

МИНИСТЕРСТВО НА ОБРАЗОВАНИЕТО, МЛАДЕЖТА И НАУКАТА

REGIONAL OLYMPIAD IN ENGLISH

2012

Group One

**Part One
Dictation**

My earliest memories of school life / are connected with a large old house / that was built in the sixteenth century.// It was in a lovely old village.// There were many old / and twisted trees there, / and all the other houses / were very ancient too.// It was a gorgeous, / dreamy place.// The streets were shaded by trees, / and always cool in summer. // I shall always remember / the beauty and the scent / that came from different flowers and bushes, / as well as / the deep note of the church bell / as it rang every hour / in that sleepy village.//

The house, / as I have said, / was old / and the gardens were enormous.// Around them ran a very high / and solid brick wall.// There was broken glass / all along the top.// This prison-like wall / marked the furthest edge / of our normal day.// We only went beyond it / three times a week.// Once, every Saturday afternoon, / we were allowed to take brief walks, / in a group, / and with two teachers, / through some of the neighbouring fields.// Twice on Sunday, / we went to the morning and evening services / in the village church.// The headmaster of our school / was an official there.// He used to give a sermon every Sunday.// I was always amazed / by how different he seemed.// He looked so peaceful and good.// His church robes flowed around him.// He looked holy.// Could this be the same man / I had only recently seen at school?// There his face was stern / and bad-tempered.// His clothes were stiff and unfriendly.// He gave his orders to us / with a wicked-looking stick in one hand.// He was so different in church / that he must be another man!//

There was a huge gate in the wall / that seemed to frown down at us.// It was covered with large iron nails.// On top of it / there was a row of sharp iron bars / pointing upwards.// It made us quite afraid, / just looking at it!// It was opened on the three occasions / we were allowed out of the school.

(Adapted from “*William Wilson*” by Edgar Allan Poe)