

# Mecklenburg-Vorpommern



**Zentralabitur 2014**

**Englisch**

**Textaufgabe**

**grundlegendes Anforderungsniveau**

**- Leerseite -**

## Hinweise für Schülerinnen und Schüler

**Aufgabenauswahl:** Von den vorliegenden Aufgabenblöcken I und II ist **einer** auszuwählen und entsprechend dem **grundlegenden Anforderungsniveau** zu bearbeiten.

**Bearbeitungszeit:** Die Arbeitszeit beträgt inklusive Einlesezeit: 240 Minuten.

**Hilfsmittel:**

- einsprachiges Wörterbuch (Englisch – Englisch)
- zweisprachiges Wörterbuch (Englisch – Deutsch/ Deutsch – Englisch);
- Wörterbuch zur deutschen Rechtschreibung

Schülerinnen und Schüler, deren Muttersprache nicht die deutsche Sprache ist, können als zusätzliches Hilfsmittel ein muttersprachlich zweisprachiges Wörterbuch in gedruckter Form verwenden. Näheres regelt die Schule.

**Sonstiges:** Falls die Reinschrift nicht beendet wurde, können Entwürfe ergänzend zur Bewertung nur herangezogen werden, wenn sie zusammenhängend konzipiert sind und die Reinschrift etwa  $\frac{3}{4}$  des angestrebten Gesamtumfanges umfasst.

Die Prozentzahl, die hinter den Aufgaben steht, gibt Auskunft über die inhaltliche Gewichtung der einzelnen Aufgaben.

Gekennzeichnete Zitate sind in funktionsgerechter Verwendung zulässig und erwünscht. Unangemessene sowie nicht explizit ausgewiesene wörtliche Übernahmen aus der Textvorlage beeinträchtigen die Leistung im Teilbereich Ausdrucksvermögen/Sprachliche Angemessenheit.

Nach Beendigung Ihrer Arbeit geben Sie die Prüfungsunterlagen bitte vollständig ab.

## Teil B: Leseverstehen mit Textproduktion

### Aufgabenblock I

#### A Good American

*This is an extract from a novel by Alex George which tells the story of a German couple, Jette and Frederick, who emigrated to the U.S. in 1904. They decided to leave Germany after Jette had become pregnant, thus destroying her parents' hopes of elevating their family to a more rarefied strata of Hanover society by marrying a wealthy man.*

[...] In what little spare time he had, Frederick began to study English.

He borrowed books from Dr. Becker and read for an hour each morning. Every week he bought the town's newspaper, the *Beatrice Optimist*, and slowly worked his way through it, dictionary by his side. He listened closely to conversations at the tavern, eager to grasp the language's strange vernacular. Frederick was an assiduous student. A year after their arrival in America, he had amassed a fair vocabulary and was rarely caught out by the army of irregular verbs that lurked in ambush. But for all his hard work, Frederick had no gift for English. After the dour rigidity of his native tongue, its anarchy unnerved him. There was always a glimmer of apprehension in his eye when he spoke, as if every sentence were a high wire from which he was liable to topple at any moment. His unease made him retreat from the perils of idiom. He adopted a cautious, formal mode of speech, although this wasn't just because of his fear of opaque colloquialisms: English was the language of his family's future. It deserved to be spoken with respect, not sullied with lazy elisions and cheap slang. As he listened to the alien words form themselves in his mouth, his heart would swell with pride.

Because Frederick loved America. He loved its big open spaces, the sunsets that drenched the evening sky in blistering color. He loved the warmth of the people. Above all, he loved the smell of promise that hung in the air. Europe, he could see now, was slowly suffocating under the weight of its own history. In America the future was the only thing that mattered. Frederick turned his back on everything that had gone before, and looked ahead into the bright lights of the young century. Here, a man could reinvent himself. His determination to learn a new language was his own path towards such reincarnation. German became just an echo of his past. Frederick addressed everyone in his newly starched English, his words muddied by the thick accent that he would never lose, every tortured syllable pronounced with relish. Jette was not so lucky. Joseph's birth, rather than directing her eyes toward the future, instead turned her gaze back toward the home she had left behind. Motherhood changed everything that she thought she knew. Everything was now refracted through the prism of a new mother's love. She stared down at Joseph as he slept, and knew that she would be destroyed if he ever left her. Suddenly, remorse flooded through her as she thought about her parents, alone now on the other side of the world.

35 She hid her dismay behind a faultless mark of contentment. She sewed curtains and embroidered cushions, and persuaded Anna Kliever to teach her how to knit. But no matter how assiduously she busied herself in domestic industry, she found herself missing Hanover terribly. It had been her idea to come to America, but now she began to wish that they had never left. As she watched Frederick eagerly immerse himself in his new country, she kept her homesickness a guilty secret.

