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ESPECÍFICAS DE
CERTIFICACIÓN

NIVEL B2

CONVOCATORIA
ORDINARIA 2023

CUADERNO
DE CORRECCIÓN
(CLAVES Y TRANSCRIPCIONES)



B2 INGLÉS

PLANTILLA DE CORRECCIÓN

COMPRENSIÓN DE TEXTOS ORALES Y ESCRITOS

CTO		
ITEMS	RESPUESTAS	
1	idyllic	
2	intensity	
3	succeed	
4	required	
5	rewarded	
6	pleasure	
7	brain	
8	difficulties	
9	landscapes	
10	income	
11	B	
12	D	
13	E	
14	G	
15	H	
16	K	
17	N	
18	C	
19	C	
20	C	
21	C	
22	B	
23	C	
24	B	
25	C	
26	C	

CTE		
ITEMS	RESPUESTAS	
1	I	
2	F	
3	L	
4	B	
5	H	
6	A	
7	D	
8	G	
9	B	
10	D	
11	F	
12	J	
13	K	
14	L	
15	P	
16	Q	
17	R	
18	F	
19	B	
20	K	
21	H	
22	E	
23	I	
24	D	
25	A	
26	C	

*THE ORDER IS NOT IMPORTANT

MEDIACIÓN DE TEXTOS ESCRITOS -

Hi Karen,

How are you doing? I've just come across this article with some tips to boost your memory which you may find useful for your exam.

It's a good idea to make a list and write down everything you need to do, so that your brain has room for new things. Repetition is also useful as it helps to strengthen your memory, so repeat, repeat and repeat. Another tip is to make up a story that includes things you want to remember. Finally, I suggest closing your eyes and trying to visualize what you want to remember. According to the University of Surrey, this technique will increase your memory by 23 %.

Hope this helps.

Good luck with your exam, I'm sure you'll pass!

Take care,

Victoria

COMPRENSIÓN DE TEXTOS ORALES

TASK 1. My childhood was happy and carefree. My sister and I were **blessed** with loving parents. Our family lived in the countryside, only three miles from the nearest town. Looking back to this time, I think life was **idyllic**. At school I was always good at sport, especially rugby. Although physically challenging, I enjoyed building up my fitness ready for the **intensity** of forthcoming matches. Having both the technical and physical ability, an excellent work ethic and willingness to learn, I was selected to join the prestigious Bertley Academy for Rugby. I was dual-registered to both the Bertley and my school until I reached the age of 18 when I was contracted full time. To play rugby at the Academy, as only those with the ability to **succeed** were taken on, I was honored to be accepted. Once at the Academy club, I followed a strict training regime to ensure that I was at the standard **required**. Eventually I was selected to be a substitute at certain matches, which I enjoyed. After proving my worth, my aspirations were **rewarded** a few months later when I was signed to a national rugby team. I was ecstatic. Not just the game but the camaraderie between players gave me **pleasure**, especially when strict training resulted in our team winning a match. However, after just three years of success. I had to retire from rugby due to several injuries. The most concerning was **brain** trauma caused by blows to my head during play. The post concussive symptoms were permanent. I suffered from poor concentration, memory **difficulties** and brain fog. I was devastated but over time realized that I needed to find a new career. which was also enjoyable. After much soul searching, I decided to promote my paintings. I had completed several during my convalescence. Although not art school trained but self-taught, I had received several positive comments about my work. Over the next few months I worked on my art but managed to sell only four **landscapes**. It was clear that I could not sustain this way of life. My savings were dwindling and with no significant **income**, I made the decision to seek other employment.

TASK 2. That was programming in the early 1960s. In 1975, thirteen years from startup, equal opportunities legislation came in in Britain. And that made it illegal to have our pro female policies. And as an example of unintended consequences, my female company had to let the men in.

When I started my company of women, (B)the men sort of said “how interesting, because it only works because it's small”. And later as it became sizable, they sort of accepted, “yes, it is sizable now, but of no strategic interest” and later when it was a company valued at over \$3 billion and (D)I'd made 70 of the staff into millionaires, they sort of said “well done, Steve”. (E)You can always tell ambitious women by the shape of our heads. They're flat on top for being patted patronizingly.

