

## **SOBRE 1**

**PART A**

**25 MARKS**

### **TRANSLATE THIS TEXT INTO ENGLISH**

#### **Marina, Capítulo 1**

A finales de la década de los setenta, Barcelona era un espejismo de avenidas y callejones donde uno podía viajar treinta o cuarenta años hacia el pasado con sólo cruzar el umbral de una portería o un café. El tiempo y la memoria, historia y ficción, se fundían en aquella ciudad hechicera como acuarelas en la lluvia. Fue allí, al eco de calles que ya no existen, donde catedrales y edificios fugados de fábulas tramaron el decorado de esta historia.

Por entonces yo era un muchacho de quince años que languidecía entre las paredes de un internado con nombre de santo en las faldas de la carretera de Vallvidrera. En aquellos días la barriada de Sarriá conservaba aún el aspecto de pequeño pueblo varado a orillas de una metrópolis modernista. Mi colegio se alzaba en lo alto de una calle que trepaba desde el Paseo de la Bonanova. Su monumental fachada sugería más un castillo que una escuela. Su angulosa silueta de color arcilloso era un rompecabezas de torreones, arcos y alas en tinieblas.

El colegio estaba rodeado por una ciudadela de jardines, fuentes, estanques cenagosos, patios y pinares encantados. En torno a él, edificios sombríos albergaban piscinas veladas de vapor fantasmal, gimnasios embrujados de silencio y capillas tenebrosas donde imágenes de santos sonreían al reflejo de los cirios. El edificio levantaba cuatro pisos, sin contar los dos sótanos y un altillo de clausura donde vivían los pocos sacerdotes que todavía ejercían como profesores. Las habitaciones de los internos estaban situadas a lo largo de corredores cavernosos en el cuarto piso. Estas interminables galerías yacían en perpetua penumbra, siempre envueltas en un eco espectral.

Yo pasaba mis días soñando despierto en las aulas de aquel inmenso castillo, esperando el milagro que se producía todos los días a las cinco y veinte de la tarde. A esa hora mágica, el sol vestía de oro líquido los altos ventanales. Sonaba el timbre que anunciaba el fin de las clases y los internos gozábamos de casi tres horas libres antes de la cena en el gran comedor. La idea era que ese tiempo debía estar dedicado al estudio y a la reflexión espiritual. No recuerdo haberme entregado a ninguna de estas nobles tareas un solo día de los que pasé allí.

*Marina, Carlos Ruiz Zafón*

## **SOBRE 1**

**TRANSLATE THIS TEXT INTO ENGLISH**

### **Marina – Capítol 1**

A la darrera de la dècada dels setanta, Barcelona era un miratge d'avingudes i carrerons on es podia viatjar trenta o quaranta anys cap al passat tan sols travessant el llindar d'una porteria o d'un cafè. El temps i la memòria, història i ficció, es fonien en aquella ciutat captivadora com aquarel·les en la pluja. Va ser allí, en l'eco dels carrers que ja no existeixen, on catedrals i edificis fugits de faules van tramar el decorat d'aquesta història.

Aleshores jo era un noi de quinze anys que llanguia entre les parets d'un internat amb nom de sant a la falda de la carretera de Vallvidrera. En aquells dies la barriada de Sarrià conservava encara l'aspecte de poble petit a tocar d'una metròpoli modernista. El meu col·legi s'alçava dalt de tot d'un carrer que s'enfilava des del passeig de la Bonanova. La seva monumental façana suggeria més un castell que una escola. La seva angulosa silueta de color argilós era un trencaclosques de torrasses, arcs i ales en les tenebres.

El col·legi estava envoltat per una ciutadella de jardins, fonts, basses fangoses, patis i pinars encantats. Al seu voltant, edificis ombrívols contenien piscines velades de vapor fantasmal, gimnasos embriaxats de silenci i capelles tenebroses on imatges de sants somreien quan es reflectien en els ciris. L'edifici tenia quatre pisos, sense comptar els dos soterranis i unes golfes de clausura on vivien els pocs sacerdots que encara exercien de professors. Les habitacions dels interns estaven situades al llarg de cavernosos corredors al quart pis. Aquestes inacabables galeries quedaven en perpètua penombra, tancades sempre en un eco espectral.

Jo passava els dies somiant despert a les aules d'aquell immens castell, esperant el miracle que es produïa cada dia a les cinc i vint de la tarda. A aquesta hora màgica, el sol vestia d'or líquid els alts finestrals. Sonava el timbre que anunciava l'acabament de les classes i els interns gaudíem de quasi tres hores lliures abans de sopar al gran menjador. La idea era que aquest temps havia de dedicar-se a l'estudi i a la reflexió espiritual. No recordo haver-me lliurat a cap d'aquestes nobles tasques ni un sol dia dels que vaig passar allà.

*Marina, Carlos Ruiz Zafón.*

## SOBRE 1

PART B

25 MARKS

Read this text and answer the questions which follow it. All answers must be given in English.

