



EJERCICIO PRÁCTICO INGLÉS – SECUNDARIA PRUEBA DE AUDIO (2.5)

1) Fill in the gaps with the word or words you hear. (0.5)

- 1.1. And then there were the sounds, from the click and(0.1) of a well-used Smith Corona to the strangely comforting..... (0.1) of the IBM Selectric...
- 1.2. The typewriter as we know it was(0.1) by Americans Christopher Latham Sholes, Carlos Glidden and Samuel W. Soule in Milwaukee, Wisconsin in 1868.
- 1.3. To make all the letters fit, it turned out long(0.1) were necessary
- 1.4. ...but because of the Civil War in the US and the Call of the Empire in the UK, did not have(0,1) to whom they might otherwise have married.

2) Answer the questions. (2)

- 2.1. What happened in an Anglican church hall in Canberra? (0.25)
- 2.2. What piece of the typewriters still lives with us? (0.25)
- 2.3. What need that people usually don't talk about did the industrial revolution create? (0.25)
- 2.4. According to the speaker, how did the average number of written words increase? (0.25)
- 2.5. Why did Remington and Sons imagine most typists would be women? (0.25)
- 2.6. When did the speaker feel outraged? (0.25)
- 2.7. Why was 1886 such a relevant year? (0.25)
- 2.8. Which seemingly simple change did the presence of women in workplace drive? (0.25)

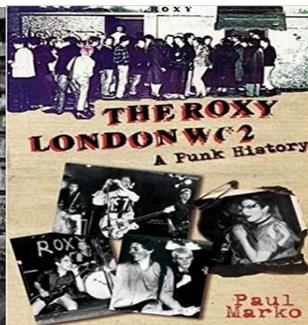
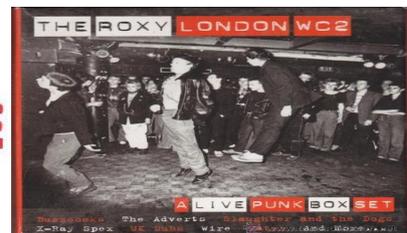
EJERCICIO PRÁCTICO INGLÉS SECUNDARIA: ANÁLISIS DE TEXTO (4,5)

In the Goblin Lair

At the Roxy, lady punks look fierce in their black, parachute jump suits. Silver zippers shine everywhere. Black, ink-black makeup transforms the eyes into long, feline slits. The bright red mouth is a gash across the alabaster face. Long nails reach out. A mouth opens to smile and fangs are expected. Everything is skin tight. Exquisite gold sandals, a black tunic pieced together with safety pins, a key ring through the ear lobe and a Johnny Rotten badge (“I wear it because I know people hate him, not because he is my hero”), complete the picture. Hair is short and most often auburn.

The male also favours black, has no qualms about dyeing his hair. Chains, hate-slogans on the torn T-shirt and the occasional swastika badge are all the rage. He shades in his eyes to look like Frankenstein. Turn round suddenly and the close-cropped head can shock you. This causes maniacal laughter.

Deeper I went into the underworld, the goblin lair known as the Roxy. Before the pilgrimage, my moral guardian (from the Daily Telegraph, no less) and I put on our worst clothes, discarded rings, wallets, platform heel shoes (hers)...more like preparation for a battle than a Saturday night out. We rode the tube as paratroops fly hunched in their planes, in a nervous silence anticipating war. It was like going to a school dance for the first time - we were terrified. No wonder: “Punks Banned after Riot”, “Punks in Airport Vomit Drama”. Surely “Punks Eat Journalists” was the next logical step.



But once inside the Covent Garden punk spot for the Saturday night show, we were both proved very wrong. Journalists look very silly when, with crusading zeal, they write horrifying stories often without going to see for themselves. Downstairs on The Roxy's cramped dance floor, it hits you. There is excitement and friendliness. It has taken ten years since the flowers and bells of hippydom for people to be visibly happy, smile at each other

and do the next thing that comes to mind. Fights are rare; punks say please and thank you as they get their drinks. Our fears subside – we just feel stupid and old.

Blinking in the red light, like a newborn rat, a cropped-haired youth comes to chat. When was the last time that happened at a disco or club? Also about a third of the audience were not dressed as punks. A few even had collar and tie - some were over 30. Anything goes in the goblin court.

