

KLUCZ DO TESTU READING

1. D	5. B	9. A
2. A	6. C	10. C
3. C	7. A	11. D
4. C	8. B	12. B
		13. A
		14. D

VOCABULARY 2017

1. detached
2. simmer
3. tentacles
4. background
5. hearing
6. antidote
7. evaporation
8. susceptible
9. nonexistent
10. idle
11. knowledgeable
12. bogus
13. rioters
14. poachers
15. discharged
16. forthcoming
17. gratitude
18. counterparts
19. hindsight
20. lukewarm
21. monolingual
22. obscurity
23. peer
24. quarry
25. Scriptures
26. bulldozed
27. charcoal
28. unabridged
29. paved
30. squandered

CZYTANIE i PISANIE - KLUCZ

Zliczamy liczbę błędów i luk. Sumę dla całego tekstu wpisujemy w prawym dolnym rogu pracy. Dla całego testu jest $(53+15+28+36=)$ 132 słów do wpisania. Przeliczenie liczby błędów na liczbę zdobytych punktów odbywa się po poprawieniu wszystkich prac i ustaleniu przelicznika błędów.

With the first whistling rush of air, as the Comet headed for the Taggart Terminal under the city of New York, Dagny Taggart sat up straight. She always felt it when the train went underground— this sense of eagerness, of hope and of secret excitement. It was as if normal existence were a photograph of shapeless things in badly printed colors, but this was a sketch done in a few sharp strokes that made things seem clean, important— and worth doing.

She watched the tunnels as they flowed past: bare walls of concrete, a net of pipes and wires, a web of rails that went off into black holes where green and red lights hung as distant drops of color. There was nothing else, nothing to dilute it, so that one could admire naked purpose and the ingenuity that had achieved it. She thought of the Taggart Building standing above her head at this moment, rising straight to the sky, and she thought: These are the roots of the building, hollow roots twisting under the ground, feeding the city.

When the train stopped, when she got off and heard the concrete of the platform under her heels, she felt light, lifted, impelled to action.

She started off, walking fast, as if the speed of her steps could give form to the things she felt. It was a few moments before she realized that she was whistling a piece of music— and that it was the theme of Halley's Fifth Concerto. She felt someone looking at her and turned. The young brakeman stood watching her tensely.

She sat on the arm of the big chair facing James Taggart 's desk, her coat thrown open over a wrinkled traveling suit. Eddie Willers sat across the room, making notes once in a while. His title was that of Special Assistant to the Vice-President in Charge of Operation, and his main duty was to be her bodyguard against any waste of time. She asked him to be present at interviews of this nature, because then she never had to explain anything to him afterwards. James Taggart sat at his desk, his head drawn into his shoulders .

"The Rio Norte Line is a pile of junk from one end to the other," she said. "It's much worse than I thought. But we're going to save it."

"Of course," said James Taggart.

"Some of the rail can be salvaged. Not much and not for long. We'll start laying new rail in the mountain sections, Colorado first. We'll get the new rail in two months."