

**Escuelas Oficiales de Idiomas  
de la Comunidad Autónoma de Aragón**

*Pruebas Unificadas de Idiomas*

# COMPRENSIÓN DE TEXTOS ESCRITOS

**INGLÉS**

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**CONVOCATORIA 2020 - MODELO A**

1. Esta prueba se compone de tres tareas.
2. Utilice bolígrafo azul o negro INDELEBLE.
3. Las respuestas erróneas no se penalizarán.
4. Duración de esta prueba: 60 minutos.
5. Puntuación máxima de la prueba: 20 puntos.
6. Puntuación mínima para superar la prueba: 10 puntos.

<b>TAREA 1</b>	<b>My blockbuster summer job (página 4)</b>
<b>TAREA 2</b>	<b>Pamplona (página 6)</b>
<b>TAREA 3</b>	<b>Is it ever OK to steal from the breakfast buffet? (página 8)</b>

<b>Apellidos</b>	
<b>Nombre</b>	

**PUNTUACIÓN  
TOTAL**

**/20**

**COMPRENSIÓN DE TEXTOS ESCRITOS - TAREA 1 (1 x 7 = 7 puntos)**

Read this newspaper article where someone reminisces about a summer job and choose the best phrase (A, B, C, etc) for each gap. Write the letter in the corresponding box. Two of the phrases do not correspond to any of the blanks. Question 0 has been completed as an example.

**MY BLOCKBUSTER SUMMER JOB**

This is a long shot, but did you by any chance rent *Titanic* on VHS around September 1998? Yes? Was it from a branch of Blockbuster somewhere in suburban north Kent? Yes? Amazing! We have so much in common. Because I spent several weeks of that summer \_\_\_(0)\_\_\_ for those videotapes, and shoving them in the back of a lorry.

Just to walk you through the process, I would start with the flattened display case (Kate and Leo facing upwards), pop it on the cardboard housing, fold-fold, big Sellotape, flip, big Sellotape, shove it in the lorry. It actually wasn't unlike \_\_\_(1)\_\_\_ . In exchange for this task I was paid more than £4 an hour – a princely sum in pre-minimum wage Britain, especially for a teenager with a chronic CD habit.

There were however two major drawbacks. First, the paper cuts. Or should I say, cardboard cuts – the cousin of paper cuts that burned like a bee sting. To this day I can't look at Kate or Leo's face without \_\_\_(2)\_\_\_ of an old wound.

The second, and main, drawback was the boredom. And not just the boredom, but how to deal with it in a way that didn't land you in trouble. There we were, a bunch of schoolmates earning a bit of summer cash, but just over there were the full-timers, the warehouse alphas who would still be there when we disappeared in September. We couldn't exactly muck about or moan. It was a matter of respect. Plus, we played football against them at lunchtime, so it was a matter of fear, too.

Still, the tedium was real. While the warehouse alphas \_\_\_(3)\_\_\_ and buzzed about on forklifts, all we could do was fold. In hindsight, it was a lesson not just in patience, but resourcefulness. We would find ways to get \_\_\_(4)\_\_\_ , often involving those industrial glue-guns where the glue is near boiling point. We'd invent games on the sly. We had conversations for hours on end. Half of it was on the level of "How much to lick a can of Coke off the floor?", but at least we were talking. I remember having one conversation about how much we would pay to get someone killed, when an ex-convict who had joined us for the week came down the line and \_\_\_(5)\_\_\_ .

So as you can see, we made the best of the situation, which is a serious life skill if ever there was one. But all of the above relied on being paired with, or near, your schoolmates on the production line. If you were \_\_\_(6)\_\_\_ for the week, and you and your fellow folder did not click, then it was just you and the cardboard. This is another level of boredom entirely. We're talking the existential stuff here. But even then – unexpected benefits. You could do a lot of mental filing on those more isolated shifts. I had quite a lot to get through, too.

In the months running up to that summer I'd done my A-levels, passed my driving test, got my first girlfriend and lost a parent. My world was both opening up and shutting down. Having seemingly endless time to process what the hell was happening wasn't all bad. On some occasions I remember \_\_\_(7)\_\_\_ . Not so much mindfulness as gormlessness. Whatever you call it, I'd come out of those shifts more calm than when I went in. To this day I put a great value on finding time to do absolutely nothing. I didn't know it at the time, but I think we can call my first paid role a job that left its mark in more ways than one.

Source: [www.theguardian.com](http://www.theguardian.com)

<b>A</b>	burying someone at sea
<b>B</b>	experiencing the dull smart
<b>C</b>	<b><i>folding and packing the display cases</i></b>
<b>D</b>	gave us an actual quote
<b>E</b>	out of innocuous but soulless chores
<b>F</b>	rode roughshod over us
<b>G</b>	shunted down the other end
<b>H</b>	slipping into a kind of zen state
<b>I</b>	up to teenage japes
<b>J</b>	yanked levers on heavy machinery

<b>0</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>2</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>6</b>	<b>7</b>
<b>C</b>							
✓							



**COMPRENSIÓN DE TEXTOS ESCRITOS - TAREA 2 (1 x 7 = 7 puntos)**

You are going to read an extract from *Spanish Steps*, in which Tim Moore, a journalist and travel writer, describes how he traversed Pamplona on his pilgrimage to Santiago de Compostela, with a donkey called Shinto as his companion/beast of burden. Choose the option (A, B or C) that best completes each statement. Write the letter in the corresponding box on the right. Question 0 has been completed as an example.

