

L'ARBRE DE LES LLENGÜES



Revista N° 5 · Mayo 2018



**Revista de la
Escuela Oficial de Idiomas
de Sagunto**

Número 5 – Mayo 2018

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ISSN: 2340-2598

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miembros de la comunidad
educativa de la EOI Sagunto*

Atención

*La revista "L'Arbre de les
Llengües" no comparte
necesariamente las
opiniones vertidas por
sus colaboradores en sus
artículos.*



EDITORIAL

Fieles a la cita, la llegada de la primavera trae el número cinco de la revista de la EOI Sagunt.

Aparte de los ya tradicionales pasatiempos en diferentes idiomas, de las recetas de cocina para los aficionados a los fogones y de los relatos ganadores del concurso literario también podréis dar un vistazo a las imágenes que reflejan muchas de las actividades culturales que se han llevado a cabo en la EOI Sagunt a lo largo del curso.

Además descubriréis qué historias se pueden esconder detrás de una canción, podréis conocer más sobre una de las personas con la que quizás os cruzáis todos los días por los pasillos. ¿Y, os habéis fijado en la belleza que se esconde detrás de las cosas que vemos todos los días delante de la escuela? Todo esto y mucho más en este número.

Mi agradecimiento, por supuesto, a todas aquellas personas que han colaborado en la realización de este número: maquetador, redactores, profesores que han animado a los alumnos a participar, alumnos que han dedicado tiempo y esfuerzo para sacar este número adelante.

¡¡Muchas gracias a todos!!

No quiero terminar sin recordar que, el próximo año la EOI Sagunt cumple ¡25 años! ¡Preparaos para celebrarlo como se merece!

Felipe Sorando

CONTENIDO



5 *Concurso Literario*



12 *Alemán*



14 *Francés*



19 *Inglés*



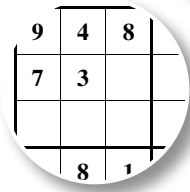
27 *Valenciano*



30 *Actividades culturales*



34 *Recetas*



39 *Pasatiempos*

Concurso Literario



RELATOS GANADORES

Título: The snow globe | **Autor:** Rafael Martín Traveset



It was August 14th and it was snowing. The Sun shining was warm and pleasant. It flooded the air while hundreds of snowflakes reflected the light dividing it into multiple flashes.

The landscape hasn't changed too much.

Even though the snowfall was abundant, it didn't settle so much. It's rare weather and even more odd was the place.

Somehow I felt out of place and I was a bit sick because of all that was happening.

In the air, the funny children's laugh, they were playing while their father taught them how they could enjoy the snowfall. At the same time a sweet melody, "I wish you a Merry Christmas", was sounding far away. All of them sang it the best they could.

It's nice to see once in a while familiar faces that had continued to take care of you and had appreciated you for years.

But beauty is in the eye of the beholder, or in this case it depends on the lens through which each person sees you.

Especially when they had got you out from your box, you were face down and you were been shaken inside of your snow globe in order to see how it snowed in your home on August 14th again.

Título: Sleeplessness | **Autor:** Carolina Fuertes Gallur



It was 14 August and it was snowing. In that ancient house where I was the clock hadn't struck yet but the time was approaching, I felt it. The reflection in that crystalline mirror as the ocean made my soul shiver. In all the parts of the body my hairs bristled even I could feel how my blood froze. My blood wasn't red anymore, it was blue. I didn't know what to do, whether to look or not to look. If I hid I shook, however, if I stayed the fear captured me obscurely. And, suddenly, it struck and the light became dim as the shiny flicker of a candle that seeks to be lit. I want to continue sleeping! I cried, but those words sounded as an empty space that nobody could occupy. Would it be a sign that the world was coming to an end? Perhaps, I should ask my other self.

Título: Unexpected news | **Autor:** Elisa M^a Albert Bas



It was August 14th and it was snowing heavily, only twenty-four hours had past since he left his lovely apartment in sunny Spain. In the streets of the capital thermometers read forty-two degrees and now he was freezing to death.

