

LEER Y VIAJAR

PLAN DE LECTURA



EINMAL ...

PUES YO UNA VEZ ...

ET BIEN, MOI UNE FOIS ...

UNHA BOA TRASNADA MIÑA FOI ...

WELL, I ONCE ...

BEH, IO UNA VOLTA ...

ORA BEM, EU UM DIA ...



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PUES YO UNA VEZ ...

Mi sobrina y el fuego

Por: Mariela Almánzar

Mi sobrina mayor se llama Rosa, fue una niña muy amada y cuidada por todos.

Recuerdo como ahora que estuve todo el día fuera de casa porque la empresa donde trabajaba estaba de aniversario y fui a casa a ducharme para regresar a mis labores. Cuando llego noto todas las caras tristes y huelo a humo. Pregunto asustada, “¿qué pasa?”. Y mi mamá llorando me dice: **“La niña ha quemado toda tu ropa”**.

Me quedé callada, por segundos. Pregunté si la niña estaba bien y después me puse a llorar; días anteriores había ido de compras y no tenía nada que ponerme.



Rosa tiene 21 años y hemos hablado sobre ese día entre risas, pero también avergonzada me ha dicho: “Ay tía, qué traviesa era y lo siento mucho”. Ahora tiene 19 años y es una chica muy buena.

El día de las trastadas

Almázcara es un pueblo pequeño del Bierzo donde los mozos, en Pascua, tenían la costumbre de hacer “trastadas”.

Primero ponían un ramo en la puerta a las mozas casaderas. Luego cambiaban de lugar los enseres del vecino: felpudos, ropa de los tendales, lo que encontraban alrededor de las casas. Solían subir los aperos de labranza que conseguían al campanario de la iglesia.

En una ocasión, ataron un burro por el rabo con una cuerda larga que anudaron al badajo de la campana de la iglesia. Le pusieron comida un poquito alejada, de manera que al intentar comer, el burro tiraba de la cuerda haciendo sonar la campana. Así tuvieron toda la noche al animal. Y los vecinos, por supuesto, sin pegar ojo.

A la mañana siguiente los vecinos, además de no haber dormido, se encontraban con que las cosas de unos estaban en la casa de otros o bien en el campanario de la iglesia.

PUES YO UNA VEZ....

Cuando llegaba de la escuela con 5 años, entré en la casa de la vecina y en un momento, me quedé sola en el salón, entonces me llamó la atención una caja que había llena de joyas y comencé a ponérmelas todas: collares, anillos, etc... Emocionada me fui para mi casa buscando a mi mamá, cuando la encuentro le digo: mira mamá, ¡soy una princesa! Cuando mi madre me vió, dijo: ¿pero Yeni de dónde has sacado todas esas joyas? Y yo le respondí: son de Lourdes. En eso se oye: ¡Ay que me han robado mis joyas! Y mi madre salió enseguida a decirle: ¡Mira quién las tiene! Cuando Lourdes me vió se quedó más tranquila y comenzó a reír, entonces dijo: ¡Los niños son muy traviosos! Ese día no me castigaron, pero aprendí que no se deben coger las cosas sin pedir las y nunca más se me olvidó.



TRAVESURA DE HACE MEDIO SIGLO CUANDO LOS NIÑOS ERAN NIÑOS Y JUGABAN AL ESCONDITE EN LA CALLE

Cuando era pequeña en mi pueblo un gran número de niños, todos amigos, las noches de verano las pasábamos jugando en la calle mientras nuestros padres estaban sentados en los bancos hablando con los vecinos.

Una de nuestras aficiones favoritas era jugar al escondite. Bueno se me olvidó contar que yo he vivido gran parte de mi vida al lado del cementerio del pueblo.

Uno de nuestros lugares preferidos, cómo no, era ese, el cementerio. Entrábamos por la noche y, la verdad, era muy divertido. Alguno tenía miedo pero no se decía. Todos entrábamos y sorteábamos obstáculos.

Cuando nuestros padres se daban cuenta, nos reñían, pero era inútil. Al día siguiente volvíamos al mismo lugar, esperando, quién sabe, alguna sorpresa que nunca llegó.





Historia del Mar



Yo acostumbraba a sentarme en un flotador circular y remar de espaldas mar adentro a pesar de no saber nadar. Siempre le tocaba a mi primo que es 4 años mayor nadar hasta mí para decirme que saliera, cuando nos

teníamos que marchar.

En una ocasión estaba como siempre sentado en mi flotador muy alejado de la playa, cuando veo a un tipo nadando hacia mí, de repente le da por volcarme y una ola alejó unos metros de mí el flotador. El tipo siguió su curso y ahí me quedé yo, aterrorizado y tragando mucha agua.

No sé cómo lo conseguí, pero llegué hasta mi flotador, me puse a remar como loco y esa vez mi primo no tuvo que ir a buscarme. Me puse a llorar a escondidas y jamás le conté a mi familia lo que me acababa de pasar. Tardé unos días en volver a meterme en el mar, pero cuando por fin me decidí, ¡ya sabía nadar!

**ET BIEN,
MOI UNE FOIS ...**

Sainte patience

Eh bien moi une fois... C'était une froide journée d'hiver à l'élémentaire. Ma belle professeure, Mère Innocence, une douce nonne un peu âgée, ne pouvait pas résister à faire un clopet, comme d'habitude. Le silence régnait dans la

quiétude de la salle de classe, mais, c'est alors que, tout d'un coup, j'ai reçu un bout de papier sur lequel quelqu'un me disait de lui attacher les lacets de ses chaussures ; l'un avec l'autre, évidemment ! Mais, quelle audace ! Il était certain que mes camarades voulaient profiter de ma position privilégiée de sage élève, collée un jour sur deux à la table du professeur... Au

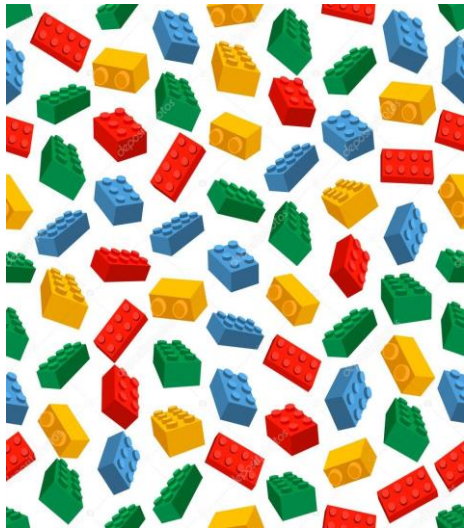


début, j'en suis restée un peu choquée. Comment faire quelque chose d'aussi terrible à ma chère professeure ? Mais, hélas ! avais-je un autre choix ? J'ai fini par céder, autrement la solitude m'attendrait à la récré... J'avais le cœur qui battait la chamade, mais malgré ça, en me glissant furtivement sous la table, je l'ai fait ! Sans trop tarder, le murmure de mes collègues a fini par réveiller la moniale. J'ai craint qu'elle ne tombe, mais heureusement qu'elle a compris l'espièglerie et qu'elle a réussi ensuite à défaire les lacets de ses chaussures ! C'était un miracle qu'il ne lui soit rien arrivé !... Et voilà que le plus beau de l'histoire a été qu'elle a bien réagi à l'affaire et que finalement elle a ri à gorge déployée avec nous. Après, dans la cour de l'école, je l'ai suppliée de me pardonner et elle avec sa sainte patience, m'a fait un gros câlin. Elle avait un cœur en or !

ET BIEN, MOI UNE FOIS...

Quand j'avais six ans, j'ai fait une grosse bêtise.

À l'occasion de mon sixième anniversaire, mes parents m'avaient offert une boîte de Lego pour construire une maison. Un jour, ils étaient partis faire les courses dans la ville voisine et moi, j'étais toute seule chez nous.



J'ai commencé à rassembler tous mes pièces de lego et je suis allée à la cuisine pour prendre de la colle. Avec elle, j'ai commencé à mettre tous mes legos sur le mur. Ensuite, j'ai voulu jouer avec mon chien, et il a fini tout collant, lui aussi.

À la fin, mes parents sont revenus et ils ont vu ce que j'avais fait: une catastrophe! Ils m'ont confisqué tous mes legos et je n'ai pu plus jouer avec eux.

Aujourd'hui, il y a encore des marques de mon exploit sur le mur et mes parents détestent les legos.

ET BIEN, MOI UNE FOIS...

C'était Août 2002. Chaque été, je partais avec ma famille à l'appartement de ma grand-mère à Alicante, pour profiter de deux semaines de vacances au bord de la mer. Quand on est arrivés à Albacete, après six heures de voyage, nous nous sommes arrêtés dans un bar pour faire une pause. Comme d'habitude, je jouais dans la rue avec mon frère, quand un enfant nous a proposé de jouer avec lui au football. On a accepté.



Au bout de quelques minutes du jeu, le ballon a cassé la fenêtre du bar pendant que le garçon se perdait entre les gens qui passaient.

Après l'incident, mon père a payé son café et le prix de la fenêtre pour pouvoir continuer notre voyage.

Depuis ce jour-là, je n'ai plus jamais joué au football.

ET BIEN, MOI UNE FOIS...

J'ai réagi à temps c'est à dire, j'ai décidé la meilleure option pour moi.

Je me souviens que j'étais avec des amis et des copains dans mon quartier. J'avais 13 ans et j'étais un peu aventurier. Ce jour-là nous avions envie d'entrer dans un bâtiment pour le connaître.

Nous étions descendus au niveau le plus bas sans faire du bruit et sans utiliser la lumière électrique, juste en nous guidant de nos mains appuyées contre les murs. Nous pensions que les voisins n'allaient pas nous découvrir. Mais voilà qu'une voisine est descendue dans l'ascenseur et est arrivée près de nous. Nous avons commencé à rire et à nous cacher. La voisine a demandé qui était là-bas. Moi, j'ai décidé de partir en courant pendant que les autres préféraient attendre en silence.

Enfin elle a allumé et les a vus...

ET BEN, MOI UNE FOIS...

J'ai un souvenir d'enfance qui même aujourd'hui me fait rire quand ma mère me le raconte.

Je devais avoir plus ou moins huit ans. Ma grand-mère m'avait offert comme cadeau une robe pour quelques événements de cet été-là. Nous avons un mariage dans la famille, le festival du village, un anniversaire de je ne sais plus qui...



Je détestais la robe, toute pleine de fleurs horribles, avec une décoration en fils de couleurs et en plus un tissu étincelant.

J'ai donc décidé d'en couper un morceau afin que ma mère m'en achète une autre.

Croyez-vous qu'elle l'a fait? Bien sûr que non.

J'ai été engueulée, et en plus j'ai dû assister à toutes les cérémonies avec la robe déchirée.



**Et bien, moi une fois quand
J'étais un petit garçon
j'adorais l'été parce que
c'était le temps où mon
imagination devenait réalité.**

**Je voulais être un mélange
d'investigateur, chimique,
vétérinaire et toutes les**

**choses que vous pouvez imaginer avec
quelques gouttes de méchanceté.**

**Je peux me souvenir que j'avais un chien qui
s'appelait Ringo, il était feroce et mauvais, mais
avec mes crayons de couleurs je peignais tous
ses cheveux blancs et ils devenaient colorés.**

**Une autre fois j'étais dans la salle de bain chez
ma grand-mère et dans un bocal en verre j'ai
mélangé tous les produits chimiques et les
potions qui s'y trouvaient. Je l'ai fermé et
secoué et d'un coup ça explosait et tout la
salle de bain rougissait magiquement et ma
grand-mère était très contente avec moi.**

**J'avais l'habitude d'attraper des animaux
comme des chauves-souris, des lézards,
des pigeons ou des escargots et j'étais très
heureux quand je les libérais à l'intérieur de ma
maison, ma mère était aussi heureuse.**

Comme vous avez vu, l'été était SUPER!

