

EJERCICIO PRÁCTICO ESPECIALIDAD: INGLÉS: COMENTARIO DE TEXTO (4,5)

El aspirante comenzará a realizar el ejercicio práctico en el mismo folio del enunciado

“THE RACHEL NORTH DOESN’T EXIST” THEORY

One morning in early July 2005, Rachel North got on the Piccadilly line tube in Finsbury Park. It was the most rammed carriage she had ever been on. “The train trundled off, and went for about forty-five seconds, and then there was”—Rachel paused—“an explosion. I was about seven or eight feet away from it. I felt this huge power smashing me to the floor. And everything went dark. You could hear the brakes screaming and clattering. It was like being on an out-of-control fairground ride but in the dark. And it was hot. You couldn’t breathe. The air was thick with smoke. I was on the floor and there were people lying on top of me”. They evacuated the train. Rachel was one of the last people off. When she got home from the hospital, she started blogging. She wrote and wrote, a torrent of blog postings. Of course, thousands of blogs about the July 7 attacks went up that day—there had been four bombs in all, three on tube trains and one on a bus, and fifty-six people died, including the four suicide bombers—but Rachel’s was unique. No other blogger had been so caught up in the events, so close to the bombs, actually in the same carriage as one, plus her writings were immediate and powerful and evocative, and so her site began to attract fans.

Other survivors found her blog. They began leaving supportive messages for one another on it. The Internet was giving them the illusion that they were being gregarious, but in fact they were performing an empty, unsatisfying facsimile of it. They were becoming isolated and angry. Why didn’t they do the old-fashioned thing and meet in real life? So they began to, once a month, in a pub in King’s Cross. After a while, they decided they wanted to do more than just meet for a monthly drink. They wanted to become a pressure group. They wanted to know if the attacks could have been prevented, if intelligence had been botched. They gave themselves a name: Kings Cross United. She carried on writing her blog.

And this was when things began to get strange. People she didn’t know started posting cryptic comments she didn’t understand on her site. Somebody was using phrases she’d written—*Totally black* and *It was so dark nobody could see anything*—to suggest she wasn’t describing a bomb (a bomb would have caused fire, which would have illuminated the carriage) but some kind of “power surge.” The writer complimented Rachel on her “courage” for whistle-blowing the true story of the power surge.

Rachel read on. These people evidently believed an accidental power surge had coursed through the London Underground that morning and that the British government wanted to cover up this corporate manslaughter by blaming it on Islamic suicide bombers. These conspiracy theorists were part of a much wider group—the 9/11 truth movement—which had become vast. Conspiracy theories were no longer just to be found, as they had pre-9/11, on the fringes of society. Now everyone knew someone who was convinced 9/11 was an inside job. They were armchair Agatha Christie sleuths, meeting on forums, sending each other YouTube links, telling each other they were right. And now these people had brought Rachel’s blog into it. ‘How *dare* you misquote me in this way? Power surges do not

tear people's legs off.' Rachel wrote. And people responded by saying, '*Hey you!* you didn't even know the bomb was in your carriage! You keep changing your story!'

Rachel was furious, but she discovered too late that by engaging with the conspiracy theorists she herself became part of the conspiracy. "They all started discussing me," she said. "They formed the most bizarre theories about me. They decided that I was a government mouthpiece who'd been tasked with disseminating disinformation. They formed this theory that I was some kind of counterintelligence professional or security services covert operative. Some of them thought I didn't even *exist*. They thought it was a team of men that had been tasked with creating this Rachel North persona. The "Rachel North Doesn't Exist" theory came about after some of the conspiracy theorists counted the number of posts and messages she'd left and mathematically determined that she couldn't be a single human being. She had to be a team.

