

**Казанский (Приволжский) федеральный университет**  
**Олимпиада «МагистриУм»**  
**Заключительный этап**  
**2021-2022 учебный год**

**Институт филологии и межкультурной коммуникации.**  
**Профиль: Русская и зарубежная филология**  
**(английский язык и литература).**

USE OF ENGLISH

**Task 1. Choose the word or phrase that best completes each sentence.**

1. They recommended that the windows \_\_\_\_\_ opened.

a) had to	b) not be	c) ought not to	d) should not
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2. He \_\_\_\_\_ to take part.

a) advised not them	b) invited not them	c) offered the not	d) ordered them not
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3. She \_\_\_\_\_ that she liked cold coffee.

a) described	b) replied	c) spoke	d) talked
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4. The teachers were talking about a trip to see castles and the students were wondering \_\_\_\_\_

a) why to go.	b) where they go?	c) when it was.	d) what were they?
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5. Her father \_\_\_\_\_ that Ellen had been to Prague before.

a) mentioned	b) persuaded	c) reminded	d) told
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**Task 2. Choose one verb phrase from each pair to fill each space in the text.**

a) are feeding	b) are being fed
e) being hit	f) having hit
i) died	j) was died
m) have driven	n) have been driven

c) are being caused	d) have caused
g) brought	h) was brought
k) frightened	l) was frightened
o) to take	p) to be taken

Thailand has a problem with unemployed elephants which (1) \_\_\_\_\_ on to the streets by the country's economic crisis and a loss of traditional employment. Many of them (2) \_\_\_\_\_ by tourists who like (3) \_\_\_\_\_ photographs of them. Major traffic problems (4) \_\_\_\_\_ by homeless elephants wandering the streets. Traffic (5) \_\_\_\_\_ to a standstill one day by a raging bull elephant which (6) \_\_\_\_\_ by the loud sounds of motorcycles and cars. Another elephant (7) \_\_\_\_\_ after (8) \_\_\_\_\_ by a car in Bangkok last month.

**Task 3. Add one of these verbs as an infinitive or gerund in each space in this text.**

go	look	put	start	regain
do	keep	lose	stop	try

If it's so hard to lose weight, why do people keep (1) \_\_\_\_\_ ? Because they want (2) \_\_\_\_\_ better is the usual answer. The problem is that going on a diet is likely (3) \_\_\_\_\_ more harm than good, according to health experts. There is a strong tendency (4) \_\_\_\_\_ all the weight lost within one year of (5) \_\_\_\_\_ the diet. Only 3 percent of those who take off weight have been found (6) \_\_\_\_\_ it off for at least three years. Moreover, the 'yo-yo' pattern of (7) \_\_\_\_\_ a diet, (8) \_\_\_\_\_ some weight and then (9) \_\_\_\_\_ it back on may be more harmful to an individual than not (10) \_\_\_\_\_ on a diet in the first place.

**Task 4. Complete this text with appropriate phrasal verbs using these verbs and particles**

bend	breathe (x2)	lift	push	raise	stand
away	down	In	out	up (x3)	

When you have to spend a lot of time sitting at a desk, it is important to take short breaks and stretch your neck and back. You can use this exercise to help your stretch.

(1) \_\_\_\_ your chair \_\_\_\_ to the side and stand up, making sure there is some space in front of you. (2) \_\_\_\_ straight, with your arms hanging loosely by your side.

Breathe in deeply as you (3) \_\_\_\_ your arms \_\_\_\_ over your head. Pause a moment.

Then (4) \_\_\_\_ slowly as you swing your arms forward, letting them fall as you

(5) \_\_\_\_ your whole body \_\_\_\_ until your hands are near your feet. Pause a moment.

Then, (6) \_\_\_\_ as you (7) \_\_\_\_ your body \_\_\_\_ very slowly, beginning with your hips, then your upper body, followed by your head and arms.

## TEXT ANALYSIS

**Task:** analyze setting (time and place of the action) and its functions. Please elaborate on why the author uses particular stylistic devices and what feelings the text conveys.

### **F. Scott Fitzgerald Tender is the Night**

On the pleasant shore of the French Riviera, about half way between Marseilles and the Italian border, stands a large, proud, rose-colored hotel. Deferential palms cool its flushed facade, and before it stretches a short dazzling beach. Lately it has become a summer resort of notable and fashionable people; a decade ago it was almost deserted after its English clientele went north in April. Now, many bungalows cluster near it, but when this story begins only the cupolas of a dozen old villas rotted like water lilies among the massed pines between Gausse's Hotel des Etrangers and Cannes, five miles away.

The hotel and its bright tan prayer rug of a beach were one. In the early morning the distant image of Cannes, the pink and cream of old fortifications, the purple Alp that bounded Italy, were cast across the water and lay quavering in the ripples and rings sent up by sea-plants through the clear shallows. Before eight a man came down to the beach in a blue bathrobe and with much preliminary application to his person of the chilly water, and much grunting and loud breathing, floundered a minute in the sea. When he had gone, beach and bay were quiet for an hour. Merchantmen crawled westward on the horizon; bus boys shouted in the hotel court; the dew dried upon the pines. In another hour the horns of motors began to blow down from the winding road along the low range of the Maures, which separates the littoral from true Provençal France.

