

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

**PART ONE: Listening**

**[20 pts]**

You will hear part of a radio programme in which two recruitment experts, Jodie Bradwell (**J**) and Gary Smart (**G**), are talking to radio interviewer (**I**) about what candidates should do to make a good impression at a job interview.

- For questions **1-15**, complete the sentences using between **1-4** words. (On this sheet).
- For questions **16-20**, answer **true (T)** or **false (F)**. (On this sheet).
- You will hear the discussion **twice**. You **now** have **three** minutes to read through the questions.

- (I) Today we are talking about job interviews; how to \_\_\_\_\_ (1) yourself if you want to get a job. Jodie Bradwell is a recruitment consultant and Gary Smart is \_\_\_\_\_ (2).
- (J) Research has shown that it's the first impression people make as they \_\_\_\_\_ (3) that most influences their chances in job interviews.
- (I) Gary, would you \_\_\_\_\_ (4) that?
- (G) To say that all you need is a smart suit and \_\_\_\_\_ (5) would be too simplistic. Giving a false impression of yourself; wearing clothes you would never \_\_\_\_\_ (6) elsewhere might make you feel uncomfortable.
- (I) Jodie?
- (J) Of course, but the research here is talking about \_\_\_\_\_ (7). Interviewers are influenced by a candidate's \_\_\_\_\_ (8), even though they don't mean to be.
- (I) So let's imagine the field of candidates has been \_\_\_\_\_ (9) to six people. How should they dress?
- (G) Another study shows that problems are often caused by employees not \_\_\_\_\_ (10) the culture of a company. The general rule is to find out what people wear - it's often \_\_\_\_\_ (11) these days...
- (I) And Jodie, can we \_\_\_\_\_ (12) we send out about ourselves?
- (J) Candidates are often too concerned \_\_\_\_\_ (13) to think about how the interviewers may perceive them.
- (I) Gary?
- (G) Yes, \_\_\_\_\_ (14) with students to remind them to relax and that sitting with your arms folded and legs crossed are classic symptoms of interview nerves.
- (I) Yes, I've seen that on video before, and, sure, \_\_\_\_\_ (15) what the optimum body language signals are...

- |  | T                        | F                        |
|--|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 16. Jodie is sceptical about the results of the research.  | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 17. Gary fears that the research they are discussing could encourage people to take job interviews too seriously.  | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 18. Gary says that candidates should wear the same clothes in the interview as the people working at that company. | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 19. According to Jodie, interviewers notice when candidates show positive character traits.                        | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 20. In conclusion, Jodie advises that candidates shouldn't think too much about body language.                     | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |

**Guess who's coming for the dinner.**

(Dublin, 2000. Larry's daughter, Stephanie, has invited her Nigerian boyfriend home for dinner to meet her family.)

That was the bell.

Damn it, he had one leg in his underpants, the other one hanging over the floor. Larry had wanted to be down there to meet the black lad – Ben – at the door. *Hello, Ben* – not *howyeh*<sup>1</sup>, he'd decided – 'Great weather. Must remind you of home.' But here he was, up in the bedroom, fighting his knickers. This wasn't what he had planned at all. He didn't want Mona and the girls thinking that he was avoiding the lad<sup>2</sup>, that he was being rude or just ignorant.

- Calm down, calm down, he told his fingers as they tried to button his shirt.

- He'd decided against the suit. The young fella would probably be in a tracksuit. So Larry was dressing himself a bit up from that, just enough to impose his authority – the older man, the citizen, the firm but fair father. So he had chosen the good trousers and a clean shirt, no tie. And his black shoes – where were the bloody things?

- Under the bloody bed. Bang in the middle, just out of reach. For a second – less than a second – he saw Mona down on her knees, shoving them in under there with the brush. But he shook himself; he was being stupid. He put on his runners; they were grand<sup>3</sup> – nearly new, still white.

- He took a quick goo at himself in the wardrobe mirror.

- He'd do. He took the corner of toilet paper from just under his chin. The blood clot came with it. He was grand now, ready.

- Down the stairs. Into the front room. There they all were, squeezed in. He saw all the girls first, Stephanie and Vanessa and – where was the black fella? Maybe it hadn't been him at the door at all – but Tracy stepped aside and there he was.

- In a fuckin' suit.

- The best, most elegant suit Larry had ever been close to. A small lad – very, very black – and completely at home in the suit. The wall looked filthy-dirty behind him.

- - Howyeh, Ben, said Larry.

- Damn it, he'd said Howyeh.

- He took the couple of steps to shake hands with him.

- The first black hand that Larry had ever shaken. He felt sophisticated – not a bother on him – shaking a black hand. Not even looking at it.

- He'd been expecting someone like Eddie Murphy or Will Smith without the grin and the shine. But that type of look. But this was more like meeting Morgan Freeman or Martin Luther King. Larry suddenly felt that he was the one being interviewed.

- - **Great weather, wha'. It must remind you of home.**

- And then he heard it. The rain. Whacking against the window behind him. He looked, and saw a sheet of the stuff charging down the glass.

