

## Hinweise für den Prüfling

**Einlese- und Auswahlzeit:** 30 Minuten

**Bearbeitungszeit:** 240 Minuten

### Auswahlverfahren

Wählen Sie von den zwei vorliegenden Vorschlägen einen zur Bearbeitung aus. Der nicht ausgewählte Vorschlag muss am Ende der Einlesezeit der aufsichtsführenden Lehrkraft zurückgegeben werden.

### Erlaubte Hilfsmittel

1. Wörterbuch zur deutschen Rechtschreibung
2. an der Schule eingeführtes einsprachiges Wörterbuch

### Sonstige Hinweise

keine

### In jedem Fall vom Prüfling auszufüllen

Name: _____	Vorname: _____
Prüferin / Prüfer: _____	Datum: _____

## **Extreme Situations**

### **Assignments**

1. Briefly outline the situation and describe how Shannon and Ian respond to it.  
(30 BE)
2. Analyse their moral conflict and compare it to a similarly difficult situation encountered in a text read in class.  
(40 BE)
3. Discuss whether choice or chance plays a more important role in modern man's life.  
(30 BE)

## Material

## Stephen Amidon: Human Capital

*Shannon and Jamie are high school seniors; Ian has dropped out of school and now works in a deli. As Shannon's boyfriend Jamie kept getting drunk, she left him. One night, however, she is called to a party because Jamie has had too much to drink.*

5 *She and Ian, her new boyfriend, go there. Shannon drives Jamie home while Ian takes Jamie's Jeep Wrangler back and hits a cyclist. Shannon picks Ian up at Jamie's house. On the way to Ian's place, they see bystanders attending to the victim of the accident.*

“Look, Shannon, it was an accident, all right? The car just – I was downshifting, and when I hit the gas, I mean, it just lurched away from me. It was like a rocket taking off. And the next thing I knew this guy appeared out of the middle of nowhere.”

10 “I know it was an accident.”

“Then what possible reason would there be for me to get myself arrested? If he was still lying out there or they needed my blood or something ... he's not going to get any better with us calling the cops. I get busted<sup>1</sup> and that's it for me.”

15 He folded his arms across his chest and bent forward slightly. Shannon put her hand on his back and could feel his body shaking. Headlights appeared on Totten Pike. They watched through the picture window as a car drove by without slowing.

“We'll wait until morning,” she said.

He put his head back on her lap. She began to stroke his hair.

20 “Hey, Ian?” she asked after a while. “How come you drove the Jeep all the way back to Jamie's?”

“I thought it would be easier.”

“But what happened on the hill?” she asked softly.

“I don't know. I wasn't even going that fast. It just ... the car just sort of jumped. It was like the thing was driving itself. I thought ...”

25 “What?”

“I don't know what I thought.”

30 He began to cry, a rhythmic stutter of his breathing, his hand gripping her knee. She thought he was shivering at first. She'd never seen him cry before. After a minute of this she felt something hot soak through the fabric on her thigh. Tears. He stopped after that. He was so still that she thought he'd fallen asleep. She slid out from under him, getting one of Ginny's misshapen handmade quilts from the closet to put over his body. But when she came back to the sofa, she saw that his eyes were wide open. There was nothing behind them. They were all pure brilliant surface.

“I thought you were asleep.”

35 “I don't think I'm ever going to sleep again.”

She covered him, and then they watched the television with the sound turned off, a Hartford station, evangelists and infomercials, a guy with big rubber gloves cutting up baked chickens. [...]

40 Finally, just as light was beginning to leak through the trees across the highway, the local morning news broadcast started. They turned on the sound. The story came on a good ten minutes into the program. [...] The newscaster explained that the police were appealing for witnesses in a hit-and-run accident involving a Totten Crossing man named Robert Jarvis,

---

<sup>1</sup> to get arrested

who was in serious condition at Mercy Hospital. The whole thing took no more than thirty seconds of airtime.

45 “Serious,” Shannon said. “What does that mean?”

“It means he’s alive.”

She knew it meant more than that but kept quiet. They watched the news on another station, but there was nothing there. Shannon turned off the television.

“So what are we going to do?” she asked.

50 “Nothing.”

“Ian, we can’t just do nothing.”

He looked out the picture window at the rocky yard. She put her hand on the back of his neck. The muscles were rigid.

55 “Okay,” he said, taking a deep breath. “If he’s hurt badly, I mean, you know, really *serious*, then I’ll turn myself in. But if he’s just, if he’s going to get better, then I won’t. That’s – that’s all right, isn’t it?”

Shannon nodded, even though she knew it wasn’t all right. And then she thought of something else.

“But what if they figure out it was the Wrangler?”

60 “Okay. That, too. If they start asking about the Wrangler, we’ll call them.”

They went to his room and lay on top of the covers, keeping their clothes on. They didn’t say anything, and Shannon must have drifted off, because the next thing she knew it was very bright in the room, a harsh, headachy light that seemed to be coming from a closer sun. Ian was sitting at his desk, drawing furiously in one of his pads<sup>2</sup>. He hadn’t slept. He hadn’t been  
65 anywhere near sleep.

“What time is it?” she asked.

He closed the pad and looked at her.

“Late morning. Everything’s cool.”

“I’d better go,” she said. “See what’s happening.”

70 He nodded unhappily.

“Call me.”

“Ian, I’m not going to let you go through anything alone.”

“And you won’t tell anyone unless we decide together, right?”

“Ian, I promise.”

75 They kissed for a while, and she allowed herself to believe everything was going to be all right. But once she was away from him, the magnitude of what they were doing returned. Keeping the accident a secret had seemed possible when she was lying with him in the quiet house, the world nothing more than passing traffic. But as she drove back into Totten Crossing, moving among all the regular people doing regular things, parents spending money and taking their kids places, she knew this was just an illusion.

80 844 words

Stephen Amidon, *Human Capital*, New York (Viking), 2004; S. 190-193

---

<sup>2</sup> writing/drawing pad