

Tasks 1 and 2 are addressed to students of 6-9 years and the answers of senior students of 10- or 11 graders, even done, will not be taken in account. The other tasks are meant for student of all levels. You should not try to answer each question; it will be much better if you do thoroughly and in detail at least one task or only answer the easiest questions in each task.

Tasks 1.

Here are extracts from two short stories. Write the titles and the names of the authors. Which story is laid in 19 c? Give your reasons and explain in detail what the extracts have in common and what the principal differences are. What is the place of each extract in the story? What makes you think so?

a) "Come to me dear Grandad," continued Vanka. "I beg you for Christ's sake take me away from here. Pity me unhappy orphan they beat me all the time and I am always hungry and I am so miserable here I can't tell you I cry all the time. And one day the master hit me over the head with a last and I fell down and thought I would never get up again. I have such a miserable life worse than a dog's. And I send my love to Alyona one-eyed Yegor and the coachman and don't give my concertina to anyone. I remain your grandson Ivan Zhukov dear Grandad do come."

Vanka folded the sheet of paper in four and put it into an envelope which he had bought the day before for a kopek. ... Then he paused to think, dipped his pen into the ink-pot, wrote: "To Grandfather in the village," scratched his head, thought again, then added: "TO KONSTANTIN MAKARICH"

Pleased that no one had prevented him from writing, he put on his cap and ran out into the street without putting his coat on over his shirt. The men at the butcher's told him, when he asked them the day before, that letters are put into letter-boxes, and from these boxes sent all over the world on mail coaches with three horses and drunken drivers and jingling bells. Vanka ran as far as the nearest letter-box and dropped his precious letter into the slit. . .

b) We stepped aside and ran into the lane. We came running home breathing hard. Mishka had got his knees bleeding and pants torn. He had got all this when he had been sliding along the pavement on his belly.

His mum got him really hard!

Then Mishka said:

— The pants don't count, they can be mended, and the knees will heal by themselves. I only feel sorry for the driver: he'll get it really hard because of us. Did you see the policeman taking down the number of the truck?

I said:

— We should have stayed and told the policeman it was not the driver's fault.

— Let's write a letter to the policeman, — said Mishka.

We began to write. We wrote on and on, wasted about twenty sheets of paper and finished at last: "Dear comrade policeman! You got the number wrong. We mean you got the number right, but it is wrong to blame the driver. It is not the driver's fault but ours, Mishka's and mine. We hooked up to the truck and he didn't know. The driver is good and he drives well."

We wrote on the envelope: "The corner of Gorky street and Bolshaya Grusinskaya street, for the policeman."

We sealed the envelope and dropped it into the letter-box. Sure, it will reach him.

Don't forget to **sign** your work (please, write the card number, your last name, school and grade) before **submitting** the work. You do not have to submit the sheet with the tasks. The tasks, their solutions and the results of the competition will be published at <http://turlom.olimpiada.ru> after November 20.

Tasks 2.

The poets who wrote these poems lived at different times, Christina Rossetti (1830–1894) and Mick Gouar (b.1951). Which of these poems was written earlier? What makes you think so?

a)

Life out of death.
That night long Lizzie watched by her,
Counted her pulse's flagging stir,
Felt for her breath,
Held water to her lips, and cooled her face
With tears and fanning leaves:
But when the first birds chirped about their
eaves,
And early reapers plodded to the place
Of golden sheaves,
And dew-wet grass
Bowed in the morning winds so brisk to pass,
And new buds with new day
Opened of cup-like lilies on the stream,
Laura awoke as from a dream,
Laughed in the innocent old way,

b)

Sally hasn't talked to me for ages.
She shouts, she swears
She sneers and jeers, she rages
She stamps around and slams the door
But doesn't talk.
All she'll say to me these days is
'Get lost, go away,
Leave me alone!'

Sally hasn't laughed with me for ages.
She doesn't smile
Or grin or giggle,
Won't share a joke.
And when I tell her something funny
She throws her eyes up to the ceiling
Says, as if to someone else:
'Why don't that stupid kid shut up!'

Hugged Lizzie but not twice or thrice;
Her gleaming locks showed not one thread of
grey,
Her breath was sweet as May
And light danced in her eyes.
(...)
For there is no friend like a sister
In calm or stormy weather;
To cheer one on the tedious way,
To fetch one if one goes astray,
To lift one if one totters down,
To strengthen whilst one stands.
to go astray – to be lost

She hasn't played with me for ages.
We used to get the doll's house out,
Go skipping in the street, or
To the playground in the park together.
But now, it's like it never happened,
She's trying to pretend
Even to me
She's never played with anything, not never.

Sally hasn't wanted me for ages.
She's getting too grown-up
To be seen with me,
She reckons.
But I can get my own back, don't you worry.
It's nearly bedtime and I've hidden
The teddy bear
She sleeps with every night.

