



Leer y viajar Microrrelatos 2019-2020

El alumnado de la Escuela Oficial de Idiomas de Ponferrada participó en el curso 2019-2020 en esta actividad de expresión escrita encuadrada en el proyecto LEER Y VIAJAR, en el que la novela escogida fue "**La playa de los ahogados**" de **Domingo Villar**. Se recogen aquí todos los microrrelatos entregados.

En castellano



Murmullo

Pronunciarte provoca paz, el maravilloso sonido del mar en calma que acerca sus olas a una tranquila playa, o tal vez, ausencia, pequeña incertidumbre ante aquello que no controlamos con certeza, que no percibimos con claridad y que nos deja indefensos y débiles.

Bendito el murmullo tranquilizador que nos acerca hacia las personas queridas, que aún sin estar entre nosotros, las sentimos tan cercanas, tan protectoras...

Necesito el murmullo del mar, el murmullo de la voz suave, que calma y siempre protege.

ESPERAR.

Esperar, no sé a qué, espero.

Aparece por el umbral sin palabras.

Descubro una imagen agradable, revela que no me es ajeno ni extraño. Me sorprende esa reflexión.

Reconozco ese gesto, único, impreciso, de miedo.

Reflexiono:

Quizá deberíamos hablar, abordar el tema, concedernos una tregua, ... vuelven las murmuraciones.

Encuentro, tan solo, ilusiones, recuerdos, rescoldos, sombras, restos, sedimentos, enredos, por este orden, ... simples testimonios de lo que fue.

Vacío.

Pienso, entonces me armo de valor, y

Digo, un día te quise.



Nota: Las palabras que aparecen en el texto en azul están incluidas al inicio de los capítulos del libro de referencia. La única salvedad es que, para lo que aparece en infinitivo he utilizado diferentes formas verbales, y he cambiado género y/o número de algunas palabras.

La **impresión** que sentí al ver aquel surfista
Ahogado en la orilla de aquella

Playa, nunca la he olvidado.
La **visión** de ese joven
Atleta, su imagen sin vida
Yace en mi memoria desde mi
Adolescencia.



D**escubrir** paseando por la playa
Esa escena entre el murmullo de

La gente alrededor de su cuerpo,
Oculto entre la multitud. Más que
S**orprender**, fue una sensación de impotencia.

A**bordar** la dura realidad en aquel
Hombre, cuya juventud perdió entre las
Olas del mar que no le dieron **tregua**.
G**olpe** arrollador del destino, que sin
A**viso**, entre **testigos** cercanos,
Doblegaron su pericia, **fortaleza y valor**.
Ola tras ola en **cadena**, hicieron que
S**u** vida, ya **vacía**, se apagase para siempre.

En français

L'ANNONCE par Rebeca García González,

Tout à coup, il a repris la conscience. Il a ouvert les yeux et a regardé autour de lui. Au début, l'image était floue : beaucoup de gens qui l'observaient avec inquiétude. Et beaucoup de sang dans ses vêtements. Lentement il a réussi à reconnaître ce qui restait dans son nez: une petite hirondelle. Soudain, il s'est souvenu : « une hirondelle ne fait pas le printemps ». C'est ce qu'ils disent, il a pensé avant de fermer les yeux à jamais.

RECIT, par Miriam Cerrato

Nous allons réaliser une extraordinaire **annonce**.

Nous avons **révélé** que c'est possible collaborer avec la nature et coexister avec elle. Nous avons eu **l'hardiesse** de faire la **résistance** au plastique afin de conserver notre planète .Et quand on pensait que tout était **flou**, les hommes et les animaux nous nous sommes unis et nous avons relié notre force et notre courage pour lutter contre el plastique.

Nous vous annonçons que nous en avons **libéré** la mer, qu'elle est déjà **vide** de plastique : c'est le début d'une nouvelle époque .

La plage des noyés, d'après Carlos Alvarez Fdez.

Mon souvenir le plus marquant.

Mes rencontres attendues avec Shéhérezade. Elle était aimée de tous et racontait les plus belles et passionnantes histoires. Un jour, elle a décrit un paysage magique où les Romains ont extrait de l'or des entrailles d'une montagne. Un lieu plein de légendes où une ondine pouvait remplir un lac avec ses larmes versées à cause d'un chagrin d'amour avec un général romain. L'ondine Caricea habite aujourd'hui dans les profondeurs du lac et les nuits de Saint Jean, elle peut être vue peignant ses cheveux au bord du lac.

Un jour, Shéhérezade n'est pas retournée mais son récit reste vif. Elle me manque car elle était mon phare, ma boussole. Chaque nuit de la Saint-Jean je vais au lac Carucedo avec l'espoir de la rencontrer.

NOUVEL ARRIVÉ par Francisco Angel Diaz Menéndez

Ils ont vu l'étranger sortant de la mer. Il semblait **fort**, enthousiaste.

Tout le monde y est allé. Il a craint le pire. Il a agi en légitime **défense**.

Certains l'attendaient avec des bâtons, d'autres avec des pierres.

Les femmes enfermées aux foyers.

Après une réunion, ils ont décidé à l'unanimité de l'emmener jusqu'au **bout** d'une falaise et de le jeter. Ils ne voulaient ni de changements ni de **témoins**.

C'était un village très calme. Il n'aimait pas les étrangers.

LE RÈMEDE À UN CAUCHEMAR par Virginia García Rodríguez

Tombait la nuit pendant que je faisais la révision de comment était allée la journée: pleine de surprises et de changements de plans dans l'agenda, beaucoup de stress...

Mes yeux étaient lourds, j'étais très fatiguée....

Je voulais que tout soit réglé avant de rentrer chez-moi. Mais un étrange sentiment de forte crainte s'est emparé de mon corps. J'ai pensé que tout cela était dû au fait que j'avais été exposée à une dure dispute avec un employé et avec un témoin qui ont divulgué des fautes graves.

Je me suis endormie, j'ai un souvenir des expériences étranges qui sont venues à mon esprit. Une étrange maladie qui tuait beaucoup de gens se répandait dans le monde entier.

Les médecins demandaient des conseils à tous les pays.

Dans ma tête, j'avais un indice (une piste) pour trouver le remède pour les malades, mais je ne savais pas pourquoi...

Il me manquait la clé seulement.

J'avais un objectif qui était de calmer tant de souffrances dans le monde.

Quand je me suis réveillée j'avais dans les mains une recette de marc écrite à la plume et signée par un moine. Selon son timbre elle datait du 15^{ème} siècle.

Je ne savais pas si tout cela était vrai, j'ai allumé la télévision et c'était vrai.

Une horreur se produisait sur terre, la Planète était couverte de gens malades, j'ai parlé à mon ami qui travaillait dans un laboratoire, je lui ai demandé d'étudier la recette ou la potion.

Plus tard, ma surprise a été que la recette était un miracle, j'allais sauver le monde.

MA PLAGES DES NOYÉS par José Luis Pérez Carbó

Tout en courant vers la plage sans regarder en arrière comme celui qui a raté le train. Sa vie ne sera jamais la même, tous ses efforts perdus.

Jusqu'au bout, sans cesse, avec le seul espoir d'y parvenir. Le temps de changer a passé, il n'y a rien à faire, ça fait longtemps qu'il est trop tard, donc il doit se calmer... Tout restera désormais comme un beau souvenir... C'est la vie!

LA PLAGES DES NOYÉS, par Manuel

Je ne me sens pas très bien aujourd'hui... Je me suis réveillé avec un fort mal à la tête, de la toux et de la fièvre. Est-ce le virus? Même si j'ai certains des symptômes, je n'ai pas peur de tomber malade.

Selon l'OMS je suis un candidat parfait pour être infecté: personne âgée avec diverses pathologies

Mais malgré tout ça, je ne suis pas encore touché. Je ne m'inquiète pas. La toux et la fièvre ont disparu!

Des mots qui sauvent des vies, par María Esther Ámez González

Nous sommes au bout du procès et le témoin principal de la défense a la clé pour convaincre le jury de l'innocence de l'accusé. Après la déclaration de ce témoin essentiel, le procès a fait un renversement complet. Tous les membres du jury ont voté l'absolution.

Nous pourrions débattre sur ce sujet pendant des jours pour essayer de comprendre comment il se fait que la vie d'une personne peut dépendre du courage d'un témoignage et de la disponibilité d'un jury pour lui donner de la crédibilité.

LA PLAGE... par Paco Díaz Menéndez

"Salut, Alexandre,

Je suis en prison. Je n'ai pas voulu te compromettre. Peux-tu venir jeudi? Je pense que tu n'auras aucun problème. La marée a été généreuse hier soir.

À bientôt!

Margot

PS: Tu peux m'apporter des vêtements. Je n'ai rien".

Margot en prison! Le souvenir de notre dernière rencontre n'avait pas été très agréable. Qu'avait-elle fait? Je n'avais aucune piste. Je me suis demandé si j'irai la voir ou non... même si en réalité je l'avais déjà décidé.

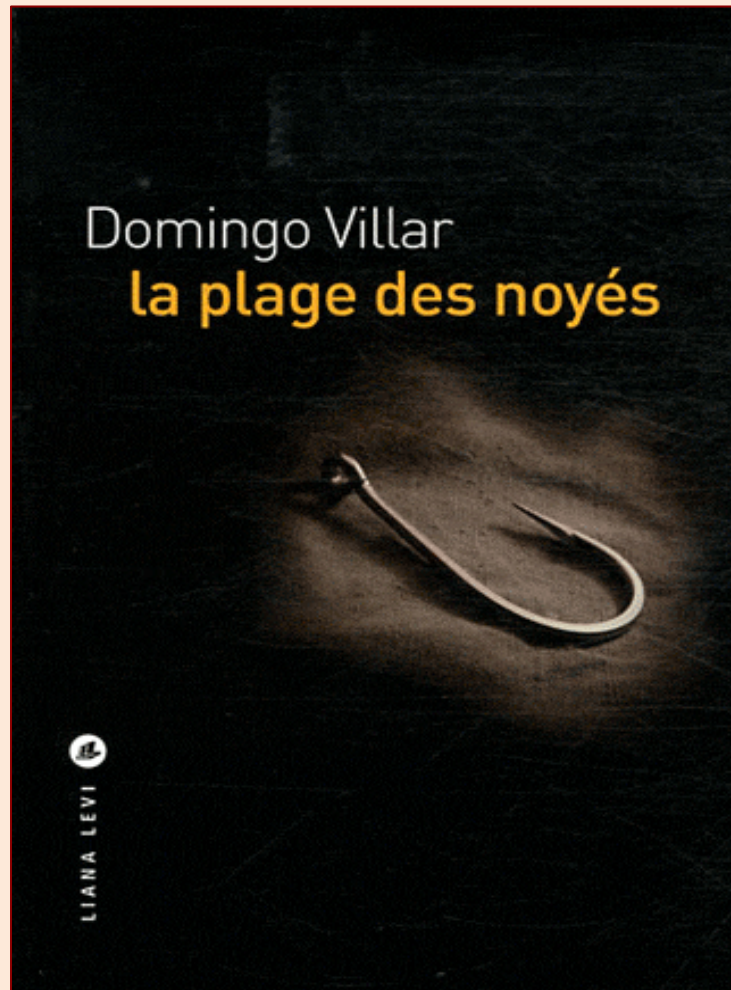
Nom: Abayo Lera

Prénom: Carlos

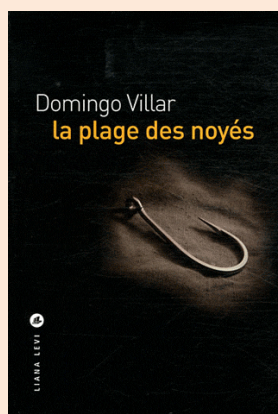
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Le Murmure des Puits

