

# **Abiturprüfung 2018**

## **ENGLISCH**

– Textteil –

**Arbeitszeit: 240 Minuten**

Der Prüfling hat e i n e Textaufgabe seiner Wahl nach den Arbeitsanweisungen des beiliegenden Aufgabenteils zu bearbeiten.

## Textaufgabe I

### A Global City, at a Crossroads

London — St. Pancras International rail station, a wonder of Victorian architecture resurrected for the 21st century, opened 10 years ago as the embodiment of a particular notion: that Britain is part of something bigger than itself and that belonging to a fellowship of nations is as easy and natural as  
5 stepping onto a train.

It was both shocking and thrilling, at first, that you could catch a Eurostar from a platform in London, slide under the English Channel, hurtle through the French countryside and less than three hours later pull into the Gare du Nord in Paris. To ride the Eurostar was to marvel that the capitals — London so  
10 prosaic and straightforward, Paris so romantic and mysterious, the two with their long history of rivalry and discord — were part of the same larger enterprise.

Eurostar symbolized an era in which London seemed to be inevitably rushing toward Europe, too. At least that was the idea until the beginning of  
15 the process known as Brexit. The trains are still running, but the era that created modern London appears to be over. [...]

To many people in the capital, the vote last year<sup>1</sup> feels like a rejection not just of Europe but also of the values embodied by London, values like  
20 openness, tolerance, internationalism and the sense that it is better to look outward than to gaze inward. [...]

Here are Britain's richest people and many of its poorest, living side by side in relative peace. London is stuffed with British landmarks — Big Ben, Buckingham Palace, St. Paul's Cathedral — but also with people representing  
270 nationalities, 8.7 million inhabitants in all.

25 Brexit has thrown into disarray this great experiment in tolerance. Nobody can predict what the city will look like in 10, 20 or 30 years. If spontaneous travel between Europe and Britain no longer seems so simple, neither does the easy exchange of people, capital, jobs, businesses and languages.

Perhaps more significant, it is no longer clear that these are meant to be  
30 admirable things, here or anywhere. [...]

I lived in London for more than 15 years, returning home to New York in  
2013. The city changed a great deal in that time, and the city I left felt  
markedly different from the one I found when I arrived. It felt more open, more  
international, more enthusiastic, more exciting. The food got better, and places  
35 stayed open later. My neighbors seemed to come from a United Nations' worth  
of countries, our differences somehow erased because we all shared them.

The city also grew a lot richer, which was not necessarily a good thing:  
The center of town became all but unaffordable. Russian oligarchs and other  
members of the world's ultrarich elite dug up the streets to build subterranean  
40 complexes filled with swimming pools and parking garages for homes they  
planned to live in only a couple of weeks each year. [...]

It was during two visits in the past few months that I encountered  
something different: fear for the future and a questioning by non-Britons of  
whether they even belong here anymore.

45 "Even for those that haven't talked about leaving, there's something  
fundamentally ruptured in their relationship with the country," said Ian Dunt,  
editor of the website Politics.co.uk. "When people say they're very anti-  
immigration, no one thinks that's directed at German architects or French  
lawyers. But even those people are beginning to feel that the country is  
50 becoming cold and mean-spirited and indifferent to their presence, if not  
openly hostile toward them."

London is big and unwieldy and constantly changing. It resists easy  
definition.

Here, despite the anti-Muslim, anti-immigrant sentiments that helped fuel  
55 the Brexit vote, is London's first Muslim mayor, Sadiq Khan<sup>2</sup>, whose parents, a  
bus driver and a seamstress, came from Pakistan. Here are international

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financiers and playboys, Eurocrats and Eurotrash, as well as economic migrants from Spain and Portugal and other depressed European countries crowding into tiny flats on the edges of town and taking jobs in cafes, on construction sites, in hotels. [...]

Part of what makes London different is how closely it all knits together people from different economic backgrounds as much as different ethnic ones. Every borough has its grand houses and its public housing projects.

