
 <p>GOBIERNO de CANTABRIA</p> <p>CONSEJERÍA DE EDUCACIÓN, CULTURA, Y DEPORTE Dirección General de Innovación y Centros Educativos</p>	 <p>Liébana Cantabria Año Jubilar</p>	<p>PROCESO SELECTIVO ORDEN ECD/17/2018, DE 6 DE MARZO</p> <p>ESPECIALIDAD: INGLÉS PRIMERA PRUEBA</p> <p>PARTE A-B: Prueba de carácter práctico COMPRENSIÓN Y EXPRESIÓN ESCRITA Nº de PLICA _____</p>
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Miércoles 27 de junio de 2018

OPCIÓN 1

Puntuación máxima: 4 puntos:

- Comprensión de la lectura: 2 puntos, 0,2 por cada respuesta completa correcta.
- Expresión escrita: 2 puntos.

BARNES, JULIAN. *The Sense of an Ending*. London: Vintage Penguin Random House. 2011 (87-89)

Read the text and answer the following questions according to it.

After that, you will have to write an essay.

I'm sure psychologists have somewhere made a graph of intelligence measured against age. Not a graph of wisdom, pragmatism, organisational skill, tactical nous—those things which, over time, blur our understanding of the matter. But a graph of pure intelligence. And my guess is that it would show we most of us peak between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five. Adrian's fragment brought me back to how he was at that age. When we had talked and argued, it was as if setting thoughts in order was what he had been designed to do, as if using his brain was as natural as an athlete using his muscles. And just as athletes often react to victory with a curious mixture of pride, disbelief and modesty—I did this, yet how did I do this? by myself? thanks to others? or did God do it for me?—so Adrian would take you along on the journey of his thought as if he himself didn't quite believe the ease with which he was travelling. He had entered some state of grace— but one that did not exclude. He made you feel you were his cothinker, even if you said nothing. And it was very strange for me to feel this again, this companionship with one now dead but still more intelligent, for all my extra decades of life.

Not just pure, but also applied intelligence. I found myself comparing my life against Adrian's. The ability to see and examine himself; the ability to make moral decisions and act on them; the mental and physical courage of his suicide. "He took his own life" is the phrase; but Adrian also took charge of his own life, he took command of it, he took it in his hands—and then out of them. How few of us—we that remain— can say that we have done the same? We muddle along, we let life happen to us, we gradually build up a store of memories. There is the question of accumulation, but not in the sense that Adrian meant, just the simple adding up and adding on of life. And as the poet pointed out, there is a difference between addition and increase.

Had my life increased, or merely added to itself? This was the question Adrian's fragment set off in me. There had been addition—and subtraction—in my life, but how much multiplication? And this gave me a sense of unease, of unrest.

"So, for instance, if Tony . . ." These words had a local, textual meaning, specific to forty years ago; and I might at some point discover that they contained, or led to, a rebuke, a criticism from my old clear-seeing, self-seeing friend. But for the moment I heard them with a wider reference—to the whole of my life. "So, for instance, if Tony . . ." And in this register the words were practically complete in themselves and didn't need an explanatory main clause to follow. Yes indeed, if Tony had seen more clearly, acted more decisively, held to truer moral values, settled less easily for a passive peaceableness which he first called happiness and later contentment. If Tony hadn't been fearful, hadn't counted on the approval of others for his own self approval ... and so on, through a succession of hypotheticals leading to the final one: so, for instance, if Tony hadn't been Tony.

But Tony was and is Tony, a man who found comfort in his own doggedness. Letters to insurance companies, emails to Veronica. If you're going to bugger me about, then I'm going to bugger you about back. I carried on sending her emails more or less every other day, and now in a variety of tones, from jokey exhortations to "Do the right thing, girl!," to questions about Adrian's broken-off sentence, to half-sincere enquiries about her own life. I wanted her to feel that I might be waiting whenever she clicked on her inbox; and I wanted her to know that even if she instantly deleted my messages, I would be aware that this was what she was doing, and not surprised, let alone hurt. And that I was there, waiting. "*Ti-yi-yi-yime* is on my side, yes it is . . ." I didn't feel I was harassing her; I was just after what was mine. And then, one morning, I got a result.

"I'm coming up to town tomorrow, I'll meet you at 3 in the middle of the Wobbly Bridge."

I'd never expected that. I thought everything would be done at arm's length, her methods being solicitors and silence. Maybe she'd had a change of mind. Or maybe I'd got under her skin. I'd been trying to, after all.

The Wobbly Bridge is the new footbridge across the Thames, linking St. Paul's to Tate Modern. When it first opened, it used to shake a bit—either from the wind or the mass of people tramping across it, or both—and the British commentariat duly mocked the architects and engineers for not knowing what they were doing. I thought it beautiful. I also liked the way it wobbled. It seemed to me that we ought occasionally to be reminded of instability beneath our feet. Then they fixed it and it stopped wobbling, but the name stuck—at least for the time being. I wondered about Veronica's choice of location. Also, if she'd keep me waiting, and from which side she'd arrive.

