



# La Rioja

EDUCACIÓN, CULTURA, DEPORTE Y JUVENTUD

## ESCUELAS OFICIALES DE IDIOMAS DE LA RIOJA

### PRUEBA DE CERTIFICACIÓN

#### INGLÉS



Datos del candidato	Calificación final
Apellidos:	<input type="checkbox"/> Apto <input type="checkbox"/> No Apto
Nombre:	
Modalidad: <input type="checkbox"/> Oficial Presencial <input type="checkbox"/> Libre <input type="checkbox"/> That's English	
<b>Convocatoria</b> <b>MAYO 2022</b>	

### PRUEBA DE COMPRENSIÓN DE TEXTOS ESCRITOS

INFORMACIÓN PARA EL CANDIDATO
<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• Esta prueba consta de 3 ejercicios.</li><li>• Lea atentamente las instrucciones correspondientes a cada ejercicio.</li><li>• Cada respuesta correcta tiene un valor de 0.4 puntos.</li><li>• Debe registrar sus respuestas en <b>el lugar indicado para ello en bolígrafo azul o negro.</b></li><li>• <b>No escriba en los cuadros sombreados</b>, destinados a la calificación de la prueba.</li><li>• Escriba con letra clara y legible, que no lleve a dobles interpretaciones.</li><li>• Las respuestas incorrectas <b>NO</b> penalizan.</li><li>• <b>Debe apagar su teléfono móvil</b> – que no podrá estar encima de la mesa – antes de que comience la prueba.</li><li>• <b>Duración de la prueba: 60 minutos.</b></li></ul>



TEXT 1

Read the following article about Alcatraz prison, and complete each blank with the best option from the box. Each word can be used only ONCE. There are **five extra words** that you will not need. *Item 0* is an example. Do not forget to write your answers in the white boxes provided on the next page. (4 marks: 0.4 each)

AFTER	CONVICTS	<b>GRIMLY</b>	SERVANTS
ATTORNEY	DWELLED	LIKE	SHABBY
BATCH	EACH	LOCKUP	SWEPT
CLAIMED	FORTRESS	REARED	WARDEN

ALCATRAZ

What was once one of the world’s most feared prisons, (0) grimly isolated on a small island in San Francisco Bay, is now a popular tourist attraction. The first European to explore the area, the Spaniard Juan Manuel de Ayala in 1775, named the island *Isla de los Alcatraces*, usually translated ‘island of the pelicans’, which became Alcatraz in English. In the 1850s the United States army built a (1) \_\_\_\_\_ there, to protect San Francisco, but it was never needed and in 1868 it became a military prison. In 1909 most of the original building was demolished and a new prison was built, which became known as ‘The Rock’. The work was done by the prisoners themselves.

In 1933, because escape from it was considered impossible, Alcatraz was taken over by the US government and turned into a federal penitentiary for civilian (2) \_\_\_\_\_ thought especially dangerous. The first (3) \_\_\_\_\_ of them arrived the following year, in handcuffs and guarded by a force of FBI agents and US marshals. The first (4) \_\_\_\_\_ was James A. Johnston, who ruled the institution with an iron fist until 1948. Strict silence was maintained most of the time and radios and newspapers were forbidden.

The prison had 150 or so staff initially and they and their families lived on the island. At any one time there were usually about 250 prisoners, living one to (5) \_\_\_\_\_ tiny cell, typically 9ft long by 5ft wide and 7ft high. The most famous of them all was the gangster Al Capone, from 1934 to 1939. George ‘Machine Gun’ Kelly, nicknamed (6) \_\_\_\_\_ his favourite weapon, was at Alcatraz from 1942 to 1959 and Alvin ‘Creepy’ Karpis, a Public Enemy No1, from 1936 to 1962. Robert Stroud, the ‘birdman of Alcatraz’, a psychopathic murderer who had (7) \_\_\_\_\_ sparrows and canaries at Leavenworth Penitentiary in Kansas, was not allowed birds at Alcatraz in his time there from 1942 to 1959. During the years to 1963 there were 14 escape attempts involving 36 men, of whom 23 were caught, six were shot dead, two drowned and the remaining five were thought to have drowned, either in the bay or (8) \_\_\_\_\_ out to sea.

The prison was closed in 1963 by Robert F. Kennedy as (9) \_\_\_\_\_ General because the cost of transporting food, water and other supplies to the island made it far more expensive than the other federal penitentiaries. A group of Native Americans (10) \_\_\_\_\_ the island in 1969 and occupied it until they were driven out by federal marshals in 1971. It was included in the new Golden Gate Recreation Area the following year and opened to the public.



	<b>ANSWERS</b>	
<b>0</b>	<b>GRIMLY</b>	✓
<b>1</b>		
<b>2</b>		
<b>3</b>		
<b>4</b>		
<b>5</b>		
<b>6</b>		
<b>7</b>		
<b>8</b>		
<b>9</b>		
<b>10</b>		

## TEXT 2

Read the following text about a girl who took a summer job and choose the correct answer (a, b or c) according to the text. *Item 0* is an example. Do not forget to write your answers in the white boxes on the right. (3.2 marks: 0.4 each)

### WHAT MY SUMMER JOB TAUGHT ME

It was the summer after my first year of university, and I was back in uniform for the first time since school. The blue baseball cap and polo shirt combination was not glamorous, and I hated wearing my hair up, but the ice-cream parlour in the Snowdonian village of my childhood was hiring, and I needed the work.