Mon frère Lorenzo s'approcha du puits parce qu'il entendit le murmure d'une jeune femme. Il portait une caméra et prit une photo de l'intérieur du puits. Une fois révélée, il la laissa sur le bord et entendit un coup sec. Il regarde à nouveau, mais ne vit personne ... Il pensait que ce serait une malice de notre petite soeur, mais... il se souvenait qu'elle était morte. Il était confus et dit "qui m'a chuchoté?" Quand Lorenzo a pris la photo, il a vu notre chère soeur Caroline.



Récits courts – Élèves de B1 et C1

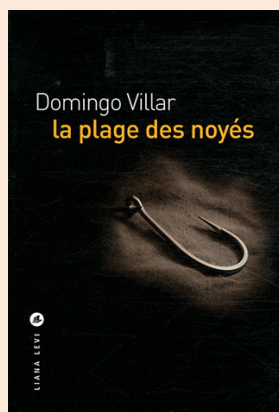


LA NOSTALGIE D'UN QUINQUAGÉNAIRE

Quelqu'un peut buter sur soi-même. Il est très curieux de voir la manière dont mon ami se souvient de l'ombre de sa grand- mère qui l'a élevé, et lui a enseigné les mystères du village, des lieux étonnants, ainsi que la façon de voir le bon côté des choses, savoir rire de tout, etc.

Maintenant, il ne va pas s'endormir sans avoir une **vision** d'elle, son visage, son sourire, ses mains, ses histoires...

Nous ne nous **étonnons** plus parce qu'il est dans un âge difficile, il souffre d'insomnie et de nostalgie.



CHAÎNES

Il marchait sous le soleil d'été quand une ombre a attiré son attention.

Qui tirait de la chaîne autour de son cou?

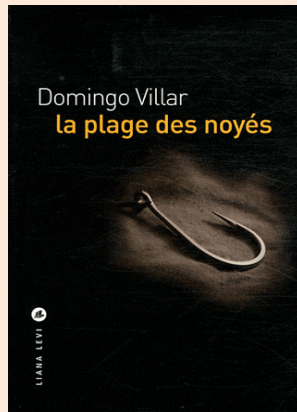
Quelle étrange créature! Ni animal ni humain, et cependant il n'avait pas peur, un étrange sentiment familier l'a assailli.

Il a saisi la chaîne, il devait s'en libérer, mais quand il l'a touchée, mille souvenirs l'ont accablé, en noyant sa voix.

Et il s'est vu traînant une chaîne faite de souvenirs.

Sous le soleil d'été, il n'y avait que lui, le regard fixe sans savoir ce qu'il cherchait.

M-Teresa Pascual - B1



LA PLAGE DES NOYÉS

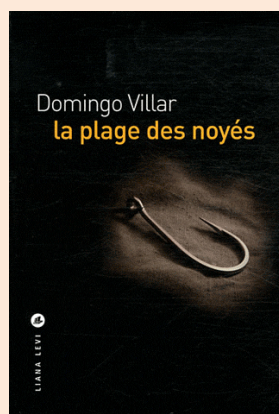
Je suis une jeune femme qui roule avec ma voiture pour visiter mes parents.

Soudain, un fou me heurte et me déplace vers la mer.

Peu à peu, je vois entrer l'eau dans la voiture. D'abord, j'essaye d'ouvrir les portes ; ensuite, de frapper les fenêtres et enfin, je me situe dans la zone la plus haute possible pour respirer.

Je commence à souffler. J'ai peur. Tout se passe en 20 minutes, tout change.

Je suis morte.



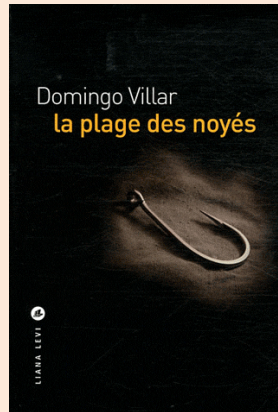
LA VIE N'EST PAS FACILE, NE T'INQUIÈTE PAS

La jeune femme n'assistera pas aux obsèques, elle n'en a ni la valeur ni l'envie, elle est cassée au plus profond d'elle-même, plongée dans ses souvenirs, noyée dans une profonde dépression.

La peur l'envahit et elle n'a pas beaucoup de moyens de défense, mais l'instinct de survie est parfois plus fort que tout le reste.

Avec le temps, elle commencera à soigner ses blessures et à découvrir où est sa véritable place.

L'ombre d'un homme est entrée violemment dans sa vie, et ce ne sera pas sans conséquences...

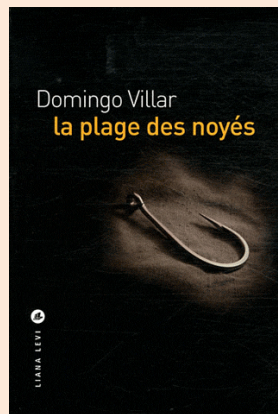


LES CAPRICES DE LA NATURE

Nous sommes au sommet de la falaise, et que faisons-nous là-bas ? Simplement attendre le coucher du soleil. Dans l'intimité, nous regardons vers l'horizon avec l'illusion de voir un spectacle de couleurs.

Il se fait tard et il fait froid, mais il faut attendre que la nature nous laisse découvrir ses caprices.

Le vent souffle, les nuages vont teindre lentement le ciel d'une couleur rouge, un rouge pâle, plutôt orange et peu à peu, l'obscurité s'immerge dans un silence timidement brisé par le bruit des vagues.



J'AI TOUJOURS ÉTÉ MER

Moi, j'ai toujours été mer.

Une mer froide et agitée dont on ne voit pas le fond.

Mes pensées, des algues tordues qui stagnent au bord de l'eau. Celles qui collent à tes pieds, qui craquent quand elles sont sèches.

Qui voudra faire naufrage dans ces eaux ? Y aurait-il un patron avec le courage de se diriger vers un horizon incertain ?

Et tu es apparu, parmi mes vagues en colère, pour me forcer à embrasser le bord de la mer.

J'ai toujours été mer, maintenant une mer calme.

En galego

RESCALDO

E pechei os meus ollos para lembrarte...

Agora, ti xa non estás con nós,

mais lembrar a túa mirada

é sentirme chea dun fermoso ceo azul,

encher os meus pulmóns de aire

e voar outra vez a ser a túa nena pequena.

Xa non podes acougar as miñas penas

pero quédanme os camiños

polos que un día xuntas andamos,

e que hoxe, eu percorro de cando en cando.

Aínda lembro os teus bicos,

mais esta vez non chorarei.

Foi un agasallo da vida ter os teus agarimos,

os teus consellos, as túas apertas...

Ata foi fermoso ter os teus anoxos!

O teu sorriso xa non é a miña sombra,

pero quixo o destino que repousase

na miña boca.

Á miña avoíña

Vaia carallada! O axudante de Leo Caldas, Estévez, berroulle cando xa por terceira vez Caldas lle dixo que tiñan que cruzar a Ponte de Rande para ir a Panxón de novo.

Sáiron da comisaría, aínda era moi cedo. Vigo comezaba a espertar cando Estévez chegou co coche. Caldas sentou e abriu a ventá.

Estévez andaba a murmurar algo de que xa lle podía ir pagando ao Comisario as peaxes da Ponte. Non se decatara de que enriba da súa mesa tiña unha tarxeta da Policía coa que solventar estes gastos.

Eva Martínez Coalla Galego A1

Falso testemuño

Xusto o xuíz comezou a sesión, o fiscal púxoo en coñecemento, dun falso testemuño do avogado defensor. Nese intre, oíuse un estoupido nos arredores do xulgado. O rumor dun atentado expandíuse, e deseguida desaloxaron o edificio por seguridade.

Os artificieiros, despois dunhas dúas horas de inspección, deron paso libre para proseguir coas actividades. O xuíz suspendeu a vista para o día seguinte.

O xuízo retomouse ao día seguinte, pero o avogado defensor non se atopaba na sala. O xuíz dixo; “isto é unha maraña”.



FORTALEZA

En moitas ocasións cando eu me sinto baixo de moral, estraño a persoa que me aconsellaba dende que eu fora cativo. Aquel home ensinoume a maneira de poder resolver os meus problemas sen axuda de ninguén.

El dicíame: Tes que ser forte meu fillo, tes que ter sempre a moral moi alta, tes que loitar polos teus soños e polas túas ilusións.

Por iso vivo cada segundo da miña vida afrontando os meus problemas coa fortaleza que aquel home me dixo que debía ter.

Belarmino Suárez Alvarez A2 Galego

MICRORRELATO: O QUE NOS MOVE

El estaba a moverse pola razón. Desexaba chegar ao fondo do asunto e desenmarañar a espiral na que estaba somerxido. Mais ela...ela só tiña ilusión dabondo e valor para saír adiante. Non ía encollerse de ombreiros.

Á fin e ao cabo, todos temos algo que nos move: unha ilusión, un amor verdadeiro, un medo, unha razón...Daquela, que é o que te move a ti?

Sofía Álvarez Reguera

Galego A2

Travesía pirata

No horizonte do cabo Fisterra, divísase un veleiro cunha caveira por bandeira. Nel vai o pirata máis temido de todos os mares coñecidos.

