

Probeklausur GK/En 12.5.2006

Aufgabenstellung:

1. Describe the various conflicts that become apparent in this scene. (Comprehension)
2. Analyse the point of view adopted and show how it is used to characterise the protagonists and the way they behave. (Analysis)
3. You have a choice here. Choose one of the following tasks:
 - 3.1 Compare Chanu's attitude with that of Jesminder in the story/film "Bend it like Beckham" and outline their ways of dealing with their problems. (Evaluation: comment)
 - 3.2 Imagine that Nazneen reports on her experience of the Azad family in a conversation with Jesminder ("Bend it like Beckham"). Include some of Jesminder's reactions considering the way her own family functions. (Evaluation: re-creation of text)

Text: Extract from Monica All's novel "Brick Lane " (2003)

After an arranged marriage at the age of 18 to Chanu, a man 20 years her senior, Nazneen has exchanged her Bangladeshi village for a block of flats in London's East End. Their doctor, Dr. Azad, has visited them several times socially on his own but has never invited them back. So one day, Chanu takes his family to call on the Azads uninvited and unannounced. Mrs Azad opens the door wearing a short skirt. When the extract begins, Chanu is talking about his baby son Ruku...

"I don't want him to rot here with all the skinheads and drunks. I don't want him to grow up in this racist society. I don't want him to talk back to his mother. I want him to respect his father." Chanu's voice had grown impassioned. Mrs Azad tutted and held up her purpie-taloned hand. Chanu assumed a loud whisper. "The only way is to take him back home."

5 A girl walked in and stood with her hands on her hips in the middle of the room. She had inherited her mother's sturdy legs, but her skirt was shorter by a good few inches. She spoke in English. Nazneen caught the words pub and money. Her mother grunted and waved towards Dr Azad. The doctor quivered. He spoke a few sharp words. His shoulders were up around his ears. Chanu shifted in his chair and coughed. The girl chewed gum. She twiddled the stud on her nostril, like a spot she was about to squeeze. Her hair was discoloured by the same rusty substance
10 that streaked her mother's head. She repeated her request. Chanu started to hum. The back of Nazneen's neck grew warm. The doctor began to speak but his wife threw up her hands. She struggled out of her armchair and fetched a handbag.

The girl took the money. She looked at Nazneen and the baby. She looked at Chanu. The doctor gripped his seat. His feet and knees pressed together. His helmet-hair held a circle of light. He would never let go of that chair. It
15 was the only thing holding him up. The girl tucked the money into her blouse pocket. "Salaam Ale-Koum," she said and went to the pub.

Mrs Azad switched off the television. Let's go, thought Nazneen. She tried to signal with her eyes to Chanu, but he smiled vaguely back at her. "This is the tragedy of our lives. To be an immigrant is to live out a tragedy."

The hostess cocked her head. She rubbed her bulbous nose. "What are you talking about?"

20 "The clash of cultures."

"I beg your pardon?"

"And of generations," added Chanu.

"What is the tragedy?"

"It is not only immigrants. Shakespeare wrote about it." He cleared his throat and prepared to cite his quotation.

25 "Take your coat off. It is getting on my nerves. What are you? A professor?"

Chanu spread his hands. "I have a degree in English Literature from Dhaka University. I have studied at a British university - philosophy, sociology, history, economics. I do not claim to be a learned gentleman. But I can tell you truthfully, madam, that I am always learning."

"So what are you then? A student?" She did not sound impressed. Her small deepplugged eyes looked as hard
30 and dirty as coal.

"Your husband and I are both students. In a sense. That's how we came to know each other, through a shared love of books, a love of learning."

Mrs Azad yawned. "Oh yes, my husband is a very refined man. He puts his nose inside a book because the smelt of real life offends him. But he has come a long way. Haven't you, my sweet?"

35 He comes to our flat to get away from her, thought Nazneen. "Yes," said the doctor. His shirt collar had swallowed his neck.

Anmerkungen:

tutted (3): "tut-tut" as an expression of disapproval

taloned (4): here fingernails (normally: talon = claw of a bird of prey spot (11): a pimple