40 Unlike her husband, Jette learned scarcely a word of English. Almost everyone in the town still spoke German, and she found her old language a welcome comfort in the face of the strange parade of foreign customs outside her front door. Jette's quiet yearning for home manifested itself in other ways, too. She cooked only traditional German fare – bland, hefty dishes, fortified by mountains of starch. Possessing no cookbooks, she picked her way back to distant memories. By dogged experiments

45 she extracted the tastes and textures of her childhood from deep within her. Over time she constructed a gastronomic mosaic, each dish a quiet elegy to all she had left behind. Spareribs with sauerkraut, steamed ham, caraway meatballs with *spaetzle*, fried apple slices, barley porridge with buttermilk – these concoctions came

50 freighted with memories. A mouthful of *streuselkuchen*, laced with golden almonds, took her back to long summer afternoons spent in the garden of her childhood home. The heavy rye of *roggenbrot* brought the chill northern evenings closing in. Jette's kitchen became a shrine, turning out culinary museum pieces. Every day she baked mountains of white bread, laced with milk and sugar. And there were *lebkuchen*,

55 Joseph's favorite – crumbling fortifications of molasses, spices, raisins, and lard. While Frederick was at work, Jette secretly began to write letters home. She filled page after page with detailed reports on their new lives, the lines smudged by her tears. In between these reports she begged her parents for forgiveness. She never received a reply.

(777 words)

Quelle: Alex George, *A Good American*, Berkley, New York, 2012, pp. 63 - 65

### Assignments

1. Describe how Frederick lives his new life in the U.S. 30%
2. Examine the author's portrayal of Jette. 30%
3. "Home isn't a place, it's a feeling." Discuss. 40%

Quelle: Cecelia Ahern, *Love, Rosie*, New York 2005

## Aufgabenblock II

### The Tarkine needs jobs – and environmentalists don't get it

The Tarkine, an expanse of extraordinary temperate rainforest in the north-west of Tasmania, is shaping up to be the state's next great environmental battleground – especially as a second mine has been approved today by the federal government.

5 It's a region so controversial that even its name is a source of anger and division.

In June, around 2,000 people gathered in Smithton, the major town in the far north-west – not to protest against the mine, but in support of it. Six months earlier, 3,000 people gathered in the city of Burnie, one of the two cities on the north-west coast, in another showing of support. Their catchcry? Unlock Tasmania, Claim Our Future.

10 The protests are angry, passionate affairs: ministers get shouted down, abuse is hurled, and bumper stickers on utes and cars threaten violence against the Greens. You do not have to spend very long on the north-west to get a sense of the resentment – even hatred – felt for them.

15 Protests in support of protecting the Tarkine as a National Park have been much smaller. The campaign against the mines is not built on local opposition, like those opposed to Coal Seam Gas in New South Wales; instead, it seems to be people who live and work elsewhere who are threatening to chain themselves to the excavators.

20 The locals have a reason to be angry. They live in one of the poorest parts of the poorest state in Australia. Unemployment in Tasmania sits at 8%, 3% above the national average. In Braddon, the electorate which encompasses the north-west coast, unemployment is 9.2%. It is recognised by the federal government as one of the most disadvantaged areas in the country. The situation seems to just be getting worse, the locals subjected to a near constant stream of bad news. It is no surprise that they are desperate to try and protect any shred of an opportunity for their home, and the chance to keep their families together.

25 People on the north-west are used to seeing the land and environment used (and sometimes abused) to allow people to make a living. The coastal cities were once dominated by manufacturing, like the pulp mill in Burnie which once employed more than 3,600 people.

30 The environmental consequences of the factories were awful, staining the ocean and belching out foul smelling gas. It was a small, dirty place, but people had jobs that they thought would last a lifetime. In Queenstown, where there was a large mine and smelters but where nothing grew, there is a gravel football oval and hills stripped of all vegetation. This past is a long way removed from how people perceive Tasmania today, a place with the "cleanest air in the world" and the "freshest water."

35 One of the striking features in the political debate in the region, and Tasmania more generally, is a tendency to see any opportunity for economic growth as the solution which will resolve all the troubles of the state. This attitude has a long history. In the 1850s, it was thought that ending the transportation of convicts would usher in a bright new era. In the 20th century, it was thought damming as many rivers as possible would power Tasmania's manufacturing. Later, "sustainable" forestry and a

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new pulp mill on the Tamar was believed to be the solution to the state's economic woes.

45 Most recently, the MONA museum and tourism have been looked upon as the state's economic saviour. For many on the north-west these short-term mining proposals bring with them the hope that all the jobs will come back. This has always been wishful thinking, of course, and has been proved so by history, but it is understandable. Simple solutions are the ones which resonate the most with the desperate, not ones which try to come to terms with the complex, difficult and  
50 challenging reality: it is only a diversification of Tasmania's economy that will offer a decent future for the state.

The focus must be on industries which are sustainable, with more developments like the new dairy processing plant in Smithton. Increasing the number of young people who stay in school until at least grade 12 is absolutely critical. A successful economic  
55 future will require using the region's natural advantages, which include mineral deposits. It would be a tragedy to see the Tarkine destroyed by strip mines; so the impact of any mines must be assessed collectively. But some mining can and should play a role in helping the region recover. While environmental protection is important, the people of the north-west want more for their home than for it to be a beautiful  
60 nature reserve, devoid of economic opportunity.

(784 words)

Quelle: <http://www.theguardian.com/commentisfree/2013/aug/06/tarkine-region-jobs>

ute (l. 11) – Australian utility vehicle  
MONA Museum (l. 44) – Museum of Old and New Art

### Assignments

1. What do you learn about Tasmania and the Tarkine? 30%
  
2. Examine how the author makes the topic interesting for a European reader. 30%
  
3. "A successful economic future will require using the region's natural advantages." (l. 54 f)  
Discuss. 40%