

# ДЪРЖАВЕН ЗРЕЛОСТЕН ИЗПИТ ПО АНГЛИЙСКИ ЕЗИК

26. 05. 2010 г.

ВАРИАНТ 1

Ползва се само от учителя-консултант при необходимост!

Учителят-консултант изчита на глас и инструкцията, и съответния текст, според указанията в инструкцията!

## TRANSCRIPTS

### PART ONE: LISTENING COMPREHENSION

**Directions:** *You will hear a text about a **hacker** twice. Before you listen to it, you have **1 minute** to read the questions. While listening for the first time, you can look at the questions and the suggested choices, but you are not allowed to take notes. When you hear the whole text, you have **5 minutes** to answer the questions on your answer sheet, choosing among A, B or C. Then you will hear the text again and will have **1 minute** to check your answers.*

It could be a long time before Ben Jackson goes to college. He was arrested and charged with breaking into his prestigious high school and hacking into computers to change his test grades from Fs to As. If convicted on all 68 counts, Mr. Jackson could spend almost four decades in prison.

Prosecutors claim that the teenager also changed the grades of 12 other students and that he installed spyware on school hard drives that allowed him to access the computers from remote locations.

Mr. Jackson's plan was to get a place at one of the best universities in the country. After his application was rejected, he requested copies of his student records, known as "transcripts", so he could appeal. But when the teachers looked at his files and noticed all the A-grades that had miraculously appeared, they realized something was wrong.

School administration alerted law enforcement after noticing discrepancies in Mr. Jackson's grades. Subsequent investigation revealed that Mr. Jackson was in possession of original tests, test questions and answers and copies of his altered grades. Mr. Jackson is accused of stealing master copies of tests, some of which were e-mailed to dozens of students.

The case has once again raised the question of whether technology, in particular mobile phones that can access the internet, has resulted in an epidemic of cheating in the high-school system.

**Directions:** *You will hear the text **The Price of Life and Death** twice. Before you listen to it, you have **1 minute** to read the questions. While listening for the first time, you can look at the questions and the suggested choices, but you are not allowed to take notes. When you hear the whole text you have **5 minutes** to answer the questions on your answer sheet, choosing among A, B or C. Then you will hear the text again and will have **1 minute** to check your answers.*

### THE PRICE OF LIFE AND DEATH

I think it happened in 1896, when we were living in London. A report was sent to the American journals that I was dying, but I was not the person who was supposed to be dying. It was another Clemens, a cousin of mine, who was due to die but presently escaped death by chance and by obstinacy typical of the whole Clemens family.

The London representatives of the American newspapers began to flock at my place with American telegrams in their hands, and to ask about my condition. There was nothing the matter with me and each in his turn was astonished, and not pleased, to find me reading and smoking in my study.

One of these men was a gentle and kindly and grave and sympathetic Irishman, who hid his disappointment the best he could and tried to look glad. He told me that his paper "The Evening Sun", had cabled him that it was reported in New York that I was dead.

What should he send in reply?

I said, "Say the report is exaggerated."

He never smiled but went solemnly away and sent the telegram in those exact words. The remark hit the world pleasantly and to this day it keeps turning up, now and then, in the newspapers when people have occasions to condemn exaggeration of any kind.

The next man was also an Irishman. He had his New York telegram in his hand – and was evidently trying to hide it from me to the extent that my curiosity was aroused and I wanted to see what the telegram did really say. So when occasion offered, I slipped it out of his hand and read it before giving it back to him.

It said, "If Mark Twain's dying, send five hundred words. If dead, send a thousand."

**Directions:** *You will hear a text about **Knott Hall** twice. Before you listen to it, you have **2 minutes** to read the questions. While listening for the first time, you can look at the questions and the suggested choices, but you are not allowed to take notes. When you hear the whole text, you have **5 minutes** to answer the questions on your answer sheet, choosing among A, B, C or D. Then you will hear the text again and will have **1 minute** to check your answers.*

For my holiday last September I went sightseeing in the southwest of England. While I was in Cheshire, I looked in an old guide book and decided to visit a beautiful 16<sup>th</sup> century house called Knott Hall.

I arrived at the house quite late in the day and parked the car. I saw that there weren't any other cars in the car park, but that didn't seem strange because it was late in the season. As I walked to the house, the front door suddenly opened and a pretty young girl of about 18 came out.

'Welcome to Knott Hall,' she said cheerfully. 'I'm Claire Knott. Let me show you around the house'. She showed me all the rooms in the house and explained its history in detail. I was fascinated. When we finished the tour, I photographed her in front of the front door. 'Here! Have this! It's a present for you,' she said and put into my bag a small packet wrapped in bright red paper. Then she disappeared back into the house. I returned to my car and opened the packet. Inside there was a small painting of the house. Nothing unusual, I thought, but still how very sweet of young Miss Knott to do it.

In the evening I checked in at a local motel. 'Did you enjoy your day, sir?' the receptionist asked. 'Yes, I did. Very much so!' I replied enthusiastically. 'I visited Knott Hall and Miss Claire Knott herself showed me the whole place.'

The man looked unbelievably. 'Knott Hall you say, sir?'

I nodded in agreement.

'No, no, it can't have been Knott Hall, sir! That old timber house was completely destroyed in a big fire many years ago. Nobody has ever bothered to re-build it. And we have never heard of Miss Claire Knott again, either.'

I was very puzzled but said nothing in reply.

A few days later I collected my photographs from the photo shop where I had them developed. All shots were nice and clear. To my surprise, in the photo which I'd taken of young Claire just before we parted, there was no house and no Claire, just some sad old trees and bushes. At that point I remembered about Claire's present – I had completely forgotten about it. I started looking for it in my travel bag, but all I found there was some bright red wrapping paper. The painting too had gone. It was all very strange ...