

**UNIVERSIDAD DE LA REPÚBLICA – CARRERA DE TRADUCTORADO PRUEBA
DE ADMISIÓN 2019 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

¿En qué consiste ser rico en el siglo XXI?

Espacio. Tiempo. Silencio. Bienes intangibles. Lujosos como el lujo de no tener hambre.

Caminar por la rambla al amanecer, una silla en la vereda, un balconcito con flores... Puede haber espacios más grandes, tiempos más largos, silencios más profundos; pero disfrutar en cualquier medida esos bienes es ser rico. Antes también lo era, pero no nos dábamos cuenta. El tiempo, el espacio y el silencio parecían estar ahí naturalmente, como la luna. Al escasear se convirtieron en tesoros (tal vez con el agua nos pase lo mismo, en unos años).

Ser rico siempre ha consistido, en opinión de quienes no lo son, en tener más de lo que se consume, poder elegir situaciones o cosas o casas, cumplir deseos a corto plazo, ser asistido con primor al estar enfermo, ejercer la real gana (dormir la siesta o comprar libros o apostar a los burros, importar toros, motores o abrir una galería de arte). Es sinónimo de poder hacer. Cuando ese poder hacer toma forma egoísta, enceguece. Cuando se encamina a mejorar la vida de los unos y los otros es útil.

“*Los ricos no tienen vecinos*”, escribió Aldous Huxley en **Point Counter Point**. Aludía al aislamiento. Al hecho de que todo auxilio fuera a sueldo. Llegar rápida y cómodamente es un placer que desconoce media humanidad (caminan de país en país con su vida auestas, toman subterráneos atestados, esperan buses lentos). Pero la velocidad pone alas de Mercurio a los pies de los ricos. En tiempos antiguos era raro que alguien conociera horizontes más allá del pueblo en que nacía. Hoy, viajar en un abrir y cerrar de ojos – como Aladino gracias a la lámpara maravillosa –, para quienes disponen de un auto o un pasaje de avión, es natural como prender la luz o abrir una canilla (también riquezas, esas dos; ignoradas por unos, inimaginables para otros).

El conocimiento es la mejor de todas las fortunas. Saber hacer, utilizar las cosas, saber que la higiene es la base de la salud y la empatía, un texto, un algoritmo, saber un poema que acompañe un desvelo, una historia que ayude a comprender la vida, saber que el universo es más ancho de lo que hasta ayer nos parecía único y mejor.

Texto adaptado (Ana Larravide, *Brecha*, 8 febrero 2019).

SECTION 2: Translate the following text into Spanish

Some years ago, before the latest civil war began in earnest, a Sudanese boy named Logocho peeked into the entry of his family's hut. His father sprang out and grabbed him, and then, with an older boy, pinned him in the dirt.

A strange boy, Logocho. Above him, his father's shoulders and chest rippled with welted tribal scars. A Morse code of dots and dashes crossed the father's face and forehead, signaling to any potential cattle raiders – the Dinka, the Nuer- that he, as a Murle, would defend his stock with spear, knife, fists and teeth.

But his son showed no interest in the old ways. When other children, including his own brother, underwent an early Murle rite of passage, he ran and hid in the grass. Now his body, smooth as a calf's, trembled and arched in the dust. Nothing marked him as a Murle.

More alarming, the nine-year old boy showed no interest in cattle, like his brother, Logocho crouched to suckle the udders of cows, but to him they meant only milk. For countless generations Murle men – and their rivals throughout southern Sudan – had lived alongside their cows. They named them, decorated them, slept beside them. Men used cattle to purchase brides, who provided children, who tended more cows.

What is your purpose? Logocho's father asked.

While the men and beast migrated from water to water, Logocho preferred to stay behind with his grandmother. The old woman scratched lines in the earth to grow sorghum and beans and even pumpkins, and in lean seasons the men came to her with hands outstretched. Logocho helped her plant seeds and harvest the crops. You are special, she would say.

She could not save him now, though. His father and the boy were holding him hard against the ground "Naa?" Logocho cried. "Why?"

When he saw the "specialist," he knew. The man kneeled down and bent over Logocho's face, then he reached for what looked like a thin metal file. He pried open the boy's jaw and wedged the blade between the two bottom middle teeth. He worked it down to the gum, and then with a wrench of his shoulder, he twisted it. Crack! An incisor splintered, and blood filled the moaning Logocho's mouth. The specialist reset the blade and – crack! – shattered the other middle tooth.

Now you look like a Murle.