“It’s not just me and you and rich and poor,” said Dara Djarian, 25, a real estate agent in Kilburn whose parents are French and Iranian. He compared the jumbled-up neighborhoods of London with the more uniform banlieues<sup>3</sup> at the periphery of Paris, centers mostly for Arab immigrants. “Everyone’s all mixed up here.” [...]

Is London lost? Not in the slightest, say those who voted for Britain to leave the European Union. They say that London is reclaimed.

Construction crews are still putting up buildings, monuments to London’s future, as if nothing has changed. But you can hear faint footsteps, too. Banks, investment firms and other companies are making contingency plans to move elsewhere. What then? [...]

Pro-Brexit views are hardening, and many immigrants — rich as well as poor — are wondering if there is any point in staying. What London will look like then is anybody’s guess. [...]

Back at St. Pancras last month, nothing official happened to commemorate the moment the prime minister put Brexit into motion<sup>4</sup>. The trains to Paris did not stop running. Nobody’s passport was rescinded at the gate. But in the station concourse you could hear piano music, courtesy of a program in which pianos are installed in public places for anyone to play.

Standing by the piano, Julie Walker and her husband, Simon, said they had chosen a piece of music that would express their joy that Britain was doing the Christian thing and, as they saw it, “cutting all the ties” to an outside world that threatens British self-determination. The song they requested from the pianist, Stewart Yeff, was Leonard Cohen’s<sup>5</sup> “Hallelujah”.

It seemed apt, because it sounds like a song of celebration, but it is really one of mourning.

From: Sarah Lyall, "A Global City, at a Crossroads", in: *NY Times Supplement of SZ*, April 21, 2017, adapted from "Will London Fall?", in: *New York Times*, April 12, 2017 (abridged)

**Annotations:**

- 1 The referendum took place on June 23, 2016.
- 2 Sadiq Khan was elected in May 2016.
- 3 banlieues (*French*): suburbs
- 4 Theresa May officially opened the Brexit process on March 29, 2017.
- 5 Canadian singer and songwriter (1934-2016)

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## Textaufgabe II

### The Mysterious Bullet

*Retired Detective Inspector John Rebus is having a pint in his local Edinburgh pub, the Oxford Bar (the Ox). Siobhan Clarke and Malcolm Fox are two of his former colleagues.*

A month since his retirement. He had gone quietly in the end, demanding no fanfare, and turning down the offer of a drink with Clarke and Fox. Siobhan had phoned him a few times since, on various pretexts. [...]

Was he coping?

5 Did he want to hook up some time?

'Bigger that,' Rebus muttered to himself, finishing the dregs of his fourth IPA<sup>1</sup>. Time to call it a night. Four was plenty. His doctor had told him: best cut it out altogether. Rebus had asked for a second opinion.

'Here it is then,' the doctor had said: 'You should stop smoking too.' [...]

10 His life was turning into a track on a CD with the repeat function engaged, each new day the same as the one before.

He'd made a little list at the kitchen table: join the library, explore the city, take a holiday, see films, start going to concerts. There was a coffee ring on the list, and soon he would crumple it into the bin. [...]

15 Phone.

He dug it out and peered at the screen. *Caller: Shiv*. Short for Siobhan<sup>2</sup>. Not that she would countenance being called Shiv to her face. He considered not answering, but then tapped the screen and pressed the device to his ear.

'You're interrupting my training,' he complained.

20 'What training?'

'I'm planning on doing the Edinburgh Marathon.'

'Twenty-six pubs, is that? Sorry to break into your schedule.'

'I'm going to have to stop you there, caller. There's someone on line two with a less smart mouth.'

25 'Fine then – I just thought you might like to know.'  
'Know what? That Police Scotland is falling to pieces without me?'  
'It's your old friend Cafferty.'  
Rebus paused, his brain switching gears. 'Keep talking.'  
'Someone might just have taken a potshot<sup>3</sup> at him.'

30 'Is he all right?'  
'Hard to say – he's not letting us in.'  
'Where are you?'  
'His house.'  
'Give me fifteen minutes.'

