

JUNIO 2016



COMPRENSIÓN DE LECTURA

Apellidos:

Nombre:

Marca con una X lo que corresponda:

- Alumno/a **OFICIAL** (Indica el nombre de tu profesor/a tutor/a durante el curso 2015-2016:)
- Alumno/a **LIBRE** Grupo:

INSTRUCCIONES PARA LA REALIZACIÓN DE ESTE EJERCICIO:

- Duración: **75 minutos**
- Este ejercicio consta de **dos tareas**. Deberás realizar las dos.
 - En la **tarea 1** deberás leer un texto y **completar cada hueco con la respuesta correcta**.
Obtienes: 1 punto por cada respuesta correcta; **0 puntos** por cada respuesta incorrecta o no dada.
 - En la **tarea 2** deberás leer un texto y **completar cada enunciado con una de las opciones dadas (A, B o C)**.
Obtienes: 2 puntos por cada respuesta correcta; **0 puntos** por cada respuesta incorrecta o no dada.
- Muy importante: al final, comprueba que has elegido una sola opción (como en el ejemplo); si eliges dos opciones, se anula la respuesta a esa pregunta.**
- **No escribas en los cuadros** destinados a la calificación de las tareas.
- Sólo se admiten respuestas escritas con **bolígrafo azul o negro**.

NO ESCRIBAS AQUÍ

PUNTUACIÓN DEL EJERCICIO: ____ / 30

CALIFICACIÓN: Superado No Superado

PRUEBAS DE CERTIFICACIÓN

C1

INGLÉS

TAREA 1 - 14 puntos: Read the following text (continued on page 3). Fill in each gap with a correct option from the list below. There are THREE extra options you do not need to use. The first one (0) is an example. Use the box provided.

| | |
|----------------|-----------------------|
| A. as well as | B. casually |
| C. clout | D. disturbingly |
| E. dropped | F. emboldened |
| G. even | H. frustrating |
| I. hoped | J. however |
| K. not | L. nuisance |
| M. pursuits | N. questioned |
| O. ruthlessly | P. thumb |
| Q. underwrites | R. wary |

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---------------|----------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|----|----|----|----|----|
| GAP | 0 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 |
| ANSWER | <i>H</i> | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| | ✓ | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

PUNTOS: / 14

Independence on Ice

Falling crude prices are forcing Greenland to put off plans to split from Denmark

Source: www.economist.com

The collapsing price of crude over the past six months has been a boon for oil-importing countries and a curse for oil-exporting ones. But in one corner of the north Atlantic, it is actually 0 hopes of becoming an independent nation at all. Greenland, formerly a Danish colony, has secured significant self-rule in recent decades, and now terms itself an autonomous country. But areas including justice, defence and foreign affairs remain under Copenhagen's 1 . Some Greenlanders are satisfied with this, but others want full independence, and their recent leaders have tended to promise it to them, while keeping the timing vague.

When Cairn Energy, a British petrochemicals company, discovered traces of oil beneath Greenland's territorial waters in 2010, it seemed the secessionists' prayers had been answered. Oil and other minerals including aluminium and gold, it was 2, would give the territory of just 56,200 inhabitants the financial 3 to go it alone. Nuuk, Greenland's tiny capital, has resembled an Arctic Klondike for the past few years, with oil executives in suits pouring out of the airport, and hotels and restaurants stuffed to capacity. Fishermen and tradesmen have developed lucrative side jobs as fixers for the visitors. One local hotel owner caused consternation with ambitions to open a brothel to service the 2,000 Chinese workers expected at a planned smelting works in Maniitsoq, a small town on the west coast.

Greenland's politicians were 4 by the prospect of petrodollars. Aleqa Hammond, who served as her country's first female prime minister between April 2013 and September 2014 (when a corruption scandal drove her from office), said independence was possible "within her lifetime". Dispassionate observers were more 5. A study commissioned by the universities of Copenhagen and Nuuk concluded in January 2014 that Greenland would remain dependent on Danish money for at least 25 years, if 6 longer.

One year later, the political rhetoric has 7 a few tones. At a press conference on January 9th in Copenhagen, the new prime minister, Kim Kielsen, said the "light of independence burned within" but he was unsure if it would be realised in his lifetime. Mr Kielsen is 48, suggesting that the timeline has been pushed back a few decades.