Extracted from *A Shaky Peace*, National Geographic, Nov 2010

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

It was a summer's night and they were talking, in the big room with the windows open to the garden, about the cesspool. The county council had promised to bring water to the village, but they hadn't.

Mrs. Haines, the wife of the gentleman farmer, a goosefaced woman with eyes protruding as if she saw something to gobble in the gutter, said affectedly: "What a subject to talk about on a night like this?"

Then there was silence; and a cow coughed; and that led Mrs. Haines to say how odd it was, as a child, she had never feared cows, only horses. But, then, as a small child in a perambulator, a great cart-horse had brushed within an inch of her face. Her family, she told the old man in the arm-chair, had lived near Liskeard for many centuries. There were the graves in the churchyard to prove it.

The old man in the arm-chair--Mr. Oliver, of the Indian Civil Service, retired--said that the site they had chosen for the cesspool was, if he had heard aright, on the Roman road. From an aeroplane, he said, you could still see, plainly marked, the scars made by the Britons; by the Romans; by the Elizabethan manor house; and by the plough, when they ploughed the hill to grow wheat in the Napoleonic wars.

"But you don't remember . . ." Mrs. Haines began. No, not that. Still he did remember--and he was about to tell them what, when there was a sound outside, and Isa, his son's wife, came in with her hair in pigtails; she was wearing a dressing-gown with faded peacocks on it. She came in like a swan swimming its way; then was checked and stopped; was surprised to find people there; and lights burning. She had been sitting with her little boy who wasn't well, she apologized. What had they been saying?

"Discussing the cesspool," said Mr. Oliver.

"What a subject to talk about on a night like this!" Mrs. Haines exclaimed again.

What had *he* said about the cesspool; or indeed about anything? Isa wondered, inclining her head towards the gentleman farmer, Rupert Haines. She had met him at a Bazaar; and at a tennis party. He had handed her a cup and a racquet--that was all. But in his ravaged face she always felt mystery; and in his silence, passion. At the tennis party she had felt this, and at the Bazaar. Now a third time, if anything more strongly, she felt it again.

"I remember," the old man interrupted, "my mother. . . ." Of his mother he remembered that she was very stout; kept her tea-caddy locked; yet had given him in that very room a copy of Byron. It was over sixty years ago, he told them, that his mother had given him the works of Byron in that very room. He paused.

"She walks in beauty like the night," he quoted.

Then again:

"So we'll go no more a-roving by the light of the moon."

Isa raised her head. The words made two rings, perfect rings, that floated them, herself and Haines, like two swans downstream. But his snow-white breast was circled with a tangle of dirty duckweed; and she too, in her webbed feet was entangled, by her husband, the stockbroker. Sitting on her three-cornered chair she swayed, with her dark pigtailed hanging, and her body like a bolster in its faded dressing-gown.

Mrs. Haines was aware of the emotion circling them, excluding her. She waited, as one waits for the strain of an organ to die out before leaving church. In the car going home to the red villa in the cornfields, she would destroy it, as a thrush pecks the wings off a butterfly. Allowing ten seconds to intervene, she rose; paused; and then, as if she had heard the last strain die out, offered Mrs. Giles Oliver her hand.

But Isa, though she should have risen at the same moment that Mrs. Haines rose, sat on. Mrs. Haines glared at her out of goose-like eyes, gobbling, "Please, Mrs. Giles Oliver, do me the kindness to recognize my existence. . . ." which she was forced to do, rising at last from her chair, in her faded dressing-gown, with the pigtailed falling over each shoulder.

Pointz Hall was seen in the light of an early summer morning to be a middle-sized house. It did not rank among the houses that are mentioned in guide books. It was too homely. But this whitish house with the grey roof, and the wing thrown out at right angles, lying unfortunately low on the meadow with a fringe of trees on the bank above it so that smoke curled up to the nests of the rooks, was a desirable house to live in. Driving past, people said to each other: "I wonder if that'll ever come into the market?"

Adapted from *Between the Acts* by Virginia Woolf, 1941.

- 1) Explain the meaning of the following underlined words and phrases as they are used in the text: a) council b) perambulator c) checked d) ravaged e) tangle. (5 marks; 1 mark each)
- 2) Comment on the importance the references to the past have in this passage, giving examples of such references in either dictions or short phrases. (5 marks)
- 3) What are the main activities being described in this passage? (5 marks)
- 4) Comment on the significance and the setting of the activities described in the previous question. (10 marks)
- 5) Write a summary of the passage in no more than fifteen words. (10 marks)
- 6) Write a short paragraph describing what you consider subsequently happened next. (10 marks)