

Bijlage VMBO-GL en TL
2015

tijdvak 2

Engels CSE GL en TL

Tekstboekje

Leaves on the line?



When it comes to delayed trains, commuters have heard nearly every excuse in the book. But it remains something of a novelty to be told that a train is late because the driver has been viciously attacked by a seagull. That's what happened to passengers awaiting the 8.15 from Hastings, East Sussex, to London recently. The rush-hour train was delayed while the driver, who had been struck on the head, was checked over by first-aiders. The driver, who had been walking along a platform towards his train's cab at the time, was said to be ruffled, but resumed his duties 15 minutes later.

Liza Donaghue, 63, a mother of four and foster carer, was waiting at Tonbridge station, Kent, when she heard the announcement over the loudspeaker system. She said: "No one had really taken any notice until that point, then everyone looked and started looking at each other and saying, 'Did he just say what I thought he said?' Then everyone started laughing. People could not believe it."

A Southeastern Trains' spokesman said: "This is a rare occurrence. But seagull attacks can be quite serious. They are large birds and people have been knocked to the ground by them."

A spokesman for the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds said that apart from scavenging raids for food, seagulls usually attack people only to protect their young in nearby nests but that it was the wrong time of year for that.

Daily Mail, 2011

“Turn Right” into a porta-potty

A German driver took his navigation system's commands a little too literally and ended up in deep doodoo. When he heard the command to “Turn right now!” from his navigation system he crashed into a small toilet enclosure by the side of the road. Apparently, he turned about 100 feet too soon. The crossing he was supposed to take was another 30 yards down the road.



The 53-year-old driver did not notice the error even after his car went off the road. He continued into a construction site, up a stairway and into the small toilet shack, according to police in the eastern town of Rudolstadt. The incident caused € 2,000 worth of damage to the stairwell, another € 100 in damage to his car, and he was also fined € 35 for reckless driving.

autoblog.com, 2006

Man Eats World's Hottest Curry

Ian Rothwell has become the first person to finish what is believed to be the world's hottest curry, despite suffering hallucinations caused by the dish.

The Widower is a chicken curry which is so dangerous to make that it has to be prepared by chefs wearing goggles and face masks. The dish, which includes 20 naga infinity chillies – the second hottest chilli known to man – is said to

cause heart attacks in some people. Therefore, Mr Rothwell had to sign a disclaimer acknowledging his awareness of the risks involved before taking on the challenge. Fighting back tears, Ian Rothwell needed over an hour to eat the chicken dish, washed down with just one bottle of Cobra lager.

Muhammed Karim, chef at the Bindi restaurant said: "More than 300 people have tackled *the Widower*, but no one has ever been able to finish one. Most manage about seven mouthfuls before they give up. We've had people sweating, crying, shaking and vomiting. We even had to ring an ambulance once. Brave Mr Rothwell had to take a 10-minute break when he started hallucinating, but he managed to swallow every mouthful in the end."

Daily Telegraph, 2013



Poo Power

- 1 The Beckton Sewage Treatment Works processes the poo from three and a half million people living in the south of England. It takes a lot of energy to process all this poo. At Beckton they are generating some of the electricity they need by using the waste that they are processing.
- 2 ...
- 3 ...
- 4 ...

TheNewspaper, 2010

Is the Teen Rebel a Dying Breed?

based on an article by Mark Easton

- 1 My son has just turned 13 and I made him a card to mark the moment he became a teenager. I put a picture of him as a choir-boy next to a Photoshopped shot of him as a saggy-trousered gangsta rapper – the innocent child mutating into a growling ball of rebellious fury. But a series of recent official statistics are making me question whether the old joke is still true.
- 2 Adolescents are increasingly turning their noses up at drugs, booze and fags, with consumption by young people the lowest at almost any time since we started measuring these things. Teenage rebels are not what they were. No-one is suggesting that young people don't misbehave at all, but they no longer seem to define themselves by wild disobedience.
- 3 Could it be that teenage rebellion needs to look different to what your mum and dad did? Smoking, boozing, dropping pills and hooliganism – that's so Generation X. These days, perhaps, adolescent identity is defined more by the use of social media rather than the use of illicit drugs. In my day, the classic bored teenager hung around the bus-stop with a few mates and someone produced a packet of cigarettes and a bottle of cider. Nowadays they are upstairs on the laptop or mobile, gossiping and playing and flirting. It is a digital world where grown-ups are not allowed, a playground for the virtual teen rebel.
- 4 I wonder whether the card I sent my son for his 13th birthday is an example of a prejudice that has had its day.



