



ILLUSTRIERENDE PRÜFUNGSAUFGABEN FÜR DIE SCHRIFTLICHE ABITURPRÜFUNG

Teil 1: Beispielaufgaben

Die Illustrierenden Prüfungsaufgaben (Teil 1: Beispielaufgaben, Teil 2: Erläuterungen und Lösungsvorschläge) dienen der einmaligen exemplarischen Veranschaulichung von Struktur, Anspruch und Niveau der Abiturprüfung auf grundlegendem bzw. erhöhtem Anforderungsniveau im neunjährigen Gymnasium in Bayern.

Englisch

erhöhtes Anforderungsniveau

Schreiben

Die Arbeitszeit (Teilaufgabe Sprachmittlung eingeschlossen) beträgt 285 Minuten.

Der Prüfungsteil Schreiben geht mit 55 % in die Gesamtleistung der Prüfung ein.

Der Prüfling hat **einen** Text seiner Wahl (Text I **oder** Text II) sowie **eine unter Punkt 3 zum gewählten Text erscheinende Teilaufgabe** (Teilaufgabe 3.1 **oder** Teilaufgabe 3.2) zu bearbeiten.

Bei der Bearbeitung der Aufgaben dürfen ein- und zweisprachige Wörterbücher sowie ein Wörterbuch der deutschen Sprache als Hilfsmittel verwendet werden.

Vom Prüfling auszufüllen

Es ist nachfolgend **ein** Kreuz zu setzen.

Ich wähle zur Bearbeitung folgenden Text und folgende zu diesem Text gehörige Teilaufgabe:

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Text I (nicht-literarisch) + Teilaufgabe 3.1 | <input type="checkbox"/> Text II (literarisch) + Teilaufgabe 3.1 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Text I (nicht-literarisch) + Teilaufgabe 3.2 | <input type="checkbox"/> Text II (literarisch) + Teilaufgabe 3.2 |

I
Aufgaben zu Text I (nicht-literarisch)

- | | | |
|-----|--|------|
| 1 | Outline the information on Siya Kolisi and how his career is typical of a black top rugby player in South Africa. | 30 % |
| 2 | Analyse to what extent the history of rugby in South Africa is connected to the political developments in the country. Focus on the stylistic devices and the quotes. | 30 % |
| 3 | Choose one of the following tasks: | 40 % |
| 3.1 | “There were times that I felt I was in the team just because of my skin colour.” (ll. 41-42)
Taking the quotation as a starting point, discuss the role of affirmative action when trying to achieve changes in society. | |
| | or | |
| 3.2 | Your school and your American partner school are preparing a video project for the “International Day for the Elimination of Racial Discrimination” (March, 21). As part of this English-language project, your school will record a series of short speeches on inspirational leaders.

You have chosen to give a speech about Nelson Mandela in which you assess the role he played in shaping South Africa. You use the photo as your starting point. | |



Frederik de Klerk¹ and Nelson Mandela shake hands at the Annual Meeting of the World Economic Forum held in Davos in January 1992

from: https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Frederik_de_Klerk_with_Nelson_Mandela_-_World_Economic_Forum_Annual_Meeting_Davos_1992.jpg

100 %

¹ Frederik de Klerk – president of South Africa from 1989–94

Text I (nicht-literarisch)

Rugby brings South Africa together – if only for 80 minutes

Under white rule, both rugby and the national team, known as the Springboks, were symbols of white South Africa's resistance to change. As Nelson Mandela put it, rugby was "the application of apartheid in the sports field". In his autobiography, "Rise", Siya Kolisi, the Springboks' current captain – and the first black player to be granted that honour – writes: "For so long, the Springbok emblem of a leaping antelope represented only a small part of the country and reflected how that part felt about themselves: that rugby was a sport for real men, white Afrikaners."

Such attitudes are largely consigned to the past. In 2019 Mr Kolisi captained the most diverse rugby team in South African history to victory in the World Cup. But the sport is still a symbol: of a country where racial progress is real but uneven, where change at the top is clearer than at the bottom, yet which still yearns to realise the tarnished dream of the rainbow nation.

If outsiders think of South Africa and rugby, they tend to recall the World Cup of 1995, held in the country a year after Mandela became its first black president. The master politician embraced the Springboks as part of a bid to woo recalcitrant whites. At the final Mandela famously wore the green-and-gold team jersey and joined the victorious captain, Francois Pienaar, on the field.

Black South Africans rallied to the team; Mandela was praised by Afrikaners who once deemed him a terrorist. [...]

It was a genuinely pivotal moment. But it has occluded the role that rugby had already played for generations in black and mixed-race communities. In fact, rugby was not a white sport belatedly embraced by non-whites, but a sport enjoyed by all races – only separately.

"We didn't see it as a white sport," says Temba Ludwaba. "It was ours." Under apartheid, when rugby was run on racially demarcated lines, Mr Ludwaba played for top black teams. [...]

