Abschlussprüfung Englisch 2019

				
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the Ringling Brothers gave their last performance.	M they couldn't see elephants anymore.	of a new wild animal act.	the ticket prices went up.	k) Many people stopped going to the circus because

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Fourteen-year-old Madeline lives with her parents in the beautiful wild woods of northern Minnesota (USA). The area where they live is rather isolated and she is an outsider at school. In the following extract, she is sitting in class.

- PAPERS PASSED ALONG IN A PILE. That's what high school was. They went down one aisle between desks, came back around the next, looped slowly to the back of the classroom. The gifted and talented kids [...] licked their fingers to extract their portion. They always set to work like the swim team doing laps, breathing from the sides of their mouths, biting down on their pencils. The hockey players had to be prodded awake when the stack came down their aisle, had to be treated with great deference or else we would lose the District Championship. Again. They woke from their naps long enough to take one paper and pass the rest on, long enough to dump open bags of chips into their mouths, wipe the salt from their lips, and return to their dreams of Empire. What else would hockey players dream about?
- ¹⁰ It was their world we lived in. When I was fifteen, I figured this out. They dreamed it into fact. They got teachers to forgive their blank worksheets, they got cheerleaders to scream out their names at pep rallies² [...]. We were in a new building that year, a bigger classroom with pale brick walls, but outside it was the same thing it had been since we were children Winter boomeranged back.
- 16 Outside: four feet of snow sealed in a shiny crust.

Inside: European History, American Civics, Trigonometry, English.

Life Science³ came last. It was taught by our old eighth-grade gym teacher, Liz Lundgren, who trudged over from the middle school at the end of the day in her Polartec parka and camouflage snow bib⁴. Ms. Lundgren had a tic. Whenever she got irritated or inspired, she

would make us pay attention to protists and fungi⁵; she thought we would try harder to understand meiosis if we couldn't quite catch all the words in her sentences. "The spores ... in absence of water or heat ... maneuver in great quantities," she would murmur, and it was like hearing some obscure rumor that, due to over-telling, no longer held any relevance we sould make out.

In that class you could always hear the clock tick. From every window, you could see snow blow away in gusts, then drift back the next day in piles as high as houses. One day near the end of Evolution, a late-season storm brought a huge poplar branch down in a wumff of ice. Through the window, I watched it cascade to the ground and narrowly miss a small blue car pulling out from the grocery store across from school. At the board, Ms. Lundgren was