

Zentralabitur 2024	Englisch	Material für Prüflinge
Prüfungsteil 2: Textaufgabe – Aufgabe I	eA	Prüfungszeit: 225 min

Name: _____

Klasse: _____

Hilfsmittel

Ein- und zweisprachiges Wörterbuch der Zielsprache

Aufgabenstellung

1. sum up the text. **(30 %)**

2. Examine how the author presents Thomas's character.
Focus on narrative perspective and
use of language. **(30 %)**

3. Choose **one** of the following tasks: **(40 %)**

3.1 You are taking part in an international social science workshop on "Changing Gender Roles." You have been asked to contribute an article for the workshop's website commenting on the following statement about "toxic masculinity" by artist Luke Humphris:

"It's how a patriarchal society is harmful to men by denying unmasculine traits and rewarding anger, violence, and destructive habits. Left unattended, toxic masculinity can cause men to hurt themselves or others."

Write the article, also referring to the text at hand and materials studied in class, such as William Shakespeare's play Hamlet.

or (3.2)

3.2 Using the message of the cartoon as a starting point, assess to what extent expectations of behaviour are still shaped by gender norms.



Material

Text: Excerpt from Ani Katz, A Good Man (2020)

The protagonist of the novel is Thomas Martin, who has recently got married to Miriam, a young Jewish woman from Paris.

Miriam's parents were the first problem. They didn't bother to come to the wedding – they saw no point in dragging themselves across the Atlantic for a civil ceremony – but Miriam prevailed upon them to visit that December, her first Chanukah [1] away from home.

5 Their taxi pulled up just before sundown. From our front door, we could see their dour faces peering out at the street, as if they were afraid to leave the car. Miriam's mother was a small and elegant woman, her thick dark hair shot through with white; she said very little, communicating through endless touches on her daughter's arms and shoulders. Her father was neatly dressed, reserved and unsmiling. He shook my

10 hand firmly, and I met his eyes for a full three beats before he looked away.

I tried to curry favor over dinner as I told them about the house we would buy very soon, my upcoming promotion and raise. They nodded distractedly as Miriam babbled in a torrent of French and English, translating furiously, until her father sighed and held up his hand. [...]

15 When I think of that visit, I mostly think of Miriam's anxious expression, her eyes flitting back and forth between her parents and me, her husband, as she recognized the sundering between her old life and her new one. I felt a palpable sense of relief when these strangers finally went home, leaving my wife and me alone together.

Her parents may have been the first imperfection in our fairy tale, but as soon as

20 Miriam got pregnant we relapsed into bliss. I always thought it was a cliché to say that women glow when they're expecting – and I'm sure that for most women, it's not true at all – but Miriam really did glow. [...] It excited me to think that I was responsible for changing her, that I was the one who had altered her body so

markedly.

25 I only have one bad memory from those months. It was early summer, her second trimester. We were still living in Brooklyn, and I was coming home from work [...]. I turned our corner and saw her down the block. She was in a cornflower blue maternity dress, facing away from the street, looking into someone else's garden. Miri, my wife. I came up behind her and put my hand on her elbow, and when she
30 turned I saw that she was smoking a cigarette. It trembled in her fingers for a brief moment before I knocked it out of her hand.

What are you doing? I said. She took a step back from me.

I'm sorry.

Are you crazy?

35 I said I'm sorry!

I knew we were making a scene, right there on our pleasant street, and the shame of the spectacle inflamed me further.

How could you?

I needed one, she said. Just one.

40 You needed one?

I couldn't help it, I'm just so, so –

She couldn't finish her sentence. She began to cry, and after a few moments of watching her thin frame heave with sobs, I folded her into my arms, the gentle mound of our baby pressed against me.

45 It's okay, I said. I forgive you.

That was when I decided it was time to get serious about buying a house, as I had promised Miriam's parents. The apartment was barely big enough for the two of us, and it was time to start living like adults. Like a family. House hunting would give us a project, a constructive outlet for Miriam's anxiety, which was beginning to mount.

50 She refused to buy anything for the baby or do more than the bare minimum of research, citing superstitions, the evil eye, other nonsense.

A house would be different. A home was something to look forward to.

We'd gone to a few open houses out on Long Island earlier that spring, just to get a feel for the market, but now I kicked the search into high gear, broker and all, and we
55 spent the summer scouring the hamlets of the North Shore.

Finally, on a warm Sunday in September, we pulled up to 26 Harbor Lane, a Dutch Colonial with a wide porch and dormer windows, half an hour northwest of the house where I'd grown up. Golden light soaked the lush lawn. Looking at the house, I could imagine the sound of footsteps and happy shouts, could see first-day-of-school
60 photos taken on the porch, trick-or-treaters congregating in the doorway, Christmas lights strung up in the towering apple tree in the front yard. I could smell Miriam's cooking in the renovated open kitchen, feel the warmth of fires I'd build in the living room hearth. I could see a life lived – our life.

Miriam needed a little more persuasion. She'd gone along gamely with the search,
65 but when it was time to make an offer she balked. She wasn't ready to abandon the

idea of a larger place in Brooklyn, even though I'd told her again and again that with our budget those kinds of places didn't exist, and that staying in the city wouldn't make sense for us in the long run. Still, she resisted. It was her trust fund, and the down payment on the house would eat up most of the principal, leaving us house
70 poor aside from my income. But it was what we wanted. She kept asking if we were sure, and I kept reminding her yes, of course we were sure.

We closed in early November, a few weeks before Miriam's due date, and after leaving the lawyer's office we stopped by the house that was finally ours, just the two of us. In the front vestibule I popped open a bottle of celebratory champagne, the
75 cork bouncing away from me into the dark and empty living room, ricocheting off the wall.

To us, I said, raising my plastic cup.

To us, Miriam repeated.

She took one sip, then poured the contents of her cup into mine.

(993 Words)

[1] Chanukah – a Jewish festival

Quelle: Ani Katz. A Good Man. London: Windmill, 2021. 74–78.

Gesamtergebnis

Aufgabe	Mögliche Prozent	Erreichte Prozent
1	30 %	
2	30 %	
3	40 %	