bbc.com, 2012

When Posh met Poor

based on an article by Clare Campbell

- 1 ALICE, 15, lives with her mother, father, sister and little brother in a six-bedroom house in south London. She says: “I know that my family is well-off. I go to a private school and we live in a large house in a desirable part of London. As a result of my upbringing, I’ve had a 8 view of life; I was living in a bubble and believed money made you better than other people.



- 2 Although I’d never met anyone from the council estate¹⁾, I imagined they would all be wearing cheap tracksuits, scraped-back hair and big earrings. I thought Natalie would be the same. 9, when I first saw her, I noticed she was much better-dressed than I’d expected. I really loved her outfit. We liked one another straight away. She was funny and friendly and we were surprised and pleased that I spoke the same slang as her. We talked about everything. Natalie’s attitude to boyfriends is very 10. She hates the idea of being tied down. She is used to making her own decisions while I prefer being in a relationship to being on my own. Also, Natalie and her mum have a really good relationship – they’re more like sisters. And I was surprised at how cosy and welcoming their flat was. I thought it would be much smaller and pokier.
- 3 Meeting Natalie has changed me a lot. I feel really guilty about what I was like before, and I no longer think public school kids are better than everyone else. Natalie and I now chat online several times a week. I feel so much respect for what she and her mother have been through and how they’ve tried to help themselves. Natalie’s really bright and I know she’ll make something of herself, and we got on so well I’m sure we’ll stay friends.”
- 4 NATALIE, 17, lives with her 38-year-old mother, Vicky, and five-year-old brother, Gabriel, in a two-bedroom council flat on a south London estate. She says: “I’ve lived on this estate all my life. My dad died when I was six. All I can remember about him was that he was always loving and affectionate. Mum can’t work because she suffers from depression, so I take care of my brother, Gaby, who has a speech problem.

5 We live on benefits of £165 a week, which is sometimes not enough, so my mum has to borrow money. I dropped out of school when I was 15, mainly because I had to take care of my mum and brother. I feel I've been through more in my life than the average 40-year-old woman. Sometimes I feel resentful for the way my life is. It shouldn't be my task to get Gaby to school, but there's no one else to do it.



- 6 Still, recently I've gone back to college. I've always been ambitious and I made up my mind that I wasn't going to grow up to be another single mother living on benefits all my life. I knew Alice's life would be very different to mine, that she might not understand. I didn't want her judging, or feeling sorry for me, however. We may be poor, but we're not tramps.
- 7 I really liked the skirt Alice was wearing when I saw her the first time. She smiled, and I knew we'd be okay. Her house was really beautiful and her family made me feel welcome too. I didn't feel as out of place as I thought I would. But it also seemed to me that Alice was not as close to her mum as I am to mine. If that's what having more money does to a family, I don't want it.
- 8 Alice and I are constantly in touch with one another, but I'm so busy with college, as well as trying to get a part-time job, that we haven't managed to meet up again recently. Still, I know we'll stay friends. Alice is an okay girl."

