



Š i f r a k a n d i d a t a :

Državni izpitni center



JESENSKI IZPITNI ROK

**Višja raven  
ANGLEŠČINA**  
Izpitna pola 1

- A) Bralno razumevanje  
B) Poznavanje in raba jezika

**Sreda, 26. avgust 2020 / 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 vpisite 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 točke.

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: Multiple choice questions

For items 1–8, choose the answer (A, B, C or D) which fits according to the text. There is an example at the beginning (0).

#### The Portrait of a Lady

Under certain circumstances there are few hours in life more agreeable than the hour dedicated to the ceremony known as afternoon tea. There are circumstances in which, whether you drink tea or not—some people of course never do,—the situation is in itself delightful. Those that I have in mind in beginning to unfold this simple history offered an admirable setting to an innocent 5 pastime. The implements of the little feast had been disposed upon the lawn of an old English country-house, in what I should call the perfect middle of a splendid summer afternoon. Part of the afternoon had waned, but much of it was left, and what was left was of the finest and rarest quality. Real dusk would not arrive for many hours; but the flood of summer light had begun to ebb, the air had grown mellow, the shadows were long upon the smooth, dense turf. They 10 lengthened slowly, however, and the scene expressed that sense of leisure still to come which is perhaps the chief source of one's enjoyment of such a scene at such an hour. The persons concerned in it were taking their pleasure quietly, and they were not of the sex which is supposed to furnish the regular enthusiasts of the ceremony I have mentioned. The shadows on the perfect lawn were straight and angular; they were the shadows of an old man sitting in a deep wicker- 15 chair near the low table on which the tea had been served, and of two younger men strolling to and fro. The old man had his cup in his hand; it was an unusually large cup, of a different pattern from the rest of the set and painted in brilliant colours. He disposed of its contents with much circumspection, holding it for a long time close to his chin, with his face turned to the house. His companions had either finished their tea or were indifferent to their privilege; they smoked 20 cigarettes as they continued to stroll. One of them, from time to time, as he passed, looked with a certain attention at the elder man, who, unconscious of observation, rested his eyes upon the rich red front of his house.

It stood upon a low hill, above the river at some forty miles from London. A long gabled front of red brick, with the complexion of which time and the weather had played all sorts of pictorial tricks, only, however, to improve and refine it, presented to the lawn its patches of ivy, its clustered chimneys, its windows smothered in creepers. The house had a name and a history; the old gentleman taking his tea would have been delighted to tell you these things: how it had been built under Edward the Sixth, had offered a night's hospitality to the great Elizabeth (whose august person had extended itself upon a huge, magnificent and terribly angular bed which still 30 formed the principal honour of the sleeping apartments), had been a good deal bruised and defaced in Cromwell's Civil Wars, and then, under the Restoration, repaired and much enlarged; and how, finally, after having been remodelled and disfigured in the eighteenth century, it had passed into the careful keeping of a shrewd American banker, who had bought it originally because it was offered at a great bargain. He bought it with much grumbling at its ugliness, its 35 antiquity, its incommodeity, and who now, at the end of twenty years, had become conscious of a real aesthetic passion for it.

The old gentleman at the tea-table, who had come from America thirty years before, had brought with him, at the top of his baggage, his American appearance; and he had not only brought it with him, but he had kept it in the best order, so that, if necessary, he might have taken it back to his 40 own country with perfect confidence. At present, obviously, nevertheless, he was not likely to displace himself; his journeys were over and he was taking the rest that precedes the great rest. He had a narrow, clean-shaven face. It seemed to tell that he had been successful in life, yet it seemed to tell also that his success had not been exclusive and hateful. He had certainly had a great experience of men, but there was an almost rustic simplicity in the faint smile that played 45 upon his lean, spacious cheek and lighted up his humorous eye as he at last slowly and carefully deposited his big tea-cup upon the table. A beautiful collie dog lay upon the grass near his chair, watching the master's face; and a little bristling, bustling terrier bestowed a random attendance upon the other gentlemen.



