



Schriftliche Abiturprüfung
Schuljahr 2014/2015

Englisch
auf erhöhtem Anforderungsniveau
an allgemeinbildenden gymnasialen Oberstufen

Haupttermin
Dienstag, 5. Mai 2015, 09:00 Uhr

Unterlagen für die Prüflinge

Allgemeine Arbeitshinweise

- Schreiben Sie auf alle Prüfungsunterlagen Ihren Namen und zusätzlich auf dieses Deckblatt Ihre Kursnummer.
- Kennzeichnen Sie bitte Ihre Entwurfsblätter (Kladde) und Ihre Reinschrift.

Fachspezifische Arbeitshinweise

- Die Arbeitszeit beträgt **240 Minuten**.
- Eine Lese- und Auswahlzeit von **30 Minuten** ist der Arbeitszeit **vorgeschaltet**. In dieser Zeit darf noch nicht mit der Bearbeitung der Aufgaben begonnen werden.
- Erlaubte Hilfsmittel: einsprachiges und zweisprachiges Wörterbuch

Aufgabenauswahl

- Sie erhalten **zwei** Aufgaben (**I und II**) zu unterschiedlichen Schwerpunkten.
- Überprüfen Sie anhand der Seitenzahlen, ob Sie alle Unterlagen vollständig erhalten haben.
- Wählen Sie **eine** Aufgabe aus und bearbeiten Sie diese.
- Vermerken Sie auf der Reinschrift, welche Aufgabe (**I und II**) Sie bearbeitet haben.

Aufgabe I

Crime and Punishment

Hey Nostradamus

by Douglas Coupland (London 2009, pp.75-78)

The novel traces the stories of the victims of a school shooting in North Vancouver in 1988. This part of the novel is about what happens to Jason Klaasen after the shooting. During the shooting, he throws a rock, killing one of the gunmen. He is too late to save Cheryl, his girlfriend, who dies in his arms.

From the high school's parking lot I was driven home sitting on a tarp in the police cruiser's rear seat, no sirens. When I walked in the door of the kitchen, my mother shrieked. I could see a Kahlua bottle by the cheese grater, so I knew she was already looped; I'm sure the cops knew right away, too. Mom hadn't been watching TV or listening to the radio, so my appearance at the kitchen door, laminated with a deep maroon muck, had to have been a shock. I just wanted to get the stuff off me, so I kissed her, said I was fine and allowed the cops to bring her up-to-date. In the slipstream of the sedative injection I'd been given back in the parking lot I felt clear-minded and calm. Far too calm. As I was changing out of my bloodied clothes, what passed through my mind was - of all things - curiosity as to how my mother filled her days. I had no idea. She had no job and was stranded amid the mountainside's suburban Japanese weeping maples and mossy roofs. Greater minds have gone mad from the level of boredom she endured. [...]

As I disrobed for the shower, flecks of blood flittered onto the bathroom's gold linoleum. I bundled up my clothes and tossed them out the window onto the back patio, where, I learned later, raccoons pilfered them in the night. I showered, and my thoughts were almost totally focused on how cool and sensible the medic's injection had made me. I could have piloted and landed a 747 on that stuff. And with a newly minted junkie's bloodless logic, I was already trying to figure out how soon I could locate more, and at least I had something else to focus on besides Cheryl's death.

When I walked back into the living room, the TV was on. Mom was transfixed, and the RCMP officers were on walkie-talkies, the phone - you name it. Mom grabbed my hand and wouldn't let me go, and I saw for the first time the helicopter and news service images that trail me to this day, images I have yet to fully digest. My mother's grip was so hard that I noticed my fingers turning white. I still wonder how things might have gone without that delicious injection.

“We need to ask your son some questions, ma'am.”
Reg walked in from the carport door just then. “Son?”
“I'm okay, Dad.”
He looked at me, and his face seemed - for reasons that will become evident soon enough - annoyed. “Well then. Good. Mrs. Elliot at the school said you'd been taken away unhurt.”
An officer said, “We have to question your son, sir.”
Mom wailed, “Cheryl's dead . . .”

- “Why do you need to question Jason?”
“Procedure, sir.”
40 “Jason, why are they questioning you?”
“You tell me.”
Mom said, “Didn't you hear me?”
Dad ignored Mom, and by extension, Cheryl. “What does my son have to do with any of this?”
45 “He was right there in the cafeteria,” said one cop. “If he hadn't thrown that rock, who knows how many more fatalities there might have been.”
“Rock?”
“Yes. Your son's quick thinking -”
The other cop cut in, “That boulder killed the main gunman.”
50 “Gunman? He was fifteen, tops.”
Dad turned to me. “You killed a boy today?”
A cop said, “He's a hero, sir.”
“Jason, did you kill a boy today?”
“Uh-huh.”
55 “Did you intend to kill him?”
“Yeah, I did. Would you rather have had him shoot me?”
“That's not what I asked you. I asked if you intended to kill him.”
“Mr. Klaasen,” the first cop said. “Perhaps you don't understand, your son's actions saved the lives of dozens of students.”
60 Reg looked at him. “What I understand is that my son experienced murder in his heart and chose not to rise above that impulse. I understand that my son is a murderer.”
While he was saying this, the TV screen was displaying the death and injury statistics. The cops didn't know how to respond to Reg's - my father's - alien
65 logic. I looked over at my mother, who was by no means a slight woman. I saw her grab one of a pair of massive lava rock lamps, shockingly ugly and astoundingly heavy. Mom picked up the lamp by its tapered top, and with all her force whapped it sidelong into Reg's right kneecap, shattering it into twenty-nine fragments that required a marathon eighteen-hour surgery and
70 seven titanium pins to rectify - and here's the good part: the dumb bastard had to wait two days for his operation because all the orthopedic surgeons were busy fixing massacre victims. Ha!
My mom, bless her, kicked into full operatic mode: “Crawl to your God, you arrogant bastard. See if your God doesn't look at the slime trail you leave
75 behind you and throw you to the buzzards. You heartless, sad little man. You don't even have a soul. You killed it years ago. I want you to die. You got that? I want you to die.”

(856 words)

Annotations

- | | | |
|-------|------------------------|---|
| l. 1 | tarp | <i>(abbr.)</i> tarpaulin: large sheet of waterproof material |
| l. 3 | Kahlua | coffee-flavoured, rum-based liqueur |
| l. 4 | looped | <i>here:</i> drunk |
| l. 13 | Japanese weeping maple | japanischer Ahorn |
| l. 24 | RCMP officers | <i>Royal Canadian Mounted Police:</i> federal and national police of Canada |
| l. 50 | tops | at the most |

Assignments

Comprehension

- 1 Summarise the different reactions to Jason's role in the shooting.

Analysis

- 2 Analyse the narrator's feelings and how the author conveys them.

Comment / Creative Writing (Choose one.)

- 3.1 Comment on whether or not killing someone can ever be justified. Refer both to this excerpt and your coursework.

or

- 3.2. Imagine you are Reg. Lying in a hospital bed after your wife's attack you reflect on what you said and did today in an interior monologue.
Write the monologue.

Die Leistungen in der Textaufgabe gehen zu 75% in die Gesamtbewertung ein. Für die Bewertung der Textaufgabe gilt: Die erbrachten inhaltlichen Leistungen haben ein Gewicht von 40%, die erbrachten sprachlichen Leistungen haben ein Gewicht von 60%. Die inhaltlichen Leistungen in der Comprehension und der Comment bzw. Creative Writing Aufgabe gehen jeweils zu 30% und die in der Analysis Aufgabe geht zu 40% in die Bewertung des Inhalts ein.