

**UNIVERSIDAD DE LA REPÚBLICA – CARRERA DE TRADUCTORADO**  
**PRUEBA DE ADMISIÓN 2023 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

### NOS HAN DADO LA TIERRA

Después de tantas horas de caminar sin encontrar ni una sombra de árbol, ni una semilla de árbol, ni una raíz de nada, se oye el ladrar de los perros.

Uno ha creído a veces, en medio de este camino sin orillas, que nada habría después; que no se podría encontrar nada al otro lado, al final de esta llanura rajada de grietas y de arroyos secos. Pero sí, hay algo. Hay un pueblo. Se oye que ladran los perros y se siente en el aire el olor del humo, y se saborea ese olor de la gente como si fuera una esperanza.

Pero el pueblo está todavía muy allá. Es el viento el que lo acerca.

Hemos venido caminando desde el amanecer. Ahorita son algo así como las cuatro de la tarde. Alguien se asoma al cielo, estira los ojos hacia donde está colgado el sol y dice:

-Son como las cuatro de la tarde.

Ese alguien es Melitón. Junto con él, vamos Faustino, Esteban y yo. Somos cuatro. Yo los cuento: dos adelante, otros dos atrás. Miro más atrás y no veo a nadie. Entonces me digo: "Somos cuatro." Hace rato, como a eso de las once, éramos veintitantos, pero puñito a puñito se han ido desperdigando hasta quedar nada más que este nudo que somos nosotros.

Faustino dice:

-Puede que llueva.

Todos levantamos la cara y miramos una nube negra y pesada que pasa por encima de nuestras cabezas. Y pensamos: "Puede que sí."

No decimos lo que pensamos. Hace ya tiempo que se nos acabaron las ganas de hablar. Se nos acabaron con el calor. Uno platicaría muy a gusto en otra parte, pero aquí cuesta trabajo. Uno platica aquí y las palabras se calientan en la boca con el calor de afuera, y se le resecan a uno en la lengua hasta que acaban con el resuello.

Aquí así son las cosas. Por eso a nadie le da por platicar.

Texto adaptado (El llano en llamas, Juan Rulfo)

## SECTION 2: Translate the following text into Spanish

Since I was young, I've been enchanted by the sea, but it was not until one brutally cold Chicago winter that I acted on my fascination. Five years into a doctoral program in history and anthropology at the University of Chicago, I decided to procrastinate on completing my thesis by fleeing to Singapore for a temporary job as a crew member and resident anthropologist on a marine research ship called the RV *Heraclitus*. For three months, the whole time I was there, the ship never left port due to paperwork problems, and I spent the time getting to know the crews from other ships docked nearby.

This experience in Singapore offered my first real exposure to merchant seafarers and fishermen. I was absolutely fascinated by this transient tribe of people. These workers are largely invisible to anyone leading a life on land. They have their own lingo, superstitions, social hierarchy, codes of discipline, and, based on the stories they told me, catalog of crimes and tradition of impunity.

What became especially clear in these conversations is that moving products by sea is much cheaper than by air partly because international waters are so uncluttered by national bureaucracies and unconstrained by rules. This fact has given rise to all manner of unregulated activity, from tax evasion to weapons stockpiling. There is, after all, a reason that the American government, for instance, chose international waters as the location conducting some of its terrorism-related detention and interrogation, and for disposing of Osama bin Laden's body. Meanwhile, the fishing and shipping industries are as much victims of offshore lawlessness as they are beneficiaries and perpetrators of it.

I never finished my thesis. Instead, I took a job in 2003 at *The New York Times*, and over the next decade, as I learned how to be a reporter, I occasionally and unsuccessfully tried to sell the idea of doing a series about this wild world. An all-you-can-eat allegory buffet, the seas offer inestimable opportunity, I argued. From a storytelling perspective, this two-thirds of the planet is virgin snow, I contended, because few, if any, other reporters are comprehensively exploring it.

Adapted from *The Outlaw Ocean* by Ian Urbina

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

“I have been here before,” I said; I had been there before; first with Sebastian more than twenty years ago on a cloudless day in June, when the ditches were white with fool’s-parsley and meadowsweet and the air heavy with all the scents of summer; it was a day of peculiar splendour, such as our climate affords once or twice a year, when leaf and flower and bird and sun-lit stone and shadow seem to proclaim the glory of God; and though I had been there so often, in so many moods, it was to that first visit that my heart returned on this, my latest.

