

NOME E APELIDOS: \_\_\_\_\_

**OPCIÓN A – PRIMEIRA PROBA – PARTE A – EXERCICIO 1**

The Texan turned out to be good-natured, generous and likable. In three days no one could stand him.

He sent shudders of annoyance scampering up ticklish spines, and everybody fled from him - everybody but the soldier in white, who had no choice. The soldier in white was encased from head to toe in plaster and gauze. He had two useless legs and two useless arms. He had been smuggled into the ward during the night, and the men had no idea he was among them until they awoke in the morning and saw the two strange legs hoisted from the hips, the two strange arms anchored up perpendicularly, all four limbs pinioned strangely in air by lead weights suspended darkly above him that never moved. Sewn into the bandages over the insides of both elbows were zippered lips through which he was fed clear fluid from a clear jar. A silent zinc pipe rose from the cement on his groin and was coupled to a slim rubber hose that carried waste from his kidneys and dripped it efficiently into a clear, stoppered jar on the floor. When the jar on the floor was full, the jar feeding his elbow was empty, and the two were simply switched quickly so that the stuff could drip back into him. All they ever really saw of the soldier in white was a frayed black hole over his mouth.

The soldier in white had been filed next to the Texan, and the Texan sat sideways on his own bed and talked to him throughout the morning, afternoon and evening in a pleasant, sympathetic drawl. The Texan never minded that he got no reply.

Temperatures were taken twice a day in the ward. Early each morning and late each afternoon Nurse Cramer entered with a jar full of thermometers and worked her way up one side of the ward and down the other, distributing a thermometer to each patient. She managed the soldier in white by inserting a thermometer into the hole over his mouth and leaving it balanced there on the lower rim. When she returned to the man in the first bed, she took his thermometer and recorded his temperature, and then moved on to the next bed and continued around the ward again. One afternoon when she had completed her first circuit of the ward and came a second time to the soldier in white, she read his thermometer and discovered that he was dead.

'Murderer,' Dunbar said quietly.

The Texan looked up at him with an uncertain grin.

'Killer,' Yossarian said.

What are you fellas talkin' about?' the Texan asked nervously.

'You murdered him,' said Dunbar.

'You killed him,' said Yossarian.

The Texan shrank back. 'You fellas are crazy. I didn't even touch him.'

'You murdered him,' said Dunbar.

'I heard you kill him,' said Yossarian.

'You killed him because he was a nigger,' Dunbar said.

'You fellas are crazy,' the Texan cried. 'They don't allow niggers in here. They got a special place for niggers.'

'The sergeant smuggled him in,' Dunbar said.

'The Communist sergeant,' said Yossarian.

'And you knew it.'

The warrant officer on Yossarian's left was unimpressed by the entire incident of the soldier in white. The warrant officer was unimpressed by everything and never spoke at all unless it was to show irritation.

The day before Yossarian met the chaplain, a stove exploded in the mess hall and set fire to one side of the kitchen. An intense heat flashed through the area. Even in Yossarian's ward, almost three hundred feet away, they could hear the roar of the blaze and the sharp cracks of flaming timber. Smoke sped past the orange-tinted windows. In about fifteen minutes the crash trucks from the airfield arrived to fight the fire. For a frantic half hour it was touch and go. Then the firemen began to get the upper hand. Suddenly there was the monotonous old drone of bombers returning from a mission, and the firemen had to roll up their hoses and speed back to the field in case one of the planes crashed and caught fire. The planes landed safely. As soon as the last one was down, the firemen wheeled their trucks around and raced back up the hill to resume their fight with the fire at the hospital. When they got there, the blaze was out. It had died of its own accord, expired completely without even an ember to be watered down, and there was nothing for the disappointed firemen to do but drink tepid coffee and hang around trying to screw the nurses.

The chaplain arrived the day after the fire. Yossarian was busy expurgating all but romance words from the letters when the chaplain sat down in a chair between the beds and asked him how he was feeling. He had placed himself a bit to one side, and the captain's bars on the tab of his shirt collar were all the insignia Yossarian could see. Yossarian had no idea who he was and just took it for granted that he was either another doctor or another madman.

