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| **En** | **Traducción** |
| \*When you cross a bridge, it is the sweeping view or the rolling horizon that holds your attention, not the structure that makes the air solid beneath your feet. These wonders of engineering that cheat difficult terrain and smooth our passage are apt to be taken for granted. There are a few showmen—Sydney’s soaring Harbour Bridge, the romantic Rialto in Venice and London’s stately Tower Bridge—which are destinations in their own right. But there are many more dogsbodies that span rivers and ravines, stoically fulfilling their purpose.  \*THE TYRANNY OF THE MIRROR  It is very difficult to see your own reflection in a puddle. I tried it in the park the other day: what you get is a silhouette of yourself against the sky. Even if there was enough light falling on your face to fill in the details, you’d still get the view from underneath, looking up the nostrils; not a good angle, especially as the years march on. To see yourself full-face, albeit with the equally unflattering tug of gravity, you’d have to lean quite far over the puddle and tilt your head forward, at which point you run the risk of overbalancing. Perhaps Narcissus couldn’t swim, and that is how he met his end?  For millennia, such an imperfect, low-angle, high-risk glimpse was all that was available to Homo sapiens. Can you imagine not knowing what you look like? |  |