

Examen VBO-MAVO-C

Engels

Vorbereidend
Beroeps
Onderwijs

Middelbaar
Algemeen
Voortgezet
Onderwijs

20 | **02**

Tijdvak 2
Woensdag 19 juni
13.30 – 15.30 uur

Tekstboekje

Tekst 11

MY NEW YEAR'S EVE

The following text is from a novel called 'A Patchwork Planet' by Anne Tyler

- 1 The company I work for is called Rent-a-Back. How I got into it is a whole other story, but basically we provide a service for people who are old or disabled. Any load you can't lift, any chore
5 you don't feel up to, why, just call on us. Say you want your lawn chairs piled in your garage in the autumn. Or your rugs rolled up and stored away in the spring. We can do that. A lot of our customers have a standing order – like, an hour a week.
10 Others just telephone as circumstances arise. Whatever.
- 2 One Saturday, after a trip to Philadelphia, I came home to find a message from my boss on my answering machine. "Barnaby, it's Virginia Dibble.
15 Could you get back to me as soon as possible? We have an urgent request for this evening."
- 3 I really liked Mrs Dibble. She was this delicate, fluttery lady a whole lot older than my mother, but I'd seen her carry a portable toilet down two flights
20 of stairs when we were shorthanded. So even though I wasn't in such a great mood, I dialed her number. "What's up?" I asked her.
- 4 "Oh, poor, poor Mrs Alford," she started right in. "She needs a Christmas tree put together."
25 "A what?"
"An eight-foot artificial Christmas tree. It's in her attic, she says, and she needs it brought down and assembled."
"Mrs Dibble," I said. "It's New Year's Eve."
30 "Oh, you have plans?"
"I mean, it's a week after Christmas. What does she want with a tree?"
"She says her seven grandchildren are stopping by for a visit. They're spending the night on their
35 way home from ski-ing, and she wants the house to look cheery, she says, and not old-ladyish and glum."
"Ah."
Grandchildren ruled the world, if you judged
40 by most of our clients.
"She needs it decorated too," Mrs Dibble was saying. "She says she can't manage the upper branches, and if she climbed onto a step stool, she's scared she might break a hip."
7 45 Breaking a hip was what else ruled the world – the fear of it, I mean. Big Bugaboo, in the circles I traveled in.
I said, "Couldn't she tell her grandchildren she did have a tree but took it down? Plenty of folks get
50 rid of their trees on December twenty-sixth, tell her!" But I knew what Mrs Dibble's answer would be ("We're the muscles, not the brains," she always said), so I didn't wait to hear it. "Besides," I said, "my car is at the garage and I won't have it back
55 until Monday."
9 "Oh, Martine can drive," Mrs Dibble told me. "I thought I'd send the two of you, so as to finish that much faster. Can you do it if Martine picks you up?"
60 "Well," I said. "I guess."
"All the others have New Year's plans. I'll call Martine back again and tell her to come fetch you."
10 There were eleven full-time employees at Rent-a-Back. That meant nine people that I knew of had
65 New Year's plans. And these were not particularly successful people. Several might even be looked upon as losers. But still, they'd found something to do with themselves on New Year's Eve.

Bus company puts price on heads of teenage tag artists

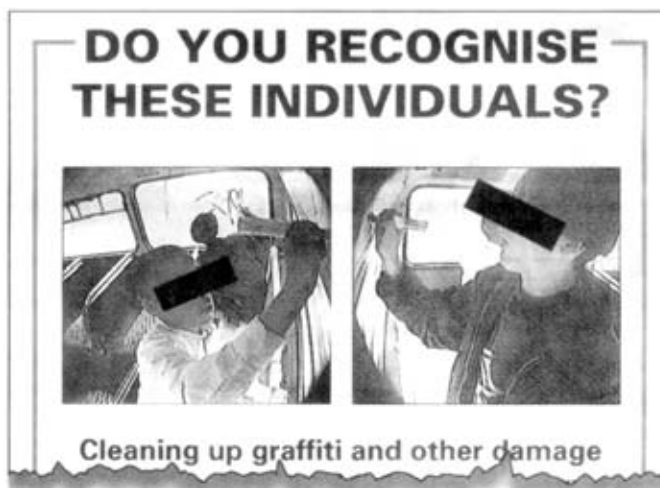
by Lucy Johnston

1 TEENAGER Sophie is an artist in demand. A price of up to £500 has been put on her work and bids are flooding in. But Sophie (we don't know her real name) is an artist with a difference – she doesn't work on canvas but on the insides of buses. And the bidders don't want to buy her work, they want her to quit.