ET BIEN, MOI UNE FOIS...

Il y a bien des années déjà, quand j'avais seulement quatre ans, je suis allé faire les courses avec ma mère comme je faisais tous les samedis matin.

À un moment donné, je me suis perdue et j'ai décidé de retourner chez moi toute seule. Pour cela, j'ai demandé l'aide à une vieille dame qui m'a accompagnée sans problème.

Ma mère, qui était enceinte à ce moment-là, m'a cherchée par tout le supermarché avant d'appeler la police. Le super était à côté de la gare de bus et la police a ordonné qu'aucun bus ne sorte avant de savoir où j'étais.

Une fois arrivée chez moi, ma voisine m'a vue, a pris sa voiture et est sortie le plus vite possible direction le supermarché pour avertir ma mère.

Trente ans après ce jour-là, je me rappelle parfaitement l'expression du visage de ma mère, d'un côté très fâchée à cause du mauvais moment passé et d'un autre heureuse de m'avoir rencontrée saine et sauve.

Je dois dire que quelques jours après mon frère est né, un mois avant la date prévue pour sa naissance.



Sara Calvo

La lame et le savon

Cela m'est arrivé une fois pendant un barbant après-midi d'hiver.

Je me souviens que j'étais toute seule, assise dans le séjour de chez moi sans savoir quoi faire et à quoi jouer. J'étais vraiment très ennuyée !

Il y avait déjà quelques jours que j'observais mon père quand il était en train de se raser tôt le matin. Je n'arrivais pas à comprendre ce qu'il faisait, mais j'y restais debout, éberluée, à regarder comment il utilisait le savon et la lame. Cet étrange rituel me laissait bouche bée....

Eh ben, ce jour-ci, une seule idée me creusait l'esprit et j'ai enfin tracé mon plan.

Alors, j'ai décidé de sortir du séjour, d'entrer dans la salle de bain en cachette et de m'y mettre à la tâche. Ensuite, j'ai pris la lame et je l'ai approchée contre mon visage. Évidemment, faute d'entraînement, je me suis fait une coupure au milieu de la joue. Aussitôt, je suis sortie en courant comme une folle vers la cuisine et je me suis assise sur une chaise à côté de ma mère, ma main cachant la grosse blessure.

Ma mère a commencé de me regarder avec une espèce de mélange de surprise et d'angoisse. Quand elle m'a demandé pourquoi j'avais fait cela, je lui ai répondu d'un ton très naïf : « Je me suis rasé comme papi ! »



Nathalie



Et bien, moi une fois, quand j'étais petite, je devais aller chez le docteur Martin car tous les printemps j'avais un problème d'allergies. J'avais très peur d'y aller car ma mère m'avait déjà dit qu'il allait me faire une piqûre dans le cul.

Une infirmière nous ouvre la porte. C'était déjà trop tard et je ne pouvais pas m'en filer. Le docteur a commencé à nous parler et ensuite, il m'a dit que je devais revenir une fois par semaine jusqu' à mes 18 ans pour m'injecter un médicament contre les allergies et que ce jour-là nous commencerons avec la première dose. Mon cœur s'est mis à battre très fort et je suis devenue très fâchée.

Tout d'un coup, je lui ai demandé pourquoi il était chauve et le docteur m'a répondu que c'était parce qu'il réfléchissait trop. Mon père était aussi chauve et il m'avait expliqué que c'était à cause d'aller en moto. Alors le vent faisait voler les cheveux mais l'explication du docteur je ne l'entendais pas. Je la trouvais très bizarre!!

Finalement je lui ai demandé une autre question:

-Et pourquoi tu ne te pique pas toi dans ton nombril, tu as déjà le trou!

À ce moment, le docteur et ma mère ont éclaté de rire mais à moi ça ne me faisait pas du tout rigoler!!

Quand j'étais petit je n'étais pas méchant, mais plutôt drôle et agité.

Et bien, une fois...

J'avais 4 ans, c'était l'été. Nous étions partis, mon père, ma mère et moi, à Comillas, près de Santander. Nous voyagions en voiture et nous allions rester 6 jours, où nous visiterions le village, qui est très beau et vivant. Il y a des plages pour se baigner et un centre-ville avec des musées, restaurants, expositions, pour y faire du tourisme.

Un de ces six jours nous sommes allés à un village près de Comillas. Mes parents se promenaient tranquillement sur la place quand ils ont écouté un bruit très fort, en même temps qu'on entendait pleurer quelqu'un.

Ma mère a crié: "et Alvaro? Où est-il?"

À côté de la place il y avait une vieille maison avec une grande, très grande porte que quelques minutes avant était ouverte, mais pas à ce moment-là.

J'étais à l'intérieur d'un garage, enfermé. Mes parents ont essayé d'ouvrir la porte, Ils n'ont pas pu. Je criais très fort, plus fort qu'avant. Ma mère a appelé les voisins et ils lui ont dit que le propriétaire était ailleurs. Mon père a appelé la police. Elle est arrivée avec les pompiers. Il y avait un problème, la seule manière d'ouvrir la porte était de la faire tomber. Mais ma mère m'aimait pas cette idée, parce qu'elle avait peur que la porte tombe sur moi.

Je criais, la police ne savait pas quoi faire, les gens regardaient... et le propriétaire est arrivé, sans comprendre ce qui se passait là-bas.

Finalement il a ouvert la porte, je me suis réuni avec mes parents et nous avons quitté le village.

Six ans après nous sommes retournés à Comillas.

UNHA BOA TRASNADA

MIÑA FOI ...

A SUPER AVOA

O outro día fun ver unha boa amiga,
e díxome que viña de voar en parapente.
Pero non viña soa, viña coa súa avoa. E
despois falando con ela, díxome que onte fora
navegar de Vigo ás ilhas Cíes, tamén coa
súa avoa.

O mellor diso é que "Maruxa" así se chama
a avoa, tamén a leva de festa e a velliña
foi quen coñeceu ao seu mozo.

Si, si, o mozo de "Antía" a miña amiga.
E outro tema, se ves como leva a roupa,
a avoa, parece unha rapaza nova!

En resumo, Antía vai coa súa avoíña a
algunhas sempre.

Por certo, é importante que sabades que
Antía tivo un accidente. Hai anos, chocou co
coche. Viaxaba cos seus pais e morreron os dous.
Desde entón, ela vai en cadeira de
rodas.

Cando desnafron o coche, apareceu unha
super muller e unha super avoa!

Miguel Garmelo Hermosa B2.4.

UNHA BOA TRASNADA FOI CANDO...



O peor que lle pode ocorrer a un neno no verán é aburrirse sen ter adultos preto del. Na miña defensa direi que máis que unha trasnada podería considerarse como curiosidade infantil.

Todo sucedeu durante unha longa sesta estival na miña vila materna, cando os meus avós durmían e eu non. Foi entón cando caeu nas miñas mans un desparafusador con dúas puntas, ao cal non se podía resistir ningún parafuso, e así foi.

Dende a habitación na que estaba ata que me cacharon coas mans na masa, non quedou nin un parafuso no seu lugar correspondente. Así pois, toda cadeira, cama, mesiña, lámpada, e en xeral, todo moble foi desmontado. Esta tarefa é, de primeiras, moi doada sen ter en conta o difícil que sería volver a montar todo, sobre todo se mixturas todos os parafusos, á vez que perdes moitos deles.

As consecuencias tras ser descuberto non as queirades coñecer, digamos que non fixo moita graza, deixémolo aí.

José Antonio Ruíz Cejudo C1

Unha boa trasnada miña foi...

Cando eu era cativa, cuns tres ou catro anos, meus pais foron invitados a unha voda en Madrid, e alí que foron.



Visitamos moitos sitios, como o Parque do Retiro, a Praza Maior, a Gran Vía, e por suposto, non podería faltar o centro comercial, onde quedei namorada dunha moneca, pero meu pai non quixo comprarma, e aí que eu decido montar un espectáculo.

En pleno centro de Madrid, con decenas de persoas ao meu redor, comezo a berrar nun perfecto castelán: “Socorro, que este señor me solte, el non é o meu pai!”

Chamando a atención das persoas que, menos mal, seguiron o seu camiño sen intervir no suposto secuestro. Mentres eu choraba e chamaba case desesperada a miña nai, xurando e perxurando, que non coñecía de nada ao home que me regañaba, vermello como un tomate pola vergoña que lle fixen pasar.

UNHA BOA TRASNADA MIÑA FOI...

Cando eramos pequenos e meus pais levabanos á casa dos meus avós. Eu tiña uns cinco anos, miña irmá, sete e meu irmán oito. Din que ser a pequena de todos os irmáns é bo, porén, iso non me salvou do castigo que me puxo miña avoa cando lle fixen aquela trasnada. Lémbroo como se fora hoxe, aínda agora me doe o cu.

Vouvos explicar como estaba distribuída a casa dos meus avós, que isto é importante. Eles vivían no segundo andar dun edificio grande.

O día dos feitos, estaba eu no baño da casa dos meus avós, e o baño tiña unha fiestra que daba ao terreo máis baixo, así que non se me ocorreu mellor cousa que gabear pola bañeira e meterme de fuciños pola fiestra.

Se non fose porque miña avoa xa se decatara de que eu tardaba moito e que eu non pechara a porta do baño, se cadra, hoxe non estaría aquí. Cando miña avoa entrou no baño papou un susto de mil demos!!! Atopoume coas pernas no aire e con medio corpo fóra da fiestra, daquela berrou:

-“*Voy dáte una ñalgada en culo*”, e ao mesmo tempo suxetoume e deume tal azouta no cu que estiven coa dor dous ou tres días.

Ao final, miña avoa non lles contou aos meus pais o que eu fixera.



UNHA BOA TRASNADA MIÑA FOI...

Temos que remontarnos a cando os meus pais e eu viviamos en Villadepalos, un pobo preto de Ponferrada, por aquel entón eu tiña uns dez ou once anos e adoitaba quedar cos meus amigos directamente na rúa para xogar ao fútbol ou ir percorrendo o pobo coas nosas bicicletas.

O día de Halloween disfrazámonos e fomos polas casas do pobo co famoso “Truco ou trato” para conseguir doces, aí xa empezamos a facer pequenas trasnadas como chamar ao timbre e irnos correndo ou lanzar ovos á porta dos que non nos daban doces, pero a máis grande chegou á noitiña.



Para rematar o noso día fomos ata unha leira próxima para “coller prestadas” unas cabazas para decoralas, con tal mala sorte de que no medio da faena o dono da leira descubriunos e empezou a perseguirnos cunha escopeta na man. Saímos correndo como almas que leva o diaño para coller as bicicletas e volver a casa.

Manuel Taboada Rodríguez. B1

TRASNADA NA NEVE

Eu son nada no Valle de Laciana. É un val cheo de vilas moi fermosas, rodeadas de altas montañas e, pola súa altitude, adoita nevar no inverno.

Pois ben, eu mailas miñas amigas, cando remataban as clases, case tódolos días íamos xogar, e cando caía a neve a diversión estaba asegurada. Subiamos a unha montaña pequeniña que tínhamos moi preto da casa, e alí facíamos bonecos de neve, tirabámonos bólas, patinábamos...

