpet. The experience was curiously dispiriting but it was, she supposed, rather a modern thing to do.

The plan was to spend two days in Vienna, before setting off south. They were to motor through Austria to northern Italy. Viktor had resisted all pleas that they should take a driver, or send a maid or a valet ahead on the train. So they drove alone, in a Landauer 80 cabriolet, the very latest in the range of cars produced by Landauer Autofabrik, a car that was advertised as the Vehicles of Princes despite the fact that princes and Kaisers had been cast aside with the ending of the Great War. They drove through Carinthia and crossed the mountains into Italy near Villach, where he had been stationed during the war. There was much waiting around at the Customs while Viktor argued over whether he should pay an import duty on the car. And then they were out of the Teutonic world and into the Latin, and the sun was brighter and the breeze softer and there was a quality to the light that Liesel had never seen before.

Par 5 The only small thing that disturbed their happiness during this journey was a self-imposed one: after Udine they made a short detour to the war cemetery on the Tagliamento river, and after searching among the graves found a gravestone with Benno's name on it. His body was not there of course, but muddled up with his comrades in the ossuary nearby. Thinking of her own happiness, a happiness that Benno had not lived to witness, Liesel wept. Viktor, who had been the last person from home to see her brother alive, put his arm round her shoulder and hugged her. 'He is surely with you in spirit,' he said, which she knew to be a great concession to sentiment on his part, because he believed in nothing like the spirit and certainly not the continuation of the spirit after death. Then he kissed her on the cheek and told her she was the most wonderful woman in the world and she laughed and said, no she wasn't. But still the thought pleased her that he might at least consider that possibility.

In Venice they stayed at the hotel Royal Danieli. On the third evening they were invited to a party in an ancient palazzo on the Canal Grande. Beneath faded frescoes, ancient Venetian nobility mixed uneasily with young men and women of dangerous good looks. One of these creatures trapped Liesel in a window seat and, in English as broken as her own, praised the virtues of Fascism and the merits of modernity. 'One day all this will be swept away,' he said. 'Out with the old, in with the new!' After some time, Liesel realised that this Italian was in fact referring to the whole country, this treasure house of art and history. Anything that wasn't a product of the twentieth century, in fact.

(Adapted from the novel *The Glass Room* by Simon Mawer)

**Example:**

0. In Vienna, Viktor and Liesel
- A had to service their car.
 - B lost some of their suitcases.
 - C asked the hotel manager to meet them.
 - D received full attention from the hotel staff.
1. When Liesel heard her new name called, she
- A realised she would always be connected to Viktor.
 - B felt as if she were no longer Liesel but a stranger.
 - C mistakenly thought they were addressing Viktor.
 - D now knew she had become a different person.
2. The hotel suite
- A was well above Viktor's expectations.
 - B looked very modern and comfortable.
 - C made Liesel and Viktor feel romantic.
 - D was too decorated for Viktor's taste.
3. The plans for Liesel and Viktor's new house
- A were given to them as a wedding present.
 - B existed only as a concept.
 - C were drawn by The New House! company.
 - D included fourteenth century turrets and towers.
4. Liesel wanted their first love-making to be
- A on a heavy Biedermeier bed.
 - B over with before evening.
 - C a bit more conservative.
 - D passionate and quick.
5. When leaving Vienna,
- A they ordered a maid and a valet to go ahead on the train.
 - B Viktor found hiring a driver completely unacceptable.
 - C Viktor wanted to drive the same car as the Kaiser.
 - D they learnt that the Great War had just ended.
6. Liesel and Viktor stopped near Villach, because
- A they had to cross the border.
 - B their heavy-duty car broke down.
 - C they wanted to enjoy the bright sun.
 - D Viktor had been stationed there during the war.
7. Liesel and Viktor's journey would have been perfect if they
- A hadn't made a short detour before reaching Udine.
 - B could have forgotten what happened in Vienna.
 - C hadn't visited the grave of Liesel's brother.
 - D had found Benno's gravestone.
8. In Paragraph 5, Viktor is shown as
- A confused and sympathetic.
 - B rational and comforting.
 - C cold and unsentimental.
 - D spiritual and attentive.
9. The Italian guest and Liesel shared
- A approximately the same knowledge of English.
 - B the hatred towards ancient Venetian nobility.
 - C the admiration of the virtues of the Fascism.
 - D a keen interest in art, history and modernity.