Lukas was a young man who worked for an International company. One day he received a letter from a law firm in Argentina informing him that he had to go urgently to one of their local offices. In the lawyer's office, he was informed about a will in which he was named and that he had to be present for its reading, but for that he would have to go to a small town in Argentina.

At first he was surprised as he did not know anybody there, but, then he remembered his grandfather telling them about a younger brother who had gone to Argentina.

As he had some holiday coming he decided to fly out there and find out what it was all about. So a few days later he crossed the pond to the place he was told. Lukas was excited. On his arrival he was met by the foreman, a very friendly man, who showed him around a huge ranch with a lot of cattle. He also gave him some letters from his great uncle.

On the day in which the will was read he discovered he was the heir to that enormous place and he thought, what the hell am I going to do now?

Título: Les apparences peuvent être trompeuses | **Autor:** Diana Galindo Bazataquí



Ils sont entrés dans un cottage inhabité à la montagne pour aller se réfugier, mais malheureusement, et à leur grande surprise le cottage n'était pas inhabité, soudainement un homme est apparu. Marie avait peur, par contre Armand restait tranquille. Il a commencé à parler avec l'autre homme. Il s'est rendu compte qu'en dépit d'une apparence étrange, en réalité l'autre homme cherchait refuge du froid comme eux.

Título: Le fin du temps perdu | **Autor:** Marina Sampedro Pérez



C'était le 14 août et il neigeait...le 15 août le ciel devint pourpre...le 16 il pleuvait des roses...le 17 le vent soufflait avec le parfum des nébuleuses.

Des sensations extraordinaires inondaient l'air...c'était merveilleux que chaque jour offre des surprises différentes où on avait l'expectative d'un nouveau miracle étonnant.

On disait que les quatrièmes cavaliers de l'apocalypse avaient commencé leur voyage de mort.

Les gens criaient et pleuraient. Toute l'activité quotidienne s'était arrêtée

La mort? Pourquoi ils parlaient de mort? Elle se promenait déjà depuis longtemps dans l'ennui des jours semblables, dans le temps de la répétition des horaires, dans les travaux mécaniques et les boulots ennuyeux, les heures jumelles à toutes les heures, la ronde continue du temps fermé.

Se lever, s'habiller, courir pour prendre le train ou le bus, ou le métro.... travailler, courir, courir, dormir... mourir.... L'absence des sourires des enfants en regardant des écrans.

La neige d'août était la messagère de la vie qui a vaincu la monotonie, la révolution des étoiles qui commencent leur danse sidérale.

La neige d'août était la bouche qui venait de loin éclairée de lumière pour prendre la mienne et voler au ciel rouge des oiseaux joyeux.

C'était le 14 août et je rêvais qu'il neigeait...



Título: Una nevicata pericolosa | **Autor:** Minerva Galindo Bazataquí



Era il 14 agosto e nevicava dappertutto, era una cosa stranissima per questa stagione, ecco perché ho deciso di affacciarmi alla finestra. La mia sorpresa è stato molto grande quando ho scoperto che non era neve, quello che vedevo erano ceneri.

Ma, da dovè venivano tuti queste ceneri? qualsiasi poteva essere l'origine, e io non potevo vedere bene da quella finestra, cioè ho deciso di andare nel balcone e ... che sfortuna! il quarto piano si stava bruciando e io dovevo agire velocemente: sono uscita e ho avvertito i miei vicini.

Per fortuna i pompieri sono arrivati giusto in tempo!