Un bo día, tivemos a "fantástica" idea de tirarlles desde enriba bólas de neve aos coches que pasaban pola estrada. Imaxinade o susto que levaban os coitados dos condutores, cando vían o noso branco e frío proxectil impactar no seu parabrisas.

Foi divertido, ata que un dos condutores parou o seu automóbil e se baixou. Ay mamaíña! Non vos podo describir a cara coa que ficamos todas, cando vimos que o home comenzaba a camiñar cara nós. Botamos a correr pola pista adiante e, malia que as pernas nos tremían e o corazón quería saírnos do peito, non paramos ata chegar á vila e ver que o home tiña deixado a súa persecución.

Hoxe penso que podería ter ocorrido algún accidente na estrada pola nosa culpa, pero por sorte non foi así e todo ficou como unha trasnada.

ROSA MARÍA LOPES GARRIDO

B 2.1



Unha boa trasnada miña foi...

Cando tiña dous anos, cometín a miña primeira trasnada. De pequena era moi inquieta e os meus pais non podían quitarme os ollos de encima. A vez que máis se enfadaron foi o día que deixei a miña nai encerrada na terraza. Ese día ela estaba tendendo a roupa na corda, mentras eu xogaba pola casa, ata que se me ocorreu a brillante idea de pechar a porta con miña nai dentro.

Ela púxose moi nerviosa e empezou a berrar esperando a que alguén a escoitara e puidese axudala, pero nese momento estabamos soas na casa. Ao principio ela pensou en romper o cristal da porta, pero tiña medo de que eu puidera cortarme, así que descartou a idea. Ao final de tanto empuxar a porta logrou saír. A miña nai estaba moi enfadada; do meu castigo non me acordo, pero o que teño claro é que non volvín facelo.



ANDREA SÁNCHEZ ABELAIRA

UNHA BOA TRASNADA MIÑA FOI.....

Cando eu tiña nove anos, aconteceu, que un luns pola mañá, a miña nai mandoume a escola, e cando vin comer, lémbrome que xantara moi rápido, pois tiña presa para ir ver as máquinas que estaban traballando nas obras da estrada.

Así que a miña nai preguntoume onde ía tan cedo,



pois quedaba máis dunha hora para volver as clases das tres da tarde. Díxenlle que a profesora me mandou ir máis cedo para facer un traballo con outros compañeiros.

Logo marchei ver as máquinas e mentres estaba mirando, un traballador preguntoume, que estaba a facer alí, pois xa eran

horas de ir a escola.

Eu marchei moi apresada para o colexio, e cheguei máis de dez minutos tarde. Ao abrir a porta, a profesora reprendeume e deume un par de labazadas.

Despois, a mestra contoulle a miña nai o que sucedera e levei outro par de sopapos.

Belarmino Suárez Álvarez, B2-1 Galego.

O COLGADOIRO DA TRANQUILIDADE

Unha boa trasnada miña foi, o día que escapei do lado dos meus pais cando mercabamos no supermercado. Eles sempre tiñan présa e non me deixaban ler con detemento os contos que había.

Entón cada día que viñamos alí, eu tentaba dúas cousas: ler o conto ou convencelos de mercalo. Pero aquela vez, cansa das súas negativas, aproveite un momentinho mentres elixían unha tele para conseguir o meu obxectivo.



Corrín a fume de carozo polo conto e enseguida atopei un colgadoiro, era o sitio perfecto para ler sen que ninguén me amolase. Cando pasou un intre, escoitei a meus pais que me chamaban. Eu non quería saír porque aínda non rematei de ler, pero ao mesmo tempo escoitaba a meus pais nerviosos, entón decidín dicirlles onde estaba.

Cando me atoparon.... imaxínade a rifa que me botaron e comprendín que a seguinte vez tiña que ser mais lista.

"Hoxe imos pintar", díxome o meu irmán un día cando eramos cativos e a nosa nai tivo que marchar até Ponferrada. Nós quedamos baixo a supervisión dunha veciña. Nun intre que ela non estaba connosco, o meu irmán colleu un bote de crema para limpar os zapatos, gardado nunha caixiña na despensa. Moi amodo foi metendo as súas mans nel. Puxémonos como o rei Baltasar, posto que a crema era marrón, pegañenta e lixaba os nosos dedos pequerrechos mentres embarrañabamos o chan, as paredes do baño e a nosa cara.



De súpeto, a veciña volveu e cando nos viu, quedou petrificada mirando ao redor, e berrou: "Miña naiciña querida, pero que fixestes? Estaba abraiada.

Pola súa expresión decateime de que o que estabamos a facer o meu irmán e mais eu, non era cousa boa...

Belén Prieto.

B21

UNHA BOA TRASNADA MIÑA FOI...

Recordo con nostalxia cando un é pequeno, que tempos! que ben llo pasa un, verdade? Nesas idades 7- 8 anos, e máis adiante, que non hai preocupación ningunha, que pena que nos vaiamos facendo grandes, co bonito que eran eses tempos de antes.

Recordo pequenas trasnadas cos meus amigos as noites de verán; como ir polas casas tocando timbres e correr cando ían saír, pero que casualidades da vida, que sempre iamos á casa do que máis se enfadaba, non sei, se era por ese subidón de adrenalina que nos daba cando tiñamos que escapar ou que.

Ou cando apostaba coa miña irmá e perdía, tíñalle que facer a merenda, pero non vos pensedes, á cara, con trampa e de mala gana, metíalle no bocadillo de nocilla unha pastilla juanola, que ela as odiaba.....e cando chegaba a ela.....jajajajacagábase en todo pero tampouco ela aprendía, porque sempre que eu perdía unha aposta, tocábame facerlle o bocadillo ou pagarlle da miña propina, e como xa me ides coñecendo....saberedes que tamén trampiña lle facía.

Pero ben, esa e outras máis travesuras, contaréivolas noutra ocasión.



UNHA BOA TRASNADA MIÑA FOI...

Hai moito tempo, cando eu inda tiña só catro anos, fixen a trasnada máis importante da miña vida (ou iso din os meus pais). Eu sempre fun unha nena moi curiosa e gustábame moito xogar cos coches de meu curmán, facer carreiras con eles pola casa e ver quen gañaba dende á bufarda ata o garaxe. Esa curiosidade polos coches e as carreiras fixo que lles dera un susto moi grande aos meus pais unha tarde de verán.



Estabamos os tres na rúa que vai camiño abaixo do Castelo dos Templarios en Ponferrada; miña nai mais meu pai saíron do vehículo e deixáronme a min dentro mentres eles falaban cun coñecido. Nese momento eu non tiña razón ningunha sobre o que era estar en perigo e tiveron a xenial idea de poñerme no asento do condutor e xogar, xogar a quitar o freno de man e como o coche estaba aparcado costa abaixo..., pois se pode dicir que conducín un treito ata que o meu pai correu detrás de min para parar o automóbil.

Toda unha aventura.

Vicky

Euina eu uns sete anos, era moi bullebule. Os sábados pola mañá, na escola, rezábamnos o rosario antes da saída para casa. A mestra paseaba entre nós.

Eu aproveitaba a ocasión para ir desfazendo os lazos e lazadas das saias ou trenzas das miñas compañeiras.

Nestes intreos colleume Dña. Luz, a mestra, e deu-me co meu maletín na cabeza, este era de madeira moi fina, polo que se escachou e botou-me unha boa reprimenda.

Na casa dixen que caera. Ao cabo dos días enfermei e meu pai foi falar con Dña. Luz para dicirlle como me atopaba e, claro, enterouse do que pasara co maletín.

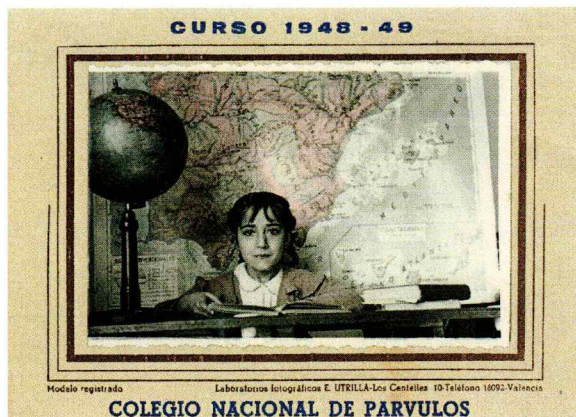
Cando cheguei a casa, aínda o estou vendo, a o pé da cama. Berrou-me dicindo que non se pode mentir nin faltar a mestra e compañeiras.

Dende entón teño a lección ben aprendida.

Nestes tempos, a boa de Dña. Luz botaríana do Corpo e farían dela todos os medios de comunicación.

Grazas Dña. Luz e papá por ser como fostes.

M^{de} do Carmo Vilas Gálvez B. E. P.



CANDO FUN INFORMÁTICO

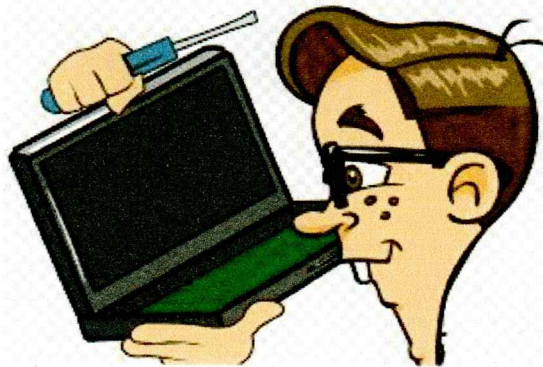
Naquel entón, estaba eu estudando o bacharelato e os días que non tiña ganas de comezar unha lección aburrida de bioloxía, pensaba en algo que puidese facer para que a clase fose máis curta.

O caso é que, como todos sabedes, os profesores dependen do ordenador para mostrar apuntamentos ou explicar as leccións. Ben, pois aquel aparello sempre estaba escangallado.

Ao principio, o profesor intentaba arranaxo, pero non tiña idea do que lle pasaba; mentres tanto, os alumnos seguimos falando. Cando comezaba o desconcerto do profesor e non sabía que facer, preguntaba se había algún alumno que fose bo en informática para poder solucionar o problema.

Aí é cando eu entraba en acción, facíame o interesante e buscaba a maneira de solucionalo. Perdía un pouco máis de tempo, semellando que a cousa non era doada, ata que por fin conectaba o cable que eu mesmo desenchufara un pouco antes. Entón, o profesor en cuestión dárame as grazas satisfeito polo meu traballo e eu recibía os aplausos de toda a clase.

Cando por fin me sentaba, sempre me arrepentía do que fixera, pero...ao día seguinte volvía facelo.



WELL, I ONCE ...

Have you ever done anything really naughty?

Yes, I did one really naughty thing. When I was ten years old or so, I was playing inside my father's car, doing what kids typically do, that's to say, turning the steering wheel, turning the lights on and off and so on. I was playing quietly until suddenly, in the car stowage door compartment, I could see a keychain with a bunch of keys. I couldn't resist taking them, it was beyond my strength, it was like a magnet...

In one second, I was already testing the keys in the starter cylinder. I was very excited, but at the same time I was fearful, because my mother or maybe my father could appear at any time.

