

Escuelas Oficiales de Idiomas de la Comunidad Autónoma de Aragón

Pruebas Unificadas de Idiomas

INGLÉS

NIVEL AVANZADO C2 MODELO B
CONVOCATORIA EXTRAORDINARIA 2021

A rellenar por el candidato/a

Apellidos		
Nombre		
DNI		
Tipo de matrícula	<input type="checkbox"/> Libre	<input type="checkbox"/> Oficial Profesor/a: Grupo/horario:

A rellenar por el corrector/a

(Puntuación mínima para superar cada prueba: 10 puntos)

	(Puntuación mínima para superar cada prueba: 10 puntos)		
Comprensión de Textos Escritos	/20	SÍ	NO
Comprensión de Textos Orales	/20	SÍ	NO
Mediación	/20	SÍ	NO
Producción y Coproducción de Textos Escritos	/20	SÍ	NO
Producción y Coproducción de Textos Orales	/20	SÍ	NO
PUNTUACIÓN TOTAL DE LA PRUEBA Puntuación mínima total para certificar: 50 puntos	/ 100		

APTO

NO APTO

INSTRUCCIONES

Instrucciones comunes a todo el examen:

Instrucciones comunes a todo el examen:

1. Siga las instrucciones correspondientes a cada una de las tareas.
2. No olvide poner su nombre en los espacios destinados a ello.
3. Transfiera las respuestas a la hoja de respuestas en las tareas en que se indique.
4. Utilice bolígrafo azul o negro INDELEBLE.
5. Puntuación máxima de cada prueba: 20 puntos.
6. Puntuación mínima para superar cada prueba: 10 puntos.
7. Duración global del examen escrito: 4 horas.
8. Mantenga su móvil apagado durante toda la sesión.

Revisión de examen:

Está terminantemente prohibido fotografiar el examen total o parcialmente.

Una vez revisado su examen, firme aquí:

Firmado: _____ Fecha: _____

INGLÉS AVANZADO C2
Modelo B

CONVOCATORIA EXTRAORDINARIA
2021

CLAVE DE RESPUESTAS Y
TRANSCRIPCIONES

COMPRENSIÓN DE TEXTOS ESCRITOS

TAREA 1: IN DEFENSE OF THE ENDANGERED TREE OCTOPUS (7 X 1 = 7 PUNTOS)

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
G	H	D	C	A	B	E

TAREA 2: THE PORCINE QUEEN 7 X 1 = 7 PUNTOS)

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
B	A	B	B	C	A	A

TAREA 3: ONE SIZE FITS ALL (12 X 0,5 = 6 PUNTOS)

1	2	3	4	5	6
C	B	B	C	A	B
7	8	9	10	11	12
A	C	A	B	C	C

COMPRENSIÓN DE TEXTOS ORALES

TAREA 1: FOOTBALL CLICHÉS (7 X 1 = 7 PUNTOS)

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
J	D	G	I	E	A	C

TAREA 2: WORKING CONSTRUCTION (8 X 1 = 8 PUNTOS)

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

TAREA 3: ZAMBIAN NAMES (10 X 0,5 = 5 PUNTOS)

1	FLIES	6	MISFORTUNE
2	COMMUNITY ELDERS/CHIEFS/THE ELDERLY	7	ANCESTRAL/ANCESTORS' PROTECTION (full points only for the complete phrase)
3	HAPPIER	8	SECURITY GUARD
4	HIV ... AIDS (0,25 points each)	9	BAPTIZED
5	UMBILICAL CORD	10	CLUTCH/GEARS/THIRD GEAR

TRANSCRIPCIONES

TASK ONE: FOOTBALL CLICHÉS

Example – Useful gap fillers. (H)

I ... whilst I do have a very special interest in the language of football, I think clichés in general, not necessarily just football clichés, serve a very important purpose. They're kind of like a conversational lubricant, if you like. They fill the gaps where there is nothing to be said and for football there are a lot of gaps, the incredible amount of coverage, it's reached saturation point on TV and radio and there is an awful lot being said about football, but there isn't necessarily more football to be talked about, so inevitably clichés have to fill this gap.

