

Šifra kandidata:

Državni izpitni center



SPOMLADANSKI IZPITNI ROK

Višja raven ANGLEŠČINA

Izpitna pola 1

A) Bralno razumevanjeB) Poznavanje in raba jezika

Sobota, 29. maj 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.



A) BRALNO RAZUMEVANJE

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. Upon their return, the 4-year-old author had already lost his sister.

1.	For the author, when describing his poor childhood in Ireland, the worst factor was
2.	Paragraph 2 suggests that poor Irish families had to be very resourceful when
3.	were a perfect environment for parasites to thrive in.
4.	In Limerick, were a sign of people being more practical than religious.
5.	A character trait that ran in the McCourt family was
6.	According to the author's grandmother, the mysterious value of Malachy's head was attributed to
7.	was the worst aspect of Malachy's leaving Ireland.
8.	According to the nurse, St. Gerard Majella was the wrong saint to pray to because
9.	The term time straddler in line 65 suggests the difficulty to



Angela's Ashes

My father and mother should have stayed in New York where they met and married and where I was born. Instead, they returned to Ireland when I was four, my brother, Malachy, three, the twins, Oliver and Eugene, barely one, and my sister, Margaret, dead and gone. When I look back on my childhood I wonder how I survived at all. It was, of course, a miserable childhood:

- 5 the happy childhood is hardly worth your while. Worse than the ordinary miserable childhood is the miserable Irish childhood, and worse yet is the miserable Irish Catholic childhood. People everywhere brag and whimper about the woes of their early years, but nothing can compare with the Irish version: the poverty; the shiftless loquacious alcoholic father; the pious defeated mother moaning by the fire; pompous priests; bullying schoolmasters; the English and the
- 10 terrible things they did to us for eight hundred long years. Above all we were wet. Out in the Atlantic Ocean great sheets of rain gathered to drift slowly up the River Shannon and settle forever in Limerick. The rain dampened the city from the Feast of the Circumcision to New Year's Eve.
- It created a cacophony of hacking coughs, bronchial rattles, asthmatic wheezes, consumptive croaks. It turned noses into fountains, lungs into bacterial sponges. It provoked cures galore; to ease the catarrh you boiled onions in milk blackened with pepper; for the congested passages you made a paste of boiled flour and nettles, wrapped it in a rag, and slapped it, sizzling, on the chest.

From October to April the walls of Limerick glistened with the damp. Clothes never dried: tweed

- **20** and woolen coats housed living things, sometimes sprouted mysterious vegetations. In pubs, steam rose from damp bodies and garments to be inhaled with cigarette and pipe smoke laced with the stale fumes of spilled stout and whiskey and tinged with the odor of piss wafting in from the outdoor jakes where many a man puked up his week's wages.
- The rain drove us into the church our refuge, our strength, our only dry place. At Mass,
 Benediction, novenas, we huddled in great damp clumps, dozing through priest drone, while steam rose again from our clothes to mingle with the sweetness of incense, flowers and candles.

Limerick gained a reputation for piety, but we knew it was only the rain.

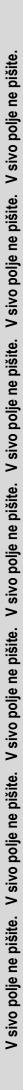
My father, Malachy McCourt, was born on a farm in Toome, County Antrim. Like his fatherbefore, he grew up wild, in trouble with the English, or the Irish, or both. He fought with the Old IRA and for some desperate act he wound up a fugitive with a price on his head.

When I was a child I would look at my father, the thinning hair, the collapsing teeth, and wonder why anyone would give money for a head like that. When I was thirteen my father's mother told me a secret: as a wee lad your poor father was dropped on his head. It was an accident, he was

35 never the same after, and you must remember that people dropped on their heads can be a bit peculiar.

Because of the price on the head he had been dropped on, he had to be spirited out of Ireland via cargo ship from Galway. In New York, with Prohibition in full swing and bars closed down, he thought he had died and gone to hell for his sins. Then he discovered speakeasies and he rejoiced.

- 40 rejoiced. After wandering and drinking in America he yearned for peace in his declining years. He returned to Belfast, which erupted all around him. He said, A pox on all their houses, and chatted with the ladies of Andersontown. They tempted him with delicacies but he waved them away and drank his tea. He no longer smoked or touched alcohol, so what was the use? It was
- 45 time to go and he died in the Royal Victoria Hospital. My mother, the former Angela Sheehan, grew up in a Limerick slum with her mother, two brothers, Thomas and Patrick, and a sister, Agnes. She never saw her father, who had run off to Australia weeks before her birth. My mother's troubles began the night she was born. There is my grandmother in the bed heaving and gasping with the labor pains, praving to St. Gerard
- **50** Majella, patron saint of expectant mothers. There is Nurse O'Halloran, the midwife, all dressed up in her finery. It's New Year's Eve and Mrs. O'Halloran is anxious for this child to be born so that she can rush off to the parties and celebrations. She tells my grandmother: If you don't hurry with this child it won't be born till the New Year and what good is that to me with me new





dress? Never mind St. Gerard Majella. What can a man do for a woman at a time like this even if he is a saint? My grandmother switches her prayers to St. Ann, patron saint of difficult labor.

