

**Examen VBO-MAVO-C**

**Engels**

Vorbereidend  
Beroeps  
Onderwijs

Middelbaar  
Algemeen  
Voortgezet  
Onderwijs

20 **02**

Tijdvak 1  
Donderdag 23 mei  
13.30–15.30 uur

**Tekstboekje**

## Tekst 9

# JON GETS DIVERTED

*The following text is from a novel called 'Just don't make a scene, Mum!' by Rosie Rushton*

1 THIS WAS ALL HE NEEDED. Frustrated ambi-  
tions, another blazing row with his father, and now  
some stupid kid crashed into his precious bike. Jon  
scrambled to his feet and picked up the bike. There  
5 was a scratch on the wheel guard and the gravel had  
pitted the paint at the back, but at least nothing was  
dented or bent. But all his sketches for the cover of  
the school magazine which had been hidden in his  
saddle bag were all over the road. Ruined, of course. 8  
10 Bloody kid!

2 The girl was struggling to her feet and as he  
scrabbled around picking up sheets of grubby paper,  
he noticed that her hands were grazed and her left 9  
cheek was bleeding. She was also staring at him in a  
rather disconcerting manner.  
15

3 "Don't you ever look where you are going?" he  
snapped, suddenly feeling ill at ease and awkward as  
he brushed mud off his drawings and tried to look  
nonchalant even though he had suddenly realised  
20 that his right elbow was stinging like crazy.

4 "Me? Me?" yelled the girl, green eyes blazing. "If  
you recall, I was minding my own business on the  
right side of the road. It was you that came down that  
drive like a bat out of hell and straight into my path.  
25 So don't you go putting the blame on me, dimbo!"

5 Jon stared at her. He'd expected her to burst into  
tears or say she was frightfully sorry about his bike.  
She had spunk, he'd give her that. Must be all that  
ginger hair that made her so fiery. Come to think of  
30 it, she had a really interesting face. Jon was fasci-  
nated by people's expressions, their gestures, the  
way they reacted. But right now, he hated the  
universe and everyone in it.

6 "I'm surprised you're allowed out on the road on  
35 your own – you shouldn't be in charge of a doll's  
pram, never mind a bicycle," he shouted. "Brainless  
kid," he muttered for good measure.

7 "If it's brain we're discussing, you're the one

lacking in grey matter," said the girl. "See these?  
40 These are called brakes. When you apply them a  
bicycle slows down." She separated each word  
deliberately as if talking to a dim-witted foreigner.  
"Most people slow down when approaching a road.  
Most people look where they are going. People who  
45 are not bad-tempered egotistical idiots, that is." She  
gave a sarcastic look, and turned away.

Suddenly he grinned. "Okay, okay – truce. I was  
in a right ruck when I came down the drive. I wasn't  
thinking straight, never mind riding properly. Parent  
50 trouble." He raised his eyes heavenwards.

"You and me both," she murmured.

Jon looked at her hands. "You sure you're all  
right?"

Oh heck, he was going to be nice to her. She  
55 could cope with ranting and raving but his smile had  
made her go all wobbly round the kneecap area.

"Yes, I'm fine," she said. "Sorry about the..."

"No, forget it. I'm Jon, by the way."

"I'm Laura. What are those?" Laura pointed to  
60 the pile of papers in Jon's hand.

"Oh, nothing – just stuff – homework stuff," he  
muttered.

He wished she wouldn't stare at him like that. He  
suddenly felt clumsy and awkward and knew his  
65 face was going bright red. And he was sure she was  
staring at those awful whiteheads on his chin. "Well,  
I must dash – things to do, people to see." He stuffed  
the drawings back into his saddle bag and this time  
remembered to buckle it up.

11 70 Laura picked up her bike, still gazing at him and  
saying nothing.

"See you around," he said. And with that he  
jumped on his bike and sped off down the hill. Laura  
didn't move.

12 75 I think, she thought to herself through the  
throbbing pain in her cheek, I think I am in love.

