UNIVERSIDAD DE LA REPÚBLICA

LICENCIATURA EN TRADUCCIÓN PÚBLICA

PRUEBA DE ADMISIÓN 2026 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

Extract from ***La tía Tulia*** by Miguel de Unamuno, 1921

En el parto de Rosa, que fue durísimo, nadie estuvo más serena y valerosa que Gertrudis. Creeríase que era una veterana en asistir a trances tales. Llegó a haber peligro de muerte para la madre o la cría que hubiera de salir, y el médico llegó a hablar de sacársela viva o muerta.

- ¿Muerta? -exclamó Gertrudis-; ¡eso sí que no!

- ¿Pero no ve usted -exclamó el médico- que, aunque se muera el crío queda la madre para hacer otros, mientras que si se muere ella no es lo mismo?

Pasó rápidamente por el magín de Gertrudis replicarle que quedaban otras madres, pero se contuvo e insistió: -Muerta, ¡no!, ¡nunca! Y hay, además, que salvar un alma.

La pobre parturienta ni se enteraba de cosa alguna. Hasta que, rendida al combate, dio a luz un niño. Recogiólo Gertrudis con avidez, y como si nunca hubiera hecho otra cosa, lo lavó y envolvió en sus pañales.

-Es usted comadrona de nacimiento -le dijo el médico. Tomó la criaturita y se la llevó a su padre, que, en un rincón, aterrado y como contrito de una falta, aguardaba la noticia de la muerte de su mujer.

- ¡Aquí tienes tu primer hijo, Ramiro; míralo qué hermoso! Pero el padre al levantar la vista, libre del peso de su angustia, no vio sino los ojazos de su cuñada, que irradiaban una luz nueva, más negra, pero más brillante que la de antes. Y al ir a besar a aquel rollo de carne que le presentaban como su hijo, rozó su rodilla con la de Gertrudis.

-Ahora -le dijo tranquilamente ésta- ve a dar las gracias a tu mujer, a pedirle perdón y a animarla.

- ¿A pedirle perdón?

-Sí, a pedirle perdón.

- ¿Y por qué?

-Yo me entiendo y ella te entenderá.

La casa le daba vueltas en derredor a Ramiro. Y del fondo de su alma salíale una voz diciendo:

"¿Cuál es la madre?"

Poco después ponía Gertrudis cuidadosamente el niño al lado de la madre, que parecía dormir extenuada y con la cara blanca como la nieve. Pero Rosa entreabrió los ojos y se encontró con los de su hermana. Al ver a ésta, una corriente de ánimo recorrió el cuerpo todo victorioso de la nueva madre.

magín - cabeza

contrito de una falta - afligido

SECTION 2: Translate the following text into Spanish

‘DeepSeek is humane. Doctors are more like machines’: my mother’s worrying reliance on AI for health advice

Every few months, my mother, a 57-year-old kidney transplant patient living in a small city in eastern China, embarks on a two-day journey to see her doctor. She packs clothes, a stack of medical reports and a few boiled eggs to snack on. Then, she takes a train and checks into a hotel in the eastern metropolis of Hangzhou.

At 7am the next day, she lines up with hundreds of others to get her blood taken in a long hospital hall that buzzes like a crowded marketplace. In the afternoon, when the lab results arrive, she makes her way to a specialist’s clinic. She gets about three minutes with the doctor. Maybe five, if she’s lucky. He skims the lab reports and types a new prescription into the computer, before dismissing her and rushing in the next patient. Then, my mother packs up and starts the long commute home.

DeepSeek treated her differently.

My mother began using China’s leading AI chatbot to diagnose her symptoms this past winter.

“Hi,” she said in her first message to the chatbot, on 2 February.

“Hello! How can I assist you today?” the system responded instantly, adding a smiley emoji.

“What causes high haemoglobin concentration in red blood cells?” she asked the bot the following month.

“I pee more at night than during the day,” she told it in April.

“What can I do if my kidney is not getting enough blood?” she asked a few days later.

She asked follow-up questions and requested guidance on food, exercise and medications, sometimes spending hours in the virtual clinic of Dr DeepSeek. She uploaded her lab reports. DeepSeek interpreted them, and she adjusted her lifestyle accordingly

I was unsettled about her developing relationship with the AI. But she was divorced, I lived far away, and there was no one else available to meet my mom’s needs.