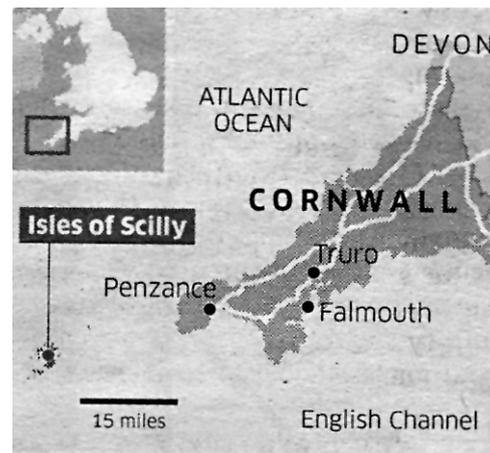
dailymail.co.uk, 2008

noot 1 council estate = een wijk met goedkope huurwoningen

No roundabouts, just nine miles of road – and now one speed gun

By Kunal Dutta

1 THE ISLAND of St Mary's in the Isles of Scilly is something of a motoring 14. With just nine miles of road, no roundabouts or traffic lights, the biggest irony was once that aspiring drivers could take their test there. That was until this week when the island woke up to news that authorities had introduced the island's first-ever speed gun.



2 The move is a milestone for sleepy St Mary's, which until now, was one of few places in Britain where drivers could travel speed-trap free. It is also quite a firm measure for a rural island, that according to the DVLA¹⁾, has only 823 registered vehicles. Most people travel around the island on a bicycle. And the roads are so difficult to navigate by car that it is almost impossible to move beyond second gear and gather speed.

3 Official figures showed that the fastest vehicle clocked by the speed gun since its introduction was a lonely moped whizzing by at a miserable 34mph. Yet police remain determined of the speed gun's necessity. "There is an element that thinks Scilly isn't in the UK and the laws of the UK don't apply on Scilly," Sgt Craig argued. "Sometimes people need reminding that the laws of the land do apply here." 17 that it was unlikely that motorists could actually break the speed limit, Sgt Craig justified the purchase of the gun by saying it would be used for gathering evidence of inconsiderate driving in certain areas, particularly the island's main centre in Hugh Town.

4 The reception among islanders remained mild. "I suppose you do get the odd person driving like a muppet," said Rhiannon Manning, 34, who works at the island's local taxi office. "There's a road in the centre of the

island, but it winds so heavily if you did try to creep beyond 60mph you'd probably crash. That said, it's probably a good deterrent for dangerous driving in the long-run, wouldn't you agree?" she said, seeking the thoughts of her 56-year-old mother. The response? "Don't ask me, dear. I never go beyond 20."

The Independent, 2010

noot 1 Driver and Vehicle Licensing Agency = Rijksdienst voor het Wegverkeer

Why a Safari in Tanzania is Perfect for Solo Travellers

By Patrick Stevensons

- 1 The honeymooners in expensive Ralph Lauren safari outfits ask which national park I'm going to. Ngorongoro? Serengeti? Neither, I say, Tarangire. They look puzzled. Either the park and its lodge, Oliver's Camp, is second rate or so exclusive they've never heard of it. And on a chilly night in the arrivals hall at Tanzania's Kilimanjaro airport, I'm not sure which is correct.
- 2 Next morning, waiting for my flight to Tarangire, an American couple argue at the counter about the price of a cappuccino – \$4 – and when workers in the coffee plantations next door earn a dollar a day, it does seem a bit rich. Nonetheless, you feel faintly embarrassed. It gets all the more perplexing when an Italian couple start cooing next to me. Everyone is with someone, mostly someone they're in love with. Evidently safaris aren't made for single travellers like me.
- 3 Messenga is my rescuer. He's formal and hesitant when I land at Tarangire, but as we head for Oliver's Camp in a Land Rover, I'm not yet aware of the stroke of luck I've had. The quality of your guide will make or break your safari. In South Africa and Botswana, I now realise, the guides I've had were competent but unexceptional. They impress Europeans and Americans as they point out a marvel you'd never spot yourself. They are trained to seek what the customer wants (everyone asks for lions) then radio ahead and deliver. Messenga, 22, is different. He grew up in a nearby Masai village and his knowledge of the landscape comes not from books but from a lifetime of observation and devotion to his environment. Tarangire can, just about, do the 'big five' – the lion, elephant, leopard, rhino and buffalo. For Messenga, though, Tarangire is not about the big five but the 'beautiful five' and (his favourites) the 'ugly five'.
- 4 Travelling on your own with a guide gives you the chance to set your own pace. Mostly we dawdle, spotting a tawny eagle, and having a giggle as a herd of zebras cross our path. I stare and stare at the giraffes, in Tarangire more docile and approachable than any I've encountered. "Mr Patrick, would you like to move on?" Messenga asks. "No, I'm OK." Oliver's Camp is unfenced, a reminder of its exquisite exclusivity; it's the sole encampment within the 1,100 square mile park, permitted to exist only if animals are free to roam through it. A security guard walks you back to your tent, assuring you a lion is unlikely to pace past in the night. It's about the only time you wish you weren't alone. But breakfast is your payoff. Silent, alone, a book lazily