Task 2: Matching

You will read the opinions of some novelists what the famous English writers, the Brontë sisters, mean to them.

For questions 1–11 choose from novelists A–E. Some of the novelists may be chosen more than once. When more than one answer is required, these may be given in any order. There are three examples at the beginning: (0), (00) and (000).

Examples:

Which novelist(s)

is considering reading the novel once again?

0 C

mention the importance of the setting?

00 A and 000 E

Which novelist(s)

thinks that the Brontës' novels combine different genres of literature?

1 _____

trace the Brontës' narrative technique back to another British author?

2 _____ and 3 _____

was outraged when reading one of the novels?

4 _____

says that one of the Brontë sisters dealt with another form of arts as well?

5 _____

believes that women in the Brontës' time had to suppress their feelings?

6 _____

believes that the Brontës' novels capture typical female teenage feelings?

7 _____

suggests that the Brontë sisters had an untypical lifestyle?

8 _____

suggests that love in the Brontës' novels has a liberating power?

9 _____

finds, in contrast to the general belief, *Jane Eyre* anything but appealing?

10 _____

has developed a special interest in the poetic work of one of the Brontë sisters?

11 _____



Brontëmania: Why the three sisters are bigger than ever

A Margaret Drabble

My admiration for the novels is very high and has been since I read them in my early teens. They appealed to me then partly because they draw on that sense of loneliness and exclusion that haunts most adolescent girls, and they embody the yearning for release through the Other, which may never come. They are archetypal fairy stories of the neglected orphan who is rescued through love, and they take place in a powerfully realised Yorkshire landscape. The last time I read *Wuthering Heights* I was more than ever struck by the extraordinary scene of Catherine's death in childbirth: the snow, the delirium, the grief of Heathcliff – it's Shakespearean tragedy, but it is a very female take on it.

B Michèle Roberts

My opinion of Charlotte Brontë hasn't changed since I was 12 and read *Jane Eyre* for the first time and was utterly gripped: she remains a brilliant writer for me, one of the greats. She was the first writer I encountered who wrote about female childhood, and its passions and suffering and constraints and magic. I admire the way she uses a Shakespearean method of structuring her narrative through a deep level, an undertow, of linked symbols and images, for example to do with colour. She makes us see the unconscious imagination, bodied forth in these images and in flashes of folklore, folk-tale, fairy-tale, poetry, which is every bit as important as what's happening on the surface of the prose and of the story. I think Charlotte gets ignored as a feminist, explicitly protesting against the crampedness of women's lives, the way they weren't supposed to experience passion or desire or indeed anger. Women are now supposed to want to become porn stars, i.e., to fake it, whereas Charlotte was exploring women's need to be honest about sexuality, about what we want and need. She wrote about female desire and female protest in a groundbreaking way, anchoring them within a heightened realism. Both Charlotte and Emily Brontë write about power imbalances and about cruelty. I'm not as interested in *Wuthering Heights* as I once was... It seems adolescent and Romantic. But Emily Brontë as a poet goes on growing in my esteem. My appreciation of her has recently been heightened by reading Stevie Davies's wonderful book, *Emily Brontë: Heretic*.

C Sarah Hall

I've only read *Jane Eyre*, once, when I was in school, and disliked it with a passion bordering on fury. Wanted to slap her. I should really re-read it. *Wuthering Heights* is quite dreamlike. Perhaps people forget what a frightening book it is: monstrous, even. Actually, while in college, I overheard some students discussing *Agnes Grey*. I didn't know one thing about that book at that time. Years later, browsing through the books in a bookstore I remembered that, found it, bought it, and could not put it down. It's a very realistic story, almost episodic, and full of details that couldn't be faked. After that I searched for *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall* and I was disappointed. I found it overly melodramatic whereas *Agnes Grey* seemed real, this felt forced.

D Stevie Davies

As a 10-year-old, I read *Jane Eyre* over and over again. The language is within the compass of a young reader yet the writer commits herself to Jane's rebellious feminist self-affirmation. Anne and Emily Brontë's writings have always impressed me with their courage: Anne's denial in *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall* of the Christian Hell; Emily's questing spirit not only in *Wuthering Heights* and the poetry but in her amazing Brussels essays and her paintings of wildlife. I admire her heretical first-hand questioning of the relationship between the gods, humankind and the animal world.

