

UNIVERSIDAD DE LA REPÚBLICA – TRADUCTORADO PÚBLICO

PRUEBA DE ADMISIÓN 2022 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 Reading Comprehension.

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

GENERAL

1. The examination is **TWO** 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); **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

Las ocho palabras más peligrosas del periodismo son: “El mundo nunca volverá a ser el mismo”. En más de cuatro décadas como periodista, rara vez me he atrevido a usar esa frase. Pero ahora, tras la invasión de Vladimir Putin a Ucrania, la utilizaré.

Nuestro mundo nunca volverá a ser el mismo porque esta guerra no tiene ningún paralelo histórico. Es una descarnada toma territorial, estilo siglo XVIII, por parte de una superpotencia, pero en un mundo globalizado del siglo XXI. Esta es la primera guerra que será cubierta en TikTok por personas increíblemente empoderadas, armadas solo con teléfonos inteligentes, por lo que los actos de brutalidad se documentarán y transmitirán por todo el mundo sin editores ni filtros. El primer día de la guerra, vimos cómo los tanques rusos invasores quedaban expuestos de forma inesperada por Google Maps, porque Google quiso alertar a los usuarios conductores que los vehículos blindados rusos estaban provocando atascos de tráfico.

Nunca hemos visto algo como esto.

Sí, el intento ruso de apoderarse de Ucrania recuerda a siglos anteriores —antes de las revoluciones democráticas en Estados Unidos y Francia—, cuando un monarca europeo o un zar ruso simplemente podía decidir que quería más territorio, que había llegado el momento de apoderarse de él, y lo hacía. Y todos en la región sabían que devoraría todo lo que pudiera y que no había una comunidad internacional que lo detuviera.

Sin embargo, al actuar de esta manera, Putin no solo se ha dispuesto a reescribir de forma unilateral las reglas del sistema internacional que han estado vigentes desde la Segunda Guerra Mundial, sino que también está tratando de alterar el equilibrio de poder que siente que se le impuso a Rusia después de la Guerra Fría.

27 feb 2021 – The New York Times

SECTION 2: Translate the following text into Spanish

English was the first language my newborn heard after his birth in October 2021, probably something medical the midwife said, or congratulations from a nearby nurse. My wife and I were speechless, focusing only on our son's blue skin, piercing screams, and block of black hair that overwhelmingly confirmed he was indeed ours.

As first-time parents, our son instantly became the exclusive lens through which we viewed our world. I should've gotten new windshield wipers to make sure we reached home safely. Next time, I will take my elevated bilirubin levels seriously. My wife swore to get the spot on her retina checked again. She couldn't remember the last time we'd dusted underneath our bed. We'd prepared nine months for this shift, but it still shook us. Our lives were only necessary to sustain his life.

We couldn't stay speechless for long. The nurses eventually checked on us less frequently. Poking and prodding clinicians dissipated, leaving us with the humming overhead tube lights and beeping in the hallway. It was our turn to talk to our son, but what would we say?

English wasn't the first language for either of us. My wife is a native Spanish speaker and I exclusively spoke Punjabi for the first six years of my life. We both acquired English through our respective educations in Colombia and Canada. We promised to give our son both our languages, despite failing to acquire them from each other.

English is our essential language, a primary means of communication that allows us to thrive as a couple, while simultaneously pulling us away from our native languages and cultures. Each spoken syllable of English is a leap away from our rolling "Rs" in Punjabi and Spanish. I'm not demonizing English, rather recognizing the challenge of its dominance in our lives.

Adapted from: The Longreads – Disappearing Language.

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

Soon now they would enter the Delta. The sensation was familiar to him, renewed like this each last week in November for more than fifty years – the last hill at the foot of which the rich unbroken alluvial flatness began as the sea began at the base of its cliffs, dissolving away beneath the unhurried November rain as the sea itself would dissolve away. At first they had come in wagons – the guns, the bedding, the dogs, the food, the whiskey, the anticipation of hunting – the young men who could drive all night and all the following day in the cold rain and pitch camp in the rain and sleep in the wet blankets and rise at daylight the next morning to hunt. There had been bear then, and a man shot a doe or a fawn as quickly as he did a buck, and in the afternoons they shot wild turkey with pistols to test their stalking skill and marksmanship, feeding all but the breast to the dogs. But that time was gone now and now they went in cars, driving faster and faster each year because the roads were better and they had farther to drive, the territory in which game still existed drawing yearly inward as his life was drawing in, until now he was the last of those who had once made the journey in wagons without feeling it and now those who accompanied him were the sons and even the grandsons of the men who had ridden for twenty-four hours in rain and sleet behind the steaming mules, calling him Uncle Ike now, and he no longer told anyone how nearly seventy he actually was because he knew as well as they did that he no longer had any business making such expeditions, even by car. In fact, each time now, on that first night in camp, lying aching and sleepless in the harsh blankets, his blood only faintly warmed by the single thin whiskey-and-water which he allowed himself, he would tell himself that this would be his last. But he would stand that trip (he still shot almost as well as he had ever shot, he still killed almost as much of the game he saw as he had ever killed; he no longer knew how many deer had fallen before his gun) and the fierce long heat of the next summer would somehow renew him. Then November would come again and again in the car with two of the sons of his old companions, whom he had taught not only how to distinguish between the prints left by a buck and a doe but between the sound they made moving, he would look ahead past the jerking arc of the windshield wiper and see the land flatten suddenly, dissolving away beneath the rain as the sea itself would dissolve, and he would say, “Well boys, there it is again.”

This time though he didn't have time to speak. The driver of the car stopped it, slamming it to a skidding halt on the greasy pavement without warning, so that old McCaslin, first looking ahead at the empty road, glanced sharply past the man in the middle until he could see the face of the driver, the youngest face of them all, darkly aquiline, handsome and ruthless and saturnine and staring somberly ahead through the steaming windshield across which the twin arms of the wiper flicked and flicked. “I didn't intend to come in here this time,” he said. His name was Boyd. He was just past forty. He owned the car as well as two of the three Walker hounds in the rumble behind them, just as he owned, or at least did the driving of, anything – animal, machine or human – which he happened to be using.

Excerpted from “Delta Autumn” by William Faulkner, 1940.

- 1) Which are Uncle Ike's main activities as mentioned in the passage? (10 marks)
- 2) Discuss the effect the depiction of nature has on the reader. (10 marks)
- 3) Write a summary of the text in no more than 18 words. (10 marks)
- 4) Write a short paragraph describing what you think happened next. (10 marks)