And we have larger feet to stand away from the kitchen sink. Let me share with you 2 secrets of success. Surround yourself with first class people and people that you like, and (G)choose your partner very, very carefully. Because the other day when I said “my husband's an angel”, (H)a woman complained. “You're lucky”, she said, “mine's still alive”.

If success were easy, we'd all be millionaires. But in my case, it came in the midst of family trauma and indeed, crisis.

Our late son (K)Giles was an only child, beautiful, contented baby, and then at 2 ½, like a changeling in a fairy story, he lost the little speech that he had and turned into a wild, unmanageable toddler. Not the terrible twos, he was profoundly autistic.

And he never spoke again. (N)Giles was the first resident in the first House of the first charity that I set up to pioneer services for autism. And then there's been a groundbreaking priors court school for pupils with autism and a medical research charity. Again, all for autism, because whenever I found a gap in services, I tried to help.

TASK 3. Dennis was different. When he looked in the mirror, he saw an ordinary 12 year old boy, but he felt different. His thoughts were full of color and poetry, though his life could be very boring. The story I'm going to tell you begins here, (18)in Dennis's ordinary house, on an ordinary street, in an ordinary town. His house was nearly exactly the same as all the others in the street. One house had double glazing. Another did not. One had a gravel drive, another had crazy paving. One had a Vauxhall Cavalier in the drive, another a Vauxhall Astra. Tiny differences that only really pointed out the sameness of everything. It was also ordinary. Something extraordinary just had to happen. Dennis lived with his dad, who did have a name, but Dennis just called him Dad, so I will too. (19)And his older brother John, who was 14.

Dennis found it frustrating that his brother would always be two years older than him and bigger and stronger. Dennis's mom had left home a couple of years ago. Before that, (20)Dennis used to creep out of his room and sit at the top of the stairs and listen to his mom and dad shout at each other until one day the shouting stopped. She was gone. Dad banned John and Dennis from ever mentioning mom again, and soon after she left, (21)he went around the house and took down all the photographs of her. And burned them in a big bonfire. But Dennis managed to save one. One solitary photographs escaped the flames, dancing up into the air from the heat of the fire before floating through the smoke and onto the hedge. As dusk fell, Dennis snuck out and retrieved the photo. It was charred and blackened around the edges, and at first his heart sank. But when he turned it to the light, (22)he saw that the image was as bright and clear as ever. It showed a joyful scene, a younger John and Dennis with Mum at the beach, Mum wearing a lovely yellow dress with flowers on it. Dennis loved that dress. It was full of color and life and soft to the touch. (23)When Mum put it on, it meant that summer had arrived. It had been warm outside after she left, but it hadn't really been summer in their house again. (24)In the picture, Dennis and his brother were in swimming trunks holding ice cream cones, vanilla ice cream smeared around their smiling mouths. Dennis kept the photo in his pocket and looked at it secretly every day. His mom looked so achingly beautiful in it. (25)Even though her smile was uncertain, Dennis stared at it for hours on end, trying to imagine what she'd been thinking when it was taken. (26)After Mom left, Dad didn't say much, but when he did, he would often shout. So Dennis ended up watching a lot of television, and especially his favorite show, Trisha.

TEXT 1 – FIFTY-WORD STORIES

A. HEARTBREAK

You're moving, and (6) I will miss the laughter your joyful children make in the early morning hours. It won't be the same when I sit outside because although the bird's songs are beautiful, the voices of your children laughing are grand. Why must you take away my heart's only medicine?

B. ENGULFING STORY

Hands together, tip forward, and dive. Make a silent splash into (4) pages filled with stunning imagery of enchanted places and mysterious people. Swim dreamily under a tide of words too foreign for your own life, when strung together. Above the surface, someone calls out, drags you back to boring reality.

C. REDUNDANT

When the company went bankrupt, Grandpa bought one of the huge office photocopiers, going cheap. Grandma was furious. It sat in their garage, plugged in, making the occasional sound and waiting for something useful to do. Grandpa made copies of our drawings. Maybe he just wanted to feel useful, too.

D. THAT WEEK

I'd meant to call that week, but had little to say. How's the knitting? Having good weather? Just working, mostly, everything's fine. Nothing much interesting, I'm sorry. Still, so nice to hear your voice. (7) They say she was gone before she hit the floor. That week, I'd meant to call.

