

OPOSCIONES PROFESORES ENSEÑANZA SECUNDARIA

Especialidad: Inglés, prueba práctica.

ARAGÓN, 2002.

Hewet and Rachel had long ago reached the particular place on the edge of the cliff where, looking down into the sea, you might chance on jelly-fish and dolphins. Looking the other way, the vast expanse of land gave them a sensation which is given by no view, however extended, in England; the villages and the hills there having names, and the farthest horizon of hills as often as not dipping and showing a line of mist which is the sea; here the view was one of infinite sun-dried earth, earth pointed in pinnacles, heaped in vast barriers, widening and spreading away and away like the immense floor of the sea, earth chequered by day and by night, and partitioned into different lands, where famous cities were founded, and the races of men changed from dark savages to white civilized men, and back to dark savages again.

Perhaps their English blood made this prospect uncomfortably impersonal and hostile to them, for having once turned their faces that way they next turned them to the sea, and for the rest of the time sat looking at the sea. The sea, though it was a thin and sparkling water here, which seemed incapable of surge or anger, eventually narrowed itself, clouded its pure tint with grey, and swirled through narrow channels and dashed in a shiver of broken waters against massive granite rocks. It was this sea that flowed up to the mouth of the Thames and the Thames washed the roots of the city of London.

Hewet's thoughts had followed some such course as this, for the first thing he said as they stood on the edge of the cliff was -

"I'd like to be in England !."

Rachel lay down on her elbow, and parted the tall grasses which grew on the edge, so that she might have a clear view. The water was very calm; rocking up and down at the base of the cliff, and so clear that one could see the red of the stones at the bottom of it. So it had been at the birth of the world, and so it had remained ever since. Probably no human being had ever broken that water with boat or with body. Obeying some impulse, she determined to mar that eternity of peace, and threw the largest pebble she could find. It struck the water, and the ripples spread out and out. Hewet looked down too.

"It's wonderful," he said, as they widened and ceased. The freshness and the newness seemed to him wonderful. He threw a pebble next. There was scarcely any sound.

"But England," Rachel murmured in the absorbed tone of one whose eyes are concentrated upon some sight.

"What d'you want with England?"

"My friends chiefly, he said, "and all the things one does.

He could look at Rachel without her noticing it. She was still absorbed in the water and the exquisitely pleasant sensations which a little depth of the sea washing over rocks suggests. He noticed that she was wearing a dress of deep blue colour, made of a soft thin cotton stuff, which clung to the shape of her body. It was a body with the angles and hollows of a young woman's body not yet developed, but in no way distorted, and thus interesting and even lovable. Raising his eyes Hewet observed her head; she had taken her hat off, and the face rested on her hand. As she looked down into the sea, her lips were slightly parted. The expression was one of childlike intentness, as if she were watching for a fish to swim past over the clear red rocks. Nevertheless her twenty-four years of life had given her a look of reserve. Her hand, which lay on the ground, the fingers curling slightly in, was well shaped and competent;

the square-tipped and nervous fingers were the fingers of a musician. With something like anguish Hewet realized that, far from being unattractive, her body was very attractive to him. She looked up suddenly. Her eyes were full of eagerness and interests. "You write novels?" she asked.

For the moment he could not think what he was saying. He was overcome with the desire to hold her in his arms.

Virginia Woolf, *The Voyage Out* (1915)

1.- Analyse the text from a literary point of view:

1.1 Structure

1.2 Theme/s

1.3 Cohesion, communicative intention.

1.4 Imagery

1.5 Rhythm

2.- Assess the effectiveness of the linguistic means employed by the writer in relation to her aims.

3.- How would you exploit the paragraph from line 9 ("Perhaps their English...") to line 14 (...the city of London) in a Bachillerato group.

3.1 Morphological-syntactic level.

3.2 Lexical-semantic level.