

TRANSKRYPCJA NAGRAŃ

TASK 1

Speaker A

I decided to bake chocolate chip cookies. After mixing the ingredients in the food processor, I put rounded tablespoon measures of perfect cookie dough onto a greased cookie sheet. Then I preheated the oven to full whack. When I was leaning into the oven with the cookie sheet full of dough, I somehow lost my balance and slipped. The sheet upended, and the raw mixture landed all over the hot inside of the open oven door in a sizzling sticky mess. Panicked that all my cookies would become pieces of charcoal on the hot surface, I filled a bucket with hot, soapy water. I set the bucket down on the floor and with considerable effort began scooping the bubbling, glued dough that had already started scorching. Just as I was finishing the cleaning, my knee hit the bucket and the water poured all over the kitchen! I could do nothing but laugh!

Speaker B

Years ago I attempted to make my first chocolate chip cookies. Once I had carefully measured the ingredients and pre-heated the oven, I set to work. When it was time to add the cocoa powder, it didn't seem to be mixing in very well so I turned up the speed of my food processor. But the cocoa exploded out of the mixer and went all over the kitchen. After cleaning the mess up, I finished making the dough and my cookies went into the oven. When it was time to get them out, I didn't notice my oven mitt had a hole in it. While I was taking the cookies out, my finger touched the scorching edge of the cookie sheet. In shock from the pain, I dropped it and the cookies bounced off the oven door and ended up on the floor either cracked or in pieces!

Speaker C

My kitchen disaster occurred when I was making my marvelous chocolate cookies. I mixed the dough, made the cookies and placed them in the oven. I had some difficulty because I didn't have a proper baking pan so I just used baking paper. When I managed to take the cookies out, I placed them on the windowsill next to the air conditioner to cool them quickly. Apparently, I shouldn't have done so because a minute later I noticed they had cracked, some into halves. To save them I decided to frost them. I poured the ingredients of the frosting into my food processor and when it was coming together nicely, I decided to add more butter. But because the butter was very hard, it got caught in the beater and blew out the beater shaft of the food processor, rendering it useless. I still tried to frost the cookies, but they fell apart while I was applying the frosting.

adapted from <http://www.seriousseats.com>

TASK 2

Text 1.

Man: How many books a year do you read? Twenty? Fifty? What about 200? In today's programme, I'm interviewing a British writer, Ann Morgan, who set herself the task of reading one book from each of the world's 196 countries within one year. Ann, why did you take on such an incredible challenge?

Woman: I used to think of myself as a fairly cosmopolitan sort of person, but my bookshelves told a different story. Apart from a few odd Australian and South African novels, my literature collection consisted of British and American titles. Worse still, I hardly ever tackled anything in translation. I'd never realized my reading was so confined. So, in 2012, I decided to find out what I was missing out on and set off on a year-long intellectual journey of discovery.

Man: How did you decide what titles to select?

Woman: Well, in some cases there wasn't much choice. Having a sneaking suspicion that I was unlikely to find publications from nearly 200 nations on the shelves of my local bookshop, I decided to create a blog entitled *A Year of Reading the World*. There, I put out an appeal for suggestions of titles that I could read in English.

Man: Did you receive an encouraging response?

Woman: Astounding! People all over the world were getting in touch with ideas and offers of help. Some posted me books or electronic versions, others did hours of research on my behalf. Two writers, one from Turkmenistan and the other from Panama, sent me unpublished translations of their novels, giving me a rare opportunity to read works which otherwise would have been unavailable to me. Even with such an extraordinary team of bibliophiles behind me, however, sourcing books from some countries was an arduous task. When it came to the tiny island nation of Sao Tome and Principe, I would have been stuck if it hadn't been for a team of volunteers in Europe who translated a book of short stories by a local author for me.

Man: From what you're saying I reckon some of the time you allotted yourself for the challenge had to be devoted to obtaining the publications.

Woman: Right. Tracking down some stories took me as much time as reading them or even longer. It was a tall order to fit it all in around work and many a time I sat bleary-eyed into the small hours of the morning to make sure I stuck to my target of reading one book every 1.87 days.

Man: That must have been an incredibly wearing quest. So the final question must be "Was it worth the effort?"

Woman: Definitely. As I made my way through the diversity of literary landscapes, I discovered it offered a journey a physical traveller could only dream of. This unconventional way of visiting places, which I called *bookpacking*, took me inside the thoughts of individuals living far away and showed me the world through their eyes. One by one, the country names on the list that had begun as an intellectual exercise transformed into vital, vibrant places filled with laughter, love, anger, hope and fear.

adapted from www.bbc.com

Text 2.

