

## Megoldókulcs Országos Angol Verseny 2018

### Task 1

0. introduced
1. undisputed
2. installation
3. contemplating
4. ultimately
5. diversity
6. wrapped
7. narrowest
8. wishing
9. rotates
10. draw

### Task 2

0. toxins
1. consolidate
2. unveiled
3. snooze
4. immobile
5. tentacles
6. underwent
7. disoriented
8. vigorously
9. establishing
10. preliminary

### Task 3

0.	1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	10.
A	I	M	G	L	B	E	K	C	J	F

Task 4 (30x1 points= 30 points)

THE WELCOME COMMITTEE

“CARLA,” I SAY, “it won’t be like last time.” I’m not eight years old anymore.

“I want you to *pro m i s e*—” she begins, but I’m already at the window, **sweeping** the curtains aside.

I am not **prepared** for the bright California sun. I’m not prepared for the sight of it, high and **blazing** hot and white against the **washed-out** white sky. I am blind. But then the white haze over my **vision** begins to clear. Everything is **haloed**.

I see the truck and the **silhouette** of an older woman **twirling**—the mother. I see an older man at the back of the truck—the father. I see a girl maybe a little younger than me—the daughter.

Then I see him. He’s tall, lean, and wearing all black: black T-shirt, black jeans, black **sneakers**, and a black knit cap that covers his hair **completely**. He’s white with a pale honey tan and his face is **starkly** angular. He jumps down from his perch at the back of the truck and **glides** across the **driveway**, moving as if gravity affects him **differently** than it does the rest of us. He stops, cocks his head to one side, and **stares** up at his new house as if it were a **puzzle**.

After a few seconds he begins **bouncing** lightly on the balls of his feet. Suddenly he takes off at a sprint and runs **literally** six feet up the front wall. He grabs a **windowsill** and **dangles** from it for a second or two and then drops back down into a **crouch**.

“Nice, Olly,” says his mother.

“Didn’t I tell you to quit doing that stuff?” his father **growls**.

He **ignores** them both and remains in his crouch.

I press my open palm against the glass, **breathless** as if I’d done that crazy stunt myself.

I look from him to the wall to the windowsill and back to him again. He’s no longer **crouched**. He’s staring up at me. Our eyes meet. **Vaguely** I wonder what he sees in my window—**strange** girl in white with wide staring eyes. He grins at me and his face is no longer stark, no longer **severe**. I try to smile back, but I’m so **flustered** that I frown at him **instead**.