

**OPCIÓN B– PRIMEIRA PROBA – PARTE A - EXERCICIO 1****NOME E APELIDOS:** \_\_\_\_\_

Freshly shaven (though not well shaven), a patch of toilet paper clinging to a coagulated cut on his chin, reeking from a few dabs of duty-free aftershave, Lemuel drifts at mid-morning down South Main Street, past emergency crews repairing overhead telephone wires, past teenagers chipping away at the ice on the sidewalk, into the village of Backwater, population (not counting students) 1,290. With each breath the cold dry air stings his nostrils, bringing tears to his eyes. He glances furtively at one sleeve, then the other, looking for evidence of a Russian heart; is vaguely disheartened when all he sees is frayed sleeve.

Dozens of young people Lemuel takes for students scramble up narrow paths toward the campus, which clings to the side of the long hill that dominates the village. Colourful scarves trailing behind them, they move with that distinctive rolling duck-walk he first saw when Word Perkins tried to high-five him the night before. Lemuel is struck by the fact that the students appear to want to get where they are going. He decides that Americans may walk strangely, but unlike their Russian counterparts, they are not put off by journeys that end in arrivals.

Continuing on, Lemuel passes a post office, a drug store, a pool hall, a book store. The buildings strike him as being on the puny side, ground scrapers where he expected sky. He scales a frozen snow drift and picks his way across the sanded street. On the far corner he stops to inspect a low-roofed hangar with a gaudy neon sign that reads “E-Z Mart” suspended from a gallows-like structure planted in the frozen lawn. Lemuel remembers hearing rumors about hangars with interminable aisles. His son-in-law claimed to have gotten lost for several hours in such a hangar in a suburb of West Berlin, a story Lemuel took, at the time of its telling, as metaphor...

Clutching his briefcase under one arm, Lemuel shoulders through the swinging door and catches sight of endless aisles. The heart he does not wear on his sleeve misses a beat, then accelerates. He is startled by a burst of hot air from a grill built into the floor. Flinging himself through the wall of heat, pushing through a turnstile, he sets off down an avenue of an aisle. Both sides, as far as the eyes can see, are lined with shelves – and the shelves, without exception, are crammed with things to eat!

If only the Great Headmaster could see this! Lenin always claimed that quantity could be transformed into quality. And here, in the aisles of a food store, was the living proof.

Inspecting cans of corned beef and creamed corn and baked beans, Lemuel discovers that his fingertips have grown numb. Examining jars of low-calorie peanut butter and plastic containers of Hershey's chocolate syrup and vats of Vermont maple syrup, he feels his knees begin to buckle. Suffering from what he suspects may be a terminal case of vertigo, he clings to a shelf, inhales and exhales deeply several times, brings a

hand to his nose, is relieved to find that it is cold and wet. Or (a sudden doubt) is that a sign of health only for dogs? Disoriented, he plunges on, fingering cellophane packages filled with spaghetti sauce of every imaginable size and shape and color. His lips sounding out the letters, he reads the labels on jars of spaghetti sauce with or without meat, with or without mushrooms, with or without calories, with or without artificial colouring. It hits him that there are people in this miracle of a country who spend time and money coloring spaghetti sauce red.

At the vegetable counter he fights back tears as he runs his fingers over a crisp iceberg lettuce. He starts to caress a cucumber, but drops it back into the bin when a stout lady with a mustache, pushing a shopping cart heaped with detergents, clucks her tongue at him. At the fruit counter Lemuel completely loses control of his emotions. Seizing a lemon – he has not laid his bloodshot eyes on a lemon in more than two years - he brings it to his nose and sucks in a long, drunken draught of its perfume.

Dazed, dazzled, blundering from side to side, Lemuel turns a corner so abruptly he almost collides with a dirty- blonde pony-tail. He notices the young woman attached to the pony tail slip a tin of fancy sardines over her shoulder into the hood of her duffle coat.

“What are you doing?”, he blurts out.

The girl, wearing tight faded blue jeans and ankle-length lace-up boots under the duffle coat, turns on him. “Yo! I’m scoring sardines,” she announces innocently. She bats enormous seaweed green eyes as if she is having difficulty bringing him to focus. “What are you scoring?”

Lemuel has the eerie feeling that he has looked into these eyes before... Bewildered, he thrusts out his empty hands, palm up. “I am not scoring nothing. I am not even playing.”

The girl flashes a deliberate smile, half defiant, half defensive; freckles dance on her face. “Hey, don’t be a doorknob. Score something. Everyone knows supermarkets pad their prices to make up for shoplifting. Which means someone’s got to shoplift to keep the supermarkets honest, right? To make sure they don’t profit by people not shoplifting.”

“I can say you I have never looked at it that way.”