Anyway, after trying several keys, I suddenly found de "x" one, the "x" that cleared the equation..., the disaster equation. I started to turn the key, but nothing happened, but this little fact wouldn't stop me...of course! Right away I tried to turn the key, but this time with more impetus, and unfortunately, I achieved my target. The car moved with a short but strong jolt forwards against the wall. After that, I just remember my ears red like traffic lights and I was punished without TV and without playing soccer with my friends for three months.





I used to sit on a circular float and paddle on my back out to sea even though I couldn't swim. It was always up to my cousin who is 4 years older to swim to me to tell me to get out, when we had to leave.

On one occasion I was as usual sitting on my float far away from the beach, when I see a guy swimming towards me, suddenly he flips me over and a wave moves the float a few meters away from me. The guy followed his course and there I was, terrified and swallowing a lot of water.

I don't know how I made it, but I got to my float, started paddling like crazy and that time my cousin didn't have to go looking for me. I started crying in secret and never told my family what had just happened to me. It took me a few days to get back into the sea, but when I finally decided, I could swim!

Well, I once climbed into a tractor that had a closed cab, but was open at the rear. It wouldn't be a common mischief, if it weren't for the fact that I was less than three years old. I only was a very little child, just a toddler.

Obviously, I don't remember what happened, I don't have a memory of this, so it isn't a mischief with evil, but both my mother and my grandmother have told me several times.

I climbed into a tractor that was parked in front of my grandmother's house, in a small village near to the city of Leon. My family was looking for me for an hour and they couldn't find me. They were really distressed and worried about those circumstances and I guess I was enjoying it a lot. Finally, they found me and were very relieved. It's sure in that moment they were really nervous, but later it became a little mischief of a little climber.

How is it possible that such a small child managed to climb up to the cabin of that tractor?



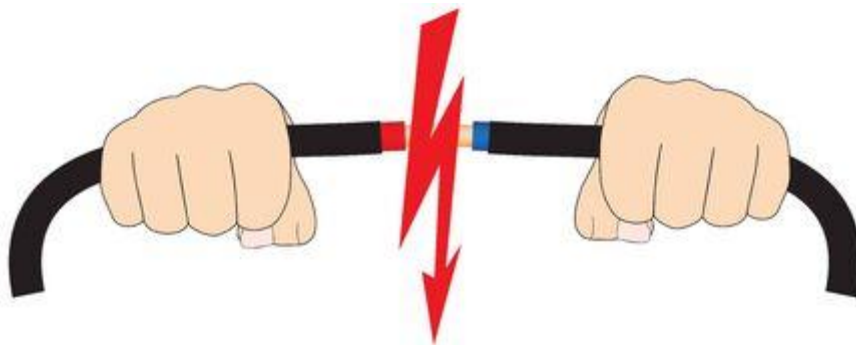
I ONCE...

As a child I wasn't very naughty, but all children are very curious and, as the saying goes, "curiosity killed the cat".

At that time, around the year 1965, the electricity was a great improvement in some villages of El Bierzo, and although I was born with it, it was a great mystery to me.

I was around 5 years old. In those years children spent a lot of time in the street playing. But one day my parents left the house for a while, and I thought it was a great opportunity for me to do some things that my parents would not let me do.

With some pliers I cut about 10cm of wire, I took out the insulating plastic from the wire and I made a loop with it. I took the extremes and inserted them into a plug, the consequence was evident.



How I got that my parents never found out about the incident will be the theme of the next chapter, sorry. 😊

THIS IS A TRUE STORY.

Well, I once I had to keep a secret.

I have an elder brother and his life has been very different from mine. When he was a child there were many children like him in our neighborhood, and, as always, they paid just for sinners.

On one of those unfair occasions, a neighbour scolded my brother for things he hadn't done, and furthermore, the neighbour did the unforgivable thing: go and complain to our mother.

The consequences, you can imagine: shouting, slipper throwing and punishment without going out at the weekends.

My brother swore revenge and carried it out: The first night that he was allow to go out the house (after the punishment) he went to the house of the accusing neighbour, who was building an extension to his house. My brother and his friends filled the concrete mixer with stones, and, then, they were able to turn it on and lef it there.



The noise made by the concrete mixer was so frightening that it woke up our entire neighborhood. The men came out of the houses, saw the concrete mixer spinning around with the stones inside, and as they didn't have the keys, they decided to leave it running until the gasoline ran out.

The concrete mixer was turning all night, the neighbours couldn't sleep and my brother, his friends and I swore to keep the secret, a secret that I have kept until today.

WELL, I ONCE...

One day, when I was a child and I was about five or six years old, I decided to make my first cake. My mum was very excited and she decided to invite her sister and my grandparents home to eat it all together. I was very excited too, so I decided to prepare all the ingredients very carefully. I put all of them on the kitchen table: flour, eggs, yoghurt, milk, sugar,...

With the help of my mother I started the cake. After some broken eggs and pouring flour all over the kitchen, my cake was ready to be baked in the oven.

Forty minutes later it smelt fantastic. It was ready to be served. My dad was responsible for giving each of us a piece, and I tasted it immediately.

Our faces were dramatic... Definitely something was wrong... My mum started laughing while I wanted to die! I had added salt instead of sugar... It tasted horrible!



Well, I once ...

I was seven years old. The village where I was born and where I lived the childhood has an astonishing and hilly mountain landscapes situated in south-eastern of Romania. My parents' house, the river, the animate seasons, the friends all my family had dug in my memory a deep nice record. We were free to play, to think, to create.

My parents worked as veterinaries and I was surrounding about domestic animals, specific vet tools, medicine, syringe, solution, etc.

One day, playing with my little cat mascot I had discovered she has some bugs and my mind went directly to the parent's clinic. I thought: I will help her!

I found a solution against this kind of parasite following what I remember seeing my parents doing in these kinds of situations. The idea was good but I made a mistake in the solution concentration making it more concentrated. I took the cat bath with



this solution. After that the cat began to feel sick, complaining and having a strange behaviour. I was afraid for her, so, I gave her some milk and I went directly to my mother telling her what happened. My mother acted very fast giving her some medicine and washing her with pure water. Fortunately, slowly the little cat recovered her disposition and also mine!

For me this idea was as a lesson, and encourage me to ask my parents any time when I wanted to help the animals in difficulties.

On the whole, I remember these kinds of mischiefs with pleasure and nostalgia and I would like to come back in time and to come alive again my childhood.

Ángela Calota



WELL, I ONCE....

When I was a child, I loved to go to the river and get into the water.

One day, I went to the river with my friends. I got into the water with my shoes on and I lost one. I had to return home with only one shoe. I knew my mother would be angry.

Mischief

Ten years ago, I was studying geology in Salamanca. And one day, in exam period, I went to study with some degree mates at their flat. We had a crystallography exam the following day so we were very nervous, and in a break, one of my friends had a funny idea.



We stuck a coin with a piece of cellophane on the sidewalk in front of my friends' flat, and shortly after, an old man with a brown cane stopped walking and looked at the coin stuck on the street. Then, the old man bent and tried to take the coin but he couldn't and he tried again and again until after ten minutes he finally managed to do so.

My friends recorded on a mobile all the amusing movements of the old man.

Now, when we want to have a laugh, we always watch the video and we remember the old times.

Well, I once when I lived in France I was 6 years old and I was alone in my house.

The kitchen was on the second floor, it was a spacious room with two windows and white blinds, they had beige curtains and the walls were blue. In the middle of the kitchen there was a large table with four chairs around and there was a grey blue sofa with three dark cushions on the corner.

My mother kept olive oil in the furniture, but the door didn't close properly. I saw an olive oil carafe and I threw the oil on the ground.



I slipped from one corner of the kitchen to another and sometimes I grabbed the curtains to stop myself. My hands painted all the wall. It was a wonderful slip on the ground.

Suddenly, my mother came in the kitchen.

She was shocked and her face changed color. I didn't understand, what happened, I thought.

She shouted at me a lot.

I was punished all the week.

I helped my mother clean the floor, it was very difficult to clean it.

It was all such a mess, and it was the last time that I remember a mischief.

NAUGHTY THINGS

I remember when I was around five or six years old, I said a four-letter word in Spanish. This word was "coño", and as you know when you are a child you cannot say it.



I don't know exactly where I was at that moment, but I guess I was at home. Nowadays, I'm 27 and I don't know where I heard this word, I believe I heard it on TV or in the street, because at home my family didn't say this type of words when I was a child.

This was a long time ago and I don't remember how my parents punished me for it but because of this punishment I didn't say bad words anymore until I became an adult.

I admit that nowadays I say bad words sometimes but only when I am very angry and if something is disturbing me a lot.



Apart from not saying this type of words again at that time, I learnt that these words do make the people who say them look impolite and stupid and if you repeat things that you see or hear anywhere you will become more stupid than them.





WELL, I ONCE...

When I was about ten years old, something happened that my parents are never going to forget.

Everything took place in summer in my grandparent's village. Until I was sixteen years old, I spent my summer holidays with my grandparents and my cousins. That time was fabulous because the village was crowded with children.

Well, one day in the early morning, two friends and I had decided to go cycling in the forest, which was next to the village. When we arrived at the woodland, we saw that underneath the trees there were a lot of leaves. Just at that moment, my friend Sofía took out a lighter from the pocket of her tracksuit and suddenly all the leaves were burning. We screamed, "Oh my god, you're crazy!". We went back as quickly as possible to the village to tell my grandparents and their parents everything that had happened.

In the end, nothing important happened, but we were punished for the rest of the holidays.

MY MISCHIEF

Well, I once when I was 16, I liked to go out at night, but my dad only let me go out until ten at night.

Sometimes, some of our parents were not home for the weekend. So, my friend Elena asked my parents if I could go to sleep with her because she was alone. My father told her that she could come to my house to sleep, but she said that she had to take care of her house and that if he didn't believe her, he could call her parents and would see that it was true.



So, that my parents wouldn't be suspicious I dressed in only a tracksuit and threw the other clothes out the window and down the street my friend Bea would pick them up.

But one day my neighbour Manuel saw us and told my father.

My father was very angry and grounded me by not going out for two weeks.

I never did it again and I learnt that "a liar is caught sooner than a lame person".

Pilar González Vázquez

MISCHIEF DONE

Well, I once was a little girl who was on holiday with her family in a hotel with a lot of pools, magicians, jongleurs and a lot more things to have fun with. The hotel was located in Neverland, where all you can imagine came true.

It was Friday night and a magician had an incredible show. He took people and had them somersault with only one hand! He played magical cards, took money from ponytails and a lot more things!

On Saturday morning, the family went for a walk, because the mother was afraid of water and she didn't want to be near the pool, let alone inside it. At mid-



morning, they stopped to have a drink and when they finished they realized that they hadn't brought money, so the little girl told her brother to get the money from her ponytails like the magician had done the day before.

Her brother scrubbed his hand and went on with the task. When he finished he had a pile of coins on the table! With her brother on her side, they wouldn't need to work ever again!

WELL, ONCE ...

not I, but my little brother, when he was six or seven, on a long summer day in my village at siesta time, did a dangerous experiment. You'll see.

We never knew what was in his head. He took a firecracker, lit it and introduced it like this in a can with some petrol, just enough to trigger an explosion. The rest of the family (my parents, my elder brother and I) realised that a fire could follow, maybe from the noise of the explosion, so my father kicked the can to the outdoor courtyard. The consequence was their legs got scorched (my father's and the Nero-like arsonist's). My father, my hero! Our house could have burned down because the area where the fire started is a wooden porch.

After this incident, my little brother and I found our professional calling: my brother is now a firefighter and I'm an Occupational Health & Safety technician.



