

Listening (конкурс понимания устной речи)

Вариант 1.

Task 1.

The library is in the middle of the campus. It's next to the theatre. There's a shop behind the library, between the bank and the bookshop. The Student Union building is opposite the theatre, beside the round building, which is the night club. The Sports Centre is on the other side of the green, facing the Medical Centre.

Task 2.

Nobody seemed to care about Mary. She was born in India, where her father was a British official. He was busy with his work, and her mother, who was very beautiful, spent all her time going to parties. So an Indian woman, Kamala, was paid to take care of the little girl. Mary was not a pretty child. She had a thin angry face and thin yellow hair. She was always giving orders to Kamala, who had to obey. Mary never thought of other people, but only of herself. In fact, she was a very selfish, disagreeable, bad tempered little girl.

One very hot morning, when she was about nine years old, she woke up and saw that instead of Kamala there was a different Indian servant by her bed.

'What are you doing here?' she asked crossly. 'Go away! And send Kamala to me at once!'

The woman looked afraid. 'I'm sorry, Miss Mary, she she - she can't come!'

Something strange was happening that day. Some of the house servants were missing and everybody looked frightened. But nobody told Mary anything, and Kamala still did not come. So at last Mary went out into the garden, and played by herself under a tree. She pretended she was making her own flower garden, and picked large red flowers to push into the ground. All the time she was saying crossly to herself, 'I hate Kamala! I'll hit her when she comes back!'

Just then she saw her mother coming into the garden, with a young Englishman. They did not notice the child, who listened to their conversation.

'It's very bad, is it?' her mother asked the young man in a worried voice.

'Very bad,' he answered seriously. 'People are dying like flies. It's dangerous to stay in this town. You should go to the hills, where there's no disease.'

'Oh, I know!' she cried. 'We must leave soon!'

Suddenly they heard loud cries coming from the servants' rooms, at the side of the house.

'What's happened?' cried Mary's mother wildly,

'I think one of your servants has just died. You didn't tell me the disease is here, in your house!'

'I didn't know!' she screamed. 'Quick, come with me!'

And together they ran into the house.

Now Mary understood what was wrong. The terrible disease had already killed many people in the town, and in all the houses people were dying. In Mary's house it was Kamala who had just died. Later that day three more servants died there.

All through the night and the next day people ran in and out of the house, shouting and crying. Nobody thought of Mary. She hid in her bedroom, frightened by the strange and terrible sounds that she heard around her. Sometimes she cried and sometimes she slept.

When she woke the next day, the house was silent.

'Perhaps the disease has gone,' she thought, 'and everybody is well again. I wonder who will take care of me instead of Kamala? Why doesn't someone bring me some food? It's strange the house is so quiet.'

But just then she heard men's voices in the hall.

'How sad!' said one. 'That beautiful woman!'

'There was a child too, wasn't there?' said the other. 'Although none of us ever saw her.'

Mary was standing in the middle of her room when they opened the door a few minutes later. The two men jumped back in surprise.

'My name is Mary Lennox,' she said crossly.

Task 3.

In 1974, some workers were making a well in the ground near Xi'an in China. They were looking for water, when they hit something hard in the ground. It was the head of a soldier - not a real soldier, but a soldier made of terracotta. They took the soldier out of the ground. He was two meters tall, and he was beautifully made. And he was not alone. There were more soldiers under the ground, and horses, and weapons. The workers were looking for water, but they found an army.

The army was made more than two thousand years ago for a man called Ying Zheng - a man who changed the world. At that time, China was not one country but seven different countries. Ying Zheng's father was king of one of those countries. When he died, Ying Zheng was only thirteen, but he followed his father as king. And he started to make two armies. He made his first army to fight for him while he was alive. And he made his second army to fight for him when he was dead.

He used his first army to fight against the other six countries of China. After twenty-five years, in 221 BC, he was an emperor - a king of many countries. He changed China from seven countries into one country - the country that it still is today. And he changed his name. His new name was Qin Shi Huang Di, the First Emperor of China.

But his second army was not ready yet. This army - the terracotta army - took more than thirty years to build. And he used 700,000 people to build it for him. They made more than 8,000 terracotta soldiers, each one with a different face, each one like a real person. And they gave each soldier real weapons to defend their emperor. They made horses for the soldiers to ride. They made people to play music for him, and

dancers to dance for him, and birds to fly around his head. And when they were ready, the emperor put them all into the ground around his tomb.

