UNIVERSIDAD DE LA REPÚBLICA

LICENCIATURA EN TRADUCCIÓN PÚBLICA

PRUEBA DE ADMISIÓN 2025 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

"Si no puedes soportar la respuesta, no hagas la pregunta".

Doña Inés se lo escuchó tantas veces a su madre, doña Lora, que nunca olvidaría que fue ella la primera que lo dijo. Se quedó con ganas de preguntarle: "¿Por qué dices eso, madre? ¿Acaso hay respuestas que no podrías soportar?".

Pero doña Lora murió.

No hubo tiempo.

Se quedó sin vida.

Doña Inés entrelazó los dedos para engañar a las manos vacías. Cuando Zacarías, el cartero, le confirmó que no había sobre con sello de Cuba.

“Estará al caer”, dijo la señora.

Impostó la sonrisa para no dar ni una sola señal de desespero, preocupación o angustia que pudiera difundirse en Punta do Bico.

El cartero era un hombre prudente y discreto. Tenía la mejor de las opiniones de doña Inés porque en cada víspera de ***fiesta de guardar**** lo invitaba con una copa de vino, y el hombre, que rara vez se entretenía con los vecinos, lo aceptaba con agrado.

Ese día se alejó compungido por la pena de la señora Valdés. Aunque ella disimulaba, él, mejor que nadie, sabía que el tiempo pasaba sin carta ni nada.

Hasta que la correspondencia se interrumpió de manera abrupta en 1915, don Gustavo acostumbraba a escribir una carta al mes a su esposa y a sus hijos. Se preocupaba por ellos, preguntaba por el negocio del aserradero y los informaba de la marcha de la isla, siempre envuelta en algún lío político o militar. Pero las cosas dejaron de ser así y doña Inés llevaba cinco meses sin noticias del marido, salvo por las conferencias que establecía con Fermín y que la mujer oía de lejos, desde el despacho que siempre había ocupado don Gustavo y que ahora era territorio conquistado por el capataz. Los oía hablar de ella. Fermín contó a su patrón que la señora había empezado a interesarse por el negocio y que, siempre que se lo permitían sus obligaciones, acudía a supervisar los trabajos de la fábrica. También le oyó decir que las obreras sentían devoción por ella porque les regalaba libros.

Lo que contestaba el señor Valdés nunca lo sabría. “¿Por qué no me escribe?” volvió a preguntarse.

** fiesta de guardar: feriado no laborable*

Adaptación de Las hijas de la criada - *Sonsoles Ónega*

SECTION 2: Translate the following text into Spanish

All in the mind? The surprising truth about brain rot

Is screen use really sapping our ability to focus and lowering our IQs? The scientists who have actually analysed the data give their verdict

Andrew Przybylski, a professor of human behaviour and technology at Oxford University, is a busy man. It's only midday and already he has attended meetings on "Skype, Teams, in person and now FaceTime audio". He appears to be switching seamlessly between these platforms, showing no signs of mental impairment. "The erosion of my brain is a function of time and small children," he says.

Przybylski should know: he studies technology's effects on cognition and wellbeing. And yet a steady stream of books, podcasts, articles and studies would have you think that digital life is lobotomising us all to the extent that, in December, Oxford University Press announced that its word of the year was "brain rot" – a metaphor for trivial or unchallenging online material and the effect of scrolling through it. All this has sown widespread fears that the online world that we – and our children – have little choice but to inhabit is altering the structures of our brains, diminishing our ability to focus or remember things, and lowering our IQs. Which is a disaster because another thing that can significantly impair cognitive function is worry.

It may come as some relief to hear, then, that for every alarmist headline there are plenty of neuroscientists, psychologists and philosophers who believe this moral panic is unfounded. "Since 2017, there has been a constant drumbeat of: 'Screens and tech and social media are a different universe that is bad for you and bad for your kid,'" says Przybylski. "And two things happen. The first is low-quality research that reinforces our preconceived notions about technology. It gets immediate press because it aligns with what we already believe. It's really easy to publish low-quality research that suggests a correlation and then exaggerate it, because it'll get attention and funding.

