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ENGLISCH

als Leistungskursfach

– Textteil –

Arbeitszeit: 270 Minuten

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

Textaufgabe I

Tipping Point: The Throwaway Society

Last week, David Cameron announced that he is throwing into reverse Labour's policy of encouraging local councils to charge households for the waste we throw away and to impose draconian new bin regulations to encourage us to greater recycling.

5 It is a revolution that has already proceeded much further than many people realise. Almost half of England's 350 local authorities have abandoned the weekly bin-emptying rounds that were established by law in 1875. Some 169 have instituted fortnightly collections. Other councils have issued smaller bins plus a multitude of different containers for recycling. Others are fining
10 residents for putting the wrong rubbish in the wrong bin, putting out wheelies¹ when their lids don't quite close or for leaving their emptied bins out in the street too long. Perhaps most controversial has been the move to install Radio Frequency Identification (RFID) chips inside bins to monitor the amount of rubbish created by each household.

15 The microchip is capable of being scanned by the rubbish collection lorry as it lifts the bin to record the weight of the contents. The info can then be sent automatically to a central database. The assumption is that such technology is the precursor for "pay-as-you-throw" schemes.

All this has caused outrage in the leafy suburbs of Middle England
20 whose newspapers – the Daily Mail and Daily Express – have been whipping up a Great Bin Revolt in protest. Week by week they have been over-brimming with self-righteous indignation and reports on the latest incursions. Last week there was the decision by Bristol Council to appoint two "bin-snoopers" (or "waste doctors" according to your predisposition) at a cost of £45,000 in a pilot
25 scheme to enforce the city's recycling scheme.

But what most makes the Bin Rage gorge² rise is the installation of the microchips. This has largely been done surreptitiously, as in Devizes in Wiltshire, where ratepayers only found out when a loose-tongued council official at a Rotary Club dinner let news of the secret implants slip.

30 “The two things that provoke a backlash among the British are hypocrisy and secrecy,” says Simon Davies, director of the lobby group Privacy International, which insists that chips in bins is a civil liberties issue.

This is pretty high-octane stuff. But before we unpack it, a few basic facts might assist. Apart from Greece and Portugal, we Brits have the worst
35 recycling record in Europe. We recycle just 18 per cent of our rubbish, compared with 58 per cent in Germany. What we can't dump in landfill we export. We send 2m tonnes of waste to China every year.

In 2005, the British government's Landfill Allowance Trading Scheme came into effect, imposing a penalty of £150 a tonne on excess waste dumped
40 by local authorities. It was an attempt to comply with the EU Landfill Directive, which sets targets for reducing municipal waste in member countries. Limiting the frequency of collections, or the size of bins, the government concluded, was “the most direct way to compel householders to reduce their waste”.

Local councils responded to this tone. In Blackburn a man who called
45 the police after two shadowy figures climbed into his garden using a step ladder in the dead of night discovered they were council officials looking for “non-regulation dustbins”.

In Trowbridge, binmen were told not to empty bins left more than 18 inches from the kerb. In Stockport a woman was fined £700 for putting her bin
50 out a day early. In Whitehaven a man was fined £210 because his lid was four inches from closing.

The outraged responses were not confined to those penalised. In Bournemouth, when residents discovered that microchips had been secretly

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fitted to bins, they removed thousands of them. The internet has been buzzing
55 with tips on how to disable the devices. (Neodymium magnets are popular).

David Cameron is not a politician who under-estimates the potency of a
populist gesture. That is why he has had ministers announce that the
Government wants to drop the stick and switch to the carrot. It is endorsing a
60 scheme pioneered by the council in Windsor and Maidenhead which awards
households reward tokens if they recycle heavily. The tokens can be
redeemed in local shops, restaurants and leisure centres, or donated to
schools.

But the Bin Rage movement has its provisional wing, who are not
placated at all. "The chip is still in the bin," protests Dylan Sharpe of Big
65 Brother Watch. "It will reveal whether you are at home or not. And all the
information will go to a central database. Who will have access to that?"

The risk to civil liberties, however, seems a pretty low-grade one to
inspire such levels of anxiety. Dr Sandi Mann, a senior psychology lecturer at
the University of Central Lancashire thinks she knows why. "It's about territory.
70 It's seen as an invasion of our private domain," she says. This private sphere,
we feel, should be especially resistant to interference from public authorities.
She does not speak of the home as womb, cocoon or an Englishperson's
castle but she has an equally vivid metaphor. "The chip in your bin is their spy
on your land."

75 But isn't this all getting terribly out of proportion? We all need to learn to
recycle more for the good of the planet. If we produce waste wantonly, why
should we not pay to dispose of it, in the way that – with our electricity bills –
the more we use, the more we pay. Payment is a disincentive to waste.

"Some people might see it that way," says Dr Mann. "Some people have
80 more public consciousness than others and a more far-sighted vision on the
wider consequences of their actions. But others are more narrowly focused on
how something impacts on them directly. Also, people can experience a kind

of helplessness. A lot of this packaging is forced upon us by supermarkets, so why should we be penalised to get rid of it?"

85 And there is something else. "There's an element of guilt. We all know we ought to be doing more for the environment and we project that guilt as anger onto the local council."

