

B1 ACCREDITATION EXAM

KEYS



UCO IDIOMAS

UNIVERSIDAD DE CÓRDOBA



Reading key A

1. ten years
2. not exciting, but significant to her
3. She died
4. her old school
5. a new stand has been added to accommodate more people
6. In the downtown area /In the centre
7. the government
8. the skating rink

Reading key B

1. a
2. a
3. d
4. c
5. c
6. c
7. b
8. c

LISTENING A (KEY)

Jenny: Hi honey. What smells good?

Pepe: Just some tomato sauce. Nothing special really.

J: It smells incredible. What did you put in it?

P: Ah nothing, garlic, onion.... I was just about to boil the pasta for lunch. How hungry are you?

J: Starving! Can I have just a little taste?

P: Sure

J: Yum! I'll start setting the table.... So what are we making when Molly and Tim come over for dinner Friday evening?

P: Whatever we make, they're gonna to have more fun than last time. Remember Tim cracked his tooth on the *porron* and got stung by a jellyfish?

J: Oh my God, I forgot about that. So back to the food...

P: Hmm I don't know. We could roast a chicken or something.

J: But Molly doesn't eat meat. You know that. She's been a vegetarian for, like, three years.

P: You Americans and your crazy diets.

J: It's not what I would call a crazy diet. She just doesn't eat meat or fish. We can still serve meat as long as we have some non-meat options for her. Oh and she hates onions.

P: No onions? No meat? Just seems high maintenance to me. What? Has she given up wine too?

J: Ha! As if! That reminds me. We need to put wine on the shopping list. But red or white? We need to know what we are making first. I could make veggie lasagna. That would go nice with a red.

P: Why don't we just roast a chicken with some potatoes and stock the fridge with beer? If we make a salad too, we are covered.

J: She won't eat the potatoes if they are cooked with meat so I'll just make the lasagna or a vegetable soup or something.

P: Please no vegetable soup. We like these people, remember? Let's make something good. Next time we go to their place for dinner, I don't want to eat some weird vegetarian dish or something like vegetable soup!

J: You love my soup!

P: (sigh) Anyway, so salad then?

J: As long as you don't put any ham in it.

P: Ham?

J: Last time they came over there was ham in every dish on the table. You Spaniards and your ham.

P: So no ham, no onions, no fish. Any more rules?

J: No, I think that's it. So what about dessert? Apple pie? Brownies? Cheesecake? Fruit salad?

P: Fruit salad? You really want to be peeling apples all day? Your brownies are out of this world though.

J: At least you like something I make.

P: You know what? I say we order in. Pizza, maybe. They both like pizza.

J: Pizza? That's what you want to serve your guests? Ok, fine then. Red wine it is.

P: That will go great with a large ham pizza.

KEY

1. What hasn't been cooked yet? Pasta
2. What doesn't Molly eat? Meat and fish OR meat
3. What vegetable doesn't Molly like? Onions
4. What needs to go on the shopping list? Wine
5. Why won't Molly eat the potatoes? Because they are cooked with meat
6. Last time Molly and Tim came over for dinner, what was in every dish? Ham
7. List TWO desserts that Jenny suggests. (2 marks)

2 of four options:

brownies, fruit salad, apple pie, cheesecake

8. What does Pepe want to put on the pizza? Ham

Listening B

Things I find hard to do

I'm quite a proud person and also quite a social person and I fear of doing things badly. In my school years I played sport well enough to get away with it. I'd never be an outstanding sports person. But I'd always get by. And I've gone through most of my life thinking I'm pretty good at everything. However, I have to recognize deficiencies. There are certain things that I just can not do. One of these is math. I think I'm reasonably intelligent. I think I have a good sense of logic and I can do arithmetic. I can subtract, I can add, I can divide. But the trouble is when it gets to algebra or statistics. I mean, I get lost. I cannot see the logic in it. Someone tells me that if x equals y then z must equal a . That is beyond me and the more I think about it the more confused I get. The more confused I get, the more terrible I feel and it's just one of these nightmare situations. At the university I had a statistics class. Everyone congratulated me because my professor was one of the big world experts on the chaos theory. In a whole semester of classes with this man I don't think I understood more than three seconds' worth of class. It was impossible. On my statistics exam I just didn't even know how to start. And, anyway, that's something I've just come to live with. That's why I avoid playing cards or playing chess because I realize I'm inadequate when it comes to those fields.

Another thing I'm really bad at is complaining. I guess this is my social side. I like to be liked. And when I go to restaurants and the food's bad I'll eat it, pay it and leave. But it's terrible if I go there with my girlfriend and she gets up and says "No, this is terrible. You have to complain. This food is awful. How can you eat it?". And then I find myself in this terrible situation. What do I do? I don't want to complain, I hate it. But I have to save face. And when I complain I can just feel the blood rushing to my head. I can feel myself going red and start sweating. I always say the wrong thing and I end up going too far. I end up insulting the person and making a mountain out of a molehill and finding myself in situations that I don't know how to get out of or the person will justify themselves and I'll accept the justification and run out the door very quickly.

Another thing I don't know how to do is how to drive. I am a terrible driver. I can drive. I got my licence a few years back and I can start the car up. I can move it down the street. I can get it out the garage without damaging it on the sides. But when it comes to coming out onto a main road I'll be sitting there for ages making sure there are no cars on the horizon before I dare to poke my nose out while all the cars behind me start sounding their horns and swearing at me. I'm not a born driver.

Adapted from 'Yes' magazine.

1. B.
2. A
3. C
4. B
5. B
6. D
7. C
8. B