

EOI ANTEQUERA

EDICIÓN 1 | JUNIO DE 2020



*Imagen cedida por nuestra
querida compañera
Olalla Moya Gómez*

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EDITORIAL

CARMEN MEDINA GARRÍGUEZ

PROFESORA DEL DEPARTAMENTO DE INGLÉS
Y COORDINADORA DEL PROYECTO



Es con gran alegría que escribo esta introducción a la primera edición de la Revista de la Escuela de Idiomas de Antequera porque es prueba de que, pese a las vicisitudes, tanto el alumnado como el profesorado se ha unido para llevar a cabo un proyecto con ilusión y determinación.

PROYECTO COMUNICA

Entre las numerosas actividades que proyectamos para el curso 2019-2020, surgió la adhesión al Proyecto Comunica. El Marco Común de Referencia para las Lenguas (MCER) y el reciente Volumen Complementario con descriptores que desarrollan la mediación hicieron necesario que las Escuelas de Idiomas revisaran los criterios de evaluación, así como las destrezas y actividades para cumplir con los nuevos requisitos, una de las razones por el cambio y actualización en la normativa de evaluación.

La curiosidad por conocer más a fondo este concepto de “mediación” junto con el marco adecuado que nos presenta Comunica (desarrollar la Oralidad, la Lectura-Escritura Funcional, la Lectura-escritura Creativa y la Alfabetización Audiovisual), nos hicieron pensar que podríamos ponerlo el funcionamiento para:

1. Conocer detalladamente los descriptores de mediación.
2. Crear materiales para su uso en el aula.
3. Mejorar la competencia comunicativa del alumnado en francés e inglés.
4. Proporcionar al alumnado la práctica necesaria para abordar con éxito esta destreza en las aulas así como en el proceso de evaluación.

Con estos fines en mente, se han ido creando diversas actividades que han quedado plasmadas en el blog que recoge las actividades desarrolladas a este efecto.

Proyecto Comunica en redes
EOI Antequera





Alumnos de B1 semipresencial, B2.1 y C1 durante la videoconferencia

FLIPGRID Y SPEAKUP: Proyecto piloto

La primera grata sorpresa que nos facilitó la adhesión al proyecto fue el contacto fortuito con Nomi Sharan Gazit, Directora de SpeakUp, compañera y experta en la enseñanza de idiomas en Tel Aviv, Israel, que se interesó por establecer un intercambio a través de Flipgrid con nuestro alumnado.

Cinco grupos de inglés (B1 online, B2.1, C1.1, y C1.2) participaron en dicha experiencia piloto. Las profesoras participantes se estuvieron reuniendo semanalmente durante tres meses. El alumnado estuvo en contacto a través de tres actividades: *Me in 60 seconds*, *My favourite place* y una *videoconferencia en tiempo real*.

Desgraciadamente, esta iniciativa piloto se vió interrumpida debido al confinamiento y la segunda fase no tuvo lugar. No obstante, las profesoras (Nomi Sharan Gazit, Rebecca Steiner, Laura Moreno y Carmen Medina)

que colaboran en proyecto siguen en contacto y con ánimos de retomar la iniciativa en cuanto sea posible.

Quedan por realizar numerosas actividades entre ellas encontrar un logo para la revista, darle un título, decidir una portada y una contraportada. Todas estas actividades y muchas más retomaremos con ilusión en cuanto se inicie el nuevo curso 2020-2021.

Quiero aprovechar para agradecer al alumnado su participación, felicitar a los ganadores del concurso, al profesorado su buen ánimo, apoyo y dedicación, de modo especial agradecer a Dña. Laura Moreno, Jefa del Departamento de Actividades Complementarias y Extraescolares y a Dña. Nuria Isabel Tenllado, Jefa del Departamento de Francés su empeño y esmero en hacer tanto el concurso como la revista una realidad.

La Real Academia de las Artes Nobles de Antequera

Un legado intelectual para la diversidad

NURIA ISABEL TENLLADO RIVERA Profesora y jefa de departamento de francés



En sus inicios la Academia de Nobles Artes de Antequera fue propulsada en 1789 por Carlos IV como centro de enseñanza de las Artes, las Letras y las Ciencias en la que impartieron docencia importantes artistas e intelectuales de Antequera. Fue reinstaurada por la Junta de Andalucía por el Decreto 77/2009 de 7 de abril y desde entonces toma el nombre de Real Academia de Artes Nobles de Antequera. Actualmente la Academia está constituida por tres cátedras para las secciones de ciencias, artes y letras.

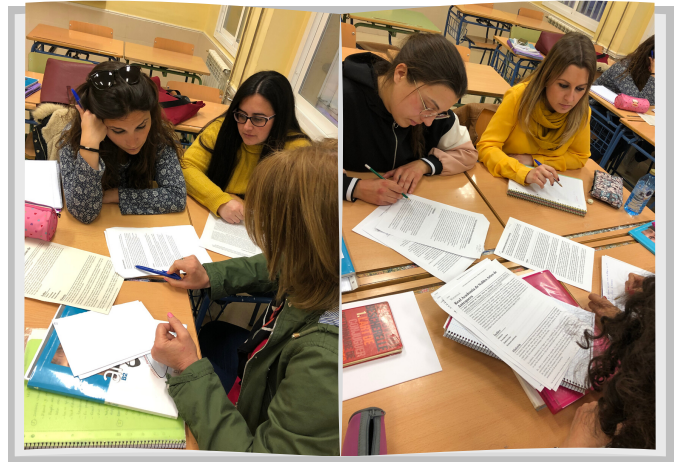
Como ejemplo de su rigor académico cabe destacar la labor de investigación de D. Antonio Alcaide García entre otros, miembro académico y profesor universitario en ciencias químicas en el Centre National de la Recherche Scientifique en Francia, que consiguió disminuir significativamente la mortalidad infantil en Centroamérica, formulando un jarabe a base de plantas autóctonas (“La Opinión”, 2019).

Hoy día la institución sigue perpetuando el acervo cultural heredado de aquellos ciudadanos que participaron con entusiasmo en transmitir el conocimiento a través de este espacio de convivencia. Su oferta cultural es diversa; ciclos de cine en distintos idiomas, conferencias, recitales de música y poesía, presentaciones de libros..., todo ello para el disfrute con sabor andaluz de sus ciudadanos, del alumnado de distintos centros educativos, de turistas, y de la comunidad extranjera residente en Antequera.

En un intento de colaborar con la Instituciones de la ciudad, pusimos en marcha una actividad en colaboración con la Real Academia de Antequera. Para ello, los alumnos de niveles superiores, previa visita a la institución, actuarían de guías turísticos para los alumnos de niveles inferiores durante la visita, en el contexto de una actividad extraescolar.



Con tal fin realizamos junto con todo el material recabado de la Real Academia, una actividad de mediación, en la que se puso en práctica la expresión oral y la expresión escrita durante la cual los alumnos y alumnas prepararon con éxito un texto guía para la visita. Debido a la alerta sanitaria, la segunda parte de la actividad no pudo realizarse y, por tanto, se retomará el año que viene si las circunstancias lo permiten.



Los profesores y nuestro alumnado agradecemos a la Real Academia de Antequera poder compartir estos momentos tan fructíferos para nuestro aprendizaje.

En principio, la idea de convocar la primera edición del concurso de escritura en la Escuela Oficial de Idiomas de Antequera, surgió cuando a principios del curso participé al curso de formación; “Crear una historia, escribir una novela”. Fue un curso muy divertido en el que tuvimos el privilegio de contar con la escritora Clara Peñalver que con su excepcional sentido del humor, supo transmitirnos con entusiasmo un sencillo método para iniciarnos a escribir relatos. Enseguida lo puse en práctica en el aula con mis alumnos a través de diferentes tareas con el objetivo de mejorar sus destrezas comunicativas en expresión escrita y en expresión oral, dentro del proyecto Comunica.

En colaboración con la coordinadora del proyecto: Carmen Medina y la coordinadora de DACE: Laura Moreno, se puso en marcha toda la logística del concurso que ha finalizado con mucho éxito y en el que han participado alumnos y alumnas de casi todos los niveles de inglés y francés. Habíamos previsto entregar el premio de los ganadores y un detalle a todos los participantes del concurso, en el salón de actos de la Real Academia de Antequera, lo cual no ha podido realizarse a raíz de la declaración del estado del alarma y la cancelación de las clases presenciales.

Finalmente, con este concurso me llevo la satisfacción de haber conseguido la participación de mis alumnos, ver su entusiasmo y apreciar su creatividad al escribir sus historias. Esta actividad supone poner en marcha sus pensamientos, en el marco de una perspectiva accional centrada en el alumno; protagonista social, según la actual visión del aprendizaje de las lenguas, y quién sabe quizás algún día plantar el germen de la escritura.

CONCURSO DE RELATOS

COLABORACIÓN INTERDEPARTAMENTAL

Como ya hemos comentado anteriormente, era nuestra intención llevar a cabo la presentación de esta revista en la Real Academia de Nobles Artes de Antequera, así como hacer entrega de los premios a los ganadores de dicho concurso por nivel e idioma.

Si bien la situación actual nos ha impedido realizar dicho acto, el tesón y la perseverancia del alumnado y del profesorado han permitido que se haya realizado el concurso y felizmente, que nuestra revista vea la luz. Para dicho concurso el alumnado debía presentar un relato con unas instrucciones específicas en función al nivel; todos los relatos participantes en el concurso han sido publicados aquí y podeis disfrutarlos en las siguientes páginas.

Ya que una de las actividades previstas que han quedado truncadas debido a la situación actual ha sido la visita del académico, traductor y poeta Dr. Don José Antonio Calañas Contiente, hemos querido contar con su experta opinión para la traducción de la oración propuesta para la tarea de B2 y C1. Os ofrecemos también las versiones aportadas por el profesorado de ambos departamentos, como muestra de la variedad y riqueza que puede ofrecer la traducción y, como ejemplo de una de las tareas de mediación.

CONCURSO DE RELATOS I EDICIÓN 2020

Requisitos para A1 A2 B1

Candidatos: Alumnado de la EOI de Antequera, matriculado en el curso 2019 - 2020.

Temática: Niveles A1, A2, B1

Los concursantes deberán escribir una historia original que no haya sido publicada en ningún otro concurso, inspirándose en UNA de las dos fotos siguientes.



Longitud: Entre 150 a 200 palabras.

Fecha límite de entrega: 15 de abril de 2020 a las 21 horas.

Ganadores: Un/a autor/a por nivel.

Formato: Word

Entrega: Se enviará por correo electrónico el documento en formato Word a la profesora correspondiente. (Formato PDF no será aceptado).

Entrega de premios: 30 de abril a las 19 horas en la EOI de Antequera.

CONCURSO DE RELATOS I EDICIÓN 2020

Bases B2.1., B2.2., C1.1., C1.2.

Candidatos: Alumnado de la Escuela Oficial de Idiomas de Antequera, matriculado en el curso 2019 - 2020.

Temática: Los participantes escribirán una historia que empiece con la frase siguiente:

“La tarde se presentaba con nubes amenazantes mientras el viento acariciaba el tapiz de hierba del jardín de la casa, bordeado de flores....”

Longitud: Entre 500 y 1500 palabras.

Fecha límite de entrega: 15 de abril de 2020 a las 21 horas.

Ganadores: Un/a autor/a por nivel.

Formato: Word (No se admitirá PDF)

Entrega: Se enviará por correo electrónico el documento en formato Word a la profesora correspondiente.

Entrega de premios: 30 de abril a las 19 horas en la EOI de Antequera.

