



**NPUA YEREVAN HIGH SCHOOL**  
**INTERNATIONAL BACCALAUREATE**  
**DIPLOMA PROGRAMME**  
**ADMISSION TEST**  
**ENGLISH**  
**SAMPLE**



**YEREVAN 2024**



<b>TESTING SYSTEM</b>				
<b>Section</b>	<b>Description</b>	<b>Duration (minutes)</b>	<b>Points</b>	<b>Actual points</b>
<b>WRITING</b>	<b>Essay</b>	<b>40</b>	<b>2.1</b>	
<b>READING</b>	<b>4 passages</b>	<b>35</b>	<b>3.5</b>	
<b>SPEAKING</b>	<b>2 sections</b>	<b>15</b>	<b>1.4</b>	
<b>TOTAL</b>		<b>90</b>	<b>7</b>	



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## SECTION 1

**Write an Essay on the following topic (250 words, 40 minutes, 2.1 points)**

In many countries, the gap between the rich and the poor is widening. Discuss the causes of income inequality and its effects on society.



**SECTION 2 Reading (4 passages, 35 minutes, 3.5 points)**

**Passage 1: Excerpt from "The Picture of Dorian Gray" by Oscar Wild**

"Yes, I am less to you than your ivory Hermes or your silver Faun. You will like them always. How long will you like me? Till I have my first wrinkle, I suppose. I know, now, that when one loses one's good looks, whatever they may be, one loses everything. Your picture has taught me that. Lord Henry Wotton is perfectly right. Youth is the only thing worth having. When I find that I am growing old, I shall kill myself."

Basil Hallward turned pale and caught his hand. "Dorian! Dorian!" he cried, "don't talk like that. I have never had such a friend as you, and I shall never have such another. You are not jealous of material things, are you?—you who are finer than any of them!"

"I am jealous of everything whose beauty does not die. I am jealous of the portrait you have painted of me. Why should it keep what I must lose? Every moment that passes takes something from me and gives something to it. Oh, if it were only the other way! If the picture could change, and I could always be what I am now! Why did you paint it? It will mock me some day—mock me horribly!"

**Question 1 (0.14 point):**

What does Dorian Gray's comparison of himself to the ivory Hermes and the silver Faun suggest about his self-perception and his relationship with Basil Hallward?

**Question 2 (0.28 points):**



How does Dorian Gray's belief that "when one loses one's good looks, one loses everything" reflect the influence of Lord Henry Wotton on his thinking?

**Passage 2: Excerpt from "The Picture of Dorian Gray" by Oscar Wilde**

As he was sitting at breakfast next morning, Basil Hallward was shown into the room.

"I am so glad I have found you, Dorian," he said gravely. "I called last night, and they told me you were at the opera. Of course I knew that was impossible. I had a dreadful presentiment that something terrible had happened."

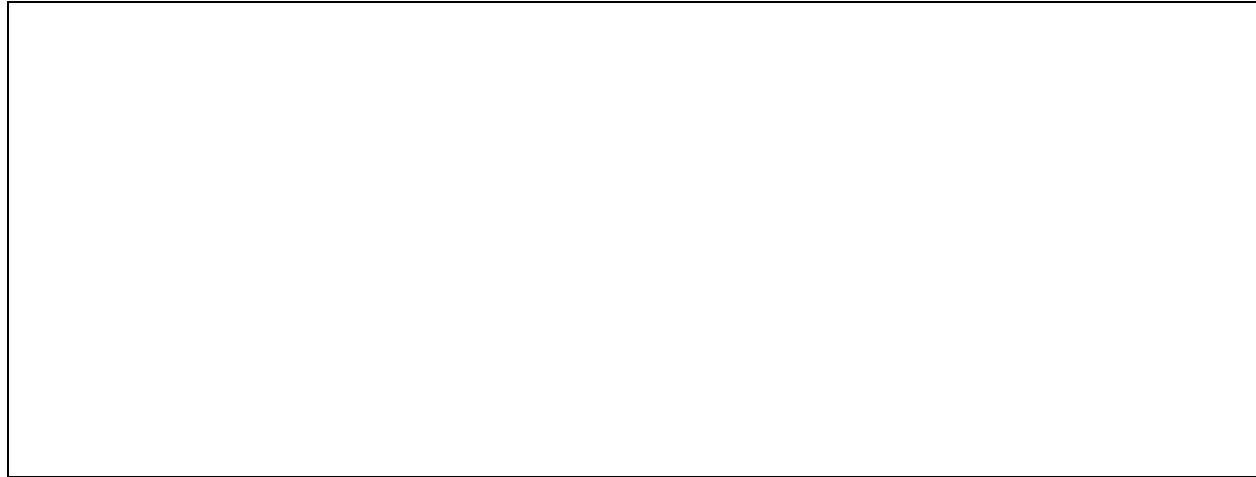
Dorian smiled and shook his head. "I was at the opera," he answered. "You must not talk about such things. It is only gossip. You must not believe in it."

"I can't believe that it is true. The very thought makes me sick with horror. How is it that you have no friend left except me? Why is it that such a scandal should be attached to your name? I know you and Harry are inseparable. Surely that should be a sufficient safeguard. My dear fellow, something has changed you completely. What is it? You have some secret. Let me know what it is."