But the child won't come. Nurse O'Halloran tells my grandmother, Pray to St. Jude, patron saint of desperate cases.

St. Jude, patron of desperate cases, help me. I'm desperate. She grunts and pushes and the infant's head appears, only the head, and it's the stroke of midnight, the New Year. Limerick City

- **60** erupts with whistles, horns, sirens, brass bands, people calling and singing, Happy New Year. Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and church bells all over ring out the Angelus and Nurse O'Halloran weeps for the waste of a dress, that child still in there and me in me finery. Will you come out, child, will you? Grandma gives a great push and the child is in the world, a lovely girl with black curly hair and sad blue eyes. Ah, Lord above, says Nurse O'Halloran, this child is a
- **65** *time straddler*, born with her head in the New Year and her arse in the Old or was it her head in the Old Year and her arse in the New. You'll have to write to the Pope, missus, to find out what year this child was born in and I'll save this dress for next year. And the child was named Angela for the Angelus which rang the midnight hour, the New Year, the minute of her coming and because she was a little angel anyway.

(Adapted from Angela's Ashes by Frank McCourt)

55



Prazna stran



Task 2: Gapped text

In the following extract, eleven sentences have been removed. Choose from sentences A–M the one which fits each gap (1–11). There are two extra sentences which you do not need to use. Write your answers in the table below. There is an example at the beginning: Gap 0 (N).

Lure of the Lost City

On February 18, 2015, a military helicopter lifted off from a shabby airstrip near the town of Catacamas, Honduras, and headed toward the mountains of La Mosquitia on the northeast horizon. [0] Beyond it lay a valley surrounded by serrated peaks: an unblemished landscape of emerald and gold, dappled with the drifting shadows of clouds. [1] There were no signs of human life – not a road, a trail, or a wisp of smoke. The pilot banked and descended, aiming for a clearing along a riverbank.

The Mosquitia region of Honduras and Nicaragua holds the largest rain forest in Central America, covering some 20,000 square miles of dense vegetation, swamps, and rivers. From above the rainforest may look inviting. **[2]** The persistence of the myth of a hidden White City owes a great deal to the forbidding nature of this wilderness. But the origin of the legend is obscure. Explorers, prospectors, and early aviators spoke of glimpsing the white ramparts of a ruined city rising above the jungle; others repeated tales, first recorded by Hernán Cortés in 1526, of a fabulously rich town hidden in the Honduran interior. **[3]**

Mosquitia lies on the frontier of Mesoamerica, adjacent to the realm of the Maya. While the Maya are among the most studied of ancient cultures in the Americas, the people of Mosquitia are among the most mysterious – a question mark embodied by the legend of the White City. Over time the myth became a part of the Honduran national consciousness. By the 1930s Ciudad Blanca had also captured the imagination of the American public, and in many quarters it was taken seriously. Several expeditions were launched to find it, including three financed by the Museum of the American Indian in New York City. **[4]**

The museum's third expedition, led by an eccentric journalist named Theodore Morde, landed in Honduras in 1940. Morde emerged from the jungle five months later with crates of artifacts. **[5]** Morde declined to reveal its location, for fear, he said, of looting, but he promised to return the following year to begin excavations. He never did, and in 1954 he hanged himself in a shower stall. His city, if there was one, remains unidentified.

In subsequent decades archaeology in Mosquitia was impeded not only by tough conditions but also by a generally accepted belief that the rain forest soils of Central and South America were too poor to support more than scattered hunter-gatherers, certainly too poor to maintain the intensive agriculture necessary to develop complex hierarchical societies. **[6]** Considering that the region lay at the crossroads of trade and travel between the Maya and other Mesoamericans to the north and west, and the powerful Chibcha-speaking cultures to the south, this fact is not surprising.