2 Sophie has been caught on camera in the act of vandalising the inside of a north London bus. She is being hunted by Hornsey police and the company which owns the bus – Cowie Leaside – which is cracking down on graffiti. A wanted poster with a close-up of her face is now inside all Cowie Leaside buses. It offers a £500 reward to anyone supplying information which results in a prosecution.

3 Cowie Leaside and many other public transport operators are highly irritated by the current teenage fashion for 'tagging' – scratching, spraying or carving stylised nicknames in public places. Vandals use indelible pens and glass cutters to engrave names on windows and the company spends £250,000 a year cleaning its 550 buses. Cowie Leaside's answer is to install hidden spy cameras inside its buses which film constantly while the vehicle is in service. Then the images of vandals are transferred on to the posters.

4 The pioneering initiative has already led to the arrests of two male teenagers, with the signatures of Fisto and Bias. Both are now on police bail, awaiting trial.



A wanted poster displayed on Cowie Leaside buses showing vandals at work. Their faces have been obscured because they were subsequently arrested.

5 The company says it will be pressing for the highest possible fines and even jail sentences. Spokesman Keith Wakeman said: 'We have a massive problem with graffiti. We bought 15 new buses at a cost of £2 million eight months ago and they came back trashed after the first run. The first posters featured our most active graffiti artists and they were caught quickly. We were flooded with calls.'

6 He added: 'The problem is worst in white middle-class well-to-do areas like Muswell Hill and Crouch End. Buses which operate in poor, dilapidated areas like Hackney are very clean.'

7 Hornsey police divisional commander Chris Boelrick said: 'This technology could be very useful for all public transport vehicles. In the long term we hope it will have a deterrent effect.'

*'The Observer',
December 22, 1996*

They drove her to distraction!

‘What sort of time do you call this?’
 ‘Er... 10.30. On the dot.’
 ‘I said quarter-past. You’re late!’
 Mandy slipped back into the driver’s seat of her taxi and pulled away.
 ‘Are you sure you said 10.15?’
 ‘Don’t talk so soft, girl.’ the elderly 25 snapped.
 ‘Ten-thirty’s no good for me! I’ll be behind with everything now.’

As she manoeuvred through the traffic Mandy got a good ear-bashing as to how this senior citizen’s day would now be a complete disaster, and all because of her.

Mandy drifted to a halt beside the market square.
 ‘There we are, love. I’m sorry that there was a 26. I hope it doesn’t spoil your...’

The door slammed. The woman was already walking away, still chewing through her menu of complaints. Mandy sighed and drove off.

Later she was at the school gates to pick up nine-year-old twins, Carl and Petra. They bounced into the back seat still shouting at full volume.

‘Get a move on!’ Petra yelled at Mandy.

‘Put your 27!’ exclaimed Carl, supporting his sister.

‘Cool it,’ Mandy told them. ‘We’re not going anywhere until you put on your seat belts.’

‘Don’t hang about,’ snapped Petra.

‘You’re taking us to McDonald’s,’ barked Carl.

‘No, I’m not. I’m taking you home,’ said Mandy.

‘But that’s stupid,’ argued Petra. ‘We’re going to McDonald’s anyway as soon as we get home. So you might as well take us 28.’

‘My only job is to drop you at home,’ said Mandy. ‘What happens to you after that is somebody else’s responsibility, thank goodness.’

‘God, you’re so daft,’ muttered Carl.

‘So slow to understand,’ echoed Petra.

Mandy eyed them in the rear-view mirror. ‘I may be daft, but I 29. You might try it.’

Towards the end of a long, tiring day Mandy waited at the industrial estate. She saw the man approaching, right on time, regular as clockwork.

He climbed into the front seat, and gave her a weak smile of recognition. Then he pulled a newspaper from his pocket and buried his head in it.

There was no grumbling, no screaming, the peace was lovely. But wasn’t it a bit too peaceful? The simple



courtesy of a word would have been nice. A little human contact. Or was that 30?