E Kate Mosse

In the end, the appeal of each of the Brontës is twofold: first the peculiarity, their secluded life in a Gothic vicarage, which adds to their mystique; second the fact that there are books where women are the heroes and the heroines, active, thoughtful, determined and individual characters ... *Jane Eyre*, Catherine Earnshaw, Shirley, *Agnes Grey*, each live and speak beyond the context of their Victorian lives. The Brontës wrote about the position of women, the nature of love, the privations at the heart of supposed respectable life – about the choices women had to make in order to survive. My own debt as a writer is not plot or character or even subject matter, but landscape. All three authors draw heavily on the physical environment, but *Wuthering Heights* is one of the earliest and greatest landscape novels, where the true leading character is the Moors themselves. Landscape speaks beyond time and place.

(Adapted from an article in *The Independent*, 11 November 2011, by Boyd Tonkin)



Task 2: Gap fill (word formation)

For gaps 1–12, write the correct form of the word in brackets in the spaces on the right. There is an example at the beginning: Gap 0.

Us by David Nicholls – book review: Author imparts much truth and wisdom about marriage and fatherhood

I opened David Nicholls' new novel with a sense of 0 (**EXCITE**) and trepidation.

Over the course of 180 brief chapters, Douglas, the protagonist, alternates between the tale of a ghastly journey from London to Barcelona by way of Paris, Amsterdam, Venice and Madrid and an account of his marriage. It's in the latter narrative that the real heart of the book resides. Husband and wife originally met at a supper party given by his 1 (**BOSS**) sister Karen, where in one of Nicholls' wonderful trademark comic set pieces our socially inept academic rescues free-spirited Connie from the attentions of a trapeze artist.

They're chalk and cheese, but Douglas adores her and the psychological fit is easy to see. He brings 2 (**STABLE**) and common sense; Connie, a failed painter, opens Douglas's mind to more artistic, emotional and impulsive sides of life. This is Douglas's account, of course, so it's unsurprising that one's 3 (**SYMPATHISE**) rest with him at this point. Connie seems rather flaky, a view underlined when she confesses to an affair with a colleague early in the marriage. They are reconciled, and their relationship and affection both 4 (**DEEP**). Connie becomes pregnant, but baby Jane is born early and dies within hours. The photos and memories of Jane form an everlasting bond and Nicholls evokes most movingly the couple's sense of 5 (**LOSE**) and isolation. His rendition of the marriage comes across as something almost tangible, muscular and accommodating. It's a powerful interpretation and rings true. As it turns out, it isn't long before little Albert is pushing his way into the world, and their sorrow recedes.

The Grand Tour, meanwhile, is gruesome. Armed with schedules and pre-booked tickets, Douglas marshals his wife and son around the museums of Paris, Albie 6 (**MOOD**) and recalcitrant and Connie failing to keep the peace. Albie goes off-piste and hooks up with Kat, a rambunctious Antipodean busker. When the Petersens move on to Amsterdam, she follows. There, disaster ensues. Douglas's public 7 (**HUMILIATE**) of Albie in a hotel restaurant propels the boy to leave in high dudgeon on an alternative trip across Europe. Connie returns to Berkshire, but Douglas sets off in pursuit of Albie, 8 (**DESPAIR**) to reunite his divided family.

It's at this point that the moral compass starts to swing from Douglas towards Connie and Albie. We learn how Douglas's rigid upbringing informed his approach to child-rearing. Whilst Albie grew up close to his mother, Douglas made his son feel nervy and inadequate. A change of career to the private sector enabled him to provide better for Connie and Albie 9 (**FINANCE**), but it meant he had neither time nor energy for their home life.

As he scours Italy and Spain for his son, Douglas must finally learn to 10 (**LOOSE**) up. Unfortunately, this is perhaps the weakest aspect of the book. There is not 11 (**SUFFICE**) cohesion between the two narratives: too much travelogue and art criticism, not enough transformative revelation. Still, the eventual meeting between father and son is dealt with adroitly and, as ever, Nicholls deals in emotional articulacy without sentimentality. *Us* won't perhaps appeal to such a wide age group as *One Day*, but it imparts much truth and 12 (**WISE**) about marriage and fatherhood and as such it more than satisfies.

0. excitement

1. _____

2. _____

3. _____

4. _____

5. _____

6. _____

7. _____

8. _____

9. _____

10. _____

11. _____

12. _____

(Adapted from an article in *The Independent*, 28 September 2014, Rachel Hore)



Prazna stran