

L-8 R-14 CE-12 W-3 Total: 37 Points

ВСЕРОССИЙСКАЯ ОЛИМПИАДА ШКОЛЬНИКОВ ПО АНГЛИЙСКОМУ ЯЗЫКУ
(МУНИЦИПАЛЬНЫЙ ЭТАП)
возрастная группа (7-8 классы)

8-11

Шифр участника

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Listening

Part 1		Part 2	
1.	Not written more than by one person	6.	reading +
2.	business +	7.	sources +
3.	Justin's homepage +	8.	tags +
4.	sources -	9.	statisties statistics +
5.	We blog +	10.	thanks + (8)

Reading

Part 1

1.	C	2.	A	3.	B
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Part 2

4.	T	5.	F	6.	T	7.	F	8.	F	9.	T	10.	F	11.	NS	12.	F
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Part 3

13.	B	14.	B	15.	A
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Use of English

Part 1

1.	has -	6.	for +
2.	has -	7.	find +
3.	of +	8.	out +
4.	height +	9.	also +
5.	not +	10.	devote +

Part 2

11.	Butterflies in the stomach - a stage of romantic arousal
12.	Worms in a tin can - Fish outside the water
13.	Bull among the porcelain - Crocodile's tears +
14.	Bull among the porcelain -
15.	a tin can with worms - (2)

Part 3

16.	out on
17.	cut cut +
18.	fat fat +
19.	big
20.	wind

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Writing (10 points)

180-220 words

A father and his naughty, but beloved son.

A door seems to unseal, for a man is retiring from a room. Suddenly, at a great velocity the ball is propelled right before man's face. Ball hits the glass, many fragments and shards descend by the floor. At first it appears, the man experiences confusion, but afterwards he was furious. A child sprinted right before him, and a man went on to catch the child. A man was indeed furious, as he stated: "How many times I'm required to tell you not to play with the ball within the apartment?!?!" You never was hostile, and a man was unable to catch up. The door slammed with a loud noise, as the little boy abandoned the apartment.

It's been a couple of hours since the occasion. The time had gone far beyond the evening, and night was about to be unveiled. A man was anxious and definitely did worry considering his son's fate: he still have not arrived home. A flow of close memory occupied father's mind. He have remembered the way he threaten his son, after every inconvenience did occur; he have remembered the way he scolded his son.

It is already pretty late: father takes the

of think. He have went outside, screaming his son's name out and very, very loud. Unfortunately, no one ever responded. The streets seemed to be absent at all. However the father was desperate as he continued the search. Was it one or three hours of searching? Nobody know, even the father himself. A shining sun covered the skies with it's reddish light.

Father was ~~completely~~ upset the hope is lost, the boy had been away from him forever. Father, plus he some, slowly walks down the corridor, like a lightning bolt the ball races the floor and ricochets from the second wall, subsequently breaking it too, into father's face.

Here he comes, his little boy! So loudly audited! father runs up to his son and embrace him. By the way he whispers, that he is forgiving his son for everything he has ever done. The tears of exult fall from the eyes,

35. *Unlabeled*