RELATO GANADOR

English
Level A1, A2 & B1

A New Day to Live

JUAN RODRÍGUEZ BRAVO A2-B

Along the shore of the beach I was probably spending the best of my summers, with the mind absent of so much technology and isolated from the explosive noises of crowds of people and cars. Alone, sunbathing while I read an exciting book, watching the distant horizon, listening to the calming sound of the waves of the sea and breathing the pure air they produce.

I couldn't ask for anything else, with so little I had everything at that time. A rather complicated year had passed; they say that leap years are accompanied by omens, bad omens. And this had been one of them without a doubt. Then it was when I realized how important the simplest things in our life are. The simple fact that the sun rises, that a new day dawns, a new day to live.



RELATOS PARTICIPANTES

The Magic Night of San Juan

M^a LOURDES RUIZ AGUILAR A1-B

On Saturday 23th June in the afternoon, at about 4 p.m., my friends Ana, María, Luis, Rafa, Pablo and I go to buy some food to celebrate the night of San Juan on the beach. We buy saugages, pork chops, sardines, snacks, olives, bread, beer, soft drinks, water... After that, we go to the beach in two cars, with a lot of enthusiasm to spend an evening on the beach. Then we go and take out all the things from the cars, to the moviles we located. Now it's eight o'clock in the evening; soon we see the sun set, we stand near the shore, and the children make sand castles. Later we have a bath, how good the sea water feels late in the evening! After a swim, we prepare the barbecue. What a delicious meal! At 12 o'clock many bonfires are ready to celebrate *The Magic Night of San Juan*, a great night. The end... until the next.

A Beach Day

CARMEN ROSA MORENTE A1-B

I think, what is a beach day for me? It's a sunny day, happy, hot and festive because I am with my family and friends enjoying ourselves. I sunbathe on my towel listening to music and relaxed. I like a good meal made by me, a Spanish omelette and breaded fillets; OH ! I love them, I am happy only with that, I hardly ever eat in a restaurant, I prefer by the sea and under my umbrella. I play with my children, I speak with my friends and we laugh a lot. The day ends, and it is when you are better on the beach. I wish this day would come soon and come true, because the confinement has ended.

Beach

ANA ISABEL MÁRQUEZ CASTILLO A1-B

One day of summer, I'm on holiday. I get up early and I go to the beach to walk in the sand. I love the sea. I like that the sand on the beach sticks on my feet. Then, my family always choose a spot in the same area of the beach. The beach is a perfect place for any day of the year, but it's the best in the summer. I like to sunbathe and the sun on my skin. The sea breeze is like a caress. I lay on the sand and I look at the sea with my hat and a good book. I love to read on the beach. I relax. I like the smell of the sea. I want to disconnect and relax. My children want to play with the sand or with the rackets. I like to make sand castles with my family. I don't mind the sand.... It's fun. While I am laying down, I observe how other families also enjoy the day. I always take photos of the sea to remember when I look at them.

Short Story

LAURA PORRAS DOMÍNGUEZ A1-B

This is my favourite place, the beach is perfect. In this place you can read, sleep, enjoy the view, take a dip, lunch with your family or friends, play football, make sandcastles with your small nephews, walk along the shore, sunbathe... For me the best time to go to the beach is in spring because it isn't too hot or cold, the temperature at that time is perfect. Every weekend in March, April and May I like to go to the beach with my boyfriend and my nephews. The first I do is to sunscreen my nephews and run to the sea, my eldest nephew plays beach paddles and my little nephew plays to make sandcastles, my boyfriend sees us from his towel. Around 07:00 p.m we return home, when we get home we have a shower, have dinner and we go to bed.

A Perfect Day

SUSANA GARCÍA HIDALGO A1-B

A perfect day for me? It's very easy, a walk in the country. In winter the smell of wet soil, cold, wind on my face. It's a very nice sensation of tranquility and silence. In spring, it's an explosion of colors, different smells and the sound of birds. It's spectacular, it's a present for me! I don't take anything, I respect nature. The flower is pretty on earth with the rock and the insects, it is your site. I never throw trash either. I usually go at the weekend with my dog and my family or friends. We always go on safe roads, we go up and down mountains. It's there where I relax. I like the silence and I don't like where there are a lot of people. After that, I finish the walk and a good food is ideal. I arrive home and take a shower I feel really fine.

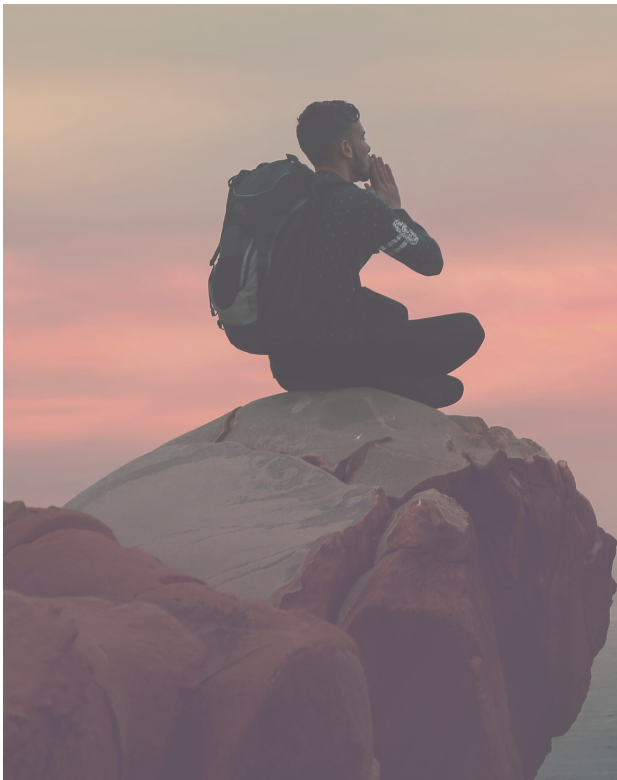
A Tale

JAIME MOLINA A1-B

Suddenly, everything went dark and lot of images around me called me to walk into a bright sparkling light, as if it were a three-dimensional hole. I could see in the distance people that I have known over this half-century of my life. I could feel peace, and their warm smiles in their eyes. Then, those positive things gave me peace of mind. Without ceasing to feel contradictions, I was shocked by everything; it was like in a magic trick. After that, one child took my hand, he looked like an angel with golden hair, his face was familiar to me; then, he told me with a sweet voice: "Don't be afraid, I will be with you, this will end son". We walked slowly and we arrived in a forest, I saw a river with a waterfall, I slipped and fell and I felt relieved. My feet on the sand, a very nice blue horizon, a sunny day, then I understood it was just a bad dream. Quotation: "Too much sun is bad for your health".

This is the End of My Trip

INMACULADA ROMERO IBÁÑEZ A2-B



Later a long day
I haven't a clear way
Because my heart was crying
Embrace to lose nobody's question laugh
Racing to melancholy
Tax my desire
Yes, I'm not going to lose this play

Angel or evil
Nobody questions my action
Decide to fight !

Length time waiting
One day I'm going to laugh again
Visit a place of peace
Exchanging feelings

Remembering on the Beach



SONIA RICO FERNÁNDEZ A2-B

I'm finally on the beach, after yesterday was a horrible day at work. I'm on my favourite beach, alone, sunbathing, relaxing and looking at the sea. At the bottom of the beach, I'm seeing a family enjoying this sunny day. I begin to remember when my family and I went to the beach every morning during years. I went to the beach with my parents, my sisters, my aunt and my dear grandmother. My father fished on the rocks, he felt very relaxed there, although he got angry, because he never fished or fished small fish. My mother and my aunt were always talking with their friends. My grandmother was the first to bath in the sea, even when the water was freezing. She loved the sea! My sister and I enjoyed sunbathing and reading magazines. We were very happy! I would like to be on the beach with my family now.

My Perfect Sunset



ISABEL SEGUNDA PÉREZ ORTEGA A2-B

I'm going to write about my memories when I went to the beach that summer afternoon. I want everybody to know it. Every single day was special for me, but the best moment was sitting on the sand of the beach in front of the sea, watching the sunset. This photo reminds me of my childhood, I lived near the sea for thirteen years. There I played with my friends while my mother was looking at me. Every afternoon was exciting. I was very happy. One afternoon my mother couldn't go to the beach, so I went with my neighbour and friends. I played, ate, swam... But when my special time came, I would sit and watch that nice moment, "the sunset", but that afternoon wasn't the same. I didn't feel my mother's look, I thought the perfect sunset was to see it and feel my mother there. Now when I see this photo I feel the sunset and my mother's look the same.

My Feet



M^o ÁNGELES CHACÓN NIEVAS A2-B

That picture, that trip...It was the best trip of my life. Everything was perfect, the beaches... spectacular! It was July, 28 degrees and a sunny day. I had just arrived in Mallorca. I left my suitcase at the hotel and without thinking for a second, I went to the beach. The first beach I visited was Es Trench Beach. There was nobody, the water was like crystal, clear and very fine sand. The sun could be seen on the horizon. Everything was quiet. Every time I lay down on a new beach I like to take a picture at my feet. I do this because when I get home and see it, it reminds me of the wonderful trip. So, every time I feel sad, I get the picture, I look at it and everything changes.

The Memories of My Childhood



MARÍA RODRÍGUEZ CODES A2-B

When I was a child, many years ago, I went to my grandfather's house on the beach in Torre del Mar, Malaga. There, my parents, my siblings and me and my cousins spent all the summer. We played in the garden during all day and at night we slept in the tent on the Grass, and together we saw the stars all nights. In the morning we went to the beach and we swam in the sea, also we played with sand and we made sand castles; it was great fun.

After that, we took photos. I have a lot of photos of these wonderful days, I was playing all day long and laughing with my cousins, it was an age of happiness, I remember it with love! Nowadays we don't see each other very much, only at Christmas. My grandfather's house was sold and he died two years ago, but this place reminds me of him and he will be always in my memory, also, those fantastic days in summer with my family. It was so nice! We really enjoyed ourselves ...

The Flower



FRANCISCO GARCÍA LUQUE A2-B

This photo is wonderful. Why? Currently, we are living difficult moments and this photo, this flower, the nature, liberty, felicity, things we are seeing in that photo. Something that we don't have now, everything is life. Just some time before, we had all that and could not see them. It was only important, first, the job, money and technology and after that, friends and family.

Now we have nothing and we are thinking what is more important? Life. To go out with friends and family and to run, to walk and to take some flowers. Everyone needs to be with other people. We haven't known that until now when we are alone. Instead, life is outside while we are behind the windows looking out, looking at flowers which we can't touch. We have learned how important family and friends are and then other things.

We have learned or we are learning what life is like: wonderful and nature is our life. We have to take care of nature so we can touch that flower of the picture. Now everyone is sad and scare but the future is going to be better, because everyone is going to touch that flower. Don't worry, be happy.

RELATO GANADOR

Français
Niveau A1, A2 et B1

J'AIME LA MER

CARMEN DE CÓZAR AYALA A1

Jeudi, soir; le soleil se couche pendant que les nuages jouent avec un grand éclat pour remplir l'horizon de couleurs roses, jaunes, oranges. Ensemble, tous les amis; Pierre, René, Amélie, Juliette et André, après une journée de plage, ils font des projets pour leur vacances.

Amélie, as tu obtenu l'information que nous t'avons commandé de chercher? dit René.

Il y a un problème dit Pierre. Elle est allée très tard à l'agence de voyages. C'est fermé! Il faut attendre jusqu' à lundi.

Mais, nous pouvons faire une première élection sur internet, dit Juliette

Est-ce-que quelqu'un peut faire les démarches? dit André, nous lui faisons confiance.