No one is denying that dangers lurk online, but that doesn't mean you're guaranteed to come to harm. "Living is risky, leaving the house is risky, crossing the street is risky," says Przybylski. "These are all things that we have to help young people learn to do – to size up risks and act anyway. The internet is risky."

https://www.theguardian.com

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

Early Days

If all the Saturdays of 1982 can be thought of as one day, I met Tracey at ten a.m. on that Saturday, walking through the sandy gravel of a churchyard, each holding our mother's hand. There were many other girls present but for obvious reasons we noticed each other, the similarities and the differences, as girls will. Our shade of brown was exactly the same—as if one piece of tan material had been cut to make us both—and our freckles gathered in the same areas, we were of the same height. But my face was ponderous and melancholy, with a long, serious nose, and my eyes turned down, as did my mouth. Tracey's face was perky and round, she looked like a darker Shirley Temple, except her nose was as problematic as mine, I could see that much at once, a ridiculous nose—it went straight up in the air like a little piglet. Cute, but also obscene: her nostrils were on permanent display. On noses you could call it a draw. On hair she won comprehensively. She had spiral curls, they reached to her backside and were gathered into two long plaits, glossy with some kind of oil, tied at their ends with satin yellow bows. Satin yellow bows were a phenomenon unknown to my mother. She pulled my great frizz back in a single cloud, tied with a black band. My mother was a feminist. She wore her hair in a half-inch Afro, her skull was perfectly shaped, she never wore make-up and dressed us both as plainly as possible. Hair is not essential when you look like Nefertiti. She'd no need of make-up or products or jewellery or expensive clothes, and in this way her financial circumstances, her politics and her aesthetic were all perfectly—conveniently—matched. Accessories only cramped her style, including, or so I felt at the time, the horse-faced seven-year-old by her side. Looking across at Tracey I diagnosed the opposite problem: her mother was white, obese, afflicted with acne. She wore her thin blond hair pulled back very tightly in what I knew my mother would call a "Kilburn facelift." But Tracey's personal glamour was the solution: she was her own mother's most striking accessory. The family look, though not to my mother's taste, I found captivating: logos, tin bangles and hoops, diamanté everything, expensive trainers of the kind my mother refused to recognize as a reality in the world — "Those aren't shoes." Despite appearances, though, there was not much to choose between our two families. We were both from the estates, neither of us received benefits. (A matter of pride for my mother, an outrage to Tracey's: she had tried many times—and failed—to "get on the disability.") In my mother's view it was exactly these superficial similarities that lent so much weight to questions of taste. She dressed for a future not yet with us but which she expected to arrive. That's what her plain white linen trousers were for, her blue-and-white-striped Breton T-shirt, her frayed espadrilles, her severe and beautiful African head—everything so plain, so understated, completely out of step with the spirit of the time, and with the place. One day we would "get out of here," she would complete her studies, become truly radical chic, perhaps even spoken of in the same breath as Angela Davis and Gloria Steinem . . . Straw-soled shoes were all a part of this bold vision, they pointed subtly at the higher concepts. I was an accessory only in the sense that in my very plainness I signified admirable maternal restraint, it being considered bad taste—in the circles to which my mother aspired—to dress your daughter like a little whore. But Tracey was unashamedly her mother's aspiration and avatar, her only joy, in those thrilling yellow bows, a frou-frou skirt of many ruffles and a crop top revealing inches of childish nut-brown belly, and as we pressed up against the pair of them in this bottleneck of mothers and daughters entering the church I watched with interest as Tracey's mother pushed the girl in front of herself—and in front of us—using her own body as a means of obstruction, the flesh on her arms swinging as she beat us back, until she arrived in Miss Isabel's dance class, a look of great pride and anxiety on her face, ready to place her precious cargo into the temporary care of others. My mother's attitude, by contrast, was one of weary, semi-ironic servitude, she thought the dance class ridiculous, she had better things to do, and after a few further Saturdays—in which she sat slumped in one of the plastic chairs that lined the left-hand wall, hardly able to contain her contempt for the whole exercise—a change was made and my father took over. I waited for Tracey's father to take over, but he never did. It turned out—as my mother had guessed at once—that there was no "Tracey's father," at least not in the conventional, married sense. This, too, was an example of bad taste.

Excerpted from *Swing Time* by Zadie Smith, 2016.

1) Explain the meaning of the following underlined words and phrases as they are used in the text: a) one piece of tan material b) her politics and her aesthetic c) I found captivating d) understated e) aspiration and avatar (5 marks: 1 mark each)

2) Which are the narrator's impressions of Tracey mentioned in the passage? (5 marks)

3) Comment on and discuss the depictions of personal style and taste and how these inform the reader about the social context in which the story is set. (10 marks)

4) Discuss how the two young girls are contrasted in the text and how the aspects developed in the previous question provide the reader with a depiction of their respective parents. (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)