**PAMPLONA**

Pamplona would be Shinto's most significant test to date: a narrow-alleyed city of 200,000, with a worldwide reputation for the drunken goading of farmyard quadrupeds. In two months they'd be running with the bulls, and here was an opportunity for a dry run. In the rain.

It was an ordeal that demanded advanced refuelling. Negotiating Shinto up a puddled bus lane through the nascent suburban rush hour I spotted a grocery, and tied him to a drainpipe outside. When I emerged, with a roll of gardening refuse sacks and a 2-kilo bag of muesli, a crowd of kindly-minded strangers had congregated around Shinto: elderly housecoated shoppers, backpacked schoolkids, a postman. I looked from face to gleeful face, I listened to the sing-song cries of '*Burro!*' The rain was forgotten – people were happy, and it was down to me. And soon they were even happier, watching this flappy-ponchoed fool unload his donkey on to the pavement, and stuff everything into giant plastic bags, and reload him, and dump a huge sack of breakfast cereal into a washing-up bowl. Shinto snuffled the lot, then rounded the performance off by sneezing raisiny oat-phlegm all over the postman's back.

The camino returned to the riverside, meandering towards the city centre past fields and allotments that persisted almost up to the town walls. En route Shinto had a bit of an across-the-fence set-to with a yappy little Shetland pony, which he won after a muesli-powered hoof-stamping snort-off. Then it was over the river, up on to the cobbles and, after a couple of tourist photocalls and a one-sided donk-lore discourse with a cig-wizened umbrella-toter, under a huge, mossy arch and into Old Pamplona.

I'd been advised by Hanno to bypass cities, and actually ordered to by the Donkey Sanctuary. It wasn't hard to see why, but I had vowed to try at least one. And why not the first? Pamplona had the history: founded by the Roman general Pompaelo, it was ruled by the Moors for a century until 799, and thereafter repopulated with Jews and Frenchmen as an ethnic bulwark. Throughout the Middle Ages the city was a vital pilgrim pit stop – unusually, ailing travellers were allowed to stay more than a single night (many, in consequence, pegged out in Pamplona). And flicking through the *Liber Sancti Jacobi* in Miguel Indurain's bar I'd come across the pertinently bracing tale of a pilgrim whose wife, horse and chattels are variously slaughtered and stolen by an evil Pamplonese innkeeper. There! Actually, that isn't the end: the bereaved husband is stoically preparing to continue, the couple's two children on his shoulders, when Santiago himself appears with a donkey. 'Here you go, son,' he says, 'and leave that innkeeper to me.'

I'm not sure if St Jim was smiling on me that day, but everyone else was. They stood in dirty old doorways to beam and point as the camino took the path of most resistance, winding up circuitous alleys wide enough for a fully laden donk, let alone the parping procession of delivery trucks we trailed behind us.

Shinto's ears were swiveling about on red alert, eventually settling into a one-forward, one-back set-up for 360 degree surround-sound coverage. I held him on the shortest leash, my knuckles white around the rope, not daring to spare any eye time for the cathedrals, *refugios* or any of the other stately old lovelinesses that I was no doubt passing by. Once I was momentarily distracted by a parked Lamborghini, and before I knew it a bulging pannier had brushed a hefty men-at-work road-hole barrier and sent it crashing to the cobbles. Nothing substantial falls over in a Latin city centre without triggering at least a small domino effect; I was righting an adjacent moped when a volley of squeakily guttural abuse rained down from a mercifully lofty window.

The alleys opened into boulevards, and Shinto's fan club swelled in noise and numbers. 'Burro!' they shrieked. Or: 'Burrico!' Or: 'Burriquino!' As we traversed the central business district, the appealing incongruity of our presence seemed complete. Waiting for a little green man amidst a pavement full of briefcase carriers I was treated to handshakes, back pats and a heartfelt 'buen viaje'; as I stepped off the kerb I felt part of the most portentous convoy to set foot on a zebra crossing since Paul McCartney left his shoes in the Abbey Road gutter.

Over a couple of technically demanding roundabouts, a slightly erratic passage over a narrow bridge and suddenly we were past the railway tracks and out into what was today a very green belt, Shinto chewing off roadside weeds with happy nonchalance. He'd done it. We'd done it. The two of us, together, as a team. I ruffled his crest, patted his poll, and sent him off up the road with a blokeish slap on the dock. If this thing was the Grand National, we'd just made it over Beecher's Brook.

Source: *Spanish Steps*. Tim Moore. Vintage 2005

**Example:**

0. According to the narrator, ...

- A Pamplona is famous for its broad streets and avenues.
- B Shinto's passage would provide practice for the running of the bulls.
- C the people of Pamplona are reputed for taking good care of farm animals.

