

**OLIMPIADA DE LIMBA ENGLEZĂ – ETAPA NAȚIONALĂ**

**BRAȘOV**

**Aprilie 2026**

**Probă scrisă**

**CLASA a XI-a - SECȚIUNEA B**

**BAREM DE EVALUARE ȘI DE NOTARE**

- Se punctează oricare alte modalități de rezolvare corectă a cerințelor.
- Nu se acordă puncte din oficiu.

**I. Read the text below and do the tasks that follow on your answer sheet. 10 points**

**A. Choose the right synonym for the words given below, according to their meaning in the text.**

**3x1point = 3 points**

1 – b; 2 – b; 3 – d

**B. Rephrase the following sentences so as to preserve the meaning. 3x1point=3 points**

1. .... was the **scale** of support ...
2. .... **no** account/condition should an actor's likeness and voice be ....
3. .... negotiations bring **forth** the necessary ....

**C. Four words have been removed from the summary of the text above. Choose the right words to fill-in the summary.**

**4x1point=4 points**

1. statutory; 2. safeguards; 3. pressing; 4. misused.

**II. For questions 1-5, think of one word only which can be used appropriately in all three sentences.**

**Write only the missing word on your answer sheet.**

**10x1point= 10 points**

1. SCRUTINY; 2. SHAPE; 3. CODE; 4. WALK; 5. RUN

**III. Error correction.**

**10x1point= 10 points**

1 – been; 2 – they; 3 – been; 4 – ✓; 5 – of; 6 – ✓; 7 – ✓; 8 – but; 9 – and; 10 – such

**IV. Translate into English. (10 points)**

|                    |          |
|--------------------|----------|
| grammar structures | 4 points |
| vocabulary         | 4 points |
| fluency            | 2 points |

**Suggested answer**

I really loved to slide and make myself dizzy. In fact, my favorite games were the ones that frightened me and made me light-headed. I had become friends with an older boy who used to "make me fly like an airplane." He would grab me by one hand and one foot and spin me around until he grew tired, because I never protested or screamed like the other girls, and when he finally dropped me onto the grass, freeing my ankle from his grip, I had the clear sensation that I was spilling out, that I was slowly seeping into the ground — so veeeery slowly — a jelly of flesh and brain, a warm paste, a living, murky liquid. I would lie there on the ground, feeling sick, while the world around me changed its "substance" several times (I don't know how else to describe the sensation), and then everything would clear up, would purify itself.

I could hardly wait for winter to come so I could let myself go down a hill on my sled — a hill that was hard to reach because it lay far from home, which is why I only went there once or twice each winter. I would lie face down on the sled, close my eyes, and push off. I split the cold, cut it in two; the snow struck my face and I no longer cared about anything. I would keep going until dark; my lips would sting, my nose would run, my hands would ache, my socks were wet, and I would keep sliding — this time with my eyes open — toward the pink hues, toward the diffuse violet at the end of the slope. I let myself be swallowed by that colored, maddening air.