These sorts of summer jobs are on the decline among young people with technology at their disposal, but I didn't have the option to become an influencer or an internet millionaire. Back home, everyone I knew worked a summer job, but my distinctly posher university friends were off on adventures: backpacking around South America, repairing to their families' houses in the south of France, *Interrailing*. I had already wasted a substantial wodge of cash on a quixotic attempt at a law degree that had me begging fervently to transfer courses before the tedium of property law actually killed me. Back in the village I had worked so hard to leave, I was doubting whether I could afford university at all.

The ice-cream parlour was a fairly new addition to the high street, but in a village with a thriving summer tourist economy it seemed like a good bet. Other friends were stacking shelves at Tesco or doing gruelling kitchen shifts, while the parlour was a friendly family business adored by my ice-cream-loving autistic brother, who would pop in with my mum before his walk around the lake. They treated their staff with kindness and we responded with enthusiasm and respect. Furthermore, they were happy for us to try out the ice-cream, which was homemade. I can still recall the creamy mascarpone-infused strawberry cheesecake; the richness of the dark, milkless chocolate. Access to the counter's rainbow array of flavours would have been the fulfilment of any child's dream.

What the family hadn't banked on was the summer being one of the wettest any of us could remember. Sheets of torrential rain swept the high street, and even the most foolhardy of amateur climbers took one look at Snowdon and packed off home. Occasionally a family of tourists in kagoules would drift in reeling from the deluge, but for long periods of time the shop was empty. This must have been extremely worrying for the owners, whose business was fairly new, but what it meant for me was silence and solitude. Hours of it, sometimes.

In hindsight, I was depressed. Not because of the job, which gave me some structure and routine, but because of life events. I had dropped out of my course, had no money, and had had a bad breakup. London felt lonely and expensive, infested by privilege. Despite being in a sort of despairing fugue state, I spent my days serving up, with a smile, marshmallow pink ice-cream to children.

"I don't know why you'd want to live in London," my boss said, after which I merely glanced pointedly to the biblical gale twisting its way down the high street. A boy I had known since primary school slouched past and we shared a fag on the pavement outside. "I have to get out of here before I become someone's dad," he told me, taking rapid puffs. I knew what he meant, all the girls I knew at school were already pushing prams. The fissure between those who leave and those who stay had already opened, and I had not yet picked a side. I had entered the adult world without a backwards glance but here I was again, immersed in childhood.

What did I learn? That a boss who allows you to read in the quiet moments is invaluable. I made my way through my new course list: Calvino, Pirandello. I read the classics my mother had left in my room two years before as a gentle nudge that law might not have been the right choice: *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, *Mansfield Park*, scoops of *Ulysses*. But before too long I had jettisoned them all for children's literature.

It would be the last summer I went home for the vacation. I dropped in there not long ago. There was some other teenager behind the counter. I asked for dark chocolate, and my friend chose bubblegum, and I teased her for choosing like a kid would. We walked around the rim of the lake and talked about who was dead and who was in prison and who had had another baby, as we always do. I wanted to tell her that I regretted leaving so abruptly, that she would always be like family to me. But it felt mawkish, so I made another joke about her cone. She stuck her tongue out at me in response. It was bright blue.



0. The writer took a summer job

- a. after finishing her degree.
- b. in which wearing a bun was mandatory.
- c. **like all her hometown acquaintances.**

①
<b>C</b>
✓

1. The writer returned home for the summer, because she

- a. could not afford certain self-indulgences.
- b. felt the urge to return to her origins
- c. was considering dropping out of university.

①

2. The ice-cream shop was

- a. a bizarre building in the town centre.
- b. a more appealing option than other jobs.
- c. originally run by some of her relatives.

②

3. The writer's managers at the ice-cream parlour

- a. allowed her to treat herself to ice-cream.
- b. delighted in her sibling's visits.paid her partially in kind.
- c. paid her partially in kind.

③

4. That summer, the ice-cream parlour

- a. got its owners into debt.
- b. provided the writer with more stillness than expected.
- c. was frequently jam-packed with tourists.

④

5. By selling ice-cream, the writer

- a. avoided thinking about her life in London.
- b. felt gloomy because of the weather.
- c. had some kind of daily duty.

⑤

6. After chatting with an old schoolmate, the writer

- a. changed her mind about the idyllic country life.
- b. realised she would rather not have entered adulthood.
- c. was aware she had to make a decision about her future.

⑥

7. That summer, the writer

- a. admitted she had chosen the wrong degree.
- b. felt grateful to have a considerate employer.
- c. spent her leisure time reading classic literature.

⑦

8. The last time the writer visited her town, she

- a. caught up with an old friend.
- b. felt nostalgic about her summer job.
- c. got her friend cross by pulling her leg.

