

EJERCICIO PRÁCTICO ESPECIALIDAD: INGLÉS - SECUNDARIA

PRUEBA DE AUDIO (2,5)

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

- a) I know I say “texting” and a lot of you think “sexting”, a lot of you think about the.....photos that you see (0.1)
- b) about six months ago we..... and started focusing on text messaging. (0.1)
- c) No one hears you in (0.1)
- d) the otherwise inevitable.....of assaults and robberies that would happen. (0.1)
- e) to know when it's time for me to buy more.....(0.1).

2. Answer the questions. (1,5)

- a) What is the connection between texting and penicillin in Nancy's talk? (0.25)
- b) Which texting abbreviations are mentioned by the speaker? (0,25)
- c) Why do girls send more text messages? (0,25)
- d) How did the police start crime mapping? (0.25)
- e) According to the speaker, is this statement true or false: “Nowadays there are many studies on bullying”? Provide evidence from the listening. (0.25)
- f) Why is Nancy so excited about the power of data? (0.25)

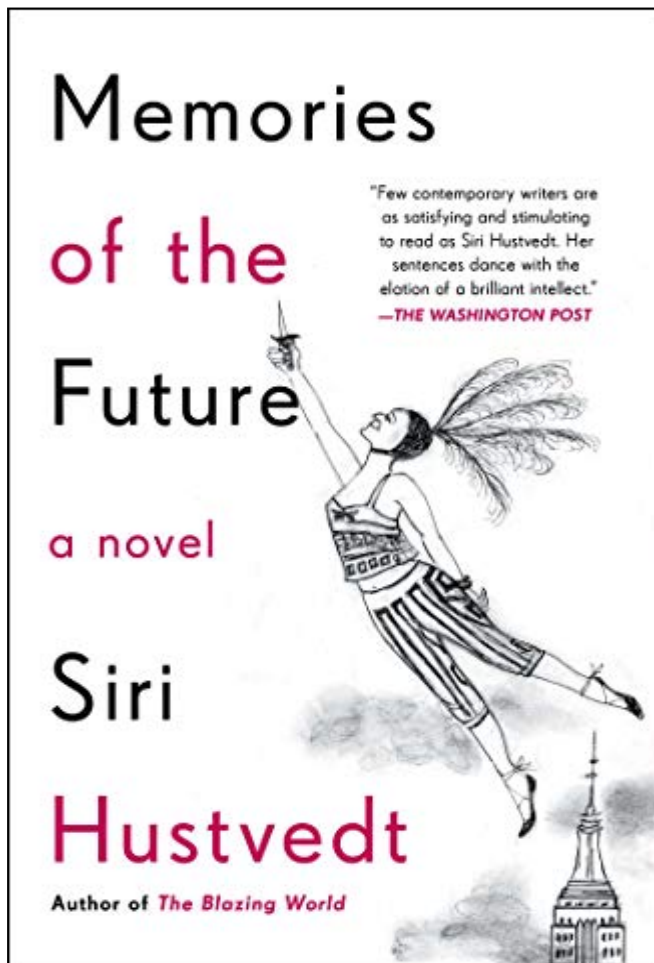
3) Briefly outline the information you have just listened to (about 200 words). (0,5)

EJERCICIO PRÁCTICO: INGLÉS-SECUNDARIA

COMENTARIO DE TEXTO (4,5)

Memories from the Future.

Siri Hustvedt.



I remember the door closing on Mr. Rosales, and I remember my jubilation. I remember the two rooms of the old apartment, and I can walk from one to the other in my mind. I can still see the space, but if I am honest, I cannot describe the precise configurations of the cracks in the bedroom ceiling, the lumpy lines and delicate flowerings I know were there because I studied them, nor am I absolutely certain about the dimensions of the refrigerator, for example, which I believe to have been smallish. I am quite sure it was white and it may have been round at its corners, not square.

The more I focus on remembering, the more details I am likely to provide, but those particulars may well be invented. And so, I will not expound on the appearance, for example, of the potatoes that lay on the plates in front of me thirty-three years ago. I will not tell you whether they were pale and boiled or sautéed lightly or au gratin or fried because I do not remember them. If you are one of those readers who relishes memoirs filled with impossibly specific memories, I have this to say: those authors who claim perfect recall of their hash brown decades later are not to be trusted.

And so, I arrive in the city I have seen in films and have read about in books, which is New York City but also other cities, Paris and London and St Petersburg, the city of the hero's fortunes and misfortunes, a real city that is also an imaginary city. I remember the eerie illumination that came through the broken blinds the first night I slept in apartment 2B on August 25. I told myself I needed a new shade or it would never be truly dark in the room. The hot air didn't move. My sweat turned the sheets damp, and my dreams were harsh and vivid, but by the time I had made coffee and taken the cup back to my foam mattress to drink it in the following morning, I had forgotten what I dreamt.

