

# **Abiturprüfung 2012**

## **ENGLISCH**

– Textteil –

**Arbeitszeit: 190 Minuten**

Der Prüfling hat *e i n e* Textaufgabe seiner Wahl nach den Arbeitsanweisungen des beiliegenden Aufgabenteils zu bearbeiten.

## Textaufgabe I

### ***Fallen City: Could a Game Help Us Find a Solution to Society's Ills?***

The city is ruined. Bored and frustrated residents patrol the night streets, windows are smashed, buildings ransacked – there is no will or desire to fix anything or to understand its value. There is no sense of community any more...

5        A year ago, journalist and author Jim Rossignol approached Channel 4's education department with the idea for a game – a game about broken cities. After several meetings, the project that emerged was *Fallen City*, a hybrid of puzzler and simulation, in which the player must clean up and restore a collapsing urban environment. The highly stylised inhabitants, known as  
10    Angries, are depressed and demotivated; your job is to spark them into life, get them to clean the streets, shift the rubble and stop smashing the place up.

      "We had a kind of politically loaded backdrop to the game," says Rossignol. "The reason the Angries have trashed their city is because they have been promised too much by the people in charge; the promises haven't  
15    been fulfilled and they've ended up feeling frustrated and alienated. So they've deliberately trashed the city – to get what they were promised."

      This should all sound disturbingly familiar. In August<sup>1</sup>, cities throughout England were facing the same situation; bored, listless inhabitants wrecking their neighbourhoods. Even Rossignol's idea of motivating the populace into  
20    action, encouraging them to respect and to repair their surroundings, had echoes in the days after the riots, when people encouraged one another to set up tidying campaigns.

In *Fallen City*, dealing with urban malaise is cleverly restructured as a resource-management exercise. Each Angry has an attention-span gauge<sup>2</sup> and they'll stop working if they get bored. But there are larger buildings scattered around the ruins of the city that, when tidied up, give characters different powers such as the capacity to play music or do street art. This, in turn, motivates others. It's also possible to set up a demolition firm to get through rubble that blocks major routes, opening up new sections.

Players will earn the highest possible score if they clean up the whole city, but whether or not you can get there depends on decisions you make along the way. "On the surface, it looks like a sim<sup>3</sup> or strategy game," says Rossignol. "But it's actually a puzzle game. You have to work out what sort of infrastructure would be most valuable for these people, to make their lives better. If you think of the city as a machine for living in, what parts does it need to operate in a useful way?"

And that's the guiding theme behind *Fallen City*: perception. How can you get the residents to think about their city, not as a mass of anonymous buildings, but as a benign<sup>4</sup> infrastructure. A home. "I wanted to look at how cities don't tend to realise what they already have in them," says Rossignol. "It's easy to dismiss cities as grey and boring; our classic understanding of the inner cities is as a sort of prison. But Matt Jones, a design director at the design consultancy Berg, described the city as a battle suit for surviving the future. I took that as my philosophy – could we teach people that, actually, cities are a really cool thing because they give you powers you wouldn't otherwise have?"

These 'powers' are represented in the game as special infrastructure points. Reactivating a communications tower will get the word out about clean-up efforts, while the airship symbolises the transport infrastructure, the trade plaza represents commerce and a system that pumps curry into every home is

PLEASE TURN OVER

a great allegory for everyday utilities. The last one you'll encounter is The Tower of Awesome, which Rossignol says represents the loftier<sup>5</sup> appeal of the city. "It points to how cities end up being more than the sum of their infrastructures," he says. "London is a great example of that: there are so many cultural artefacts and great buildings that are not absolutely necessary to the quality of people's lives but they celebrate important aspects of our existence."

"More broadly, we wanted to talk to kids about why cities are valuable. For a long time, England had this bizarre pastoral dream that everyone should live in leafy suburbs and out in the countryside, when actually most people live in cities and we need to make them as good for living as possible. That comes back to this idea of the city as a machine for living in. Perhaps we can get kids to recognise that through encouraging them to reinterpret the infrastructure around them, why it's there and what abilities that gives them. That's an important message."