# I'm Mike, I'm a beggar and this is my life

1 THROUGHOUT the winter and this last wet and chilly spring, Mike Newman was a pitiful figure. He sat on a pallet 5 in the Underground station through which I pass daily on my way to work. He was wrapped in 5 a blanket against the cold, inhaling dust and dirt. He was 10 bearded, long-haired and shaggy. But he always behaved with a certain dignity, which made me curious to know his history.

the

ANGELA LAMBERT

interview

2 When I asked him if he would 15 tell me his story, he thought about it for a couple of days, and then agreed. He has not given me his real name, though it is, he says, the name by which he is 20 generally known. Certain questions he refused to answer. 6 When I asked if he had any savings, he smiled wryly, looked sideways at me and said: 'The 25 answer to that would have to be no, wouldn't it?' At times I wondered if he was inventing; yet a chance remark later on would nearly always bear out the 30 truth of what he had said earlier.

3 Mike Newman is 38 (he says), 7 a slim, fine-featured Irishman with olive-green eyes and a stunning smile. For the past ten 35 months he has begged; for the past six weeks he has sold The Big Issue, the magazine for the homeless that now sells some 100,000 copies a week in six 40 British cities. Selling it has given him a bit more self-respect, but what made him beg in the first place? Can he pinpoint a decisive moment, or was it just 45 misfortune?

4 He reflects. 'If I was being honest, no, because I could probably do a lot better. Or could I? Let me think.' He grins and 8

50 shifts and looks at me sidelong.

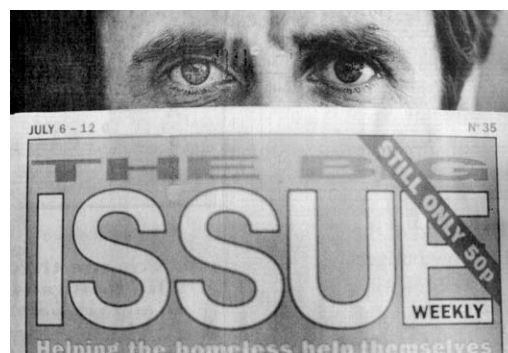
Charm is part of his stock-in-trade, and Mike Newman has plenty.

55 'It's a no-win situation, because after my wife died I couldn't work because 60 I was looking after my son by myself. I was determined to look after him very well, in case they tried to take 65 him away from me. That left a break of four or five years in my life during which I hadn't had a job and after that it was very hard to get started again. This 70 was sexual discrimination, because if I had been a woman it wouldn't have mattered: a woman could say she'd been looking after her child – but with 75 a bloke it doesn't cut any ice.'

9 Born in Belfast, the older of two children, into a stable and united family, he still goes back a couple of times a year to visit 80 his father (his mother died eight years ago) and his younger sister. They all get on well. Do they 10 know what he does? 'They know I work in London, but I don't go 85 into any great detail.'

He was taught by (he says the words with deep irony) 90 *Christian* brothers. Although he was clever enough to avoid most of the beatings and pass all his exams, he hated school. 'I was 11 too frightened to do anything wrong, because the teachers were violent ... looking back 95 now, they must have got some sort of sadistic pleasure out of it. Even now, when I think of them I still shiver. But it was all right for them, because they were 100 *Christians*.' It is the only time he speaks with real bitterness. Otherwise, he is remarkably free of self-pity.

'In spite of them, Belfast was



Mike Newman

105 a lovely place to grow up in. I had a secure childhood - whatever that is. By the time school was coming to an end I fancied being a sales representative, probably because I had a ready tongue and hated the idea of having to work in an office all day. I wanted to be my own boss. So that's how I started; and you name it, I've sold it.'

9 He came to London in 1972 and trained as a nurse. There he met his future wife. 'We were together for 12 years before she died.' For several years Mike and his wife lived a perfectly settled domestic and working life.

10 'We had one child, a boy who's now living in Northern Ireland with my sister. He'd have been there anyway, regardless of my, um, social standing, because the schools there are much better.' When I asked him about 130 his relationship with his son he avoided discussing it.

11 The only time he becomes angry is when I ask how he feels about mothers with babies 135 begging in the Underground. 'It's disgusting! There's no need for it! I wouldn't give a penny to people sitting there with a child. It didn't ask to come into the world, they should at least treat it with some decency and not trail it through Underground stations.'

*'The Independent',  
July 14, 1998*

# Action girl

**When the countryside around Kitty's home began to be torn to pieces, she didn't stand back and watch, she took action...**

**C**an you imagine how 29 it would be if you were brought up in a village surrounded by beautiful countryside, then one day you saw that countryside being destroyed in order to make way for a road bypass? This is what happened to Kitty Dimbledy (14) from Little Solsbury near Bath. She couldn't bear to just stand and watch it happen, she had to do something about it. This is her story...

