

Образец экзаменационного билета

Билет № 1

1. Прочитайте вслух указанный экзаменаторами отрывок из текста. (Текст № 1)
2. Переведите устно указанный экзаменаторами отрывок из текста на русский язык.
3. Ответьте на вопросы по содержанию текста.
4. Примите участие в обсуждении предложенной темы.

Text 1

The adventure of the speckled band.

It was early in April in the year 1883 that I woke one morning to find Sherlock Holmes standing, fully dressed, by the side of my bed. He was a late riser, as a rule, and the clock on the mantelpiece showed me that it was only a quarter past seven. I blinked up at him in some surprise, and perhaps just a little resentment, for I was myself regular in my habits.

"Very sorry to wake you up, Watson," said he "but it's happening to everyone this morning. Mrs. Hudson has been woken up, she came to me, and I to you."

"What is it, then - a fire?"

"No, a client. It seems that a young lady has arrived in a considerable state of excitement, and she insists on seeing me. She is now waiting in the sitting room. Now, when young ladies wander around the metropolis at this hour of the morning, and get sleepy people out of their beds, I presume that they have something very urgent which they have to communicate. If it is an interesting case, I am sure you would want to follow it from the beginning. I thought at any rate, I would call on you and give you the chance."

"My dear fellow, I would not miss it for anything."

I rapidly threw on my clothes and was ready in a few minutes to accompany my friend down to the sitting room. A lady dressed in black, who had been sitting near the window, rose as we entered.

"Good morning, Madam," said Holmes cheerfully "my name is Sherlock Holmes. This is my friend and associate, Dr. Watson, and you speak as freely in front of him as you speak to me. Ah! I am glad to see that Mrs. Hudson has had the good sense to light the fire. Please come close to it and I will order a cup of hot coffee because I can see you're shivering."

"It is not cold which makes me shiver," said the woman in a low voice, moving her seat as Holmes had requested. "It is fear, Mr. Holmes. It is terror."

As she spoke, we could see that her features and figure were those of a woman of 30, but her hair was grey in places, and her expression was tired and hunted. Sherlock Holmes gave her one of his keen glances.

"You must not fear," he said.

Образец экзаменационного билета

Билет № 2

1. Прочитайте вслух указанный экзаменаторами отрывок из текста. (Текст № 2)
2. Переведите устно указанный экзаменаторами отрывок из текста на русский язык.
3. Ответьте на вопросы по содержанию текста.
4. Примите участие в обсуждении предложенной темы.

Text 2

The Leopard Man's Story
by Jack London

He had a dreamy look in his eyes and sad gentle voice. He was the Leopard Man, but he did not look it. His business in life was to appear in a cage of leopards before audiences.

For an hour I had been trying to get a story out of him, but he appeared to lack imagination. To him there was no romance in his wonderful career — nothing but boredom.

Lions? Oh, yes! he had fought with them. It was nothing. Anybody could do that. He had fought one for half an hour once. Just hit him on the nose every time he rushed.

With the far-away look in his eyes he showed me his scars. There were many of them, and a recent one where a tigress had reached for his shoulder and cut it to the bone. But it was nothing, he said, only the old wounds bothered him somewhat when rainy weather came on.

Suddenly his face brightened, he really wanted to give me a story and I wanted to get it.

«I suppose you've heard of the lion-tamer who was hated by another man?» he asked.

He paused. «Well, the lion-tamer's big play to the audience was putting his head in a lion's mouth. The man who hated him attended every performance in the hope of seeing that lion crunch down. He followed the show about all over the country. The years went by and he grew old, and the lion-tamer grew old, and the lion grew old. And at last one day, sitting in a front seat, he saw what he had waited for. The lion crunched down, and there wasn't any need to call a doctor.»

The Leopard Man looked at his hands. «Now, that's what I call patience,» he continued, «and it's my style. But it was not the style of a man I knew. He was a little Frenchman. De Ville, he called himself, and he had a nice wife.»

«De Ville had a quick character, as quick as his hand, and his hand was as quick as the paw of a tiger. One day the master called him a frog-eater or something like that and maybe a little worse... De Ville pushed him against the background that he used in his knife-throwing act, and he did it so quick the master didn't have time to think. Then there before the audience De Ville started throwing knives into the wood all around the master so close that they passed through his clothes.»

«The clowns had to pull the knives out to free him. So, no one dared be more than barely polite to De Ville's wife. They were afraid of De Ville»...