Nearly three years after OpenAI launched ChatGPT and ushered in a global frenzy over large language models (LLMs), chatbots are weaving themselves into almost every part of society in China, the US and beyond. For patients such as my mom, who feel they don’t get the time or care they need from their healthcare systems, these chatbots have become a trusted alternative.

kidney – riñón

https://longreads.com/2025/09/03/deepseek-ai-health-chatbot/

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

Day and Night

That autumn, after clearing, I got into my second-choice university, to study media, half a mile from the flat gray English Channel, a scene I remembered from childhood holidays. The sea was fringed by a pebble beach of many sad brown stones, every now and then a large, pale blue one, pieces of white shell, knuckles of coral, bright shards easy to mistake for something precious that turned out to be only glass or broken crockery. My parochial city attitude I took with me, along with a pot plant and several pairs of trainers, sure that every soul on the street would be astounded to see the likes of me. But the likes of me were not so uncommon. From London and Manchester, from Liverpool and Bristol, in our big jeans and bomber jackets, with our little twists or shaved heads or tight-pulled buns slick with Dax, with our proud collection of caps. Those first weeks we gravitated toward each other, walking in a defensive gang together along the seafront, readied for insults, but the locals were never as interested in us as we were in ourselves. The salty air cracked our lips, there was never anywhere to get your hair done, but "You up at the college?" was a genuine polite inquiry, not an attack on our right to be there. And there were other, unexpected advantages. Here I had a "maintenance grant," covering food and rent, and weekends were cheap—there was nowhere to go and nothing to do. We spent our spare time together, in each other's rooms, asking after each other's pasts, with a delicacy that felt right to people whose family trees could be traced back only a branch or two before being sunk in obscurity. There was one exception, a boy, a Ghanaian: he came from a long line of doctors and lawyers and was daily agonized not to find himself at Oxford. But for the rest of us, who were only ever one remove, or occasionally two, distant from father machinists and mother cleaners, from grandmother orderlies and grandfather bus drivers, we still felt we had done the miraculous thing, that we were the "first in our line to go," and this in itself was enough. If the institution was almost as fresh as we were, that, too, came to feel like an advantage. There was no grand academic past here, we didn't have to doff our caps to anyone. Our subjects were relatively new— Media Studies, Gender Studies—and so were our rooms, and the young faculty. It was our place to invent. I thought of Tracey escaping early into that community of dancers, of how jealous I'd been, but now on the contrary I felt a little sorry for her, her world seemed childish to me, just a way of playing with the body, whereas I could walk down the hall and attend a lecture called something like "Thinking the Black Body: A Dialectic," or dance happily in my new friends' rooms, late into the night, and not to the old show tunes but to the new music, to Gang Starr or Nas. When I danced now, I didn't have to obey any ancient rules of position or style: I moved as I pleased, as the beats themselves compelled me to move. Here we stayed up late, ate as we pleased, smoked weed. We listened to the golden age of hip-hop, unaware at the time that we were living through a golden age. I got schooled on lyrics by those who knew more than me and took these informal lessons as seriously as anything I heard in the lecture halls. It was the spirit of the times: we applied high theory to shampoo ads, philosophy to

NWA videos. In our little circle to be "conscious" was the thing, and after years of forcing my hair straight with the hot-comb I now let it frizz and curl, and took to wearing a small map of Africa around my neck, the larger countries made out in a patchwork leather of black and red, green and gold. I wrote long, emotional essays on the phenomenon of the "Uncle Tom." When my mother came down to stay for three nights, near the end of that first term, I thought she'd be very impressed by all this. But I'd forgotten that I was not quite like the others, not really the "first in our line to go." In this steeplechase my mother was one leap ahead of me and I'd forgotten that what was enough for others was never enough for her. Walking along the beach together on that final morning of her stay, she started a sentence which I could see myself somehow escaped her, going far beyond whatever she had intended, but still she said it, she compared her just-completed degree to the one I was starting, called my college a "trumped-up hotel," not a university at all, nothing but a student-loan trap for kids who didn't know any better, whose parents were uneducated themselves, and I became infuriated, we argued horribly. I told her not to bother visiting again, and she didn't.

Adapted 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) parochial city attitude b) gravitated toward c) traced back only a branch or two d) the spirit of the times e) steeplechase (5 marks: 1 mark each)
2) What are the narrator's initial impressions of university life? (5 marks)
3) Comment on and discuss the depictions of student life at university and how these inform the reader about the social context in which the story is set. (10 marks)
4) Discuss how the narrator contrasts her own perspectives and that of her mother. (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)