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Prüfungstag:	8. Mai 2019 (HAUPTTERMIN)
Prüfungsbeginn:	08:45 Uhr

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ABITURPRÜFUNG

Schuljahr 2018/2019

15

ENGLISCH

mit grundlegendem Anforderungsniveau

20

Prüfungsteil B

Hinweise für die Prüfungsteilnehmerinnen und -teilnehmer

25

Bearbeitungszeit: 180 Minuten

Hilfsmittel: einsprachiges und zweisprachiges Wörterbuch

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Wählen Sie von den zwei Textaufgaben **eine** zur Bearbeitung aus.

Die maximale Anzahl der Bewertungseinheiten (BE) beträgt 40 BE.

35 Die angegebenen BE beinhalten die Bewertung für die inhaltliche und die sprachliche Leistung.

Task 1

40

Text: “The Real Junk Food Project: revolutionising how we tackle food waste”**Do the following tasks, using your own words as far as appropriate.**

45

Describe “The Real Junk Food Project” and its development.
 Analyze the way the author tries to make Adam Smith’s project attractive to the reader. Consider content and language.

50

“You can’t recycle wasted time.”

Taiichi Ohno (Japanese engineer, 1912 – 1990)

55

Comment on this quotation including your own experiences.
 Write a text of about 250 words and count your words.

40 BE

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Task 2

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Text: “In the Light of What We Know”**Do the following tasks, using your own words as far as appropriate.**

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Describe Zafar’s day in Oxford.
 Analyze the relationship between Zafar and his parents.

75

“Education is the key to unlocking the world, a passport to freedom.”

Comment on this statement by Oprah Winfrey, a successful African-American talk show host and actress.

Write a text of about 250 words and count your words.

80

40 BE

Task 1

Text

85 **The Real Junk Food Project: revolutionising how we tackle food waste**

Adam Smith is blunt and to the point when I call him to suggest an interview. I want to talk to him about the Real Junk Food Project, which he founded, and suggest doing it at the cafe he set up in Leeds which uses waste food and operates on a pay-as-you-feel basis. “Which cafe?
 90 There are 30 of them. And that’s just in Leeds.”

Bluntness may well be Smith’s defining characteristic. A chef by training, who had, by his own admission, a troubled childhood, he set up the project only three years ago, and it’s been a roller-coaster ride since then. He reels off some statistics. “We’ve got a 6,000-square-foot warehouse just here in Leeds and we’re intercepting between two and 10 tons of food a day.
 95 It’s just gone crazy. There are 125 Real Junk Food cafes worldwide now, not just in Britain, but in Israel and Australia and we’re about to launch 16 of them in America.”

And, no, he doesn’t have time to do an interview. “It’s really not about me,” he says. “I haven’t even met half the people who’ve set up the cafes. It’s much bigger than me now.” It is pretty big, it’s true, but I go up to Leeds anyway and, in the warehouse, it becomes more
 100 obvious why the project has taken off so dramatically. There’s a mountain of food. Marks & Spencer¹ cakes and Ferrero Rocher chocolates and punnets² of grapes and tomatoes and posh crisps and jars of olives and out-of-date bottles of that well-known easily perishable food substance – water – and down one aisle, dozens of clear plastic bin liners all filled with bread. [...]

105 And it’s all perfectly good food, which if they hadn’t rescued it would now be rotting at the bottom of the bin. “Look at those bananas,” says Keith Annal, the operations manager. “Nothing wrong with them.” But then there doesn’t seem to be much wrong with any of it, apart from the fact that it’s packaged, and everything in a package has either a “use by” or a “best before” date.

110 It’s certainly eye-opening seeing how much is coming out of a handful of supermarkets in one mid-sized British city. Leeds is just the start. The beginning, Smith hopes, of a global movement: to end food waste. Because, at the moment, we throw away 15 million tons of food a year, more than any other country in the EU, even those, like Germany, which have a bigger population than us.

115 Smith’s response has been to invent the concept of a Real Junk Food cafe. Send off for a welcome pack, sign an agreement and then feed people waste food. The only rules are that you must feed everyone, not just poor people, and customers should only pay what they feel the meal is worth. If they have no money, they can volunteer labour and skills instead. Because the project has done deals with certain supermarket chains – Sainsbury, Morrisons,
 120 Ocado – at a national level, the food is there, ready for the taking. [...]

France has recently introduced a law that bans supermarkets from destroying unsold food. They have to give it to charity, or face a fine. It’s a prime example of the kind of thing Smith believes ought to be introduced here but is bound up in exasperating bureaucracy.