Extract one – Where a certain player must make up their mind quickly. (J)

Mmm, football clichés can be quite poetic. You often get ones that sound like they could be the subtitle to a Harry Potter book: "howls of derision", "chorus of boos", "the corridor of uncertainty" ...

Oh, I love "the corridor of uncertainty".

... which was stolen from cricket, I believe, I should begrudgingly say.

Shall we explain to listeners what that actually means?

The "corridor of uncertainty" is as perilous as it sounds, it's the area between the goal line and possibly about eight yards out, where if the ball is delivered from the side and the goalkeeper then has a decision to make, "Do I stay where I am? Do I come out and try to get it?" And that is why it's called "the corridor of uncertainty", because a lot of goals are scored that way, through goalkeepers really not being quite sure about what they should do when the ball enters that area.

Extract two – It goes without saying. (D)

There isn't anything new as far as I can see. I mean, I had a look at some football commentary in the press and I can see that one thing that's quite common is really basic nouns to do with the game will often be omitted, the ball, football, the team, that sort of thing you don't get very often. So you will find, and I'm quoting here, "Ronaldo struck powerfully into the back of the net", where the word "the ball" simply isn't there.

And with a word like struck you'd normally expect there to be a, he struck something, rather than just struck?

Exactly, yes.

Unless you're on strike, but that's different.

Quite. Neymar fired over the bar from 18 yards, you would expect him to fire something. But of course, footballers and footballing aficionados know full well what they're talking about, so that unnecessary bit of the language is left out.

Extract three – Terms almost exclusive to the realm of football. (G)

Football happily commandeers words for its own use, and to the point where, and I don't want to do football fans a disservice or their intellect a disservice, but it gets to the point where you hear words in football that these people would never use in other areas of life. I'll give you some examples. A goal can be scored with aplomb, which is a wonderful word, a beautiful sounding word, but I've never used aplomb anywhere else in my life, and I don't think I ever would. Sounds like it's heavy with lead, I don't know whether it is.

It does, doesn't it?

Yes, aplomb, yes. And ...

Another one?

In the transfer market, if a club tries to make an offer for a player of another club and it's deemed to be insufficient, there is often a public statement by the supposedly selling club who will describe the bid as derisory, and it's always used. It pops up all the time and it's not quite passed into this kind of self-aware territory.

Extract four – Vivid collective nouns. (I)

You can have a "raft of substitutions", a "string of saves", a "goal glut", and some of my favourite ones include a "catalogue of errors", which is terrible for whoever has made these errors because it implies that there's this big book listing of all the terrible things they've done on a football pitch or the hapless things they've done on a football pitch. If you score a couple of goals, it's described as a "brace", but if you want to be more colourful about it you can call it a "two-goal salvo", which I love.

A salvo?

I love a salvo.

And you can have a "hatful of chances", can't you?

"Hatful of chances", a "flurry of yellow cards".

Extract five – Slightly out of sync. (E)

Now, let's talk about verbs. OK, so, we know when we listen to commentary there is somebody commentating the game as it's going on, and then we have the summariser who quite often describes what we've just seen, or on the

radio of course what's just been talked about. And quite often the person who is describing it, this summariser, will say, "Messi passes to Rosen and Rosen scores."

Rosen scores?

Yes, alright, okay, a little bit of glamour I was looking for there. Anyway, so what we have there is that it's sounding almost as if it's happening now, but it didn't, it happened 30 seconds earlier. Is that odd? Is that strange, Laura?

So, using a present tense usage for something that's just happened?

Literally a moment before.

Extract six – Allowing universal participation. (A)

If you were being very cruel you could say that essentially it's detritus, it's utterly useless information that's being talked about. But once you bring it all together you have football coverage. So clichés as infuriating as they can often be because clichés are by definition things that lack original thought, they don't bring anything new to the conversation. But by the same token they're reassuring because they bring everyone into the conversation whether you don't know anything or a lot about football and you're listening to this or you're listening to football coverage. You'll be able to be brought into the conversation, it's quite a democratic thing.

Extract seven – Food similes for blunders. (C)

In Portuguese, they have a phrase, *mao de alface*, which translates as a "lettuce hand", so if a goalkeeper happens to let a shot through his grasp he's described as lettuce hand, which is quite cruel. Well, we used to say "butterfingers", that was poetic. You could construct a whole sandwich with ways of describing how a goalkeeper has failed to stop a goal.

