

TRANSKRYPCJA NAGRAŃ

TASK 1

SPEAKER A

Our regular round of activities included popping into the post office to check our lottery tickets and get new ones. That day my husband, Wayne, checked the main draw. No match. Feeling a little dejected, he turned his attention to the results of the lucky dip millionaire raffle. Then, he called me over and asked me to sit down. Another setback, I thought. We'd endured many. I'd been deprived of my rightful inheritance and concurrently laid off by the company to which I'd dedicated thirty years. I was really concerned that if Wayne's job also went out of the window, we could soon have bailiffs at the door. I knew our friends and relatives would come to our rescue and at least we wouldn't have to pay them any interest. Probably we could sell the house to pay our debts, but there would only be enough left over to get a one-bedroom mobile home for ourselves. And then Wayne's news came like a bolt out of the blue – we'd won a million!

SPEAKER B

I applied to be on the TV programme *Deal or No Deal*. It requires neither skill nor good general knowledge. I did it for a laugh, but it would be stretching it too far to say I didn't want to win. At the studio I was quite laid back and had no great expectations. Even £5,000 sounded like a prodigious amount. I don't want to make out that I had suffered as a child, but we had lived hand to mouth. My mum single-handedly went the extra mile to provide for me, so winning five grand would have been mind-blowing. When it was my turn to play, I picked box number 2 and got through to the next round. In the final round I was offered £68,000 to walk away. Just at the moment when I was about to take it, there was a little voice inside me saying "nothing ventured, nothing gained". One box had a fiver in it, the other £1 million. Something in my gut was telling me to go for box no. 2 again. So I did and then there was a bang, confetti and I started to cry for joy!

SPEAKER C

I had regularly bought tickets for the National Lottery. I'd always hankered to travel overseas. but it had been unattainable for me. I was hard up for cash and had barely any friends and nobody to turn to when I needed money most during my illness. So, when I spotted an advert for a better job at the National Lottery, I thought, why not? They employed me but I had to stop buying tickets, and so I could no longer dream of reversing my fortunes thanks to a lottery win. And then one day I received a letter from *Finders International*, the heir hunters. The first line of the letter said that I had inherited a staggering £1 million! I nearly chucked it in the bin assuming it was a scam but for some reason I decided to read on. The name Mary Major leapt out at me. She was my half-sister, my father's daughter from his first marriage. We'd never met. The letter disclosed that she had passed away and I was her next of kin so I was entitled to everything she'd owned.

adapted from <https://www.theguardian.com>

TASK 2

Text 1.

Woman: Today, I have Billy, a young entrepreneur, with me in the studio. Billy, how did your start-up come about?

Man: It all kicked off in 2006 at my grandfather's home in Colorado, where my brother Nick and I were spending the spring vacation skiing. One day we were rummaging around in the attic. We were quite positive we'd come across something fun, like fireworks or some gadget or other. Our grandfather is mad about such things. And sure enough, we discovered a crate in the corner filled with cardboard boxes. The labels on the boxes said *Ski Klippers*. On each box there was a picture of a man on skis, with a parachute-like sail attached to his wrists and legs. We hurried downstairs, demanding to know from our grandfather what those *Ski Klippers* were.

Woman: And?

Man: At first he changed the subject but after a while he told us what they were and allowed us to try them out. So we climbed the nearest hill, put our skis on, attached the sails to our wrists and ankles, and began to ski down. It was absolutely breathtaking. Instead of sinking into the deep snow, as would normally have happened, the sails gave us lift and stability. The *Ski Klippers* enabled us to go straight down very steep and treacherous slopes and stay fully in control. Later, we found out that our grandfather had designed them way back in the 1960s. He thought he would try to sell a few, but then had other things to do, so he forgot all about them.

Woman: So your grandfather was the stimulus ...

Man: Yes, he's been our inspiration from the start. Can you believe he's 83 now and still gets in 45 days of skiing every year? He's always combined a love for the outdoors with a passion for inventing things. As a boy, he attended this science club where they experimented with gunpowder and other explosives and made things that were genuinely risky to use like hot-air balloons and gliders. He's mellowed a little bit, especially with regard to dangerous materials, but he's still got that drive for innovation and trying new things out, and his example continues to encourage our creativity.

Woman: So what was the next step in starting your business?

Man: Well, we tested a wide range of different prototypes for our own version of the *Ski Klippers* but then we concluded that the best design was what our grandfather had originally devised. We only enhanced it with cutting-edge materials. When more and more people wanted to use our sails, we gradually started thinking of patenting the invention. When you have a tangible product or idea, it can be easily poached or pre-empted by competitors. There are also all sorts of bureaucratic pitfalls you need to avoid when you start a new business. Someone put us in touch with a law firm that helps young entrepreneurs. They helped us to set up the company and to file for patents, trademarks and copyrights. With the legal aspects resolved, we were able to focus on sales and make our online presence grow. Without their support I'm not sure we would have got through all that successfully.