125 “I’m fed up being invited to Westminster and wasting my time with people who are creating targets for 20 years’ time. It needs to happen now, on a local level. I think a lot of it is about grassroots education. There’s a huge demographic of people who are completely uneducated about food.”

Meanwhile, Joshua, Smith’s son, has picked up an old-looking satsuma³ from the window display and put it in his mouth. There’s no ‘Joshua! Joshua! Put it down,’ from Smith though.
 130 “Are you going to eat the skin as well?” he asks him. Joshua starts eating the skin. [...]

“Eighty people died from food poisoning last year, whereas 75 were hit by lightning. We’ve probably got the safest food ever. It’s about getting people to understand food.”

135 Then, to Joshua, “Have you finished that?” He has, skin and all. He’s gnawing on a rock-hard stale loaf instead. The next generation of junk food pioneers in action.

Source: Cadwalladr, Carole: <https://theguardian.com> (18.09.2016)

Annotations:

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- ¹ Marks & Spencer name of a department store
- ² punnet a small box or basket that small fruit is often sold in
- ³ satsuma a type of small orange

Task 2

145

Text**Extract from: In the Light of What We Know**

150 *Zafar, the protagonist, who is from a poor background, was born in Bangladesh but brought up in Britain. He has been invited to an interview at Oxford University. One of his teachers arranges for him to get a lift with a friend of hers, whose son, Laurent, also has an interview at Oxford.*

155 After the interview, I decided to give myself some time before rejoining Laurent and his mother, and so I took a walk through Oxford, around the Radcliffe Camera (twice), under the Bridge of Sighs, down to Magdalen Deer Park. Everything was as I had seen it in the books at the public library near my home in London, yet now a future at Oxford was more than an idle dream. But there was something new and unexpected.

160 As I walked through the streets, one thought returned to me over and over. One thought kept surprising me, springing at me from behind walls and at corners, like some trickster; one thought followed me around the city as I walked through its cobbled streets and along its sandstone walls: I would never again be destitute.

165 It was early December and by mid-afternoon the light was retreating. I made my way back to the Eastgate Hotel, where Laurent's mother had ensconced herself for the day. When I arrived, she and Laurent were taking tea by the fireside in the hotel drawing room.

How did it go? She asked me, as Laurent bit into a scone.

They've given me a place, I said.

170 What do you mean? asked Laurent, through a mouthful of scone. His mother looked at him sharply.

I think the college offered me a place, I said.

No, said Laurent, they don't tell you until later by post. First you take the entrance exam, which you did last month, right?

Right, I replied.

Then they interview you and after that they let you know by letter.

175 One of the fellows – are they called fellows?

Yes.

One of the fellows said they looked forward to seeing me next autumn.

What exactly did he say? asked Laurent.

180 Well, she said – she was a woman – that they were pleased to inform me that I had a place to read mathematics at the college and they hoped I would accept, and they looked forward to seeing me next autumn.

There was then an odd silence as the information seemed to take root. I am not so naïve now, nor perhaps was I so naïve then, as to remain blind to their incredulity, though at that moment I too felt my own disbelief, as I heard myself.

185 You must feel overjoyed, said Laurent's mother.

I'm happy, I said, but mainly I feel hungry.

I wasn't sure I had enough loose change to buy anything to eat in this expensive hotel.

190 When I arrived back in London in the early evening, my father opened the door. It was a Tuesday, which was my father's one day of rest from waiting tables. As a child I walked home on Tuesdays with the thought that my father would be there and that I would probably do something to make him angry. Years into adulthood, I have felt a recurrent anxiety on Tuesdays, which did not ease until these last few years, when I slipped from the cycles of the

working world so that one day ran into the next, the weekends ceased to frame the week, and each day became nameless over time.

195 At the door, my father said nothing about the interview. I thought then that perhaps he had simply forgotten about it, or that he had not grasped how much turned on that interview. In the kitchen, my mother was chopping coriander leaves while the lid on the rice-pan rattled, letting off bursts of steam. She asked me how the interview had gone, to which I replied that the college had offered me a place to study there. She smiled, and in a turn of phrase that I
200 have never forgotten, and whose translation into English I think preserves the sense very well, she said: Good. This will vindicate me in the eyes of the extended family. I sensed that behind this remark lay some vast story and one I already suspected my mind was not equipped to hear without cost. My father simply said: That's very good. Have you eaten?
205 It struck me then that my father might not have forgotten about the interview and that he might indeed have grasped its significance, and that perhaps this was why, at the front door, he could not bring himself to ask me about it.

Source: Rahman, Zia Haider (2014): *In the Light of What We Know*. London: Picador. pp. 48 – 50.