

Демонстрационный тест по английскому языку
для поступающих в
Северный (Арктический) федеральный университет
имени М.В. Ломоносова
в 2015 году

Грамматическое задание

I. Задайте вопросы к подчеркнутым словам в предложении.

1. The police are looking for the murderer.
2. The cold wind has been blowing for the last three days.
3. Usually I have four meals a day.
4. When I was a child, I used to go running every day.

II. Трансформируйте следующие предложения в пассивный залог.

1. They spend a lot of money on weapons nowadays. – A lot of money...
2. They were taking him to the hospital when the ambulance crashed. – He...
3. You shouldn't have bought these shoes. They are not at all comfortable. – These shoes...
4. They have taught English for 15 years. – English...

III. Раскройте скобки, поставив глаголы в нужной форме.

Several people ... (injure) badly and one ... (kill) when a bus ... (crash) into a drug store yesterday. The bus driver ... (hold) at a local police station now where he ... (question) soon. Witnesses ... (say) that he ... (drive) at 60 miles an hour when the accident ... (happen). Ten people ... (treat) in hospital now. The drug store ... (repair) at the moment. Equipment ... (also, damage) quite badly.

Текст по английскому языку

One evening when Ellen Goodrich had just returned from the office to her room in Chelsea, she heard a light knock on her door. She knew no one in the city intimately; there was no one she could expect. She opened the door and found two small boys standing in the hallway. She supposed they were ten or eleven. Their clothing was thin and they were shaking with cold.

"Florence Valle live here?" one of them asked.

"I don't know anyone by that name," Ellen said. "Perhaps if you ask the landlady — she lives on the first floor."

"We're looking for Florence Valle. She's his cousin," the second boy said, pointing to his friend. "She used to live here."

"I'm very sorry," Ellen said, "but I don't know her."

"Maybe she's moved," he said. "We walked all the way over here..."

Ellen very seldom felt that she could afford pity and sympathy for other people, but the boys looked frightened and cold, and her desire to help them was stronger than her reserve. She noticed them staring beyond her to a dish of candy in the room. When she invited them to have a piece, they refused with a shy elaborate politeness that made her want to take them in her arms. She suggested that they each take a piece of candy home and went into the room for the dish. They followed her. "You got a nice place here, Miss." "Yuh, you got a nice place here." Their faces were thin and solemn and their voices were hoarse.

"Haven't you any overcoats, you boys?" she asked. "Are you going around in the cold dressed like that?"

"We ain't got any overcoats, Miss." "I should think you'd take cold, walking around like that."

"We ain't got any overcoats." They told her their names and ages when she asked for them, and said that they lived on the lower East Side. She had walked through the slums herself and she could imagine the squalor and neglect in which they must live. While she was talking with them, she realized that it was the first time in more that she had allowed anyone other than the landlady to come into her room. Having the boys there pleased her and she kept asking them questions until she caught the tone of her own excited voice. She stopped abruptly. "I guess you had better go flow," she said. "I have some things to do." They thanked her for the candy and backed out of the room. Altogether, the encounter left her feeling generous and happy.

Ellen was not a generous person. She lived in a Chelsea rooming house in order to bank as much of her salary as possible toward purchasing an annuity. It had always been difficult for her to find friends. During the ten years she had lived in New York she had suffered a great deal from loneliness, but this suffering was forgotten now because of the care with which she arranged her solitude. She could be unmerciful with herself and others. Her mother had once written asking if she would help her younger brother with a loan. "I think it will be better," Ellen replied, "if Harold experiences a little hardship. It is only in knowing hardship that he can understand the value of money. I don't pretend to be poor, but the little I have in the bank was put by at a great sacrifice and I have no intention of lending it to Harold when we all know that he could have done as well himself if he tried. I think he owes it to you to do more than I have done, for, after all, you and Father spent more on his education than you spent on mine." She was twenty-eight at the time.

After the boys had gone that night, Ellen changed from her dress into a house coat and cooked her supper. The cold wind rattled the windows and made her appreciate the warm, light room. She washed the dishes and sat down to read a rental-library book. This was the way she spent most of her evenings, and she was proud of the fact that she was no longer restless and lonely. But her mind kept

returning to the boys. She saw their thin, solemn faces, and when she thought of them walking in the cold she was filled with sadness and pity. Her uneventful life led her to attach significance to the few irregular things that happened to her. There was some purpose, she felt, some reason for this accidental meeting.

A week later, at the same hour, there was a knock on the door and she found the boys in the hallway again.

"We were walking by." "We thought we'd come to see you." "Well, I'm very glad you stopped." Ellen said, and realized that her voice could be heard by the other tenants whose doors opened into the hallway. There was nothing wrong in what she was doing, but at the same time she didn't want the other tenants to know that she was asking strange boys into her room, so she waited until she had closed the door after them before she spoke again. "I'm very glad you stopped," she repeated. She invited them to sit down. Then she thought of giving them a drink of Coca-Cola, but this seemed a little too forward. They told her they were Italian, and she asked them if they knew how to make a veal *parmigiana*, something she had always wanted to learn. They didn't know, but they told her about other Italian dishes. One of the boys, the older, seemed interested in some ornaments on Ellen's dresser and she showed them to him. The younger boy took a cigarette end from his pocket and lighted it.

"Aren't you too young to smoke?" Ellen asked.

He looked at his friend and they both giggled. Ellen colored. The looks they exchanged and their laughter frightened her. The incident of the cigarette seemed to have made the boys feel more at ease. Ellen might have asked them to leave, but she hesitated. The younger boy put out his cigarette in her pin tray and she watched him without saying anything. She was enjoying herself in a way she could not quite understand. They told her stories about their families, about their sisters, stories that were sly and lewd and that she should have stopped them from telling. At the end of half an hour she asked them to leave. They had been gone for some time before she discovered, that her purse was missing.