Вариант 2.

Task 1.

The library is in the middle of the campus. It's next to the theatre. There's a shop behind the library, between the bank and the bookshop. The Student Union building is opposite the theatre, beside the round building, which is the night club. The Sports Centre is on the other side of the green, facing the Medical Centre.

Task 2.

They arrived at a very large old house. It looked dark and unfriendly from the outside. Inside, Mary looked around the big shadowy hall, and felt very small and lost. They went straight upstairs. Mary was shown to a room where there was a warm fire and food on the table.

'This is your room,' said Mrs Medlock. 'Go to bed when you've had some supper. And remember, you must stay in your room! Mr Craven doesn't want you to wander all over the house!'

When Mary woke up the next morning, she saw a young servant girl cleaning the fireplace. The room seemed dark and rather strange, with pictures of dogs and horses and ladies on the walls. It was not a child's room at all. From the window she could not see any trees or houses, only wild land, which looked like a kind of purple sea.

'Who are you?' she asked the servant coldly.

'Martha, miss,' answered the girl with a smile.

'And what's that outside?' Mary continued.

'That's the moor,' smiled Martha. 'Do you like it?'

'No,' replied Mary immediately. 'I hate it.'

'That's because you don't know it. You will like it. I love it. It's lovely in spring and summer when there are flowers. It always smells so sweet. The air's so fresh, and the birds sing so beautifully, I never want to leave the moor.'

Mary was feeling very bad-tempered. 'You're a strange servant,' she said. 'In India we don't have conversations with servants. We give orders, and they obey, and that's that.'

Martha did not seem to mind Mary's crossness.

'I know I talk too much!' she laughed.

'Are you going to be my servant?' asked Mary.

'Well, not really. I work for Mrs Medlock. I'm going to clean your room and bring you your food, but you won't need a servant except for those things.'

'But who's going to dress me?'

Martha stopped cleaning, and stared at Mary.

'Tha' canna' dress thysen?' she asked, shocked.

'What do you mean? I don't understand your language!'

'Oh, I forgot. We all speak the Yorkshire dialect here, but of course you don't understand that... I meant to say, can't you put on your own clothes?'

'Of course not! My servant always used to dress me.'

'Well! I think you should learn to dress yourself. My mother always says people should be able to take care of themselves, even if they're rich and important.'

Little Miss Mary was furious with Martha. 'It's different in India where I come from! You don't know anything about India, or about servants, or about anything! You ... you...' She could not explain what she meant. Suddenly she felt very confused and lonely. She threw herself down on the bed and started crying wildly.

'No, no, don't cry like that,' Martha said gently. 'I'm very sorry. You're right, I don't know anything about anything. Please stop crying, miss.'

She sounded kind and friendly, and Mary began to feel better and soon stopped crying. Martha went on talking as she finished her cleaning, but Mary looked out of the window in a bored way, and pretended not to listen.

Task 3.

The name Kyoto means 'capital city'. And for more than a thousand years, from 794 until 1868, Kyoto was the capital city of Japan. For many people, it is still the most important city in the country.

But Kyoto is two cities - a new one and an old one - in one place. The new Kyoto is a busy, noisy, modern city, just like so many cities around the world. The old Kyoto is a quiet place with its gardens and its temples made of wood. And the old city is still alive. In Kyoto, the old and the new live together, hand in hand.

If you want to visit Saiho-ji, one of the old Buddhist temples, you must do more than just pay money. You must sit quietly for some time, then say or write Buddhist prayers, before you can go in. This temple has a moss garden, which was made by the famous Japanese gardener Muso Soseki in 1339. The garden is cool, green, and beautiful.

In old Kyoto, natural things are as important as things made by people, so the gardens are as important as the temples. If you want to see the temples at their best, then you have to see the gardens at their best. And the two best times to see the gardens are in the spring and in the autumn.

In the spring, during April, the cherry trees come into flower. This is the best time to visit Kiyomizu-dera. This wooden temple was built on the side of a hill - and it was made without any nails! The front of the temple has tall, wooden columns. You can stand here and look at the pink and white flowers of the hundreds of cherry trees. From here you can see a lot of the city of Kyoto too.