The Mosquitia people took on different aspects of Mayan culture, laying out their cities in vaguely Maya fashion. **[7]** But their exact relationship to their imposing neighbors remains unknown. Some archaeologists have proposed that a group of Maya warriors from Copán may have taken control of Mosquitia, ruling as an elite over the local population. One important distinction between the two cultures was the Mosquitia people's choice of building materials. There is no evidence yet that they built with cut stone, constructing their public edifices instead out of river cobbles, earth, wood, and wattle and daub. When these buildings were decorated and painted, they may have been as remarkable as some of the great temples of the Maya. **[8]** The disappearance of this splendid architecture could explain why this culture remains so "marginalized", according to Christopher Begley, who has carried out archaeological surveys in the Mosquitia region. The culture is still so under-studied that it has not been given a formal name.

When so little is known, anything is possible. In the mid-1990s a documentary filmmaker named Steve Elkins became captivated by the legend of the White City, and embarked on an effort to find it. **[9]** He hired scientists at NASA's Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, California, to analyze reams of data



from Landsat and radar images of Mosquitia, looking for signs of ancient settlements. Their report showed what might be "rectilinear and curvilinear" features in three valleys, which Elkins labeled T1, T2, and T3, the T standing for "target". The first was an unexplored river valley surrounded by ridges, forming a natural bowl. **[10]** But the images were inconclusive; he would need a better way to peer through the dense jungle canopy.

Then, in 2010, Elkins read an article in *Archaeology* magazine that described how a technique called lidar (short for light detection and ranging) had been used to map the Maya city of Caracol, in Belize. **[11]** The three-dimensional "point cloud" can be manipulated with software to remove the pulses that hit trees and undergrowth, leaving an image composed only of pulses reaching the underlying terrain – including the outlines of archaeological features.

(Adapted from the article in National Geographic, October 2015, by Douglas Preston)

- A "I just thought," Elkins said, "that if I were a king, this would be the perfect place to hide my kingdom."
- **B** "The City of the Monkey God was walled," Morde wrote. "We traced one wall until it vanished under mounds that have all the evidence of once being great buildings."
- **C** All the artifacts unearthed by Elkins were in perfect condition, likely untouched since they'd been left behind centuries before.
- **D** Anthropologists who spent time with the Indians of Mosquitia heard stories of a mysterious place, a refuge where indigenous people retreated from the Spanish conquest, never to be seen again.
- **E** But once abandoned, they dissolved in the rain and rotted away, leaving unimpressive mounds of dirt and rubble that were quickly swallowed by vegetation.
- **F** This was true despite the fact that when archaeologists first began to explore Mosquitia in the 1930s, they uncovered some settlements, suggesting that the area was once occupied by a widespread, sophisticated culture.
- **G** Flocks of egrets flew below, and the treetops thrashed with the movement of unseen monkeys.
- **H** He spent years poring through reports from explorers, archaeologists, and geologists, mapping out which areas of Mosquitia had been explored and which had not.
- I It works by bouncing hundreds of thousands of pulses of infrared laser beams off the rain forest below, recording the point location of each reflection.
- J Surrounded by the immense trees and the silent mounds, Morde felt the connection to the present moment melt away.
- **K** The first two came back with rumors of a lost city containing a giant statue of a monkey god, waiting to be unearthed.
- L They also probably adopted the famous Mesoamerican ball game, a ritual contest sometimes involving human sacrifice.
- **M** However, anyone venturing into it faces a host of dangers: deadly snakes, hungry jaguars, and noxious insects, some carrying potentially lethal diseases.
- N Below, farms gradually gave way to steep sunlit slopes, some covered with unbroken rain forest, others partially stripped for cattle ranching distant ridge.

0.	1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	10.	11.
N											





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.

Why Do We Sleep Under Blankets, Even on the Hottest Nights?

Late July. New York City. A bedroom on the top floor of a four-story building in **_0_** I installed an air conditioner with several thousand too few BTUs (British Thermal Units). The temperature that day reached into the upper 90s Fahrenheit, with humidity just short of actual water. The tiny weak air conditioner struggled to cool down the room while a few feet away I struggled to fall asleep. And yet I was **_1_** to sleep without some sort of covering. In this case it was the barest edge of my lightest sheet, touching the smallest possible part of my torso.

Why do we all have this compulsion to be covered?

Blankets are common, but not universal, to humans during sleep, at _2_ in the modern day. But historically, the effort involved in weaving large sheets put blankets at much too high _3_ price for most to afford. _4_ the linen bedsheets of Egypt around 3500 B.C. to wool sheets during the Roman empire straight through to cotton in medieval Europe, bed coverings were for the wealthy.

By the Early Modern period in Europe, which followed the Middle Ages, production had increased enough so that more middle-class people could afford bedding, though not easily. "The bed, throughout Western Europe at this time, was the most expensive item in the house," says Roger Ekirch, a historian at Virginia Tech, who has written extensively about sleep. "It was the first major item that a newly married couple, if they had the means, **_5**_ typically invest in." The bed and bedding could make up about a third of the total **_6**_ of an entire household's possessions, which explains why bedsheets frequently showed up in wills.