From: Paul Vallely, "Tipping Point: The Throwaway Society",
in: *The Independent*, June 14, 2010

Annotations

- | | |
|----------------------------|---|
| 1 wheelie (bin) | large container with wheels that you keep outside your house for putting waste into |
| 2 you feel your gorge rise | sth. makes you angry |

PLEASE TURN OVER

Textaufgabe II

The Kiss

It was still quite light out of doors, but inside with the curtains drawn and the smoldering fire sending out a dim, uncertain glow, the room was full of deep shadows.

5 Brantain sat in one of these shadows; it had overtaken him and he did not mind. The obscurity lent him courage to keep his eyes fastened as ardently as he liked upon the girl who sat in the firelight.

10 She was very handsome, with a certain fine, rich coloring that belongs to the healthy brune type¹. She was quite composed, as she idly stroked the satiny coat of the cat that lay curled in her lap, and she occasionally sent a slow glance into the shadow where her companion sat. They were talking low, of indifferent things which plainly were not the things that occupied their thoughts. She knew that he loved her – a frank, blustering² fellow without guile³ enough to conceal his feelings, and no desire to do so. For two weeks past he had sought her society eagerly and persistently. She was confidently
15 waiting for him to declare himself and she meant to accept him. The rather insignificant and unattractive Brantain was enormously rich; and she liked and required the entourage⁴ which wealth could give her.

20 During one of the pauses between their talk of the last tea and the next reception the door opened and a young man entered whom Brantain knew quite well. The girl turned her face toward him. A stride or two brought him to her side, and bending over her chair – before she could suspect his intention, for she did not realize that he had not seen her visitor – he pressed an ardent, lingering kiss upon her lips.

25 Brantain slowly arose; so did the girl arise, but quickly, and the newcomer stood between them, a little amusement and some defiance struggling with the confusion in his face.

“I believe,” stammered Brantain, “I see that I have stayed too long. I – I had no idea – that is, I must wish you good-bye.” He was clutching his hat with both hands, and probably did not perceive that she was extending her hand to him, her presence of mind had not completely deserted her; but she could not have trusted herself to speak.

“Hang me if I saw him sitting there, Nattie! I know it’s deuced⁵ awkward for you. But I hope you’ll forgive me this once – this very first break. Why, what’s the matter?”

“Don’t touch me; don’t come near me,” she returned angrily. “What do you mean by entering the house without ringing?”

“I came in with your brother, as I often do,” he answered coldly, in self-justification. “We came in the side way. He went upstairs and I came in here hoping to find you. The explanation is simple enough and ought to satisfy you that the misadventure was unavoidable. But do say that you forgive me, Nathalie,” he entreated, softening.

“Forgive you! You don’t know what you are talking about. Let me pass. It depends upon – a good deal whether I ever forgive you.”

At that next reception which she and Brantain had been talking about she approached the young man with a delicious frankness of manner when she saw him there.

“Will you let me speak to you a moment or two, Mr. Brantain?” she asked with an engaging but perturbed smile. He seemed extremely unhappy; but when she took his arm and walked away with him, seeking a retired corner, a ray of hope mingled with the almost comical misery of his expression. She was apparently very outspoken.

“Perhaps I should not have sought this interview, Mr. Brantain; but – but, oh, I have been very uncomfortable, almost miserable since that little encounter the other afternoon. When I thought how you might have misinterpreted it, and believed things” – hope was plainly gaining the ascendancy over misery in Brantain’s round, guileless face – “Of course, I

know it is nothing to you, but for my own sake I do want you to understand that Mr. Harvy is an intimate friend of long standing. Why, we have always been like cousins – like brother and sister, I may say. He is my brother's most intimate associate and often fancies that he is entitled to the same privileges as the family. Oh, I know it is absurd, uncalled for, to tell you this; undignified even," she was almost weeping, "but it makes so much difference to me what you think of – of me." Her voice had grown very low and agitated. The misery had all disappeared from Brantain's face.

65 "Then you do really care what I think, Miss Nathalie? May I call you Miss Nathalie?" They turned into a long, dim corridor that was lined on either side with tall, graceful plants. They walked slowly to the very end of it. When they turned to retrace their steps Brantain's face was radiant and hers was triumphant.

70 Harvy was among the guests at the wedding; and he sought her out in a rare moment when she stood alone.

"Your husband," he said, smiling, "has sent me over to kiss you."

A quick blush suffused her face and round polished throat. "I suppose it's natural for a man to feel and act generously on an occasion of this kind. He tells me he doesn't want his marriage to interrupt wholly that pleasant intimacy which has existed between you and me. I don't know what you've been telling him," with an insolent smile, "but he has sent me here to kiss you."

80 She felt like a chess player who, by the clever handling of his pieces, sees the game taking the course intended. Her eyes were bright and tender with a smile as they glanced up into his; and her lips looked hungry for the kiss which they invited.

"But, you know," he went on quietly, "I didn't tell him so, it would have seemed ungrateful, but I can tell you. I've stopped kissing women; it's dangerous."

Well, she had Brantain and his million left. A person can't have everything in this world; and it was a little unreasonable of her to expect it.

From: Kate Chopin, *A Vocation and a Voice*, New York/London/Victoria/Ontario/Auckland 1991

Annotations

- | | |
|--------------|---|
| 1 brune type | <i>here</i> : a white woman who has brown hair and a rather dark complexion |
| 2 blustering | <i>here</i> : pompous or arrogant in one's speech or behaviour |
| 3 guile | the use of clever but dishonest methods to trick s.o. |
| 4 entourage | a group of people surrounding important persons |
| 5 deuced | (<i>arch.</i>) used to emphasise feelings, especially anger or surprise |