Longtemps, j'ai voulu visiter la côte d'Azur, dit Juliette, si vous êtes d'accord, je m'occupe d'organiser le voyage.

Aller à la côte d'Azur c'est une bonne proposition ,dit René,Je suis d'accord.

Moi aussi, dit Amélie, et vous, André et Pierre, Qu'est-ce que vous en pensez?

Effectivement c'est une bonne proposition dit Pierre, mais nous ne pouvons pas oublier que nous sommes étudiants et nous n'avons pas beaucoup d'argent.

Relaxez-vous! Nous savons que tu as la grosse tête! Tous ensemble rient!



RELATO PARTICIPANTE

Les marguerites

Français
Niveau A1, A2 et B1

TAMARA ESCALANTE POLO A2

Cette image se réveille dans mes milliers de sensations: triste, gaie, intense, excitante. En contemplant le champ des marguerites, ton visage est revenu dans mon esprit et bien que toi et moi sachions que chaque soir nous parlions, par exemple: je vous disais comment la journée s' était passé, comment allait Daniela ou Nico. Cela fait presque 10 ans que vous êtes parti, une triste journée car vous dire au revoir le 19 mars ; la fête des pères ! c'est une de ces dates qui vous marquent pour toujours.

Vous nous avez toujours dit de garder notre liberté puisque à cause de cette fichue maladie vous êtes resté immobile pendant vingt ans. Vous étiez toujours affectueux, attentif, vous n'avez jamais montré vos faiblesses, vous ne vous plaigniez jamais et tous ceux qui sont venus vous rendre visite sont repartis avec une blague ou une histoire inventée.

C'était triste que vous n'avez pas pu assister à nos spectacles, à nos danses et à nos graduations de fin d'année scolaire. Même si après on vous racontait tout assis sur votre lit, votre présence nous manquait. Aujourd'hui je changerais n'importe quoi pour pouvoir être assise à ton côté.

Nous vous laissons dans ce champ de marguerites, chaque année nous le visitons et ce sera par notre imagination ou par votre magie mais vos fleurs sont les plus belles.
Je t'aime papa.



RELATO GANADOR

Français
Niveau B2 et C1

Le temps s'était arrêté

FRANCISCO BÁEZ MELERO B2.2

L'après-midi apparaissait avec des nuages menaçants, lorsque le vent caressait le tapis d'herbe du jardin de la maison, entouré de fleurs. Elle regardait par la fenêtre, se sentait à l'aise, le temps s'était arrêté. Combien de souvenirs d'enfance, souvenirs d'une autre maison, une maison très différente de celle-ci où elle se trouvait. Tous ces souvenirs d'enfance étaient si clairs ! Surtout, elle remémorait une vie simple, une existence harmonieuse remplie de bonheur en compagnie des êtres chers.

À quel moment précis s'était arrêté le temps? Il serait difficile, voire impossible, de le démêler. En fait, démêler le vrai du faux n'avait jamais été son point fort. Même son âge, quel âge avait-elle ? Elle ne se sentait ni morte ni vivante, sauf quand elle pensait à quelque chose lointaine dans le temps. À cette époque-là, elle se rappelait comme si c'était aujourd'hui qu'elle essayait de respirer le plus lentement possible, seulement pour ne pas gaspiller sa vie et pour éloigner l'arrivée de la mort.

Comment oublier, par exemple, son frère Maurice, et ses milliers de jeux pleins d'imagination enfantine? Elle avait déjà compris et accepté qu'une partie de sa vie venait de s'achever, et que c'était probablement la meilleure. Chaque fois qu'elle pensait à ce genre de choses, elle se sentait sur le point de succomber à la perte de contrôle de soi-même, presque hypnotisée par le désir de retourner chez ses parents. Il y avait une force beaucoup plus puissante que sa volonté. Même si elle avait eu toute l'éternité, elle n'aurait pas réussi à l'expliquer.

Oui, elle le savait. Elle savait qu'il y avait une autre chose, aussi, qu'elle n'arrivait pas à se dire, cherchant en vain comment aborder le sujet. Elle était dans un état étrange, un mélange de concentration et de désespoir ; se tenant à peine sur ses jambes, elle était à deux doigts de s'évanouir.

Quand fut la dernière fois qu'elle avait mangé quelque chose? Quand c'était hier et quand aujourd'hui? Qui pourrait l'aider? Tout à coup, une porte s'ouvrit sur la gauche et une fille d'une quinzaine d'années, vêtue d'un jean et d'un tee-shirt, entra dans la pièce.



En apercevant la fille, elle poussa un hurlement, battit les mains et se mit à rire ; ensuite elle essaya de lui caresser la tête, afin de vérifier qu'il ne s'agissait pas d'un fantôme ou d'un miroir placé en face d'elle. Il n'y avait aucun doute, ce visage-là était son propre visage mais, en même temps, cette expression n'était pas la sienne. La jeune fille avait de longs cheveux blonds et un visage candide, presque angélique. Comment pourrait-elle expliquer la présence d'une adolescente si semblable et différente à la fois de l'image qu'elle avait de soi-même ? Elle la regardait avec stupéfaction, incapable de réagir.

Elle laissa passer quelques secondes avant de commencer à parler, mais sa gorge était bloquée par une sorte d'un cruel sortilège. Est-ce qu'elle avait été ensorcelée par une méchante sorcière ? Elle se sentait emprisonnée dans une des nombreuses histoires inventées par son frère Gaël, l'aîné de sa famille. Peu importe l'histoire qu'il était en train de raconter, tôt ou tard une méchante sorcière apparaîtrait.

Elle était sûre qu'elle était capable de briser l'enchantement, pourtant, toute sa confiance avait disparu. La fille la conduisit jusqu'au coin opposé de la chambre, où des fauteuils entouraient une large table basse et, sans prononcer un seul mot, elle disparut en sortant par la même porte qu'elle avait utilisé pour entrer. Bien qu'elle eût écouté parfaitement la voix de la fille, elle ne pouvait déchiffrer le sens des mots:

-Papa, je crois qu'on devrait appeler un médecin. Si je ne me trompe pas, mamie a les premiers symptômes de la maladie d'Alzheimer.

RELATOS PARTICIPANTES

La dernière nuit

Français
Niveau B2 et C1

GRACIA BÁEZ MELERO B2.1

Le soir se présentait avec des nuages menaçants, en même temps le vent caressait la tapisserie d'herbe du jardin de la maison bordée de fleurs. Elle regardait avec tristesse la maison de son enfance, combien de souvenirs!. Cette maison était toute sa vie, ses parents, ses frères, son premier amour. C' était la dernière fois qu'elle regardait sa chambre, la façade, la lumière et la joie de son jardin. Là-bas, il resterait une partie de sa vie. Louise ne voulait pas pleurer, au moins devant ses filles. Elle devait rester forte. En plus, une nouvelle vie commençait pour toute la famille. Ils partiraient vers une nouvelle maison qu'ils combleraient de sourires et de jeux d'enfants.

- Maman, tu es bien ? demanda Carole, sa fille.
- Mais oui, tout va bien, chérie. Où est ton père ?
- Je crois qu'il est dans la cuisine. Je vais le chercher.

Carole était une fille belle, avec des cheveux noirs comme son père. elle marchait en donnant des petits sauts sur la pointe des pieds.elle ressemblait à un petit oiseau. Jean était dans la cuisine, il se lavait les mains pendant qu'il regardait par la fenêtre, sa femme avec l'air étourdi Il était préoccupé pour elle. Elle semblait très triste. Ce serait une bonne idée, finalement, il avait trouvé un bon poste de travail, et Louise, elle pourrait toujours choisir une nouvelle place sans problème. Mais serait-il le meilleur moment pour un changement de vie si drastique?.

Louise sentait une connexion très spéciale avec cette maison, une connexion qu'elle n'avait jamais senti. Pour lui, par contre, une maison n'était que quatre murs. Il était le plus pragmatique du couple car il avait déjà vécu dans quatre villes différentes. Il pensait que la famille serait bien tant qu'elle restait ensemble, Il adorait les grandes villes, avec leur énergie et leur dynamisme. Il était déjà l'heure de partir.

- Papa, qu'est-ce que tu fais ? on va partir
- Ah oui !, allez-y ma chérie

À la sortie, Jean prit sa femme dans ses bras, les deux petites jouaient dans le jardin. Carole et Marie étaient complètement différentes. Carole un tourbillon brun et Marie une blonde sereine. Marie était l'aînée des filles, elle ressemblait à sa mère, une petite photocopie de Louise. Les deux filles traversaient le jardin avec leurs cheveux ondulés par le vent. Elles étaient l'image du bonheur, toutes ignorantes de ce qui s'approchait. Tout de suite il commença à pleuvoir.

- Allez, on va rentrer à la maison dit Jean.
 - À quelle heure arrivera l'entreprise pour le déménagement ? demanda Louise.
 - Environ vers sept heures répondit Jean.
- Toute la famille courut vers la porte d'entrée déjà complètement trempée. La pluie tombait de plus en plus fort. Jean prépara une tisane tandis que Louise et les filles jouaient aux cartes.

- Il n'arrête pas de pleuvoir ! C'est embêtant ! - dit Jean.
- Nous ne sommes pas pressés Jean, on a encore du temps.
- J'ai envie d'arriver tôt, tu sais que je déteste conduire la nuit.
- Calme-toi, s' il te plaît, je peux conduire si tu veux.

À ce moment-là le téléphone portable sonna.



- Allo ? Oui, c'est moi, Jean écoutait avec attention. Comment ? Mais ce n'est pas possible ! Et on ne peut pas envoyer un autre camion? Il se caressait le menton avec préoccupation. Bon, d'accord, à demain , Jean semblait tellement fatigué.

-Qu'est-ce qu'il s'est passé ? demanda Louise.

-Le camion de déménagement ne peut pas arriver aujourd'hui. La pluie a provoqué un effondrement à Cannes.

-Dommage! Bon, on peut passer la dernière nuit ici, pas de souci, hein? Ummm, il n'y a pas de solution, il n'y a rien à faire pour le moment.

Après le dîner, Jean borda ses petites dans leurs lits. Cette nuit-là, Jean seulement raconta le début du conte préféré des petites: « Boucle d'or ». Les deux filles adoraient les différentes versions du conte que son père inventait chaque nuit. Quelques fois les petites riaient sans cesser. Chaque nuit, Louise écoutait très amusée le récit de son mari. Mais cette nuit- là les deux filles étaient trop fatiguées pour écouter l'histoire. Louise écouta un bruit bizarre dans la porte d'entrée, mais elle pensa qu'il s'agissait de son mari.

Néanmoins, il se trouvait encore au premier étage quand chaque porte et chaque fenêtre de la maison se fermaient l'une après l'autre. Des petites empreintes furent formées sur le parquet, des empreintes minuscules. Le vent s'intensifia, redoubla sa force contre les arbres du jardin. Mille gouttes frappèrent les fenêtres avec un bruit terrifiant. Louise marchait nerveusement d'un côté à l'autre de la cuisine, elle détestait les orages. Quand elle était petite, pendant une nuit orageuse, elle éprouva l'expérience la plus cauchemardesque de sa vie; la naissance de son frère. Sa mère était enceinte et le bébé était en train de naître. Ce n'était pas la première fois que sa mère accouchait un bébé chez-elle. La sage-femme aidait sa mère encore une fois.

-Le bébé vient de fesses, chérie. Il faut appeler au médecin.