In place of blankets and sheets, other sources of heat were common at night, usually from multiple people **_7_** a bed, or often livestock.

Today, there's minimal anthropological work about bedding around the world. The best is a 2002 paper _8_ Carol Worthman and Melissa Melby of Emory University, who compiled a study of sleeping arrangements in different parts of the world. The paper looked _9_ some foraging and non-foraging peoples who live in hot climates near the equator, and found that only the nomadic foragers regularly sleep _10_ bed coverings. Everyone else uses some form of covering, whether that's plant matter _11_ woven fabric, even in central Africa and Papua New Guinea, both tropical climates. Much more common _12_ sheets or blankets are some form of padding; basically nobody sleeps simply on the ground as a matter of course.

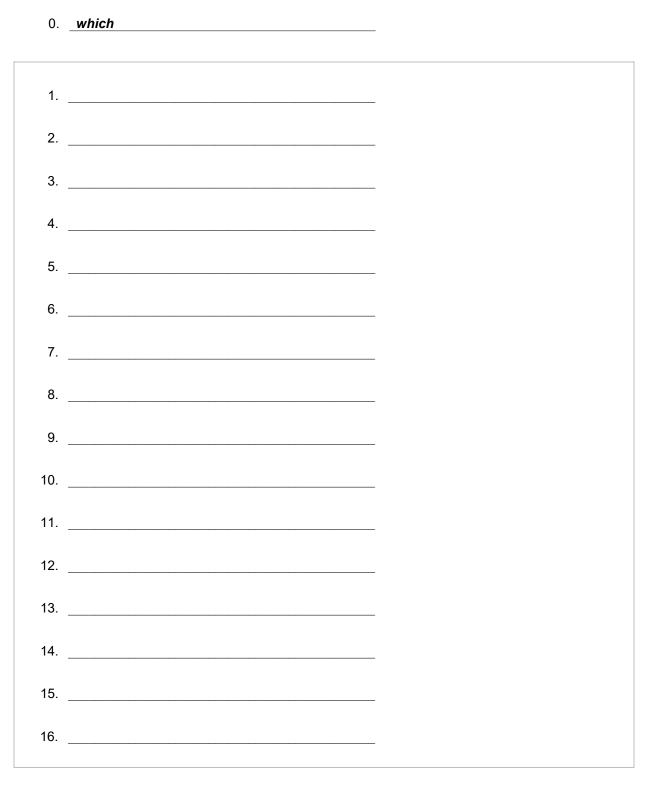
As one more example of the goodness of blankets, **_13**_ has also been a decent amount of research about the calming effect of padded blankets, which can **_14**_ up to 10 kilos. Studies indicate that they can curb anxiety and even be used in the treatment of autism.

"The requirement for blankets takes on two components to it," says Dr. Alice Hoagland, the director of the insomnia clinic at the Unity Sleep Disorder Center in Rochester, New York. "There's a behavioral component and a physiological component." The former is a bit more complex, but the **_15**_ is a little more clear-cut, so let's dive into that first. About 60 to 90 minutes before a usual bedtime, the body starts losing core temperature. There's a physiological explanation for that: when the body is heated, we feel more alert. And conversely, when the body cools down, we tend to feel sleepier. Cooler internal body temperatures are correlated with a rise in melatonin, a hormone that induces sleepiness. A bunch of doctors tested this out by making people **_16_** skinsuits – they kind of look like cycling outfits – that dropped their body temperature just a touch, one or two degrees Fahrenheit, to see if they'd sleep better. They did.

(Adapted from an article in The Smithsonian, 15 August 2017, by Dan Nosowitz)



Example:







Task 2: Gap fill (word formation)

For gaps 1–14, write the correct form of the words in brackets in the spaces on the right. There is an example at the beginning: Gap 0.

Terror in focus: the photographer who captured the rise of Nazism

Roman Vishniac is **_0_ (FAME)** for his images of Berlin in the 1930s, as swastikas began to creep on to the streets. But did their sacred status overshadow the brilliance of his later work?

In 1920, Roman Vishniac and his new bride Luta arrived in Berlin. Having fled the turmoil of postrevolutionary Moscow, the couple had **_1_ (HASTE)** been married by a station master in a Latvian border town, before traveling to Riga and on to the German capital. There, Vishniac was reunited with his wealthy parents, who had left Russia three years earlier, and he and Luta were married again in a register office before their union was blessed by a traditional Jewish ceremony. So began their new life in a city that an excited Vishniac described as "a living whole – the centre of western Europe".

