

Банк заданий. 11класс (база). Чтение. Итоговый 1, семестр 3

Задание №1

Getting What He Deserved?

A. There were seven or eight of us in the line, waiting to pay the cashier for our lunches. We were all in a hurry because that's the way of the American business-day lunch. At the front of the line there was a pretty woman with a small boy of about eight. He was a cute little fellow wearing black jeans, white sneakers and a blue pullover sweater. A shock of dark hair fell over his eyes. He looked very much like his mother. The boy had a charming face with chiseled features but he was depressed.

B. As the woman fumbled in her purse, looking for money to pay her check, the kid noticed a display of candy bars beside the cash register and immediately wanted one. "You can't have any candy", said his mother. "You had a pie with your lunch". She took out her handkerchief, then put it back and went on fumbling in her purse. "But I want some candy", said the kid. His tone was surprisingly insistent. Almost aggressive.

C. The mother continued her search for money in her purse, and the kid continued to whine about the candy. Then he began to stamp his feet and shout. The rest of us in line were beginning to get fidgety. We bunched a little closer together and several folks began mumbling under their breath. "Ought to snatch him bald", said one man quietly. The kid by now was reaching for the candy display in open opposition to his mother.

D. She grabbed his arm and pulled it away, but not before he clutched a Snickers bar in his hand. "Put it back", she said. "No!" shouted the child. It was an arrogant "No!" The line bunched even more closely together, and the man who had suggested snatching the kid bald appeared ready to do so himself. So much for the kid's shock of dark hair, I thought.

E. But the mother moved suddenly and with purpose. She paid the cashier, took back her change and dropped it into her purse. Then with one quick motion, she grabbed hold of the child's pullover sweater and lifted him off the floor. The moment his sneakers came back to earth, she turned his back toward her and began flailing him. A look of disbelief came across the kid's face. His eyes filled with tears. He tried to break away but that made his mother flail him again.

F. When she had finished administering the punishment, she turned the child around and pointed a finger squarely in his sobbing face. With a voice strong and certain, she said, "The next time I tell you do something, young man, will you do it?" The child looked at the floor. Meekly and sincerely, he replied, "Yes, ma'am." The mother turned to go. The child returned the Snickers bar without further hesitation and marched dutifully out behind her. The people in a line broke into spontaneous applause.

G. "Did the kid deserve the punishment he had? What would I do if I were his mother? She may have been absolutely right for all I know. I have no children. I have no right to argue with the mother" I thought. "There is nothing I can do but wait. Perhaps the best way to get an idea of normal behavior of children is to get married and raise a few".

Задание №2

Great Grandad

A. It was a funny thing, a surprising thing, that brought Grandad back to me. It was algebra. I collided with algebra in my first year at secondary school, and it sent me reeling. The very word itself seemed sinister, a word from black magic. Algebracadabra. Algebra messed up one of those divisions between things that help you make sense of the world and keep it tidy. Letters make words; figures make numbers. They had no business getting tangled up together. Those as and bs and xs and ys with little numbers floating next to their heads, those brackets and hooks and symbols, all trying to conceal an answer, not give you one.

B. I'd sit there in my own little darkness watching it dawn on the faces of my classmates. Their hands would go up— “Miss! Miss!”— and mine never did. The homework reduced me to tears. “I don't see the point of it,” I wailed. “I don't know what it's for!” Grandad, as it turned out, liked algebra, did know what it was for. But he sat opposite me and didn't say anything for a while. Considering my problem in that careful, expressionless way of his.

C. Eventually Grandad said, “Why do you do PE at school?” “What?” “PE. Why do they make you do it?”

“Because they hate us?” I suggested.

“And the other reason?”

“To keep us fit, I suppose.”

“Physically fit, yes.” He reached across the table and put the first two fingers of each hand on the sides of my head.

“There is also mental fitness, isn't there? PE for the head.”

D. My Grandad said that he could explain to me why algebra was useful. But that was not what algebra was really for. He moved his fingers gently on my temples. “It's to keep what is in here healthy. And the great thing is you can do it sitting down. Now, let us use these little puzzles here to take our brains for a jog.”

And it worked. Not that I ever enjoyed algebra. But I did come to see that it was possible to enjoy it.

E. Grandad taught me that the alien signs and symbols of algebraic equations were not just marks on paper. They were not flat. There were three-dimensional, and you could approach them from different directions, look at them from different angles, stand them on their heads. You could take them apart and put them together in a variety of shapes, like Lego. I stopped being afraid of them.

F. I didn't know it at the time, of course, but those homework sessions were a breakthrough in more ways than one. If Grandad had been living behind an invisible door, then algebra turned out to be the key that opened it and let me in. And what I found wasn't the barren tumbleweed landscape that I'd imagined. It was not like that at all.

G. I'd known for a long time that he was fond of puzzles. When I was younger he used to send me letters with lots of the words replaced by pictures or numbers. They always ended 02U, which meant Love to you, because zero was 'love' in tennis. He was often disappointed when I couldn't work them out. Or couldn't be bothered to. Now I discovered that Grandad's world was full of mirages and mazes, or mirrors and misleading signs. He was fascinated by riddles and codes and conundrums and labyrinths, by the origin of place names, by grammar, by slang, by jokes — although he never laughed at them — by anything that might mean something else. He lived in a world that was slippery, changeable, fluid.