E. SEPARATION

Making the bed alone, the sheets won't stay in place. Besides, the double mattress we'd talked about replacing with a king feels empty. I sleep on the couch. Around midnight, I hear the front door open. She still has her key. But there isn't room on the couch for two.

F. LIFE OUTSIDE BOXES

Glancing over her room, Itsumi wondered if it was too late. (2) Her entire life, fifty-three years, fit into sixteen mid-sized cardboard boxes. She didn't believe her life would have been better with more boxes; she merely noticed that no one was there to help carry them to the donation center.

G. YOU WAIT

You wait for them to smile, as you wait for sleep through the night. You wait for first words, as you wait for them to walk. You wait for preschool, college, graduation, job. All that waiting takes its toll. Until (8) you look about one morning and realise that they've gone.

H. THE MAILBOX

We have a new routine these days: checking the mailbox when we return from daycare. It is day three and still no letters to collect. Those big brown eyes look at me in disappointment. (5) It is day four. I put a letter in the mailbox before going to collect her.

I. MUTUAL MISUNDERSTANDING

(1) Mitchell's tears dropped onto his mac and cheese. "We're not chasing tornados on vacation," his parents said. They knew they'd let him watch too many storm-chaser shows. They promised Mitchell an adventure. Just a safer one. He looked up, bright-eyed: "You mean there's another way we can get to Oz?"

J. TOO YOUNG

“Maybe Parkinson’s,” he said flatly, taking a quick glance at his watch, then the office door, measuring the seconds left in his obligation. “...Can’t be. Twenty-nine is too young for that.” Thirty-seven years old now, I count the ticks of a second hand on my trembling wrist, still too young.

K. THE GHOST

Only Arthur could see the outline of the girl standing by the window. He wanted to tell his parents, but he knew they wouldn’t believe him. Nancy saw the outline of the boy standing by the door. She wanted to tell her parents, but she knew they wouldn’t believe her.

L. OLD-TIME TENNIS GREAT

It doesn’t matter if I win or lose a match anymore. It’s the sprint from the back of the court to the net, tracking down the drop shot, then smashing it crosscourt for a winner. (3)The roar of the crowd. Fist in the air. Chills. That’s what keeps me going.

Source: *fiftywordstories.com*

TEXT 2- THE BIG CHOP

It was a hot, humid day when I decided it was time for the Big Chop. My body wanted to go home, but my heart guided me to the Dominican barbershop in my neighborhood in New York instead. The man sitting in a blue folding chair out front eyed me curiously as I approached.

I’d walked by the man countless times before, but (B) we’d never spoken. Not until now, as I asked if he would cut off my hair. He frowned, unsure of what I was asking. But when I pointed at my chemically straightened hair and made sweeping snip-snips with my fingers, he gestured for me to follow him. (D)Little did he know that his agreement would change my entire life.

Even though the Big Chop can be performed in one fell swoop, the thought process that goes into doing it is no quick matter – especially when one considers the fraught, complicated history between Black people, Black natural hair and the rest of the world.

As a Black kid growing up with all-white friends in a majority-white American suburb in the late 90s and early 2000s, (F) I longed for straight hair with a burning and slightly obsessive passion. When it was “makeover time” at sleepovers, I’d sit patiently and wait for the other girls to finish doing each other’s hair so we could finally do something I could participate in. The list of people who were allowed to touch my hair was short: my mom, my grandma Kate, and my mom’s hairdresser, all Black women.

So naturally, (J) when my mom promised me my first relaxer when I turned 10, I was elated. I counted down the days until the hairdresser put the cocktail of chemicals in my thick curls that would “relax” them.

At the time, I didn’t see this as trying to “fit in” with white standards of beauty, as I do now. I was just excited to finally have one more thing in common with my friends. (K)But it wasn’t just my peers who

influenced my belief that bone-straight hair equalled beauty. (L) Both my mom and my older sister were relaxing their hair at the time, and so many Black celebrities had straight hair too. Throw in the fact that the natural hair movement hadn't taken off the way it eventually would thanks to the internet, and there I was, floating around in a natural hair desert.