50 One of these was a remarkably well-made man of five-and-thirty, with a face as English as that of the old gentleman I have just sketched was something else; a noticeably handsome face, fresh-coloured, fair and frank, with firm, straight features, a lively grey eye and the rich adornment of a chestnut beard. This person had a certain fortunate, brilliant exceptional look—the air of a happy temperament fertilised by a high civilisation—which would have made almost any observer envy him at a venture. He was booted and spurred, as if he had dismounted from a long ride; he wore  
55 a white hat, which looked too large for him; he held his two hands behind him, and in one of them—a large, white, well-shaped fist—was crumpled a pair of soiled dog-skin gloves.

(Adapted from *The Portrait of a Lady* by Henry James)

**Example:**

0. The author believes that
  - A life is rarely agreeable.
  - B people dedicate few hours to ceremonies.
  - C some people never take part in ceremonies.
  - D afternoon tea can be a very enjoyable ritual.
  
1. The opening scene of the passage is set
  - A in the rural countryside when the afternoon became most pleasant.
  - B at the afternoon tea party with the summer light at its fullest.
  - C in an English country-house park early in the afternoon.
  - D on the lawn of an old English country-house at dusk.
  
2. This particular afternoon tea was rather unusual because
  - A there were no females.
  - B the old man was unconscious.
  - C tea was served in non-traditional cups.
  - D the companions were indifferent and inattentive.
  
3. The house
  - A had been severely damaged by the weather.
  - B rose high and towered over the river.
  - C looked like a lump of uniform red brick.
  - D was partially covered with greenery.
  
4. Which of the statements below is NOT TRUE about the house?
  - A It still showcased some of its period furniture.
  - B It underwent remodelling during the 1700s.
  - C It had been twice significantly extended.
  - D It fell victim to military conflicts.



5. The present owner bought the house because he
    - A recognized its economic potential.
    - B appreciated its aesthetic value.
    - C was impressed with its history.
    - D considered it a good deal.
  6. The old man's face showed that
    - A he was ill and was approaching his great rest.
    - B he did not feel superior despite his success.
    - C he had great experience but was still naïve.
    - D he was immensely fond of his two dogs.
  7. The author suggests that the young gentleman
    - A looked English to the bone.
    - B had a handsome but timid face.
    - C paid much attention to adornments.
    - D shared some facial features with the old gentleman.
  8. In the passage, the narrator
    - A frequently resorts to sarcasm and irony.
    - B looks down on American newcomers.
    - C tells the story as occurring before the time of narration.
    - D is very critical of the English upper classes and their habits.



5/12

# Prazna stran

**OBRNITE LIST.**



## **Task 2: Matching**

You are going to read five book reviews. For questions 1–12, choose from reviews A–E. Some of the reviews may be chosen more than once. When more than one answer is required, these may be given in any order. Write your answers in the table next to each statement. There are three examples at the beginning: (0), (00) and (000).

### **Examples:**

A mundane object may hold significance for the protagonist. (0) C

The protagonist exhibits spontaneity. **(00) A and (000) D**

The author's work has attracted the attention of experts. (1)

The protagonist temporarily loses control. (2)

The protagonist follows a relative's career path. **(3)** and **(4)**

The book contains occasional historic inaccuracies. (5)

The book started out as a different text type. (6)

A character displays untiring perseverance. (7)

The book is based on fieldwork. (8)

An event triggers retrospection. (9)

The protagonist's family member works for the press. (11)