O pobo deféndese na fortaleza do castelo, mentres os piratas saquean e destrozan a vila con tesón.

Unhas horas despois, os piratas abandonan a vila coa adega chea de provisións. Nese intre os cañóns da fortaleza dirixen os proxectís cara ao veleiro pirata, para intentar afundilo.

Sen pausa e sen présa, os piratas alónxanse polo horizonte coa caída do sol.



Un misterioso suceso

Ocorreu nun día escuro. Eu ía no coche ao traballo. De súpeto, unha luz cegadora impedíame ver a estrada. Sentín medo.

A luz apagouse. Nada arredor.... Parei o coche e baixei. Vin unha luz ao lonxe e fun alí. Había unha fiestra e mirei. Vinme nunha cama dun hospital deitada. Recoñecín a miña nai chorando ao meu carón.

Daquela, eu tiven unha visión. Caín por un túnel e vin escenas borrosas da miña vida. Non o desexo a ninguén.

Cando espertei, sentínme liberada.

Unha tarde Xoán decidiu ir cos seus amigos dar unha volta no barco familiar. Facíalle moita ilusión poder compartir con eles a súa paixón polo mar. E poder sorprender a todos tocando e vendo os corais que descubriu na última viaxe que fixo co seu irmán pequeno.

Avisou con tan pouco tempo que Uxía e Anxo non puideron cancelar os seus compromisos, pero o resto non tiña pensado perdelo.

Antes de saír, Xoán rodeou o barco e comprobou que todo estaba ben.

Ninguén imaxinaría que esa tarde sería tan inesquencible para todos...

VISIÓN

Aquela nena tiña a visión dun mundo máis humano e máis pacífico. Esperaba que algún día os homes deixarían de loitar os uns contra os outros, quería que a humanidade fora máis próxima e que puideran entenderse todos os homes e mulleres do mundo.

Agora que a nena se converteu en muller entende que a envexa e a cobiza dos homes nunca lograrán facer o seu soño realidade.

Pero ela continúa coa visión dun mundo máis alegre e máis sincero.

Belarmino Suárez Alvarez A2 Galego.

MICRORRELATO “A PRAIA DOS AFOGADOS”

O inspector Leo Caldas saíu do taxi e chegou a aquela praia dos tristes acontecementos. Corría o mes de outubro na zona de Vigo e os días eran cada vez máis curtos. Leo Caldas tiña un longo e duro traballo por diante, intentar resolver os casos de afogamento naquela maldita praia, xente morta somerxida na auga en estrañas circunstancias. Cando o inspector se internou no areal puido ver de preto un rescaldo, unha brasa pequena que podía facer sospeitar acerca do afogamento. Quedaba por diante toda unha tarefa pendente, cun duro traballo por rematar.

Pedro A. Brasa Arias

Galego B1

SOMBRA

Caer nas sombras é un proceso duro, sobre todo se toda a túa vida estivo rodeada de luz.

Ás veces vivimos unha existencia que pensamos que vai ser eterna e un bo día, coma se dun golpe certo se tratase, dáche na cara e xa non sabes como vas seguir vivindo nesa penumbra.

Non hai peor sombra que a de sumirte no esquecemento, no que xa non distingues quen es nin quen fuches, a sombra desta enfermidade acaba sendo a máis escura que existe.

Mirena Granado Soto

Galego EOI B1

MEDO

No verán, non había maneira de que a miña nai puidera deitarme para durmir a sesta.

Mais o vinte e catro de agosto _San Bartolomeu_ non facía falla que mo dixeran. Eu a carón da miña nai, pedíalle ir durmir.

Que pasaba nese día para que eu quixera durmir?

Da Igrexa de San Bartolomeu, nesas datas, saía o demo cun traxe negro e os cornos e rabo da mesma cor e cuberta por unha capa encarnada. Arrastraba unhas cadeas gordas e ía percorrendo as rúas.

Eu vivía na rúa Real, preto da igrexa antes nomeada, e por alí tamén pasaba. O meu corpiño tremía con aquela visión e ruído.

Penso que o motivo do meu medo foi este acontecemento ano tras ano, xunto tamén co pánico que tiñamos ao ver pasar pola rúa uns homes que levaban ao lombo os alambiques da augardente e que nós chamabamos “sacauntos” ou “sacamanteigas”.

María do Carmo Vilas

Rescaldo

Resto que queda dunha cousa, en especial dun sentimento.

O Inspector Leo Caldas sentíase baleiro. Os seus recordos facían tremer a súa fortaleza.

Lembraba que, cando a viu por primeira vez, non houbo bolboretas.

Emporiso un día, de súpeto, volveuse e alí estaba ela. Entón recoñeceuna.

Esquéceo pensou, non é nin o lugar nin o momento axeitado.

Se cadra noutra vida.

Devagar foron quedando só rescaldos.

Belén Prieto Sánchez

SOMBRA

Mirou ao seu ao redor e non viu persoas, só sombras do que una vez foron, perdéronse no camino cara á liberdade. As sombras movíanse todas na mesma dirección como un só ser. Mirou atrás, e a súa sombra fundiuse coa dos demais. Na súa fuxida da guerra , perdeuno todo: a súa casa, a súa familia, a súa identidade... Só esperaba que ao chegar a Europa puidese volver ser , un ser humano.

Anxos

In English



Discovering the amazing ocean **h**orizon and living the
Experience as an **e**xcuse to enjoy it without
A trace, with my father, who was
Taking my little
Hand, was my unforgettable first day on the **s**hore.

Old **S**ea **D**ogs like my father and my
Nanny **A**lice could't hold me strongly enough to stop me,

After the **C**atch at the **L**ighthouse, my

Goal was reached
And I did it by swimming **u**nderwater
Like a mermaid without **r**esistance, until
I arrived at The Promenade. The
Cold **s**ea **w**ind made me feel
In
Another quiet and calm place.
No worries. The sea

Song made me feel **f**ree to listen for
Hours and hours. The **F**resh **A**ir and
Open **d**oors in front of me.
Rebecca **T**he **F**irst I saw in the
End, by the **L**ost **F**ender like a Magic Sea Queen.



33. UNDERWATER



Today I got up early. I was going to dive with my friend Carlos. It was 9:00 a.m. I was waiting for him at the diving centre. Carlos wasn't here. I couldn't wait for him because the ship was going to leave, so I went diving with a group, we dived for about one hour and we saw a lot of things like fishes, octopus, cuttlefish, algae, etc.

We came back to the dive centre and there were some police officers there.

They've found a corpse in the water.

He was my friend Carlos.

It was awful!!!!!!

What had happened to him!!!!!!



SUSANA LÓPEZ FERNÁNDEZ

62. THE SONG

The song that has always been there, since I was born till now, the same song but different.

This is the song that has evolved as I have.

It is doubtful that the song could be forgotten, it ought to persist over time as a legacy of myself.

If I hadn't been born when the song was composed, I wouldn't have been joined to it in such a considerably stronger way as I am.

The song that exists only in my mind and from now on, in this little piece of paper.

BY CAROLINA MALLO
CIA

A CALL FROM ESTÉVEZ



Last spring my wife was thinking about our summer holiday.

As every year we thought to go to our hometown for two weeks and then we would like to go to the beach three or four days.

We don't have much money, so we always go on holiday to the country.

Anyway, a day my wife received a message on her mobile phone. Two hours later a shop assistant called Juan Estévez phoned again.

It was a great surprise. The man told her good news.

She had won a prize. A free travel to European Russia for twenty days in July!

A call from Estévez changed our summer, our holiday, even it changed our life.

By the way, we'll never forget those holidays.



A cold sea wind. (P. González) B1C

As every single day, Diego Neira walked in front of a billboard with a large photo of a man and a beautiful woman in a yellow dress.

Under the billboard there was a broken trawler where Diego Neira sat looking at the photo and wishing to see Alicia (his secret love) who worked not far from there in a greenhouse. Diego, as usual, took out his packet of cigarettes and looked again at the greenhouse, but Alicia wasn't here.

Suddenly, a cold sea wind came and took the packet of cigarettes away. For several seconds the wind kept blowing hard and our man lowered his head and took shelter in his coat.

When the wind went away, Diego picked up his cigarettes and raised his eyes looking at the photo again but everything had changed...The woman wasn't in the photo! In her place, next to the man and in a yellow dress was...Alicia!



A mysterious fact

On a dark day, I drove to work. Suddenly, a blinding light prevented me from seeing the road. I panicked.

The light went out....nothing around. I stopped the car and got off. I saw a light in the distance and went there. I looked through a window and saw myself lying in a hospital bed. My mother was crying next to me.

By surprise, I fell through a tunnel and saw blurred scenes of my life. When I woke up, I felt liberated.

A SOLITARY BOAT

He got up early in the morning, took his old boat and went fishing like every day. Although the sea was calm and the sun was shining, he felt sad and lonely. Suddenly, he saw a strange bump floating near the ship. He thought it could be a good fish but it wasn't. 'It's a boy', the man shouted. The boy was absolutely exhausted but still could breathe. As soon as the man put the boy into the boat, he realized that he was an immigrant. Nowadays, the fisherman and the boy go fishing happily together.



a solitary boat



...happily together.

A TALL MAN

He had to hurry up. The police should be on arrival. Pretending to be a witness was a great idea. He put the last stone in the bag, closed it and got on the boat. He threw it into the deepest part of the lake.

He barely had walked into the house when he heard the sirens. "It's done", he whispered. A tall man came out of the shadows: "Now pick up the knife. The next one is almost here."



Noelia Cascudo Arregui (C1 A)

ALICE



Morning Sun. Edward Hopper (1952)

Finally Alice was alone. The house was all for her. She opened de windows and breathed. It was very cold but she smiled. Al last, she was alone.

There wasn't any noise. There weren't screams or bumps. Only silence. Only calm. Alice turned on the radio. The music was playing when she closed her eyes. Suddenly the monster appeared, he wanted to come back but she didn't let him.

Then she took off her clothes and looked her body. It was hers, only hers. She felt cold and cried.

Now the house isn't empty. there's a lot of noise and the windows are closed. Alice isn't alone.

Someone opens the door.

Mommy, I'm hungry!

Then Alice smiles although it's very cold outside.

ALICIA

Alicia was a person with a normal life, she was married and had two children and everything in her life was perfect until last February.

She got up and went to work like a normal day but when she picked up her children from kindergarten, she had an accident and died.

The next day she woke up alive in her bed as if nothing had happened and she had to figure.

AN EMPTY WINDOW

With the variety of things which a window can offer us, how could it be empty?

