



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

grundlegendes Anforderungsniveau

Schreiben

Die Arbeitszeit (Teilaufgabe Sprachmittlung eingeschlossen) beträgt 255 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 zweisprächige 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:

Text I (nicht-literarisch) + Teilaufgabe 3.1

Text II (literarisch) + Teilaufgabe 3.1

Text I (nicht-literarisch) + Teilaufgabe 3.2

Text II (literarisch) + Teilaufgabe 3.2

I

Aufgaben zu Text I (nicht-literarisch)

- | | | |
|-----|---|------|
| 1 | Outline the dilemma the inhabitants of Fairbourne are facing and their reactions to it. | 30 % |
| 2 | Analyse the writer's attitude. Focus on the use of language. | 30 % |
| 3 | Choose one of the following tasks: | 40 % |
| 3.1 | "Until water actually comes in here, 'til we physically can't work, we'll carry on, [...] what will be, will be." (ll. 50-51) | |

Taking the quotation as a starting point, assess different attitudes towards climate change.

or

- 3.2 As part of your year as a volunteer with UK Youth 4 Nature in Wales, you want to use the mail distribution list of this youth movement to raise awareness of pressing environmental problems.

Using the message of the cartoon as a starting point, write an e-mail in which you comment on major effects of climate change and the ways in which individuals can fight it.



"I told you we should have sold last winter."

from: <https://www.cartoonstock.com/cartoon?searchID=WJ500267>

100 %

Text I (nicht-literarisch)

Frustration, defiance in village to be abandoned to the sea

Like many others who came to Fairbourne, Stuart Eves decided the coastal village in northern Wales would be home for life when he moved here 26 years ago. He fell in love with the peaceful, slow pace of small village life in this community of about 700 residents, nestled between the rugged mountains and the Irish Sea.

5 "I wanted somewhere my children can have the same upbringing as I had, so they can run free," said Eves, 72, who built a caravan park in the village that he still runs with his son. "You've got the sea, you've got the mountains. It's just a stunning place to live."

That changed suddenly in 2014, when authorities identified Fairbourne as the first coastal community in the U.K. to be at high risk of flooding due to climate change.

10 Predicting faster sea level rises and more frequent and extreme storms due to global warming, the government said it could only afford to keep defending the village for another 40 years. Officials said that by 2054, it would no longer be safe or sustainable to live in Fairbourne.

Authorities have been working with villagers on the process of so-called "managed realignment" -- essentially, to move them away and abandon the village to the encroaching sea.

15 Overnight, house prices in Fairbourne nosedived. Residents were dubbed the U.K.'s first "climate refugees." Many were left shocked and angry by national headlines declaring their whole village would be "decommissioned." Seven years on, most of their questions about their future remain unanswered.

20 "They've doomed the village, and now they've got to try to rehome the people. That's 450 houses," said Eves, who serves as chair of the local community council. "If they want us out by 2054, then they've got to have the accommodation to put us in."

No one here wants to leave. While many are retirees, there are also young families raising a next generation. Locals speak proudly of their tight-knit community. And although the village center only consists of a grocer's, a fish and chip shop and a couple of restaurants, residents say the pebbly beach and a small steam train draw bustling crowds in the summer.

25 Natural Resources Wales, the government-sponsored organization responsible for the sea defenses in Fairbourne, said the village is particularly vulnerable because it faces multiple flooding risks. Built in the 1850s on a low-lying saltmarsh, Fairbourne already lies beneath sea level at high spring tide. During storms, the tidal level is more than 1.5 meters (5 feet) above the level of the village. [...]

Fairbourne is also at the mouth of an estuary, with additional risks of flash floods from the river running behind it. Officials have spent millions of pounds in strengthening a sea wall and almost 2 miles of tidal defenses.

35 While there are flood risks in many other villages along the Welsh coast, decisions on which areas to protect ultimately boil down to cost. Officials say that in the case of Fairbourne, the cost of maintaining flood defenses will become higher than “the value of what we’re protecting.” [...]

Residents feel they have been unfairly singled out, and aren’t convinced there is a clear timeframe on how quickly sea levels will rise enough to threaten their homes. When and how will evacuation take place? Will they be compensated, and if so how much should it be?

40 There are no answers. The village vicar, Ruth Hansford, said many residents suffered “emotional fatigue” from years of uncertainty and negativity. Others simply decided to carry on with their lives.

Becky Offland and her husband recently took on the lease of the Glan Y Mor Hotel, going against the grain¹ and investing in the village’s future. They’re hopeful their business will bring
45 more visitors and financial support to Fairbourne.

“It’s like a big family, this place. It’s not a village, it’s a family,” said Offland, 36. “We’ll all fight to keep it where it is.”

Down the street, Fairbourne Chippy owner Alan Jones, 64, also said he has no plans to go anywhere.

50 “Until water actually comes in here, ’til we physically can’t work, we’ll carry on,” he said. Eves said he and his son believe that “what will be, will be.” But he will mourn the inevitable disintegration of the village he loves.

“You can’t sort of take this village here, and put it over there and expect it to work again,” he said. “What you have here is a human catastrophe, albeit on a small scale.”

