

UNIVERSIDAD DE LA REPÚBLICA – TRADUCTORADO PÚBLICO

PRUEBA DE ADMISIÓN 2024 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 **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); **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

- Nació en 1922 —dijo—. Exactamente un mes después de nuestro hijo. El siete de abril.

Siguió sorbiendo el café en las pausas de su respiración pedregosa. Era una mujer construida apenas en cartílagos blancos sobre una espina dorsal arqueada e inflexible. Los trastornos respiratorios la obligaban a preguntar afirmando. Cuando terminó el café todavía estaba pensando en el muerto.

“Debe ser horrible estar enterrado en octubre”, dijo. Pero su marido no le puso atención. Abrió la ventana. Octubre se había instalado en el patio. Contemplando la vegetación que reventaba en verdes intensos, las minúsculas tiendas de las lombrices en el barro, el coronel volvió a sentir el mes aciago en los intestinos.

—Tengo los huesos húmedos —dijo.

—Es el invierno replicó la mujer—. Desde que empezó a lloverte estoy diciendo que duermas con las medias puestas.

—Hace una semana que estoy durmiendo con ellas.

Llovía despacio, pero sin pausas. El coronel habría preferido envolverse en una manta de lana y meterse otra vez en la hamaca. (...) “Es octubre”, murmuró, y caminó hacia el centro del cuarto. Sólo entonces se acordó del gallo amarrado a la pata de la cama. Era un gallo de pelea.

Después de llevar la taza a la cocina dio cuerda en la sala a un reloj de péndulo montado en un marco de madera labrada. A diferencia del dormitorio demasiado estrecho para la respiración de una asmática, la sala era limpia con cuatro mecedoras de fibra en torno a una mesita con un tapete y un gato de yeso. En la pared opuesta a la del reloj, el cuadro de una mujer entre tules rodeada de querubines en una barca cargada de rosas.

Eran las siete y veinte cuando acabó de dar cuerda al reloj. Luego llevó el gallo a la cocina, lo amarró a un soporte de la hornilla, cambió el agua al tarro y puso al lado un puñado de maíz. Un grupo de niños penetró por la cerca desportillada. Se sentaron en torno al gallo, a contemplarlo en silencio.

Adaptado de *El Coronel no tiene quien le escriba*.

Gabriel García Márquez

SECTION 2: Translate the following text into Spanish

How Far Can Running Take You After a Decade of Addiction?

When Mitch Ammons finally got clean, he could barely jog a half mile. Now he's lining up with some of the country's top distance runners at the 2024 Olympic Marathon Trials.

Along time ago—before he'd freebased opioids or robbed his best friend or checked himself into rehab for the sixth time—Mitch Ammons had dreams of a future involving running.

Ammons can only shrug when asked to pinpoint the lowest point in a life filled with them. He spent a decade drifting along the rock bottom, mired in what he now calls “the worst possible self-hate.”

Mitch Ammons knows his story could have ended like the stories of so many buddies from his darkest years—with an obituary. Instead, the longtime addict changed course in a manner that is, without hyperbole, beyond belief.

It's tough to fully grasp the scale of this turnaround until you see Ammons run—to see him metronomically cruise 4:50 miles for more than an hour or to watch him push himself to the brink of consciousness in an interval session at sunrise. Then you can absorb the way he embraces suffering—relishing the revelation of what his body can do while immersing himself in pain that must feel like a cosmic body rub compared to waking up every morning in opiate withdrawal.

People who love to run know that the simple act of putting one foot in front of the other can yield life-changing consequences. It doesn't matter if you're running toward something or from something—embracing the activity can bring you redemption and community and purpose and confidence and inner peace. It can strengthen your quads and your mental resolve.

Mitch Ammons knows these things with more clarity than most of us will ever experience. Seven years ago, he was a newbie jogger who'd not run hard since the 11th grade. He couldn't trot a half mile without collapsing. And before that, he spent a decade drowning in a sea of toxicity—smoking, injecting, drinking, popping, and otherwise ingesting every controlled substance you can think of and quite likely a couple more than that.