Woman: Billy, thanks a lot for being here today and giving us so much insight into creative entrepreneurship ...

adapted from http://sporting-sails.com/press__awards/legalzoom

Text 2.

It's been three months since the ginger cat first walked into my life, strolling leisurely along the rural railway line that adjoins the house. I watched as it approached for the first time, and then disappeared into some bushes. I shrugged and carried on with my chores, not expecting to see it again. But just after sunrise the next day, it squeezed through the gate into the garden. Its visits at dawn continued like clockwork. If I attempted to get within 40 metres, it would simply turn on its heels and vanish. However, I did get close enough to see that the feline visitor was on the small side, and rather skinny. Its behaviour suggested it was either wild or a stray. It clearly needed a nourishing meal. There was some out-of-date tinned fish in the cupboard, so one evening I left a bit in an old bowl outside. In the morning, it was gone. Then I started leaving out table scraps. Every morning, no trace of them. Was the cat watching me, waiting in a hiding place somewhere for its bowl to be replenished? It certainly felt that way for the first month. I didn't notice at the time that the distance between us had halved and that the cat was gradually drawing me in.

For the next month the process continued. After having left out many more bowls of food I was permitted to approach the cat as close as two metres. At this distance I started to feel a little proprietorial. That's when the questions began. Was I now 'going steady' with this furry creature? Should I name it? But wouldn't naming it mean I was committing myself to feeding it forever? And how could I name it without knowing its sex. It's astonishing how tough it is to tell the difference between male and female cats. For the next five days, from my usual exclusion range, I tried to establish the cat's gender, however, I completely failed, so when I discovered from the internet that 90% of ginger cats are male, I decided to save myself time and energy and simply assumed that it was "it" was a "he".

The internet also provided a lot of information about cat care. Remarkably, in a world where online advice for just about every human ailment or symptom routinely claims an immediate "miracle cure", the advice for animals is generally more responsible, nearly always ending with: "Consult your vet." One Monday morning, I heard a miaow and spotted the cat in a nearby bush. He looked dreadful with his fur matted and one eye half-closed. Obviously he had been in a fight or had had some accident. I moved his bowl closer to him. The movement startled him and he ran away limping. However, later the same day, he returned with an unmistakable 'help me' look. I fed him, and for the first time he came inside. He eventually sat on one of the cushions. He was watchful but over the next few days allowed me to stroke his head gently. The next day I heard him purr for the first time. I knew he was on the road to recovery.

adapted from <https://www.theguardian.com>

TASK 3

Some time ago I decided to go on a coastal canoe trip on my own. Even though the conditions looked favourable before I set out, I called the coastguard to tell them who I was, where I was leaving from and heading to. But I never got there since some freak waves turned my canoe over. I managed to right the canoe twice, but then another huge wave hit me from a different direction before I had got my breath back. I was too exhausted to right the canoe this time, so I ended up under water and had to get out of the capsized canoe. I realised I wouldn't be able to reach the shore because of the currents, strong gusts of wind and giant waves.

At the front of my canoe there was a watertight compartment where I had stowed some distress flares and my phone. Before I left the hotel, I'd additionally put them in a zipped plastic bag. Thanks to these precautions the phone was still working and I was able to call the coastguard. It's chilling to think that if I had gone another way that day, I might not have had reception. It is very patchy along the coast.

Anyway, I managed to give the coastguard my position, but had to break off contact to secure myself to the canoe which was helping me stay afloat in the rough sea. At that moment, the canoe was hit by another huge wave, and I lost both the phone and the flares. All I could do now was wait. I was in the water for two-and-a-half hours. I realised that spotting me was like finding a needle in a haystack since I was in the water with giant waves all around. What made it worse was that the tide had changed and I started to float in the opposite direction to where I said I was heading and where the rescue team would be looking for me.

I probably wouldn't have lasted so long if it hadn't been for all the top-notch kit I had. But even though I had a wetsuit and lifejacket on, I started to shiver and my teeth were chattering, which was a clear sign that hypothermia was setting in. Still, I felt sure that I would survive. I now know that four lifeboats and two helicopters were searching for me, and on land a mountain rescue crew were patrolling the coast in case I'd been washed ashore. Even two ferries were diverted to help in the search. But in the end it was a trawler crew that caught sight of me. I don't think that they had actually been roped into the search and guess that their finding me was a fluke. However, that doesn't matter. All I know is that my life was saved at the very last moment. Twenty minutes later dusk would have set in, and they wouldn't have been able to see me.

adapted from <https://www.theguardian.com>