That day, too, I had come not knowing my destination. It was Eights Week. Oxford - submerged now and obliterated, irrecoverable as Lyonesse, so quickly have the waters come flooding in - Oxford, in those days, was still a city of aquatint. In her spacious and quiet streets men walked and spoke as they had done in Newman's day; her autumnal mists, her grey springtime, and the rare glory of her summer days - such as that day - when the chestnut was in flower and the bells rang out high and clear over her gables and cupolas exhaled the soft vapours of a thousand years of learning. It was this cloistral hush which gave our laughter its resonance, and carried it still, joyously, over the intervening clamour. Here, discordantly, in Eights Week, came a rabble of womankind, some hundreds strong, twittering and fluttering over the cobbles and up the steps, sight-seeing and pleasure-seeking, drinking claret cup, eating cucumber sandwiches; pushed in punts about the river, herded in droves to the college barges; greeted in the *Isis* and in the Union by a sudden display of peculiar, facetious, wholly distressing Gilbert-and-Sullivan badinage, and by peculiar choral effects in the college chapels. Echoes of the intruders penetrated every corner, and in my own college was no echo, but an original fount of the grossest disturbance. We were giving a ball. The front quad, where I lived, was floored and tented; palms and azaleas were banked round the porter's lodge; worst of all, the don who lived above me, a mouse of a man connected with the Natural Sciences, had lent his rooms for a Ladies' Cloakroom, and a printed notice proclaiming this outrage hung not six inches from my oak.

No one felt more strongly about it than my scout.

“Gentlemen who haven't got ladies are asked as far as possible to take their meals out in the next few days,” he announced despondently. “Will you be lunching in?”

“No, Lunt.”

“So as to give the servants a chance, they say. What a chance! I've got to buy a *pin-cushion* for the Ladies' Cloakroom. What do they want with dancing? I don't see the reason in it. There never was dancing before in Eights Week. Commem. now is another matter being in the vacation, but not in Eights Week, as if teas and the river wasn't enough. If you ask me, sir, it's all on account of the war. It couldn't have happened but for that.” For this was 1923 and for Lunt, as for thousands of others, things could never be the same as they had been in 1914. “Now wine in the evening,” he continued, as was his habit half in and half out of the door “or one or two gentlemen to luncheon, there's reason in. But not dancing. It all came in with the men back from the war. They were too old and they didn't know and they wouldn't learn. That's the truth. And there's some even goes dancing with the town at the Masonic - but the proctors will get them, you see . . . Well, here's Lord Sebastian. I mustn't stand here talking when there's pincushions to get.”

Sebastian entered - dove-grey flannel, white crêpe-de-Chine, a Charvet tie, my tie as it happened, a pattern of postage stamps – “Charles - what in the world's happening at your college? Is there a circus? I've seen everything except elephants. I must say the whole of Oxford has become *most* peculiar suddenly. Last night it was pullulating with women. You're to come away at once, out of danger. I've got a motor-car and a basket of strawberries and a bottle of Château Peyraguey - which isn't a wine you've ever tasted, so don't pretend. It's heaven with strawberries.”

“Where are we going?”

“To see a friend.”

“Who?”

“Name of Hawkins. Bring some money in case we see anything we want to buy. The motor-car is the property of a man called Hardcastle. Return the bits to him if I kill myself; I'm not very good at driving.”

Excerpted from *Brideshead Revisited* by Evelyn Waugh, 1945.

- 1) Explain the meaning of the following underlined words and phrases as they are used in the text: a) such as our climate affords b) the rare glory c) cloistral hush d) discordantly e) pullulating (5 marks: 1 mark each)
- 2) Which are Charles's impressions of the female visitors mentioned in the passage? (5 marks)
- 3) Comment on and discuss the effects the depiction of nature has on the reader. (10 marks)
- 4) Comment on and explain the relationship between the description the author makes of Oxford and the aspects described in the previous question. (10 marks)
- 5) Write a summary of the text in no more than 18 words. (10 marks)
- 6) Write a short paragraph describing what you think happened next. (10 marks)