Louise, elle était encore très petite, mais elle n'avait pas encore oublié ce jour-là. Quelqu'un sonna, c'était le médecin. Louise ouvra la porte et conduisit monsieur Dulac jusqu'à la chambre de sa mère. La scène qu'elle vit ce jour-là la marquerait pour toute sa vie. Avec l'aide du médecin et de la sage-femme, sa mère, Anne, accoucha un bébé bizarre. Il ressemblait à un animal. Dans ses mains et sur ses pieds il avait des griffes, son visage n'était pas humain. Cette créature-là émettait un son effrayant. Anne vit le nouveau-né et elle commença à crier sans cesser. Le médecin porta le bébé dans une couverture et il parla avec son père.

-Qu'est- ce que c'est que ça ? - dit le père de Louise avec horreur.

-Je n'avais jamais vu une telle chose, Monsieur.

-Qu'est-ce qu'on va faire ? - Bernard était effrayé.

Dès que le médecin avertit la présence de Louise, il ferma la porte. Louise regarda toute la scène, elle se trouvait paralysée par la peur. Sûrement ce fut le détonateur des cauchemars et de sa peur des orages. Jean descendit l'escalier et trouva sa femme très pâle.

-C'est à cause de l'orage ? Tu es pâle, mon amour.

Elle acquiesça mais la vraie raison de son état était qu'elle venait de voir les petites traces sur le sol. Elle rêvait ? Cela ne pouvait pas être possible. Elle pensa; ce sont les traces de mes filles.

-Les petites se sont déjà couchées ? dit- elle en train d'essayer de se calmer.

-Oui, enfin elles se sont endormies dit Jean avec une expression allégée.

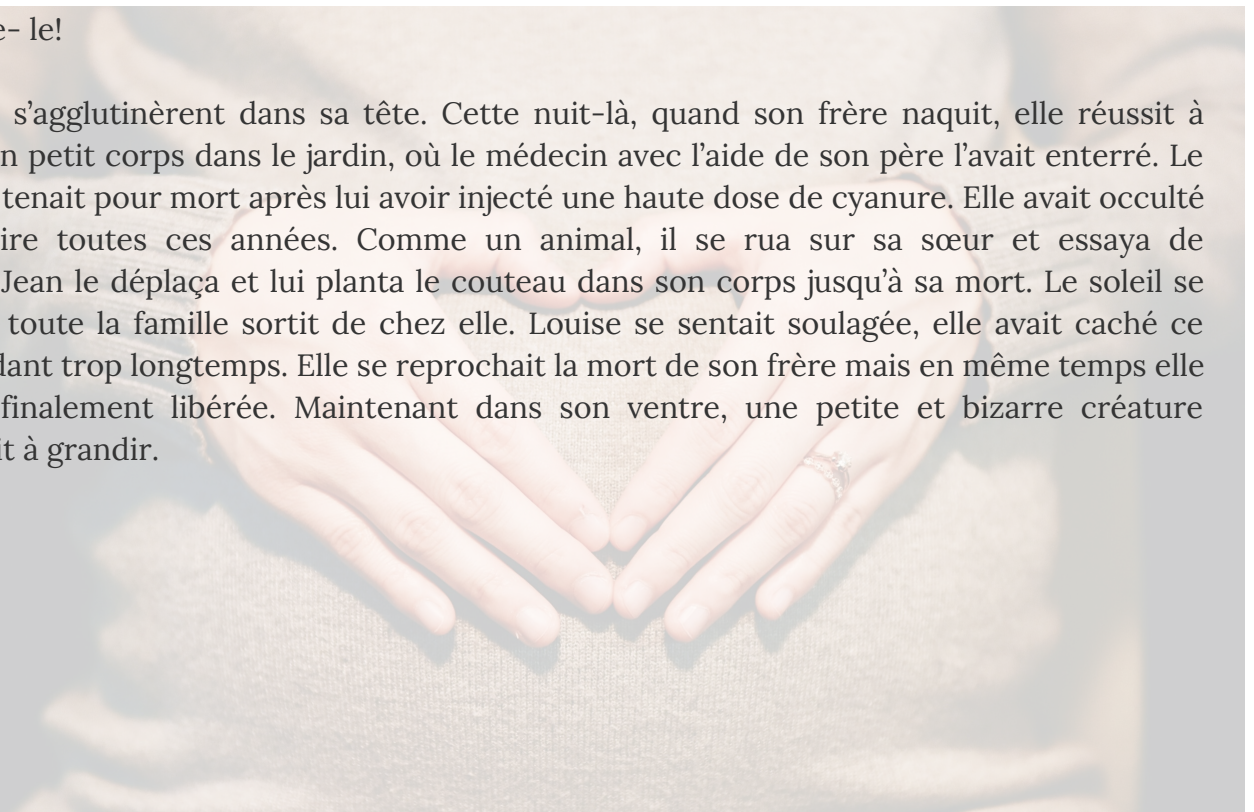
Tout à coup on écouta un bruit très bizarre au salon ressemblant à un gémissement.

-Qui est- là? Carole? Marie?

Jean monta très vite l'escalier pour essayer de prendre par surprise les petites. Néanmoins, quand il arriva à la chambre des filles il trouva qu'elles étaient profondément endormies. Un cri horrible arriva de la cuisine, il s'agitait de Louise. Jean courut vers la cuisine. Louise n'y était pas. Un autre gémissement, cette fois très proche, il pouvait écouter le son d'un grognement derrière lui. Ce son mettait la chair de poule. Jean tourna sur lui- même et regarda la petite créature qui se trouvait devant lui. Cette chose-là se tordait et le regardait comme un animal qui était sur le point d'attaquer sa proie. Jean prit un couteau qui était sur la table et grinça les dents préparé pour se défendre. À ce moment là, Louise apparut et appela la créature.

-Non, laisse- le!

Les images s'agglutinèrent dans sa tête. Cette nuit-là, quand son frère naquit, elle réussit à déterrer son petit corps dans le jardin, où le médecin avec l'aide de son père l'avait enterré. Le médecin le tenait pour mort après lui avoir injecté une haute dose de cyanure. Elle avait occulté cette histoire toutes ces années. Comme un animal, il se rua sur sa sœur et essaya de l'étrangler. Jean le déplaça et lui planta le couteau dans son corps jusqu'à sa mort. Le soleil se leva quand toute la famille sortit de chez elle. Louise se sentait soulagée, elle avait caché ce secret pendant trop longtemps. Elle se reprochait la mort de son frère mais en même temps elle se sentait finalement libérée. Maintenant dans son ventre, une petite et bizarre créature commençait à grandir.



Français
Niveau B2 et C1

La petite Galerne

JERÓNIMO FERNÁNDEZ TORRES B2.1

Le soir se présentait avec des nuages menaçants, tandis que le vent caressait la tapisserie d'herbe de la maison, bordée de fleurs.

La peau de mon visage et de mes mains, laissaient sentir la fin de la journée. Observer l'évolution de la lumière et des ombres aurait été plus évident. Mais, ce soir-là, je voulais la passer d'une autre façon et je fermai les yeux. D'habitude, avant le coucher du soleil, je m'asseyais sous la véranda de ma nouvelle maison. Dans un vieux fauteuil à bascule qui dissimulait son âge avec une nouvelle couche de vernis, qui parfois m'inspirait comme si je voulais m'enivrer de lui. Le son de ses ancrages en bois branlant devenait le métronome de mes divagations.

Quelque chose de différent était perçu dans l'ambiance. Les oiseaux ne se perchaient pas sur le vieil orme mort, qui était à l'extérieur du jardin. Son squelette leur servait de nichoir et de tour de guet, sur lequel distinguer quelqu' autre insecte sur le sol. Nul écho de ses chants animé autour de rien. Ils étaient posés sur le sol, dispersés, avec des mouvements au ralenti. Je dirais qu'ils étaient à l'expectative, craintifs. Alors, je voulais les imiter, j'enlevai mes tonges, je laissai le fauteuil à bascule se balançant, et je descendis les marches du porche. Trois marches me séparaient de la pelouse qui couvrait le sol de mon jardin.



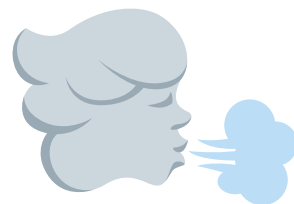
D'abord, je m'agenouillais et je baissais la tête en collant l'oreille gauche au sol. Avec les mains je dus écarter quelques feuilles, puisqu'elles me chatouillaient l'oreille. Elles me firent rire, lever un peu la tête, et observer si quelqu'un passait par là. C'était une maison sur un terrain isolé, bien qu'elle avait un chemin à proximité, et qui parfois, les randonneurs et les baigneurs utilisaient pour accéder à une petite plage au fond d'une falaise

Je me rejoignis à mon expérience, et après avoir aplati la pelouse avec la main, j'y colla mon oreille et j'observai de plein pied ce qui m'entourait. C'était le même endroit, mais il était perçu différemment. Une nouvelle perspective, de nouvelles odeurs et d'autres sons. Les tiges de gazon atteignaient un protagonisme qui, d'une certaine manière, m'intimidait.

Bien cru pendant un instant. Quel courage les insectes! Parcourant cette forêt quasi impénétrable. D'autre part, l'odeur de la pelouse humide, mélangée avec celui de la terre couverte avec les restes provenant de ses courtes successives provoquait une certaine saturation. De plus, je sentais le ritornello de mon souffle et le léger claquement des petites plantes écrasées par mon oreille.

La fuite en débandade des oiseaux, me faisait m'incorporer et me faisait observer comment le vent était de plus en plus intense. Le bruit causé par le frottement d'une haie squelettique d'aligustre sur la palissade en bois était gênant. Soudain, des tropeaux de mouettes commencèrent à passer avec un grondement assourdissant.

Brusquement, la lumière est devenue de plomb. Le vent était maintenant calme, chaud et dense. Pendant quelques instants j'inspirai avec plus de force, sentant une certaine asphyxie. Je prêtait attention à l'horizon, il s'était approché. Un épais rideau de nuages gris rejoignait la mer, et avançait vers le rivage. Le vent soudain se tourna réveillé, impétueux et froid. Je jouais avec lui vers l'avant, le vent compensait ce qui dans d'autres circonstances aurait signifié une chute. Les gouttes de pluie avaient une taille disproportionnée, et me frappaient le visage avec violence. La mer beugla en colère. Plus près, la porte de la vieille palissade en bois finit par se casser. Depuis trois mois dans ma nouvelle maison dans le nord, j'avais découvert la Galerne.



Français Niveau B2 et C1

ALBA GARCÍA PARDO B2.1

L'après-midi se présentait avec des nuages menaçants, tandis que le vent caressait la tapisserie d'herbe du jardin de la maison bordée de fleurs à côte de la rivière.

Il était 5 heures, quand Elisa est arrivée, Manuela préparait le thé pour le reste de ses amies qui attendaient assises sous le saule. L'après-midi s'était passé calmement pendant que le groupe d'amies jouissaient à raconter des anecdotes de leur jeunesse jusqu'au soir. C'était alors quand, le mari de Manuela est revenu, Clemente un homme noble et discret.

Il venait un peu perturbé mais quand il a vu la réunion il a dissimulé et il a agi avec normalité. Après quelques minutes, il s'est assis avec les dames et c'est alors que Elisa lui a demandé pour son mari car ils étaient collègues et amis. Clemente lui a répondu qu'il avait quitté le travail une heure avant lui. Il commençait à faire sombre et chacune des amies a dit au revoir et il est parti à la maison. Elisa a décidé de revenir à pied pendant qu'elle réfléchissait à ce que Clemente lui avait dit, elle ne comprenait pas pourquoi son mari était parti avant.