Thomas is a 10-year-old boy who was born blind. He had never seen the world. However, he started playing a game in which he would imagine the things could happen through a window. At that moment, the world started to have sense. When he was near a window, he could feel the weather and imagine the birds singing, the landscapes, how people's life could be... Since that moment he wouldn't imagine an empty window anymore.

Mateo Fortes Brito (C1 A)

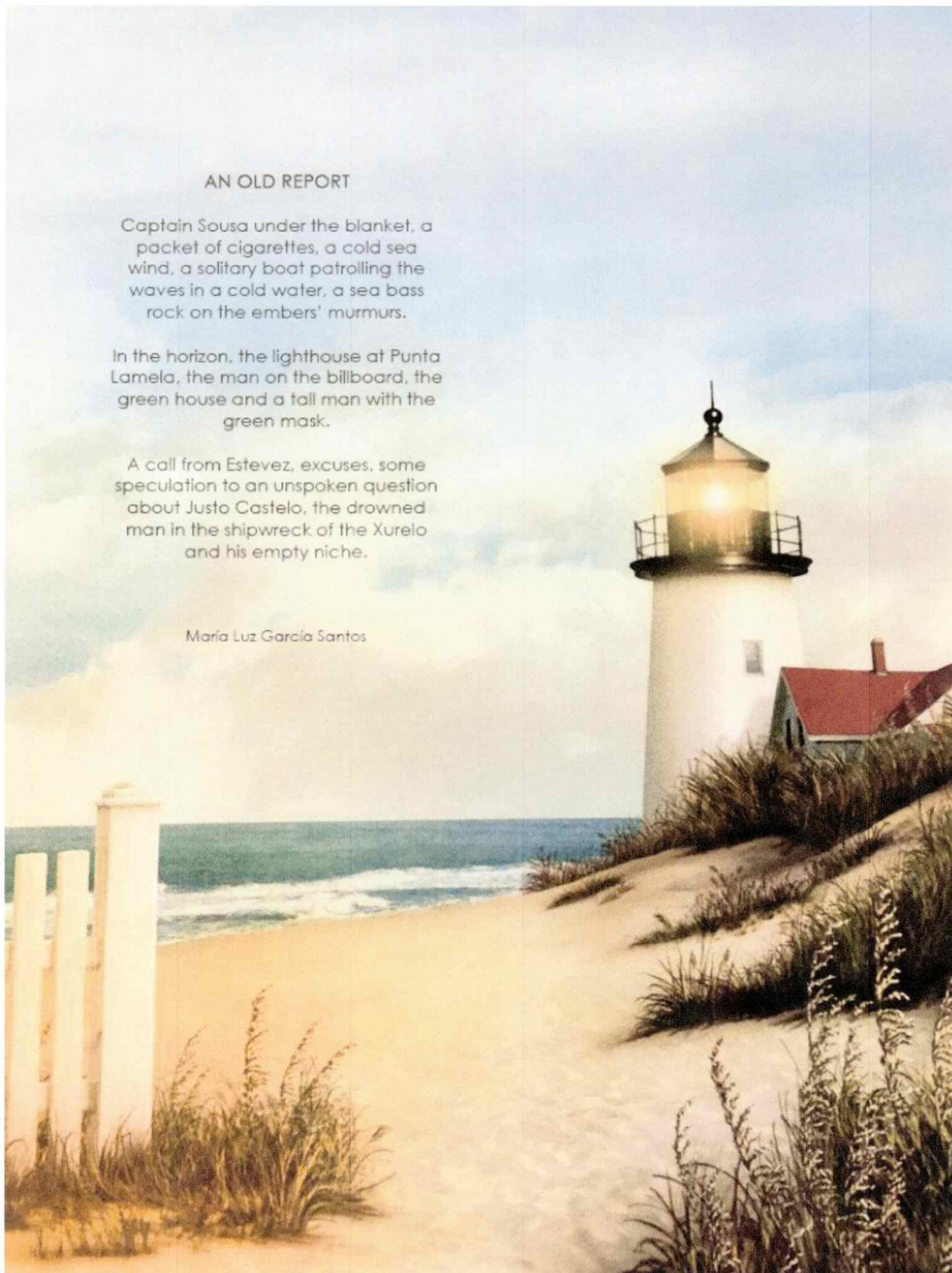
AN OLD REPORT

Captain Sousa under the blanket, a
packet of cigarettes, a cold sea
wind, a solitary boat patrolling the
waves in a cold water, a sea bass
rock on the embers' murmurs.

In the horizon, the lighthouse at Punta
Lamela, the man on the billboard, the
green house and a tall man with the
green mask.

A call from Estevez, excuses, some
speculation to an unspoken question
about Justo Castelo, the drowned
man in the shipwreck of the Xurelo
and his empty niche.

María Luz García Santos



CHAPTER: BLOW

Leo Caldas arrived at home but where others found shelter, he only found solitude. Alba had left him.

Time ago he saw his relationship as a candle which had started to melt. He knew that only blowing the flame got keep the candle, but he let it consume.

Alba emptied her cupboard but she left her discs and books on the shelves in the living room. So he put a Louis Armstrong disc and he lay down on the sofa.

He concentrated on revising the case until he felt exhausted and he fell asleep.

He had a nightmare and he waked up in a sudden.

It seemed that Louis Armstrong laughed at him.

When he sang:

Exactly like you



Raquel Vila Rodríguez

COLD WATER

Imagine how amazing would it be diving in the sea in winter without fear, knowing exactly what you wanted to do.

When starting the immersion and descending deep into the sea with your diving equipment, is when you started a wonderful and exciting experience being able to tackle any obstacle. You feel in a wonderful and peaceful environment, the sun reflecting into the water; the fish, the plants, everything is magical but suddenly you realize how cold the water really is.



Montserrat Hernando
C1A



--DIEGO NEIRA--

Suddenly, an intense fog covered the Cliff. The spooky figure of a man appeared when the light of the cars shone on the curve of San Antón.

The whole town knew what Diego Neira was doing there but nobody dared to open their mouth for fear of reprisals.

The Neira's family had been the biggest drug traffickers in the area for more than 30 years.



Diego always wore black, he was used to working at night, for this reason he was known as the "black ghost". Normally, he always carried a flashlight to get in touch with the Colombians narcos , two flashes of light meant that everything was right and the ships could unload the goods.

Excuses

The Caldas inspector came with his father in the car, they didn't almost spoke each other until finally Caldas asked for his ill uncle, his father answered with a monosyllable "good". Five minutes later, Caldas left his father in his home and then he drove to his office.

When Caldas arrived, he saw above his desk piles of papers; his secretary was't there. He began to read the documents and do notes in the margins when the police Estevez knocked. "Hi" said Estevez and Caldas said "Hi, how was the drowning body lift in Panxon?"

"good, it have been difficult find the body but now the criminalists are doing their work, they have cordoned off the entire beach area and they are collecting evidences and two weeks after, they send us the results" said Estevez optimistic.

"We can eat out, I am starving! and we keep talking about the case" said Caldas while he took his coat.

"Ok" said Estevez "we can go to a good restaurant in Calle Principe, its specialty is the seafood".

At quarter to three, Caldas and Estevez were eating a delicious squid in its ink with rice.

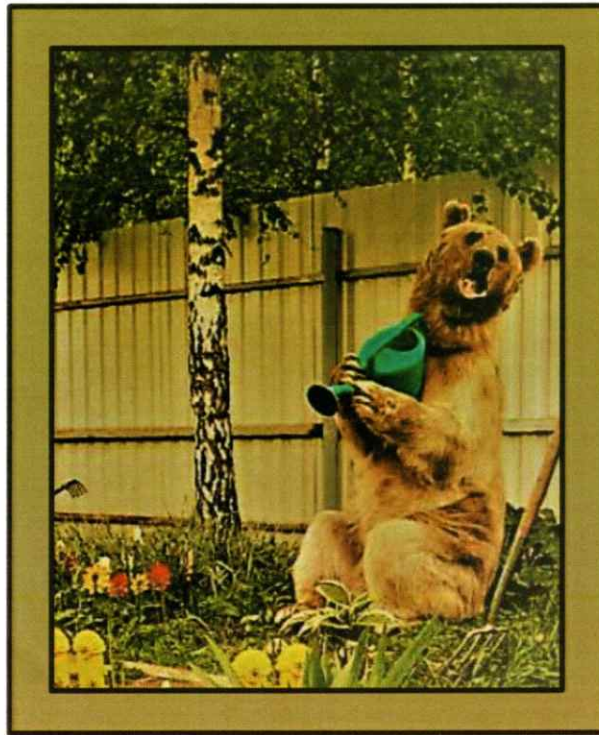
"This afternoon I have to speak with the wife of the death man" said Estevez.

"difficult work" said Cadas "I'll go with you"

"The last time that I saw her, she didn't seem very sorry" explained Estevez.

"They have economical problems, didn't they?" said Caldas "Ok, I'll pay the food, and we'll go to speak with her.

"Ok, Caldas, thank you!" said Estevez.



FREE

Carmina loved the stories with a happy ending...

But now her garden chair is broken, like her fence.

She isn't going to plant tulips again.

It isn't a good idea to live with a bear.

Bears don't want to live in a house, as a pet.

HORIZON

It left him lying on the road. He was dressed like a pilgrim, and his body was next to a big stone which had a yellow arrow sign. As if he's showing us that he's gone to heaven.