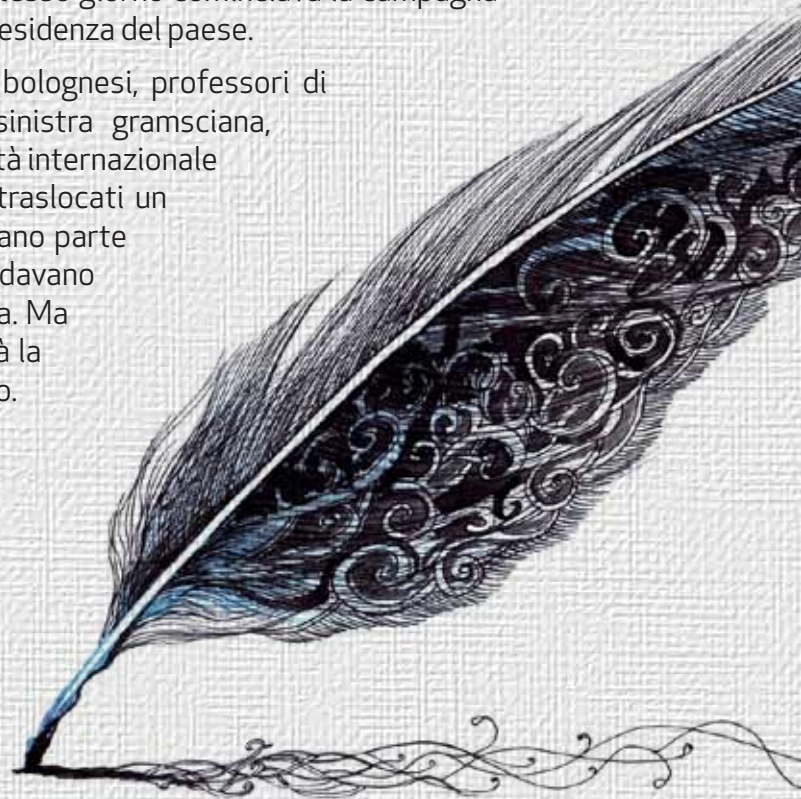
Título: Pinguino | **Autor:** Enrique Ruiz Pérez



Era il 14 agosto e nevicava. Non ridere! Non sto scherzando. Secondo mia madre nevicava dolcemente, come se il cielo, dal colore della pancia di un asino, volessi condividere la sua gioia fabbricando un bianca culla per accogliermi. Io nacqui nel 1970 a Santiago del Cile, capisci adesso? Non nevicava spesso a Santiago ma quel anno fu speciale e quella cortina di cotone fu accolta come un buon auspicio di felicità collettiva: lo stesso giorno cominciava la campagna elettorale che condusse Salvador Allende alla presidenza del paese.

I miei genitori erano una coppia di giovani bolognesi, professori di economia impegnati nella lotta politica, di sinistra gramsciana, sognatori di un mondo migliore in cui la solidarietà internazionale fosse la chiave di volta. Ecco perché si erano traslocati un anno prima, per aiutare l'Unità Popolare. Facevano parte dell'equipe economico d'Allende. In quei giorni andavano euforici e la mia nascita fu la ciliegina sulla torta. Ma la gioia e la speranza durarono poco, conosci già la storia. 1973, un colpo militare e tutto fu a nero. Tornarono a casa sgomenti ma salvi grazie all'intervento dell'ambasciata italiana.

Quando indosso la tuta da pinguino per dirigere l'orchestra rendo omaggio alle rare neve santiagueñas, e rido e piango al tempo.



Título: Cant desesperat | **Autor:** M^a Teresa Mejías Galán



Era 14 d'agost i nevava al meu cor. No és que fora estrany eixe fet, ja que les mirades, burles... Al que vaig estar sotmesa, envoltava la meua ànima de fosc.

-Com seguir vivint en la tempesta d'aquell impiu sofriment?

Volia desaparéixer i quan vaig llançar-me al buit, la teua mà em va agafar i no em vas deixar anar.

Gràcies a tu, que vas sentir el meu cant desesperat, en vas fer comprendre que no hi havia res dolent a la meua persona, des d'aquell moment vaig saber que ja no nevaria mai més al meu cor, com aquell 14 d'agost.

Título: Am Morgen in Perisher (Australien) | **Autor:** Diana Galindo Bazataquí



Es war 14. August und schneite. Dominique ist 38 Jahre alt und arbeitet als Architekt. Er hat eine Freundin. Sie heißt Annette, sie ist 30 Jahre alt und arbeitslos.