Distractors: Arcane language on its way out (B) / Slowing down a running commentary (F)

TASK TWO: WORKING CONSTRUCTION

The first time I smoked crack cocaine was the spring I worked construction for my father (0) on his new subdivisions in Moonlight Heights. My original plan had been to go to college, specifically for the arts, specifically for acting, where I'd envisioned strolling shoeless around campus with a notepad, jotting down details about the people I observed so that I would later be able to replicate the human condition onscreen with nuance and veracity. (1) Instead, I was unmatriculated and nineteen, working six days a week, making eight dollars an hour, no more or less than what the other general laborers were being paid, and which is what passed, at least for my self-made father, as fairness. Occasionally, I would be cast in a community-theatre production of Neil Simon or "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," popular but uncomplicated fare, which we would rehearse for a month before performing in front of an audience of fifteen. "You have to pay your dues," the older actors would tell me, (2) sensing, I suppose, my disappointment and impatience. "How long is that going to take?" I'd ask them, as if they spoke from high atop the pinnacle of show business. In lieu of an answer, they offered a tautology. "It takes as long as it takes," they'd say. (2).

It was spring, it was rainy, it was the early nineties, meaning that "Seinfeld" was all the rage, and so was Michael Jordan, and so was crack cocaine, the latter of which, at this point, I had no first-hand knowledge. As for Jerry Seinfeld and Michael Jordan, I knew them well. Each evening, having spent my day carrying sixty-pound drywall across damp pavement and up bannisterless staircases (3) in one of the state-of-the-art family residences being pre-wired for the Internet – whatever that was – in a cul-de-sac eventually to be named Placid Village Circle, I would drive to my apartment and watch one or the other, Seinfeld or Jordan, since one or other always happened to be on. They were famous, they were artists, they were exalted. I watched them and dreamed of my own fame and art and exalt. The more I dreamed, the more vivid the dream seemed to be, until it was no longer some faint dot situated on an improbable time line but, rather, my destiny. (4) And all I needed to turn this destiny into reality was to make it out of my midsized city – not worth specifying – and move to L.A., where, of course, an actor needed to be if he was to have any chance at that thing called success. But, from my perspective of a thousand miles, L.A. appeared immense, incensed, inscrutable, impenetrable, and every time I thought I had enough resolve to uproot myself and rent a U-Haul I would quickly retreat into the soft, downy repetitiveness of my home town, with its low stakes, high livability, and steady paycheck from my father. (5)

(6) The general laborers came and went that spring, working for a few weeks and then quitting without notice, eight dollars apparently not being enough to compensate even the most unskilled. No matter. For every man who quit, there were five more waiting in line to take his place, eight dollars apparently being enough to fill any vacancy. (6) I was responsible for showing the new recruits around on their first day, which took about twenty minutes and got me out of carrying drywall. Here's the porta-potty. Here's the foreman's office. Here's the paper to sign. They wanted to know what the job was like. They wanted to know if there were health benefits. They spoke quietly and conspiratorially, as if what they asked might be perceived as treasonous. They wanted to know if they might have the opportunity to learn some plumbing or carpentry. "You'll have to talk to the boss about that," I'd tell them, but the answer was no. What they should have been asking me was if there was a union.

No one knew that I was the boss's son. About once a week my dad would show up in his powder-blue Mercedes and walk around inspecting the progress, displeased and concerned, finding everything urgent and subpar. (7)

showing neither love nor special dispensation toward me, nor did I show any toward him. This seemed to come easily to the two of us. I was just another workingman in wet overalls and he was just another big shot in a three-piece suit and a safety vest. The roles we played were generic, superficial, and true. Later, he'd tell me, "I'm doing this for you, not for me." What "this" was was not entirely clear. "One day all of this will be yours," he'd say. "This" was three subdivisions and a 10-story office building downtown. "This" was the powder-blue Mercedes. According to my father, he wanted me to learn the meaning of hard work up close and personal so that I would know what life was really like, but also because **he wanted me to experience what he had gone through growing up on the outskirts of town with six siblings, odd jobs, and no help from the government.** (8) In short, I was living a version of his life, albeit in reverse.