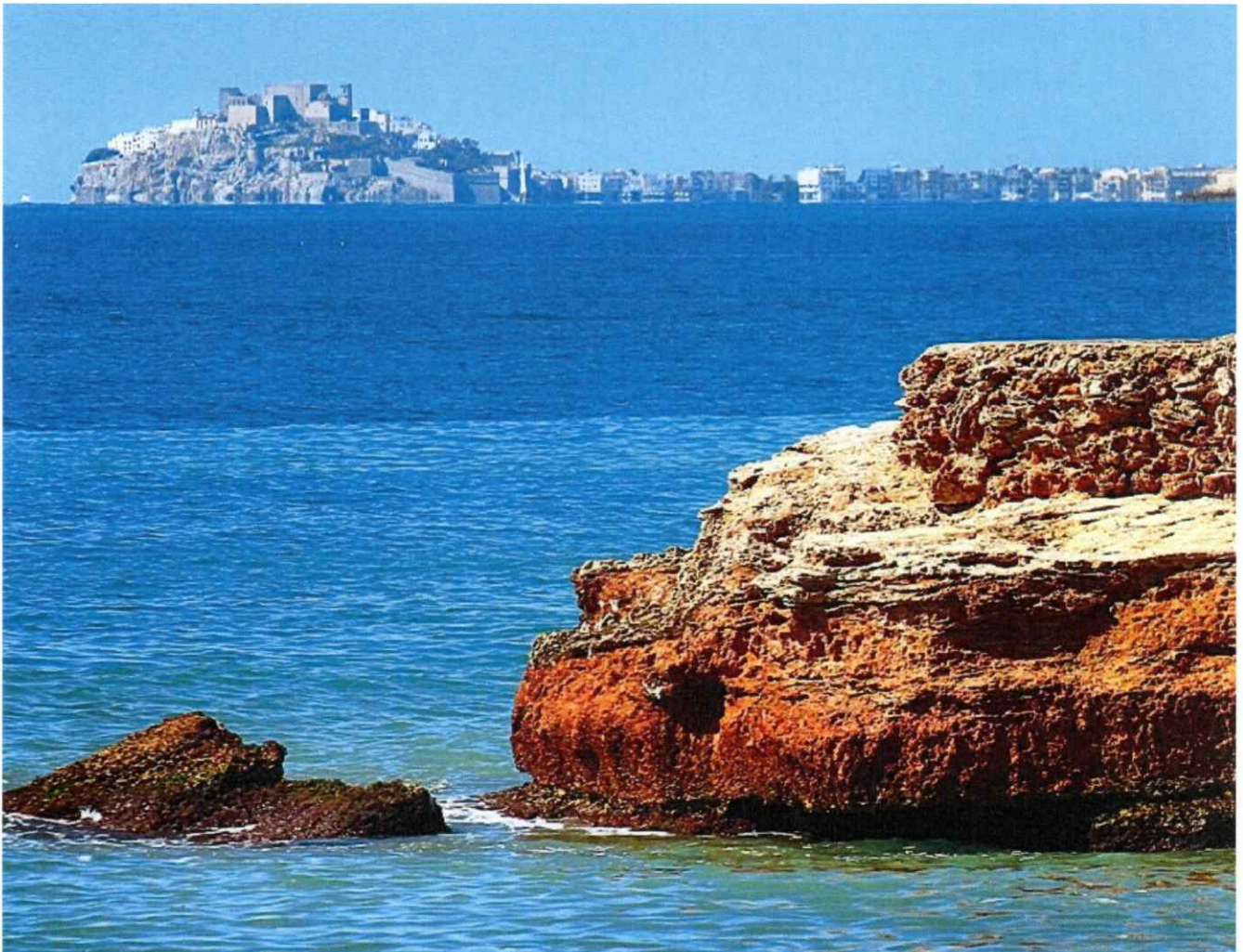
His killer fled by car. The poor devil was in a hurry to get to hell.

MJ Peral



HORIZON

When I was a child and I arrived in Vinaroz I always wondered how far the horizon was from the sea. It looked like the castle of Papa Luna de Peñíscola and it is about 12 km away, at least that was the distance at which the sea horizon was. But after a few years, they put an offshore oil platform, which I could see on clear days and was about 22 km away. And recently I was in Menorca and I could see the coast of Mallorca that is 35 km away. Very curious.



“ Insomnia ”

Before going to bed, sitting in her crimson armchair, she reads his text messages again.

Fruit.

Milk.

Your turn to get the kids eating broccoli.

Love you.

Strangely, she feels him with her, sees the black lock of hair to fall across his face. Scrolling up, a fight about their everyday problems. Now, she lives with nothing but ghost texts.

The newspaper said, “Crash kills a famous writer, cause of death, distracted driving”

“Was it my phone call?” - She texts.

The doubt is worse than death.



Dilar Mejía Fernández

B2.1 A

Insomnia

It's a cold night and Mandy can't sleep. She's been having nightmares since that traumatic day. Although she makes an effort to get to sleep: she always remembers what she did and that thing makes Mandy stay awake all night.

She remembers how she abandoned her dog at a gas station, because she was supposed to spend time with her pet and not with her friends and her things. Now Mandy regrets this and wonders if the dog will be alright and if it found a better family.

Mandy's learned something: she knows now that if you want something you have to take responsibility for it.

- Gloria Martínez Olano

NIGHT VISION

We had returned to dry land when a great storm attacked us without a previous sign of it. After a few minutes, my friend and I were thrown out the boat into the freezing water. We tried desperately to return to the boat with no success.

Suddenly my friend disappeared under the icy sea. I was alone with the image of my friend vanishing in front of me.

In a flash I saw two sparkling blue ocean eyes Riiiiing! I woke up.



Ana Maria Sutorin

OLD SEA DOGS

- Captain Fat Belly?
- I'm not sure.
- Come on, this crew is the best!
- Tomorrow, I'll give you an answer.

After captain left Mr Robbins's office, he asked his sorcerer:

- What's your opinion?
- I don't like that crew. Half of them would sink your ship in no time.
- You know what? I like my crew. They have kept my ship afloat for years. My old sea dogs...



“Patrolling the Waves”

It was a perfect sunny day. So, I was on the beach under the palm trees holding a book and drinking iced tea. Could it be better? In the Caribbean you can also enjoy the warm weather, the blue and calm sea, the exotic food and the perfect sunset.

But, what really happened during my holidays was completely different. It was raining all day, the weather was cold and the sea was pretty rough so I could only stay in my hotel room and imagine that maybe someone was patrolling the waves.



Marta Romero Fernández B2.1

SHADOWS

She came with the night, under the shadows of the moon.

No one could see her, no one even could know her. However, she knew everyone in that small village, where a terrible incident had happened to her a few years before.

No one did anything to help her.

She walked through the narrow streets, setting fire to anything which could be burnt.

She came out, under the shadows of the fire, the same fire of a few years before.

By José Miguel González Cerezales B2-1 grupo D

SHADOWS

He was not much taller than a wheat stalk using his hands he knotted a white cloth to a branch.

He was at the station looking for his mum crossing Leon with his peace flag.

It was a full moon night, the shadows were monsters to escape from.

Lead and sweat, bitter and salty. He never forgot the taste of fear.

Since then, his old enemy, as a nightmare, used to emerge from the shadows at night.

Elia Castro Gómez

C1 B



Solid Proof

We called my grandmother *'BISIS'*, because of her tattooed arm. She used to say that the seven lives of a cat are like seven survival situations for a human being.

'Seven times you will fall on your feet and once on your back',

she would say time and time again when she told us stories of Kazimierz in her old Kroke, and the games around Wysoka.

She kept quiet and spat,
remembering Podgorze and her seventh fall:
Auschwitz, prisoner number 81515.



Fco. Javier Vecino Ferrer - B2-1

There she was, just in the centre of the little meadow. I walked toward her, making an effort to overcome the rigidity generated by the grotesque scene.

She was buried up to her breast. A weird number of fake elbows in each arm. Her fingers, all of them, were also broken. She still breathed.

She looked at me wide-eyed, pointing, terrified, over my head. That's when I felt its warm, putrid, deadly breath in my neck.

The Bait

Oscar Fernández López

THE BLANKET

Pedro always remembered the white and blue blanket story told by her mother since he was a child.

"It was the family blanket", She always said.

"My grandmother gave it to me when I was 15 and one day I lost it", said the mother very sadly.



Several years later, Pedro got married to his girlfriend Stella and They had a boy, but by then her mother had died and They lived in Berlin.

One day They went to a second-hand clothes shop and, suddenly, Pedro's face changed when Stella showed him an old white and blue blanket with his family name embroidered on it.

THE BLUE FOLDER

Last week I found the blue folder in her desk drawer. A long time ago, we often took it with us when we wanted to write a letter, specially at Christmas or to wish somebody a happy birthday. Then we forgot about it because technology appeared in our lifes. There were some yellow papers inside and I though of how many words weren't written on them. Now I can't send them to her, although I have our little blue folder.



JOSEFINA GALENDE DEL CANTO. ENGLISH B1 C

The drawned man

Ponferrada - 24 de febrero de 2020



I was promised my name would never be forgotten; That is why when his degenerative illness started wreaking havoc on him, I promptly realized ...the man who was floating in the water was him. I recognized that red sweater moving on its own in the blue sea, the one we both wore on our first date, many years ago. In that spot I understood everything, my name would never be forgotten and I would never love again.

-THE DRIVER-

Do you know the mysterious driver who drives alone at night? He carries a dark car and he watches the city every night...

Nobody knows his identity. Some people feel uncomfortable when the dark car appears, and they are known that they are not safe, but others think that the mysterious driver protects them.

But what is his job? Is he a murderer? Or a kidnapper? Nobody knows, only one person claimed to have seen the man outside his car, and that person has not been seen again in the city...



Natalia Blanco
Cl. Group A

THE DROWNED MAN

The First Children who saw the dark and slinky bulge approaching through the sea let themselves think it was an enemy ship. Then they saw it had no flags or masts and they thought it was a whale. But when it washed up on the beach, they removed the clumps of seaweed, the jellyfish tentacles, and the remains of fish and flotsam, and only then did they see that it was a drowned man.

They had been playing with him all afternoon, burying him in the sand and digging him up again, when someone chanced to see them and spread the alarm in the village.



THE DROWNED MAN

I went for a walk with my friends to the forest. Someone run towards me. As I watched the figure approach me, I suddenly recognized who it was, my neighbor Jane. She seemed worried. "I've lost my brother" she said sadly. "He jumped into the river and he was dragged away by the current".

Suddenly, I saw a body on the other side of the river. It seemed a drowned man. I asked my friends for help with Jane and I went through the river to rescue him.

When I arrived he wasn't breathing. I tried to help him because I had made a course on the first aids and he soon recovered. I couldn't believe it!

Jane and Tom had a happy reunion and they were extremely grateful to me.

CHARO MARTINEZ ALIJA

B 2.2 E



The green house

It was a pleasant, nice day. It was five o'clock. Mrs Oliveira was sitting in a sofa while she looked through the window. Her husband was planting small plants and flowers in the garden. There were a lot of climbing plants adorning the front of the building. In addition, the front of the house was the same green as the plants. There was a fence around the house which was also painted green. When suddenly, they heard a loud noise that was coming from the port. Mrs Oliveira ran outside the house and she and her husband headed towards the Port.

Everyone left their homes and also ran to the port. They saw smoke leaving a boat. 'That's awful. It's a nightmare', said all the people that were there.

They've sorry about what had happened.

THE GREEN HOUSE

On the outskirts of my town there was a large Green House that people said was enchanted, and nobody wanted to come in or buy.

