

Cuerpo de Profesores de Enseñanza Secundaria

Dirección Provincial de Melilla

Drifts of soundless summer rain were greying the trees in Merrion Square. Quirke hurried along, keeping close to the railings as if they might shelter him, the lapels of his jacket clutched tight to his throat. It was too early yet for the office workers, and the broad street was deserted, with not a car in sight, and if not for the rain he would have been able to see unhindered all the way to the Pepper-canister Church, which always looked to him, viewed from a distance like this down the broad, shabby sweep of Upper Mount Street, to be set at a slightly skewed angle. Among the clustered chimneys a few were dribbling smoke; the summer was almost over, a new chill was in the air. But who had lit those fires, so early? Could there still be scullery-maids to haul the coal bucket up from the basement before first light? He eyed the tall windows, thinking of all those shadowed rooms with people in them, waking, yawning, getting up to make their breakfasts, or turning over to enjoy another half-hour in the damp, warm stew of their beds. Once, on another summer dawn, going along here like this, he had heard faintly from one of those windows a woman's cries of ecstasy fluttering down into the street. What a piercing stab of pity he had felt for himself then, walking all alone here, before everyone else's day had begun; piercing, and pained, but pleasurable, too, for in secret Quirke prized his loneliness as a mark of some distinction.

In the hallway of the house there was the usual smell he could never identify, brownish, exhausted, a breath out of childhood, if childhood was the word for that first decade of misery he had suffered through. He plodded up the stairs with the tread of a man mounting the gallows, his sodden shoes squelching. He had reached the first-floor return when he heard a door down in the hall opening; he stopped, sighed.

'Terrible racket again last night,' Mr Poole called up accusingly. 'Not a wink.'

Quirke turned. Poole stood sideways in the barely open doorway of his flat, neither in nor out, his accustomed stance, with an expression at once truculent and timid. He was an early riser, if indeed he ever slept. He wore a sleeveless pullover and a dicky-bow, twill trousers sharply creased, grey carpet slippers. He looked, Quirke always thought, like the father of a fighter pilot in one of those Battle of Britain films, or, better still, the father of the fighter pilot's girlfriend.

'Good morning, Mr Poole,' Quirke said, politely distant; the fellow was often a source of light relief, but Quirke's mood this early morning was not light.

Poole's pale, gull's eye glittered vengefully. He had a way of grinding his lower jaw from side to side.

'All night, no let-up,' he said, aggrieved. The other flats in the house were vacant, save for Quirke's on the third floor, yet Poole regularly complained of noises in the night. 'Frightful carry-on, bang bang bang.'

Quirke nodded. 'Terrible. I was out, myself.'

Poole glanced back into the room behind him, looked up at Quirke again. 'It's the missus that minds,' he said, lowering his voice to a whisper, 'not me.' This was a new twist. Mrs Poole, rarely glimpsed, was a diminutive person with a furtive, frightened stare; she was, Quirke knew for a fact, profoundly deaf. 'I've lodged a strong complaint. I shall expect action, I told them.'

'Good for you.'

Poole narrowed his eyes, suspecting irony. 'We'll see,' he said menacingly. 'We'll see.'

Quirke walked on up the stairs. He was at his own door before he heard Poole closing his.

Chill air stood unwelcoming in the living room, where the rain murmured against the two high windows, relics of a richer age, which no matter how dull the day were always somehow filled with a muted radiance Quirke found mysteriously dispiriting.

Christine Falls
Black, Benjamin
Quirke Mysteries Series
Pan Macmillan

Answer **THREE** of the following activities. All the questions have the same value.

1. Analysis of the text at word level:

1.a Semantic fields **(20%)**

- Find in the text five words belonging to the semantic field of **stare**.
- Give three words belonging to the semantic field of **murmur**.

1.b Explain the use of the words **greying** and **eyed** in the text from a linguistic point of view. **(20%)**

1.c Explain the meaning of the word **dribbling** and its stylistic use according to the text. **(20%)**

1.d Say if the following words are simple, complex or compound. Decompose and explain their word formation processes. Give two more examples of each. **(30%)**

- **Scullery-maids**
- **Childhood**
- **Gallows**
- **Sleeveless**
- **Dicky-bow**
- **Unhindered**

1.e Find in the text one homophone for each of the following words. **(10%)**

- **Haul**
- **Hear**
- **Side**
- **Herd**
- **Reign**

2. Analysis of the text at sentence level:

2.a Find in the text examples of the following types of clauses. **(40%)**

- Non-defining or non-restrictive relative clauses.
- Verbless or minor clauses.
- Time clauses.
- Non-finite clauses.

2.b Describe this sentence from a syntactic point of view. **(30%)**

What a piercing stab of pity he had felt for himself then, walking all alone here, before everyone else's day had begun;

2.c Transcribe phonetically the previous sentence. Use the IPA symbols and RP pronunciation. **(30%)**

3. Analysis of the text at discourse level:

Explain the coherence and cohesive devices in the text. **(100%)**

4. Translate the following passage: (100%)

In the hallway of the house there was the usual smell he could never identify, brownish, exhausted, a breath out of childhood, if childhood was the word for that first decade of misery he had suffered through. He plodded up the stairs with the tread of a man mounting the gallows, his sodden shoes squelching. He had reached the first-floor return when he heard a door down in the hall opening; he stopped, sighed.

"Terrible racket again last night", Mr Poole called up accusingly. "Not a wink".

5. Creating the atmosphere in crime fiction. Explain the linguistic and rhetorical features that contribute to the creation of the atmosphere in the passage given (stream of consciousness, verbs of senses and movement, metaphor, personification, onomatopoeia, alliteration, synesthesia...) (100%)

6. The creation of the detective hero. Explain the devices used by the writer to create characters in the passage given. Using the text comment on the main character in the detective novel. (100%)