"I am not changed, Basil. I am the same. The same as I was when you met me. There is no one else in my life but you."

**Question 3 (0.28 points):**

How does Dorian's reaction to Basil's concern reflect his attitude towards the rumors and their potential impact on his reputation?



**Passage 3: Excerpt from "Fahrenheit 451" by Ray Bradbury**

Montag grinned the fierce grin of all men singed and driven back by flame.

He knew that when he returned to the firehouse, he might wink at himself, a minstrel man, burnt-corked, in the mirror. Later, going to sleep, he would feel the fiery smile still gripped by his face muscles, in the dark. It never went away, that smile, it never ever went away, as long as he remembered.

He hung up his black beetle-colored helmet and shined it; he hung his flameproof jacket neatly; he showered luxuriously, and then, whistling, hands in pockets, walked across the upper floor of the fire station and fell down the hole. At the last moment, when disaster seemed positive, he pulled his hands from his pockets and broke his fall by grasping the golden pole. He slid to a squeaking halt, the heels one inch from the concrete floor downstairs.

He walked out of the fire station and along the midnight street toward the subway where the silent air-propelled train slid soundlessly down its lubricated flue in the earth and let him out with a great puff of warm air onto the cream-tiled escalator rising to the suburb.

Whistling, he let the escalator waft him into the still night air. He walked toward the corner, thinking little at all about nothing in particular. Before he reached the corner, however, he slowed as if a wind had sprung up from nowhere, as if someone had called his name.

The last few nights he had had the most uncertain feelings about the sidewalk just around the corner here, moving in the starlight toward his house. He had felt that a moment prior to his making the turn, someone had been there. The air seemed charged with a special calm as if someone had waited there, quietly, and only a moment before he came, simply turned to a shadow and let him through.



**Question 4 (0.7 points):**

What does Montag's "fierce grin" and his thoughts about his fiery smile reveal about his emotional state after returning from his work?

**Passage 4: Excerpt from "Fahrenheit 451" by Ray Bradbury**

Perhaps his nose detected a faint perfume, perhaps the skin on the backs of his hands, on his face, felt the temperature rise at this one spot where a person's standing might raise the immediate atmosphere ten degrees for an instant. There was no understanding it. Each time he made the turn, he saw only the white, unused, buckling sidewalk, with perhaps, on one night, something vanishing swiftly across a lawn before he could focus his eyes or speak.

But now tonight, he slowed almost to a stop. His inner mind, reaching out to turn the corner for him, had heard the faintest whisper. Breathing? Or was the atmosphere compressed merely by someone standing very quietly there, waiting?

He turned the corner.

The autumn leaves blew over the moonlit pavement in such a way as to make the girl who was moving there seem fixed to a sliding walk, letting the motion of the wind and the leaves carry her forward. Her head was half bent to watch her shoes stir the circling leaves. Her face was slender and milk-white, and in it was a kind of gentle hunger that touched over everything with tireless curiosity. It was a look, almost, of pale surprise; the dark eyes were so fixed to the world that no move escaped them. Her dress was white and it whispered. He almost thought he heard the motion of her hands as she walked, and the infinitely small



sound now, the white stir of her face turning when she discovered she was a moment away from a man who stood in the middle of the pavement waiting.

The trees overhead made a great sound of letting down their dry rain. The girl stopped and looked as if she might pull back in surprise, but instead stood regarding Montag with eyes so dark and shining and alive that he felt he had said something quite wonderful. But he knew his mouth had only moved to say hello, and then when she seemed hypnotized by the salamander on his arm and the phoenix disc on his chest, he spoke again.

"Of course," he said, "you're our new neighbor, aren't you?"

"And you must be"—she raised her eyes from his professional symbols—"the fireman." Her voice trailed off.

"How oddly you say that."

"I'd—I'd have known it with my eyes shut," she said, slowly.

"What—the smell of kerosene? My wife always complains," he laughed. "You never wash it off completely."

"No, you don't," she said, in awe.

He felt she was walking in a circle about him, turning him end for end, shaking him quietly, and emptying his pockets, without once moving herself.

"Kerosene," he said, because the silence had lengthened, "is nothing but perfume to me."

"Does it seem like that, really?"

"Of course. Why not?"

She gave herself time to think of it. "I don't know." She turned to face the sidewalk going toward their homes. "Do you mind if I walk back with you? I'm Clarisse McClellan."

**Question 5 (0.7 points):**

How does the interaction between Montag and the girl, Clarisse McClellan, begin to change Montag's perspective?





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**Question 6 (1.4 points):**

What does Clarisse's willingness to walk back with Montag and her introduction of herself indicate about her character?



**SECTION 3 Speaking (2 sections, 15 minutes, 1.4 points)**

**Part 1: Speak about your study, reflecting on the questions below (0.7 points):**

Where do you plan to study after the IBPD?

What subjects did you choose in IB DP?

Why did you choose those subjects?

Are those popular subjects in your country?

Do you like those subjects?

**Part 2: Describe the picture on the card given (0.7 points).**

1. Describe what is happening in both pictures in detail.
2. Which way of studying do you prefer and why?





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***USE FOR ADDITIONAL NOTES:***