

Transkrypcja tekstów do Arkusza I

Zadanie 1.

It was the sound of metal rubbing against metal, and it seemed to come nearer to his bedroom door each minute. Mr Otis lit a candle and looked at the clock on the small table next to his bed. It was exactly one o'clock.

Mr Otis was quite calm. He immediately got out of bed, took a small bottle out of his case, and opened the bedroom door.

He saw a terrible old man facing him in the pale moonlight. Heavy, rusty chains hung from his arms and legs. 'My dear sir,' said Mr Otis, 'you really must put some oil on those rusty chains. For that purpose I'm giving you a small bottle of Smith's Rising Sun Oil.'

Mr Otis put the bottle down on a small table.

'I'll leave it here for you,' he said. 'I'll be happy to give you more if you need it.'

Then he went back to his bed.

For a moment the Canterville Ghost did not move. He was shocked and angry. Then he knocked the bottle of oil violently on to the floor and hurried away down the passage. A strange green light shone out from his body, and he screamed – a deep and terrible cry – into the night.

When he reached his secret room in the western pad of the house, the ghost sat down in the moonlight and tried to think. He could not believe what had just happened. He had never been so insulted in all his 300 years of excellent and famous haunting! To make himself feel better, he remembered some of his finest performances.

'There was Lord Canterville's aunt,' he said to himself. 'I put my skeleton hands on her shoulders and almost frightened her to death! That was wonderful! And there was the manservant. He shot himself after he saw a green hand knocking at the window. Then there was the beautiful Lady Stutfield. She had to wear a black cloth round her neck to hide the mark of five skeleton fingers burnt into her white skin.' The Canterville Ghost smiled to himself but his smile quickly disappeared.

'And now? Now some terrible Americans come and offer me Rising Sun Oil.'

The Canterville Ghost by Oscar Wilde

Zadanie 2.

Woman: We have Terry Pratchett in our studio today. He is one of the world's most successful novelists. He was born in Beaconsfield, England in 1948. At the age of 13, Terry wrote and published his first short story, *The Hades Business*. His first full-length novel, *The Carpet People* was published in 1971. Since then, Terry Pratchett has sold around 30 million books worldwide and is best known for his Discworld series. Terry, let me ask you a few questions. People instantly recognize you by your black hats. When and why did you get into hats?

Man: It was about 15 years ago. I walked into a shop and saw this beautiful, black wide-brimmed hat and suddenly realized that I had always wanted one. It gives me something to do with my head! Every spring I buy a new one. One hat lasts about 7 years.

Woman: You sell an amazing amount of books to young adults and teenagers.

Man: Yes, that's true. But I don't write for any particular age group. Most people who buy my books for the first time are young; but young readers grow into older readers. My readership continues to grow because I have lots of readers who read me when they were young and are still reading me now. And those people have kids of their own, who also read me.

Woman: When you started out as a novelist, why did you choose to write fantasy?

Man: Because you can do a whole load of things with fantasy. If you want to have a talking dog in your novel, then you can have one. Fantasy writing means that you look at the everyday, normal world from another perspective. We too often accept things as ordinary, which are, in fact, extraordinary.

Woman: Why do you think that British writers, from HG Wells to JK Rowlings, have been so successful writing fantasy or science fiction?

Man: Maybe it's because it rains so much in Britain? But I have another theory. The British began writing fantasy at the same time as they were building their Empire. So, they were conquering new worlds in their heads at the same time as they were exploring new countries and planting the British flag around this world. But the popularity of fantasy writing in Britain has not always been the same. We are going through a boom now, and we went through one in the early nineteen eighties. Tolkien had shown us then that it was possible to make big money from fantasy.

Woman: And what are you writing now?

Man: Another book in the Discworld series, of course. It should be in the bookshops this autumn. But it is hard to find time to write when I am on publicity tours like the one I'm on now in Poland. I have to decide whether to write or to tour. But I did get up early today and wrote 200 words in the hotel room. When I go on holiday I often write more than when I am at home. No phone calls.

Adapted from *The World of English* 3/2004