The girl hikes a shoulder, “Hey, now you know it like a poet.” Smiling dreamily, she wanders off down the aisle, inspecting labels, casually stealing the cans that appeal to her.

(...)

Back in the street, Lemuel experiences something akin to rapture of the deep -he feels like a skin diver who has surfed from giddy depths. A melody he does not recognize fills his head. It takes a minute or two before he discovers, to his relief, that it comes from the steel carillon tower on the wood line of the hill. Further down Main Street, he ducks into a Kampus Kave with something called a “Money No Object Pizza” advertised

in the window, hikes himself on to a stool, orders coffee from the woman reading a comic book behind the counter.

She looks up, "With or without?"

Afraid of looking ignorant, Lemuel replies, "If you please, one of each."

The woman snickers. "Now there's one I ain't heard before."

Warmed by the coffees, one with, one without, Lemuel asks directions to the general store. He winds his khaki scarf around his neck and sets out. Passing a modern, one-story glass and brick building, he spots an electric billboard flashing the hour and the temperature and something called TODAY'S MONEY MARKET RATES. He notices a line snaking out from the building's vestibule. Without giving the matter a second thought, he joins it.

"If you please, what are they selling?" he asks the girl in front of him.

Her jaw stops working on a stick of gum as she uncorks an earphone from an ear. "Huh? Sorry?"

"Could you say me what is for sale?" Lemuel gestures toward the vestibule with his chin. "With such a line, it is undoubtedly something imported." He rummages in his pockets for the small notebook that he always carried in Russia, opens it to the page containing the mistress's measurements -brassiere size, glove size, shoe size, panty-hose size, hat size, shirt size, inseam, height, weight, her favorite color (crossed out, with a note in Axinya's handwriting next to it saying "Any color will do").

The list arouses in Samuel an aching nostalgia for the familiar chaos of Petersburg.

"The line is for the ATM," the girl explains in a whiny voice. Plugging the earphone back in her ear, she executes a little shuffle with her feet, almost as if she is dancing to a snatch of music.

Lemuel turns to a young man who has joined the line behind him. "If you please, what is an ATM?"

"Automatic Teller Machine". He notices the bewilderment in Lemuel's eyes. "It distributes bread, as in money?"

Lemuel assembles the pieces of the puzzle. The phrase "money market" on the electric billboard, an ATM that distributes bread, as in money, the twenty or so people queuing patiently despite the minus ten degrees Celsius. What could be more logical: in Russia you queue for bread, in America the beautiful you queue for another kind of bread. The streets may not be paved with Sony Walkmans in this Promised Land he has come to, but it is nevertheless a country full of wonders.

*The Visiting Professor* by Robert Littell, 1993

## QUESTIONS

1. Provide a word from the text with the same meaning as the following. (1 mark)

- |                    |             |
|--------------------|-------------|
| 1. bend            | 6. ransacks |
| 2. deterred        | 7. tacky    |
| 3. flutters        | 8. tubs     |
| 4. moving clumsily | 9. uncanny  |
| 5. puff            | 10. waddle  |

2. Complete the sentences with the appropriate pair of homophones in RP (Received Pronunciation). One of each pair appears in the text. Both homophones must be correct. (1 mark)

1. a) According to the interior designer \_\_\_\_\_ glories are perfect to cover a trellis beautifully in coastal cottages.  
b) Unfortunately many are still in \_\_\_\_\_ after losing their loved ones to COVID.
2. a) The old town was flooded after the water \_\_\_\_\_ burst unexpectedly.  
b) Stephen King moved from his home in Bangor, \_\_\_\_\_, after 37 years.
3. a) The last 360 Modena appears as the worthy \_\_\_\_\_ of the previous Ferrari 365.  
b) All of the networks will \_\_\_\_\_ the presidential debate.
4. a) He was reluctant to give \_\_\_\_\_, and their argument didn't seem to have an end.  
b) The CEO needs to \_\_\_\_\_ the costs and benefits of the new project.
5. a) The Irish team \_\_\_\_\_ England national soccer team hollow.  
b) The cropping pattern was diversified and now sugar \_\_\_\_\_ seeds production has ceased.
6. a) Most students heaved \_\_\_\_\_ of relief as the teacher announced there would be no surprise test.  
b) The new politician was defiant at first, but the reporter was able to cut him down to \_\_\_\_\_.
7. a) When the woman arrived home, her husband started to tell a big \_\_\_\_\_ of woe after having taken care of their children for a couple of hours.  
b) The strong \_\_\_\_\_ wind affected the airplanes landing and takeoff operations.
8. a) We need another \_\_\_\_\_ of varnish over the bathroom cabinet.