B	✓
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1. Outside the grocery, the narrator felt ...

- A displeased at the commotion he had caused.
- B embarrassed at being the centre of attention.
- C somewhat proud of the merriment he had brought.

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2. Shinto ...

- A chewed his breakfast in great haste.
- B smelled the food quite audibly.
- C turned round to eat his oats and raisins.

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3. In his confrontation with the pony, Shinto ...

- A gave in and brayed as he trotted off.
- B had to be restrained from going over a fence.
- C was louder and more assertive than the smaller animal.

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4. The narrator... the recommendations he'd been given concerning donkeys and cities.

- A disregarded
- B heeded
- C sneered at

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5. The narrator implies that the tale from the *Liber Sancti Jacobi* was intended to ...

- A boost the pilgrims' morale.
- B make travellers wary of Pamplonese innkeepers.
- C teach pilgrims that the *camino* must be completed, no matter what.

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6. The narrator's distraction with the Lamborghini ...

- A elicited some loud chuckles from a window.
- B had a knock-on effect.
- C made him knock over a road sign.

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7. When they were out of the city, the narrator ...

- A fed Shinto some special fodder.
- B felt as if they'd just come out of a steeplechase.
- C let the donkey frolic around for a while.

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**COMPREENSIÓN DE TEXTOS ESCRITOS - TAREA 3 (0,5 x 12 = 6 puntos)**

Read the following text and choose the best option (A, B or C) for each question. Write the letter in the corresponding box on the right. Question 0 has been completed as an example.

**IS IT EVER OK TO STEAL FROM THE BREAKFAST BUFFET?**

Eva Chen is not just Instagram's director of fashion partnerships; she is also a blazing food rebel. In a recent interview with New York's magazine *Grub Street* she (0) \_\_\_\_\_ drinking matcha tea so thick that it is "almost like a paste" and eating old fruit roll-ups covered in Post-it notes and lint.

But it is her attitude to hotel breakfast buffets that has really (1) \_\_\_\_\_. Not only does Chen set out strict instructions about what should and should not be eaten – "When people get a bowl of cereal like Cheerios, I'm like, don't you have Cheerios at home? Why wouldn't you get the freshly made crêpe?" – she also brazenly outs herself as a (2) \_\_\_\_\_. "I got some dried apple chips to go," she writes, before adding: "Really advanced aficionados of the breakfast buffet will bring a Ziploc bag and (3) \_\_\_\_\_ food out."

So is she right? Should we all be taking extra food from our hotel buffets? If you paid for the room, and breakfast is included, does that give you carte blanche to take as much food as you can?

It is a (4) \_\_\_\_\_ question, and a mainstay of travel forums. One incredible Mumsnet (5) \_\_\_\_\_ on this subject from a decade ago quickly descended into a Brexit-style stalemate between the gluttons ("I decanted apple juice at a breakfast buffet ... to stop food waste") and the slightly racist (6) \_\_\_\_\_ ("When I was in Egypt last year 'ze Germans' kept doing this all the time AND THEY WERE ALWAYS CAUGHT AND HUMILIATED").

Personally, I have some sympathy with the gluttons – (7) \_\_\_\_\_. Yes, a hotel is a business, and if everyone took twice as much food as they needed then room prices would inevitably go up. And yes, Eva Chen's Ziploc advocacy does smack a little of Alan Partridge (8) \_\_\_\_\_ a slightly bigger plate into the buffet every morning.

But at the same time, where is your spirit of adventure? A breakfast buffet is not just a place for you to eat; it is an epic game of cat-and-mouse between you and the hotel. The hotel always goes first, by offering comically minuscule glasses to pour your fruit juice into. So when I see people (9) \_\_\_\_\_, loading their pockets with rolls and satsumas, and (10) \_\_\_\_\_ when the waiter is restocking the bread board, I do (11) \_\_\_\_\_ them.

Look, nobody ever approaches a buffet without secretly wanting to eat so much food that the hotel goes bankrupt and out of business. At the very least, you want to eat so much that the hotel gives up and (12) \_\_\_\_\_ a menu-based breakfast. Anyone can eat breakfast. But ruining an entire hotel's profit margin thanks to an unearned sense of greedy spite? That's a hero's work.

Source: Stuart Heritage (The Guardian)

0.

A *admits*  
 B *contemplates*  
 C *refuses*

A	✓
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1. A been overlooked  
 B gone awry  
 C made a splash

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7. A accordingly  
 B out of bounds  
 C within reason

--	--

2. A benefactor  
 B philanderer  
 C pilferer

--	--

8. A sneaking  
 B tampering  
 C walking off

--	--

3. A hijack  
 B mug  
 C smuggle

--	--

9. A haggling  
 B juggling  
 C retaliating

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4. A biased  
 B knotty  
 C staple

--	--

10. A doing a runner  
 B mooning  
 C shadowing

--	--

5. A strand  
 B string  
 C thread

--	--

11. A antagonise with  
 B feel for  
 C sympathise

--	--

6. A law-abiders  
 B settlers  
 C trespassers

--	--

12. A commits to  
 B reverts to  
 C waives

--	--