*Source: Heller, J. 1955 Catch -22*

## QUESTIONS:

1. **Think of a catchy, unbiased title for the text. Provide some reasons that justify your choice. (1 p)**
2. **Write a summary of the text in 70-80 words using your own words. (1 p)**
3. **Provide a word or phrase from the text for each of the following definitions. (1 p)**
  - a. Uncertain, parlous:
  - b. Substance made of lime, water and sand:
  - c. Feeling uncomfortable when someone lightly touches your skin:
  - d. A small strip of material attached to or projecting from something, used to hold, fasten, or manipulate it, or for identification and information:
  - e. Firebrand, clinker:
  - f. Thrum, hum:
  - g. Power to control:
  - h. The outer, often curved or circular, edge of something:
  - i. Tattered, ragged:
  - j. Moving quickly, with short light steps:
4. **Complete the second sentence so that it has a similar meaning to the first sentence, using the word given. Make the necessary changes to the word given whenever it is required. (1 p)**
  - a. 'Who gives a shit?' he asked tiredly, and turned over on his side to go to sleep. (**sack**)

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- b. The warrant officer on Yossarian's left was unimpressed. **(bat)**
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- c. In three days no one could stand him. **(stomach)**
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- d. The two were simply switched quickly so that the stuff could drip back into him. **(eye)**
- 
- e. He sent shudders of annoyance scampering up ticklish spines, and everybody fled from him. **(heels)**
- 
- f. She read his thermometer and discovered that he was dead. **(bucket)**
- 
- g. She managed the soldier in white by inserting a thermometer into the hole over his mouth. **(in)**
- 
- h. All they ever really saw of the soldier in white was a frayed black hole over his mouth. **(only)**
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- i. Sewn into the bandages over the insides of both elbows were zippered lips through which he was fed clear fluid from a clear jar. **(him)**
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- j. He had been smuggled into the ward during the night. **(secret)**
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**5. WORD-FORMATION. Use the words given below to form a new one that fits in each space. (1 p)**

RELIEVE	SUSPECT	INEVITABLE	REMORSE	CEASE
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Still he lingered,<sup>1</sup> \_\_\_\_\_. 'How is Lieutenant Dunbar?' he asked at last.

'As good as they go,' Yossarian assured him. 'A true prince. One of the finest, least dedicated men in the whole world.'

'I didn't mean that,' the chaplain answered, whispering again. 'Is he very sick?'

'No, he isn't very sick. In fact, he isn't sick at all.'

'That's good.' The chaplain sighed with<sup>2</sup> \_\_\_\_\_.

'Yes,' Yossarian said. 'Yes, that is good.'

'A chaplain,' Dunbar said when the chaplain had visited him and gone. 'Did you see that? A chaplain.'

'Wasn't he sweet?' said Yossarian. 'Maybe they should give him three votes.'

'Who's they?' Dunbar demanded<sup>3</sup> \_\_\_\_\_.

In a bed in the small private section at the end of the ward, always working<sup>4</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ behind the green plyboard partition, was the solemn middle-aged colonel who was visited every day by a gentle, sweet-faced woman with curly ash-blond hair who was not a nurse and not a Wac and not a Red Cross girl but who nevertheless appeared faithfully at the hospital in Pianosa each afternoon wearing pretty pastel summer dresses that were very smart and white leather pumps with heels half high at the base of nylon seams that were<sup>5</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ straight.

6. Complete the sentences with the appropriate pair of homophones in RP (Received Pronunciation). There is a word in the text containing the same pronunciation. The words in the sentences do not necessarily need to be in the text. (1 p)