The story of their **_2_ (FLY)** is emblematic of Vishniac's extraordinary life, which was lived out, in part, against Europe's turbulent early-to-mid 20th-century history. As a child he had experimented with scientific photography, attaching a microscope to a camera in order to produce **_3_ (MAGNIFY)** images of insects and plants. Having gone on to train as a biologist, he found work hard to come by in Berlin. Intrigued by the cosmopolitan nature of the city, he became a keen amateur photographer, strolling the city night and day with a Rolleiflex camera dangling from his neck.

In the early 1930s, his eye was drawn to the play of light and shadow on passing people, on workers tarmacking a street, on wide empty vistas and narrow doorways. As he grew in **_4_ (CONFIDE)** and aptitude, his style became more formal. A shot of Leipzig station, sunlight falling from the glass roof on waiting **_5_ (COMMUTE)**, recalls the cool American modernism of Paul Strand or Edward Steichen.

More often, though, he caught the quotidian ebb and flow of the German capital, his ever-curious outsider's eye picking out the tiny details that tell a bigger story – and one that was taking an increasingly ominous turn. In a photograph from 1935, a smartly dressed woman on a sunny street turns in mid-step to look over her shoulder as if called by someone just out of the frame. It is a curious image, a stilled moment that is both ordinary and, as one registers the background detail, foreboding. Just to the left of the girl walking behind her, a swastika flag hangs from a shop. In **_6_ (OTHER)** photograph from the same year, a painted swastika adorns a doorway to the left of a man who is staring into the window of the Silesian Homeland clubhouse, one of many such **_7_ (ESTABLISH)** that celebrated the glory – and ethnic **_8_ (PURE)** – of the German "fatherland".

Vishniac's photographs of everyday Berlin in the early 30s are a rare portrait of a society in which ordinary life is giving way to a kind of normalised _9_ (EXTREME) in the lead-up to Nazi rule. They are one of the many _10_ (REVEAL) in an exhibition curated by American photography scholar Maya Benton, that is spread across two London spaces: the Photographers' Gallery and the Jewish Museum. Culled from the _11_ (EXTEND) archive of Vishniac's work, it is a radical reappraisal of a photographer who, since the publication in 1983 of his most famous book, *A Vanished World*, has been primarily known for his _12_ (DOCUMENT) of life and culture in the shtetl (Jewish villages) of eastern Europe between 1935 and 1939, before the Holocaust.

As this thought-provoking exhibition shows, Vishniac's life and work were inextricably intertwined, both driven by a **_13_ (RELENTLESS)** that was coupled with an ability to adapt and thrive under often extreme circumstances. In Berlin, his move to street photography and on to social documentary seemed effortless. In 1935, he was commissioned by the Jewish Joint Distribution Committee to document impoverished Jewish communities across eastern Europe. **_14_ (IRONY)**, though, Vishniac's epic undertaking – dozens of trips to eastern Europe over four years – would come to define his creative reputation for years afterwards, but also, as this exhibition shows, to misrepresent him somewhat as solely a chronicler of Jewish life before the Holocaust.

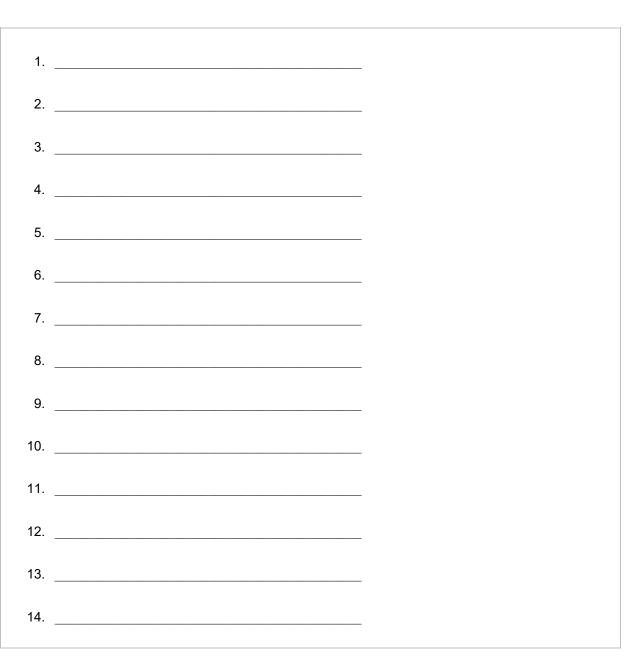
(Adapted from an article in The Guardian, 28 October 2018, by Sean O'Hagan)

10/12



Example:







Prazna stran