## Kitty's story

I first got involved last March, when my mum took me to a protest meeting in Bath to try and 30 a four-lane road being built across Solsbury Hill. The next day I went up to the Hill, which is a short walk from our house. We'd been away and I hadn't been there for a few weeks. When I got there shivers ran down my spine.

I'd played there since I was little and remembered it as a lovely, peaceful spot, with beautiful old trees and various species of plants and animals. Now there were huge yellow diggers slicing through the earth. I couldn't believe my eyes, it was horrible.

## Standing up, being counted

The scene there was chaotic. Protesters were trying to stop the diggers – which were ploughing up shrubs and scrubland – by jumping on them, and I joined in. You could tell that some of the 31 didn't like what they were doing. One stopped ploughing so that I could save a little bush he'd knocked over. I took it home and planted it in my garden.

## Taking action

After that, I went to Solsbury Hill most days after school. The main demonstration days were Saturdays, when students and local people showed up. Some people at school don't see why I feel so strongly about this issue. I don't really blame them: 32 you've actually seen the destruction for yourself it's hard to understand. Loads of people have said to me: "Don't waste your time. You can't stop it." But someone has to try. If you're not 33 at 14, when will you be?

## The final countdown

Two months later the situation at Solsbury Hill 34 when the demonstrators took their protest a step further. They put hammocks and cargo nets in the trees so that they could live in them and prevent the trees from being chopped down for as long as possible. The security guards didn't 35 it and tried to get the people to come down, but of course they wouldn't. I joined them for a few hours to show my support.

36, two weeks later all the trees were cut down. I can't describe how empty and horrible I felt inside. It was as if a part of me had died. But we had put up a good fight – it took two days to get the protesters out of the trees.

I know we can't stop this road now but I believe our protest made people aware of what's going on and realise that we need better 37, not more cars and roads which carve up the countryside and pollute the air. They're planning to build two more roads in the area, and I'm writing letters to campaign against them. I will not give up. You can't rely on other people to fight your battles for you.

*'Just Seventeen', October 19, 1994*

# Fall broke Nicky's back... but not her fighting spirit

1 **W**hile sleeping in her grandmother's flat, Nicky Birtles had a terrible nightmare: burglars had set fire to the flat, and the only way out was the first floor window. So Nicky threw herself through the window and fell 15 feet on to a concrete path below. Her nightmare suddenly became very real. She was so badly injured that it was feared she was paralysed.

2 10 Nicky's ordeal started last May after an evening of baby-sitting for her aunt Julie's three children at her grandmother's flat. Just a month earlier Nicky's uncle Wayne had also stayed at the flat and was badly beaten with a baseball bat after tackling two burglars. Nicky 15 said: "That was on my mind as I went to sleep but I convinced myself that I was safe in the flat."

3 The next thing Nicky knew 20 she was dreaming that two burglars had entered her room and set fire to the flat. "I had to get away, I was so scared. The nightmare was so realistic that I 25 could actually feel the flames burning my skin and I could smell it. I ran to the window and pulled it open and hurled myself out. I landed on the 30 ground and tried to get up but I couldn't. I dragged myself along crying out for help." Eventually a neighbour was

alerted by her screams and called the police.

4 35 After being rushed to hospital, doctors told her she would be permanently crippled unless she lay flat on her back for three months. And even then they could not guarantee she would recover. "I'd survived the fall, but lying there was a living hell," Nicky recalled. "One 40 day the doctor came along and drew a diagram of what my spine looked like and what it would look like if I were paralysed – it was all misshapen. That really shocked me into lying still for the rest of the time.

5 "When I was in hospital the thought of my friends 45 going out all the time was really hard to cope with. They would come and visit me and tell me what they'd been up to." But Nicky didn't give up and was gradually able to walk after three months.

6 50 Nicky does not dwell on the nightmare that put her in hospital. "I haven't had a dream like it since but I certainly won't sleep 55 in my gran's flat again. Every time I go there I get the shivers!"

7 The accident also made Nicky determined to make 60 the most of every second of her life. "I feel differently now, I want to do more things because I realise how close I came 65 to losing everything."



ONE YEAR ON: It's a dream as Nicky is visited in hospital by her mother Diane

*'Sunday People',  
May 17, 1998*

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