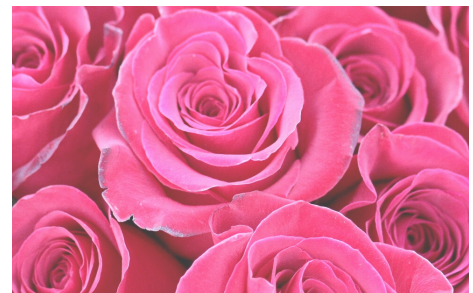
En arrivant à la maison, Elisa a trouvé tout sombre et son mari n'y était pas. Elle a attendu qu'il revienne mais Cristobal ne l'a pas fait. Elisa a passé la nuit éveillée, assise devant la fenêtre très nerveuse. Le lendemain matin, Elisa a appelé Clemente pour lui demander s'il savait où était Cristobal mais, Clemente a gardé le secret de son ami et il ne lui a pas dit où était son mari. Une semaine plus tard, Elisa a reçu une lettre de Cristobal, alors qu'elle la lisait, elle a éclaté en sanglots, son mari était parti à la guerre.

2 avril, deux mois s'étaient écoulés depuis le départ de Cristóbal, Elisa n'avait toujours pas de nouvelles de son mari et elle était de plus en plus triste et déprimée. Le jour suivant, Elisa s'est réveillée très malade, elle était étourdie et elle ne se tenait pas debout. Elle est allée chez le médecin, après que le docteur l'ait examinée, il a dit qu'il ne pouvait pas lui envoyer de médicaments parce qu'elle était enceinte. Elisa est sortie du docteur et elle est allée chez son amie Manuela.

La sonnette a sonné, Manuela a ouvert la porte et là se tenait son amie, pleurant sans consolation. Elles sont entrées dans le salon où Manuela l'a consolé Elisa après lui avoir dit qu'elle attendait un bébé. Au bout d'un moment, Clemente est arrivé, il venait triste et avec son âme sur le terrain. Il a pris Éliisa dans ses bras et il lui a annoncé la triste nouvelle, son mari était mort.

13 avril, un jour gris et pluvieux s'est levé, tout le monde attendait à l'entrée du cimetière que le défunt arriva pour être enterré, mais quand il est arrivé et Elisa s'est approchée de lui pour lui dire au revoir, elle a découvert que cet homme n'était pas son mari. Les semaines suivantes Elisa a appelé sans arrêt toutes les bases militaires et les hôpitaux, mais personne ne lui a donné des nouvelles de Cristóbal.

À ce moment là, Clemente a décidé d'aller lui-même à la recherche de son ami, mais après un mois et demi de fouille dans toutes les casernes et bases, il n'y a eu aucune trace de lui. Les jours sont passés et Elisa a trouvé un rayon de lumière et de joie dans son petit bébé qu'elle avait dans ses bras pour la première fois. Le 7 octobre, Elisa a quitté l'hôpital avec son nouveau-né qu'elle a appelé Cristobal, comme son père.



En arrivant à la maison, Elisa a trouvé un bouquet de 9 roses avec une note qui disait; une rose pour chaque mois d'absence, à ce moment là Elisa a ouvert la porte, il était là, son mari bien-aimé.

La tempête

Français
Niveau B2 et C1

CARMEN VILLALBA HURTADO B2.1

L'après-midi se présentait avec des nuages menaçants, tandis que le vent caressait la tapisserie de l'herbe du jardin de la maison bordée de fleurs. Nico courait sans arrêter comme un cheval au galop, j'étais épuisée après l'avoir poursuivi pendant des heures et sa sœur Maria en lisant son conte préféré. Les journées ont été longues et fatiguées mais cela a valu la peine de les avoir à mon côté.

Quel long chemin jusqu'à arriver à un jour comme celui-ci!

Maria, la fille de mes yeux. Si indépendante et autonome avec seulement 6 ans. J'ai toujours été étonnée de sa capacité à apprendre, si intelligente et même très mature pour son âge. Nico, précieux, des yeux bleus comme le ciel, une peau couleur noisette et des cheveux blonds comme l'or. Tout le monde admirait et admire sa beauté. Quatre ans de moins que Maria et assez plus espiègle qu'elle. Nous vivions dans un petit village avec des gens agréables. Un village tranquille avec beaucoup de charme mais sans ressources suffisantes pour affronter les situations que je devais bientôt subir.

Dans les premières années, les jours se passaient normalement. Le travail, prendre soin des enfants, entretenir la maison, mais j'ai vu que quelque chose n'allait pas bien. J'avais l'habitude de travailler avec des enfants parce que je suis professeure et j'avais remarqué que Nico ne réagissait pas et ne se comportait pas comme les autres. J'ai commencé à me rendre compte que lorsque je l'appelais, il ne tournait pas la tête, il ne te regardait pas dans les yeux, il ne souriait pas, il ne pointait pas, il ne disait pas un mot, il ne partageait pas son divertissement ou ses intérêts, il se concentrait trop sur les choses et il n'écoutait personne.

Mais que s'est-il passé? Si jusqu'ici tout était bien. Je ne comprenais pas comment mon fils avait tellement changé. Mes craintes et mes doutes ont commencé. Que devais-je faire? Est-ce que cela me concernait? Mon fils, redeviendra t-il le même qu'il était?. À partir de ce moment, j'ai décidé de découvrir ce qui arrivait à mon fils. Néanmoins je ne savais pas quoi faire. donc, je l'ai emmené chez le pédiatre, qui m'a recommandé de demander conseil au Centre de Prise en charge précoce. Notre long et difficile voyage a commencé. Tests et plus de tests. Les professionnels m'ont dit qu'il était encore trop tôt pour un diagnostic clair, puisque les enfants se développent rapidement et peuvent changer à tout moment. Mais tout m'a fait penser à un résultat concret et le monde est tombé sur moi.

J'ai eu envie de crier, que va-t-il devenir? Va-t-il souffrir? Que pensera la société? Je ne veux pas que mon fils soit catalogué. J'ai ressenti beaucoup d'émotions mais surtout de peur et d'incertitude et l'incroyable poids de ce que les gens diraient sur de mon fils et comment lui et ma famille pourraient le supporter. Cependant, je me suis rendu compte que pour le bien de Nico, je devais agir, je ne pouvais pas rester coincée dans le regret et penser à un avenir qui était impossible à deviner. À quoi cela servait de perdre du temps et de l'énergie à essayer de savoir ce que tu ne peux savoir. Alors, j'ai demandé un congé sans solde dans mon travail, j'ai cherché toutes les informations possibles et les meilleures institutions où ils pouvaient s'occuper de mon fils, et même je me suis formée dans la spécialité dont il avait besoin. J'ai eu la chance de rencontrer de grands professionnels de ce secteur et avec le soutien de ma famille, Nico a incroyablement évolué, ses progrès ont été et sont brutaux. Maintenant, Maria sait comment traiter Nico et elle l'aide toujours. Ils s'adorent.

Tout cela m'a aidé à devenir plus forte et plus courageuse. Et je me demande aujourd'hui, suis-je heureuse? Bien sûr que je suis heureuse. Et mes enfants? Évidemment oui, il suffit de les voir sourire et d'observer comment ils grandissent. Ils sont mes meilleurs professeurs, avec eux j'ai appris que chaque personne a son propre développement et son propre concept du bonheur. Maintenant, peu m'importe ce que la société pense, j'ai le soutien de ma famille et je sais qu'il y a de l'aide. Chacun de nous est différent et a sa propre vision de la vie et comment la vivre. Il ne faut pas juger parce que la normalité n'existe pas, car qu'est-ce qui est normal? Qui dicte ces conditions? C'est absurde. Nico est un enfant d'une grande intelligence et il nous surprend peu à peu avec son apprentissage. Être quelqu'un dans le spectre de l'autisme n'est pas un handicap.

Comme l'écrivain japonais Haruki Murakami a bien écrit: "Et une fois la tempête terminée, tu ne te rappelleras plus comment tu as fait pour la traverser, pour y survivre. Tu ne seras peut-être même pas certain qu'elle soit réellement terminée. Mais une chose est sûre, quand tu sortiras, tu ne seras plus la même personne. C'est la raison d'être de cette tempête".

Nous continuerons la lutte.



INTRODUCCIÓN A LA TRADUCCIÓN

DR. JOSÉ ANTONIO CALAÑAS CONTINENTE
UNIVERSIDAD DE VALENCIA

The afternoon, costumed in threatening clouds, made its entrance while the wind smoothed the grass which carpeted the blossom-rimmed garden around the house. I thought about the sentence I had just written and told myself off: “you shouldn’t read so much Fontane, I guess”. The 19th century German writer is known for needing pages just to describe the two-hundred-yard path from the house to a lake, sort of like Posteguillo talking about Romans in his eight-hundred-plus-pages books, stopping at every single detail to make really intense description work. Interesting, but is this really what I am looking for when writing? Describing every single piece making up the cobblestone of the path I’m walking? Seriously?

Maybe not, I am not that keen on convoluted description of whatever a watchful eye can see. No, I am more fixated in painting with words what remains hidden behind the sheer beautiful colors of nature; the life of a house in a beautiful state of decay, with crumbling walls and sagging roof: it once was brand-new, it was inhabited, it was abandoned: why, who, when, what, how... The colors in the evening air on a Spring day, or on a day in the Fall, the warmth of a fireplace in a small house in a forest or near the sea, the understated power of an apparently calm ocean, the hope in the crew of a small sailboat, the heat of a mirror letting you reminisce of times past... There are so many wonderful things worth a description, so many words to color sounds into a bulging reality...A word is but a key to open a whole world, a sentence is an endless book of possibilities wanting to come to life.

When I write I wish I am the locksmith cutting the key to that world, unleashing beauty to devastate the dullness of everyday living. I wish I can be the spark igniting the fantasy of readers, the wind pushing them forward, or maybe inward to have them dare to look inside themselves. I wish I can keep on putting pain, happiness, beauty into words and launching them into the world, far away from my soul. I wish I can lighten dark days and let dark threatening clouds frame evenings full of happiness just sitting near the fireplace. I wish, I try, I do... Maybe one day.



RELATO GANADOR

English
Level B2 & C1

The Letter

MARÍA NAZARET HEREDIA PINTO. C1.1

The afternoon presented itself with menacing clouds, while the wind caressed the grassy tapestry of the house's garden, lined with flowers. The red swing rocked lonely between the trunks of those old trees. It was going to rain. She was sure. As soon as the wind calmed down, the sky would begin to cry.

It was not cold. The bright colors with which that day was born had turned grayish, sad, melancholic. And it was in those days when that phrase came to mind: when it rains in a movie scene, either someone is going to kiss someone or someone dies. And Paul was too far away to come to taste his lips. She smiled.

She had stayed home alone. Her grandmother had gone to the city to see her aunt and she had preferred to stay in that old mansion in the heat of the fireplace. She liked to enjoy those moments of solitude while reading a book from the great basement bookstore.

Since his parents died, she had moved to town with his mother's mother. Both were alone and both knew how to find each other even with the absence continuously present between them.

A few weeks after moving there, she set out to read all the books on those shelves. It would start from top to bottom, from left to right. It had been four years and she had read over a hundred.

She had closed the book on her lap and was looking at the swing through the window. Her eyes were totally lost, and she didn't even think about anything. She felt peace for the first time in a long time.

And in a short time, it would start to rain and she would enjoy the noise of the rain and the smell of wet grass while contemplating the flames of the fireplace at home.

Suddenly she heard a noise. Did it come from the attic? She set the book down on the flowery table and climbed the noisy wooden stairs. The window was open and had tried to close without success.