- a) The water in the pool makes my eyes\_\_\_\_\_.  
The weather forecasters say that the weather will\_\_\_\_\_next week.
- b) There were too many players on the\_\_\_\_\_.  
This case is unlikely to go to\_\_\_\_\_because of the lack of evidence.
- c) There was a fatal\_\_\_\_\_in the report that had to be amended.  
The chairman let me have the\_\_\_\_\_for ten minutes.
- d) Fish \_\_\_\_\_ intended for human consumption must be preserved at low temperatures.  
\_\_\_\_\_of hotels have been built right along the sea-front.
- e) The flip\_\_\_\_\_of the album had some really good songs.  
He\_\_\_\_\_in despair as he received the news.
- f) Potatoes cooked in\_\_\_\_\_are very nutritious.  
These oranges\_\_\_\_\_a pound.
- g) What are you looking\_\_\_\_\_?  
Corruption has come to the\_\_\_\_\_in the last couple of years.
- h) I prefer to work in the\_\_\_\_\_, so I can enjoy the afternoon.  
She was in\_\_\_\_\_for her husband.
- i) He hit his foot against the frame and broke his\_\_\_\_\_.  
I had to ask for a\_\_\_\_\_to get my car out of the mud.
- j) We used a\_\_\_\_\_to water the lawn.  
\_\_\_\_\_can be useful gardening tools to dig.

7. Write the phonemic or broad transcription of the following text using the International Phonetic Alphabet (IPA). Specify whether you represent the RP (Received Pronunciation) or GenAm (General American) pronunciation. Don't forget to use weak forms. (1 p)

He sent shudders of annoyance scampering up ticklish spines, and everybody fled from him - everybody but the soldier in white, who had no choice. The soldier in white was encased from head to toe in plaster and gauze. He had two useless legs and two useless arms.

OPCIÓN A – PRIMEIRA PROBA – PARTE A – EXERCICIO 2
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“... It was neither possible nor necessary to educate people who never questioned anything...”

Joseph Heller, Catch-22

...Continue until 300 words. (3 p)

NOME E APELIDOS: \_\_\_\_\_

OPCIÓN B - PRIMEIRA PROBA - PARTE A- EXERCICIO 1
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**Cross-border surrogacy: exploiting low income women as biological resources?**

Our globalised economy responds voraciously to biotech advances, but lax regulation risks turning the poor into biological resources to be used for profit.

“Look at us, here! We are creating the world of tomorrow!” exclaims Mike. His words bounce off the walls of the high-tech fertility clinic we are in. Outside, the sun is slowly sinking into the smog of New Delhi’s skyline as the streets fill with commuters. The brutal socio-economic inequality between the haves and the have-nots of India’s economic miracle is laid bare in rush hour traffic. Shiny luxury cars, taking wealthy businessmen from high-rise offices to palatial homes stop at the traffic lights outside. Beggars approach them, knocking on tinted windows to plead for a fraction of that economic wonder, a share of the spoils of India’s integration into global neoliberal trade systems, so that they can feed their family for the day.

The traffic is a distant background noise in our meeting, where a handful of entrepreneurs from different parts of the world are building a business out of bringing together the inequality outside the clinic with the biotechnology inside it.

They are all in the business of transnational commercial surrogacy, where women are paid to carry and birth babies for foreign “intended parents”. Their clients are people who are, unfortunately, unable to have children themselves. Surrogacy’s underlying technology of IVF, where a baby is conceived in a petri dish, rather than in the womb, is impressive. But surrogate women to carry those pregnancies can be hard to find in many countries. This shortage, combined with high costs and regulatory restriction has given rise to the outsourcing of surrogacy to low-income countries like India.

In this globalised economy, surrogacy has quickly become a lucrative business. The same women who stitch our clothes can now, thanks to biotechnology, also produce our children. The neoliberal Indian economic miracle is reaching beyond the employment of local labour in call centres and factories and into the extraction of biological vitality. The issues of worker rights and safety that continue to plague outsourced production now find new manifestations in surrogacy.

A place with stark socioeconomic inequality like New Delhi is perfect for such industry. Those in chauffeured cars provide investment in technology and expertise while the poor provide its biological resource. Surrogacy is one of a growing set of industries, such as some medical trials, or tissue and organ trade, that are developing around the medical sciences and that rely on lax regulation.

Therein lies the reason for our meeting that evening in New Delhi. India had begun limiting foreigners' access to surrogacy; there were rumours of a ban.

This is where Mike came in. Getting around patchy global regulation to make profits in the intersection of biotechnology and inequality is what he does for a living, by setting up the surrogacy business elsewhere or moving women between existing destinations in ways that make use of legal loopholes. Mike is a sort of biotech hustler. But his declaration that he and his partners are making the world of tomorrow is not entirely unfounded. I wonder what this world is like; a future where, according to one of Mike's business plans, women are flown in batches between various low income countries to become pregnant in India and give birth in Africa in order to best extract value out of their capacity to bear children.