Sylvia Hui, “Frustration, defiance in village to be abandoned to the sea”, *Associated Press*, 11.11.2021

Annotation

1 to go against the grain *here*: to do sth different from what is normal

II

Aufgaben zu Text II (literarisch)

1	Outline what the reader learns about Zoe and her state of mind.	30 %
2	Analyse how the setting is used to create atmosphere. Focus on the author's use of language.	40 %
3	Choose one of the following tasks.	30 %
3.1	<p>"You're actually pretty good," she said.</p> <p>"Get to my age, you'd better be." (ll. 59-60)</p> <p>Using the quotation as a starting point, discuss whether society can benefit from older people's know-how and experiences.</p> <p>or</p>	
3.2	<p>You are doing an internship with the Association for Applied Sport Psychology (AASP) in the US and have been asked to write an entry for the "AASP Blog for Athletes, Coaches, and Parents" on growing pressure in the world of sport.</p> <p>Comment on how this affects professional and amateur sportspeople.</p>	
		100 %

Text II (literarisch)

Gold

Zoe Castle is a track cycling athlete competing in the 2004 Olympics in Athens.

Just on the other side of an unpainted metal door, five thousand men, women and children were chanting her name. Zoe Castle didn't like it as much as she'd thought she would. She was twenty-four years old and she sat where her coach told her to sit, beside him, on a thin white bench with the blue protective film still on it.

"Don't touch the door," he said. "It's alarmed."

It was just the two of them in the tiny subterranean changing room. [...]

When she'd visualized success – when she'd dared to imagine making it this far – the floors and the walls of every building in Athens had been Platonic¹ surfaces, hewn from an Olympian material that glowed with inner light. The air had not smelled of drying cement. There hadn't been this white plastic document wallet on the floor, containing the manufacturer's installation guide for the air-conditioning unit that stood, partially connected, in the corner of the room.

Her coach saw her expression and grinned. "*You're ready. That's the main thing.*"

She tried to smile back. The smile came out like a newborn foal – its legs buckled immediately.

Overhead, the public stamped its feet in time. The start was overdue. Air horns blared. The room shook – it was so loud that her back teeth buzzed in her jaw. The noise of the crowd was liquidising her guts. She thought about leaving the velodrome by the back door, taking a taxi to the airport and flying home on the first available jet. She wondered if she would be the first Olympian ever to do that simple, understandable thing: to quietly slope off from Olympus. There must be something she could do with herself, in civilian life. Magazines loved her. She looked good in clothes. She was beautiful, with her glossy black hair cropped short and her wide green eyes set in the pale, haunted face of an early European saint. [...]

Her coach's breathing was slow and even.

"Well *you* seem okay," said Zoe.

"Why wouldn't I be?"

"Just another day at the office, right?"

"Correct," said Tom. "We're just clocking in to do our job. I mean, what do you want – a medal?"

When he saw how she looked at him, he raised his hands in supplication. "Sorry. Old coaching joke."

Zoe scowled. She was pissed off with Tom. It wasn't helping her at all, his insouciance² – his pretence that this wasn't a huge deal. He was usually a much better coach than this, but the nerves were getting to him just when she most needed him to be strong. Maybe she should change coaches, as soon as she got back to England. She thought about telling him now, just to wipe that faux-wise smile off his face.

The worst part was that she was shivering uncontrollably, despite the unconditioned heat. It was humiliating, and she couldn't make it stop. [...]

40 "Look, Zoe. You've done all the hard work. You've made it to the final. Your worst-case scenario here is to be the second fastest rider on the entire planet. The very worst thing that could happen in the next ten minutes is that you win an Olympic silver medal."

"Exactly."

"You're scared of getting silver?"

She thought about it, then nodded. "I'd rather fucking die."

"Honestly?"

45 "Honestly."

She took a long, deep breath, and the trembling in her body subsided.

When she looked back at Tom, he was smiling.

"What?" said Zoe.

50 "Young lady, I believe you're finally ready for your first Olympic final. Now do us both a favour, and go up there and win it."

"But the door . . ."

Tom grinned. "Was only ever in your mind."

55 She stood up and pushed on the metal door with two fingers, tentatively. It swung open easily, on oiled hinges, and the roar of the crowd swelled louder. The door banged against its stop and rang with the deep note of a bell.

She stared at him, wide-eyed.

"What?" said Tom, shooing her away. "Go on. You're really bloody late, as it happens."

Zoe looked back at the open door and then at him.

"You're actually pretty good," she said.

60 "Get to my age, you'd better be."

The tall, whitewashed stairwell leading up to the track was silvered with sunshine falling from the high skylights in the velodrome roof. On the wide white riser³ of the very last step, in blue stencilled letters that were nearly straight, the Olympic motto read: *Citius, Altius, Fortius*⁴.

65 Zoe breathed a deep, slow lungful of the hot, roaring air. The hairs rose on the back of her neck. Everything that had passed was excused, gone, and forgotten. The crowd was screaming her name. She smiled, and breathed, and took the first step up into the light.

Chris Cleave, *Gold*

Annotations

- | | | |
|---|--------------------------------|---|
| 1 | Platonic | <i>here</i> : very smooth, perfect |
| 2 | insouciance | state of not being worried about anything |
| 3 | riser | vertical part |
| 4 | <i>Citius, Altius, Fortius</i> | <i>Latin for</i> : "Faster, Higher, Stronger" |