We all know that Sydney's best-known landmark is the Opera House. Its curving, nested design has earned it a spot as a UNESCO World Heritage Site. Since the vision of the Danish architect Jørn Utzon has a lot to do with the final look of the building, it would have seemed natural for him to be honoured at the Opera House's opening, but it wasn't the case. His story is one of unfulfilled promise crippled by inexperience – or, depending on how it is told, a city's failure

to support a genius. Utzon was an unknown architect who unexpectedly won the competition to design the Sydney Opera House. His submission was one of 233 designs received from architects representing 28 countries. Rumor has it that Utzon got his chance thanks to the renowned Finnish-American architect, Eero Saarinen, who appeared late on the panel of judges, after most of the entries had already been assessed. Saarinen felt disappointed with the entrants shortlisted by the other members of the judging panel and pulled Utzon's entry out of the pile of rejected designs. Utzon's vision enchanted Saarinen and under his influence the rest of the panel acknowledged its inherent brilliance. To convince the city authorities and the public that the choice was right, Saarinen himself secretly produced further presentation drawings.

But while Utzon's concept was highly regarded, its construction was beset with difficulties from the start. Once the project was launched, it became clear that the young architect lacked the experience needed to see the construction of such an experimental building through. It turned out that he didn't have a plan for how to support the weight of his design, and when a solution was eventually found, it raised the costs significantly. Utzon also had some habits that made working with him difficult. He took long holidays at crucial moments, was reluctant to ask for help and took on other projects while the work on the Opera House was in progress. Consequently, the construction dragged on, the deadline was threatened, and the project faced hefty opposition. The Premier of New South Wales, the state where Sydney is located, questioned Utzon's every decision and eventually stopped paying him, which was a disgrace. Eventually, in 1966 Utzon left Sydney. The government owed him \$100,000, and the project ended up 1457 percent over budget. That is why at the 1973 opening ceremony, Utzon's name wasn't even mentioned.

Utzon never returned to Australia. Things started to turn around at the end of his life. In 2003, after the Opera House earned the Pritzker Architecture Prize, its reception room was re-named the Utzon Room. Apparently, that's how long it takes for a project of iconic importance to overcome resentment towards its creator.

adapted from <http://www.smithsonianmag.com>

TASK 3

The heart of New York City may be Times Square, but its lifeblood is its subway system. There's so much to see underground. One of the places worth visiting is a shuttered subway station in Lower Manhattan called *City Hall*. Just a few times a year, the New York Transit Museum gives a group of people a rare opportunity to visit the *City Hall* station. To be one of the lucky few who are allowed to admire the mastery of its interior, you need to register in advance and patiently wait your turn. But there's a catch. To meet the requirements for registering, you must first purchase a membership of the *New York Transit Museum*, which costs around \$50. However, being admitted inside is worth every cent. There are many unique design elements to admire. With its curved entryways and vaulted ceilings, the station has a delicacy like no other. It was closed down in 1945 because the platform was too short to accommodate the new trains introduced that year. Escaping the wear and tear caused by regular passengers, the immaculate arches, round brass chandeliers, and detailed tile work have remained intact over time.

Another place worth seeing is the *14th Street/Eighth Avenue* station where there is an unusual subway installation which can be admired for free. It is a series of 130 bronze sculptures depicting cartoon characters, animals and abstract figures. One of the larger pieces is an alligator popping out of a manhole cover. Once, a 4-year old boy jumped on the alligator's head and kicked it so hard that his foot was caught in the bronze jaws. The boy was terrified and he started crying "Mom, it's trying to bite me!" It was so amusing that a *New York Times* journalist who saw the incident published a story about it.

There is more art to be seen underground. For example, at the *Lefferts Boulevard* station you can see graffiti showing a 16-year-old boy, named Keron Thomas, who fell in love with subway trains, and one Saturday in 1993 illegally seized control of one of them. Planning this stunt demanded a lot of preparation. He hung around subway stations and talked to the workers. He even managed to swipe the Transit Authority's manual, a book of rules, regulations and procedures. He thumbed through it many times from cover to cover and then put what he'd memorized into practice! One Saturday, at 3:58 p.m., Keron Thomas took command of the "A" train at the line's terminus at 207th Street in Inwood. The train he drove made 85 stops in Manhattan, Brooklyn and Queens and was on time at the Lefferts Boulevard station. He would have got away with it, but on the return trip, he broke a 20-mile-an-hour speed limit and it tripped the automatic brakes. When the authorities turned up to investigate the incident, Keron fled to escape punishment. He was arrested a few hours later and charged with reckless endangerment and criminal impersonation.

adapted from <http://www.smithsonianmag.com>