



Examen VBO-MAVO-C

Engels

Vorbereidend
Beroeps
Onderwijs

Middelbaar
Algemeen
Voortgezet
Onderwijs

20 | 00

Tijdvak 1
Donderdag 25 mei
13.30 – 15.30 uur

Tekstboekje

Tekst 10

“I’m not stupid, I’m dyslexic”



Dyslexia isn’t just about not being able to read and write properly. It’s about the hurt of being teased and the frustration of never being able to keep up at school. Charlotte Mortensson reports.

1 **D**yslexia has been
officially recognised
5 as a problem since
the 1970s, and yet
some teachers and
10 education officials *still* don’t
know what it is. It can be
easy to laugh at people who
can’t read or write, but
dyslexia is no joke...

Kerry’s story

2 **Teenager Kerry did
not get help for her
dyslexia until after
she’d left school.**

3 “I got through primary
school by copying the work
off everyone else. I always
sat next to friends who
20 helped me.

4 When I was 10, Mum took
me to be tested for dyslexia.
She knew I wasn’t dumb – I
just couldn’t get the hang of
25 reading. We went to see an
educational psychologist
who said there was nothing
wrong with me. I felt so
hopeless it was like there
30 was no point trying
anymore. In secondary
school, I carried on copying
work off my friends and I’d
do anything I could to avoid

35 reading out loud.

5 Looking back, some of the
teachers must’ve known I
had problems. I could never
answer questions, and I
40 never handed them any
homework. They never said
anything, though. All I got on
my reports was: ‘Kerry
should try harder.’ I

45 desperately wanted to do
well, too, but I knew I didn’t
stand a chance. I was
worried sick about how I
was ever going to get a job
50 without any qualifications.

6 My first job was in an
office and I honestly don’t
know how I coped. I was on
reception and had to take
55 phone messages, but I
didn’t want anyone to see
how terrible my writing was,
so I tried to memorise them.
I was sacked after a year.

7 60 Then, last year, I went for
another dyslexia test with
my younger sister, who’s
now 15. She’d been having
the same problems as me
65 and we were both diagnosed
as severely dyslexic. I found
out that my IQ is actually
higher than average and, if
I’d been given the proper
70 help, I could have done really

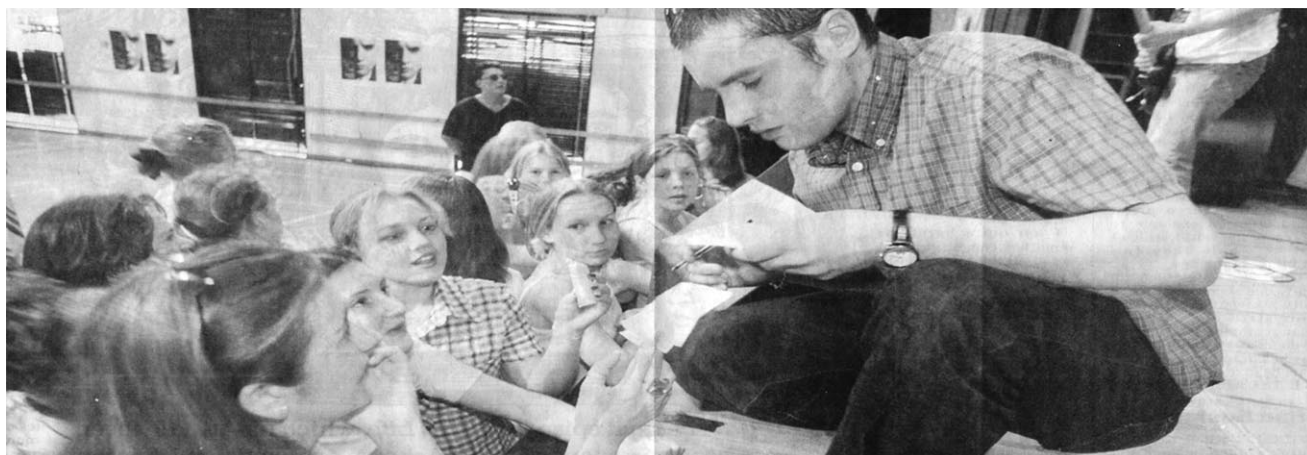


well. When I heard that, I
was so angry. I wanted to
sue my schools and the
psychologist.

8 75 I’m now having special
reading and writing lessons
which help a lot. A couple of
weeks ago, I actually finished
reading my first book. It was
80 nothing heavy, but it was a
big achievement for me.”

‘Just Seventeen’,
September 28, 1994

Why bands thank heaven for little girls



Please, sir: Jai, a 23-year-old soul singer, wins the hearts and minds of pupils at Redmaid's School, Bristol, as part of a 15-date school tour

The free school tour is the latest way of building up a loyal fan base for new pop acts.
Neil McCormick joins the screaming teens

It was not a scene you would expect to find in a school hall. On a stage more usually occupied by teachers addressing morning assembly, a seven-piece pop group were pumping out a lively set at a volume that might have convinced you that they were performing for the hard of hearing. Several hundred schoolgirls stood on plastic seats, waving their green uniform jackets about and screaming their little teenage heads off.