Mr Kolisi was born on the last day before apartheid laws were rescinded in 1991 and was brought up by his grandmother. Too poor to have toys, he pretended that a brick was a car: "I could have ended up a *tsotsi* [gangster] but it was rugby that saved me." He played games at Dan Qeqe stadium, the historic home of township rugby, which also hosted the funerals of anti-apartheid heroes. "Rugby at the time was a catalyst for social cohesion in the township," remembers Dan Ngcape, who used to run a black rugby association. [...]

Ex-players are immensely proud of the likes of Mr Kolisi. At the same time they lament the decline of township rugby, noting that the black players who achieve stardom are plucked from state schools by the elite private ones that groom future professionals. Mr Kolisi was recruited by Grey High School, where for the first time he wore socks and had enough to eat. "There is no way that black schools can produce Springboks," says Mr Ngcape. This, he suggests, is emblematic of what has happened more broadly since 1994. A black elite has emerged but, for the black majority, there are too few opportunities.

35 Racial “transformation” is a thorny subject in South Africa, including when it comes to rugby. After the Hollywood ending in 1995, the sport was slow to change. In 1997 a Springboks coach was sacked after he was taped using a racial slur. A few years later (in contested circumstances), a white player refused to room with a mixed-race one.

The ANC put increasing pressure on the authorities to pick black and mixed-race players. In 40 2005 the minister for sport said that winning was less important than the team’s racial composition. Black players, for their part, resented being seen as “quota players”. “There were times that I felt I was in the team just because of my skin colour,” Mr Kolisi has said. “And I hated it.”

When Rassie Erasmus became coach of the Springboks in 2018 he talked openly with the squad about how their team had to look like the rest of South Africa. Yet he stressed that there was 45 enough talent, recalls Mr Kolisi, “for us to be competitive and transformed all at once”. He would showcase equality of opportunity, not diversity for diversity’s sake.

Mr Kolisi’s first game as captain of the national team (under Mr Erasmus’s stewardship) was a euphoric moment. Fans from the Eastern Cape travelled by minibus to Johannesburg, singing African spirituals. Springbok games are broadcast simultaneously in English, Afrikaans and Xhosa. 50 As Mr Kolisi recalls, that day the Xhosa commentary, voiced by Kaunda Ntunja, resembled a sermon by a revivalist preacher:

Siya is the first black player in history to captain the national team...Siya is our grandson, our son, our nephew, our younger brother...A cement truck with no reverse gear! Let the teams battle each other!

55 At first Mr Erasmus stressed that the team could only inspire the country if it was winning games. But in 2019, when South Africa reached the World Cup final in Japan, he talked about what victory by this particular team might mean to those struggling back home. In “Chasing the Sun”, a fly-on-the-wall documentary, he tells the squad: “Rugby is not pressure. Pressure is not having a job, losing a child...” He tells his captain: “You are fighting, Siya, for the next lightie [child] in Zwide¹ 60 to not suffer like you suffered.”

Cheesy? Maybe. But Mr Erasmus, now South Africa’s director of rugby, and his team tap into profound feelings. South Africa is a patriotic country, yet one in which tensions are high and trust is low. Anything that awakens the dormant dreams of reconciliation and progress is cherished – and can unleash scumloads of pent-up emotion. At the same time, the Springboks embody South 65 Africans’ desire to be known for their wide-ranging achievements, not just the stereotypes of corruption, economic decline and high crime.

“Rugby brings South Africa together – if only for 80 minutes”, *The Economist*, 22.09.2022

Annotation

1 Zwide

Township in Port Elizabeth, South Africa

II

Aufgaben zu Text II (literarisch)

- | | | |
|-----|--|------|
| 1 | Outline the information on Kya and her meeting with Tate. | 30 % |
| 2 | Analyse the role nature plays in this text. Focus on the author's use of language. | 30 % |
| 3 | Choose one of the following tasks. | 40 % |
| 3.1 | “You okay?” | |

Her throat tightened against a sob. She nodded but couldn't speak.

‘You lost?’

She bobbed her head again. Wasn't going to cry like a girl.” (ll. 49-52)

Using the quotation as a starting point, assess the role of gender stereotypes in Western societies.

or

- 3.2 You are on a work placement at *The Northern Echo*, a local newspaper in the north-east of England. You have been asked to contribute an article about human interaction to the opinion section. Taking the message of the cartoon as a starting point, comment on the importance of social contact.



from: https://images.cartoonstock.com/lowres/retail-self_checkout-self_checkout-checkout-income-human_interaction-CS570316_low.jpg

100 %

Text II (literarisch)

A Boat and a Boy

The following passage is set in the marshes of North Carolina in 1952.

[B]eing only seven and a girl, she'd never taken the boat out by herself. It floated there, tied by a single cotton line to a log. Gray grunge, frayed fishing tackle, and half-crushed beer cans covered the boat floor. Stepping in, she said out loud, "Gotta check the gas like Jodie said, so Pa won't figure I took it." She poked a broken reed into the rusted tank. "Nough for a short ride, I reckon."

Like any good robber, she looked around, then flicked the cotton line free of the log and poled forward with the lone paddle. The silent cloud of dragonflies parted before her.

