



SAMPLE

Universidad de Buenos Aires
FACULTAD DE FILOSOFÍA Y LETRAS
Laboratorio de Idiomas

Postulante: D.N.I.:

CILE 4 (Upper-intermediate Level)

READING AND WRITING SECTION (100 points) TIME: 120 minutes

Section /100

TASK 1 /50

TASK 1

Imagine you are the father of a student of a school where dodge ball is still permitted. You have read the article on page 3 and strongly agree with the points mentioned. What's more, your child has been a victim of dodge ball! Write a letter to Ron Blake, the head of the school your child attends:

- Describe the problems your child is experiencing.
Explain why you think dodge ball should be banned.
Ask the school authorities to take action.

Remember to use the information in the text whenever necessary. You should write a letter of 18-20 lines

From: Time, May 21, 2001

Lined area for writing the letter response.



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Scourge of the Playground

It's dodge ball, believe it or not. More schools are banning the childhood game, saying it's too violent

PARENTS AND EDUCATORS HAVE learned to fear drugs, cliques and school shootings. Now, added to the list of things that threaten American schoolkids is dodge ball. You read that right. In a growing number of school districts in such states as Texas, Virginia, Maine and Massachusetts, circles of kids dodging and throwing balls at one another have been banned from gym class. Advocacy groups are pushing to get rid of the game; and Neil Williams, an Eastern Connecticut State University phys ed professor, has created a P.E. Hall of Shame, ranking dodge ball as his No. 1 villain. "It allows the stronger kids to pick on and target the weaker kids," he charges. "It's like *Lord of the Flies*, with adults encouraging it."

Opponents warn that dodge ball—also called murder ball and killer ball in some places—could be an incubator for later aggressive, even violent behavior. "The whole game to [some kids] is about hitting someone as hard as they can and laughing," says Lilla Atherton, a fifth-grader in Fairfax County, Virginia, where the game has been banned. "If a boy doesn't throw hard and make a hit, the other boys call him a girl." Critics charge the sport isn't even good exercise, since it typically leaves the weakest, most overweight kids—the ones usually knocked out first—to sit on the sidelines while the good athletes keep playing.

But the old playground game has drawn some vocal defenders. "You mean there's weak in the world? There's strong?" howled *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* columnist Rick Reilly. "Of course there is, and dodge ball is one of the first opportunities in life to figure out which you are and how you're going to deal with it." Martha Kupferschmidt, director of personnel and student services at the Murray school district in Utah, wonders why dodge ball has been singled out.

"If we were going to ban dodge ball for aggressiveness," she says, "we would have to look at a whole gamut of sports"—such as football, kickball and wrestling.

Rick Hanetho, a parks manager in Schomburg, Illinois, started the National Amateur Dodgeball Association after noticing that local kids, given a choice, always picked the game. He says dodge ball is most loved by the geekier kids, who could never make the basketball team or cheerleader squad but still crave team sports. "It teaches incredible hand-eye coordination, quick decision making, concentration and agility," he says. "And it's just a game. This criticism is absurd, just crazy."



LOOK OUT! Critics say dodge ball encourages kids' aggressive side

While it gets hounded out of more and more schools, dodge ball may be winning new fans among adults. Hanetho's league has held three championships, attracting teams from as far away as Los Angeles and Canada. At the last matchup the oldest player was 58; the most valuable was 47. And *Vanity Fair* in March pronounced that dodge ball is now the cool party sport. If so, Sam Cohen is at least one kid who is willing to let the adults have their fun. The Fairfax County eight-year-old liked playing dodge ball before it was banned in his grade school, but he doesn't miss it. "We haven't played it in a long time," he says. "There are lots of other things to play anyway."

—By Tamala M. Edwards.

With reporting by Anne Moffet/Washington

ROBERT A. DAVIS FOR TIME



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Story of an Hour
by Kate Chopin
(1851-1904)

Knowing that Mrs. Mallard was afflicted with a heart trouble, great care was taken to break to her as gently as possible the news of her husband's death.

It was her sister Josephine who told her, in broken sentences; veiled hints that revealed in half concealing. Her husband's friend Richards was there, too, near her. It was he who had been in the newspaper office when intelligence of the railroad disaster was received, with Brently Mallard's name leading the list of "killed." He had only taken the time to assure himself of its truth by a second telegram, and had hastened to forestall any less careful, less tender friend in bearing the sad message.

She did not hear the story as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significance. She wept at once, with sudden, wild abandonment, in her sister's arms. When the storm of grief had spent itself she went away to her room alone. She would have no one follow her.

There stood, facing the open window, a comfortable, roomy armchair. Into this she sank, pressed down by a physical exhaustion that haunted her body and seemed to reach into her soul.

She could see in the open square before her house the tops of trees that were all aquiver with the new spring life. The delicious breath of rain was in the air. In the street below a peddler was crying his wares. The notes of a distant song which some one was singing reached her faintly, and countless sparrows were twittering in the eaves.

There were patches of blue sky showing here and there through the clouds that had met and piled one above the other in the west facing her window.

She sat with her head thrown back upon the cushion of the chair, quite motionless, except when a sob came up into her throat and shook her, as a child who has cried itself to sleep continues to sob in its dreams.

She was young, with a fair, calm face, whose lines bespoke repression and even a certain strength. But now there was a dull stare in her eyes, whose gaze was fixed away off yonder on one of those patches of blue sky. It was not a glance of reflection, but rather indicated a suspension of intelligent thought.



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There was something coming to her and she was waiting for it, fearfully. What was it? She did not know; it was too subtle and elusive to name. But she felt it, creeping out of the sky, reaching toward her through the sounds, the scents, the color that filled the air.

Now her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. She was beginning to recognize this thing that was approaching to possess her, and she was striving to beat it back with her will--as powerless as her two white slender hands would have been.

When she abandoned herself a little whispered word escaped her slightly parted lips. She said it over and over under her breath: "free, free, free!" The vacant stare and the look of terror that had followed it went from her eyes. They stayed keen and bright. Her pulses beat fast, and the coursing blood warmed and relaxed every inch of her body.

She did not stop to ask if it were or were not a monstrous joy that held her. A clear and exalted perception enabled her to dismiss the suggestion as trivial.

She knew that she would weep again when she saw the kind, tender hands folded in death; the face that had never looked save with love upon her, fixed and gray and dead. But she saw beyond that bitter moment a long procession of years to come that would belong to her

absolutely. And she opened and spread her arms out to them in welcome.

There would be no one to live for during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow-creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination.

And yet she had loved him--sometimes. Often she had not. What did it matter! What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being!

"Free! Body and soul free!" she kept whispering.

Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission. "Louise, open the door! I beg, open the door--you will make yourself ill. What are you doing Louise? For heaven's sake open the door."

"Go away. I am not making myself ill." No; she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window.



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Her fancy was running riot along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own. She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long.

She arose at length and opened the door to her sister's importunities. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory. She clasped her sister's waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom.

Some one was opening the front door with a latchkey. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his grip-sack and umbrella. He had been far from the scene of accident, and did not even know there had been one. He stood amazed at Josephine's piercing cry; at Richards' quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife.

But Richards was too late.

When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease--of joy that kills.