One day the sale poster disappeared. The new owner is a famous chef. After several months of restoration, it has become a wonderful restaurant with a large garden and with fountains and statues. It's called "The Green House".

Now everybody wants to go to the enchanted house and although there is a waiting list to eat, you can visit the wonderful garden freely.

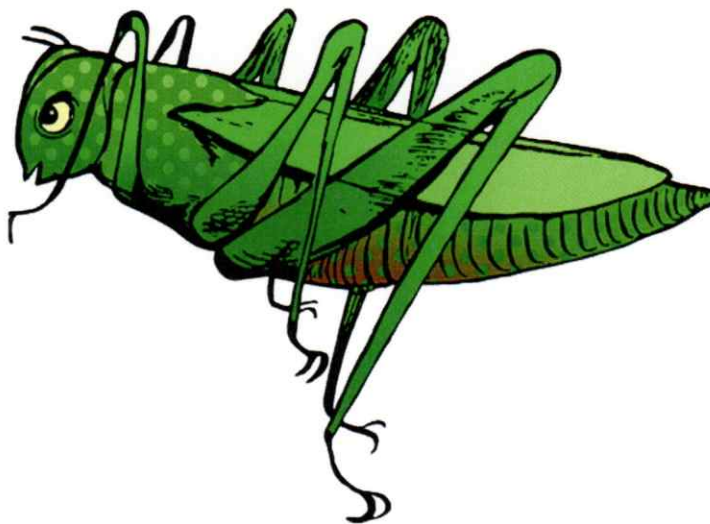
THE GREEN HOUSE

When I was a child, I lived in a small town next to a hill. The town was called “The Refuge”. I remember it was very quiet and safe, so children went to street to play.

Every day after school we all met on the square. In the spring and the summer we went fishing or swimming to the river, in the autumn we went cycling and we sometimes collected some blackberries or mushrooms. The worst season was the winter; in the winter we played football or we stayed at home telling frightening stories.

There was a small Green House on de top of the hill. The old people told a lot of mysterious things about it. And the children were terrified, but very interested.

A sunny day in the summer we decided to climb the hill to see the Green House. We all were very frightened, the house shined very much, it seemed to shake. Suddenly a big green cloud covered the sky, we all ran very terrified. When we looked back there were thousands of grasshoppers around us and the house became white.



By Antonia Sánchez Martínez (B1- grupo d)

The Green Mask

It was Saturday night. I was walking by the street when, suddenly, I saw something strange. Quickly, I got close to the mask and I could see it perfectly. It was an old green mask which I thought it could be very valuable. I picked it up and turned it over so I saw a label with a price in the back: "9,99€". Oops! It was only a carnival mask. I couldn't believe it! Thank God I was alone!



Nuria Merizo

The Green Mask

It was Saturday night. I was walking by the sea when, suddenly, I saw something strange in the sand. Quickly, I walked down the stairs and went to the sand to pick up this strange thing. I got close and I could see it perfectly. It was an old green mask, which I thought could be very valuable. I picked it up and turned it over. I saw a label with a price in the back: "9,99€". Oops! It was only a carnival mask. I couldn't believe it! Thank God I was alone!

Nuria Merayo B2.2

THE GREEN MASK

It was a freezing Mardi Gras afternoon when suddenly a mysterious woman appeared in the ballroom wearing an amazing green mask full of feathers and glitter. Everyone turned to look at her but nobody recognized her. Gradually, the mysterious woman became the queen of the dancing floor. It seemed as if the green mask wrapped everything with its brightness. Still today, everyone wonders who the mysterious woman in the green mask is who turned any Mardi Gras into an unforgettable day.



Isabel Castro Martínez
(C1 D)

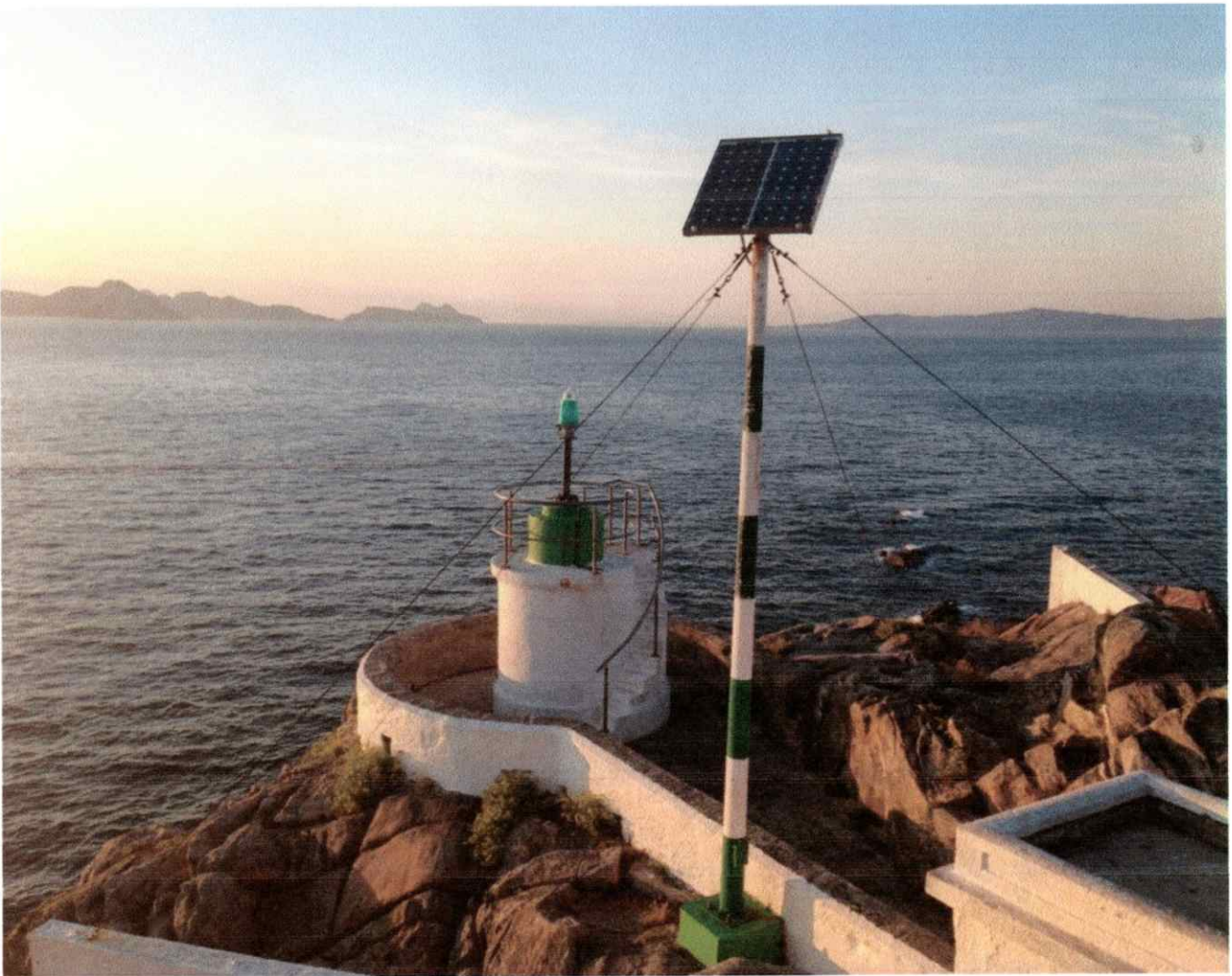
The lighthouse at Punta Lameda

My husband and I love walking so, as every summer morning, we start our way to the lighthouse which is at Punta Lameda.

Once there, although it's forbidden, we always climb to the top, because the landscape is awesome.

One day, while we were there, we heard a heartrending scream, someone was at risk. Immediately, we went where the scream was coming from. When we arrived, there was a girl shaking with fear.

- 'Are you ok? What's happening?' We asked her.
- 'No', she whispered, 'there was a mouse right there'.



THE MAP

When we arrived at the building the door was open.

I should say first that my colleague Annie was with me. She is the best policewoman that I have ever met, but at the moment we were falling apart. Unfortunately, we have had a short affair. Something that should never have happened.

Inside, the house was like the chamber of horrors. There was blood everywhere. In the center of the main room there was a big red ebony table, and, on top of it, an old map made of skin, surrounded by lighted candles.

THE MESSAGE

It was a warm February afternoon on a beach in Galicia. Valeria was walking along the seashore while the sun was hiding in the distance, it was her favourite moment of the day but she couldn't imagine what was going to happen that afternoon.

At the end of the beach you could see an old lighthouse that was in disuse. That afternoon the lighthouse was shining and that caught Valeria's attention. Valeria ran to the lighthouse and there she found a message inside a bottle: "*Valeria you mustn't let the history of the lighthouse of Galicia be lost*", this left Valeria very thoughtful.

From that moment she decided to reform the lighthouse and live there. Since then the sea and that beach always had light and Valeria has lived in her favorite place in the world.



Sonia Domínguez Afonso

B1

The Message

The pet in Mrs Smith's house was a beautiful Siamese cat named "Snow". His owner fed and stroked him every day. Snow used to go out into the back garden every morning, but one day he didn't come back home.

After five days Snow appeared again, and Mrs Smith realized that her cat was wearing a collar with the name "Kitty". She thought that maybe her cat was living in another house, because Snow didn't want to eat anything from his bowl, so she immediately wrote a MESSAGE on a piece of paper. It read: ***The cat's name is "Snow"***. Then, she wrapped it around the collar.

Snow was not a cat without an owner, he was a daring cat living in different houses at the same time.



THE MESSAGE

Julia was a lonely girl and used to dream with the perfect man.

She lived in a small Spanish coast village, and one day decided to throw a bottle with a message in the sea; she wrote her contact and a sentence: "I'll wait here for you". It was highly unlikely nobody ever could read that...

Forty years later, the doorbell sounded at her home. It was a young black boy, an immigrant, who found the bottle in The Mediterranean, looking for a better future.

She adopted him, and they weren't both alone any more....

Miriam Rodríguez María (C1 B)

Noelia Alba Potes

The Rock pool

5 a.m., time enough to have breakfast, put on my yellow swimming costume and leave my white room.

Outside, a Southwestern wind keeps my neighbourhood indoors, even those who used to go jumping off cliffs. They believed me: spring tides were going to fill that natural pool.

One year later, my dry eyes need to remember my last jump there, where I lost my legs, smelling that high tide and pushing a wheelchair which had been my last prize.