35 'We can come fetch you ...'

A taxi had turned into Young Street, its orange light on. Rebus walked into the road and waved for it to stop.

'Fifteen minutes tops,' he told Clarke, before ending the call.

40 'Want me to try the bell for you?' Fox asked. He was on the doorstep in front of Cafferty's home, flanked by Rebus and Clarke. The glazier had gone, and the officers from the patrol car were still collecting information from neighbours. The blue flashing light had been turned off, replaced by the orange sodium glow of the nearby street lamps.

45 'He seems to want to communicate by shouting through the letter box,' Clarke added.

'I think we can do better than that,' Rebus said. He found Cafferty's number on his phone and waited.

50 'It's me,' he said when the call was picked up. 'I'm standing right outside and I'm about to come in. So you can either open the door, or wait for me to put in another of your windows and climb in through the wreckage.' He listened for a moment, eyes on Clarke. 'Just me – understood.' Clarke opened her mouth to protest, but Rebus shook his head. 'It's baltic<sup>4</sup> out here, so quick as you can and we can all go home.'

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He put the phone back in his pocket and offered a shrug. 'It's okay for me  
55 to go in because I'm not a cop these days.' [...]

The door was being opened. Cafferty stood behind it, mostly hidden in  
shadow. Without another word, Rebus stepped inside and the door closed  
behind him. He followed Cafferty from outer hall to inner. Cafferty walked past  
the closed door to the living room, turning into the kitchen instead. Rebus  
60 wasn't about to play that game, so entered the living room, turning on the light.  
He'd been in the room before, but there had been changes. A black leather  
suite. A vast flat-screen TV above the fireplace. The curtains in the bay  
window had been pulled shut; he was drawing them open when Cafferty  
walked in.

65 'You've tidied most of the glass,' Rebus commented. 'Still wouldn't risk it  
in bare feet, mind. But at least floorboards are better than carpet – the  
splinters are easier to spot.'

Hands in pockets, he turned to face Cafferty. They were old men now,  
similar build, similar background. Sat together in a pub, they might be  
70 mistaken by a casual onlooker for pals who'd known one another since school.  
But their history told a different story: fights and near-deaths, chases and  
prosecutions. Cafferty's last stint in jail had been cut short after a cancer  
diagnosis, the patient making a miraculous recovery once free.

'Congratulations on your retirement,' Cafferty drawled. 'You didn't think to  
75 invite me to the party. Hang on, though – I hear there was no party. Not  
enough friends left to even fill the back room at the Ox?' He made a show of  
shaking his head in sympathy.

'The bullet didn't hit you then?' Rebus retorted. 'More's the pity.'

'Everyone seems to be talking about this mysterious bullet.' [...]

80 Rebus had followed Cafferty for a few steps but then stopped by the wall  
opposite the bay window. There was a framed painting there, and as Cafferty  
turned towards him, he dabbed at it with the tip of one finger. 'This painting  
used to be over there.' He nodded towards another wall. 'And the wee painting



hanging there used to be here. You can tell from where the emulsion has  
85 faded – means they've been swapped over recently.'

'I like them better this way.' Cafferty's jaw had tightened. Rebus gave a thin smile as he reached out with both hands and lifted the larger painting from its hook. It had been covering a small, near-circular indentation in the plaster. He shut one eye and took a closer look.

90 'You've prised out the bullet,' he commented. 'Nine mil<sup>5</sup>, was it?' He dug in his pocket for his phone. 'Mind if I take a snap for my scrapbook?'

But Cafferty's hand had gripped him by the forearm.

'John,' he said. 'Just leave it, okay?'

From: Ian Rankin, *Even Dogs in the Wild*, London 2015

### Annotations:

1 IPA	India Pale Ale, a type of beer
2 Siobhan	[[ʃi'vɒn]
3 to take a potshot at sb	to shoot at sb without aiming very carefully
4 baltic ( <i>inf.</i> )	very cold
5 mil ( <i>inf.</i> )	millimetre