



22 de xuño de 2024

ORDE do 31 de xaneiro de 2024 (DOG 14/02/2024)

Procedemento selectivo de ingreso
ao corpo de profesorado de escolas oficiais de idiomas

Código 592. Especialidade 011 inglés

APELIDOS E NOME:

PRIMEIRA PROBA - PARTE A

ANÁLISE DE TEXTO

Indicacións xerais:

- Empregue un bolígrafo con tinta azul indeleble.
- Pode usar papel de borrador
- Non empregue cintas ou fluídos correctores; de necesitar anular algunha parte do escrito, abondará cun X ou cunha liña sobre o escrito.

TEXT ANALYSIS

Complete the following tasks

1. Identify the type of text and genre. Discuss its communicative functions, both primary and secondary, and stylistic resources.
2. Provide a morphological, syntactic, phonological and semantic analysis of the text.
3. Explain how you would use this text in the classroom. Describe the tasks you would use and specify which level they would be most appropriate for.

Excerpt from *Fierce Attachments* – Vivian Gornick (1987)

My mother was distinguished in the building by her unaccented English and the certainty of her manner. Although our apartment door was always closed (a distinction was made between those educated enough to value the privacy of a closed door and those so peasant-like the door was always half open), the neighbors felt free to knock
5 at any time: borrow small kitchen necessities, share a piece of building gossip, even ask my mother to act as arbiter in an occasional quarrel. Her manner at such times was that of a superior person embarrassed by the childlike behavior of her inferiors. (...) “Such foolishness.” Or, “That’s ridiculous,” she would rap out sharply when a tale she considered base or ignorant was repeated to her. She seemed never to be troubled by
10 the notion that there might be two sides to a story, or more than one interpretation of an event. She knew that, compared with the women around her, she was “developed” —a person of higher thought and feeling —so what was there to think about? “Developed” was one of her favorite words. [...] Mama thinking everyone around was undeveloped, and most of what they said was ridiculous, became imprinted on me like dye on the most
15 receptive of materials. [...]

The apartment was a five-room flat, with all the rooms opening onto each other. Because the front room and one of the bedrooms faced the street, ours was considered a desirable apartment, an apartment “to the front.” The kitchen window faced the alley in the back of the building, as did the kitchen windows of the building next to ours [...]
20 There were no trees or bushes or grasses of any kind in the alley —only concrete, wire fencing, and wooden poles. Yet I remember the alley as a place of clear light and sweet



air suffused, somehow, with a perpetual smell of summery green. The alley caught the morning sun (our kitchen was radiant before noon), and it was a shared ritual among the women that laundry was done early on a washboard in the sink and hung out to dry
25 in the sun. Crisscrossing the alley, from first floor to fifth, were perhaps fifty clotheslines strung out on tall wooden poles planted in the concrete ground. Each apartment had its own line stretching out among ten others on the pole. The wash from each line often interfered with the free flap of the wash on the line above or below, and the sight of a woman yanking hard at a clothesline, trying to shake her wash free from an
30 indiscriminate tangle of sheets and trousers, was common. While she was pulling at the line she might also be calling "Berth-a-a. Berth-a-a. Ya home, Bertha?" Friends were scattered throughout the buildings on the alley, and called to one another all during the day to make various arrangements ("What time ya taking Harvey to the doctor?" Or, "Got sugar in the house? I'll send Marilyn over." Or, "Meetcha on the corner in ten
35 minutes"). So much stir and animation! The clear air, the unshadowed light, the women calling to each other, the sounds of their voices mixed with the smell of clothes drying in the sun, all that texture and color swaying in open space. I leaned out the kitchen window with a sense of expectancy I can still taste in my mouth, and that taste is colored a tender and brilliant green.