Dominique hat gearbeitet zu Hause und Annette war auch zu Hause. Es war einen kalt Morgen und es gaben -5 Grad. Dominique und Annette waren wirklich überrascht. "August und es schneit?" sagte Annette. Dominique ist aufgestanden, dannach hat er Annette geschaut und sagte "liebe Annette, willst du mich heiraten?". Annette antwortete mit einem Lächeln "Oh liebe Dominique, ich bin sehr glücklich. Natürlich, meine Antwort ist ja".

Título: Ein guter wolf | **Autor:** Guillermo Sampedro



Es war der 14. August und es hat geschneit. Aitana hat aus dem Fenster geschaut und sie hat gestaunt. Trotzdem der Schnee und die Kälte war es ein schöner Tag.

Wenigstens hat sie das gedacht. Die Banken regieren nicht schon und die Leute kommen nicht hinter Gitter für ihren Ideen. Sogar kann man ein Lied über den König singen oder man kann einen Scherz über alles machen. Und besonders war es weder Außenzölle, noch Vorurteile. Auch nicht Kriege und Armut.

Es war die umgekehrte Welt!

Aitana hat das gedacht. Sie hat ein Lied erinnert. Ein Lied von Paco Ibáñez. Sein Titel war „Erase una vez“. Diese Lied spricht über einen guten Wolf, eine schöne Hexe, einen schlechten Prinz und einen ehrlichen Pirat.

Plötzlich hat Aitana aufgeweckt. Sie hat aus dem Fenster geschaut. Es war der 14. August und es hat nicht geschneit. Es hat nur geregnet.

Trotzdem wird es ein schöner Tag.

Sicher.

Título: Der Baum, der fliegen wollte | **Autor:** Zulema Tablado Almela



Es war der vierzehnte August und es schneite in Nordkanada. Wie jedes Jahr verabschiedeten sich die Vögel von ihren Lieblingsbäumen bevor sie nach Süden flogen. Einer dieser Bäume war Abi. Abi hat viele tierische Freunde, die unter und auf ihn Schutz fanden, aber er war nicht glücklich. Abi weinte untröstlich weil er fliegen wollte, um die Welt zu reisen. Die Waldtiere riefen deswegen die Waldfee an. Sie schlug Abi vor, ihn in einen Greifvogel zu verwandeln, aber er könnte nie in den Wald zurückkehren oder er würde sterben. Abi sagte zu und am nächsten Tag verließ er den Wald. Er flog durch USA bis zum südlichen Polarkreis und dann wieder nach Norden durch Afrika. Schritt nach Schritt reiste Abi die ganze Welt, sah Tiere und Landschaften, die ihm den Atem verschlägten, aber bald bemerkte er, dass ohne seinen Freunde waren diese Dinge bedeutungslos. Er vermisste sie und fuhr zurück, obwohl er sterben würde. Einmal im Wald und nach einer kleinen fröhlichen Zeit mit seinen Freunde stirbt Abi auf die Erde wo er aufgewachsen ist. Die Waldtiere besuchten oft diesen Ort weinten dort. Eines Tages, zufällig am vierzehnten August, sahen sie aber einen kleinen Baum zwischen den Tränen auftauchen. Es war Abis Seele, die diesmal sehr glücklich aussah.



Es war der 14. August und es hat geschnei.

Die größten Personen erkrankten.

Die Eigentümer hafteten in seinen Tieren.

Die Frauen kämpften um zu sein, genauso wie die Männer.

Die Heiraten stritten sich.

Viele Leute suchten einen Teller zum Essen.

Die Reichen raubten die Armen.

Das Geld bedeutete mehr als das Glück.

Klimawandel?

Alzheimer?

Tierische Misshandlung?

Ungleichheit?

Scheidungen?

Ausbeutung?

Hunger?

Kapitalismus?

Viele Probleme und wenige Lösungen: was machen wir?

Heute ist es 15. August und fängt ein neuer Tag an.

Ein neuer Tag zum Kämpfen.

Ein neuer Tag zum Träumen.

