

UNIVERSIDAD DE LA REPÚBLICA – CARRERA DE TRADUCTORADO
PRUEBA DE ADMISIÓN 2018 LENGUA INGLESA

Instructions to candidates

You will be allowed FIVE minutes to read through the following instructions.

The examination is divided into 3 sections: Section 1 Translation into English; Section 2 Translation into Spanish; Section 3 English Language.

No dictionaries or electronic devices of any kind may be used.

GENERAL

1. The examination is **THREE** hours in length. When asked to stop writing you must do so. Candidates will be reported to the examining board if they exceed the time limit and liable to penalties.
2. No borrowing is allowed.
3. Anyone attempting to communicate with a fellow examinee may have his/her examination annulled.
4. You may not ask interpretative questions. If you need to communicate with the invigilator raise your hand. Do not call out.
5. Sections may be answered in any order. Each section should be on a separate sheet of paper. When handing in your test to the invigilators, **SEPARATE THE SECTIONS.**
6. Do not begin writing until the invigilator says you may.
7. At the top of each sheet of paper you use, write: **CANDIDATE NUMBER** (your own personal number); **ROOM NUMBER; DO NOT WRITE YOUR NAME ANYWHERE.**
8. Write legibly using a dark pencil or ink. If your writing is illegible, your answers will not be considered.
9. Leave a margin on the left-hand side of your sheet of paper. Leave spaces between the lines.
10. **THIS INSTRUCTIONS SHEET AND THE PRINTED EXAMINATION PAPERS MUST BE RETURNED TO THE INVIGILATOR BEFORE YOU LEAVE THE ROOM.**

SECTION 1: Translate the following text into English

La violencia contra profesores aumenta en España de forma alarmante. Los docentes están preocupados, pero se quejan de que nadie más parece estarlo.

Denuncian agresiones, amenazas, acoso y pérdida creciente de autoridad ante padres y alumnos mientras se preguntan: «¿qué tipo de sociedad estamos construyendo?».

A un profesor le tiran una tiza, un borrador, una silla y hasta una mesa en medio de la clase. A una tutora unos alumnos la empujan en el pasillo. A otro maestro lo agarran por el cuello. Al término del horario escolar, un docente encuentra su coche rayado, las ruedas pinchadas o incluso una pintada en la puerta de su casa.

¿Exageraciones? En absoluto. Es la vida misma. Y todo ello en España, un país donde se detecta un **alarmante aumento de las agresiones a profesores**.

«Con los años se ha ido perdiendo la noción de autoridad -advierte Jesús Niño, coordinador general de la Asociación de profesores-. Antes, el docente era respetado, demasiado quizá, pero hemos pasado al extremo contrario». Así lo demuestran las cifras de este servicio de atención a maestros creado por ANPE. De las 2249 llamadas de educadores recibidas el curso pasado, el 12 por ciento relataron agresiones físicas y amenazas por parte de sus alumnos, cuatro veces más que el año anterior.

Algunos docentes que acuden a nosotros llegan destrozados. **Al igual que las víctimas de violencia de género, a veces piensan que la culpa la tienen ellos**», ilustra Teresa Hernández, coordinadora de Aragón. Desde Andalucía, Charo Siguero describe un panorama similar. «Muchos se ponen a llorar -cuenta-. Algunos están de baja médica, con depresión y ansiedad y llaman para desahogarse, necesitan apoyo. Otros quieren denunciar y piden asesoramiento jurídico». Buscan, en suma, lo que en muchos casos no reciben de sus respectivos gobiernos locales.

«Es una asistencia que debería dar la Administración, pero no lo hace -sostiene Laura Sequera. En los últimos años hemos visto mejoras, pero falta mucho por hacer». Por ejemplo, algunas organizaciones de Educación, como la de Madrid, ni siquiera llevan un registro de **agresiones a profesores**. «Para solucionar los problemas de convivencia es fundamental sacarlos a la luz, reconocer que estas agresiones no son casos aislados. Ocultarlas no resuelve nada», subraya el coordinador de ANPE.

Adaptado de [http:// http://www.xlsemanal.com](http://www.xlsemanal.com)

SECTION 2: Translate the following text into Spanish

Anyone who's ever made room for a big milestone of adult life—a job, a marriage, a move—has likely shoved a friendship to the side. After all, there is no contract locking us to the other person, as in marriage, and there are no blood bonds, as in family. Friendships are flexible. “We choose our friends, and our friends choose us,” says William Rawlins, Professor of Communication Studies at Ohio University.

But modern life can become so busy that people forget to keep choosing each other. That's when friendships fade, and there's reason to believe it's happening more than ever. Loneliness wreaks health havoc in many ways, particularly because it removes the safety net of social support. “When we perceive our world as threatening, that can be associated with an increase in heart rate and blood pressure,” says Holt-Lunstad, professor of psychology at Brigham Young University.

The antidote is simple: friendship. Being around trusted others, in essence, signals safety and security. Having supportive friends in old age was a stronger predictor of well-being than family ties—suggesting that the friends you pick may be at least as important as the family you're born into.

