



# La Rioja

EDUCACIÓN Y EMPLEO

## ESCUELAS OFICIALES DE IDIOMAS DE LA RIOJA

### PRUEBA DE CERTIFICACIÓN INGLÉS

MAYO 2024



Datos del candidato
Apellidos:
Nombre:

Calificación final

☐ Apto      ☐ No Apto

### 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 excerpt from John Lydon's autobiography and complete each blank with the best option from the box. Each option can be used only ONCE. There are **five extra options** 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)

COLLECTING	GUMS	PASSED OUT	SWAB
COME	LOITERED	PRESENTED	TRAUMA
DECAYING	OFF	SQUEAL	VIBE
FITTED	<b>ONWARDS</b>	SURGERY	WORKING OUT

### BAD TEETH

I've always had bad teeth, from my early youth (0) onwards. The dentist's was the very last place any of us in my family would go. It was where my mum and dad had all their teeth removed. They were given money by the state towards getting a set of dentures (1) \_\_\_\_\_, which they were told would solve all of their problems for the rest of their life.

This policy, which was obviously all about saving the government from paying for proper dental care, created nothing but trouble for the patients who took them up on it.

(2) \_\_\_\_\_ nine or ten on an ordinary night, they'd take their teeth out after dinner and soak them in this vile liquid, Steradent. Otherwise dental hygiene was unrequired. And it wasn't just my mum and dad, it was my aunts, uncles, and everybody I knew.

Once the teeth had been extracted, however, the (3) \_\_\_\_\_ would recede and the dentures would require all manner of sticky-back plastic, shall we say, to keep them in. Every time they laughed their teeth would fall out. It was an even bigger problem when mum and dad would throw a party at our house. They'd all lose their teeth from dancing, from all the jumping up and down. My job was not only playing the records, but finding the teeth and (4) \_\_\_\_\_ whose was whose.

So that was how it was (5) \_\_\_\_\_ to me: I needn't bother brushing because when I grow up I'll have a fresh set ready at the dentist and I could lose them on the dancefloor like everyone else. So I would naturally avoid the dentist. Also, because of the pain. Dentists were very brutal back then. Yes, it was free on the National Health Service, but the cost in (6) \_\_\_\_\_ was incalculable.

When I was about thirteen, I had a very bad experience. At school I had this toothache, so bad that I was screaming with the pain, and school actually booked an appointment with my local dentist. She was Polish and insane, and she had a 'Brünnhilde SS' kind of (7) \_\_\_\_\_, with the hair pulled back tightly and a bun in the back done in a braid. Short, chubby, very blonde, very Germanic in her approach, and very, very volatile. She absolutely wouldn't listen to you (8) \_\_\_\_\_ in pain. She had no time at all for any of us children. She scared the living daylights out of everyone.

Anyway, she immediately decided she had to pull this tooth, but when she ripped it out, she broke a blood vessel. She gave me a cotton (9) \_\_\_\_\_ to hold on the wound, but it just kept bleeding. The dentist's was on the corner of Holloway Road and Seven Sisters, and I caught the bus to go home, but I actually (10) \_\_\_\_\_ on the bus.



	ANSWERS	
0	ONWARDS	✓
1		
2		
3		
4		
5		
6		
7		
8		
9		
10		

## TEXT 2

Read the following excerpt from the novel *Whatever Makes You Happy* 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)

### THE MOTHERS' CLUB

It was not that Mother's Day meant anything to Helen. She didn't really believe in it, and had no expectations for it. But as she walked downstairs, wrapped in her ancient padded dressing-gown, there was a brief, irrational moment when she thought that maybe, just this once there would be a card from her son. She wasn't hoping for flowers or chocolates or even a phone call, but a card – a tiny indication that he remembered who she was and what she had done for him – would have breathed life into her day.

The doormat, of course, was empty. It was Sunday. There wasn't even a delivery. A solitary pizza take-away leaflet mocked her hopes of filial devotion. Helen crumpled the leaflet in her fist and jammed it into the kitchen bin. She was trying to give up breakfast. Bread was the fashionable thing to avoid these days, and toast was the only food she could face in the morning. She gave herself a black tea and dutifully worked her way down a banana. There was something depressing about bananas: the cloying noise they made as you chewed them; their garish, pseudo-cheerful colour; the useless spent bulk of their skin after you'd finished. The only reason of their popularity was probably that you could eat one without getting your hands sticky.