But she was there already. I recognised her from a distance, her height and stance being instantly familiar. Odd how the image of someone's posture always remains with you. And in her case—how can I put it? Can you stand impatiently? I don't mean she was hopping from one foot to the other; but an evident tenseness suggested she didn't want to be there.

I checked my watch. I was exactly on time. We looked at one another.

"You've lost your hair," she said.

"It happens. At least it shows I'm not an alcoholic."

"I didn't say you were. We'll sit on one of those benches." She headed off without waiting for an answer. She was walking swiftly, and I would have had to run a few steps to get alongside her. I didn't want to give her this pleasure, so followed a few paces behind to an empty bench facing the Thames. I couldn't tell which way the tide was running, as a whippy crosswind stirred the water's surface. Above, the sky was grey. There were few tourists; a rollerblader rattled past behind us.

"Why do people think you're an alcoholic?"

"They don't."

"Then why did you bring it up?"

"I didn't bring it up. You said I'd lost my hair. And it happens to be a fact that if you're a very heavy drinker, something in the booze stops your hair falling out."

"Is that true?"

"Well, can you think of a bald alcoholic?"

"I've got better things to do with my time."

I glanced at her and thought: You haven't changed, but I have. And yet, oddly, these conversational tactics made me almost nostalgic. Almost. At the same time, I thought: You look a bit whiskery. She was wearing a utilitarian tweed skirt and a rather shabby blue mackintosh; her hair, even allowing for the breeze off the river, seemed unkempt. It was the same length as forty years earlier, but heavily streaked with grey. Or rather, it was grey streaked with the original brown. Margaret used to say that women often made the mistake of keeping their hair in the style they adopted when they were at their most attractive. They hung on long after it became

inappropriate, all because they were afraid of the big cut. This certainly seemed to be the case with Veronica. Or maybe she just didn't care.

"So?" she said.

"So?" I repeated.

"You asked to meet."

"Did I?"

"You mean you didn't?"

"If you say I did, I must have."

"Well, is it yes or no?" she asked, getting to her feet and standing, yes, impatiently.

I deliberately didn't react. I didn't suggest she sit down, nor did I stand up myself. She could leave if she wanted—and she would, so there was no point trying to hold her back. She was gazing out over the water. She had three moles on the side of her neck—did I remember them or not? Each, now, had a long whisker growing out of it, and the light caught these filaments of hair.

Very well then, no small talk, no history, no nostalgia. To business.

"Are you going to let me have Adrian's diary?"

"I can't," she replied, without looking at me.

"Why not?"

"I burnt it."

First theft, then arson, I thought, with a spurt of anger. But I told myself to keep treating her like an insurance company. So, as neutrally as possible, I merely asked: "For what reason?"

Her cheek twitched, but I couldn't tell if it was a smile or a wince.

"People shouldn't read other people's diaries."

READING COMPREHENSION

PART 1. Circle the most suitable answer.

1. What kind of feelings do you think the narrator has for Adrian?
 - a) He feels remorse for his actions.
 - b) He cannot put up with him.
 - c) He feels sheer appreciation for him.
 - d) He is unconcerned for him.
2. "I didn't feel I was harassing her." Why could the narrator have had a feeling like that?
 - a) Because he had been unrelenting with her.
 - b) Because, at the end of the day, Tony was Tony.
 - c) Because the Wobbly Bridge was the most outrageous place to meet her on earth.
 - d) Because she had been somebody else's wife.
3. How does the narrator feel about Veronica when he sees her?
 - a) He feels profoundly disgruntled.
 - b) He feels panic.
 - c) Her appearance seems to remind him of the old times.
 - d) Her movements do show she is not feeling comfortable with the situation.

4. How would you describe the conversation between the narrator and Veronica?
- a) Frisky
 - b) Elusive
 - c) Harsh
 - d) Gutsy
5. The narrator does not want to walk promptly so that Veronica ...
- a) ... does not feel he is being humbled.
 - b) ... cannot tell the way the tide was running.
 - c) ... can choose which bench she wants to have that conversation on.
 - d) ... can sort out the situation properly.
6. Is Veronica honest when answering the narrator about why he burnt Adrian's diary?
- a) Yes, because she did love Adrian.
 - b) Yes, because of her moral values.
 - c) No, because she was gazing out over the water.
 - d) No, because of her nebulous awkward gesture.

PART 2. Answer the questions in no more than 35 words.

7. Why does the narrator think our peak of intelligence is set between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five?
8. What's the difference between addition and increase according to the narrator?
9. What does the narrator mean when he says "I'd got under her skin"? why does he say it?
10. In which sense are the Wobbly Bridge and life similar? Give examples from your own experience.

WRITING

Read again the first paragraph and discuss this subject:

"Intelligence: What kind of intelligence would you like to help your students develop? What kind of intelligence do you think they will need?"

Write between 200 and 250 words. Write on a separate piece of paper.