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**Gobierno
de La Rioja**

Educación, Formación y
Empleo

Educación

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CUERPO: PROFESORES DE SECUNDARIA
ESPECIALIDAD DE INGLÉS

PARTE A. EJERCICIO PRÁCTICO I: *LISTENING*

You are going to listen to part of an interview.

1. Write a summary of the interview.
2. Answer the following questions about the interview:
 - a) How does Sir Attenborough describe the experience with zappers?
 - b) What is his stance on a total ban on plastic products?
 - c) Why does he mention a Chemistry Master?

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PARTE A. EJERCICIO PRÁCTICO II: TEXT ANALYSIS

1. Write an analysis of the text focusing on its genre, communicative functions and literary devices.
2. The reader learns about Coleman's resignation from his professorship at Athena in the first paragraph. What does the acronym *PC* stand for in the text? Define it and provide examples of such public speech tendency.
3. The narrator uses an unusual grammar pattern when he recounts how little milk Coleman used to have. Identify such pattern, define it, explain its communicative purposes and provide examples.
4. Roth's style features a remarkable choice of words. Define the meaning of the following terms in the text:
 - a) city-battered
 - b) preposterous
 - c) gaunt
 - d) girderlike
 - e) udders
 - f) due

In the local weekly, a letter to the editor will regularly appear from someone who has recently found a better life out along these rural roads, and in reverent tones mention will be made of Organic Livestock milk, not as a tasty drink but as the embodiment of a freshening, sweetening country purity that their city-battered idealism requires. "When we drink Organic Livestock milk, our body, soul, and spirit are getting nourished as a whole." Sentences like that, sentences with which otherwise sensible adults like Coleman, liberated from whatever vexation had driven them from New York or Hartford or Boston, like a resignation months before from Athena College on the grounds of an incident involving preposterous PC accusations of racism, can spend a pleasant few minutes at the desk pretending that they are seven years old.

Coleman had signed on with Organic Livestock as a three-gallon-a-week customer, however seldom had I seen him pour a drop in his tea. He'd arranged to do this not so as to be able to procure the price break extended to three-gallon customers but because the refrigerator was set just inside the entryway to the barn and only some fifteen feet from the stall where the cows were led in to be milked one at a time, twice a day, and where at 5 P.M. (when he showed up) Faunia, fresh from her duties as janitor at the college, would be doing the milking a few times a week. All he ever did there was watch her work. Even though there was rarely anyone else around at that time, Coleman remains outside the stall looking in and lets her get on with the job without having to bother to talk to him. Often they say nothing, because saying nothing intensifies their pleasure. She knows he is watching her; knowing she knows, he watches all the harder—and that they can't roll down in the dirt doesn't make a scrap of difference. It is enough that they should be alone together somewhere other than in his bedroom, it is enough to have to maintain the matter-of-factness of being separated by unsurpassable social obstacles, to play their roles as farm laborer and retired college professor, to perform consummately at her being a strong, lean working woman of thirty-four, a wordless illiterate, an elemental rustic of muscle and bone who'd just been in the yard with the pitchfork cleaning up from the morning milking, and at his being a thoughtful Jewish senior citizen of seventy-one, an accomplished classicist, an amplitudinous brain of a man replete with the vocabularies of two ancient tongues. It is enough to be able to conduct themselves like two people who have nothing whatsoever in common, all the while remembering how they can distill to an orgasmic essence everything about them that is irreconcilable, the discrepancies human that produced all the power.

"Here," Coleman mumbled to me, "just behold my Voluptas".

There was, at first glance, little to raise unduly one's carnal expectations about the gaunt, lanky woman spattered with dirt, wearing shorts and a T-shirt and rubber boots, whom I saw in with the herd that afternoon.

The carnally authoritative-looking creatures were those with the bodies that took up all the space, the creamy-colored cows with the free-swinging, girderlike hips and the barrel-wide paunches and the disproportionately cartoonish milk-swollen udders, the unagitated, slow-moving, strife-free cows, each a fifteen-hundred-pound industry of its own gratification, big-eyed beasts for whom chomping at one extremity from a fodder-filled trough while being sucked dry at the other by not one or two or three but by four pulsating, untiring mechanical mouths—for whom sensual stimulus simultaneously at both ends was their voluptuous due.

from *The Human Stain*, Philip Roth

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PARTE A. EJERCICIO PRÁCTICO III: *WRITING*

“Depression and anxiety in teenagers have continued to rise dramatically in the last years. Are we raising a generation of frustrated narcissists?”

Write an essay about the topic above