1 As John Dawkins objected to their entering London before nightfall, it was nearly eleven o'clock  
2 when they reached the turnpike at Islington. They crossed from the Angel into St. John's Road;  
3 struck down the small street which terminates at Sadler's Wells Theatre; through Exmouth  
4 Street and Coppice Row; down the little court by the side of the workhouse; across the classic  
5 ground which once bore the name of Hockley-in-the-Hole; thence into Little Saffron Hill; and  
6 so into Saffron Hill the Great: along which the Dodger scudded at a rapid pace, directing Oliver  
7 to follow close at his heels.

8 Although Oliver had enough to occupy his attention in keeping sight of his leader, he could not  
9 help bestowing a few **hasty glances** on either side of the way, as he passed along. A dirtier  
10 or more wretched place he had never seen. The street was very narrow and muddy, and the  
11 air was impregnated with filthy odours.

12 There were a good many small shops; but the only stock in trade appeared to be heaps of  
13 children, who, even at that time of night, were crawling in and out at the doors, or screaming  
14 from the inside. The sole places that seemed to prosper amid the general blight of the place,  
15 were the public-houses; and in them, the lowest orders of Irish were wrangling with might and  
16 main. Covered ways and yards, which here and there diverged from the main street, disclosed  
17 little knots of houses, where drunken men and women were positively wallowing in filth; and  
18 from several of the door-ways, great ill-looking fellows were cautiously emerging, bound, to all  
19 appearance, on no very well-disposed or harmless errands.

20 Oliver was just considering whether he hadn't better run away, when they reached the bottom  
21 of the hill. His conductor, catching him by the arm, pushed open the door of a house near Field  
22 Lane; and drawing him into the passage, closed it behind them.

23 "Now, then!" cried a voice from below, in reply to a whistle from the Dodger.

24 "Plummy and slam!" was the reply.

25 This seemed to be some watchword or signal that all was right; for the light of a feeble candle  
26 gleamed on the wall at the remote end of the passage; and a man's face peeped out, from  
27 where a balustrade of the old kitchen staircase had been broken away.

28 "There's two on you," said the man, **thrusting** the candle farther out, and shielding his eyes  
29 with his hand. "Who's the t'other one?"

30 "A new pal," replied Jack Dawkins, pulling Oliver forward.

31 "Where did he come from?"

32 "Greenland. Is Fagin upstairs?"

33 "Yes, he's a sortin' the wipes. Up with you!"

34 The candle was drawn back, and the face disappeared.

35 Oliver, groping his way with one hand, and having the other firmly grasped by his companion,  
36 ascended with much difficulty the dark and broken stairs: which his conductor mounted with  
37 an ease and expedition that showed he was well acquainted with them.

## **SOBRE 1**

38 He threw open the door of a back-room and drew Oliver in after him.

39 The walls and ceiling of the room were perfectly lack with age and dirt. There was a **deal** table  
40 before the fire: upon which were a candle, stuck in a ginger-beer bottle, two or three pewter  
41 pots, a loaf and butter, and a plate. In a frying-pan, which was on the fire, and which was  
42 secured to the mantel-shelf by a string, some sausages were cooking; and standing over them,  
43 with a toasting-fork in his hand, was a very old shrivelled Jew, whose villainous-looking and  
44 repulsive face was obscured by a quantity of matted red hair. He was dressed in a greasy  
45 flannel gown, with his throat bare; and seemed to be dividing his attention between the frying-  
46 pan and the clothes-horse, over which a great number of silk handkerchiefs were hanging.  
47 Several rough beds made of old sacks, were **huddled** side by side on the floor. Seated round  
48 the table were four or five boys, none older than the Dodger, smoking long clay pipes, and  
49 drinking spirits with the air of middle-aged men. These all crowded about their associate as he  
50 whispered a few words to the Jew; and then turned round and grinned at Oliver. So did the  
51 Jew himself, toasting-fork in hand.

52 “This is him, Fagin,” said Jack Dawkins; “my friend Oliver Twist.”

53 The Jew grinned; and, making a low obeisance to Oliver, took him by the hand, and hoped he  
54 should have the honour of his intimate acquaintance. Upon this, the young gentleman with the  
55 pipes came round him, and shook both his hands very hard—especially the one in which he  
56 held his little bundle. One young gentleman was very anxious to hang up his cap for him; and  
57 another was so obliging as to put his hands in his pockets, in order that, as he was very tired,  
58 he might not have the trouble of emptying them, himself, when he went to bed. These civilities  
59 would probably be extended much farther, but for a liberal exercise of the Jew’s toasting-fork  
60 on the heads and shoulders of the affectionate youths who offered them.

61 “We are very glad to see you, Oliver, very,” said the Jew. “Dodger, take off the sausages; and  
62 draw a tub near the fire for Oliver. Ah, you’re a-staring at the pocket-handkerchiefs! eh, my  
63 dear. There are a good many of ’em, ain’t there? We’ve just looked ’em out, ready for the wash;  
64 that’s all, Oliver; that’s all. Ha! ha! ha!”