I wouldn't think to change until more than a decade later, when I moved to Brooklyn for graduate school. Everywhere I went, it seemed, I ran into a protest or a deeply disturbing headline about another police officer who'd killed a Black person without any repercussions. The unrest in the city was palpable, and I was starting to feel it in my own bones.

It began to affect what I wrote, what I cared about. And it affected how I saw myself. My personal unrest peaked, though, when I watched the documentary *The Black Panthers: Vanguard of the Revolution*. While I opposed the Black Panther party's sexist attitude towards women, I was captivated by their aesthetic. I could understand how a generation of frustrated young Black men and women would cling to the Panthers' sharp berets, their black leather jackets, their billowing afros. They fashioned an entirely new sense of themselves, and it was powerful to watch.

Even more powerful was Kathleen Cleaver explaining her afro to a white reporter. "This brother here, myself, all of us were born with our hair like this," she tells him. "The reason for it, you might say, is like a new awareness among people that their own appearance, their physical appearance, is beautiful. And it's pleasing to them."

It was like Cleaver was speaking directly to me, and (P) I felt pride taking in her matter-of-factness. But I felt shame, too, for relaxing my hair for so many wrong reasons. Watching that documentary, I realised those reasons no longer applied to me. No longer did I feel the urge to hide my Blackness under painful, expensive chemicals in order to blend in. For once, I considered what it might be like to reach into my scalp, touch my roots and feel proud of its many textures.

A few weeks after that, I found myself sitting in the Dominican barbershop, (Q) armed with much trepidation and a few reassuring words from a dear natural-haired friend from college: it's only hair, it'll grow back. I clung to those words as the barber snipped off my relaxed hair, waiting to see what lie beneath. The answer? (R) Hair that was short, sweet and oh-so-pleasing to me.

Adapted from theguardian.com

TEXT 3 - THE BENEFITS OF TRAIN TRAVEL

After a summer of air travel headaches complete with flight cancellations and delays, luggage disasters, security and customs hassles and **even the threat of melting-example** - airport runways, some people are beginning to think taking the train while in Europe may be a better idea.

Europe's train system is a well-developed **and affordable option-18** -. You won't have to deal with long airport security lines, airport commute hassles, luggage fees and a host of other problems. Instead, you can just hop on a long-distance train from the city center of virtually any major European city to get to your final destination.

European trains often offer a couple of complimentary conveniences and the freedom **to stretch your legs - 19** - and stroll to a dining car for a bit to eat or drink. Not to mention, trains rarely come with the problems that many European airports and airlines have faced this summer.

Simply walking on and off trains with your luggage in hand is **a time-saving luxury not experienced -20** - by air travelers for decades. Beyond the physical burden of the screening process at airports, the queues you'll need to wait in to even get to the screening counter for security, passport control and customs can add hours to the experience. As a result, what you had hoped would be a quick flight may feel **more time-consuming than travelling by train-21** -.

Many airlines, especially budget carriers, will not provide Wi-Fi. If they do, they often charge a high price for it on most short-haul flights. Most long-distance European trains, however, come with Wi-Fi included with the ticket price. Additionally, **you'll have more legroom -22** - and tray table space at your disposal, so you can comfortably kick back and get some work done as you go.

The price, stress and timing of getting to an airport can set your trip off on the wrong note. Taking a train from the central station of your favorite European city is typically far more convenient than schlepping outside the city to an airport. This is **especially true if you are staying -23** - in or near the city center. Depending on where you stay, you may even find it possible to walk directly to or from the station.

European trains run on regular schedules and are not subject to the same weather and air traffic control delays as airplanes. Plus, trains are rarely oversold like planes are, and you won't get bumped by someone with a higher status. Some overnight trains and those with longer, more complicated itineraries may have delays on the rails to make way for overnight freight traffic. However, generally, delays are **far less likely to happen- 24** -.

You may not regularly think about how environmentally friendly your trips are, but it doesn't mean your travels don't play a part in the larger conversation about the environment. Many experts agree that there is **a substantial environmental benefit -25** - to traveling by train instead of flying.

"A journey from London to Paris by air emits around 10 times as much CO2 **as the same journey by rail -26** -," said Tom Hall, a writer and train specialist at Lonely Planet. "As travelers look for more sustainable travel choices, longer-distance rail routes are gaining in popularity."

Adapted from www.thepointsguy.com