“Come to have a look round Whipsnade, have you?” grins Graham, by day a Deptford mechanic. “Relax, everyone is friends here. It seems to really bother people that aren't punks that they can come in here and not get beaten up or something. They think we spit at the groups and puke on each other. It's fairy tales. I come here as often as I can, it's a way of life. Down here you are free.”

Graham puts his arm round another boy: “I'm not bent or nothing, but you've just got to be friendly. Come here and, like you two, you're dazzled. Society is not about friends, it's about hate. You might think I'm thick, but I can work that one out and it's poison.” His friend, John, is just back from Ibiza. “You should have seen the hippies there. All they do is preen themselves all day. But the freaks just ain't cool.”

Gosh. I've heard that word cool before.

The grease, teddy boys, mods, they all sought it like the golden fleece, stars like James Dean were legend because they had it – an introverted, leather-jacketed machismo. But a punk's cool is different, he even rejects macho.

For the only thing that can kill a macho figure and diffuse his charisma is laughter. The Sex Pistols, the Stranglers, the Vibrators parody the super groups. Kids are tired of confections like Rod Stewart. They are sick of million-dollar pop and have long wanted something new and exciting in the dreary seventies. The demand did not come from the dole queue - for the New Wave cuts across class lines - but as a reaction to the aesthetic poverty of *Crossroads*, *McMillan and Wife* and *Top of the Pops*.

But to destroy the black demon of rock, to laugh at him, is to hoot at his followers.

The teds with their drapes, bootlace ties and razors hate punk. “We don't really think of what we represent to people like you”, says Nasty Harry, unemployed, in the gents. “But I do wish the teds would leave us alone. I've been done by the teds, the grease and the police in one bloody week. We must have something goin”.

Sam, 16 and still at school, and in the choir, pipes up: I live out in the sticks in Borehamwood. I went for a walk in my punk things at the weekend. On this estate these two old guys starting throwing stones at us. If we had thrown them back and got caught we'd have got done for beating up pensioners. The'd have put us away”. A wicked-looking youth says he was fined “just for peeing down a wall” Quite right, too, came the sotto chorus. A bored-looking girl comes in saying my young lady is worried about my safety. “And another thing” says one as a parting shot, “we are not all fascists”.

The group called Tubeway Army is on and it shows. Punks begin to jump up and down to the driving music. Girls are thrown up in the air in gymnastic jive routines which look like Olympic floor exercises. To jump is to “pogo”; kids pogo all over the floor. Two girls reach slowly towards each other with outstretched fingers. As they touch, each convulses her body as if a powerful electric current was rippling from the other. Applause for the band and the girls.

“Do you like me? do you want to come to a party? I like you”, said a vampire with a face out of a Mucha poster. “But I’m with a friend, a girlfriend”, I bleated. “That doesn’t matter to us”, she grinned. Just then my moral guardian appeared and took me safely home. “Refreshing”, we both said patronisingly as we got out into the street and went home - glad at having witnessed something happy for a change.