Tere Alonso



Well, I once...

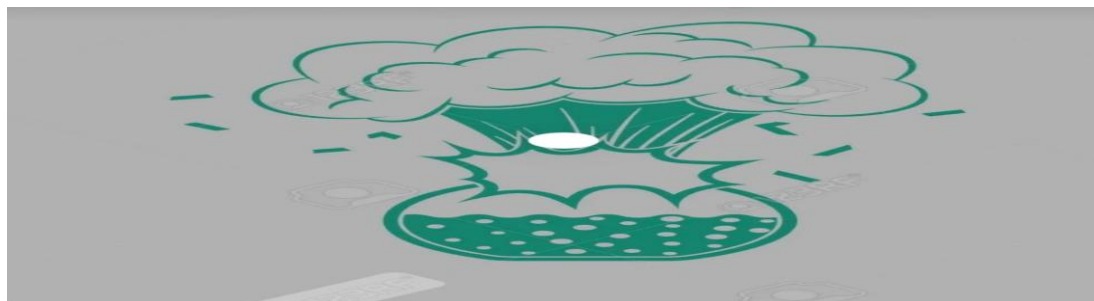
Well, I once, when I was eleven, I decided that my father and I couldn't live together anymore because he was the worst father in the world, so, I should leave home. I got some money from my father's wallet when he was sleeping and went to bed. In the morning, when my father went to work, instead of going to school, I went to the bus station and asked for a ticket for the next bus to León, because there lived my dear and sweet aunt Maria.

When I arrived in León, my first problem came: how to find my aunt's house. I had always been there with my father and I didn't know the way. My only solution was to make a phone call to my aunt and wait at the bus station.

Finally, she arrived, and to my surprise, she was angry and shouting at me, she put me in her car and drove me home.

My father punished me to not to leave my house for a month.

WELL, I ONCE BLEW MY HOME UP!



I've always been fascinated about creating new substances. For this reason, since I was a child, I wanted to have a toy chemical box.

When I was thirteen, finally, my parents gave me a great box, it had plenty of special things. It was almost magical!!! For me the best one was the alcohol burner.

At last, I could make new substances!

However, the products were very simple. I wanted to see spectacular reactions so I bought new products and I got sulphuric acid, which was very easy to get at that time. I knew that if you mixed it with a metal, iron, for instance, you could have molecular hydrogen, and I needed to see hydrogen...

So, I prepared the reactives and could see how a gas started to come out from the test tube, but for me, that wasn't enough so I heated it, and suddenly, I saw a lot of gas, but now too much!!!

MY NIGHT MISCHIEF



When I was little, I always got up early... really, really early!!! I slept very well but, maybe because my mother put me and my brothers to bed too soon, or maybe, because I didn't want to sleep, at the weekend, I used to get up at about seven in the morning, precisely when my parents could rest. Then, when this happened, I went to my parents' bedroom and I woke them up.

One day, my mother said to me that I couldn't wake them up. If I woke up, I had to stay in my bedroom and I could read a story or play with my toys, but in my bedroom.

One Saturday I woke up early and I woke up my brother to play with him. We both were in my bedroom. We were starting to play when my mother showed up. She was a little sleepy and she asked us what we were doing, that it was three am. I answered: "we are playing, I didn't wake you up and I stayed in my bedroom. I did just as you told me."

WELL, MY SON ONCE...



I remember when my son and his cousin tried to travel more than 100 kilometers in a battery car.

They were three years old. We went to Pobladura de la Sierra, a village near León, to spend Easter. We love spending time together there.

The children were speaking about the place where they lived. Jesus, my son, told his cousin, Irene, that there was a castle in his city. She said excited, "Jesus, I want to see it!".

They decided to travel to Ponferrada in a battery car but made a plan as they knew their parents couldn't find out because they wouldn't let them go. First, Jesus would get the car and then go and pick up Irene. And Irene would ask her parents for permission to walk with Jesus's parents and she then told Jesus's parents that they would walk with hers.

The children started the journey. When their parents saw each other they discovered that the children had lied. They were very worried and began to look for the children. Luckily, a neighbour from the town found the children on the road and stopped them. Then, he invited them to have a snack while he got in touch with their parents and told them.

The parents explained to the children the dangers they had run and the consequences of lying. The worried children asked for forgiveness.

MY NEIGHBOUR AND I



Well, I once made my mother feel very embarrassed when I was 4 years old.

When I was little, my face was very round and fat. There was an old neighbour in my building who always squeezed my cheeks when I ran into her. I hated it so much! So, I always complained and asked my mother to talk to her because I didn't want her to do it again. But my mum never said anything to her.

My neighbour was a short, overweight, middle-aged lady. She had short brown hair. The most striking feature of her body was her huge breasts. One day we were in the lift, and as usual she squeezed my cheeks once again. So, I decided to do the same, but in my case I squeezed her breasts hard.

Since that day, she never touched my face again.

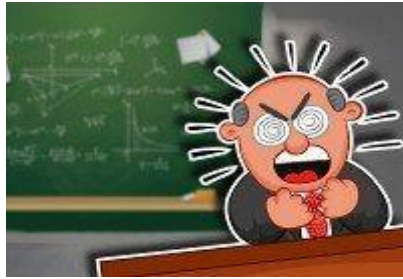
MY OWN TRICK

Well, when I was a teenager I used to go to karate three times per week. I started going when I was twelve years old and I went with my friends. We met a lot of people there: adults, teenagers and children. One of them always carried a bottle of “Powerade” to drink after the class finished.

One day my friends and I thought that if we drank half of the content of the bottle and after that we refilled it with water, he would never discover us. We started doing it every day at the beginning of the lesson and the teacher got mad at us because we were never on time.

At the end of the class, we went to the locker room and the boy drank his bottle of “Powerade”. Sometimes he did not notice the change and other times he told us that the drink was a little watery. He gave us the bottle to taste it but we always said to him that everything was ok, we repeated it for years and he never suspected us.

Well I once...



One morning I was the first to arrive at school. It was the first time so far. I put heavy-duty glue on the teacher's chair.

The class started at nine o'clock. My classmates arrived early and they sat in their places. Later, our maths teacher arrived and he sat on his chair.

He always got angry but this day he got very angry.

Suddenly, he raised from the chair and torn his trousers. When he went to call the headmaster, all the class saw his underpants. Everybody started to laugh.

When the headmaster arrived, the laughing suddenly stopped. The headmaster said angrily, "Who was it?".

I felt bad. I was ashamed and I confessed. The headmaster took me from the ear. He carried me to the secretary's office and phoned my parents.

The following day I apologised to my maths teacher.

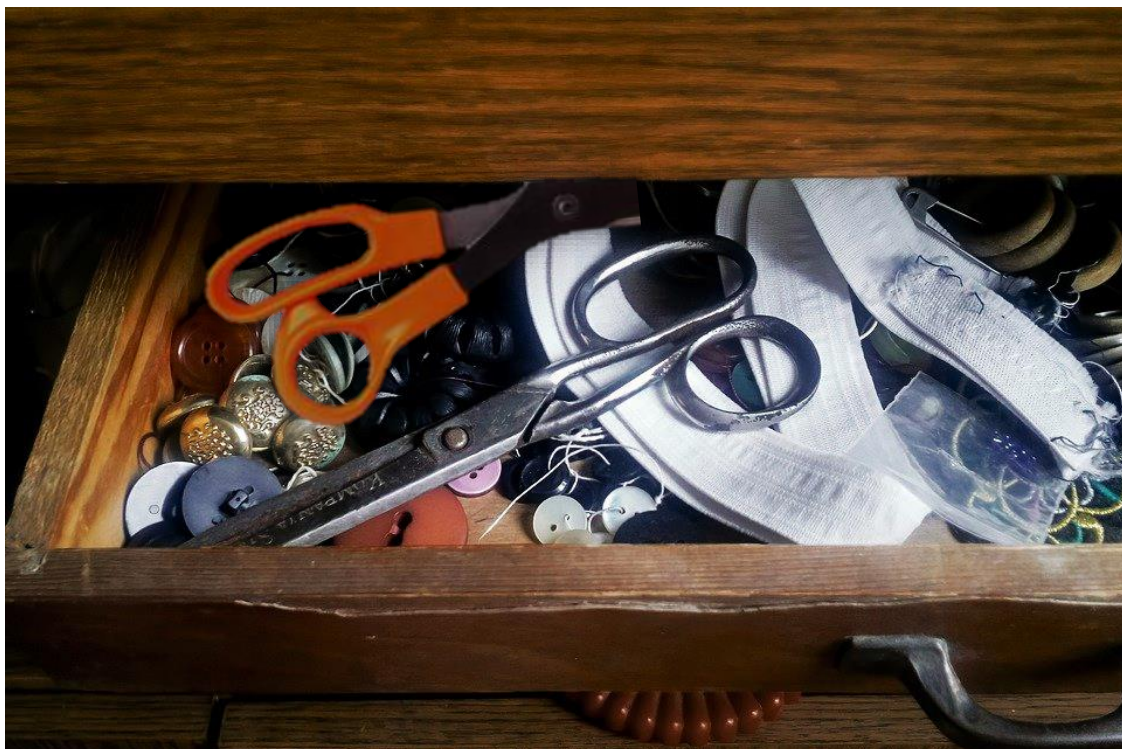
I learned that everyone deserves peace and respect.

Oscar Valcarce Gómez

Scissors are better for cutting paper

Well, I once make a little mischief. When I was a child, I spent a lot of time with my grandmother at weekends. It was a Saturday morning at my grandmother's house. So, while she was shopping in the neighbourhood, I started to open all of the drawers of her house. Suddenly, I found an orange big scissors, and what could I do with those scissors?

Wait, I forgot to say that I had dark long hair at that moment. Well, my grandmother opened the door and went to the living room, and there I was with a lock of hair in one hand and the scissor in the other (hand). After, my granny put her hands in her head and she quickly took the scissors away from me. "What have you done?", he told me. I smiled and shrugged it off and I answered back that I wanted to play. Later, I stood up from the sofa and I looked at myself in the mirror, I had one side of my hair longer than the other. My grandmother punished me, but I don't remember how, I only remember that I had to go to the hairdresser to get a new haircut. Scissors are better for cutting paper. It was definitely not a good idea to rummage through the drawers





A boring night

Once when I was about fifteen, my parents and I decided that I had to go to boarding school.

The school was far from any city. There were about two hundred students in the boarding school but at the weekend most of them went home.

So one boring weekend, my roommates and I thought that we could play a joke on friend, whose name was Iñaki and he was from Logroño.

The bed was like a hollow box with with a mattress on top. One night after dinner we met to talk about scary stories but before that, one of us had got inside the box in secret.

It was a dark night and the moon was full. Each one told the scary stories that we knew. The meeting was getting more and more exciting and we couldn't stop telling stories.

At one point, the friend who was inside the bed box started making small noises on the wood of the bed, he slowly scratched the wood too.

Iñaki was on top of the bed and he could never imagine that someone was under it. Around midnight Iñaki jumped out of the bed the fastest I've ever seen and ran around the building screaming like crazy. We laughed a lot but Iñaki didn't like it very much.

PAINFUL MISCHIEF

Well, I was once at home with my sister Luci. She's younger than me, and I had to take care of her. I was nine years old.

I began to feel bored, until I remembered that the day before I was with my mother in a draper's shop, because she was a seamstress and sewed our clothes.