A mile from the sea, where pines give way to dusty poplars, is an isolated railroad stop, whence one June morning in 1925 a victoria brought a woman and her daughter down to Gausse's Hotel. The mother's face was of a fading prettiness that would soon be patted with broken veins; her expression was both tranquil and aware in a pleasant way. However, one's eye moved on quickly to her daughter, who had magic in her pink palms and her cheeks lit to a lovely flame, like the thrilling flush of children after their cold baths in the evening. Her fine forehead sloped gently up to where her hair, bordering it like an armorial shield, burst into lovelocks and waves and curls of ash blonde and gold. Her eyes were bright, big, clear, wet, and shining, the color of her cheeks was real, breaking close to the surface from the strong young pump of her heart. Her body hovered delicately on the last edge of childhood—she was almost eighteen, nearly complete, but the dew was still on her.

As sea and sky appeared below them in a thin, hot line the mother said:

“Something tells me we're not going to like this place.”

“I want to go home anyhow,” the girl answered.

They both spoke cheerfully but were obviously without direction and bored by the fact—moreover, just any direction would not do. They wanted high excitement, not from the necessity of stimulating jaded nerves but with the avidity of prize-winning schoolchildren who deserved their vacations.

“We’ll stay three days and then go home. I’ll wire right away for steamer tickets.”

At the hotel the girl made the reservation in idiomatic but rather flat French, like something remembered. When they were installed on the ground floor she walked into the glare of the French windows and out a few steps onto the stone veranda that ran the length of the hotel. When she walked she carried herself like a ballet-dancer, not slumped down on her hips held up in the small of her back. Out there the hot light clipped close her shadow and she retreated—it was too bright to see. Fifty yards away the Mediterranean yielded up its pigments, moment by moment, to the brutal sunshine: below the balustrade a faded Buick cooked on the hotel drive.

Indeed, of all the region only the beach stirred with activity. Three British nannies sat knitting the slow pattern of Victorian England, the pattern of the forties, the sixties, and the eighties, into sweaters and socks, to the tune of gossip as formalized as incantation; closer to the sea a dozen persons kept house under striped umbrellas, while their dozen children pursued unintimidated fish through the shallows or lay naked and glistening with coconut oil out in the sun.

As Rosemary came onto the beach a boy of twelve ran past her and dashed into the sea with exultant cries. Feeling the impactive scrutiny of strange faces, she took off her bathrobe and followed. She floated face down for a few yards and finding it shallow staggered to her feet and plodded forward, dragging slim legs like weights against the resistance of the water. When it was about breast high, she glanced back toward shore: a bald man in a monocle and a pair of tights, his tufted chest thrown out, his brash navel sucked in, was regarding her attentively. As Rosemary returned the gaze the man dislodged the monocle, which went into hiding amid the facetious whiskers of his chest, and poured himself a glass of something from a bottle in his hand.

Rosemary laid her face on the water and swam a choppy little four-beat crawl out to the raft. The water reached up for her, pulled her down tenderly out of the heat, seeped in her hair and ran into the corners of her body. She turned round and round in it, embracing it, wallowing in it. Reaching the raft she was out of breath, but a tanned woman with very white teeth looked down at her, and Rosemary, suddenly conscious of the raw whiteness of her own body, turned on her back and drifted toward shore. The hairy man holding the bottle spoke to her as she came out.

“I say—they have sharks out behind the raft.” He was of indeterminate nationality, but spoke English with a slow Oxford drawl. “Yesterday they devoured two British sailors from the flotte at Golfe Juan.”

“Heavens!” exclaimed Rosemary.

“They come in for the refuse from the flotte.”

Glazing his eyes to indicate that he had only spoken in order to warn her, he minced off two steps and poured himself another drink.

Not unpleasantly self-conscious, since there had been a slight sway of attention toward her during this conversation, Rosemary looked for a place to sit. Obviously each family possessed the strip of sand immediately in front of its umbrella: besides there was much visiting and talking back and forth—the atmosphere of a community upon which it would be presumptuous to intrude.

Farther up, where the beach was strewn with pebbles and dead sea-weed, sat a group with flesh as white as her own.

### Notes

<b>French Riviera</b>	Французская Ривьера
<b>Marseilles</b>	Марсель
<b>Hotel des Entrangers (франц.)</b>	отель для иностранцев
<b>Cannes</b>	Канны
<b>the Maures</b>	Мавры (один из отрогов Приморских Альп)
<b>Provencal France</b>	Прованс (южная провинция Франции)
<b>French windows</b>	французские окна (двухстворчатые окна, доходящие до пола)
<b>tights</b>	трико, мужской купальный костюм начала XX века
<b>four-beat crawl</b>	кроль (стиль плавания со вдохом-выдохом через каждые четыре движения)
<b>flotte (франц.)</b>	флот

**ВАШ ОТВЕТ:**