Rachel tried telling them they were fantasists, but it was to no avail. The more prolifically she tried to convince them she existed, the more certain they became that she didn't. "Bet it ain't even female," someone else agreed. It escalated. She even received death threats from them. So she decided to confront them in the flesh. She read they were having a meeting in the upstairs room of a pub and so she turned up with a friend. As she climbed the stairs, she worried about what these ferocious Internet presences would be like. She imagined them to be physically menacing. As she opened the door, she saw a room filled with quiet, nerdy-looking men. Some were staring awkwardly into their pints. Others were surreptitiously glancing at her and her friend, intrigued and delighted to see that two quite glamorous-looking women had apparently joined their movement. Rachel and her friend sat down at a table near the wall. Nothing happened for a while. And then the door opened and a quite commanding and impressive man entered the room. Rachel recognized him immediately. It was David Shayler.

Shayler was an MI5 spy who in 1997 went on the run after passing secret information about Gadhafi to the *Mail on Sunday*. He had, the newspaper reported, been at an interagency meeting where an MI6 officer had announced a plan to covertly assassinate the Libyan leader Colonel Muammar Gadhafi. The assassins were members of an organization called the Libyan Islamic Fighting Group. They would place a bomb under a road they knew Gadhafi was scheduled to drive down. But they needed money for bomb-making equipment and food, etc., which was why they had approached MI6.

Shayler thought it was probably all hot air, that the MI6 officer was a bit of a James Bond wannabe fantasist, nothing would come of it. But then, a few weeks later, a bomb was detonated under Gadhafi's cavalcade. As it transpired, the wrong car was targeted. Several bodyguards died but Gadhafi himself escaped unharmed. And now, eight years later, David Shayler had, to Rachel's enormous surprise, entered the upstairs room of that quite sleazy pub. What was he *doing* there, mingling with the conspiracy theorists? And then it became clear: he was one of them.

QUESTIONS

1. Briefly classify the text according to its typology, genre and style. Justify your answer. (0,25)
2. Which is the main communicative function of language the writer is exploiting in these extracts? (0,75)
 - a) Her writings were **immediate and powerful and evocative**, and so her site began to attract fans (paragraph 1)
 - b) **'How dare you** misquote me in this way? (paragraph 4)
 - c) **'Hey you!** You didn't even know the bomb was *in your carriage!*' (paragraph 4)
3. Which idea is the author trying to convey in the chosen title? (0,25)
4. What's the connection between Rachel North and Muammar Gadhafi in the text? (0,25)
5. Explain and contextualize the meaning of these expressions from the text (1)
 - a) It was the most rammed carriage she had ever been on (paragraph 1)
 - b) they were performing an empty, unsatisfying facsimile of it (paragraph 2)
 - c) intelligence had been botched (paragraph 2)
 - d) for whistle-blowing the true story of the power surge (paragraph 3)
 - e) Conspiracy theories were no longer just to be found, as they had pre-9/11, on the fringes of society. (paragraph 4)
 - f) They were armchair Agatha Christie sleuths. (paragraph 4)
 - g) that I was a government mouthpiece (paragraph 5)
 - h) it was probably all hot air (paragraht 8)
 - i) As it transpired, the wrong car was targeted (paragraph 8)
 - j) the upstairs room of that quite sleazy pub (paragraph 8)
6. What lexicographical coincidence do these combinations from the text have in common? (0,25)
 - nerdy-looking men (paragraph 6)
 - glamorous-looking women (paragrap 6)
 - bomb-making equipment (paragraph 7)
7. Why does the author mostly use direct quotations instead of reported speech to reflect Rachel North's opinions? (0,25)
8. Explain from a grammatical and sociolinguistic point of view the use of "ain't" in the sentence "Bet it ain't even female" (paragraph 6) (0,25)
9. *"..it was a team of men that had been tasked with creating this Rachel North persona..."* (paragraph 5) does not reflect the expected word order in an unmarked declarative clause in English. How is this stylistic technique called? And, what is it used for? (0,25)
10. What is the grammatical peculiarity of the sentence: *"The more prolifically she tried to convince them she existed, the more certain they became that she didn't"* (paragraph 5) Explain what the author is trying to convey with this structure. (0,25).
11. In paragraph 1, Rachel explains that she was about seven or eight feet away from the explosion. How far was she in the European metric system? (0,25)