I told my sister, 'I have an idea!' Mom bought some nice fabrics yesterday. We can make some panties for the dolls. 'What do you think?', I asked. At that time I started looking for the fabrics. I took the scissors.

I went straight to the place where my mother used to keep the fabrics for sewing. My sister was always with me.

I bent down to the cabinet, opened the door and I saw the beautiful fabric and took it. At that moment it pulled out towards me and fell back with everything which came out. Suddenly, I felt a lot of pain in my leg. I had fallen over the scissors that I had on the other hand, to the side where I fell.

My sister quickly cleaned the blood from my leg. And bathed it with hydrogen peroxide.



I still trimmed the panties for the dolls, for me and my sister. When my mother arrived, nothing had happened. My sister cured my wound in secret.

And we didn't say anything about what had happened.

But I remember when my mother unfolded the fabric and in the middle of it appeared two holes with the shape of the two panties. My mother was surprised. Today, she still asks me, 'who would be the one who spoilt the fabric I could never use?'

A RISKY NIGHT

Well, one summer, when I was younger my friends and I entered a private building to take photos and hanging out.

Everything was okay and we were having fun but the problem came when the night set and we were still there, we were on a top of the building and we had to get down.

We were going down when we heard a noise, there was someone and we had to hide. After an hour and a half we could still hear the noise. After that, I don't remember any more because we all fell asleep. When we woke up, we noticed that it was one in the morning and we needed to go home so we got down really fast and a man heard the noise, but we ran much faster than him so we got out from the place without him seeing us. We arrived home at half past one and we all agreed to tell our mums that we were in the house of one of us. The days passed and nothing else happened.



Well, I once ... was in primary school when I left the class earlier because we just had finished our homework and the teacher let us go home.

At that moment I thought that it was a good idea to go with my best friend to his house, without telling my parents. So we did, and started playing as if nothing happened.

My bestfriend's mother asked me, "Do you want to stay for lunch?" "Does your mother know you are here right now?". I answered, "Yeah, I think she knows". I didn't want to lie, but I was having fun and I didn't want to go home.

A bit later my mom came to my friend's house after looking for me everywhere, and she said, "I was desperate and about to call the police!"

I think it took a long time before they let me go home alone after school again.



Angela Blanco López

Well, once I slept in a pricey hotel without paying.

One summer, I was in Dublin with a group of friends and one of them, Ana, worked in a very posh hotel in Malahide, it was the Grand Hotel. She also lived there. Everything happened one night when my friends and I decided to go out in Malahide, and as I was living in another village, Ana arranged that I would stay over in a spare bed in her room.

We were having a great time but unluckily my friend had to get up early the following day so she left ahead of time. I stayed on in the pub.

When everything was over, I walked to the hotel and I called Ana, but she didn't answer. As it was after midnight, the main



entrance to the hotel was closed. I didn't have anything to unlock it with and I couldn't call the receptionist or the doorman since I wasn't a guest of the hotel.

I was starting to lose my nerve when suddenly I saw a couple who was

about to come into the hotel. I got close to them walking a few steps behind. With a special card, they could open the door, and I came in too just right behind them, saying good night to the receptionist.

Without looking back over my shoulder just in case someone asked me where I was going, I knocked softly and Ana opened the door, so I eventually got in.

Not only was the night I had slept in the grand hotel of Malahide for free, but also the night I had sneaked in pretending to be a guest.

Well, I once...

When I was three or four years, I did a mischief that nobody in my family has ever forgotten. In fact, we have a vivid memory of it. Everything happened the evening before my uncle's wedding. Everybody was outside my house, in the balcony. Meanwhile the members of the family were laughing, cheering, drinking and talking, my cousins and I were playing with my toys. Adults were delighted and everything was happiness.

My little sister that was a baby was sleeping in her cot. From time to time my mum came into the bedroom to keep an eye on.

Nobody could imagine how the gathering would end. Suddenly I saw a lighter on a table next to the tobacco and I start to think...

I had a clown with a weird colour that I hated not only for it but also for its short curly hair. Therefore I decided to burn the clown.

So I went to my sister's bedroom and started to fire the clown's hair. At that moment the baby was awake and began to shout. When my mum came into the bedroom, I was over the moon watching how the clown was burning on the bed not to mention my sister who was jumping and smiling.

Fortunately, it was only a fright and my mum put out the fire. After that, I was very embarrassed and the rest of the family relieved.



Maria Cristina Gago Moya

WELL, I ONCE...

When I was a little girl, I burnt a pack of salt. In the mornings, when my parents were busy and they couldn't see me I usually did some naughty things.

So, one day, I got up early. The door of my bedroom was closed and I couldn't open it. But I got a chair and I climbed on it. When I was on the chair I could open the door and went out of my bedroom and I

went to
the
kitchen.

My
mother
wasn't
there, and
neither



was my father. So, I waited for them for a few minutes... They didn't come to the kitchen and I saw so many things on the counter...

I grabbed a chair again, and I got on it. Then, I put a pack of salt in the microwave oven and I turned it on. When my mom arrived at the kitchen the pack of salt was burning. She shouted and was scared.

After that, my parents put a safety lock in the door of the kitchen.

NAME: JOSE LUIS SALAS PÉREZ

Well I once, when I was a teenager, with my youngest brother, we had three free days without class and we decided to run away from home.

Looking for adventure!!

All seemed so easy, but reality was more serious as the night progressed.

Then Javi and me started talking about girls and the future. I was trying not to think that we were lost.

The light of the new day made us think that we had spent the night away from home. I didn't want to think about the rest of family.



We continued walking and we arrived in the next town.

Then we asked for a taxi to Ponferrada that our parents would pay for.

It was terrible.

We were grounded for a month.

Nowadays I think a lot before going on a trip.

My Christmas mischief

Well, I once ... when I was a seven years old and I was a little naughty boy I did a lot of pranks, but in this story I want to tell you about a very funny thing that happened at Christmas.

I remember at Christmas Eve my brother and I went to bed early to receive our Christmas gifts. I wanted a plane and my brother a car. That night I woke up early and to my surprise I saw our gifts under the Christmas tree but mine was smaller than my brother's so I decided to change the names of the gifts and then I went back to sleep.

The next morning, we went to the Christmas tree to open the presents and my parents were surprised because somebody had changed the gifts. They asked me about that but I said that I hadn't changed anything. But when I opened my gift I saw that my toy didn't work and I cried a lot because I had changed my gift and my brother was enjoying with plane.

That was a bad Christmas for me because I had to confess that I had changed the Christmas gifts and my parents punished me. I've never again lied or changed anything that was for me.

Jhon Ibargüen Córdoba



MY MISCHIEF

Well, I once ... when I was six years old one day I hid my grandparents' wallets.

My parents left my sister and me with my grandparents and I was bored because I had already been playing with my toys and I did not know what to do anymore, so it occurred to me to take my grandparents' wallets and hid them as a joke. My parents came back and I went home without them noticing that I had hidden their wallets.

The next day, my grandmother went shopping and did not find the wallet in her bag, so she came home and did not find it either. She asked my grandfather for money and he did not find the wallet either. After a while they realized that I had been with them all the previous afternoon and that I could have done a naughty thing.

They called my parents and told them what had happened and my parents asked me if I had done something. At first, I denied having the wallets but then I told them the truth.

My parents and grandparents scolded me but they understood that it was just mischief.

Santiago Prado Prada

Well, I once ...

One day I had a huge adventure through a big forest in Asturias.

We were 12 or 13 years old and I felt absolutely self-confident with my outdoor survival skills.

During three full days, with my 2 cousins we planned and prepared hundreds of details to successfully explore the river and the mountains.

We chose every tool and got a lot of survivor things such as a knives, a tent, meat, candles and a lighter, and hundreds of small stuff.

Our bags were full of stuff but we knew nothing about how to survive a few nights outdoors.

We started walking 10 km up the mountain and we felt exhausted but full of enthusiasm and energy. But then, at nightfall , suddenly, everything changed.



The place we chose to sleep and rest was in the middle of the deep forest. When the campfire went out, hundreds of noises that we couldn't identify terrified us and obviously we

couldn't sleep.

At the start of a new day, we came back to the comfort of our home!

Well, I once...

When I was little, my family and I would spend the summer in my mother's village.

There, other children and I used to go to the river, we visited the nearby villages and we also used to make jokes to each other.

A married couple had a swimming pool but they didn't let us swim there. So, a friend and I planned a way to go in.

First, we dug a hole under the fence while the owners were walking around the surroundings.

A few days later, we managed to go in the swimming pool, but when we were swimming from one side to the other, we heard the neighbours shouting at us.

At first, we thought that they were shouting to frighten us. After a while, when I arrived home, I understood why they were screaming; my mother already knew what I had done.

As a result of my *adventure*, I was punished by my mother and I had to talk to the owners to apologise and to tell them that I would never go back to their property.

It was really shameful for me. At that moment, it was the worse experience of my life.

Nowadays, each time I walk around the village, I remember that day.

Anonymous

WELL I ONCE

When my neighbor Jose and I were children, we got into some mischief, but it was small.

I remember one case in particular. We were five years old. We were in his home with his brother. He was seven years old.

His father had some paint cans, we took one. It was brown. We also found two brushes, and we decided to paint the stone wall behind the house.

I was wearing a blue dress and Jose was wearing a white T-shirt and red shorts. We went to the garden with the paint and brushes and we began our task. As the wall wasn't regular, when we were spreading the paint, it splashed out on our clothes and our body.

Two minutes later we had paint all over our bodies and we went to wash up. I don't remember what happened later.



WELL, I ONCE ...

Some years ago, when I was a teenager, my family and I played a prank on my eldest sister's boyfriend, but first we thought how to do so, although it was quite easy. My sister's boyfriend was called Rafael and he usually smoked a lot. He had the habit of coming home at noon every day, for a cup of coffee. He also used to leave his cigarettes at my house.

So we wanted to play a prank on him but we didn't know how. We talked to each other and decided to play a joke on him with a cigarette and then we thought about putting a small firecracker in a cigarette, so that when he was smoking, it would explode without harming him, so he would only be frightened.



When the day of the prank arrived, he asked for a cigarette, and we gave him the cigarette so that when he was smoking it would break in half. He started smoking and the firecracker exploded and he got scared and we laughed a lot.

Mercedes Plaza Boán

Well I once ...

When I was 8 years old, I did something quite bad on Christmas Eve. That afternoon, while my mum was preparing everything for dinner with the family I was painting a picture of my favourite dolly, Hello Kitty. It turned out that my markers didn't work well because some of them were dry.



Later I thought about adding alcohol to them and I continued painting.

After that, when my father arrived home and he crossed the hall, he started to shout at me. My mum appeared immediately and both saw some lines on the white wall of the hall. They asked me what that was but at that moment I didn't know what to say. I was shocked.

Seconds later, I noticed that those lines were from my markers. My father was really furious and everyone was displeased and upset

except for my brother who was expectant with the situation.

Finally, my mum with good words tried to calm my Dad down and so everyone had a quiet dinner. I'll never forget my Dad's angry face. I learnt my lesson and I never did that again.

WELL, I ONCE ...

When I was 11 years old, I did something really naughty.

My parents sent us to a summer camp when school finished. I didn't want to go because I preferred to be at home with my toys, books, and some friends.

The summer camp lasted for three weeks; in the second week there was a "family day" and our parents were with us all day participating in the activities.

I was very sad and I wanted to go home with them, but my parents told me that it wasn't possible, so I got quite angry!

I looked for the car keys in my father's jacket and threw them at the bottom of a small lake near the camp.