While trying to close it, an old copper-colored trunk caught her attention. It was open, as if someone had ripped the lock. When she opened it, she discovered a series of yellowed letters, all open. All but one. She took the letter with a trembling hand and sat in an old rocking chair by the newly closed window. She opened it and read:

"Dear Anna, if you are reading this letter, I have already left forever. Always remember one thing: be yourself, never abandon your roots. Now, write a letter that one day will be for your daughter and leave it in the trunk for her. I will always love you, your grandmother. "

"It couldn't be," she thought. Her grandmother had left that same afternoon. She had kissed her forehead before closing the door. The noise of the phone startled her. It was her aunt. Her grandmother had fallen asleep and had not woken up. The letter fell to the floor, while crying Anna clutched her belly. That morning, she had known she was pregnant.

Almond Blossoms

English
Level B2 & C1

MARÍA DEL CARMEN ROMERO PÉREZ
B2.1 SEMIPRESENCIAL

Afternoon was penetrated by threatening clouds while the wind caressed the silky grass of the house's garden, surrounded by flowers. The white almond tree stood out in the middle of the black day. Spring was already looming and again, I had not had time to appreciate it. Seasons were changing and I only noticed it when I felt cold or hot. Enjoying sunsets, nature or a conversation were something that had long stayed behind.

I left home in a rush, as always. My car had run out of gas so I went to the nearest petrol station and without saying a word, I paid and I moved on. I was in a hurry. The road was quite empty, to be honest, I had never found a traffic jam at 7.00 am, but this day, it was strangely quiet.

I turned on the radio and I changed the station, I didn't want to hear about world adversities. It was not my cup of tea, I was too busy to be worried about that. I just wanted to listen to music.

I arrived at work and prepared an American coffee. I crave for coffee and I really needed it. The night before had been long; I had been working on a project that I doubted if it would see the light of day. I closed the office door and the new boy asked me if I was the only person who was going to work, I replied grumpily. Then, my boss entered: "Hold your horses", he said. Then, he explained to me that the government had declared the state of alarm, due to a virus outbreak which had originated in China and was spreading all over the country. "We should stay at home", he said. As usual, I am the last person in the world to know about this, I said to myself. "What about the report ...?" I couldn't finish my question when my boss said: "We have to stop everything, do you hear me? You should stay at home."

Nervous, on my way back home I turned on the radio, and on this occasion, I heard about that damned disease that would now stop my life: Coronavirus. I started to feel fury, hatred. I had a huge backlog of work to do and now I wouldn't be able to catch up.

Once at home, my boyfriend was waiting for me to eat together. Lately, due to our jobs and workload, we had been spending all our days out and we had barely had time to see each other. He had heard something about this Coronavirus, but he reproached me that I never had time to speak, as if I were absorbed in my own things.

"It will be crazy", I said. And the following day, the lockdown started.

I got up early, as I used to do and I felt pretty frustrated: I wanted to carry on with my life and I couldn't. I decided to do some exercise; I hadn't done that for months. I will have time for cooking, I will be able to eat homemade and healthy food, I thought. At 20.00 my neighbours went outside to clap wildly. I started to cheer myself up and I joined them.

Days have gone by and I clap every day at 20.00. I have kept on doing exercise and I have even dared to prepare different homemade bread and pastries. Now that I have free time, I am making video calls with all the family, I am chatting with them more often than I used to before. I only go outside when it is extremely necessary and to help my older relatives and neighbours. And, why not? Now, I can sleep like a log.

I am starting to reflect upon this situation, and I feel good. Initially, I was complaining all the time as I couldn't go outside, but now I can realise how lucky I am. There are many people dying every day, people are ill in hospitals, even some family members. However, my mission is pretty easy: I just need to stay at home in order to stop this virus together.

Meanwhile, I feel that despite this forced situation, now I am enjoying life more: I am enjoying every sunset from my window, conversations with my family and good company.

In a few days my wishes and dreams have changed. Now I am missing things that I didn't think of before, such as a huge family meeting or a coffee with friends.

This virus has taught us how fragile life is, and has shown the union and the struggle many countries have had to face. This nightmare will finish soon, I am sure. And we will have learnt that perhaps destiny wants to give us a message: let's stop once in a while and enjoy what we have. Now, I can see the almond blossoms from my window. They are saying to me that spring has arrived. And on this occasion, I am noticing it!



The Rainy Afternoon

English
Level B2 & C1

JESÚS MARTÍN CRUZ B2.1 SEMIPRESENCIAL

The afternoon was coming with dangerous clouds, while the wind touched the grass ground of the home garden, bordered with beautiful white flowers. There were also several large shade trees which couldn't perform their main function and the day's dark mood matched my own. I was pretty sad because my mother had said to me that I couldn't play outside. In spite of her instructions, I was thinking of a way to escape from my bedroom.

I had an idea ten minutes later. If I turned on the radio, she would think that everything was fine and that I was inside. Then, I opened the window and ran to my wonderful tree house because I was used to reading my favourite books in that place. At that moment I heard thunder; lightning appeared in the sky and I thought: "A storm was coming". However, I didn't care because I was going to enjoy the next chapter of my last adventure book, so I sat down on an old woollen blanket and started to read.

I was always dreaming of the fantasy world in my tale. It was a world where anything could happen. In fact, there was a universal language whose name was "alive". For instance, people could talk to an animal or a plant. The main character, who was called Rayden, was a brave young boy who was used to living a lot of adventures. This was the most significant part of his life because he had to follow several clues in order to find the gateway to another world. His best friend Kang was with him; both of them were excited, although they sometimes were afraid of the unknown. So, they closed their eyes and walked toward their destiny.

Suddenly, my dog started to bark and I felt that something was wrong. At that moment I remembered that I was alone because my mother didn't know where I was. Then, the storm that had been brewing all day stroke and it started to pour. The sun was gone and I couldn't see anything. I grabbed my book and as soon as I had it safe with me, I tried to get down from the tree but it was very difficult because of the water; I felt scared and dizzy. Despite that, I kept my cool; I took a rope, which I used to use to lift heavy things into the tree house when I was younger, and I got to the ground like Rayden would have.

I looked at my watch because I should be in the dining room at nine o'clock for dinner. In spite of the heavy rain, I managed to get to my bedroom window because I was used to walking on mud. So, I tried to clean my shoes, which was actually difficult. I was still drying my hair when my mum called me to dinner because my father had come home earlier than expected. Eventually, I hurried up and I got changed just in time to prevent my parents from seeing my wet clothes.

To sum up, it was an incredibly rainy afternoon.



Never Forget

English
Level B2 & C1

ROCÍO HINOJOSA GARCÍA B2.2

The afternoon was threatening clouds as the wind caressed the grass tapestry of the flower-lined home garden. Suddenly, raindrops began to fall, it was wonderful to appreciate the smell of damp earth. The breeze of that spring night moved the leaves of the trees and the nests of the birds swayed between their branches.

I wish it wasn't just a wonderful memory ...

The world stopped on a nice winter day when nobody knew what was happening. People who had been working all their lives stopped and they could only rely on an electronic device to stay in touch with families. The professions which we thought insignificant played their most important role. Nature began to breathe more and more.

Houses were our best refuge. Dreams were shattered and new ones were created. Solidarity, responsibility and empathy grew stronger and prevailed in the world.

I felt scared, worried, and bewildered as I had never been. I never thought of experiencing such an adventure. A tiny virus as if it were our worst enemy, destroyed many families but involved a stronger union between people, a much more beautiful sense of life and a respect for the unknown.

Suddenly, we managed to defeat our enemy and the world flourished like never before. I learned a great life lesson, learned to value small moments, those that feed people's souls.

A wise man said "Forget what hurt you but never forget what it taught you"



Closer

English
Level B2 & C1

CARMEN MARIA MOLINA MELERO B2.2 CAL

The afternoon had brought threatening clouds as the wind caressed the grass tapestry of the garden of the house surrounded by flowers. I was looking through the window. The view was really wonderful, then I decided to open the window and I could smell the perfume of the flowers brought by the silky wind. I felt safe and calm. Suddenly it started spitting and a few minutes later it was pouring down. I was very worried because my children had gone to a friend's house to study together and they had gone on foot. I called them to tell them to stay there until the rain stopped. Too late, they had already left the house. When they arrived at home they were absolutely soaked. Although I thought they were going to freeze to death, they did not catch a cold.

That night we had to wake up because the thunder was so loud and the hailstones as big as eggs that we thought our house would be destroyed. We looked out of the window and saw the more incredible forked lightning we had ever seen. Thunder and lightning illuminated the sky like a huge lamp. It was so beautiful and so scary at the same time. Nevertheless we were transfixed watching that spectacular heaven. The next morning the worst part was that the whole garden was flooded, it looked like a river.

We had to stay at home for two weeks but in those days I got to know my family more deeply.

Spiderweb

English
Level B2 & C1

LARA C. BUENO GORDILLO B2.2

The afternoon was filled with threatening clouds and the wind caressed the house garden which was surrounded by flowers. They were really beautiful flowers and I missed them so much... In fact, they were so lovely that I could be looking at them for hours. I had moved to my cousin's house for two weeks due to a terrible problem in my home at that time: spiders. My house was full of spiders! I couldn't understand it as I had done a deep cleaning some days ago.

It was a fabulous day. It was sunny and I could hear birds singing, so I decided to take the book which I was reading and enjoy the day. I was there for hours... I remember that I was reading the last chapter, which was very interesting, when, suddenly, I saw an awful spider on my shoulder. Is there anything more annoying? I ran inside and... there were spiders everywhere! Actually, Salem, my cat, was on the countertop trying to go through the window. I entered the bedroom as best I could, took some clothes and went to my cousin's house. Obviously, I had called a company in order to change that horrible situation.

Right now, while I am writing this, I am at home feeling safe, accompanied by Salem, and I am thinking that it was only a nightmare.

The Secret

English
Level B2 & C1

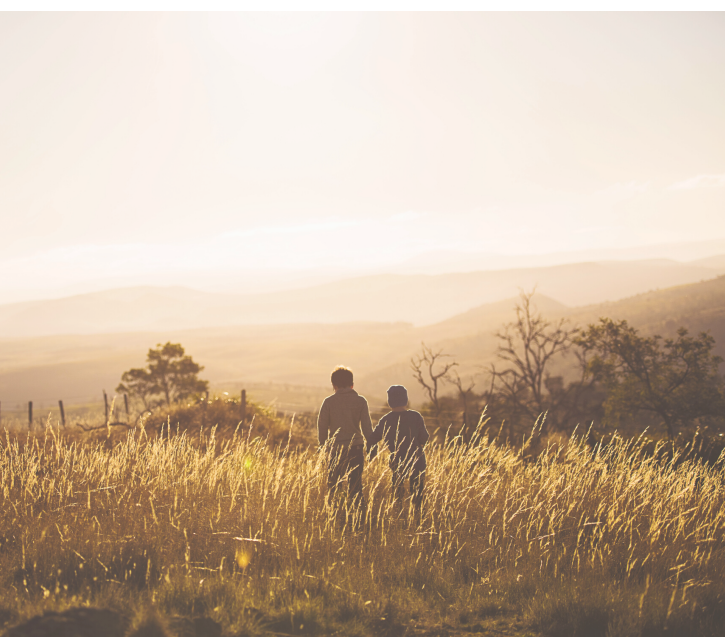
MARIA LUCIANA CHECA TORRES B2.2

The afternoon was presented with menacing clouds while the wind caressed the tapestry of grass in the garden of the house, bordered with flowers the road continued to be empty. 'It would be better to go into the house', thought Amy. 'It seems as if it's going to rain soon'. The anxiety in her eyes was obvious.

In those valleys, when it started to rain, it did it furiously and they lived almost isolated. The nearest farm was fairly far following down the creek. She was quite worried because of her sons. It was, above all, about Rian, her 8 years-old son, her little star, the reason why she was always anxious. With the lack of his father, his behaviour had turned a bit.