Not able to resist, she pulled the starter rope and jerked back when the motor caught the first time, sputtering and burping white smoke. Grabbing the tiller, she turned the throttle too far, and the boat turned sharply, the engine screaming. She released the throttle, threw her hands up, and the boat eased to a drift¹, purring.

When in trouble, just let go. Go back to idle.

Accelerating now more gently, she steered around the old fallen cypress, *putt, putt, putt* beyond the piled sticks of the beaver lodge. Then, holding her breath, she steered toward the lagoon entrance, almost hidden by brambles. Ducking beneath the low-hanging limbs of giant trees, she churned² slowly through thicket for more than a hundred yards, as easy turtles slid from water-logs³. [...]

Kya tooled along, a tiny speck of a girl in a boat, turning this way and that as endless estuaries branched and braided before her. [...]

As she rounded a stand of tall grass, suddenly the ocean's face – gray, stern, and pulsing – frowned at her. Waves slammed one another, awash in their own white saliva, breaking apart on the shore with loud booms – energy searching for a beachhead. Then they flattened into quiet tongues of foam, waiting for the next surge.

The surf taunted her, daring her to breach the waves and enter the sea, but without Jodie, her courage failed. Time to turn around anyway. Thunderheads⁴ grew in the western sky, forming huge gray mushrooms pressing at the seams.

There'd been no other people, not even distant boats, so it was a surprise when she entered the large estuary again, and there, close against the marsh grass, was a boy fishing from another battered rig⁵. [...]

Squishing her lips tight, she thought, *What am I gonna do? I gotta go right by him.*

From the corner of her eye, she saw he was thin, his golden curls stuffed under a red baseball cap. Much older than she, eleven, maybe twelve. Her face was grim as she approached, but he smiled at her, warm and open, and touched the brim of his hat like a gentleman greeting a fine lady in a gown and bonnet. She nodded slightly, then looked ahead, increasing the throttle and passing him by.

All she could think of now was getting back to familiar footing, but somewhere she must have turned wrong, for when she reached the second string of lagoons, she couldn't find the channel that led home. Round and round, near oak knees and myrtle thickets, she searched. A slow panic eased in. [...]

40 Another few minutes of creek brought a bend and the large estuary ahead, and on the other side, the boy in his boat. Egrets⁶ took flight, a line of white flags against the mounting gray clouds. She anchored him hard with her eyes. Afraid to go near him, afraid not to. Finally, she turned across the estuary.

He looked up when she neared.

45 "Hey," he said.

"Hey." She looked beyond his shoulder into the reeds.

"Which way you headed, anyhow?" he asked. "Not out, I hope. That storm's comin'."

"No," she said, looking down at the water.

"You okay?"

50 Her throat tightened against a sob. She nodded but couldn't speak.

"You lost?"

She bobbed her head again. Wasn't going to cry like a girl.

"Well, then. I git lost all the time," he said, and smiled. "Hey, I know you. You're Jodie Clark's sister."

55 "I used ta be. He's gone."

"Well, you're still his . . ." But he let it drop.

"How'd you know me?" She threw a quick, direct look at his eyes.

"Oh, I've been fishin' with Jodie some. I saw you a couple a' times. You were just a little kid. You're Kya, right?"

60 Someone knew her name. She was taken aback. Felt anchored to something; released from something else.

"Yeah. You know my place? From here?"

65 "Reckon I do. It's 'bout time anyhow." He nodded at the clouds. "Follow me." He pulled his line, put tackle in the box, and started his outboard. As he headed across the estuary, he waved, and she followed. Cruising slowly, he went directly to the right channel, looked back to make sure she'd made the turn, and kept going. He did that at every bend to the oak lagoons. As he turned into the dark waterway toward home, she could see where she'd gone wrong, and would never make the mistake again.

70 He guided her – even after she waved that she knew her way – across her lagoon, up to the shore where the shack squatted in the woods. She motored up to the old waterlogged pine and tied up. He drifted back from her boat, bobbing in their contrary wakes.

"You okay now?"

"Yeah."

“Well, storm’s comin’, I better git⁷.”

75 She nodded, then remembered how Ma taught her. “Thank ya.”

“All right, then. My name’s Tate ‘case ya see me again.”

She didn’t respond, so he said, “Bye now.”

80 [...] The calmness of the boy. She’d never known anybody to speak or move so steady. So sure and easy. Just being near him, and not even that close, had eased her tightness. For the first time since Ma and Jodie left, she breathed without pain; felt something other than the hurt. She needed this boat and that boy.

Delia Owens, *Where the crawdads sing*,
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Annotations

- | | | |
|---|--------------|--|
| 1 | drift | a slow steady movement from one place to another |
| 2 | churned | <i>here</i> : moved |
| 3 | water-logs | thick pieces of wood lying in the water |
| 4 | thunderheads | mass of clouds often appearing before a thunderstorm |
| 5 | rig | <i>here</i> : boat |
| 6 | egret | a bird with long legs and long white tail feathers |
| 7 | git | <i>here</i> : get going |