

Use of English

ANSWER SHEET

ID NUMBER

1111

1	imprisonment
2	inequality
3	shadowing
4	enabled
5	
6	
7	health
8	condition
9	
10	associated
11	E
12	A
13	X
14	C
15	B
16	A
17	G
18	K
19	D
20	L

115.

**Listening & Reading**

**ANSWER SHEET**

ID NUMBER

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Item #									
1	A	B							
2	A	B							
3	A	B							
4	A	B							
5	A	B							
6	A	B							
7	A	B							
8	A	B							
9	A	B							
10	A	B							
11	A	B	C						
12	A	B	C						
13	A	B	C						
14	A	B	C						
15	A	B	C						
16	A	B	C	D					
17	A	B	C	D					
18	A	B	C	D					
19	A	B	C	D					
20	A	B	C	D					
21	A	B	C	D					
22	A	B	C	D					
23	A	B	C	D					
24	A	B	C	D					
25	A	B	C	D					
26	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	
27	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	
28	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	
29	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	
30	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	
31	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	
32	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	
33	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	
34	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	
35	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	
36	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	
37	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	
38	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	
39	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	
40	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	

395

Writing

ANSWER SHEET

ID number

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A Disastrous Journey<sup>10</sup>

I was lazily scrolling through an Internet market place, looking at clothes.

Suddenly an ad caught my attention.<sup>20</sup>  
"Longest Road through the Desert - Embark on a Journey!"  
I clicked on it instantly. The hours weren't something I could afford, but the included roadmap made me decide I could do it myself.

So I packed my bags and jumped in my car.

After some driving, I have crossed the city border. The houses were getting further and further away, and soon it was just desert all around.

I decided to call it a night when I noticed the setting sun. As I fell asleep, I murmured, "I have never travelled for that long before. The journey would be so exciting!"

The next day, my car refused to start.

Everything was fine, but my key didn't turn, no matter how hard I tried.

I have suppressed the urge to give up, gathered my courage and started walking back to the city.

Despite my knowledge that the road was rarely travelled by, I didn't give up hope. And after two hours of walking,

I got lucky - a huge truck was moving towards me.

"Something happened, kid?" - the bearded driver asked.

After I explained my story to him, the man agreed to drive me to the nearest bus stop.

Inside, I learned that his name was Jamie, he was a truck driver and I could call him if I would ever need a ride. As we were talking, I complained to him about my journey being that short.

"Remember, kid, a journey is best measured in friends"

Writing

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rather than miles,' - he replied before guffawing. I realized <sup>270</sup> we had a lot in common and our mindsets were similar. 'Get home safe, kid!' - he yelled as I jumped <sup>280</sup> into ~~into~~ out of the car. As I was waiting <sup>290</sup> for the bus, I thought that the man was right - my journey was priceless to me because I made a friend, and despite the problem of my car (still had to solve, I would have done this again if I had been given the opportunity to do so.

349