He used to be an easy-going boy, and now, if it wasn't for his older brother... Mikel, who was only 15, he was a rather good boy, he was patient and sensible. He took care of his brother on all occasions that she couldn't do it. Almost since they were given their holidays, both disappeared each morning without saying almost nothing. They were always planning some issues, with secrets, like partners in crime, whispering between them.

That morning, as each morning since too long ago, they went out quickly while she was cleaning the kitchen. They wore their pockets full of bread and some cheese portions that they'd taken, just in case they couldn't come back at lunch time. Amy allowed her sons to go to the forest. She hoped they knew really well all the surrounding lands and forest because her husband, before passing away, used to teach them about all kinds of things he considered important to be able to survive without anything. "Only you and Mother Nature", he used to say to the kids. They were getting used to recognising plants which were edible, and looked for drinking water. They didn't go out without their pocket knife.



Those kids, it wasn't the first time they'd come back late, in the same way, it wasn't the first time they didn't answer any direct question her mother asked them. Mainly, when she saw them come back home with clothes full of stains and sometimes with holes. She complained that they looked like raggedy beggars. But that afternoon, when they appeared on the road, they were laughing and looking happier than other days.

She was looking at the road through the window when she saw them. It had started raining some time ago so they were absolutely soaked and really filthy. She could smile at last. She could breathe again. Suddenly, her face changed due to the fact that the leg of her son was bleeding. She couldn't believe what she was seeing. Her sons were dirty, wet, exhausted even bleeding, and despite that, it was not important, they were laughing. Why? She couldn't understand it.

It was really strange, so she ran to open the door and she touched him and was rubbing and looking for some broken bones, but they weren't. She just realized his trousers were ripped and his skin was quite scratched. 'Much ado about nothing, mom. Don't worry, please', said her son. With the promise they'll tell her tomorrow all she could want to know, Amy tried not to complain more while she washed the wound in her son's leg and put some antiseptic cream and a bandage.

'Fortunately, he won't need any stitches', thought Amy. 'Those boys are killing me!' Then, just cleaned and with dry clothes, they fell asleep really quickly. They felt quite rough. That night, in the same way as each night, Amy was remembering her husband. She missed him a lot.. He'd always been teaching their sons. From how to build a horse stable with only a hammer, a few wooden boards and a handful of nails, to how to fix the fences or to take care of a little bird. Then, suddenly, he disappeared. Things were turning really ugly. She was alone. She had to take over the farm, the workers, the house, the kids...They were too naughty. Why was everything so hard?.

She had a slight headache. She only wanted her sons to go to school but she was struggling to make ends meet and she needed some aid. The harvest was near and their horse was miles too old to be able to pull the wagon. Another problem. Her eyes were closed at last and she dreamt her sons were safe and sound, and really happy.

Next morning, the sky appeared clean and blue. The puddles had already dried, due the shortage of water the soil had suffered lately. From the kitchen, Amy called her sons: 'Mike, Rian, downstairs! We're going to have breakfast!' - she said loudly - 'Come on!', but the house carried on being quiet. She was alone again, she thought sadly. She was on pins and needles again. Where had they gone now? Her sons were going to turn her crazy.

At midday, she was shocked with the noises that came from the road. She went out quickly and felt astonished when she saw her sons. The view was simply stunning; the youngest, Rian, was riding on a pretty mare and the oldest, came behind him with her two stubborn and frightened foals tied by their necks with a rope.

She couldn't believe what her eyes were seeing. Immediately, she started to cry, out of sheer desperation, thinking her sons had stolen the horses. 'This isn't possible. They haven't been educated in this way', she thought terrified. She started to accuse, to nag and to curse them, all at the same time.

- 'You're in the doghouse, boys!', she claimed furiously while her finger pointed at them.
- 'Calm down, mom', said Mike. It's time you knew the truth. We found this mare in the forest,' Mike started to explain. 'She was wounded and she couldn't attend her twin sons. We've been taking care of her and her foals. Firstly, it was pretty hard to try to help her, but step by step, with patience... Anyway, mom. We've the pleasure to introduce you to Picky Eater, the prettiest mare I've ever met! She looks like black velvet. Doesn't she?'
- 'And her two foals', said Rian, among smiles. 'They've got theirs too: they're Whirlwind, because he's really nervous, and Brave. He's always scared', Rian explained, while winking his eye.

Amy didn't really know what to say. While her sons didn't stop talking. Finally, her oldest son said to her: 'Sorry, mom. We knew we'd broken the rules, that you needed us to help you with the house and farmland, but she was almost dying when we found her. We couldn't leave her in this way. Now, she and her two foals are going to help us to turn things better. We'll all work hard together to improve our economy. And mom... -he continued saying in a lower voice- sometime before my father's death, I could hear perfectly, how he'd promised to my brother a foal as a gift when he came to his 10th birthday. I wish I'd told you before, instead of worrying you so much'.

When he hugged her mother, tears flooded her eyes. She could hardly talk. She was so overwhelmed.



Crepe Brulee Cake

English
Level B2 & C1

CRISTINA CASTRO C1.1

The afternoon was filled with threatening clouds, while the wind caressed the grass carpet of the house garden, which was lined with hundreds of colorful flowers announcing the arrival of spring.

Jane stopped hesitantly on the porch of her new home, doubting between picking up her raincoat or the beautiful umbrella with floral motifs that her husband had given her on their first wedding anniversary. In the end, she decided on both, because she remembered her grandmother's wise words and as the saying goes "A stitch in time saves nine".

With a quick step she walked along the path of rosebushes, lilies and violets she had planted a few months ago, their aroma was penetrating every pore of her skin. Jane was pleasantly surprised by the awesome work she had achieved as a beginner gardener. She would never have imagined such a wonderful result, when Paul had visited the house that peaceful morning of July two years ago. She remembered the first time that they, as a couple, saw a neglected and leafy garden of wild plants and unpleasant smells.

The girl from the real estate agency told them not to let themselves be carried away by the first impression; and instead they should think that with effort and love they would have a beautiful garden in a few months and who knew if in the near future the playground of their children. What really worried Jane was her poor gardening skills, although, with the help of her mother, a great lover of flora, and the Internet, the change took effect on their garden. Not only did she put together an excellent place to sit, with her now husband Paul, after a long day's work, but she had also started to love gardening.



Suddenly, a flash of lightning brought her back to reality and she rushed to get into a raincoat while holding his pretty umbrella. The storm was imminent, and she had to get to the bakery before it closed. The traffic was not too dense, despite being those afternoon hours, when most people returning from their workday, and even for her luck, Jane got an extraordinary parking near the food store. She had the list in her head: milk, cereal, fish, vegetable so on, but there was something she forgot and thought that if she had made a paper list, she would not have a problem now. Although she did not give great importance to this small detail because the most important thing was the cake she had ordered for Paul's birthday. In spite of the bad weather announced in the news, the rain was giving her a break and no drops were falling yet.

Finally, Jane picked the cake up and calmly returned home. She parked her car in the garage; it had been a hustle and bustle day, but it was Paul's first birthday as a married couple and she wanted everything to be perfect. After saving the purchase in the fridge, she came back to the car to get the cake. Jane already had the creme brulee in her hands and when she was on her way to the kitchen a disturbing presence destabilized her and with a scream of horror she saw how the delicious cake fall to the floor.



Surprisingly, it was not a strange entity, it was Paul. Rarely did he come back from work early, though his boss told him he could leave sooner because it was a special day, and a great storm was coming. Jane's face was not really of joy, but rather of disappointment because the delightful dessert had crashed on the kitchen floor. Her husband thought that never had a homecoming been so disastrous while at the same time he promised he would notify his wife next time.

Last but not least, they went out for dinner because neither the shattered creme brulee cake nor the storm stopped them from celebrating a fabulous birthday. It is believed that adversities of life make you stronger.

Destiny Finally Met Audrey

**English
Level B2 & C1**

SOCORRO MARTÍN C1.1

The afternoon came with threatening clouds as the wind caressed the grass of the house's garden, lined with purple heather flowers that left an intense and pleasant aroma in the air.

Summer was the season chosen by Audrey to spend more time in the cosy country house that she owned since she was able to purchase it with her life savings. This was when she could enjoy the long days with their brightest nights and the outstanding purple tinge of the hills that every year the heather coloured.

The house was located on the foothills of Ben Nevis, the highest and most impressive mountain of that gorgeous place near the coastal town of Fort William; there she had found her retreat and herself.

It was on one of her many holiday destinations that she discovered Scotland, its breathtaking landscapes, its quaint customs and friendly people. Audrey, a curious and determined woman, arrived there accompanied by three friends on a trip decided during a Christmas celebration in 2011

From the very first day, that gathering of friends from youth was a glimpse of something magical. Celine, Rose, Audrey and Maggie were very different women, but they had dreams, hopes and a singular vision of how to live life in common.

After a long time without getting together, and without knowing much about each other's lives; among so many Christmas parties, they found time in their busy agendas to meet and catch up. As soon as they started talking, time shortened their distances and it didn't seem like so many years had gone by without seeing each other.

Lunch lasted until the small hours, the waiter brought them the bill and then they were warned that the restaurant would close shortly. Time goes by so fast when you are having fun! But, from everything they talked about, among so many laughs, intimacies and New Year resolutions, as a final point they decided to share the following vacations together. The chosen destination, Scotland.

However, it had been a different vacation to what Audrey had hitherto had. From the first moment that she stepped on the Scottish ground, she felt clearly that everything was familiar to her, as if she had been living there before, in another time, in another life. Strolling through the cobbled and narrow streets of Edinburgh and glimpsing the spectacular views from the hill of Arthur's Seat,



she had the impression that all the sceneries were familiar. The lakes and castles full of history and legends rang in her memory as passages from her personal history; the green landscapes with streams and waterfalls; mountains and valleys, none were odd to her.

Before returning home, Audrey said goodbye with sadness to that land with the firm intention of returning.

From then on, like a good explorer, she organized the trip that annually took her to survey a different area of the place to which she felt she belonged.

Thus, retirement days arrived for Audrey. They were spent among terrific landscapes, enjoying the peaceful passing of the pace time marked by nature, pleasant bike rides and the satisfaction of having found her place. Streams and waterfalls; mountains and valleys, none were odd to her.

Mr. Markus

English
Level B2 & C1

MARÍA MOLINO GARRIDO C1.2

The evening was falling full of menacing clouds. The wind was caressing the grass in the house garden, which was stately decorated with well-tended flowers around its frame. The house, mainly made of wood, but with an aristocratic aspect indeed, was standing in the middle of the garden like a real coliseum could stand in the middle of an imperial city.

Inside the house, the air was freshened with a special smell of cinnamon and ginger coming from the several candles lighting the eccentric living-room. Mr. Markus was standing next to one of the colored windows, looking through it at the entrance path. He couldn't stop thinking of the plan, and any stupid noise would make him lose his nerves. The moment was coming soon, and a mixture of doubts and fear were growing inside him like a monstrous dragon breathing fire.

It was the first time in his life in which he was being manipulated, forced and, consequently, underestimated. He knew he could lose everything but losing himself and his loved Marilyn was the only price he was not able to accept.

Suddenly, a broken voice whispered from the hall door:

- My darling. It's time. The baby is coming. Mr. Markus panicked. It was the last thing he was expecting to hear at a moment like that.

-Are you sure? But, but... it's not time... It's not his time...- he stuttered.

She couldn't answer. She went back to the bedroom trying not to fall and scream.