In the long term, Mr Kielsen is an adamant supporter of nationhood. A rugged former policeman, he dresses 8, eschewing the business suits often affected by Greenland's aspiring politicians, and ensures he has time for outdoor 9 like seal fishing and reindeer hunting. While fluent in Danish, he prefers to speak his native Greenlandic, an Inuit dialect, at press briefings.

The prime minister, 10, seems to be realistic about his country's financial limits. Greenland only ticks over by dint of a 3.6 billion kroner (\$604m) annual subsidy from Denmark. The money 11 budgets for medical facilities, schools and the business of government itself. The previous government (also led by Mr Kielsen's party, but with a narrower coalition) allowed spending to run out of control. An interim 2014 budget report in September showed a deficit of 283m kroner, instead of the expected 21m-kroner surplus. Mr Kielsen says he will cut that deficit by boosting income from fisheries and tourism 12 from oil and minerals. But he is 13 vague about the details. During the election campaign, his party made a series of expensive promises, including corporate-tax cuts, new airports and grants for everything from free internet in schools to home help for the elderly.

Meanwhile, those once-tantalising oil revenues now seem far-fetched. The oil-price collapse of the past six months has made Arctic exploration too pricey for most. Three oil companies, Norway's Statoil, France's GDF Suez and Denmark's Dong Energy, returned their exploration licences in early January. Other companies have put 14 on hold. Independence may still be the hottest political topic in Greenland, but the climate has chilled.

TAREA 2 - 16 puntos: Read the text on pages 5 and 6. Choose the correct option (A, B, or C) to complete each sentence. The first one (0) is an example.

From Evelyn Waugh's *Brideshead Revisited*

| | ANSWER | | |
|--|--------|---|---|
| <p>0. His feelings about the camp... A. ...changed like the seasons. B. ...surprised him initially. C. ...were confirmed in time.</p> | 0 | C | ✓ |
| <p>1. The soldiers would arrive at the camp... A. ...fast asleep. B. ...half-dressed. C. ...on foot.</p> | 1 | | |
| <p>2. War had ... the countryside. A. ...made no difference to... B. ...preserved... C. ...ravaged...</p> | 2 | | |
| <p>3. The lunatic asylum... A. ...gave its residents undeserved leisure. B. ...triggered contrasting reactions. C. ...was a grim place to live.</p> | 3 | | |
| <p>4. The men's attitude to their superiors showed how much... A. ...their morale had improved. B. ...they disliked hard work. C. ...they longed for action.</p> | 4 | | |
| <p>5. The writer felt that his... A. ...fellow-officers were hard to identify with. B. ...subordinates were failing in their duty. C. ...superiors were not properly qualified.</p> | 5 | | |
| <p>6. His awareness of aging is evident in his... A. ...health problems. B. ...inability to sleep. C. ...need for routine.</p> | 6 | | |
| <p>7. The thing that made the writer aware his attitude had changed was... A. ...checking tasks on a to-do list. B. ...overhearing bedroom whispers. C. ...recalling his first love affair.</p> | 7 | | |
| <p>8. The writer was not excited about the move because... A. ...he had been given a great deal of information. B. ...he was aware that safety precautions had been taken. C. ...this sort of activity had become practically routine.</p> | 8 | | |

PUNTOS: / 16

Apellidos: Nombre:

From Evelyn Waugh's *Brideshead Revisited*

When I reached 'C' Company lines, which were at the top of the hill, I paused and looked back at the camp, just coming into full view below me through the grey mist of early morning. We were leaving that day. When we marched in, three months before, the place was under snow; now the first leaves of spring were unfolding. I had reflected then that, whatever scenes of desolation lay ahead of us, I never feared one more brutal than this, and I reflected now that it had no single happy memory for me.

Here love had died between me and the army.

Here the tram lines ended, so that men returning fuddled from Glasgow could doze in their seats until roused by their journey's end. There was some way to go from the tram-stop to the camp gates; quarter of a mile in which they could button their blouses and straighten their caps before passing the guard-room, quarter of a mile in which concrete gave place to grass at the road's edge. This was the extreme limit of the city. Here the close, homogeneous territory of housing estates and cinemas ended and the hinterland began.

The camp stood where, until quite lately, had been pasture and ploughland; the farmhouse still stood in a fold of the hill and had served us for battalion offices; ivy still supported part of what had once been the walls of a fruit garden; half an acre of mutilated old trees behind the wash-houses survived of an orchard. The place had been marked for destruction before the army came to it. Had there been another year of peace, there would have been no farmhouse, no wall, no apple trees. Already half a mile of concrete road lay between bare clay banks, and on either side a chequer of open ditches showed where the municipal contractors had designed a system of drainage. Another year of peace would have made the place part of the neighbouring suburb. Now the huts where we had wintered waited their turn for destruction.