During my first week in New York, I wrote in the mornings and traveled on the subway in the afternoons. I had no destination in mind, but I know that as the train rumbled through the bowels of the city, my heart beat more quickly, and my newfound freedom seemed nearly impossible. A token cost fifty cents, and as long as I didn't take an exit and climb the stairs, I could change from one train to another without paying another fare. I chugged uptown and downtown on the IRT, and flew express on the A, and I crossed from the West Side to the East on the Shuttle and investigated the curious route of the L, and when the F rose up into daylight at Smith and Ninth Street and I had a sudden view of steaming Brooklyn with its jazz of jutting cement blocks, warehouses and billboards, I found myself smiling out the window. As I sat or stood in one of the cars, jostled and jolted by its stops and starts, I paid homage to the ubiquitous graffiti, not for its beauty, but for its insurrectionist spirit, one I hoped to imbibe and emulate for my own artistic purposes.

I rejoiced in the screeching trains and in the voice of the man whose announcements turned to an unintelligible but sonorous scratch over the loudspeaker. I celebrated the press of the crowd as I was pushed out the door in a collective swell of movement, and I recited Whitman's lines "myself disintegrated, everyone disintegrated, yet part of the scheme". I wanted to be part of the scheme. I wanted to be everyone.

QUESTIONS

1. Briefly outline the content of the text. (0,25)
2. Classify the text according to its typology, genre and the author's intention. (0,25).
3. "Nor am I absolutely certain about the dimensions of the refrigerator" (paragraph 1) 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)
4. Find examples, in the text, of the following figures of speech: (1.25 puntos)
 - Alliteration
 - Antithesis
 - Metaphor
 - Polysyndeton
 - Aphorism
5. What is the author referring to when she talks about "A", "L" and "F" in this extract "...and flew express on the A, and I crossed from the West Side to the East on the Shuttle and investigated the curious route of the L, and when the F rose up into daylight at Smith and Ninth Street" (0,25).
6. Why do we know the text has been written by an American speaker, simply by taking a look at this sentence from the 4th paragraph: "I wrote in the mornings and traveled on the subway in the afternoons".(0,25)
7. Point out at least two differences between British and American English in vocabulary, spelling and grammar. (0,25)
8. Why is Walt Whitman quoted in the text? Briefly explain his relevance to North American culture (0,25).
9. Analyze syntactically the following sentence: (0.25) *"If you are one of those readers who relishes memoirs filled with impossibly specific memories, I have this to say: those authors who claim perfect recall of their hash brown decades later are not to be trusted"*.
10. Explain the meaning of the following words and expressions in the text: (1)
 - Lumpy lines (paragraph 1):
 - Hash Brown decades (paragraph 2):

- Eerie illumination (paragraph 3):
- My dreams were harsh (paragraph 3):
- The bowels of the city (paragraph 4) :
- I chugged (paragraph 4):
- Jutting...blocks (paragraph 4)
- Jostled (paragraph 4)
- jolted (paragraph 4):
- to imbibe (paragraph 4):

11. Write the phonetic transcription of the following words. (0.25)

- JUBILATION
- FLOWERINGS
- UBIQUITOUS
- UNINTELLIGIBLE

EJERCICIO PRÁCTICO: INGLÉS SECUNDARIA

TRADUCCIÓN

TRADUCCIÓN DIRECTA (1,5)

Huffy Nicola Sturgeon today slapped down Andy Burnham for cooking up a lockdown spat to boost his Labour leadership bid. Mr Burnham had kicked up a stink about Ms Sturgeon imposing tough restrictions "out of the blue" and demanded compensation cash for affected Mancs. But this afternoon she batted away his wish-list - and shrugged off his outrage as plain posturing ahead of a future leadership run. Emboldened, Mr Burnham has thrown his hat into the ring to replace under-fire Sir Keir Starmer. His profile has ballooned during the pandemic after picking many fights with Westminster

The Sun, 21 junio 2021

TRADUCCIÓN INVERSA (1,5)

Lo que más vívidamente recuerdo son los pies del jefe de la caravana. No sólo por el espesor del mugriento callo que le cubría las plantas, sino porque se los tocaba continuamente y encima, cada poco, se empeñaba en estrecharme la mano. Eso, unido a la certeza de que aquel tipo no sabía ni lo que era el papel higiénico, contribuye a explicar que perdiera 15 kilos en apenas un mes. Fue en un lago desecado del que las esclavas extraían pedazos de salitre, donde contacté con los de la caravana. Eran moros que transportaban sal desde el corazón del desierto hasta las orillas del río Níger en Malí, donde los paupérrimos ganaderos negros les compraban la carga para dársela a sus reses. Por 200 dólares se comprometieron a llevarme hasta Bamako, con derecho a encaramarme a un dromedario cuando me fallaran las fuerzas. Huelga decir que no hay animal más cabrón que el dromedario y que, tras varios intentos suicidas, opté por hacer los 1200 kilómetros de travesía a puro pinrel.

Sal, esclavos y un camello, Alfonso Rojo.