Ein neuer Tag, um sich zu verändern.

Heute werde ich die Welt nicht verändern, aber heute ist das der Tag, den ich Selbst verändern werde.

Heute ist das der Tag, den ich mit einem Lächeln anfangen.

Und sehen was geht.



TALLER DE LECTURA CON MAITA CORTÉS Y EVA PAREDES. SPASS BEIM LESEN UND ESSEN!!

Am 18. Januar 2018 haben wir uns über den Besuch von den Autorinnen Maita Cortés und Eva Paredes aus der E.O.I. Elx gefreut. Sie haben uns einen interessanten und amüsanten Workshop über ihre Lektüren Àssun und Manfred und Salsa angeboten. Mit ihnen haben SchülerInnen aller Stufen viel Spaß und einigen Snacks gehabt!!!





WEIHNACHTSPARTY UND WEIHNACHTSKARTENWETTBEWERB

Am 22. Dezember haben wir eine tolle Party gefeiert. Einige Schülerinnen und Schüler haben leckere Spezialitäten aus den deutschsprachigen Ländern mitgebracht, es gab auch typisches Weihnachtsessen, Kekse und Getränke. Außerdem haben wir lustige Karaoke-Lieder zusammen gesungen. "Das Fliegerlied" und "Laurentia" waren die absoluten Hits. Weihnachtslieder wie "Kling Glöckchen" durften auch nicht fehlen.

Parallel dazu hat die Deutschabteilung den traditionellen Weihnachtskartenwettbewerb organisiert. Es gab wunderschöne Kreationen, die wir alle sehr bewundert haben. Am Ende der Party wurden alle Stimmen ausgezählt, es war sehr spannend! Die Gewinnerinnen waren Cristina Ribera Lliso (B1.1) und María Losa García (Kurs A2.1).

Es war ein ganz besonderer, sehr stimmungsvoller Abend. Deutsch ist auch lustig!



Expositor amb les targetes concursants.



L'alumna més votada, Cristina Ribera Lliso (B1.1) rep el seu premi.



La segona guanyadora, María Losa García (A2.1) en el moment d'obrir el premi.



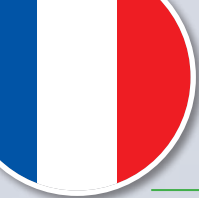
Tradicional Adventskalender



Un divertit moment de la festa. Lustig!



Els i les assistents a la festa van poder menjar i beure a més de ballar, cantar i riure :-).



VIAJE CULTURAL A ALSACIA, PASCUAS 2018

Dentro de la oferta de actividades culturales que ha ofrecido este año el departamento de francés a sus alumnos está este viaje cultural a Alsacia que se realizó entre el 29 de marzo y el 5 de abril 2018.

Los alumnos pudieron escoger ir en autobús o en avión, opción que agradecieron.

La estancia fue en Estrasburgo, en la Petit-France, en un hotel de 3***, con desayuno y cena incluidos. (más dos noches en Lyon, para los que fueron en autobús).

Hemos tenido un viaje atípico. Yaiza, 10 años, ha aportado a nuestro viaje espontaneidad, alegría y juventud y Monsieur Mathieu Pierre, caballero de avanzada edad, nos ha traído respeto, veneración, sabiduría y alegría... Y entre ellos, todos nosotros, los demás.

Hemos visitado pueblos encantadores (Riquewihr, Kaysersberg, Eguisheim, Obernai, Ribeauvillé) y las ciudades de Colmar y Estrasburgo.

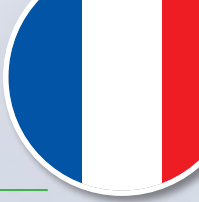
Hemos paseado en barca por la Petite-Venise, visitado el museo del Pain d'Épices, una bodega con su posterior degustación de vinos blancos de Alsacia. Hemos visitado el castillo de Haut-Koenigsbourg y la impresionante sede del Parlamento Europeo en Estrasburgo.

Tuvimos un guía local para el recorrido en autobús y a pie de Estrasburgo.