in hand, a fine cup of coffee, and giraffes lolloping past not more than a couple of hundred metres away. It's fantastically expensive. And worth it, at times like this.

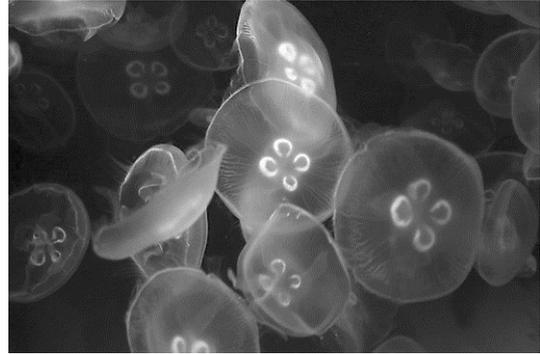
- 5 Only once is the serenity shattered, when the next day I share a tour. "No, not that. Only want lions," barks the fat rude German when Messenga pauses for a beautiful bird, a lilac-breasted roller, while the German's oriental partner, at least 25 years his junior, looks on impassively. When we later find a lion, I want to feed him to it. Who needs company when you have a thousand square miles of safari park to yourself and almost the greatest concentration of wildlife on earth?

The Guardian, 2012

Jellyfish shut down Swedish nuclear reactor

IT wasn't a tsunami but it had the same effect – a huge cluster of jellyfish forced one of the world's largest reactors to shut down.

Operators of the Oskarshamn nuclear plant in southeastern Sweden had to scramble reactor number three after tonnes of jellyfish clogged the pipes that bring in cool water to the plant's turbines.



The pipes have now been cleared of jellyfish and engineers are preparing to restart the reactor, which is the largest boiling-water reactor in the world.

All three Oskarshamn reactors are boiling-water types, the same technology at Japan's Fukushima Daiichi plant that suffered a catastrophic failure in 2011 after a tsunami breached the facility's walls and flooded its equipment.

Jellyfish are not a new problem for nuclear plants. Last year, California-based Diablo Canyon facility had to shut one of its reactors after gobs of sea salp – a gelatinous, jellyfish-like organism – clogged intake pipes.

Nuclear plants need a constant flow of water to cool their reactor and turbine systems, which is why many are built near large bodies of water.

dailytelegraph.com, 2013

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About endangered species?
About the future of our planet?**

The Wildlife For All Trust is an environmental charity with a unique approach.

Like many other organisations, we work to conserve endangered species and habitats. Unlike other organisations, we put a lot of emphasis on tackling human problems such as greed, selfishness, and the “me, me, me” mentality. We train our team to understand how these psychological factors have a huge impact on the success or failure of nature conservation projects.

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See www.wildlifeforall.org for further details.

British Registered Charity No.1006174

My gnawing irritation ...

WITH ill-grace and gritted teeth I am currently enduring the presence of a small hamster, who is much loved by the youngest member of our family.

It's too nervous to be cuddly, and does nothing but run inside its wheel and gnaw at the bars of its cage.

'You can see it just wants to get out, really,' I said teasingly the other day. 'Perhaps we should just set it free?'

'Mum!', came the shocked reply. 'You can't do that. It would die.'

Well, it was worth a try, but she's right of course. But if a nine-year-old can see that, why was this not clear to the stupid so-called animal rights campaigners who have recently released some pet rabbits into the wild?



Daily Mail, 2010