(And in a little while we'll see
How grown-up my sister Sally
Really is...)

Tasks 3.

These poems are written by A. Pushkin and F. Tyutchev. Write in detail what these poems have in common both in the content and form. Then write what makes the poem different.

a)

When noisy day no more assails the ears of men, And on the silent city slowly Night's pallid shadow falls, while after toil again The wage of sleep repays them wholly — Then in the hush my hours drag out their dismal course, No peace my weary vigils bring me: But through the listless night the serpents of remorse With piercing fangs more shrewdly sting me;	Obsessed by seething dreams, the over-burdened soul Can neither bear its pain, nor cure it; In silence Memory unwinds her lengthy scroll Before me, and I must endure it. And loathing it, I read the record of the years, I curse and tremble like one baited; For all my bitter groans, for all my bitter tears, The lines are not obliterated. 1828
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b)

Monotonous dying of the hours: midnight is telling a tedious tale in a foreign language we can't fail to recognise as ours. Who can claim it never befell him to hear time's muffled groans stab his soul at night, the drone, when all's quiet, of a prescient farewell? It is as if the world had been orphaned by irresistible fate chased and caught, and nature, after we had fought, had marooned us, each on his separate island. Before us there stands our existence,	a spectre on earth's edge, and with our friends and with our age it pales into the distance. While under the sun there is a birth, a new and youthful tribe's begotten and it has long since been forgotten that we, our friends, our age, were ever on this earth! At times, performing some gloomy rite, we can her metallic sighs bemoaning our demise in the silence of the night. 1929
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Tasks 4.

Read this extract from a Russian novel.

At first sight the room... was a well-fitted one. In it there stood a writing-table of redwood, a couple of sofas, upholstered in some silken material, and a handsome screen that was embroidered with birds and fruits unknown to Nature. Also the room contained silken curtains, a few mats, some pictures, bronzes, and pieces of china, and a multitude of other pretty trifles. ...Taste of a really refined nature would never have remained satisfied with such ponderous, ungainly redwood chairs, with such rickety whatnots. Moreover, the back of one of the sofas had sagged, and, here and there, the wood had come away from the glue. ... On the walls and around the pictures there hung cobwebs coated with dust; the mirrors, instead of reflecting, would more usefully have served as tablets for recording memoranda; every mat was freely spotted with stains; on the sofa there lay a forgotten towel, and on the table (as on most mornings) a plate, a salt-cellar, a half-eaten crust of bread, and some scattered crumbs... True, on the whatnots there were two or three open books, while a newspaper was tossing about, and the bureau bore on its top an inkstand and a few pens; but the pages at which the books were lying open were covered with dust and beginning to turn yellow (thus proving that they had long been tossed aside), the date of the newspaper belonged to the previous

year, and from the inkstand, whenever a pen happened to be dipped therein, there arose, with a frightened buzz, only a derelict fly.

Write the name of the author and the title of the novel. Why do you think the author describes the room in such detail? What could we learn about the main character and the whole novel from this description? Do you know any other examples from Russian and world fiction that thoroughly depict characters' home? Why would authors need such descriptions? Consider a few examples.

Tasks 5.

Read the poem by Alexander Galitch (1918–1977).

A Ballad about Conscientiousness

Yegor Petrovich Maltsev Was ailing really bad,— Life going out of fingers And going out of glands. Out of his other members His life was going as well, It looked as if before long There would be nothing left. <...> That's all, Yegor has left us, A man's been here and gone! And the obituary column Will tell us of it soon. Now kids can eat their doughnuts, And drink their soda pop, But with his diabetes They'd poison him, full stop. Yegor's in bed and sleeping, He hardly weighs a gram, And hardly even breathing,	He sees a wondrous dream: In hall that's large and handsome, Too grand co comprehend, And there Yegor is lying, With flags and wreaths behind, And his enormous portrait Is bathed in crimson light, But he'd got no idea If he was still alive. He blinked away the midges As if he wasn't dead, But though he did this blinking He couldn't turn his head. The atmosphere was stuffy, Just like in public bath, And he was more a dead man Than someone still alive. But in chorus o'er Yegor Did sing The Soviet Army	Choir, And Soviet-Army -chorusing, They sang "Stand up, Yegor! Stand up, Yegor Petrovich, Stand up as call as tall, Come on, Yegor Petrovich, Answer your country's call! He washes out his undies And tucks the blankets in, Into his bloodstream courses Dissolving insulin . . . And through the squares of Moscow Strides out this friend of ours, Now everything's available That he can see around! Now he can try those sweeties, And drink that soda fizz,— It's only Soviet power Can make things work like this!
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How would you define a ballad?

Who, in your opinion, are most famous ballad-writers? What features of the genre can you see in the poem above? This one, though, could be called a ballad only jokingly.

Write a ballad of your own, either seriously or as a parody.