**ŽUPANIJSKO NATJECANJE U ZNANJU ENGLESKOG JEZIKA**

**za 2. razrede srednjih škola**

**SLUŠANJE S RAZUMIJEVANJEM**

**Good morning. May I have your attention, please? The listening part of the test will start now. Open your tests to page 2. As you can see, the listening task and questions are on this page.**

**You will hear a recording about delivering newspapers.**

**You will hear the recording twice. There will be a short pause between the two listenings.**

**You can write your answers during both the first and second listening.**

**For questions 1-10, complete the sentences using no more than one word or a number for each gap. You will hear the exact words or numbers that you need to use. You do not need to change them. The answers will occur in the same order as the questions.**

**While you are listening, write your answers on the task itself. You may cross out your answers, change them, make notes or underline words if you wish.**

**After the second listening, you will have 1 minute to check your answers and**

**transfer your final answers to the separate Answer Sheet. You must do this carefully and clearly, and you must not change what you write on the final Answer Sheet in any way.**

**Now, let’s begin. You have 30 seconds to read through the questions.**

(30 seconds)

**Now you will hear the recording.**

**My Job Delivering Newspapers**

The first job that I ever had was delivering newspapers. I suppose that I must have been about twelve years old at the time, just coming up to thirteen. Like most kids who were my age, I was always short of cash. In my case, it was needed to fund my ever-growing record collection. My dad, sick and tired of me always asking for an advance on my allowance, told me to look for advertisements for part-time jobs in one of the local papers or shop windows, and it was one of the latter that provided me with the opportunity that I needed. It was a job delivering newspapers. My parents weren’t keen on the fact that it was before school but were glad that it afforded me some kind of independence. I had to be there at six-thirty on weekdays, which meant going to bed at eight or nine, and setting off at six, although I didn’t need to leave until seven o’clock at the weekend.

The job turned out to be much harder than I had imagined. Rising early was tough enough but faded into insignificance compared to the bitterness of the early-morning cold at certain times of the year where I lived. The weight of the newspapers themselves could sometimes be a problem too. The papers on Sunday were always thicker due to the extra supplements and magazines that they contained, although these were dwarfed by the hefty local paper that most customers ordered every Friday. My back aches at the memory of it. Nevertheless, it was initially a positive experience. My folks were pleased at the responsibility I now had as well as my independent income, while yours truly relished the daydreaming opportunities the work allowed.

I started off cycling, though I quickly got bored of pushing my bike up hills. Walking was far more efficient, although I remember my dad driving me once after I had overslept. It’s fair to say that he wasn’t delighted about it. Not that the owner of the shop would have been angry or anything. On the whole, he was not one to show a lack of understanding, unlike a lot of owners that I heard about, some of whom could be quite unfair.

I’m proud to say I saved most of my wages, which rather surprised my dad who thought I’d waste what I earnt. Of course, I spent some of it on records and clothes, and so on. After all, that was why I had got the job in the first place. However, I was suffering from tiredness and sport started to take up more of my time. Above all, my marks were deteriorating and my parents were putting pressure on me. I had no choice but to quit.

Looking back, although my main motivation had been financial, it was more an educational experience. However, I can’t say that I miss getting up at the crack of dawn every morning.

(20 seconds)

**(You will now hear the recording again.)**