Ever since teenybop sensations Take That and Peter Andre used concerts in schools to build up a youthful fan base, school tours have become 17. Jai, an acclaimed 23-year-old soul singer from the West Country, was in the middle of a 15-date school tour before the release of his latest single, *This Must Be Heaven* (on M&G). 'It's a promotional tool, really,' he explained. 'We need to play to as many people as we can and this is one way of doing it. Here we've got the whole school, whether they like it or not.'

His band were travelling all over the UK – Bristol was their next stop – staging free shows in school halls and gymnasiums. He confessed that the experience was unlike any other concert he had performed. 'I don't know whether they're interested in 18 or just interested in us because we look all right. I mean, they're screaming before we go on, and most of them don't even know

who we are. It gets quite childish. If you talk to them afterwards, they tend to say "I like the bass player", rather than the bass-playing.'

All I can say is, 19 has changed a lot since I was at school. These days the three Rs appear to be Rap, Reggae and Rock'n'Roll, rather than Reading, Writing and Arithmetic. Julian Collinson, head of music at Holly Lodge School for Girls in Liverpool, explained that the concert was a way of doing what the Department of Education requires to promote variety in music.

'Let's face it, popular music is what kids are really interested in,' he said, shouting to make himself heard above the noise. 'They are exposed to music left, right and centre, from every source except live. So this is a way for them to see it 20.

'They get a chance to look at the lighting rigs and the control panels close-up, and to ask questions afterwards. It shows them how exciting and interesting music can be as an event rather than just something they hear coming out of their television or radio or Walkman. 21 it acts as a balance to normal musical activities, which they might think are a bit dry and boring.'

At the end of the concert the girls stormed the stage, clambering over one another to get their hands on the band. Jai could not say anything but a weak 'You'll have to get off.' 'Someone pinched my bum!' complained the keyboard player. After Mr Collinson had 22 and the singer had freed himself from the mass, they went backstage. There Jai said bitterly, 'Sometimes you wish you could just play to people who are a bit older. It makes you wonder who's exploiting who?'

From the record companies' point of view, school tours are a direct marketing tool. 'It's a fantastic promotional activity,' says Steve Andrews, whose company, School Touring, organised Jai's concert tour. 'You're playing to kids, who are the people you want to get interested in your act and buy your records. But the 23 get a lot out of it too. And, unlike most extra school activities, it doesn't cost them anything.'

Headteacher June Gledhill, whose North Manchester Girls' School also played host to Jai, rejects criticism that she was allowing pupils to 24. 'We have always had a wide range of artists giving shows to the pupils, including dance companies, theatre companies and steel bands,' she points out. 'You could say that people who run poetry workshops want girls to buy their books, or that orchestras want girls to go to their concerts. Every type of art or theatre company hopes it will encourage youngsters to become firm fans in later life.'

The girls of Holly Lodge were universally approving, 25 their comments may have alarmed their music teacher. 'He's fit! He's got, like, a six-pack stomach!' declared a rosy-cheeked 14-year-old as she queued for the singer's autograph.

One blonde 16-year-old who had last been seen on stage lurking in the general area of the keyboard player, was 26. 'We've had plays and things about not doing drugs, but we've never had something like this,' she smiled. 'It's really good. And it gets you out of lessons as well!'

'The Daily Telegraph', August 8, 1997

LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE

It's not quite Baywatch¹⁾, but Britain's first lifeguards' training centre has just opened in Cornwall. MATT SEATON went to test the water

1 **T**he scene is a sun-drenched beach, in Newquay, Cornwall, where the Atlantic swell delivers a steady stream
5 of rolling surf. I'm not on holiday but chasing the ultimate *Baywatch* fantasy. With any luck, in just a few days, I, too, will be a fully-trained, much-admired, self-sacrificing lifeguard.
2 As I was expecting driving rain and a howling gale – this was still April, remember – I was slightly puzzled by the glorious blue skies and brilliant sunshine. Even so, I didn't enjoy the prospect of a chilly dip in the sea off the Newquay coast.
3 20 In fact, the only way to cope with being in British waters at this time of year is to wear a wet-suit. So Jeremy Griffiths, 31, who runs Britain's first National Lifeguard Training Centre from here, checked my size and pulled one off the rail in the lifeguards' humble beach hut. Then we went back into the minibus to pick up
30 the other six trainees and begin the morning "wet training session" on the beach. This consisted of a 200m run, followed by a 150m swim out through the surf, 150m back, and another

200m run – and all within eight minutes, as this is one of the physical tests candidates have to perform to qualify.