— The shipwreck of the Xurelo —

Muxia, Death Coast. 8.30 am. The morning was cold and the thick fog covered the sea. All small fishing boats had reached the port, all except one, the Xurelo. The boat owner was notified immediately, he tried to call the Xurelo's skipper, but nobody answered. The sea seemed in calm and no one knew anything about the Xurelo, it ~~was~~ strange. ... three hours later, the coastguard founded the rest of the small fishing boat, it got shipwreck six miles from the coast.

ELENA SÁNCHEZ PÉREZ

THE SONG

Do you link songs with your feelings?

In my case music is very important in my life. When I feel sad I listen to music and when I feel good I listen to music too.

I have several songs for different moments and different feelings or moods.

All songs inspire me different things or remind me of people I love or I hate maybe, for example my boyfriend and I have our song and when I listen to this song I remember him and I laugh thinking about him.

🎵 THE SONG 🎵



She was tired and closed her eyes.
She could listen to strange music, it wasn't nice.
That music was a song but she couldn't hear well
the lyrics. She felt scared because the song said her
name and was calling her. She opened her eyes but
all was dark. Then, she felt a hand on her shoulder.
Suddenly, she heard her husband's voice, he was
asking her :

**“What are you doing with your sunglasses on and
the radio volume so high “**



THE TIE

As every day since he was twenty, he got up at seven o'clock. He showered and had breakfast. He put on tie, the last gift his wife had given him before passing away. When they met, he thought they were meant to be together. They were extremely happy. But now, he was alone. He took the bus and got off at the same old stop. Unexpectedly, the tie got trapped when the doors closed. Now, he is with her.

M. Paz Arias Fernández (C1 A)

The Truce

The fight was lengthy. Men and women were exhausted. There wasn't any foodstuff.

For years, these great men and women had been fighting for our rights.

One cold night in January, Mary, a young and brave woman, was making pork stew when suddenly somebody knocked on the door. Mary opened it and there was an enemy soldier. Mary couldn't believe it!!!!

The soldier had brought a message for them. The message said that the war had finished. They wanted to sign a truce. They, the soldiers on the opposing side, were exhausted too and they needed to rebuild their buildings and their lives, and then start a new life without any conflict.



THE WHEELCHAIR

-Don't you want to hop on? This is fun!

-Oh, come on! Let's tidy up! I don't want to get home at noon.

-Ha, ha! You are superstitious, aren't you? You should try this!

-I'm not superstitious!

-Look how it rolls!

-Oh, stop it! I have a nasty feeling, that's all. Who could ever forget anything like that? I've heard about miracles in the Bible but never inside a filthy club like ours.

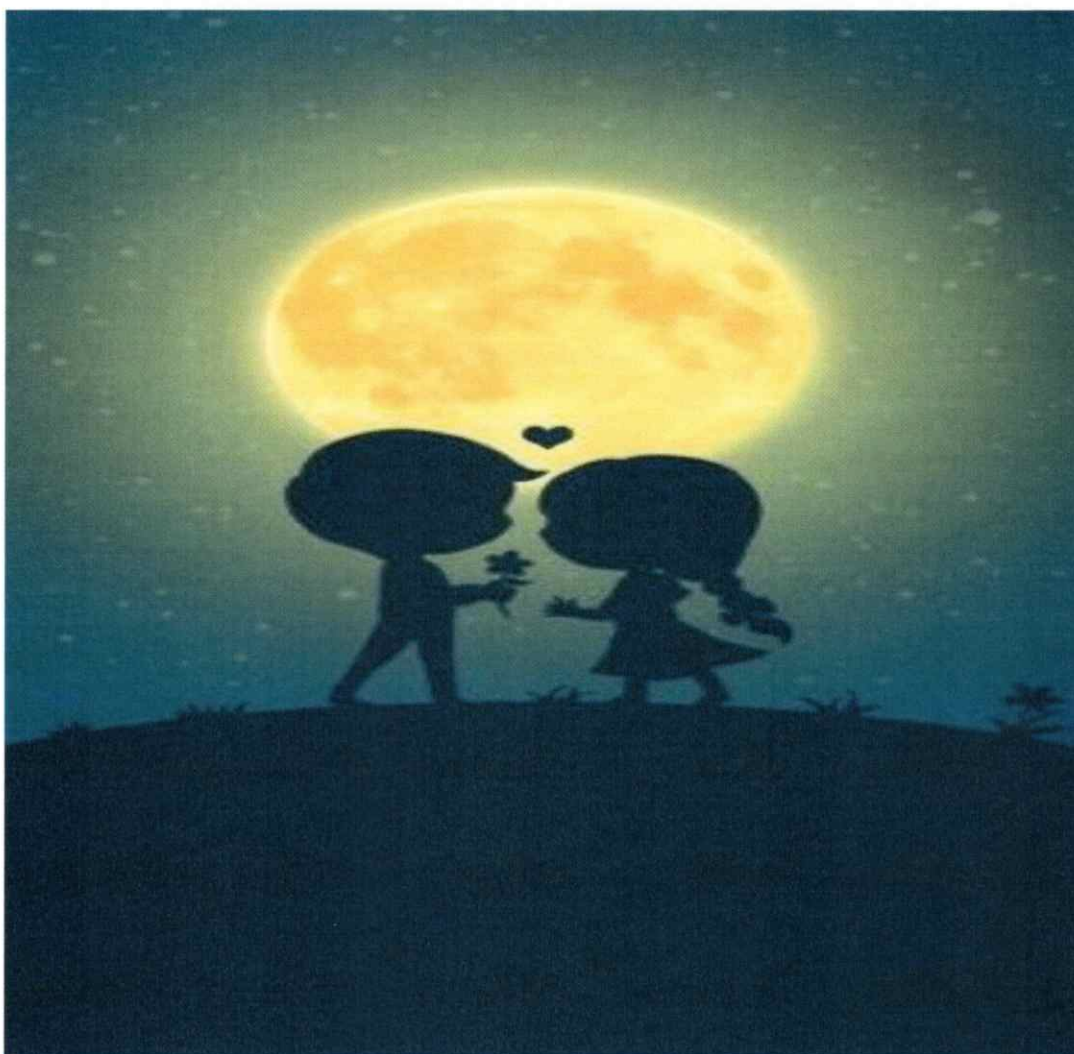
-Oh, man...stop overthinking it. Last night was EPIC!

María Cazorro Burgos (C1 B)

The Woman in the Yellow Dress

It was a warm sunny day. He was walking on the beach slowly, relaxed, when suddenly he heard his name behind him. He turned and he could see a person running to him. He stopped and waited for this strange person to come up to him. Suddenly he realized that this person was the most beautiful woman that he had ever seen and she was wearing a yellow dress, which was his favourite colour. He fell in love immediately. This happened 40 years ago, just the time that they have been married for.

He tells his family this love story always on the same day year after year.



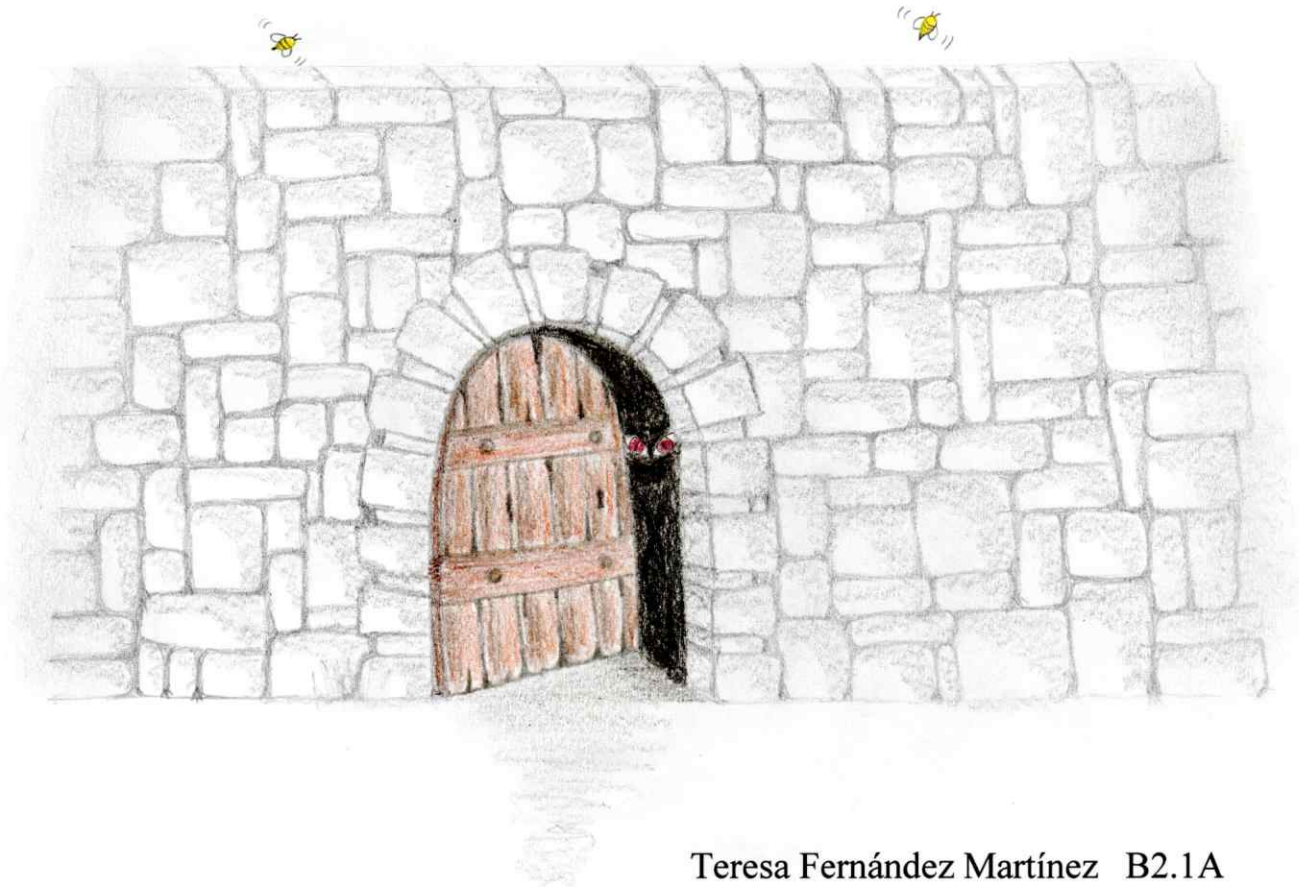
THE WOODEN GATE

It had always been there, mysteriously closed.

