

## Listening Assessment Common European Framework B2

### Answer Key

#### **A** Score 16

1. What was the advice of the old man at Sulphur Creek?  
*He said that no man must travel alone after fifty below.*
2. What happened to the first fire that the man built?  
*It went out because green moss fell off one of the sticks into the fire.*
3. What did the man want to do with the dog?  
*He wanted to kill the dog and put his hands in the warm body.*
4. Did he succeed? Why?  
*He called the dog but his voice frightened the animal. He finally grabbed it but he could not kill it.*
5. What happened when the man lit a match using his teeth?  
*He did not have the endurance to run until he reached the camp.*
6. What was the problem with the man's plan?  
*He fell and could not get up so he decided to rest.*
7. What happened after he fell?  
*He could not get up.*
8. What were the last words the man said?  
*He said 'You were right, old man, you were right.'*

#### **B** Score 9

Put the story in order.

- 6 The man started to run again and the dog followed him.
- 3 The man let the dog go.
- 2 The man tried to capture the dog to carry out his plan.
- 8 The man sat up and started to think.
- 1 The man tried to lit up a fire with matches.
- 5 The man stumbled and fell.
- 7 The man fell again and felt and it was his last panic.
- 9 The man thought of the old man.
- 4 The man started to run to reach the camp.

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### Audio Script

#### A & B

The old man at Sulphur Creek was right: after fifty below, a man should travel with a partner. He beat his hands, but he felt nothing. He took off both mittens with his teeth. He caught all the matches between his hands. Then he scratched the matches on his leg. They flared into a flame, seventy matches at once. He held the burning matches to the sticks. Then he became aware of a feeling in his hands. His skin was burning. He could smell it. The feeling became pain. Nevertheless, he continued holding the fire to the wood. But the wood would not light, because his own burning hands were in the way.

When he could stand no more, he pulled his hands apart. The matches fell into the snow, but some wood was burning. He began adding more grass and twigs to the flame. The fire meant life, and it must not go out. A large piece of green moss fell off one of the sticks into the fire. He tried to push it out with his fingers, but he pushed too far and scattered the fire. Each stick went out. He looked around and saw the dog, sitting across from him.

He had an idea. He remembered the story of the man, caught in a blizzard, who killed a steer and crawled inside the body. He would kill the dog and put his hands in the warm body. Then he could build another fire. He called the dog, but his voice frightened the animal. It sensed danger. It would not come to the man. The man pulled on his mittens using his teeth, and got up on his feet. Finally, the dog came to him. The man grabbed it. He sat down in the snow and held the dog while it snarled. But it was all he could do, to hold the dog in his arms. He could not kill the dog. With his dead hands he could not hold his knife, he let the dog go, and it ran away. It stopped forty feet away and looked at him.

The man now had a fear of death. He ran. The running made him feel better. Maybe if he ran, his feet would thaw out. If he ran far enough, he would reach the camp. He would lose some fingers and toes and some of his face, but the boys would take care of him when he got there.

There was one problem with his plan: he did not have the endurance to run until he reached the camp. Several times he stumbled, and finally he fell. When he tried to get up, he failed. He must sit and rest, he decided, and then walk. As he sat, he realized that he was feeling quite warm. And yet, when he touched his nose and cheeks, there was no sensation.

Then he imagined that more parts of his body were freezing. He tried to think of something else. But soon he had a vision of his body totally frozen. This was too much and he ran again. The dog ran with him. The man fell a second time. He was losing his battle with the cold. It was entering his body from all sides. He ran, and then fell again. It was his last panic. He sat up and started to think about how he could meet death with dignity. He was going to freeze anyway, and had to accept it. He felt peaceful and sleepy. Freezing was not so bad as people thought. There were worse ways to die. He thought of the old man at Sulphur Creek. 'You were right, old man, you were right,' he said.