Lo mejor: buen ambiente y armonía, puntualidad de todos los participantes (éramos 30), risas y mucho francés (ejercicios durante los trayectos y las cenas).

Hasta el próximo viaje!!!





CONCURSO DE POESÍA

Durante nuestro viaje cultural a Alsacia, hicimos un concurso de poesía con una serie de premisas y los ganadores son los siguientes:

Premisas:

Poesía; mínimo 3 versos, máximo 5 versos.

Utilizando 2 palabras como mínimo del vocabulario siguiente:

pain d'épice, rempart, maison colombage, cœur, couleur, lapin, château.

1 premio:

La région d'Alsace salue avec ses petits lapins,
Qui sont disposés à la porte des maisons colombages.
Et autour d'elles, les vignobles avec leurs couleurs tapissent la campagne.
Toujours sous l'attentif regard du château,
Là-haut.

Vincent

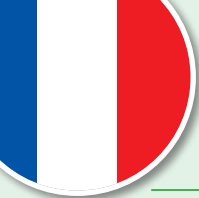
2 premio ex aequo:

Quand elle se réveilla,
Elle se trouva à côté de la maison colombage.
Elle ne savait pas pourquoi !
Mais son cœur battait si fort
Qu'elle ne pouvait pas traverser les remparts
Qui la séparaient de sa belle Âme.

L'alsacien

Le lapin qui saute le rempart s'approche de ton cœur.
Mais tu as, d'un château, la couleur.

Antoine de la Valise



ENTRETIEN AVEC RAFA

Entretien entre Rafa et les étudiants de la classe de B2.2

Rafael Asensio est stagiaire au département de français de l'EOI de Sagunto. Il a partagé avec nous les cours de français pendant les mois de février et mars dans le cadre du master de professeur de FLE à l'université de Valence. Nous lui avons posé quelques questions pour connaître son opinion sur cette expérience, ses préférences professionnelles et ses projets.

Que voulais-tu être quand tu étais enfant et qu'est-ce qui t'a fait penser à ta vocation actuelle?

Quand j'étais enfant, j'avais beaucoup de vocations, je crois. Je voulais être professeur, d'une part, mais j'aimais aussi le journalisme, je voulais être journaliste, mais après j'ai changé d'avis et j'ai décidé d'étudier l'architecture (rire), parce que j'aimais beaucoup le dessin, mais finalement j'ai fini par étudier l'éducation et aussi le français.

Comment est né ton intérêt pour la langue française?

Je crois que parce que mon grand-père est né en France alors j'ai toujours eu un...

Un intérêt.

Oui un intérêt.

Une curiosité peut-être?

Oui une curiosité, et après, ma tante qui m'a conseillé de choisir le français quand je pouvais choisir entre le français et le journalisme.

Combien de langues maîtrises-tu et pourquoi parles-tu si bien le français?

Je parle valencien et espagnol qui sont mes langues maternelles, et je parle aussi l'anglais et le français et un peu d'italien. Je ne l'ai pas appris à l'école, seulement quand je suis allé dans le pays. Et le français, bon, j'ai commencé à l'étudier quand j'étais à l'école et après, j'ai aimé et j'ai continué au collège, au lycée et aussi à l'université, et puis je suis allé en France également.

Est-ce que tu as voyagé dans certains pays francophones pour apprendre ou améliorer cette langue?

Oui, j'ai voyagé surtout en France et en Belgique et j'y vais souvent et surtout dans le sud de la France, j'ai été à Carcassonne, Narbonne, Perpignan, Périgueux, Toulouse, Montpellier, en Provence aussi : Avignon, Marseille, Toulon (rires) et à Paris aussi, j'ai travaillé à Saint-Germain-en-Laye, près de Paris, j'habitais à Nanterre. Et puis Bruxelles aussi et Charleroi, parce que c'est l'aéroport (rires), mais... et aussi Strasbourg, je suis allé à Strasbourg et à Metz.