⑧



TEXT 3

Read the following article about a Dutch scouting tradition, and decide which of the options (A - K) is the most appropriate to fill in each gap. Each option can be used only ONCE. There are **three extra options** which do not match any gaps. *Item 0* is an example. Do not forget to write your answers in the white boxes on the next page. (2.8 marks: 0.4 each)

A PECULIARLY DUTCH SUMMER RITE

AUSTERLITZ, the Netherlands — Shortly after 10 p.m. on a recent night, a car came to a stop at the edge of the woods. (0)       H      : towheaded boys of 12 and 15, and a 12-year-old girl with dark pigtails and an emoji-covered backpack. Then the driver threw the car into gear and sped away, (1) \_\_\_\_\_.

They were tiny figures at the foot of the forest, miles from the summer camp they were attending, with only a primitive GPS to indicate the right direction. Darkness was falling. And they were alone.

They peered into the night: Was this the path?

“Could be,” said Thomas, the 12-year-old team leader.

And then, because there was nothing else to do, they plunged into the woods.

This is the Dutch scouting tradition known as a “dropping”, in which groups of children, generally pre-teenagers, are deposited in a forest and expected to find their way back to base.

In some variations of the challenge, adults trail the teams of children, but refuse to guide them, although they may leave cryptic notes as clues. To make it more difficult, adult organizers may (2) \_\_\_\_\_, or drive in loop-de-loops to scramble their sense of direction.

If this sounds a little crazy to you, it is because you are not Dutch.

The Dutch do childhood differently. Children are taught not to depend too much on adults; adults are taught to allow children to solve their own problems. Droppings distill these principles into extreme form, banking on the idea that even for children who are tired, hungry and disoriented, (3) \_\_\_\_\_.

That night was the first dropping for Stijn Jongewaard, an 11-year-old boy, who claimed to have learned English from Minecraft video games. At home, he spends much of his leisure time planted in front of his PlayStation. This is one reason his parents have sent him to camp. He has never been lost in the woods before.

If you peruse the Dutch newspapers with sufficient attention, (4) \_\_\_\_\_. In 2012, German media reported that five Dutch boys on a dropping in Germany called local police to extract them from the narrow space where they had become stuck, between a rock face and a ventilation duct.

A “perilous adventure,” the Germans reported.

But Dutch journalists were unimpressed at all the fuss, (5) \_\_\_\_\_. “The dropping is often the most exciting part of a camping trip,” explained one follow-up article.

Droppings are such a normal part of Dutch childhood that many there are surprised to be asked about it, assuming it is common to every country. But Pia de Jong, a novelist who has raised her children in New Jersey, said it reflected something particular about the Dutch philosophy of parenting.

“You just drop your kids into the world,” she said. “Of course, you make sure they don’t die, but other than that, they have to find their own way.”

By 1 a.m., Stijn and the other campers were well into their third hour of hiking. They trudged (6) \_\_\_\_\_. Fifteen minutes passed, and another 15, and there was no sign that they were anywhere near their campsite.

They were bone-tired, all of them, but also adamant on finishing. One boy had asked to be picked up at the halfway mark, and that seemed to make the rest of them more determined. At that halfway mark, the children were given snacks and water, but in exchange, their GPS was taken away, and they had to follow their instincts. But no one complained, since there was no one to complain to.

It was nearly 2 a.m. when they stumbled into camp. There was a crackling fire, and boiled sausages tucked into soft rolls. Owls were on the hunt, and (7) \_\_\_\_\_.

The campers wolfed down the food, stared into the fire for a few minutes, and stumbled to their tents. When Stijn emerged the next morning, bleary-eyed, at 11 a.m., he considered himself a veteran.



- A. absolutely flabbergasted to find the sneering campers strayed from the path
- B. along a paved road in single file, too drained for conversation
- C. even blindfold the children on their way to the dropping
- D. gravel crunching under its tires
- E. mocking it as a “droppingsdrama” and “a bit romanticized”
- F. need to assert helicopter parents it is not against the law
- G. standing still in the forest after their appointed pickup time
- ~~H. **The door opened to release three children**~~
- I. their shrieks could be heard in the tree canopy high above
- J. there is a compensatory thrill to being in charge
- K. you will find evidence of droppings gone awry

①	①	②	③	④	⑤	⑥	⑦
<b>H</b>							
✓							



# KEY

## COMPRENSIÓN DE TEXTOS ESCRITOS

C1

MAYO 2022

**TEXT 1: ALCATRAZ (4 marks: 0.4 each)**

	ANSWERS
0	GRIMLY
1	FORTRESS
2	CONVICTS
3	BATCH
4	WARDEN
5	EACH
6	AFTER
7	REARED
8	SWEPT
9	ATTORNEY
10	CLAIMED

**TEXT 2: WHAT MY SUMMER JOB TAUGHT ME (3.2 marks: 0.4 each)**

	ANSWERS
0	C
1	A
2	B
3	A
4	B
5	C
6	C
7	B
8	A

**TEXT 3: A PECULIARLY DUTCH SUMMER RITE (2.8 marks: 0.4 each)**

	ANSWERS
0	H
1	D
2	C
3	J
4	K
5	E
6	B
7	I