Governments often accept the need to regulate surrogacy, but fear the political penalty involved in raising legislation on a matter that the public is still unsure and deeply divided about. This passive approach has allowed the likes of Mike to become the driving forces in determining the place of biotechnology in human existence.

My research is a case for a renewed sense of urgency, but also for confidence that the public can play a role in who we are and who we are becoming. This type of research is about making sense of us and the tomorrow that we choose to live in. Social science and anthropology's core method of ethnographic fieldwork offers the kind of first hand experience that grounds political discussion in the lives of ordinary people. It can provide the public and our policymakers with the knowledge to help make important decisions on complex matters.

If, without such knowledge, we avoid grappling with difficult questions about biotechnology's role in society, then the future may be created by those who one of my research participants described as a bunch of mercenaries going around the world who make money first and ask questions later. I have learned in my research that biotechnology itself is inherently neither good nor bad. It is potential, both wonderful and dangerous. It is up to us to decide what kind of tomorrow we make of it.

Source:

*<https://www.theguardian.com/science/blog/2017/mar/28/cross-border-surrogacy-exploiting-low-income-women-as-biological-resources>*

## QUESTIONS:

1. Think of a catchy, unbiased title for the text. Provide some reasons that justify your choice. (1 p)
2. Write a summary of the text in 70-80 words using your own words. (1 p)
3. Identify and analyse text-type and discuss the functions of language present in the text. (1.8 p)
4. What do the acronyms/initialisms below stand for? (1 p)

The English Language is pretty rich in acronyms and initialisms. Have a look at this instance taken from the text:

*IVF= In Vitro Fertilization*

Now write what the acronyms/initialisms below stand for:

BTW

ROI

ISP

ETA

RRP

AWOL

AKA

DOB

NOYB

BBIAB

5. Complete the second sentence so that it has a similar meaning to the first sentence, using the word given without changing it. (0.6 p)
  - a) Did you manage to get in contact with the manager? (**getting**)  
Did you..... in contact with the manager?
  - b) We had no problems at all during our trip to Spain. (**plan**)  
Everything ..... during our trip to Spain.
  - c) I forbid you to go to that place. (**question**)  
It's .....for you to go to that place.
  - d) Do you mind if I watch you while you work? (**objection**)  
Do you ..... while you work?
  - e) You must try to accept that you will never become a famous actor. (**terms**)  
You must ..... fact that you will never become a famous actor.
  - f) I've tried hard to get on with him but I just can't. (**matter**)  
I just can't get on with him ..... I try.
6. Complete these sentences with the appropriate pair of homophones in RP (Received Pronunciation). (0.6 p)
  - a. The landlord asked the gardener to .....the branches  
We can see birds of varied .....at London Wetland Centre.
  - b. The director made a .....to the actor to start.  
There was a long .....in the ticket counter.

- c. Robert was studying as a .....  
There is always a dispute about the Indo China .....
- d. My sister is much .....than me.  
There was a .....blocking the road.
- e. He was let on .....  
The cotton .....was loaded in the lorry.
- f. She gave .....to a female child.  
I reserved a triple .....for my family.

**7. Write the phonemic or broad transcription of the following text using the International Phonetic Alphabet (IPA). Specify whether you represent the RP (Received Pronunciation) or GenAm (General American) pronunciation. Don't forget to use weak forms. (1 p)**

Surrogacy's underlying technology of IVF, where a baby is conceived in a petri dish, rather than in the womb, is impressive. But surrogate women to carry those pregnancies can be hard to find in many countries. This shortage, combined with high costs and regulatory restriction has given rise to the outsourcing of surrogacy to low-income countries like India.

<b>OPCIÓN B - PRIMEIRA PROBA - PARTE A- EXERCICIO 2</b>
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The following lines come from Revolutionary Road by Richard Yates:

**"The final dying sounds of their dress rehearsal left the Laurel Players with nothing to do but stand there, silent and helpless, blinking over the footlights of an empty auditorium."**

**...Continue until 300 words. (3 p)**