<https://www.runnersworld.com/>

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

ANTHONY PATCH

IN 1913, when Anthony Patch was twenty-five, two years were already gone since irony, the Holy Ghost of this later day, had, theoretically at least, descended upon him. Irony was the final polish of the shoe, the ultimate dab of the clothes-brush, a sort of intellectual "There!"—yet at the brink of this story he has as yet gone no further than the conscious stage. As you first see him he wonders frequently whether he is not without honor and slightly mad, a shameful and obscene thinness glistening on the surface of the world like oil on a clean pond, these occasions being varied, of course, with those in which he thinks himself rather an exceptional young man, thoroughly sophisticated, well-adjusted to his environment, and somewhat more significant than anyone else he knows.

This was his healthy state and it made him cheerful, pleasant, and very attractive to intelligent men and to all women. In this state he considered that he would one day accomplish some quiet subtle thing that the elect would deem worthy and, passing on, would join the dimmer stars in a nebulous, indeterminate heaven half-way between death and immortality. Until the time came for this effort he would be Anthony Patch—not a portrait of a man but a distinct and dynamic personality, opinionated, contemptuous, functioning from within outward—a man who was aware that there could be no honor and yet had honor, who knew the sophistry of courage and yet was brave.

A WORTHY MAN AND HIS GIFTED SON

Anthony drew as much consciousness of social security from being the grandson of Adam J. Patch as he would have had from tracing his line over the sea to the crusaders. This is inevitable; Virginians and Bostonians to the contrary notwithstanding, an aristocracy founded sheerly on money postulates wealth in the particular.

Now Adam J. Patch, more familiarly known as "Cross Patch," left his father's farm in Tarrytown early in sixty-one to join a New York cavalry regiment. He came home from the war a major, charged into Wall Street, and amid much fuss, fume, applause, and ill will he gathered to himself some seventy-five million dollars.

This occupied his energies until he was fifty-seven years old. It was then that he determined, after a severe attack of sclerosis, to consecrate the remainder of his life to the moral regeneration of the world. He became a reformer among reformers. Emulating the magnificent efforts of Anthony Comstock, after whom his grandson was named, he levelled a varied assortment of uppercuts and body-blows at liquor, literature, vice, art, patent medicines, and Sunday theatres. His mind, under the influence of that insidious mildew which eventually forms on all but the few, gave itself up furiously to every indignation of the age. From an armchair in the office of his Tarrytown estate he directed against the enormous hypothetical enemy, unrighteousness, a campaign which went on through fifteen years, during which he displayed himself a rabid monomaniac, an unqualified nuisance, and an intolerable bore. The year in which this story opens found him wearying; his campaign had grown desultory; 1861 was creeping up slowly on 1895; his thoughts ran a great deal on the Civil War, somewhat on his dead wife and son, almost infinitesimally on his grandson Anthony.

Early in his career Adam Patch had married an anemic lady of thirty, Alicia Withers, who brought him one hundred thousand dollars and an impeccable entrée into the banking circles of New York. Immediately and rather spunkily she had borne him a son and, as if completely devitalized by the magnificence of this performance, she had thenceforth effaced herself within the shadowy dimensions of the nursery. The boy, Adam Ulysses Patch, became an inveterate joiner of clubs, connoisseur of good form, and driver of

tandems—at the astonishing age of twenty-six he began his memoirs under the title "New York Society as I Have Seen It." On the rumor of its conception this work was eagerly bid for among publishers, but as it proved after his death to be immoderately verbose and overpoweringly dull, it never obtained even a private printing.

This Fifth Avenue Chesterfield married at twenty-two. His wife was Henrietta Lebrune, the Boston "Society Contralto," and the single child of the union was, at the request of his grandfather, christened Anthony Comstock Patch. When he went to Harvard, the Comstock dropped out of his name to a nether hell of oblivion and was never heard of thereafter.

Excerpted from *The Beautiful and Damned* by F. Scott Fitzgerald, 1922.

- 1) Explain the meaning of the following underlined words and phrases as they are used in the text: a) descended upon b) charged into c) to consecrate d) effaced e) conception (5 marks: 1 mark each)
- 2) Which are the narrator's impressions of Anthony Patch mentioned in the passage? (5 marks)
- 3) Comment on and discuss the depictions of lifestyle and how this informs the reader to better understand the social context in which the story is set. (10 marks)
- 4) Discuss how the various generations of the Patch family are presented in the text and how the aspects developed in the previous question provide the reader with a background of Anthony Patch. (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)