This is not healthy, she thought to herself. Here I am, a grown, intelligent woman, passing my time mentally listing to myself the pros and cons of bananas. My head should be filled with more interesting things than this. I should be doing more with my brain.

At least it was a book-group day. They called it a book group though it wasn't really a group, and they didn't actually bother with books anymore. It was just a regular social occasion: the last Sunday of each month, Gillian, Carol and Helen got together for morning coffee and a chat, the venue rotating month by month between their respective houses. This was the rump of a gathering of mums that had formed around a local playgroup roughly thirty years earlier. They all had children the same age, and they'd regularly got together to relieve the boredom of early motherhood. Though some had come simply for a break in the routine, these three had genuinely liked one another, and their sons could – at a push – be persuaded to keep one another entertained without too much noise or bloodshed. There had only ever been one hospitalisation.

The group had swelled and shrunk, as various people moved in, moved away, gave birth, changed schools and got divorced. At its peak, one year there had been a camping holiday involving more families than could ever hope to go away together without a major social catastrophe befalling them. But through everything, over more than three decades, Gillian, Carol and Helen had remained neighbours and friends.

They had stopped gathering once the children hit secondary-school age, and though they all remained more or less in touch, they didn't meet up as a group for more than ten years. Then, with their kids all in their twenties, all having left home, Carol had suggested they start up the Sunday morning coffee routine. It was Gillian, frustrated by the fact that all they seemed to talk about was their children, who suggested turning it into a book group.

This was a success for a while, not least because it got rid of some of the more irritating women, but it wasn't long before people stopped reading the books and, even if they had read the books, stopped talking about them. Eventually, all that remained was Helen, Carol and Gillian, and their Sunday morning coffee. As far as Helen was concerned, this was more or less perfect. It was, though she could barely admit it to herself, the highlight of her month.

When Helen had first moved out from Kensington to Pinner, she had initially scorned and pitied the suburban women around her. In choosing the house, she had been far more concerned with the life she wanted to get away from than with worrying about what she was moving towards. She had only really thought about the house and the garden, not about the community she would have to fit into.



## 0. Mother's Day

- a. *had a moving meaning for Helen.*
- b. ***was pointless for Helen.***
- c. *was utterly detested by Helen.*

①

**B**

✓

## 1. Helen

- a. daydreamed about having something special.
- b. feared that her son wouldn't appear.
- c. had implored her son to send her something.

①

## 2. After going downstairs, Helen

- a. only found a leaflet under the doormat.
- b. threw the leaflet away.
- c. tore the leaflet in disappointment.

②

## 3. As for bananas, Helen

- a. considered them rather unhealthy.
- b. disliked their chewy texture.
- c. felt compelled to eat them.

③

## 4. Helen, Gillian and Carol

- a. didn't like to meet in the same place twice.
- b. put their meeting off once due to an accident.
- c. used to discuss books in their meetings.

④

## 5. Throughout the years

- a. some families fell out with others and left.
- b. the number of people in their group fluctuated.
- c. they had to bear some unwanted social events.

⑤

## 6. Helen, Gillian and Carol

- a. called out a meeting once when their kids were high schoolers.
- b. lost track of each other for several years.
- c. resumed their meetings when their children left the nest.

⑥

## 7. When the group became a reading club again,

- a. everyone else had decided to quit.
- b. literature soon became a lesser subject.
- c. Sundays started to be meaningful to Helen.

⑦

## 8. When Helen moved to Pinner, she

- a. disdained some of her neighbours.
- b. found it hard to fit in.
- c. wanted to escape from gossip.

⑧

### TEXT 3

Read the following article about someone who decided to apply for a job to work as a spy, 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)

#### APPLYING TO BE A SPY

In 2010 I was 23, and had just moved to London from Manchester, (0)           K           I had a dream job – a junior role on a magazine – but it turned out to be quite a miserable place. (1)                                  and my confidence, which had never been high, plummeted. I was single, my friends were scattered all over the city, and I was renting a basement room with no windows that cost exactly half my monthly salary.