## The best reads of 2018

**A BEFORE WE WERE YOURS BY LISA WINGATE**

Wingate's latest novel follows the story of Avery Stafford, a lawyer from a prominent South Carolina family. With her father's health ailing, duty-driven Avery is back in present-day Aiken, S.C., to look after him. She steps into his senate seat and is engaged to her childhood friend, Elliot, though not particularly excited about either. Though her dad is a virtuous man, his political enemies spin the fact that the family just checked his mother, Judy, into an upscale nursing home while other older facilities in the state suffer. At an event, Avery encounters elderly May Crandall and becomes fascinated by a photo in her room and a possible connection to Judy, and she starts thinking about her grandmother's past. Breaking loose from her usual, premeditated decisions, Avery decided to follow a trail that Judy had left behind and joins forces with single dad Trent Turner, with whom she feels a spark. Wingate is a compelling writer, skilfully punctuating the story line with flashbacks and steeping her narrative with a forward momentum that keeps the reader as engaged and curious as Avery in her quest. The feel-good ending can be seen from miles away, but does nothing to detract from this fantastic novel.

**B AMERICAN PRISON BY SHANE BAUER**

Bauer moved to rural Louisiana in 2014 to work undercover as a guard at the Winn Correctional Center, a privately run prison. He lasted four months before his deception was discovered, but that turned out to be more than sufficient to write a searing exposé for the *Mother Jones* magazine, which earned him a National Magazine Award and an invitation to speak to officials in Washington about problems in for-profit prisons. With this book, Bauer has expanded his article into a comprehensive analysis impossible to ignore. His book is a meticulous catalog of horrors, from the historical precursors — the practice of convict-leasing at Southern prisons after the Civil War, in which inmates were rented out to companies as a captive work force — to the rampant violence, neglect and incompetence that pervade a multibillion-dollar industry.

**C A LIFE OF MY OWN BY CLAIRE TOMALIN**

Tomalin, the esteemed English biographer of Samuel Pepys, Jane Austen, Charles Dickens and others, writes briskly and sensitively here of her own life. She attended Cambridge a year ahead of Sylvia Plath and she spent many years in swinging, sexist London as the editor of well-regarded book review sections. Her first husband, the journalist Nicholas Tomalin, cheated on her relentlessly before dying young while reporting in Israel. One of their children was born with spina bifida, a defect of the spinal cord. This book's tone is never overemotional. There is great appeal in watching this unconquerable woman continue to chase the next draft of herself.

**D FLY ME BY DANIEL RILEY**

Flying the friendly skies in the 1970s was definitely an adventure, what with all those skyjackings, as Riley demonstrates in his first novel. Suzy Whitman is a flight attendant working out of Sela del Mar, a coastal community near L.A. The year is 1972, and Suzy, upon graduation, has impulsively followed in the footsteps of her older sister, Grace, a flight attendant with a renowned airline whose husband, Mike, is a magazine writer who wants to be the next Tom Wolfe. Riley employs a Wolfean methodology in bringing to life the stoner vibe of the time through curated period details, spoilt by some anachronisms. While skateboarding on the 4th of July, Suzy meets Billy Zar, a local weed dealer, who tricks her into using her position with the airline to smuggle harder stuff for him. A family health crisis forces Suzy into a life of crime that, in the end, leaves her with only one desperate way out.

**E CHEMISTRY BY WEIKE WANG**

A clipped, funny, painfully honest narrative voice lights up Wang's debut novel about a Chinese-American graduate student who finds the scientific method inadequate for understanding her parents, her boyfriend, or herself. At 27, this aspiring chemist has reached a point in her research at which, seeing no progress, her thesis advisor suggests changing topics. Instead, she has a breakdown in the lab, smashing beakers and shouting until security guards are called. Her romantic relationship also reaches a turning point when her boyfriend takes a job out of state. The thought of relocation elicits the narrator's unhappy memories of her family's emigration from Shanghai to Detroit when she was five. She remains caught between parents, languages, and cultures. Only after her best friend has a baby does she begin to comprehend love, the one power source, according to Einstein, man has never mastered. Wang offers a unique blend of scientific observations, Chinese proverbs, and American movie references. In spare prose, characters remain unnamed, except for boyfriend Eric and the baby, nicknamed "Destroyer."