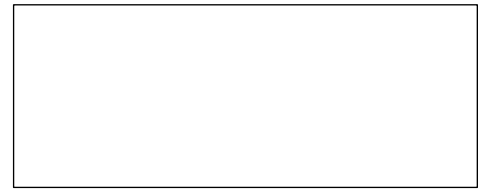
65 The latter part of this speech, was **hailed** by a boisterous shout from all the hopeful pupils of  
66 the merry old gentleman. In the midst of which they went to supper.

67 Oliver ate his share, and the Jew then mixed him a glass of hot gin-and-water: telling him he  
68 must drink it off directly, because another gentleman wanted the tumbler. Oliver did as he was  
69 desired. Immediately afterwards he felt himself gently lifted on to one of the sacks; and then  
70 he sunk into a deep sleep.

**Charles Dickens, *Oliver Twist***

### **1.- Reading comprehension. Choose the most appropriate answer in each case. (1 MARKS, 0.5 each)**

- A) The sentence “[...], great ill-looking fellows were cautiously emerging, bound, to all appearance, on no very well-disposed or harmless errands” means that some individuals (lines 18-19) ...
1. were reluctant to accept harmful errands.
  2. turned up unwilling to be commissioned some sort of illicit business.
  3. were expecting to be commissioned some sort of illegal task.
  4. were willing to run ordinary errands for other people.



## SOBRE 1

- B) Which of these sentences best summarises the whole passage?
1. The Dodger leads Oliver Twist to a hideout in a grimy part of London, where he is welcomed by a gang of thieves.
  2. Oliver Twist is guided by Jack Dawkins through squalid streets of London to a den, where Fagin welcomes the kid with poses and grins.
  3. Jack Dawkins leads Oliver Twist through some poverty-stricken backstreets of London to a hideout, where Fagin and his crew of thieves welcome the boy with candid courtesy.
  4. The Dodger guides Oliver Twist through London's filthy backstreets to a thieves' hideout, where Fagin and his gang of thieves greet the boy with grins and fake flattery.

**2.- Find the word or expression from the text which best matches each definition provided. (2.5 MARKS).**

1. A state of decay or destruction.	
2. Moving or searching for something blindly or uncertainly, often with the hands in the dark	
3. Rough and noisy	
4. An item wrapped for carrying	
5. Wrinkled and curled up	

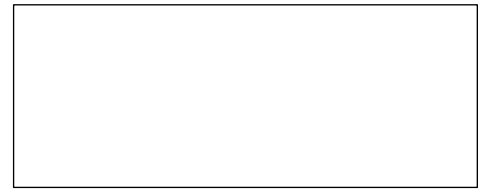
**3.- For each of the sentences below, write a new sentence without changing the meaning of the original sentence, but using the word given in brackets and / or the new beginning. This word must not be altered in any way. You must use between three and eight words, including the word given. (3 MARKS)**

1. He threw open the door, and drew Oliver after him.  
(sooner) No \_\_\_\_\_ he drew Oliver after him.
2. So dangerous was the area that Oliver hesitated to go on.  
(such) \_\_\_\_\_ that Oliver hesitated to go on.
3. A dirtier or more wretched place he had never seen  
Never \_\_\_\_\_ a dirtier or more wretched place.
4. The air was impregnated with filthy odours.  
(stench) A \_\_\_\_\_ in the air.
5. Oliver was just considering whether he hadn't better run away.  
(verge) Oliver \_\_\_\_\_, torn by an instinct to escape.
6. We are very glad to see you  
(heartly) We \_\_\_\_\_ acquaintance.

**4.- Rewrite for A2 students the following extracts. Keep original meaning. (2.5 MARKS)**

1. The lowest orders of Irish were wrangling with might and main. (1.5 marks)  
.....
2. "Yes, he's a sortin' the wipes. Up with you!" (1 mark)  
.....

## SOBRE 1



**5.- Provide the phonological transcription and stress of the following words from the text. Do not change the word category given in the passage. (2.5 MARKS)**

1. Wretched (l.10):	
2. Villainous (l.43):	
3. Gown (l.45):	
4. Handkerchiefs (l.46):	
5. Acquaintance (l.54):	

**6.- Provide a homophone and its definition for each of the following words from the text. Please note that marks will not be awarded for a homophone without a correct corresponding definition. (3 MARKS)**

Word from text	Homophone provided	Definition for homophone provided
Bare (l.45)		
Stairs (l.36)		
Bore (l.5)		
So (l.6)		
Sole (l.14)		
Horse (l.46)		

**7.- Define, explain or rephrase briefly the following words in the sense in which they are used in the text using your own words (2.5 marks)**

1. hasty glances (l. 9):
2. thrusting (l. 28):
3. deal table (l.39):
4. huddled (l. 47):
5. hailed (l. 65.):

### **8.- DIDACTIC PROPOSAL (8 MARKS)**

In this section you are requested to describe and explain the process of adaptation and the use of the text for a class and propose a task based on it (**maximum 350 words**).

Your justification must contain a description of your task, providing examples of lexical, structural and stylistic adaptations from the original text. Remember to include references to the **curricular** content of the **level (A2 - B1)**, your students' **characteristics** and previous knowledge, how to approach it in terms of **inclusion** and how it would be **assessed**.