
Tekst 2

Jump into summer

Last year we had our pudding first and were then left with a huge portion of greens to eat up – in other words, the dry, sunny weather was followed by endless rain. This year the order is reversed, and how we're enjoying it, or should be.

Of course, asphalt melts in waves, heaths burst into flames and weaker folk wilt. That is what happens in a sunny summer. But there is no point complaining, for two reasons. First, the Clerk of the Weather has no complaints department. Nothing can be done about the weather, which is why it has such an impressive impact upon us, like the sea. For once, we are not the bosses, and no one will give us our money back. Even the Met Office¹⁾, that hothouse of harmless boffins, admits that it doesn't know what will happen in any particular week in the future.

Second, complaining about the weather is a delusion. When we complain, it feels as though we are doing something pleasurable, but it soon makes us feel worse. Much better to embrace the pleasures that are available and marvel at the rest. If sleep won't come, at least take a look at the night sky. If appetite disappears, at least take comfort at shedding a pound or two of fat. It is notable that, as in the snow, children instinctively know how to enjoy the anarchy of extreme heat (once they're shielded from its effects by kind adults). Sport, drink, open air, water and gardens all thrive in a heatwave, and we with them.

The Daily Telegraph, 2013

noot 1 The Met Office is the United Kingdom's national weather service

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- “our pudding” (eerste alinea)
- 1p 2 Wat is het toetje volgens de schrijver van het artikel?
- 1p 3 How can the tone of this letter as a whole be described?
- A annoyed
 - B sarcastic
 - C sceptical
 - D tongue-in-cheek