

Время выполнения задания – 120 мин., язык – русский.

**I.**

Выберите одну из предложенных тем и опишите на выбор (30 минут):

1. Кофейную кружку
2. Первый снег
3. Пожилого человека.

**II.**

Выберите одну из предложенных тем и напишите эссе по этой теме (30 минут):

1. То, что я люблю
2. То, что меня злит
3. То, от чего мне скучно

**III.**

Переведите фрагмент текста на русский язык (60 минут):

As soon as we have settled down and started to enjoy the island, Larry, with characteristic generosity, wrote to all his friends and asked them to come out and stay. The fact that the villa was only just big enough to house the family apparently had not occurred to him.

‘I’ve asked a few people out for a week or so,’ he said casually to Mother one morning.

‘That will be nice, dear,’ said Mother unthinkingly.

‘I thought it would do us good to have some intelligent and stimulating company around. We don’t want to stagnate.’

‘I hope they’re not too *highbrow*, dear,’ said Mother.

‘Good Lord, Mother, of course they’re *not*; just extremely charming, ordinary people. I don’t know why you’ve got this phobia about people being *highbrow*.’

‘I don’t like the *highbrow* ones,’ said Mother plaintively. ‘I’m not *highbrow*, and I can’t talk about poetry and things. But they always seem to imagine, just because I’m your mother, that I should be able to discuss literature at great length with them. And they always come and ask me silly questions just when I’m in the middle of cooking.’

‘I don’t ask you to discuss art with them,’ said Larry testily, ‘but I think you might try and conceal your revolting taste in literature. Here I fill the house with good books and I find your bedside table simply groaning under the weight of cookery books, gardening books, and the most lurid-looking mystery stories. I can’t think where you get hold of these things.’

‘They’re very good detective stories,’ said Mother defensively. ‘I borrowed them from Theodore.’

Larry gave a short, exasperated sigh and picked up his book again.

‘You’d better let the Pension Suisse know when they’re coming,’ Mother remarked.

‘What for?’ asked Larry, surprised.

‘So they can reserve the rooms,’ said Mother, equally surprised.

‘But I’ve invited them to stay here,’ Larry pointed out.

‘Larry! You haven’t! Really, you are most *thoughtless*. How can they possibly stay here?’

‘I really don’t see what you’re making a fuss about,’ said Larry coldly.

‘But where are they going to *sleep*?’ said Mother, distraught. ‘There’s hardly enough room for us, as it is.’

‘Nonsense, Mother, there’s plenty of room if the place is organized properly. If Margo and Les sleep out on the veranda, that gives you two rooms; you and Gerry could move into the drawing-room, and that would leave those rooms free.’

‘Don’t be silly, dear. We can’t all camp out all over the place like gypsies. Besides, it’s still chilly at night, and I don’t think Margo and Les ought to sleep outside. There simply isn’t room to entertain in this villa. You’ll just have to write to these people and put them off.’

‘I can’t put them off,’ said Larry. ‘They’re on their way.’

‘Really, Larry, you are the most annoying creature. Why on earth didn’t you tell me before? You wait until they’re nearly here, and then you tell me.’

‘I didn’t know you were going to treat the arrival of a few friends as if it was a major catastrophe,’ Larry explained.

‘But, dear, it’s so silly to invite people when you know there’s no room in the villa.’

‘I do wish you’d stop fussing,’ said Larry irritably; ‘there’s quite a simple solution to the whole business.’

‘What?’ asked Mother suspiciously.

‘Well, since the villa isn’t big enough, let’s move to one that is.’

‘Don’t be ridiculous. Whoever heard of moving into a larger house because you’ve invited some friends to stay?’

‘What’s the matter with the idea? It seems a perfectly sensible solution to me; after all, if you say there’s no room here, the obvious thing to do is to move.’

‘The obvious thing to do is not to invite people,’ said Mother severely.

‘I don’t think it’s good for us to live like hermits,’ said Larry. ‘I only really invited them for you. They’re a charming crowd. I thought you’d like to have them. Liven things up a bit for you.’

‘I’m quite lively enough, thank you,’ said Mother with dignity.

‘Well, I don’t know what we’re going to do.’

‘I really don’t see why they can’t stay in the Pension Suisse, dear.’

‘You can’t ask people out to stay with you and then make them live in a third-rate hotel.’

‘How many have you invited?’ asked Mother.

‘Oh, just a few... two or three... They won’t all be coming at once. I expect they’ll turn up in batches.’

‘I think at least you might be able to tell me how many you’ve invited,’ said Mother.

‘Well, I can’t remember now. Some of them didn’t reply, but that doesn’t mean anything... they’re probably on their way and thought it was hardly worth letting us know. Anyway, if you budget for seven or eight people I should think that would cover it.’

‘You mean, including ourselves?’

‘No, no, I mean seven or eight people as well as the family.’

‘But it’s absurd, Larry; we can’t possibly fit thirteen people into this villa, with all the good will in the world.’

‘Well, let’s *move*, then. I’ve offered you a perfectly sensible solution. I don’t know what you’re arguing about.’

‘But don’t be ridiculous, dear. Even if we did move into a villa large enough to house thirteen people, what are we going to do with the extra space when they’ve gone?’

‘Invite some more people,’ said Larry, astonished that Mother should not have thought of this simple answer for herself.

Mother glared at him, her spectacles askew.