TASK THREE: ZAMBIAN NAMES

Under a darkening sky on a dusty potholed track in Eastern Zambia **a small boy is struggling to push** (0) a large Chinese bicycle. Its handlebars, crossbar and panniers are stacked impossibly high, with yellow jerry cans, firewood and a sack of rice. Because the boy needs both hands to keep the bike upright **he can't sweep the flies from his eyes** (1). But this 7-year-old is labouring under a much heavier, less visible burden. His name is Mulangani; it's an Enguni word meaning "punish me". 'Who,' I asked my driver Mavuto, 'would give their child such a horrible name?' 'Maybe his grandfather, maybe the chief,' he shrugs, explaining that **in Zambia it's common for parents, especially in rural areas, to invite community elders to choose the name of a newborn** (2). **Sometimes the chief wants to punish the family.** (2) says Mavuto, 'or maybe he thinks this new child is too much for the family to bear.' Watching the boy's Sisyphean progress towards his distant home that name suddenly seems disturbingly apt, but he's not the only one around here cursed with such a dismal name. In later days I meet Chilumba, "my brother's grave", Balaudye, "I will be eaten", Soca, "bad luck", and Chakufwa. "it is dead". That said, **I also meet Daliso, whose name means "blessings", and Chikondi, which means "love"; maybe it's me but they do seem happier** (3).

'In African culture children are named according to the circumstances surrounding their birth,' says Clare Mukenga-Chilambo, a care worker at SOS Children's Villages in Zambia. 'It's good for those born at bright and merry moments, but unfortunate for the others.' And there are a lot of others: **HIV and AIDS have ravaged Zambia** (4) and although infection rates are now falling, 55,000 adults and 5,000 kids became infected in 2015. Countrywide an estimated 380,000 children have been orphaned by AIDS and 85,000 are living with HIV. Ask Massiye, that's "orphan", or Chizonis, "sadness", or the sad-eyed Chimwamsozi whose name means "drinker of tears", or 9-year-old Komani, whose name means "kill him", and his little brother Komanizo, aka "kill him also".

'Most Zambians have several names', says Kangachepe Banda. His name means "well-off", and as a safari guide he's doing OK. **The first name is the zina la bamkombo, or the name of the umbilical cord** (5), says Kangachepe. After birth the mother and child hide away until the cord drops off. On that day the baby is presented to family and neighbours and the person honoured with choosing the name makes his decision. Use of this name is supposed to be limited, it's meant to be kept between the namer and the named, a dark reminder to the growing child that one person saw into his or her soul, just after birth.

'The church,' says Clare Mulenga-Chilambo, 'offers deliverance'. **When they are baptized people are given Christian names,' she says. 'This gives them the opportunity to give up the name which is often seen as the cause of misfortune in their lives.'** (6) But there are some here who see opting for the homogenized anonymity of John, James or Mary, as a dereliction of tradition. **Others feel that their names must be kept, not just out of respect to elders but also as a guarantee of ancestral protection.** (7)

If the name maketh the man, then surely Zambia's notoriously grim prisons are full of unfortunates who have been saddled with names like Chidano, Mapenzi, and Chinanga, that's "hatred", "trouble" and "wrongdoer" respectively. 'It's possible,' concurs Mobutu. Growing up he knew a kid called **Chiheni, which translates as "bad boy" or "thug".** 'He ran away from home when he was 12,' he says. **He's in prison in South Africa now for the attempted murder of a security guard.** (8)

Meanwhile, little Mulangani, "punish me", has scrounged a lift in the back of our pickup to his home. It's a tin-roofed hut with a neat vegetable patch patrolled by bickering chickens and a dog called Ingbwa, which means "dog". **Sometime soon,' says Mulangani, 'I'm going to be baptized. My new name will be Emmanuel: it means "God is with me"'. He smiles. He likes Emmanuel.** (9)

As we drive away there's a storm brewing in the west. The potholes are getting deeper and **the clutch is playing up** (10). As the first fat raindrops splatter the dusty windscreen it suddenly strikes me that I haven't asked Mobutu what his name means. He grimaces as **he struggles to find third gear** (10). 'It means "problems",' he says.