After that, I had lunch with my family. In the mid-evening, when my parents were ready to leave, my father couldn't

find the keys, and he was very nervous. Suddenly, my mother asked us, "Did you see the key?". My sister looked at me and I started to cry and I told them everything...

My parents got very angry. Besides, it was impossible to recover the key.

Although I regretted it and I asked for forgiveness, when I came back home I was grounded for some days without watching TV or going to my friends' house.



Well, I once ...

When my brothers and I were young we played the next prank on our mother.

One day I was with my mother at home. A friend brought us a live lamb.

"My God", my mother said, "What are we going to do with it? I'll take it to the butcher. But for the moment I'll put it in the garage". My brothers, who were playing near the garage, saw my mother carrying a basket with something that was moving. They went to see it.



"Oh! How beautiful! We had never seen anything like it."

Then my brother Juan said, "We'll take it home."

At home we dressed it in my youngest brother's clothes. But the lamb was tired of our games and ran all over the house breaking everything it found until my mother appeared. She was furious and punished us with cleaning the house and two Sundays without going to the movies. She also taught us that animals are not toys.

Nobody took the lamb to the butcher because no one at home was going to eat it.

My mother gave it to a friend as a gift.

M^a Concepción Regal Vázquez

WELL, I ONCE...

When I was a child, my sister and I used to go to my grandparents' house in Toreno every summer. We really liked going there. We loved the public swimming pool because all of our friends were there. My sister is five years older than me, so we walked there together.



One day, my sister didn't go and my grandma wouldn't let me go there alone because I was only eight years old. Although my grandma prohibited me to go, I ran away. Five minutes later, I arrived at the swimming pool.

My friends and I were swimming when my grandma arrived. She was angry with me so we went back home. We didn't talk on the way. When we arrived home, she explained to me about all the bad things that could have happened to me. I begged for her forgiveness. She hugged and kissed me. My grandparents died. I miss them every day. Now I understand how important they were.

Cristina Fernández Fuertes B1 C

WELL, I ONCE...



Although my appearance is that of a formal girl with a quiet childhood... I was very naughty! I remember many moments and I smile, although with others I don't do it so much!

I used to take my bike and ride it at speed to crash into the chicken house. It was very, very funny to see how the chickens were scared! My grandmother told my mother off, thinking that she was the one who had left the door jammed until they discovered what I was doing...



One of my biggest pranks was when I was 4 years old. One day when my father came home from work, he parked the work car that was a patrol car and went to the back to get tools. He was on his knees taking everything out. Meanwhile, I got in the car and released the handbrake!

I got scared and jumped out of the car to hide because my father was going to tell me off. Luckily, I left the door open and when it hit the wall it stopped the car, otherwise it would have hurt my father.



My father and my mother punished me. It was a dangerous prank!

M^a RAQUEL GUERRERO ÁLVAREZ

Well, I once....



Well, one of the many pranks I did as a child was this... on a summer day in the afternoon my friends and I were bored, sitting in the town square. Suddenly, someone had the good idea of going to steal fruit from the trees. I remembered that my grandfather had many fruit trees on his farm. I told my friends that I knew a place where we could steal fruit, but I didn't tell them who the owner was. We went to the farm, jumped over the fence and climbed a tree full of red cherries. When we were all on the cherry tree eating delicious cherries, suddenly my grandfather appeared very angry. My friends were very scared and I started laughing. When my grandfather saw me, he also laughed a lot. Then my grandfather scolded us a little and told us to knock on the door next time. My friends got angry with me for not telling them that the farm belonged to my grandfather, because they were very frightened.

By Jose Gregorio Blanco Gomez (B1 A)

BEH, IO UNA VOLTA ...

BEH, IO UNA VOLTA ...

Alcuni anni fa, quando ero un adolescente, io e la mia famiglia abbiamo fatto uno scherzo al ragazzo di mia sorella maggiore, ma prima abbiamo pensato a come prenderlo in giro, anche se era abbastanza facile. Il ragazzo di mia sorella si chiamava Rafael e di solito fumava molto, aveva l'abitudine di tornare a casa tutti i giorni a mezzogiorno, per bere il caffè, lasciava anche il tabacco a casa mia.



Quindi volevamo fargli uno scherzo ma non sapevamo come e quando lo avremmo fatto. Ci siamo parlati e abbiamo deciso di fargli uno scherzo con una sigaretta e poi ci è venuto in mente di mettere un piccolo petardo in una sigaretta, in modo che quando fumava esplodesse senza fargli del male, che si sarebbe solo spaventato.

Poi è arrivato il giorno dello scherzo, ha chiesto una sigaretta, e gli abbiamo dato la sigaretta perché quando fumava si rompesse a metà, ha iniziato a fumare ed è esploso il petardo e si è spaventato e abbiamo riso molto.

UNA MARACHELLA

Beh io e mio fratello una volta eravamo piccoi, noi stavamo annoiati. Era un bel pomeriggio di estate verso le quattro o le cinque. I mei genitori erano stanchi, mi paddre era arrivato tardi de lavoro e mia mamma aveva lavorato per tutta la mattina.

Mentre loro dormivano, io sono andata alla camera da letto del mio fratello e l'ho convinto per giocare con me. Noi abbiamo cominciato a gridare e saltare sul letto.

I miei genitori si sono svegliati e sono venuti alla camera. Io ho simulato che stavo dormendo e i mie genitori hanno rimproverato mio fratello. Dopo, io mi sono sentita molto colpevole!

Natalia Franco Courel A2

Beh, io una volta ho ucciso una gallina, anche se non fosse il mio scopo...

Vi spiego. Da piccola, a otto anni circa, passavo le vacanze estive dai miei nonni in una piccola città, dove c'erano anche i miei cugini. A casa dei nonni c'erano parecchi animali domestici, tra cui delle galline. Un giorno ho visto che mia nonna appendeva delle foglie di verdura a una corda che usciva dal soffitto, e che le galline mangiavano quella verdura ma erano costrette ad allungare troppo il collo per raggiungerla. E pensando mio cugino ed io siamo arrivati a una conclusione: perché non cambiavamo il modo di nutrire quelle galline? Poverine, si sforzavano così tanto...!

Abbiamo deciso di lasciare la verdura per terra e appendere la gallina per il collo con la corda che usciva dal soffitto. Per le nostre menti pensanti a quella età, era più facile piegare il collo verso il suolo che allungarlo verso l'alto. Ma la gallina non l'ha fatto bene e soffocò. Quando mia nonna si è accorta che la gallina non c'era più, ha quasi ucciso anche noi. Per fortuna noi correvamo più di lei.



María del Mar Escudero Rubio
B2.1

BEH, IO UNA VOLTA.

CECILIA ARIAS QUIROGA-ITALIANO B 1

Questa è una storia passata, fa già un po' di tempo, quando ero piccolina, avrei avuto dieci o undici anni, più o meno... Cominciamo:

In quella epoca abitavamo sopra il negozio della mia mamma; c'era una signora anziana senza pazienza per i bambini e noi eravamo quattro o cinque amici e vicini, tutti della stessa età. Molte volte giocavamo nel portale, nelle scale, nella soffitta... e allora quella signora era il nostro peggior nemico, aspettava dietro la porta per litigare con noi, si chiamava Hortensia ed era molto vecchia.

Un giorno abbiamo pensato qualcosa per cambiare il suo carattere e dopo aver parlato e riso con le cose diverse che immaginavamo di fare...

- Ecco, ho un'idea!!, ho detto.

Era una mattina di sabato quando ho chiamato alla pasticceria "PIL" a Ponferrada e ho chiesto una grande torta di compleanno e ho ordinato di portarla a casa della signora Hortensia...

Non ricordo molto bene cosa fosse successo dopo o forse sia meglio non ricordarlo ...

TE LO PUOI IMMAGINARE?

BEH, IO UNA VOLTA

Quando ero piccola (tra i tre e i nove anni) vivevo in un piccolo paesino dove c'erano una scuola tutta maschile e un'altra tutta femminile.

Nella femminile c'era soltanto una professoressa e una grande classe dove restavamo tutte insieme.

Le ragazze più grandi, a volte, davano una mano alla professoressa e aiutavano alle più piccole a fare i compiti.

Le più grandi, anche, sistemavano l'inchiostro aggiungendo dell'acqua e le pastiglie in un grande bottiglione che dovevano agitare per mescolare bene. A me piaceva molto quello, ma..ero piccola e quello era "vietato".

Un giorno, che la mia mamma mi aveva permesso di portare a scuola un vestito bello e nuovo, la professoressa chiede a una "grande" di riempire i calamai e io esco volentieri a dare una mano. Lei prende il bottiglione, io prendo il calamaio, lei inchina il bottiglione e peccato! l'inchiostro finisce nella gonna del mio bel vestito.

In quel giorno, ho imparato che quello dell'inchiostro non era per le piccole e, anche, che non avrei portato mai più un vestito nuovo a scuola.

Italiano, B1

Yolanda Rodríguez Fernández

BEH, IO UNA VOLTA ...

Ero sola a casa mia e mi stavo annoiando. Avevo otto anni.

All'improvviso, ho visto un termometro a mercurio su un muro e ho pensato di prendere un cerino e l'ho avvicinato al termometro.

Io volevo vedere il mercurio salire e, l'ha fatto così tanto, che il termometro è esploso.

La parete, che era tappezzata, si è macchiata con il mercurio e il termometro, ovviamente, si è rotto.

Quando i miei genitori sono arrivati a casa e l'hanno visto mi hanno chiesto cosa fosse successo e io gli ho detto che non sapevo nulla, anche se il mio viso è diventato rosso come un peperone.

Che grande mistero! Poteva esplodere da solo il termometro?

I miei hanno dovuto tappezzare di nuovo il muro e comprare un altro termometro, ma io non gli ho mai detto la causa dell'esplosione.

Ero una bambina un po' birichina, ma solo un po'.

Beh, io una volta sono andato avanti

Ricordo che quando avevo circa 13 anni c'era un impulso tra i ragazzi della mia scuola di entrare senza permesso al Tennis Club, un luogo molto distinto della mia città.

Era un pomeriggio di fine o inizio anno, quando la sera arriva presto. Ero con degli amici e abbiamo deciso di saltare una rete metallica per entrare nel Club in incognito. Sono andato avanti e, sentendo un rumore, mi sono nascosto. I miei amici non osarono più saltare... Ho sentito che qualcuno entrava nei bagni e chiudeva la porta, quindi ho deciso di lasciare quel posto prima di essere scoperto.

Sono ritornato alla rete e mentre stavo saltando l'uomo che era entrato poco prima nel bagno è uscito e mi ha visto... In quel momento l'unica cosa che mi è venuto in mente fu dire arrivederci davanti allo sguardo stupito di quel signore.

David Amador Diéguez Campanero

ITALIANO. B1. M^a Teresa González Blanco.

BEH, IO UNA VOLTA ...

Ero con le mie cugine Pilar e Conchi in un noioso pomeriggio autunnale. Avevo 15 anni, Pilar 14 e Conchi 11. Pensavamo a cosa fare per divertirci.

All'improvviso Pilar ha avuto una grande idea: "Presto sarà il giorno dei Santi Innocenti, perché non facciamo uno scherzo alla nostra famiglia?".