- b) They built a \_\_\_\_\_ in the garden as a shelter for their doves.
9. a) Chinese \_\_\_\_\_ chips are now quite profitable.  
b) Prevailing northerly winds \_\_\_\_\_ yesterday night.
10. a) Their room had an impressive view but they had to pay through the \_\_\_\_\_ for the upgrade.  
b) The new Police superintendent \_\_\_\_\_ the ropes. He's been in the force for more than 30 years.

**3. 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. Use weak forms. (2 marks)**

Freshly shaven (though not well shaven), a patch of toilet paper clinging to a coagulated cut on his chin, reeking from a few dabs of duty-free aftershave, Lemuel drifts at mid-morning down South Main Street, past emergency crews repairing overhead telephone wires, past teenagers chipping away at the ice on the sidewalk into the village of Backwater, population (not counting students) 1,290. With each breath the cold dry air stings his nostrils, bringing tears to his eyes.

**4. Complete the second sentence so that it has a similar meaning to the first one. Use the given words. (1 mark)**

1. Lemuel turns a corner so abruptly he almost collides with a dirty- blonde pony-tail. (BRINK)

*Lemuel turns a corner so abruptly that...*

2. She wanders off down the aisle, casually stealing the cans that appeal to her. (SPOT)

*She wanders off down the aisle, casually stealing the cans...*

3. Everyone knows supermarkets pad their prices to make up for shoplifting. (AMENDS)

*Everyone knows supermarkets...*

4. Bewildered, he thrusts out his empty hands, palm up. (LOSS)

*At...*

5. Disoriented, he plunges on, fingering cellophane packages. (SEA)

*All at...*

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6. It hits him that there are people in this miracle of a country who spend time and money coloring spaghetti sauce red. (MIND)

*It comes ...*

7. He is startled by a burst of hot air from a grill built into the floor. (ABACK)

*He is ...*

8. He glances furtively at one sleeve, then the other. (SLY)

*He glances ...*

9. He goes past teenagers chipping away at the ice on the sidewalk. (PIECES)

*He goes ...*

10. The girl was wearing tight faded blue jeans. (CLOSE)

*The girl was ...*

**5. Replace the underlined words with a suitable phrasal verb in the same form. Choose a verb from the chart below, add the appropriate particle(s) and use the same form/tense as in the sentences provided. There are more verbs than needed. (1 mark)**

BEAT	CARRY	CASH	CHECK	COUNT	LINE	BREAK	TURN
BUMP	HOLD	PUT	RIP	WHIP	FALL	COME	TAKE

1. He is vaguely disheartened. \_\_\_\_\_
2. ... where he expected sky. \_\_\_\_\_
3. He stops to inspect a low-roofed hangar. \_\_\_\_\_
4. Clutching his briefcase under one arm ... \_\_\_\_\_
5. At the fruit counter Lemuel completely loses control of his emotions \_\_\_\_\_
6. Everyone knows supermarkets pad their prices to make up for shoplifting. \_\_\_\_\_
7. The girl hikes a shoulder. \_\_\_\_\_
8. To make sure they don't profit by people not shoplifting. \_\_\_\_\_
9. ... casually stealing the cans that appeal to her \_\_\_\_\_

10. The list arouses in Samuel an aching nostalgia for the familiar chaos of Petersburg.
- \_\_\_\_\_

**6. WORD-FORMATION: Use the words given below to form a new one that fits in each space. (1 mark)**

1. Lemuel rolls his head in \_\_\_\_\_. (bewild)
2. 'How are you spelling Kvas?' he wants to know, licking the point of his pencil, staring at Lemuel \_\_\_\_\_. (expect)
3. 'I did the Wall Street bit for a while', Dwayne says, 'analyzing the infrastructure of companies for a Fortune 500 \_\_\_\_\_ house.' (broker)
4. With a laugh, she \_\_\_\_\_ slips the striped sheet over his head. (deft)
5. She \_\_\_\_\_ the half-defiant, half-defensive flag of a smile. (furl)
6. 'I remember you said something about \_\_\_\_\_ being ignorance.' (random)
7. Lemuel decides the subject is a minefield and \_\_\_\_\_ around it. (tip)
8. He has not been this close physically to a woman he did not know since the KGB \_\_\_\_\_ him to the lady movie reviewer after his arrest for signing a petition. (cuff)
9. He produces a small \_\_\_\_\_ purse, counts out five one-dollar bills and hands them to her. (zip)
10. On the other hand a Rabbi who smokes dope can't be all that bad. Especially one with \_\_\_\_\_ teased into springs. (burn)

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**7. Writing (3 marks)**

“He was meticulous to a fault; office scuttlebutt had it that he never went out in public without first having his shoelaces ironed.” *The Amateur* by Robert Littell, 1981

Continue until 300 words.

**Number of words:**

**Min 280-Max 300**