

MINISTERUL EDUCAȚIEI, CERCETĂRII ȘI TINERETULUI
OLIMPIADA DE LIMBA ENGLEZĂ
FAZA PE JUDEȚ / MUNICIPIUL BUCUREȘTI, 16 MARTIE 2008
Clasa a XII-a

Subiectul 1

100 puncte

Read the story “Moses’ Little Brother” by Ron Butlin and write a 400-word essay, discussing the reworking of the myth, in which you

- **identify the type of irony present in the text and discuss its effect**
- **analyze the relationship between faith and rational thought, by relating the following quotation to the story:** “Shake off all fear of servile prejudices, under which weak minds are crouched. Fix reason firmly in her seat, and call on her tribunal for every fact, every opinion. Question with boldness even the existence of God; because, if there be one, he must more approve of the homage of reason than that of blindfolded fear”. *(Thomas Jefferson)*
- **express your own views on the resolution of the story.**

You may refer to the above in the order you find fit.

The day after Moses and the Twelve Tribes of Israel set off into the wilderness, his little brother ran up to the head of the procession.

'We'll be out of here in no time — I have a map.'

Big Brother, of course, knew better. After all, God was on their side, and not just any god, of which there were plenty in those far-off generous days, but the one true God — He who could provide plagues of locusts, frogs and boils, and could part the Red Sea when required.

'No, thank you,' Moses replied, 'We have a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. We don't need maps.'

'But it'll tell us—'

'When God wants to tell us anything, he'll turn into a burning bush.'

That night, after Moses and the Twelve Tribes had hurried off to catch up with the pillar of fire, Little Brother shrugged and lay down in the sand. Next thing, God was shaking him.

'You're on your own!' came the Divine warning.

'Suits me.'

He turned over, and went back to sleep.

A few days later, Moses' little brother reached the Promised Land. Milk and honey for those with work permits — but for the likes of him, it was either the building-site or delivering pizzas...

The Twelve Tribes showed up forty years later. There was a dispute. Several other gods, both local and freelance, got involved, and, three thousand years after that, everyone was still at it. A partition was followed by refugee camps, suicide bombers, missiles. Someone produced a new map. Someone started building a wall.

God turned Himself into a burning bush. No one noticed.

'Okay,' He said, 'no more Mr Nice Guy,' and reached for his Book of Plagues. The updated version.

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Subiectul 2

100 puncte

- **Write a 400-word reflective essay on boundaries.** Consider the topic from at least three of the following perspectives: psychological, artistic, economic, educational, social, political, moral, historical.

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