Conchi e io eravamo d'accordo, ma ... che fare?. Sapevo che il prossimo fine settimana avrebbero mangiato tutti insieme (i miei genitori, i miei zii, i miei cugini, mio fratello e io) con nostra nonna. Così a loro due ho detto: "Che pensate se lo facciamo nel pranzo la prossima domenica? Compreremo due o tre vermi di plastica e li metteremo nell'insalata ..."

Abbiamo riso molto e lo abbiamo organizzato quella sera.

La domenica mia cugina Conchi ha aiutato in cucina e ha messo i vermi nell'insalata. Quando stavamo mangiando, mio fratello ha gridato: "Cos'è questo? (con il verme sulla forchetta). La mia mamma e mia zia avevano paura. Dopo alcuni momenti di sconcerto le mie cugine e io abbiamo iniziate a ridere e, alla fine, tutto è stato scoperto.

Gli adulti hanno riso moltissimo senza arrabbiarsi e anche la nonna si è molto divertita.

BEH, IO UNA VOLTA

Da bimbo , non ero un bambino molto cattivo. Mai sono stato un ragazzo cattivo.... tranne quel giorno. Avrei avuto 3 o 4 anni, non lo so perché non me lo ricordo. Mia madre era in cucina, ed io sono rimasto da solo nel salone. La mia mamma si è sorpresa che io fossi così silenzioso. Quando è andata a vedermi, mi ha trovato con le forbici in mano, dopo aver graffiato un "Picasso" sull' arredamento. Ho vissuto con quel capolavoro alla vista per molti anni.

Qualche anno dopo, ho fatto un grande dispetto, ma involontariamente. Era d'estate. Sono andato in campagna con la mia famiglia, i miei zii e cugini, ed i miei amici. Dopo aver fatto un picnic, ho cominciato a giocare con Melo, il cane di mio zio. Al cane piaceva che io gli gettassi lontano una pietra, e lui me la riportava. In un certo lancio della pietra , il mio scopo non ha funzionato molto bene, e la pietra é finita che ha rotto il vetro della macchina di un amico di mio padre. Inizialmente tutti pensavano che il vetro si fosse rotto per il calore, che fosse sploso. Ma quando hanno visto la pietra sul sedile della macchina, ho dovuto confessare tutto...ma ancora non sono sicuro se la colpa non sia stata dal calore.

BEH, IO UNA VOLTA...

Nel 1973, all'età di 15 anni, alcuni studenti abbiamo avuto l'idea di organizzare un viaggio di fine corso a Roma, e per raccogliere fondi abbiamo deciso di fare un sorteggio di un paniere natalizio. Francesco, il numero 1 di matematica si è occupato di fare i bilanci, e a me, siccome mio padre aveva un commercio all'ingrosso di frutta, dove alcuni clienti di piccole dimensioni erano amici e ci facevano buoni prezzi, mi hanno incaricato dell'intendenza. In due giorni Francesco ed io avevamo i numeri: stamperemmo 1000 biglietti di lotteria, eravamo 60 studenti da viaggiare, ognuno doveva vendere in due mesi tra 100 e 200 biglietti, il costo totale dei prodotti era il 50% della raccolta, e l'altro 50% sarebbe profitto. L'elenco dei prodotti da includere nel paniere: "chorizo", formaggio, due bottiglie di Champagne, una di scotch e una di cognac, cialde, polvere da sparo, una spalla di prosciutto, una lattina d'ananas in sciroppo e due bastoncini di torrone. Per cominciare, il padre di Francesco, responsabile della fabbrica Nutrexa, ci ha regalato 300 dolcetti chiamati "Phoskito"; e un cliente di mio padre ci ha dato il "chorizo" e la lattina di ananas. Abbiamo stampato i biglietti di lotteria con il contenuto del paniere e siamo andati a venderli come pazzi. Ma era un anno di crisi e la vendita non è funzionata bene. Il giorno del sorteggio natalizio avevamo solo i prodotti regalati. Che disastro! Che potevamo fare? Il più astuto del gruppo ha detto: pregare che esca un numero non venduto! E pare che Dio abbia ascoltato le nostre preghiere, e noi l'abbiamo celebrato a base di "chorizo", "Phoskito" e ananas. Questi sono i vantaggi di studiare in una scuola religiosa: c'è una linea diretta con il cielo... e con la lotteria.

Bernat Fontana Urriza, Italiano (B1)

**ORA BEM,
EU UM DIA ...**

Ora bem, eu um dia...

A GRANDEZA DO FOGO E O SEU PREÇO

Sempre tive uma atração pelo fogo, uma paixão que me fascinou até ao ponto da irresistibilidade absoluta.

Quando eu era criança, minha mãe tinha um armário no quarto de estar com uma gaveta onde guardava jornais e revistas. Aquela prateleira de madeira era uma tentação para mim que não conseguia esquecer.

Quando a minha mãe, certa manhã, saiu do prédio para fazer compras, decidi consagrar-me à grande cerimônia.



Procurei por toda a casa até encontrar alguns fósforos e, de joelhos, acendi um deles alegremente. O brilho do fogo conseguiu esconder a fumaça e o grande show começou.

O meu irmão mais velho apareceu e, com um balde de água, esmagou o grande sacrifício ao Deus do Fogo. A minha mãe, um pouco mais tarde, fez justiça divina.

Evaristo Crespo Rodríguez.
Português B1

Ora bem, eu um dia... bem, não foi apenas um dia, eram muitos dias...

Nossa, estragaste tudo!!!!

Esta era a frase que minha mãe pronunciava cada pouco.

Um dia enquanto eu andava de gatas, peguei num frasco de colónia e bebi alguns goles; quando minha mãe me viu, tinha o rosto muito vermelho, ela me perguntou se estava bem e eu disse que sim, tao sorridente :)



Outro dia eu fiz o mesmo com um pacote de café, comi-o às colheradas, como se pode ver sou muito boa comedora... A minha mãe diz que eu ou estava dormida ou a improvisar alguma travessura.

No primeiro dia de aulas, fugi e fui sozinha para a minha casa, que não era muito perto da escola. Quando cheguei, a minha mãe estava a estender as roupas na varanda e quase morre quando me viu chegar sozinha, com dois ou três anos, e meu irmão, que me viu, atrás, com quatro anos...

Quando adolescente, a minha mãe tinha o carro estacionado a dar para uma falésia, na nossa aldeia, enquanto colhíamos castanhas, e eu que não tinha carta de condução, entrei e liguei. Felizmente, o carro estava com a marcha travada, se não eu teria caído pelo penhasco...

Era eu.

María Belén Liñán Igareta
Português B1

UMA VIAGEM INESQUECÍVEL

Eu tenho várias viagens que ficaram na minha memória ao longo do tempo. Ainda que as minhas preferidas são aquelas viagens de um comboio que em criança fazia frequentemente com a minha mãe.

Aquele comboio era conhecido como “o comboio da MSP”(Minero Siderúrgica de Ponferrada). Comunicava a cidade de Ponferrada com todas as vilas e aldeias do vale do rio Sil até chegar a Villablino na região de Lacia.



O mais notório deste comboio era que tinha a locomotiva a carvão e os seus vagões eram de madeira como os velhos comboios do *far west americano*.

Demorava em fazer o trajeto até à minha vila uma hora. Um trajeto que

atualmente faço em vinte minutos. Mas aquilo era uma verdadeira aventura para uma rapariga de apenas cinco ou seis anos. Viajavam bem juntinhos as pessoas e os animais (galinhas, pintinhos...). O pessoal comprava-os no mercado e o comboio era o meio de transporte que tinha para levar até à sua casa.

Lembro com clareza como vestia o revisor, especialmente o seu chapéu. Também a forma dos bilhetes que eram pequenos retângulos de papelão de cor castanha.

Outra coisa característica era o fumo e o pó preto de carvão que lançava a locomotiva. Se calhar por isso a minha mãe levava sempre papéis de jornais para pôr em cima dos assentos.

Algumas das locomotivas a carvão e a estação de comboios da MSP pode-se visitar no museu ferroviário de Ponferrada. Na atualidade, há um projeto que baixo o nome de **Ponfeblino** quer recuperar e promover turisticamente o caminho daquele comboio tão especial.

O MEU FILHO MAIS VELHO

O meu filho mais velho sempre foi muito inquieto. Nunca deixou de inventar coisas para se entreter. Não podíamos ser descuidados, tínhamos de ficar sempre de olho nele.



Quando o meu filho tinha três anos de idade, estava sempre a brincar no chão. Numa dessas ocasiões, o meu filho logo pegou numa caneta de cor azul “bic” e começou a pintar o sofá na sala de estar, o sofá era de cor amarelo. Fez milhares de círculos azuis e pintou até que a cor amarela dos estofos já não era visível. Como era tão pequeno, eu não consegui ficar zangada com ele quando vi o que tinha feito. Respirei profundamente dez vezes e repreendi-o um pouco. Depois limpei o sofá o melhor que pude.

Além disso, uma vez utilizou a parede como quadro e deixou as suas mãos, manchadas de chocolate, na parede.

Karina – A2

FIM DE SEMANA NA NATUREZA

Há uns anos, três amigos acompanhados das suas esposas, foram passar um fim de semana, pelo convite de um amigo mútuo, à fazenda que tem numa cidade chamada Fuenteliante, que fica no sul da província de Salamanca.



Quando chegaram, foram recibidos pelo amigo e irmão com as suas esposas. Depois

de saudações e falar sobre novidades, o jantar chegou, que foi longo...até às primeiras horas da manhã.

No dia seguinte, o anfitrião preparou uma pequena surpresa para eles, um evento de touradas. Uma exposição a cavalo, seguido de uma capela de novilhas de dois anos, tudo isto na praça que a quinta tem para estas tarefas.

Animados pelo anfitrião e capatazes, os convidados participaram na tourada, com choques e brincadeiras ocasionais.

A experiência foi emocionante e inesquecível, para contar aos netos. À noite houve um encontro para jantar, com risos, brincadeiras sobre o que foi vivido pouco antes, enfim...um ambiente familiar com amigos queridos e agradecendo o dia intenso vivido e que ficará para sempre nas nossas memórias.

E tudo isso num fim de semana no campo.

Chico – A2

Ora bem, eu um dia...

Estávamos a desfrutar de umas merecidíssimas férias na Ilha de



Maiorca, quando de repente tudo virou do avesso.

Era o último dia que passávamos lá. O dia anterior estivemos na capital, percorrendo a sua parte antiga, olhando para arquitetura ora dos prédios ora das lojas tradicionais, além das esplanadas, não apenas por ficarem bem concorridas, mas pelos preços.

Embora tudo custasse os olhos da cara, à noite decidimos jantar lá, perto do centro. Contudo, para evitarmos uma surpresa na conta, pesquisamos um local que oferecesse pratos de comida típica maiorquina, além de bons preços.

Ao marcarmos a reserva, disseram-nos que não tinham livre mesa nenhuma, no entanto, antes de desligar o telemóvel, o empregado falou com alguém, confirmando uma mesa para as 21h, além de verificar o nome de viva voz.

Isso aí, deu-me para pensar na possibilidade de chegar com meia hora de antecipação e fingir ser outra pessoa.

Tudo correu muito bem. Nada fazia pensar o que ia acontecer numa certa altura da noite, quando dei por mim que esqueci o meu saco no restaurante.

Logo que ligámos para o local, não consegui o saco, responderam que já o tinham entregado ao senhor da reserva. Nesse instante fui consciente que a minha brincadeira ia custar mais do que a conta.

Aprendizagem:

Se gozarem com brincadeiras, sejam prudentes. Por vezes são de ida e volta, como o boomerang.