I remember the first time that I saw it, in the middle of a huge stone wall. I remember when my mother told me “Don’t cross the gate, it’s dangerous!”. In my child’s mind, I thought about monsters, zombies and other horrible things! I had always been afraid of the gate.

Last summer, curiously, the gate was open. Bravely, I put myself in front of it and thought “This is the moment!”

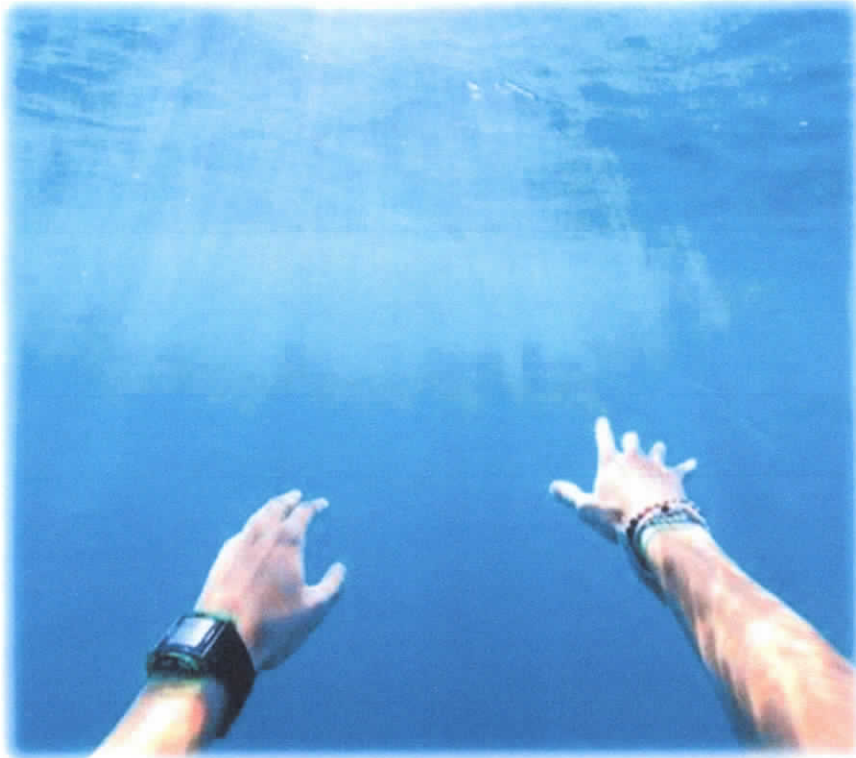
I couldn’t believe what I found...it was an apiary!



Underwater

Ander walked under the rain thinking how he'd reach the lost clock under the sea. He had to get it or time would end. The terrible moment that Ander predicted was about to happen. They didn't understand. They thought Ander had lost his mind; but the wise boy'd been writing a line every morning for fourteen years in his letter where he explained throughly the reasons for the end of times.

Ander had to make a decision. So he jumped. When he was deep in the ocean, his hand only grasped the suicide note he'd been writing for fourteen years. He finally saved everyone.



Em português

A pesca



Os verões na minha aldeia são sempre mágicos, quando eu era pequeno costumava ir pescar num poço perto dali. Os meus amigos andávamos de bicicleta para poder chegar com as nossas varas de pesca. Esperávamos horas para prender um peixe nas nossas varas, se tínhamos a sorte de capturar um peixe, tínhamos de o liberar, porque estávamos expostos a que o nossos pais o descobrissem, porque eles não gostavam de que nós estivéssemos lá. O fio de pesca costumava enredar-se, muitas vezes mesmo quando os peixes começavam a prender.

José Manuel Baelo González (A1)

Não sei o que aconteceu



Naquele dia, tinha recebido uma **imagem** no telemóvel que não conseguia apagar da cabeça, a partir daquele momento sentiu que tinha uma **espinha** presa no coração. Estava a sentir-se **estranho**, estava doente e tremia sem parar.

Enquanto **esperava** na sala de emergência, ficou a pensar no que acabara de ver. Pouco a pouco, **compôs** os passos que tinha tomado, mas não se lembrava de como chegara lá. Moveu-se rapidamente e sentiu

algo no bolso interno do casaco. Mexeu-se devagar, suspeitando que não iria gostar do que poderia encontrar.

Patricia Lozano Fernández (A2)

A feliz liberdade

...além disso, ela correu muito depressa, tudo o que havia deixado para trás foi perdido, o vento soprou em seu rosto e a escuridão da noite quase não deixava ver, ela é descalça, magoada e abatida. E tentando esquecer essas experiências, parou em meio do caminho para, por um momento, olhar atrás e lembrar pela última vez o horror que vivia lá. Secou as lágrimas com um lenço e novamente correu para começar, depois de muito tempo, a ser livre...

Marcos Fernández González (Português B1)

As três rosas

Uma menina estava muito triste. Todos os dias, ao sair das aulas ia para o cemitério e sentava no túmulo dos pais. Aflita. Sempre levava consigo duas rosas.

Um dia ao pôr-do-sol, ouviu uma voz sorrateira. Falaram as flores.

-Filhinha, filhinha. Sentimos tanto a tua falta!

A coitada apertou mais e mais as rosas contra o peito até a fragrância tomar conta dela.

Desde então, três flores cor-de-rosa luzem na roseira que engalana o pé da sepultura.

Rosa Nistal (Português B1)

Resistência

Ela ama-me, eu sei.

Descubro-o em cada gesto, com cada palavra quando espanta o medo, na intimidade, nas noitadas de vigília, na forma em que me toma em seus braços, na delicadeza quando me acaricia a cabeça, quando depois de brincar com ela caio exposto no seu colo, sem defesa.

Ela não gosta de reconhecê-lo, ainda pode negá-lo.

Mas eu sei.

Eu sei que ela me ama!

Eu sei que sou seu gato preferido!

Ana Piernas Álvarez (B1 Português)

Sempre à espera

Quando acordei, já estavas ao meu lado.

Mesmo aí.

Apenas uns minutos mais tarde o sino da igreja tocou.

Não tinhas falhado nunca.

Era a hora certa!

Olhas-te para mim e não foi necessário dizermos nenhuma palavra.

Assim que cingires a corrente ao teu pescoço para cruzarmos o umbral, vamos embora.

Maria Jesús Álvarez López (B1 Português)

À espera dos namorados



Numa tarde ensolarada, um rapaz e uma rapariga partiam numa barca sem rumo fixo. Estavam no seu primeiro namoro: o qual jamais se esquece, embora vivêssemos cem anos. Assim, era para eles um escape sem **aviso**.

Detiveram-se na margem do rio para contemplarem as estrelas. Mas, de repente, houve um **choque** enorme e só viram uma **esteira**. No entanto, a **barca** afundara-se num **furo** arrastando-os com ela. Desde então, essa beira do rio é passeio dos namoros.

Celia Guerrero González (B2.1)

Aconteceu?



Às vezes, não estou certa de se os meus pensamentos são lembranças ou, se calhar, um **sedimento** de aquilo que eu gostava de ter vivido.

Às vezes, à minha cabeça chega uma **murmuração** ao de leve. Não conheço de

onde é que vem, no entanto chega, e é para ficar, porque sou eu própria.

Sinto um sopro que me baloiça e sinto uma grande saudade daquela **intimidade**.

Porque tudo era uma impressão, tudo revelava o **compromisso**, tudo foi aquela **palavra**.

M^a Isabel Trinidad Enrique (B2.1)

O álcool no trânsito



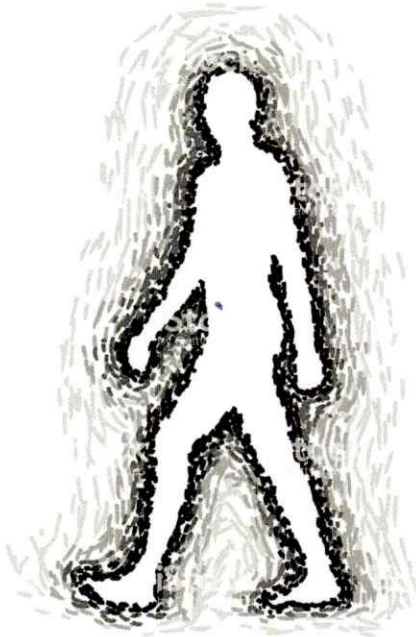
A imprudência no trânsito deriva do consumo de bebidas alcoólicas é de grande importância. Educar um país que sofre de maus hábitos no trânsito é uma tarefa árdua mas não impossível. Começar a

educar as crianças, tanto na **intimidade** como na escola e nos centros de formação é essencial.

Por tudo o **exposto**, o **papel** da política é o **compromisso** de **abordar** a criação de programas informativos nacionais sobre os riscos da combinação de trânsito e álcool.

Remedios Rodriguez Alejandre (B2.1)

O estrangeiro



Eles viram o estrangeiro numa tarde de terça-feira ao luar. Apareceu nu com a ilusão nos seus olhos.

Todas as pessoas foram vê-lo. Ele rugiu como um leão. Assustou-os. Alguns esperavam-no com paus, outros com pedras. As mulheres trancaram-se nas casas.

Depois de fazerem uma reunião em que todos votaram, decidiram subi-lo para um penhasco e atirá-lo de lá. Não queriam nenhum

compromisso nem nenhuma detenção.

Era uma cidade tranquila, eles simplesmente não gostavam de estranhos.

Maribel Munilla Saavedra (B2.1)

O grande prêmio



O Egito e a Jordânia eram o prêmio do concurso de sobremesas da minha cidade. A minha **missão** no meu **horizonte** mais próximo seria ganhar a espetacular viagem.

O dia em que o júri comunicava o ganhador da competição, **tropeçava**, **caía** no chão e quebrava seis costelas.

Após uns dias recebia esta nota: “Prezada senhora, parabéns pelo segundo posto da competição. Corresponde-lhe um equipamento de imagem e som de última geração...” Que **ilusão!**

Muito conveniente para ficar em repouso, não acham?

María de las Nieves Fernández Sousa (B2.1)

O passeio



Embora o dia não esteja muito bom tenho vontade de ir à praia com o cão. **Sopra** um ar quente e gostamos de passear à beira-mar. **Estranho** fazê-lo sem a

minha irmã, mas ela está a tirar férias no Iraque, tem **valor**.

Durante a noite não consegui dormir por uma preocupação que me **desvelou**.

Logo que voltasse do passeio teria de ir à esquadra levar os óculos que **descobri** por acaso num banco da rua.

Ana Luisa Flórez Cossío (B2.1)