

NATIONAL UNIVERSITY OF IRELAND, GALWAY
OLLSCOIL NA hÉIREANN, GAILLIMH
SEMESTER II EXAMINATIONS, 2003-2004

FINAL ARTS SPANISH

Unit Value: 10

SH301 SPANISH LANGUAGE III: PAPER II

Dr. S. Black

Ms. B. Sangrador-Vegas

Time allowed: three hours.

Answer both questions.

Translate the following passages into Spanish.

1. Philip II inherited the Spanish throne at the age of twenty-eight from his father, Charles V, who abdicated in his favour in 1556. Charles had been a ruthless, dashing and successful king, and his boundless energy and ambition had resulted in Spain's large and remote empire. But the phenomenal cost of keeping hold of all his conquests began to weary him and he gratefully relinquished the monetary problems to his son, Philip, who was much more cautious and devout. Throughout his long reign, Philip agonised about the costs and difficulties of keeping the empire intact and protecting its profitable maritime trade routes from raids by English and French 'sea dogs' or pirates.

By the end of the sixteenth century it seemed as if Spain controlled half the world. In contrast, Queen Elizabeth did not have an empire at the time of the Spanish Armada. England was a poor country in comparison to Spain. But for the Spanish, defending and maintaining such a vast empire had many drawbacks. As Philip was to find out, in an empire's strength lies its weakness: the larger the territory to be controlled, the more vulnerable is the coloniser to attacks and rebellions by those he wishes to control.

During the 1560s, Elizabeth encouraged her sea captains to attack and plunder Spanish colonies in the Caribbean and the Spanish treasure fleets travelling from the Americas to Seville. At the same time, Elizabeth assured the Spanish ambassador of her friendly intentions and her promise to consider Philip's generous offer of marriage.

Relations between the two countries deteriorated for many reasons. Firstly, it was known that English Catholics, backed by Spain, were plotting against Elizabeth. Secondly, in 1579, the Spanish attempted to start an uprising in Ireland against the English authorities there. The outcome was that both England and Spain were paranoid about the intentions of the other, and each had a network of spies to report back to their respective sovereigns.

Winifred Glover, *Exploring the Spanish Armada* (2000) (adapted)

P.T.O.

2. Hundreds of people were out in the streets now, milling around in the semi-darkness, like ants whose nest had been destroyed. Some were lost, demented with grief. He saw a man calmly removing his clothes and folding them as if preparing for a swim. Others appeared purposeful, pursuing their own private schemes of search or escape. Thieves – or perhaps they were the rightful owners: who could tell any more? – ran into the alleyways with whatever they could carry. Worst of all were the names called mournfully in the darkness. Had anyone seen Felicio or Verus, or Appuleia or the lawyer Terentius Neo? Parents had become separated from their children. Children stood screaming outside the ruins of houses.

Torches flared towards Attilius in the hope that he might be someone else – a father, a husband, a brother. He waved them away, shrugging off their questions, intent on counting off the city blocks as he passed them, climbing the hill north towards the Vesuvius Gate – one, two, three: each seemed to take an age to come to an end and all he could hope was that his memory had not let him down. At the corner of the fourth block he found the row of shops, three-quarters buried in ashes. Across the flat surface of the buried yard were the nine windows of Ampliatus's baths, each one brilliantly – defiantly – lit by scores of oil-lamps.

At least a hundred fires were burning on the south side of the mountain. Attilius had learned to distinguish between Vesuvius's flames. These ones were safe: the after-effects of a trauma that had passed. It was the prospect of another incandescent cloud appearing above them on the mountain that filled him with dread and made him push his aching legs beyond the point of exhaustion as he waded through the shattered city.

Robert Harris, *Pompeii* (2003) (adapted)