It was on one of these lonely days that a link popped up: MI5 was running a recruitment drive and it sent you to a verbal reasoning test that was part of the application process to become an intelligence officer – a spy, in other words. Espionage had never occurred to me as a career, and my only thought as I clicked on the link was that it might be a more interesting use of my lunch break than scrolling through Facebook.

I finished the test within the allotted time and went back to work, (2)                                 , and gave it no more thought until later that afternoon, when I received an email from MI5 inviting me to an assessment centre the next week.

The next few months were a blur of exams and interviews in anonymous London buildings, none of which – for obvious reasons – I was allowed to discuss with anyone. From a distance it seemed like any other graduate recruitment process, but of course it wasn't. (3)                                  to protect them against being blackmailed. I was asked about my sexual preferences, and had to hand over bank statements. At one interview, a lock of my hair was cut off to test it for drugs. It was all surreal, but I didn't mind.

I lived in west London at the time, and took the Piccadilly line to work. The train had often come from Heathrow, full of travellers, some of whom could be chatty. So I thought nothing of it when, one morning, the man standing next to me struck up a conversation. He was slightly older, with an accent I couldn't place (4)                                 . Whereabouts did I live, he asked. What was it like? How long had I been living there? Was it convenient for my office? Where did I work? I was still instinctively wary: even at 23 I had lived long enough to know that interactions with strange men on public transport, no matter how innocent, rarely ended well. After a couple of stops, he turned to me as the train slowed to a halt. "Well, this is me," he said. "It was nice to meet you, Emma Hughes." It wasn't until the train started moving again that I realised I hadn't told him my surname.

When I got off the train, I stood on the platform, fizzing with adrenaline. Although it was possible he had glanced into my bag, I had nothing easily visible on me that could have told the man my full name. Had this man followed me? What else did he know about me? For the first time I felt overwhelmingly uneasy: (5)                                 . It sounds ridiculous now, but although I had come round to the idea of watching people for a living, I hadn't given much thought to how it would feel to be watched myself. Or having all my activity monitored, on and offline, and disclosing every promising new relationship to my employers before we were even official.

This isn't what you want, a voice in my head whispered. This isn't the answer.

I never found out who the man was. A couple of weeks later, though, after a final interview, (6)                                  – the security clearance required before a job offer. No reason was given, and I was told I couldn't appeal. It hurt: I felt as if I had been dumped after a whirlwind romance. But deep down, I was relieved.

My life moved on: I got another job, reconnected with old friends, made new ones. I was able to do things I never could have done had I become an intelligence officer: having flings, dyeing my hair loud colours and writing a novel. The person I am now would make an absolutely terrible spy. Whenever I travel on the Piccadilly line (7)                                 .



- A. and a pleasant but persistent manner
- B. checking the prices of lipglosses we planned to feature in the magazine
- C. I feel overwhelmingly grateful that I got the chance to grow up into her
- D. I had engaged in a dispute with my hubby
- E. I received a letter from MI5 telling me I had failed my developed vetting
- F. leaking some MI5 colleagues' sensitive information carelessly
- G. MI5 employees have to be totally open about every aspect of their lives
- H. my manager was open about regretting having hired me
- I. the full force of the loss of agency that signing up to work at MI5 would mean hit me
- J. where I had heard it before, as I tried to emulate the expert intelligent services
- ~~K. where I had trained as a journalist~~

⑩	①	②	③	④	⑤	⑥	⑦
K							
✓							



# KEY

## COMPRENSIÓN DE TEXTOS ESCRITOS

C1

MAYO 2024

### TEXT 1: BAD TEETH (4 marks: 0.4 each)

	ANSWERS
0	ONWARDS
1	FITTED
2	COME
3	GUMS
4	WORKING OUT
5	PRESENTED
6	TRAUMA
7	VIBE
8	SQUEAL
9	SWAB
10	PASSED OUT

### TEXT 2: THE MOTHERS' CLUB (3.2 marks: 0.4 each)

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

### TEXT 3: APPLYING TO BE A SPY (2.8 marks: 0.4 each)

	ANSWERS
0	K
1	H
2	B
3	G
4	A
5	I
6	E
7	C