

**ENGLISH EXAM 1, PART A - EUSKERA**

**1. Use of English. (3 marks)**

**a. Rewrite the following sentences using the word in parenthesis so the second sentence has the same meaning as the first. This word must not be changed. (0.25 marks each sentence)**

1. Doctors believe that people who smoke regularly are more likely to die prematurely.

**(link)**

Doctors believe that a strong \_\_\_\_\_ smoking and premature death.

2. Diseases such as smallpox have still to be eradicated.

**(stamped)**

Diseases such as smallpox \_\_\_\_\_ yet.

3. Two committee members nominated John for the post of treasurer.

**(forward)**

John has \_\_\_\_\_

4. If you receive any mail for me after I've gone would you be kind enough to forward it to me.

**(send)**

Please could you \_\_\_\_\_ that arrives for me after I've gone.

**b. Find the one word that fits all three sentences in the following exercises. (0.25 marks each word)**

1

-The president promised to take no [ ] measures in order to improve the company's productivity.

-The forest looked eerie in the [ ] light.

-The top [ ] of the statue was knocked down, while the base remains.

*The word that fits all gaps is \_\_\_\_\_*

2

-The teacher would not [ ] for the pupils' unruly behaviour.

-The union leader promised to [ ] his ground with regards to the proposed job cuts.

-The locals made a [ ] against the plans for a new by-pass through the country park.

*The word that fits all gaps is \_\_\_\_\_*

3

-Temperatures had plummeted, leaving Jack so cold he had to [ ] his feet to get the feeling back into them.

-Make sure to buy the right [ ] for the size and weight of your letter.

-The new boss had to [ ] his authority from the outset, or he would have lost the respect of his staff.

*The word that fits all gaps is \_\_\_\_\_*

4

-Just before Christmas, the shop's cash [ ] was ringing merrily as - customers bought gifts for friends and family.

-After the wedding ceremony, the bride and groom went to sign the [ ] .

-She knew the woman's face, but it did not [ ] that she was a famous actress until it was too late to ask for her autograph.

*The word that fits all gaps is \_\_\_\_\_*

**c. Collocations. Complete the following sentences with the correct word. (0.25 marks each word)**

1. Victoria has a working \_\_\_\_\_ of Chinese, which she needs for her job as an international corporate lawyer.

2. After William realised his mistake he was forced to \_\_\_\_\_ his pride and apologise.

3. I thought I \_\_\_\_\_ my position absolutely clear. Either he goes or I do!

4. Tanya came away from the interview with the overriding \_\_\_\_\_ that she wouldn't get the job.

**2. Provide a phonetic transcription (RP) of the following text. (2 marks)**

He puts the earbuds in my ears. Kisses me. I'm buried at sea to Blondie—the Tide is High—my husband is like the captain of some dark vessel, he looks at me like I am Natalie, like I am Natalie Wood, drowned in love, and it's too much, like I'm the key to some important equation, calculus maybe, or the answer to the hunger problem.

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

**3. Write a literary commentary about the text below. Your commentary must have a maximum of 400 words. (5 marks)**

*Aftershave and Soil*  
by Leonora Desar  
Published in January, 2018

We watch *The Bachelor* and then my husband buries me in the backyard. It's just an ordinary Friday.

My husband is a modern man—he does all the cooking and the cleaning—he whips up some burgers and mozzarella sticks and then he grabs the shovel and  
5 slaps my butt. I giggle like in our courtship days, even though I'd rather wash my hair.

He does my makeup first, like in the movies. My husband's good at makeup. He always knows what to pick and how to blend and makes good duck face, like a schoolgirl in a selfie. He's making it now. It means, show me your lips, beautiful.  
10 He's putting on the gloss. Our lips are so close now. He smells like aftershave and soil. Well, he doesn't, but I am imagining it already, I am imagining the eyeshadow smearing, it is always blue, to go with my blue eyes, and tonight I know it will be all glittery like in the 70s, like a psychedelic shipwreck, or a drowned Natalie Wood. Actually, I think Natalie was wearing red. She was  
15 wearing a red jacket and some socks but I think she would rather have been wearing blue. I know I would.

I know if I were my husband I'd get this party started, so I could get back to *Game of Thrones*. My husband loves *Game of Thrones*—he prances around like that Jamie guy, even though he looks more like Tyrion, small and slight with  
20 those bird shoulders like a ballet dancer, like a maitre d' waltzing with the shovel, the glasses sliding down his nose. My husband is an accountant, but he's not very good at math. He hasn't thought this thing through. Two plots—his and hers—even though he's like a scared girl in the dark. It's always my turn to be buried. He says this is good for him, for us, for his biceps and his triceps,  
25 that we'll save on a gym membership for him.

He says this and pulls me close. This is always the best part. Knowing how much I will be missed. Since we've stopped having sex this is the closest we get to touching each other's souls. I feel his soul beneath his overcoat, it shivers and then pulls away.

30 My box is pine. Real pine, not the cheap stuff. Three hundred bucks on eBay. A steal. He throws in all my favorite things—the flat screen and the dog and the complete six seasons of *Sex and the City*, my unfinished novel with a pen that

doesn't work. He puts the earbuds in my ears. Kisses me. I'm buried at sea to  
Blondie—the Tide is High—my husband is like the captain of some dark vessel,  
35 he looks at me like I am Natalie, like I am Natalie Wood, drowned in love, and  
it's too much, like I'm the key to some important equation, calculus maybe, or  
the answer to the hunger problem. Like if only he could solve me he could fix  
the hunger problem, or instill world peace.

He blows me a kiss. I watch that episode where Carrie sets up a registry for  
40 herself so her married friend has to buy her Manolo Blahniks, and I feel a deep  
tugging in my ribs. It tugs and tugs.

I am getting close. I can feel the end of the hole, the shallow tha-thunk! of the  
box, the dull surprise of the lid popping open, like an aging stripper in a birthday  
cake. But I don't stop. I go all the way, all the way to the Earth's center, and  
45 then I pop up somewhere in Jersey. I watch myself being buried, and my  
husband checking his watch, and he is chatting with Mr. McGillicuddy, our  
neighbor who has the same maiden name as Lucy from *I Love Lucy*, and they  
are laughing and sharing a beer and comparing shovels and speculating on  
what Jamie will do tonight on *Game of Thrones*.

50 This is going on all across America. Husbands cooking BBQ in the backyard.  
Tucking their wives into the dark.