Mandy pulled up outside the bungalow. The man folded his paper without looking at her and reached for the door...

‘Just a minute!’ said Mandy. ‘That’ll be £2.70.’

The man turned back, puzzled. ‘What?’

‘Look at the clock. It’s £2.70. And you can leave a tip if you feel like it. Shall we say £3?’

The man blinked. ‘But I don’t understand. You always 31. You’ve never asked for money before. Have you forgotten who I am?’

Mandy’s eyes flashed.

‘I know who you are, Ken. But does anybody remember who I am?’

Ken closed the door again. ‘What’s wrong?’

‘Today was supposed to be my day off, right? But I’ve spent most of it 32 people around, and precious little thanks I’ve got for it. I’ve transported my mother, who treated me worse than a servant, my sister’s kids, who treated me worse than a slave and now my husband who treats me worse than a chauffeur. Not one of you has offered a word of appreciation.’

‘Sorry, Mandy. I didn’t think.’ He went to kiss her 33 she held him off.

‘Obviously not. But I’ve been doing some thinking. My customers treat me with more consideration than my family – and what’s more, they 34! So if I have to charge a fare to get a little courtesy, then that’s what I’ll do in future.’

Mandy’s hand turned into an open palm. ‘That’ll be £2.70, please.’

‘Woman Summer Special’, 1997

How an ordinary schoolgirl started writing thrillers

1 **T** WAS the dark shadow of a nightmare, the kind of image certain to startle a little girl
 5 awake and keep her head buried deep into her pillow. The dream kept coming back, night after night. Now it has made
 10 Keri Beevis rich. "I still see him now," she recalls. The man she sees is Jack Nicholson, the film was *The Shining*.

2 "I was 12 years old and just an
 15 ordinary schoolgirl," she says. Nicholson changed that. "I would wake up screaming. I used to think he was in the room with me." But when she woke up again
 20 in the morning, she would not cry – she would start writing. "I would put down on paper the central element of the fear that had so scared me," she says.

3 25 That was 13 years ago and she is still writing. Now a publisher has signed a book deal with her worth an astonishing £550,000, which makes her the highest paid
 30 first-time woman author in history, all at the tender age of 25.

4 *When The Pen Writes* is the title of her first book. It tells of two students in America who make
 35 some money by writing stories filled with murder and brutality.

One of the young authors becomes a journalist who reports on the crimes of a serial killer. And how does
 40 the killer commit his terrible crimes? Yes, you've guessed – in precisely the way the reporter and his colleague had described all those years before. Is his co-writer the killer? "If you want to know, buy the book," says Keri firmly.

5 Her first book has already attracted the interest of
 45 Hollywood – which isn't bad going for a girl who failed her English exams at school twice.

6 In her own life Keri prefers the security of the familiar. She lives at home with her parents in a

A scene from a horror film inspired Keri Beevis to write the novel that has already made her half a million pounds



'This was just a hobby. I never expected anything to come of it'

modern house just
 50 outside Norwich. "I really like living with my mother, father and sister Holly. They can't get rid of me." She
 55 works for a local tour operator and intends to carry on working there.

7 "I was really a rather quiet child. But I always had lively
 60 thoughts and I loved writing scary stories for myself," she says. "But I'm not a psycho. I'm sure everyone has got these dark corners. The difference is that I have uncovered
 65 mine." And Keri's friends were encouraged to uncover theirs. "When I ran out of new ways to kill off my characters
 70 I would ask my friends to think of the most gruesome manner of death they could, and when they did, I would write it into my stories."

8 75 At this stage Keri was writing for herself and the entertainment of her sister. Then her father read a couple of chapters. Impressed, he
 80 showed them to a friend who had contacts with a Cambridge publishing firm. It promptly signed her up for the kind of advance even Stephen

85 King, author of *The Shining*, would have liked. "I couldn't believe it," she remembers. "This was just a hobby. I'm sure the money is great but that really isn't important to me. I always said that if I had a choice of winning the lottery or getting one of my
 90 books published, I'd want the book published. But even if no one had bought it, I'd still be writing for myself."

9 And how is Keri going to celebrate making half a million pounds? "I'm going to have a video party
 95 with some friends from work," she says. The film she is going to show is *The Shining*.

'The Express', July 17, 1997

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