



Name: _____

Abiturprüfung 2013

Englisch, Leistungskurs

Aufgabenstellung:

1. Describe the situation and the characters' behaviour as presented in this extract.
(Comprehension) (16 Punkte)
2. Analyse the way the relationships between the different characters and groups are presented. Consider narrative techniques and use of language.
(Analysis) (24 Punkte)
3. Choose one of the following tasks:
 - 3.1 At some point Imtiaz's father says: "Maybe if there were more brave enough to speak out like me we would not be having our children driving planes into buildings" (ll. 23 – 25). Comment on this remark, also referring to your knowledge about the situation of ethnic communities in Great Britain.
(Evaluation: comment) (20 Punkte)
 - 3.2 Later that night Imtiaz's pregnant British girlfriend Rebekah, who intends to marry him, thinks about the events at the restaurant. Write an interior monologue that reflects her view of the situation and her feelings.
(Evaluation: re-creation of text) (20 Punkte)

Materialgrundlage:

- Ausgangstext: Literarischer Text (Romanauszug)
Fundstelle: Sunjeev Sahota, *Ours are the Streets*, London: Picador 2011, S. 44 – 50
Wortzahl: 790

Zugelassene Hilfsmittel:

- Ein- und zweisprachiges Wörterbuch



Name: _____

Sunjeev Sahota, Ours are the Streets (extract)

In this extract, the narrator Imtiaz Raina, a second-generation immigrant from Pakistan living in Sheffield, spends the evening with his mother (Ammi), his father (Abba) and his British girlfriend Rebekah at a Pakistani restaurant.

It were then that those slappers came in, drunk. Skirts so tight their splotchy stomachs mushroomed over. They were laughing and swaying and swearing at each other and the whole restaurant sempt to straighten its back as the waiter herded them to a table. Thank fuck they weren't next to us, I thought. I could feel you were nervous, though, Abba and
5 Ammi. The way you went quiet over your food. Like you were trying to make yourselves as small and invisible as possible. And when I said I were going to the toilet, Ammi looked frightened and asked me not to go, as if any movement away from the table were asking for trouble. Like this were our little corner and we should just stick to it.

"I won't be a sec."

10 "Do you need some money?" Ammi asked, reaching for her purse.

On my way back, I saw that the women were on a hen night, and that the podgy one with frizzy blonde hair piled up like a frothy pineapple had a "just married" sign hanging across her back.

"Wouldn't want to be the one marrying that," I said, retaking my seat.

15 "Shh!" Ammi said. "We are not making trouble."

"No one's making trouble," I said.

Abba patted his napkin neatly around his mouth. He cleared his throat. "These people are exactly what is wrong with this country." He spoke loudly, as if to show that he didn't care who heard him, but not loud enough that his voice might carry. "I am seeing it every
20 night, Rebekah. I tell you, people were never being rude when I was first coming to this country. They had some respect," he added, angling his head to the side.

"Arré, Baba, please," Ammi said. "They will hear you." She sounded full of nerves.

"I am not afraid," Abba said, turning his volume right down. "Maybe if there were more brave enough to speak out like me we would not be having our children driving planes into
25 buildings."

There were a yelp then, and the whole restaurant turned round to see the drunk bride tipping back in her chair, falling to the ground and taking the tablecloth and all the plates smashing with her. [...]

They got louder, drunker. Ammi, I could see the sweat across your eyebrows, like you
30 were waiting for them to pick on you. And Abba, the way you just kept on looking down at your food. You looked scared. [...]

It were one of those times when I felt as if there were something that didn't quite fit about my mind, as if it had been put together in the dark. I'd've carried on and all, twisting and twisting it in, if the drunk bride hadn't turned up at our table, swaying beside Abba.



Name: _____

- 35 “‘Scuse me, love. But you wouldn’t be a star and take a photo of us all for me, would you?” She held out a cheap camera.
“Here, I’ll take it,” Rebekah said.
“No, no,” Abba said, as if to prove a point. “I can take it.”
The woman went back to her table, sitting on someone’s knee. Abba held the camera to
40 his eye and clicked once.
“Ta, love,” she said, and took the camera back. “Here, how about me and you have one taken, too?”
Abba looked pained. “No, no. Thank you, but I am sorry.”
“Aw, don’t be all shy. It’s me wedding tomorrow. I’m getting married!”
45 “My congratulations,” Abba said.
“Here, Wendy! Take a photo of me with this here mister. It’ll be a nice touch for the album.”
A beanpole of a woman with a helmet of black hair and a tattoo of a sun on her shoulder came and took the camera. The bride crouched down and threw her arm around Abba’s
50 shoulder. The stench of beer and smoke came off her in fat waves.
“Give him a kiss!” Wendy said.
The bride puckered up.
“Please,” Abba said, “you are shaming me. I am sorry.” There were bright sweat on his forehead.
55 “Just a teeny-weeny kiss.”
“I am sorry.”
He kept on saying that like it were the only three words he knew. The whole restaurant were watching. She didn’t care.
“Come on. Cop a feel of them if it makes you feel any better.” She jiggled her tits in his
60 face.
“Please. I am sorry.”
“Don’t be sorry, love. We’re all same underneath, ain’t we?”
“Not a tit man, is he?” Wendy diagnosed. “Some blokes aren’t, are they?”
“That true, love?” I looked up. She were talking to Ammi. “Woman to woman. Your
65 fella here not a tit man.”
My fist came down on the table. The cutlery jumped. “Get the fuck lost.”

Annotations:

1 were here was – **1 slapper** pejorative expression for a woman with loose sexual morals –
1 splotchy stomachs here the skin on the women’s bellies looks unattractive showing large marks or stains – **3 sempt here** seemed – **9 sec** second – **11 podgy colloquial** short and fat – **22 Arré** Urdu exclamation expressing annoyance, surprise or an attempt to attract someone’s attention –
35, 41, 62, 64 love here informal way of addressing a stranger **63 a tit man here** a man who gets sexual pleasure from a female breast