Mr. Markus was in shock. "The plan had to be changed. And it had to be done right now"

The story began 7 months before. Mr. Markus, happily married for the second time with Marilyn, invited his son Robert to an elegant dinner with the mayor and his counselor. It was the moment to announce that, surprisingly and unexpectedly, Marilyn was pregnant at the age of 47. Immediately, Mr. Markus realized that the face of Robert had completely changed, showing an expression of disagreement impossible to hide. He became blank, pallid, as if he were suffering from a collapse.

From this event onwards, Mr. Markus knew that everything was going to change. Before that day, he hadn't wanted to recognize that Robert was a harpy of sorts, more interested in the inheritance he would receive from a father getting on in years than in a true familial relationship. Then, it was impossible to turn a blind eye to this, as he undoubtedly felt that Marilyn and the baby were in grave danger.



In order not to worry Marilyn, he decided to prepare a plan to escape, but he was continuously feeling under control. Every time they went out to the village, they ran into Robert or one of his servants. Every movement, every breath, every step he took, he was under the feeling of being controlled like a puppet.

Lolita, who was not only a loyal servant but the best midwife to accompany Marilyn in her labor, was the only one that knew that Mr. Markus was drawing up a plan, although it was not ready at all. Obviously, she was involved in it and would run away with them. However, the early arrival of the baby would necessarily cause changes in the decisions. As soon as Robert would have heard the news about the newborn, he would do everything in his power to kill him, without a doubt.

Lost for words and breaking into tears, Mr. Markus sat down on the leather sofa. He could hardly hear Mary screaming in pain and claiming his name desperately. Some minutes later, he experienced an icy chill up his spine which made him react and run up the stairs to the bedroom. But, suddenly, someone knocked insistently on the door, which made Mr. Markus stop and go back while deciding on the best option.

-“Don’t open, don’t open!”- a voice inside him whispered insistently.

Anyway, there was high evidence of their presence inside the house, so it would be pointless to try to deny it. He crossed the corridor through the door with a heart that was about to explode.

He mumbled a prayer (well, ironic after all, as he had been professing his atheism in public during his whole life) and pulled on the doorknob with conviction. A tiny bold man about 70 with a white blazer spotted with the marks of the raindrops was standing on the porch, staring at the floor as a child would do after disobeying his parents. Rudolph, the right-hand man of his son Robert, couldn’t articulate a word at all.

- Oh, Rudolph, welcome. What are you doing here? Is everything ok with Robert? - Mr. Markus answered as relaxed as he could, while praying for a second time in such close succession.

- Mr. Markus, it is not about Robert. At least, he is perfect I mean. It is about you, about all

- Oh Rudolph, you are aware of the situation too!- Mr. Markus exclaimed carrying an open hand to his mouth. I know we have to escape, but the situation is too complicated right now. And, what will happen to you if Robert discovers that you have helped us? of you. You have to escape. Now! And I am convinced to help you.



- How couldn't I be aware? Remember I have known Robert since he was born, and I am perfectly aware of the kind of man he is and what he is capable of doing. But, remember too, that before Robert it was you, and I brought you up since you were 2. You deserve all my loyalty and help, and that is why I have come to your aid. We have to play our cards right, as Robert does not suspect that you have discovered his intentions at all, Mr. Markus.

The conversation was interrupted by a baby crying. Until this moment, Rudolph had seemed impenetrable, not paying the minimal attention to Marilyn's deafening cries, but now he seemed to be deeply moved.

- There is no time to be lost-, he determined. Let's go.

Mr. Markus had no other options. He followed all the instructions given by Rudolph and Lolita. Marilyn was ready with surprising haste and ease despite having given birth less than an hour before, as Lolita had informed her about the situation. Firstly, a huge feeling of anger had grown inside the woman while listening to Lolita, as her beloved husband had avoided telling her anything about the plan. In contrast, just contemplating the baby involved her in such peace that she would have done everything they had said. Mr. Markus entered the room and with complete honesty, he apologized to his wife, kissing her hand as when they first met. She understood they were bound to do that.

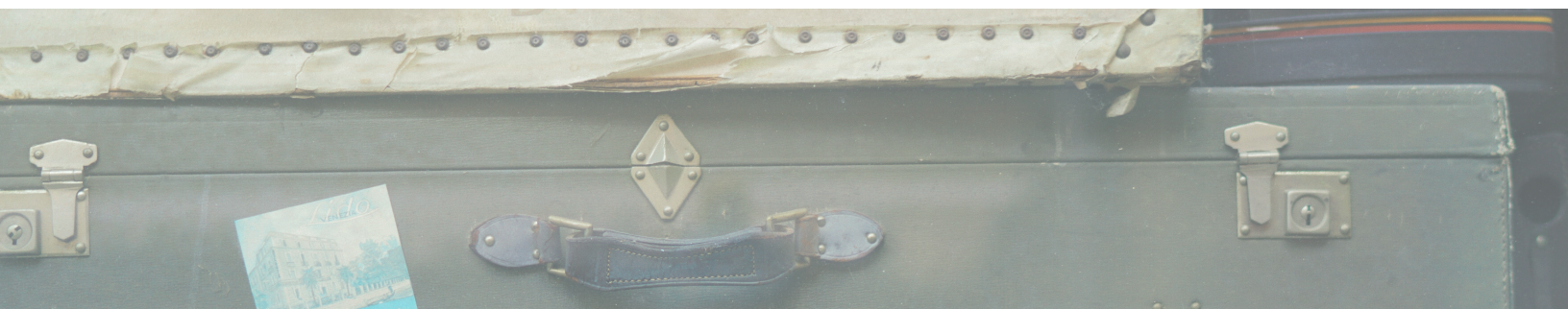
They didn't know where they were going that night or what their future would be. Maybe in 24 hours they would be crossing the ocean with a baby and a suitcase full of dreams and hope. They only knew they want to live together and safe, even though they had to leave the property in Robert's hands.

The rest of the heritage, hopefully, would be for baby Antoine with the passing of time.

The following morning, Robert arrived at the house early, just to have breakfast with his father and to sail in the lake, as he was used to doing on shiny mornings. As soon as he put a foot on the first step and briefly glanced at the farewell note laying on the bench, he was furious and fell flat on the grass.

Having lost a war and with eyes full of tears, he looked at the sky and, emptying his lungs, he promised revenge to himself.

To be continued...



Versiones del profesorado

La tarde se presentaba con nubes amenazantes mientras el viento acariciaba el tapiz de hierba del jardín de la casa, bordeado de flores...

English

An overcast sky loomed over the afternoon; in the house's garden, the wind brushed the well-tended lawn lined with flowerbeds...

Laura Moreno



Evening advanced with threatening clouds, while the wind rippled through the tapestry of grass of the house's garden, which was bordered by flowerbeds...

Carmen Medina



Français

Cet après-midi-là, le ciel se couvrait de gros nuages menaçants tandis que le vent caressait le tapis de verdure du jardin de la maison, bordé de fleurs...

Fanny Grosse



L'après-midi se présentait avec des nuages menaçants, tandis que le vent caressait la tapisserie d'herbe du jardin de la maison, bordée de fleurs...

Nuria Isabel Tenllado



RESUMEN FOTOGRAFICO

LAURA MORENO GODÍNEZ

JEFA DE DEPARTAMENTO DE ACTIVIDADES
COMPLEMENTARIAS Y EXTRAESCOLARES

La publicación de la Orden de 2 de julio de 2019, por la que se desarrolla el currículo correspondiente a las enseñanzas de idiomas de régimen especial en Andalucía, la ausencia de una orden de evaluación para esta nueva coyuntura y la posterior suspensión de las clases presenciales debido a la declaración del estado de alarma por la crisis sanitaria han hecho que al borde de su clausura, debamos describir este curso académico como inusual e inestable.

A la sensación de incertidumbre y gran preocupación que nos ha acompañado este curso, especialmente este último tercer trimestre, profesorado y alumnado hemos tenido que reinventarnos para poder adaptarnos a las nuevas circunstancias; desde aquí os agradecemos enormemente vuestra disposición, comprensión y paciencia, y para aquellos alumnos que no han podido continuar su proceso de aprendizaje en la coyuntura actual, les invitamos a que no se olviden de nosotros y les esperamos el curso próximo.

Como jefa del DACE me entristece que este primer número de nuestra revista vea la luz bajo unas circunstancias tan insólitas. Muchas actividades académicas y extraescolares previstas en han sido canceladas, como la visita al museo de la miel, los exámenes presenciales del segundo y tercer trimestres, la visita a la academia de bellas artes de Antequera, la entrega de premios del concurso de relatos, la visita guiada al Torcal prevista para este mes de mayo o la fiesta de fin de curso.

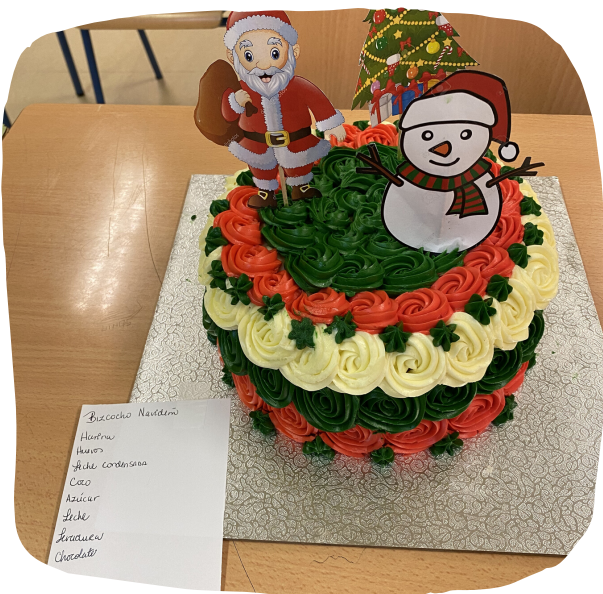
Sin embargo, no podíamos dejar pasar la oportunidad de ofrecer un resumen fotográfico de algunas de las que sí se han realizado. Son una representación del camino que hemos andado juntos y suponen un rayo de luz que nos da esperanza para seguir y pensar en el futuro con alegría.

¡Gracias y mucha suerte a todos y todas!

Merci
beaucoup

THANK
YOU







Agradecimientos

Aprovechamos esta primera edición de nuestra revista para dar las gracias, no sólo a todo el alumnado actualmente matriculado sino también a todos/as los/as que pasaron por la Escuela Oficial de Idiomas Antequera a lo largo de más de una década, por la confianza que han depositado en nuestro centro.

En esta primera edición se reflejan algunas de las actividades realizadas en el aula así como fuera de ella durante este curso académico 2019-2020 que se va acabando de una manera inesperada. Desde el pasado 14 de marzo, hemos tenido que cancelar nuestras clases presenciales y seguir el curso exclusivamente a distancia. A pesar de que nadie estaba preparado para tal cosa, todos, tanto profesorado como estudiantes, hemos aprendido rápidamente a adaptarnos a esta nueva situación superando con creces los problemas tecnológicos que hayan podido surgir.

Llegamos casi a final de curso y nos quedamos con las ganas de otras muchas actividades que estaban planificadas para este tercer trimestre. Sin embargo, el esfuerzo de muchos se ve premiado en esta primera edición de la revista. Os podéis sentir orgullosos de haber dado a luz a nuestro primer retoño y esperemos que tras esta primera experiencia todos nos aventuremos a darle continuidad.

Por último, queremos agradecer a todas las personas que han colaborado y participado en la elaboración de este primer número de nuestra revista.

La Dirección



EOI ANTEQUERA

EDICIÓN 1 | JUNIO DE 2020

El curso que viene más y mejor con tu
participación y colaboración.

¡Te esperamos!



*Imagen cedida por nuestra querida
compañera:*

Juana M^a Arrabal Aranda