(Adapted from various sources)



## 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.

#### The last Nazi hunters

Since 1958, a small department of Germany's government \_0\_ sought to bring members of the Third Reich to trial. A handful of prosecutors are still tracking down Nazis, but the world's biggest cold-case investigation will soon be shut down.

The Central Office for the Investigation of National Socialist Crimes is an austere, pale-yellow prison building nestled into the 18th-century city wall of Ludwigsburg in southwestern Germany. \_1\_ used by the Nazis to detain political prisoners, the building announces its contemporary tenants obliquely, with a small, silver sign. Entering the Central Office still feels like entering a jail; to gain access, one \_2\_ pass through a white metal gate and then through a second secure doorway.

\_3\_ it was created by the West German government in 1958, the Central Office's mission has been to deliver Nazis to justice. Every year, its six investigative "departments," each of \_4\_ consists of a single prosecutor, scour the globe looking for members of the Third Reich. Chief prosecutor Jens Rommel, who heads the operation, is a sturdy, jovial 44-year-old with frameless glasses \_5\_ a triangular beard. The German press calls him a Nazi hunter, but Rommel doesn't like the term. "I am neither looking for a trophy," he told me, "\_6\_ holding a rifle in my hand. I'm a prosecutor looking for murderers and I have criminal code in my hand."

Rommel and his staff visit the sites of former concentration camps across Germany and eastern Europe to sift through records and walk the grounds to determine \_7\_ defendants might have witnessed from their posts. Over the past decade, the office, which has an annual budget of €1.2m, has also conducted more than 20 trips to archives in South America. The investigators spend most days under an avalanche of bureaucratic documents, checking and cross-checking names on German, Russian, British, French and Polish lists – everything from SS papers documenting quotidian affairs such as the issuing of new uniforms and marriage requests \_8\_ Allied inventories of prisoners of war. Their goal is to find the last living Nazis who have yet \_9\_ be indicted and might be able to stand trial.

When I visited Ludwigsburg in May, Rommel was preparing for a trip to Moscow, where he \_10\_ search an archive for names of perpetrators from the Sachsenhausen concentration camp, which the Nazis operated near Berlin from 1936 to 1945. Another Central Office prosecutor, Manuela Zeller, was sorting through records from Auschwitz and Ravensbrück, looking for anyone \_11\_ name hadn't been checked by her predecessors. Her colleague Michael Otte was doing the same for the Buchenwald and Stutthof concentration camps. Another colleague was about to travel to Mauthausen, in Austria, where at least 95,000 people were murdered during the war.

Today, the youngest suspects are 90 years old, and most were low-level Nazi functionaries: guards, cooks, medics, telephone operators and the like. The defendants tend to die during the lengthy judicial process, \_12\_ the odds of conviction are minuscule. As a result, \_13\_ Germans know that the Central Office exists, and many of those who do, tend to view it with ambivalence. "It is hard for people to see what exactly the \_14\_ is of putting a 90-year-old in jail," Zeller said. Others view the Central office with reverence, awed by what it has managed to achieve despite considerable odds.

Central Office prosecutors unearth the names of about 30 living perpetrators per year. Their cases are then handed over to regional prosecutors, who usually spend another year conducting follow-up investigations and deciding \_15\_ to take the individuals to court. Since the start of the 21st century, this work has led to six prosecutions, but in the media, every case has been called "the last Nazi trial", as if writers, editors and readers all hope the label will finally \_16\_ to be true.

(Adapted from an article in *The Guardian*, 31 August 2017, by Linda Kinstler)



### *Example:*

0. *has*

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



## **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.**

## **Snubbed, cheated, erased: the scandal of architecture's invisible women**

They are among the most **\_0\_ (TALENT)** architects of their age. Yet the credit, praise and awards have gone to the men instead. Meet one of the women who are tired of being written out of history.