Over the way, the subject of much ironical comment, half hidden even in winter by its embosoming trees, lay the municipal lunatic asylum, whose cast-iron railings and noble gates put our rough wire to shame. We could watch the madmen, on clement days, sauntering and skipping among the trim gravel walks and pleasantly planted lawns; happy collaborationists who had given up the unequal struggle, all doubts resolved, all duty done, the undisputed heirs-at-law of a century of progress, enjoying the heritage at their ease. As we marched past, the men used to shout greetings to them through the railings – 'Keep a bed warm for me, chum. I shan't be long' – but Hooper, my newest-joined platoon-commander, grudged them their life of privilege; 'Hitler would put them in a gas chamber,' he said; 'I reckon we can learn a thing or two from him.'

Here, when we marched in at mid-winter, I brought a company of strong and hopeful men; word had gone round among them, as we moved from the moors to this dockland area, that we were at last in transit for the Middle East. As the days passed and we began clearing the snow and levelling a parade ground, I saw their disappointment change to resignation. They snuffed the smell of the fried-fish shops and cocked their ears to familiar, peace-time sounds of the works' siren and the dance-hall band.

Please turn over

On off-days they slouched now at street corners and sidled away at the approach of an officer for fear that, by saluting, they would lose face with their new mistresses. In the company office there was a crop of minor charges and requests for compassionate leave; while it was still halflight, day began with the whine of the malingerer and the glum face and fixed eye of the man with a grievance.

And I, who by every precept should have put heart into them how could I help them, who could so little help myself? Here the colonel under whom we had formed, was promoted out of our sight and succeeded by a younger and less lovable man, cross-posted from another regiment. There were few left in the officers' mess now of the batch of volunteers who trained together at the outbreak of war; one way and another they were nearly all gone – some had been invalided out, some promoted to other battalions, some posted to staff jobs, some had volunteered for special service, one had got himself killed on the field firing range, one had been court-martialled – and their places were taken by conscripts; the wireless played incessantly in the ante-room nowadays, and much beer was drunk before dinner; it was not as it had been.

Here at the age of thirty-nine I began to be old. I felt stiff and weary in the evenings and reluctant to go out of camp; I developed proprietary claims to certain chairs and newspapers; I regularly drank three glasses of gin before dinner, never more or less, and went to bed immediately after the nine o'clock news. I was always awake and fretful an hour before reveille.

Here my last love died. There was nothing remarkable in the manner of its death. One day, not long before this last day in camp, as I lay awake before reveille, in the Nissen hut, gazing into the complete blackness, amid the deep breathing and muttering of the four other occupants, turning over in my mind what I had to do that day – had I put in the names of two corporals for the weapon training course? Should I again have the largest number of men overstaying their leave in the batch due back that day? Could I trust Hooper to take the candidates class out map-reading? – as I lay in that dark hour, I was aghast to realize that something within me, long sickening, had quietly died, and felt as a husband might feel, who, in the fourth year of his marriage, suddenly knew that he had no longer any desire, or tenderness, or esteem, for a once-beloved wife; no pleasure in her company, no wish to please, no curiosity about anything she might ever do or say or think; no hope of setting things right, no self-reproach for the disaster. I knew it all, the whole drab compass of marital disillusion; we had been through it together, the Army and I, from the first importunate courtship until now, when nothing remained to us except the chill bonds of law and duty and custom. [...]

So, on this morning of our move, I was entirely indifferent as to our destination. I would go on with my job, but I could bring to it nothing more than acquiescence. Our orders were to entrain at 0915 hours at a nearby siding, taking in the haversack the unexpired portion of the day's ration; that was all I needed to know. The company second-in-command had gone on with a small advance party. Company stores had been packed the day before. Hooper had been detailed to inspect the lines. The company was parading at 0730 hours with their kit-bags piled before the huts. There had been many such moves since the wildly exhilarating morning in 1940 when we had erroneously believed ourselves destined for the defence of Calais. Three or four times a year since then we had changed our location; this time our new commanding officer was making a rare display of 'security' and had even put us to the trouble of removing all distinguishing badges from our uniforms and transport.