If you're trying to replenish a dried-up friendship pool, start by looking inward. Think back to how you met some of your very favorite friends. Volunteering on a political campaign or in a favorite spin class? Common passions help people bond at a personal level, and they bridge people of different ages and life experiences.

Whatever you're into, someone else is too. Let your passion guide you toward people. Volunteer, for example, take a new course or join a committee at your local religious center. Fellow dog lovers tend to congregate at dog runs.

The process takes time, and you may experience false starts. Not everyone will want to put in the effort necessary to be a good friend.

Which is reason enough to nurture the friendships you already have—even those that span many miles. Start by scheduling a weekly phone call. “It seems kind of funny to do that, because we often think about scheduling as tasks or work,” says McCabe. “But it's easy, especially as an adult, to lose track of making time for a phone call.” When a friend reaches out to you, don't forget to tell them how much it means to you.

This appears in the February 26, 2018 issue of TIME.

SECTION 3 – Read the following passage and then answer the questions below using your own words.

Time Passes

So with the lamps all put out, the moon sunk, and a thin rain drumming on the roof a downpouring of immense darkness began. Nothing, it seemed, could survive the flood, the profusion of darkness which, creeping in at keyholes and crevices, stole round window blinds, came into bedrooms, swallowed up here a jug and basin, there a bowl of red and yellow dahlias, there the sharp edges and firm bulk of a chest of drawers. Not only was furniture confounded; there was scarcely anything left of body or mind by which one could say 'This is he' or 'This is she.' Sometimes a hand raised as if to clutch something or ward off something, or somebody groaned, or somebody laughed aloud as if sharing a joke with nothingness.

Nothing stirred in the drawing-room or in the dining-room or on the staircase. Only through the rusty hinges and swollen sea-moistened woodwork certain airs, detached from the body of the wind (the house was ramshackle after all) crept round corners and ventured indoors. Almost one might imagine them, as they entered the drawing-room, questioning and wondering, toying with the flap of hanging wall-paper, asking, would it hang much longer, when would it fall? Then smoothly brushing the walls, they passed on musingly as if asking the red and yellow roses on the wall-paper whether they would fade, and questioning (gently, for there was time at their disposal) the torn letters in the wastepaper basket, the flowers, the books, all of which were now open to them and asking. Were they allies? Were they enemies? How long would they endure?

So some random light directing them from some uncovered star, or wandering ship, or the Lighthouse even, with its pale footfall upon stair and mat, the little airs mounted the staircase and nosed round bedroom doors. But here surely, they must cease. Whatever else may perish and disappear what lies here is steadfast. Here one might say to those sliding lights, those fumbling airs, that breathe and bend over the bed itself, here you can neither touch nor destroy. Upon which, wearily, ghostlily as if they had feather-light fingers and the light persistency of feathers, they would look, once, on the shut eyes and the loosely clasping fingers, and fold their garments wearily and disappear. And so, nosing, rubbing, they went to the window on the staircase, to the servants' bedrooms, to the boxes in the attics; descending, blanched the apples on the dining-room table, fumbled the petals of roses, tried the picture on the easel, brushed the mat and blew a little sand along the floor. At length, desisting, all ceased together, gathered together, all sighed together; all together gave off and aimless gust of lamentation to which some door in the kitchen replied; swung wide; admitted nothing; and slammed to.

But what after all is a night? A short space, especially when the darkness dims so soon, and so soon a bird sings, a cock crows, or a faint green quickens, like a turning leaf, in the hollow of the wave. Night, however, succeeds to night. The winter holds a pack of them in store and deals them equally, evenly, with indefatigable fingers. They lengthen; they darken. Some of them hold aloft clear planets, plates of brightness. The autumn trees, ravaged as they are, take on the flash of tattered flags kindling in the gloom of cool cathedral caves where gold letters on marble pages describe death in battle and how bones bleach and burn far away in Indian sands. The autumn trees gleam in the yellow moonlight, in the light of harvest moons, the light which mellows the energy of labour, and smooths the stubble, and brings the wave lapping blue to the shore.

It seemed now as if, touched by human penitence and all its toil, divine goodness had parted the curtain and displayed behind it, single, distinct, the hare erect; the wave falling; the boat rocking, which, did we deserve them, should be ours always. But alas, divine goodness, twitching the cord, draws the curtain; it does not please him; he covers his treasures in a drench of hail, and so breaks them, so confuses them that it seems impossible that their calms should ever return or that we should ever compose from their fragments a perfect whole or read in the littered pieces the clear words of truth. For our penitence deserves a glimpse only; our toil respite only.

From *To the Lighthouse* by Virginia Woolf, 1927.

- 1) Explain the meaning of the following underlined words and phrases as they are used in the text:
a) stole b) stirred c) passed on musingly d) pack e) twitching the cord (5 marks: 1 mark each)
- 2) Comment on the importance of how the house is depicted in this passage. (5 marks)
- 3) How is the passage of time described in this extract? (5 marks)
- 4) Comment on and explain the relationship between the weather and the aspects described in the previous question. (10 marks)
- 5) Write a summary of the passage in no more than twenty words. (10 marks)
- 6) Write a short paragraph describing what you consider happened next. (10 marks)