40 The run turned out to be a gentle jog, but the waves, which looked so picturesque from the cliff-tops, seemed more monstrous the closer I got. They
45 were probably only 3ft high, but when you're already up to your neck in the one before, they seem vast. The thing to do, I'd been told, was to duck-dive. To
50 my surprise, it was actually quite easy and it worked.

5 Nothing, however, prepares you for the cold. It smacks you in the face, shrinking the skin of
55 your scalp two sizes smaller in milliseconds, and making your whole skull ache. The surfers have a nice expression for it: "ice-cream head".

60 Jeremy Griffiths: "People think being a lifeguard is a cushy job – sitting in a hut all day, watching the chicks, but it's not: you have to know all the theory.
65 Plus, it's a big responsibility. A surprising amount of the theory is knowing about the sea: how waves are formed, what causes currents and how to recognise them."
70

7 By the time our afternoon wet training session started, the wind had got up and the sea was heavy. The first batch of trainees
75 was sent into the water in order to be "rescued" by the rest of us. Griffiths took out one of the rescue floats (a 10ft surfboard with handles, on which you can



"The big swell: Baywatch babes"

80 carry someone). But when he was dumped by a wave and the trainees were struggling to get out through the rollers, the session was closed. Although I felt secretly relieved, I wondered if I should have looked disappointed, but I didn't need to because safety comes before macho behaviour here.

8 90 Being a lifeguard is never going to make anyone's fortune: with overtime, you can expect to earn about £200 a week, but don't forget the bonuses – you
95 get to look pretty cool, you spend all day on the beach, and you are treated as an object of admiration by members of the opposite sex.

9 100 The instructors admit that it is the lifestyle that pulls people in, but once hooked, it's the effect on fitness, helping other people and the sense of greater self-
105 respect that become important.

'Style', May 25, 1997

by Chris Lyndsay

1 “How many years is
it you’ve been
telling our
5 futures, Madame
Zara?” the vicar of the village
church asked Jenny Philips.
“My memory isn’t what it
was, but I’ve a feeling this is
the seventh.” “Oh, I think
10 that would be about right,
vicar,” Jenny smiled, thinking
of how she’d seen the crystal
ball in a junk shop, and
thought it might be a bit of
15 fun. It had certainly been that.

2 The vicar chuckled as he
recalled some of Jenny Philips’
crazy predictions. The
addition of a fortune-teller
20 had certainly livened up the
yearly church fete²⁾. He also
enjoyed the way Jenny and her
husband Brian treated him. It
made a refreshing change
25 from the stuffy, old-fashioned
formality of the more
traditional villagers.

3 Even now, he could see old
Miss Atkinson watching with
30 obvious disapproval. She’d
actually suggested to Jenny
that fortune-telling should be
banned from the church fete
because it was the work of the
35 devil. “Oh, it’s only a bit of
fun,” Jenny had assured her,
“I haven’t seen anything in
this crystal ball, other than my
own reflection, in seven
40 years.” Jenny was glad the rest
of the village enjoyed it, and it
raised a lot of money. “More
than Miss Atkinson’s cakes,”
she thought, as she prepared
45 to change into her costume.

4 Jenny spent the entire year
gathering gossip, so that she
could make a lot of wild and
crazy predictions on the

A change of fortune

The warning was clear. Don’t mess with the other side. But
Madame Zara thought fortune-telling was just a bit of fun



for Madame Zara?” Jenny
asked. “Yes,” he smiled, “I’d
like you to look at my future
75 and tell me what you see.”

8 Jenny felt compelled to look
at the crystal ball. And as she
looked she actually saw an
image and she felt frightened.
80 She could feel colour draining
from her face. Jenny closed
her eyes. This wasn’t supposed
to happen. It was all just
harmless fun. Visions
85 shouldn’t really appear.

9 “I don’t want your power,”
whispered Jenny. “I only do
this for fun. Please! I’m
sorry...” The stranger spread
90 his hands by way of apology
but said nothing. Before Jenny
knew it, she was alone. In
desperation, she rushed to
Brian, who sat outside her
95 tent. “That last man, where
did he go?” “Dunno,” he
answered. “I must have
missed him. Funny bloke.”

10 As Jenny turned, she heard
100 the unmistakable sound of
glass shattering inside the tent
and she knew, without doubt,
that this was her last crystal
ball performance.

50 villagers. And they loved it.

5 This year’s fete was a huge
success again, and all too soon
the church clock put an end to
the fun. At five o’clock it rang
55 out to signal that the fete was
over.

6 As the hour began to chime,
the tent flap lifted and Jenny
felt a twinge of disappoint-
60 ment. A stranger. Strangers
were no fun. With the locals,
Jenny knew how far she could
go. With strangers, this was
impossible.

7 65 The stranger seated himself
and smiled. “Well, what does
the future hold for me?” Jenny
was conscious of him staring
at her as she began moving her
70 hands over the crystal ball. “Is
there any question you have

*‘Woman’s Own’, Summer
special 1997*

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church fete: a kind of village festival to collect money for the church