- Where had it come from? It had been lovely when he'd gone up to shave. He was still hanging onto the lad's hand. There was a sweat in the clinch now, and it was Larry's. He was failing here.

- But they were laughing, the girls, Mona, even young Laurence. They thought Larry had been joking. They were grateful. He was breaking the ice, making the lad feel at home. For a few seconds Larry forgot why they were all there, he completely forgot. He just wanted them all to love him. Especially the black guy in the suit.

- He was on the verge of saying, 'Welcome to Ireland', when he remembered what had to be done – and he looked properly at the lad for the first time and tried to see the religious fanatic, the AIDS carrier, the crook, the bigamist.

<sup>1</sup> regional and familiar salutation for *How are you?* Use considered unsophisticated / uneducated in a formal context.

<sup>2</sup> similar to *young guy*

<sup>3</sup> *perfect*

- But all he could see was a small, handsome, intelligent man looking straight back at him. Not a scar or a squint, his eyes never budged from Larry's. Again, Larry felt a sudden, roaring need to impress him, a demand from his gut to be liked by him.
- 50 - But the smell saved him.
- It was too sweet to be aftershave and not sweet enough to be coming from Mona and the girls. It was the lad - Ben. He was wearing that men's stuff. Men's perfume.
- Jesus.
- Larry let go of his hand.
- 55 - **Larry had rules.** He always held doors open for Mona when they went out together. He never let a woman cut his hair. He never put on anything that smelt - aftershave, bay rum, even talc if it was scented - they didn't get near Larry. A man with a smell was hiding something. That was what Larry believed.
- And what was this guy hiding? Larry got ready to stare him out of it, to let him know that he *knew*. The suit hadn't fooled him. The suit and the -
- 60 - Then Mona spoke.
- - God, that's a gorgeous smell, she said.
- And the girls, like little dogs in the back window of some gobshite's<sup>4</sup> car, all nodded their heads.
- 65 - And Ben smiled and turned away from Larry.

*Extract taken from the collection of short stories, 'The Deporteers,' by Roddy Doyle.*

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<sup>4</sup> A person of unpleasant character who engages in unwanted conversation with others.

**PART TWO: Comprehension**

**[20 pts]**

*Answer each of the following questions in about 60-70 words (approx. 7 lines) each.  
Use your own words.*

1. Taking lines 1-18 into consideration, what can you say about Larry's feelings here?  
Use evidence from the text to support your answer.
2. Look at line 33. Explain the importance of Larry's comment and the effect it has.
3. Why does Larry try to find something wrong with Ben?  
Make references to the text to support your answer.
4. In line 54, we are told that Larry has rules.  
Comment on why you think somebody like Larry has rules.
5. How *easy* do you think it is to make a good first impression? Discuss.

- **PLEASE USE A SEPARATE SHEET OF PAPER**
- **PLEASE LEAVE A MARGIN DOWN THE LEFT SIDE OF YOUR PAGE**
- **IF YOU QUOTE FROM THE TEXT USE QUOTATION MARKS**

PART THREE: Translation

[20 pts]

L'homme se tenait immobile à l'entrée de la cuisine, une vieille valise usée à ses pieds.

- « C'est toi l'Arabe ? » dit Mme Demierre.

L'homme ne dit pas un seul mot.

- « Viens, je vais te conduire à ta chambre. »

Elle descendit l'escalier, traversa la cour et s'engagea dans un petit passage qui sentait l'herbe coupée.

- « C'est dans la grange, au-dessus de l'ancien four. Tu n'as qu'à monter les marches. Tu ferais mieux de te dépêcher. Tout le monde t'attend dans la cuisine ; le souper est dans un quart d'heure, à huit heures. »

Quelques minutes plus tard.....

- « Tu n'as pas changé d'habits ? » s'étonna Mme Demierre

Depuis des jours, en effet, il portait le même pantalon, la même chemise sale.

- « Je n'ai rien d'autre. »

- « On t'en prêtera mais il se peut que certains de nos habits soient trop grands pour toi! »

Et elle ne put s'empêcher de rire.

M. Demierre, dont on ne voyait pas le visage, était assis à la longue table. On montra sa place à l'étranger. M. Demierre se mit à remplir les verres. L'homme fit signe qu'il ne voulait pas de vin. Mme Demierre posa sur la table le plat de porc. L'Arabe devint tout pâle. La vue du lard fumant le rendait malade. Il pouvait à peine avaler.

- « Dis donc, l'Arabe, où est-ce que tu te crois ? Il y a des gens qui seraient reconnaissants de travailler chez moi ! »

L'étranger se leva brusquement et se dirigea vers la grange.

Peu de temps après, l'homme revint. Il passa devant la cuisine à pas rapides, il ne regarda personne, il marchait tout de travers parce qu'il devait porter sa valise, qui était bien trop lourde pour lui.

*Freely adapted from «Où vont mourir les oiseaux» (nouvelles), by Jacques CHESSEX.*

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