From: Keith Stuart, "*Fallen City: could a game help us find a solution to society's ills?*", *The Observer*, October 2, 2011 (abridged)

### Annotations:

- |          |   |
|----------|---|
| 1 August | riots in London and other English cities in 2011                        |
| 2 gauge  | instrument for measuring the amount or level of s.th.                   |
| 3 sim    | <i>short for:</i> simulation  |
| 4 benign | <i>here:</i> friendly, supportive                                       |
| 5 lofty  | high and impressive; deserving praise because of its high moral quality |

## Textaufgabe II

### Down Bowmont Hill

Home. The most innocuous and yet the most complex of words. Both comforting and confusing.

I grew up on an estate in the north of Glasgow, a place called Bishopbriggs. It was down Bowmont Hill<sup>1</sup> that my idyllic childhood collided with  
5 Glaswegian reality. It was the height of the summer holidays and all the kids on the estate ended up playing together in the street. The craze that summer was for home-made ice lollies. It seemed every freezer in every house contained moulds filled with any variety of frozen concoction. The kids would pile back to each other's houses to try the latest home-made blend. I recall  
10 being rather taken with a milk and Coke version. Then, one day, we ended up heading into the garden of some random child. We were met at the garden gate by his mum who allowed every child in, every child with the exception of me. She looked at me rather pointedly.

"Youse<sup>2</sup> can all come in... but not him..."

15 It was clear that I was not welcome. I stood on the pavement, numb, watching the backs of my friends as they disappeared into the garden and left me on my own.

I had no idea why I had been singled out, and ran home crying. But my mum knew exactly why I had been ostracised. "Don't worry," she told me.  
20 "This is life; what can you do? It is not our job to rock the boat."

It was clear that she felt that we were visitors in another man's country. Well, maybe she felt like a visitor, but I was born in this country. I felt compelled to rock as many boats as they would let me board. I had no

PLEASE TURN OVER

25 knowledge of anywhere else, of anytime else. Glasgow in 1974 was the beginning, middle and end of my reality.

I can't say I have ever forgotten that feeling of standing alone on Bowmont Hill. Those are the sorts of experiences that never soften with time; they stay with you; you replay them in your head so that the next time it happens, you will be better prepared. Unfortunately, there was no shortage of  
30 next times.

As I got older I would be asked time and again where home was and they would laugh when I suggested Glasgow. "Where do you come from?" they would ask, adding: "Originally," if I was glib enough to suggest the Great Western Road<sup>3</sup>. Implicit in all their interrogations was the accusation that I did  
35 not belong, that I was other, that my home was not here. To them I could never be Scottish.

Yet neither did I feel particularly Indian. Of course, I was born to Indian parents and grew up in an Indian house. But that Indian house was always somewhere in Glasgow. It was all very confusing.

40 As a young child my sense of self was a cultural car crash, a collision between the values of my parents and the ridicule of the playground. In those days it was commonplace for my brothers and me to be referred to as "chocolate drops", which I preferred to the more casually vicious "darkie". (Perhaps this is why I have never been a great fan of chocolate drops.) The  
45 perception of India was that all Indians were smelly, smelling, presumably, of curry. The fact that Britain later adopted Indian food as its own was an irony lost on Charlie McTeer, the celebrated school thug, as he spent the entire day with a clothes peg on his nose, complaining of the aroma that apparently emanated from my body. I have to confess to having been unaware of any  
50 smell, other than my mum's spittle from where she had invariably cleaned some breakfast off my face.

Yet, this idea of India was radically different from the place I watched on TV or saw splashed across the newspapers. The Indians I saw on TV were

55 either starving or poor or both; cyclone-hit Bangladeshis, emaciated and barely  
alive. Surely this was not where I fitted in?

As I grew older, perceptions of India changed. I became aware of the  
more spiritual side of India through the Beatles and their beads and  
cheesecloth, and their discovery of their guru, the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. I  
remember being faintly embarrassed by the idea of this bearded Svengali<sup>4</sup>  
60 owning a legion of Rolls Royces in a country which was in the throes of famine  
and pestilence. The India of the early 1980s was a world away from the  
economic superpower it is today. I didn't understand how, to the young, free-  
minded, drug-addled youth, India was a place worth visiting.

From: Hardeep Singh Kohli, *Indian Takeaway*, 2008 (abridged)

**Annotations:**

- |                      |   |
|----------------------|---|
| 1 Bowmont Hill       | street in Glasgow   |
| 2 youse              | <i>non-standard</i> : you                                 |
| 3 Great Western Road | street in Glasgow   |
| 4 Svengali           | person who has the power to control another person's mind |

PLEASE TURN OVER