Denise Scott Brown was an associate professor when she married Robert Venturi in 1967. She had taught at the universities of Pennsylvania and Berkeley, and initiated the first programme in the new school of architecture at the University of California. She had a 1 (**SUBSTANCE**) publication record and the respect of her colleagues. Not to mention the 2 (**ENTHUSE**) students.

The first sign that had changed things came when an architect whose work she had reviewed said: "We at the office think it was Bob writing, using your name." It was an 3 (**INDICATE**) of what was to come for the rest of her career. Scott Brown was relegated to being the wife of the famous postmodern architect Bob Venturi – who died last month – rather than one half of an equal, creative and 4 (**INTELLECT**) partnership that changed the world of architecture as we know it.

As she recounted in her 1989 essay, "Room at the Top? Sexism and the Star System in Architecture", there would be celebratory dinners where she was left out "because we're not inviting wives"; job interviews where she was excluded because the \_5\_ (PRESENT) of "the architect's wife" distressed the board. There were countless meetings that began "So you're the architect!" to Venturi, followed by: "And you're an architect, too?" To crown it all, when the 1991 Pritzker prize jury described how their body of work had "expanded and redefined the limits of the art of architecture in this century, as perhaps no other has", the accolade was awarded to Venturi alone.

In 2013, two students at the Harvard Graduate School of Design began an online petition to demand that her contribution be recognised. It now has more than 20,000 signatures. "They owe me not a Pritzker prize but a Pritzker inclusion ceremony," Scott Brown said. "Let's salute the notion of joint 6\_ (**CREATE**)."<sup>6</sup> Lord Peter Palumbo, chair of the prize, politely declined. "A later jury cannot reopen, or second-guess, the work of an earlier jury," he wrote in 7\_ (**RESPOND**), before thanking the petitioners for "calling directly to our attention a more general problem, namely that of assuring women a fair and equal place within the profession". Only a year earlier, his jury had awarded the gong to Chinese architect Wang Shu, overlooking the fact that his practice has always been a partnership with his architect wife, Lu Wenyu.

This month marks a small righting of past wrongs when Denise Scott Brown, now 87, will be awarded the Soane medal. She is the second \_8\_ (**RECEIVE**) of an annual award given to architects who have greatly contributed to their field. I was part of the jury this year, and as soon as Scott Brown's name was mentioned, all the other competition fell away. It was the unanimous decision of any such deliberations I have witnessed.

The ways in which creative partnerships have contributed to the field are always difficult to disentangle. However, it is clear that “Learning from Las Vegas”, the “gentle manifesto” published in 1972 that championed billboards and hot dog stands as **\_9\_ (WORTH)** of architects’ attention, would never have happened without Scott Brown. She had already made several **\_10\_ (PILGRIM)** to the Vegas Strip by the time she took Venturi there in 1966, drawn by a **\_11\_ (FASCINATE)** with roadside vernaculars and pop culture that she had developed growing up in South Africa. It also resonated with ideas she had learned in London, while studying at the Architectural Association, the Strip in effect being a very large “as-found” object.

Scott Brown chose Las Vegas as the subject she would teach at Yale with Venturi and Steven Izenour in 1968. She also coined the term “duck” to refer to buildings that act as sculptural, symbolic objects – in \_12\_ (REFER) to a duck-shaped egg-stand on Long Island –, set in opposition to the “decorated shed”, a functional box with ornament applied \_13\_ (DEPENDENT) of whatever is going on inside.

The term has been popularised over the decades, often now referred to as the "Venturian duck". Scott Brown once wrote to the \_14\_ (EDIT) board to correct the attribution. Her letter was printed under the title "Less is a Bore", a quotation from her husband.

(Adapted from an article in *The Guardian*, 16 October 2018 by Oliver Wainwright)



**Example:**

0. *talented* \_\_\_\_\_

1. \_\_\_\_\_

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12. \_\_\_\_\_

13. \_\_\_\_\_

14. \_\_\_\_\_



# Prazna stran

V sivo polje ne pišite. V sivo polje ne pišite.