QUESTIONS

1. Briefly classify the text according to its typology, genre, style and the communicator’s intentions. (0,25)
2. Which thought or idea is the author trying to convey in the title of the article? (0,25)
3. Explain the image of the journalist riding the tube train “as paratroops fly hunched in their planes” (0,25)
4. In what ways does the author find the punks do not fulfil their public image? (0,25)
5. Explain the purpose of the punctuation in the lines beginning “No wonder...was the next logical step.” (0,25)
6. What’s Graham implying when asking “Come to have a look round Whipsnade, have you?” (0,25)
7. What, according to the author, do punks have in common with other teenage cult groups? (0,25)
8. Why does the author use the verb “bleated” for his reply to the girl’s invitation? (0,25)
9. “Deeper I went into the underworld” does not reflect the expected word order in a declarative clause in English. How is this stylistic technique called? And, what is it used for? (0,25)
10. What, according to the author, are the origins of the punk movement? (0,25)
11. Fill each of the blanks with an appropriate word or phrase.
 - a) Music critics were willing to promote cult groups, but most of the bands they heard didn’t.....to their expectations. (0,1)
 - b) Pogo was all the.....at the Roxy, and soon became popular in the rest of punk clubs. (0,1)
 - c) Perhaps the journalist was tempted to accept the punk girl’s invitation to a party, but his companion appeared just at that moment. Maybe the journalist would rather.....to take him safely home. (0,1)
12. For each of the sentences below, write a new sentence as similar as possible in meaning to the original sentence, but using the word given in capital letters; this word must not be altered in any way.
 - a) Punks are sick of million-dollar pop. (0,1)
FED
 - b) Next time you want a punk hairdo try using boot polish instead of grease. (0,1)
SUBSTITUTE
 - c) Could you please answer the newspaper questionnaire about your views on cult groups? (0,1)
OBJECT
 - d) The pop singer’s bodyguards stood behind him, watching. (0,1)
WATCHFULLY (It must be the first word of your sentence)
13. Explain the meaning of the following words.
 - a) PUKE (6th paragraph) “They think we spit at the groups and puke on each other” (0,1)
 - b) BENT (7th paragraph). “I’m not bent or nothing” (0,1)
 - c) DOLE QUEUE (10th paragraph) “The demand did not come from the dole queue” (0,1)
 - d) PATRONISINGLY (last paragraph) “we both said patronisingly as we got out into the street” (0,1)

14. What figures of speech are used in the following underlined clauses? Explain your answer.

- a) The bright red mouth is a gash across the alabaster face. (0,1)
- b) more like preparation for a battle than a Saturday night out. (0,1)
- c) the only thing that can kill a macho figure and diffuse his charisma is laughter (0,1)

15. Write a word that shares the pronunciation, but not the spelling, neither the meaning with the verb of this extract "*no qualms about dyeing his hair*". How are words sharing these features called? Complete the table.

| SPELLING | PRONUNCIATION | MEANING | DENOMINATION | EXAMPLE |
|-----------|---------------|-----------|--------------|--------------------|
| different | same | different |(0,1) | dyeing /.....(0,1) |
| Same | same | different |(0,1) | /(0,1) |
| different | different | same | Synonyms | qualm / objection |

16. Write the phonetic transcription of the following words

- a) CHARISMA (0,1)
- b) OUTSTRETCHED (0,1)

EJERCICIO PRÁCTICO INGLÉS - SECUNDARIA: TRADUCCIÓN

TRADUCCIÓN DIRECTA (1,5)

One cannot dismiss Allard Going as a fop (...) The Sniffer's nickname is a newspaper joke. He writes criticism of modern plays in which it is his delight to detect "influences," and his way of introducing such influences as put-downs for new writers is to say – too often, but I have not been able to break him of the trick – "Do we sniff an influence from Pinter in this latest work of Mr. Whoever-it-is?" (...) The Sniffer is certain that nobody who writes a play in Canada can be original in any important sense; he must be leaning upon and dipping into, the work of some playwright of established fame, most often an Englishman. The Sniffer is one of the vanishing breed of Canadians for whom England is still The Great Good Place (...) Of course his colleagues on the *Advocate*, who are a facetious lot (...) call him the Sniffer, and the boys in the Sports department have gone farther, and hint darkly that he really is a sniffer, and gets his sexual fulfilment by sniffing the bicycle saddles of teen-age girls. This is especially galling to the Sniffer, who fancies himself as a Byronic ladies' man.

Robertson Davies, *Murther & Walking Spirits* (1991)

TRADUCCIÓN INVERSA (1,5)

El cristal de las panzudas copas de coñac reflejaba las bujías que ardían en los candelabros de plata. Entre dos bocanadas de humo, ocupado en encender un sólido veguero¹ de Vuelta Abajo, el ministro estudió con disimulo a su interlocutor. No le cabía la menor duda de que aquel hombre era un canalla; pero lo había visto llegar ante la puerta de Lhardy en una impecable berlina tirada por dos soberbias yeguas inglesas, y los dedos finos y cuidados que retiraban la vitola del habano lucían un valioso solitario montado en oro. Todo eso, más su elegante desenvoltura y los precisos antecedentes que había ordenado reunir sobre él, lo situaban automáticamente en la categoría de canallas distinguidos.

Arturo Pérez Reverte, *El maestro de esgrima* (1988)

¹ Cigarro puro hecho artesanalmente de una sola hoja enrollada.