Kinkaku-ji, a beautiful gold temple, looks good at any time of year. In the spring, the cherry trees are in flower. In the autumn, the leaves on the trees change colour - they are now red, yellow, and green. And in the winter, everything is white when the snow falls.

Вариант 3.

Task 1.

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Task 2.

In the middle of the night Mary woke up. Heavy rain had started falling again, and the wind was blowing violently round the walls of the old house. Suddenly she heard crying again. This time she decided to discover who it was. She left her room, and in the darkness followed the crying sound, round corners and through doors, up and down stairs, to the other side of the big house. At last she found the right room. She pushed the door open and went in.

It was a big room with beautiful old furniture and pictures. In the large bed was a boy, who looked tired and cross, with a thin, white, tearful face. He stared at Mary. 'Who are you?' he whispered. 'Are you a dream?'

'No, I'm not. I'm Mary Lennox. Mr Craven's my uncle.'

'He's my father,' said the boy. 'I'm Colin Craven.'

'No one ever told me he had a son!' said Mary, very surprised.

'Well, no one ever told me you'd come to live here. I'm ill, you see. I don't want people to see me and talk about me. If I live, I may have a crooked back like my father, but I'll probably die.'

'What a strange house this is!' said Mary. 'So many secrets! Does your father come and see you often?'

'Not often. He doesn't like seeing me because it makes him remember my mother. She died when I was born, so he almost hates me, I think.'

'Why do you say you're going to die?' asked Mary.

'I've always been ill. I've nearly died several times, and my back's never been strong. My doctor feels sure that I'm going to die. But he's my father's cousin, and very poor, so he'd like me to die. Then he'd get all the money when my father dies. He gives me medicine and tells me to rest. We had a grand doctor from London once, who told me to go out in the fresh air and try to get well. But I hate fresh air. And another thing, all the servants have to do what I want, because if I'm angry, I become ill.'

Mary thought she liked this boy, although he seemed so strange. He asked her lots of questions, and she told him all about her life in India.

'How old are you?' he asked suddenly.

'I'm ten, and so are you,' replied Mary, forgetting to be careful, 'because when you were born the garden door was locked and the key was buried. And I know that was ten years ago.'

Colin sat up in bed and looked very interested. 'What door? Who locked it? Where's the key? I want to see it. I'll make the servants tell me where it is. They'll take me there and you can come too.'

'Oh, please! Don't - don't do that!' cried Mary.

Colin stared at her. 'Don't you want to see it?'

'Yes, but if you make them open the door, it will never be a secret again. You see, if only we know about it, if we - if we can find the key, we can go and play there every day. We can help the garden come alive again. And no one will know about it- except us!'

'I see,' said Colin slowly. 'Yes, I'd like that. It'll be our secret. I've never had a secret before.'

Task 3.

You always come to Petra from the east, and you always come on foot - or perhaps on a camel. The road to Petra is too narrow for a car. For the last two kilometres, you travel through a mountain, and the road is only five metres across. But the walls on both sides of the road are hundreds of metres high. This is the entrance to Petra, and it is called the Siq.

When you visit Petra, you walk through the Siq. And when you come to the end of the Siq, you see the most beautiful building in the world. It is called the Khazneh (the Treasury). It is tall, and it is made of pink stone - but you can only see the front of the Khazneh. The rest of the building is inside the mountain. People made the building two thousand years ago, but they did not build it - they cut it into the mountain.

About 2,500 years ago, a group of Arab people called the Nabataeans moved to south Jordan. They made their capital city at Petra, in the mountains. It was a good place for a city. First, it was good place for a market. Petra was on the old road between Egypt and Arabia (to the south) and Syria, Greece, and Rome (to the north). Travellers came along this road with things to sell, like gold and spices. Second, it was a good place to defend. The mountains around Petra were stronger than any walls. And third, there was water. The Nabataeans were very good builders. They made dams to hold the water, and long canals to move it around the city. Two thousand years ago, Petra was a rich and important city with strong, beautiful buildings, and thousands of people living there. Now no one lives there, and the city has gone. What happened?

The Nabataeans began to build Petra in about 400 BC. But then, in the year AD 363, there was a terrible earthquake, which destroyed much of the city. Two hundred years after that, in AD 551, there was another bad earthquake. People moved away from Petra, and they stopped using the road for business.