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12. Explain the semantic difference between these 4 expressions that belong to the same lexical field: “manslaughter” (paragraph 4), “assassinate” (paragraph 7), “stab”, “choke somebody to death” (0,2)
13. For each of the sentences below, write a new sentence as similar as possible in meaning to the original sentence, but using the words given in capital letters; these words must not be altered in any way. (0,3)
- a) During Rachel’s visit to the upstairs room of the pub she never took her eyes away from the main door.
NEVER.....
- b) Didn’t Gadhafi get stuck in a traffic jam the day of his planned assassination?
No, not the day of his planned assassination, but the day before.
IT.....
.....GOT STUCK IN A TRAFFIC JAM.
- c) David Shaylor will probably turn up late
DAVID SHAYLOR IS.....

EJERCICIO PRÁCTICO ESPECIALIDAD: **INGLÉS - SECUNDARIA**

El aspirante comenzará a realizar el ejercicio práctico en el mismo folio del enunciado

PRUEBA DE AUDIO (2,5)

1) Fill in the gaps with the word or words you hear. (0,5)

- a) Justine Sacco began tweeting..... little jokes about the indignities of travel.
- b) She.....to herself, pressed "Send", and wandered around the airport for half an hour.
- c) It was becoming for me the restaurant of stories of.....lives.
- d) And then, after she deleted the tweet.
- e) It was a joke about a situation that exists in post-..... South Africa.

2) Answer the questions. (1,5)

- a) When and where did the speaker and Justine Sacco have their first conversation to discuss the incident? (0,25)
- b) Why did Justine want to meet the speaker there? (0,25)
- c) Who sent Justine the first and the second message after the plane landed at Cape Town airport? What did those messages tell Justine? (0,25)
- d) Why is "Buzzfeed" mentioned? (0,25)
- e) How was Justine intimidated to prevent her from going to the hotels where she had previously made a reservation? (0,25)
- f) Why did Justine look at the speaker like he was nuts? (0,25)

3) Briefly outline the information you have just listened to (about 200 words). (0,5)

EJERCICIO PRÁCTICO ESPECIALIDAD: INGLÉS: TRADUCCIÓN

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TRADUCCIÓN DIRECTA (1,5)

And how did this affect the Swede—the glorification, the sanctification, of every hook shot he sank, every pass he leaped up and caught, every line drive he rifled for a double down the left-field line? Is this what made him that staid and stone-faced boy? Or was the mature-seeming sobriety the outward manifestation of an arduous inward struggle to keep in check the narcissism that an entire community was ladling with love? The high school cheerleaders had a cheer for the Swede. Unlike the other cheers, meant to inspire the whole team or to galvanize the spectators, this was a rhythmic, foot-stomping tribute to the Swede alone, enthusiasm for his perfection undiluted and unabashed.

American Pastoral, Philip Roth

TRADUCCIÓN INVERSA (1,5)

Me crié en una calle estrecha de un barrio castizo de Madrid... A tiro de piedra del bullicio imparable del corazón de la ciudad, en un ambiente de ropa tendida, olor a lejía, voces de vecinas y gatos al sol. Asistí a una rudimentaria escuela en una entreplanta cercana: en sus bancos, previstos para dos cuerpos, nos acomodábamos de cuatro en cuatro los chavales, sin concierto y a empujones para recitar a voz en grito *La canción del pirata* y las tablas de multiplicar. Aprendí allí a manejar las cuatro reglas y el nombre de los ríos que surcaban el mapa amarillento colgado de la pared. A los doce años acabé mi formación y me incorporé en calidad de aprendiz al taller en el que trabajaba mi madre. Mi suerte natural.

El Tiempo entre costuras, María Dueñas