

Answer Sheet

Participant's ID number

A - 10 - 4 - 5

Английский
Test: 41
Writing: 18
59

Английский
Test - 41
Writing - 17
58

Listening

1	pool	+
2	adress	-
3	six months	+
4	backs	+
5	four	+
6	water	+
7	accidents	+
8	door	+
9	beach	+
10	red flag	+
11	C	+
12	A	+
13	E	+
14	B	+
15	F	+

Reading

16	C	+
17	d	-
18	d	+
19	d	-
20	b	+
21	C	+

22	C	+
23	b	+
24	D	+
25	A	+
26	E	+
27	C	+
28	B	+
29	b	+
30	C	+

Use of English

31	whistle	-
32	slurp	+
33	roar	+
34	rattle	+
35	splash	+
36	bang	+
37	squeal	-
38	rumble	-
39	clatter	+
40	creak	-
41	g	+
42	d	+

13

14

43	h +
44	b -
45	a +
46	j +
47	c +
48	i +
49	e -
50	f +

¹⁴
~~Writing~~

A-10-4-5

10/4/2/1/1

Writing

Gambler's Sorrow

I have been gambling for two hours already, maybe more; It is almost like time moves differently here, especially because of the curtains — normally you would look ~~where~~ where the Sun is and, at least roughly, tell the time. Here I forget that the Sun even exists — I only remember this room, this table and these cards on it, almost shimmering, reflecting the light of this ancient gas light.

There is just five of us. Jake is sitting across the table, ^{or} farther from me. ~~He's~~ He is the dealer today, his hands ~~is~~ methodically reshuffling ~~the~~ ^{all} the deck. I barely look at anything else — ~~everything~~ but the ♠ cards has lost interest to me.

To my right is Daniel — the youngest and tallest of us. He has arrived quite recently — his skin is still red from the chill outside. Already in his mouth sits a fat cigar, and he expresses clear delight about it. The foul smell of tobacco barely leaves the room, even with the old fan at maximum power. He ~~hasn't~~ has not joined the game, but observes attentively.

The two older gentlemen to my ~~right~~ left could not be more happy, as Jake puts a card in front of me. I lean forward and see the seven red diamonds staring at me from this tiny piece of white plastic — I have just lost.

Conclusion on
the other side
of the page →

A quiet and light bitterness overwhelms me, as if a twisted reflection of the excitement one would get from winning. I shrug, and push my chips away from myself and towards Take. As I finally look at his face, I see a shadow of that same sorrow in his eyes, understanding, that he regrets putting me out of the game. As I stand up, and Daniel takes my place, I feel my eyes tear up, not ~~for~~ from the smoke, but from my defeat.

$K_1 - 10$
 $K_2 - 4$
 $K_3 - 1$
 $K_4 - 1$
 $K_5 - 1, 12$