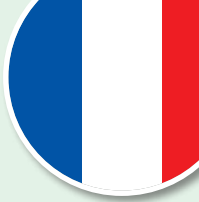
C'est bien, c'est bien, toute la France, pratiquement!

Tu connais Louvain?

Louvain, non, je n'y suis pas allé. Mais je veux y aller. En fait, de la moitié de la France vers le nord, je ne connais pas beaucoup, alors je voudrais aller en Bretagne, en Normandie, en Picardie aussi, dans la région de la Loire aussi parce que je ne connais pas les châteaux.

Est-ce que tu as fait un séjour à l'étranger? Si oui, peux-tu nous dire où et combien de temps?

Bon, quand j'avais 16 ans, je suis parti chez une tante, du côté de ma mère, et je suis resté là-bas environ un mois et demi. Et alors c'est là que j'ai appris beaucoup mieux le français, j'ai beaucoup plus aimé, parce qu'avant c'était seulement écrit étant donné qu'à l'école il n'y avait pas d'oral, et cela m'a plu.



Après je suis allé en France aussi quand je travaillais comme professeur, parce que je devais faire un remplacement et j'y ai passé 4 mois, à Paris.

Tu as l'accent parisien...

L'accent parisien? Je ne sais pas (rires)

Comment évalues-tu les séjours d'apprentissage dans un pays d'origine?

Je crois que c'est très important d'aller dans un pays francophone si on veut apprendre le français parce que sinon pour la phonétique et aussi toutes les questions sociolinguistiques c'est plus compliqué de les apprendre quand on n'est pas dans un pays, francophone, dans ce cas.

Qu'est-ce qui t'a manqué quand tu étais à l'étranger?

Beaucoup de choses (rires) Hum, je ne sais pas, mais, la nourriture, oui, et aussi...

Ta famille?

Oui ma famille aussi, mais je leur parlais tous les jours par Skype, alors je n'avais pas de problème, mais, je ne sais pas, un peu la plage aussi, parce que j'étais à Paris (rires), j'ai beaucoup aimé, alors...

Qu'est-ce que tu aimes le plus et le moins lorsque tu enseignes la langue ?

Je ne sais pas, j'aime beaucoup enseigner alors, j'aime presque tout.

La grammaire, l'orthographe, la culture?

Oui, bon la grammaire, je n'aime pas beaucoup ça mais (rires) j'aime les dialogues, les écoutes, mais la grammaire plus théorique peut-être, je n'aime pas.

Quel est le dernier mot que tu as appris en français ?

Je ne sais pas (rire), je ne me rappelle pas!

On apprend tout le temps des mots.

Oui.

Inma murmure: Être pistonné

Être pistonné, oui (rires)

Pistonné (tout le monde)

Rafa, penses-tu à l'avenir changer de travail puisque tu étudies le français maintenant?

Bon, je crois que je change toujours de travail, je crois que je vais changer, c'est presque sûr, mais je ne sais pas encore parce que j'ai étudié beaucoup de choses et j'aime avoir beaucoup de débouchés, alors je ne sais pas, ça dépend de la vie. Mais je veux passer le concours pour devenir professeur alors je crois que si je réussis le concours, je resterai là et puis je ferai aussi un autre travail, peut-être à la mairie ou ailleurs, je ne sais pas.

Où te vois-tu dans dix ans à un niveau professionnel?

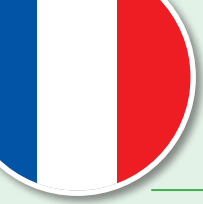
Bon, je ne sais pas mais j'aimerais travailler à l'université, peut-être. Je ne sais pas si en Traduction, parce que j'aime la traduction, peut-être là.

Si tu pouvais choisir, quel serait le travail de tes rêves?

Le travail de mes rêves (rires), je ne sais pas. Bon, enseigner, mais je ne sais pas où. J'aimerais combiner parce que j'aime le travail avec les enfants mais j'aime aussi l'enseignement des langues et l'université, alors si j'avais un travail où je pouvais faire les trois choses, j'aimerais beaucoup, oui, et aussi traduire.

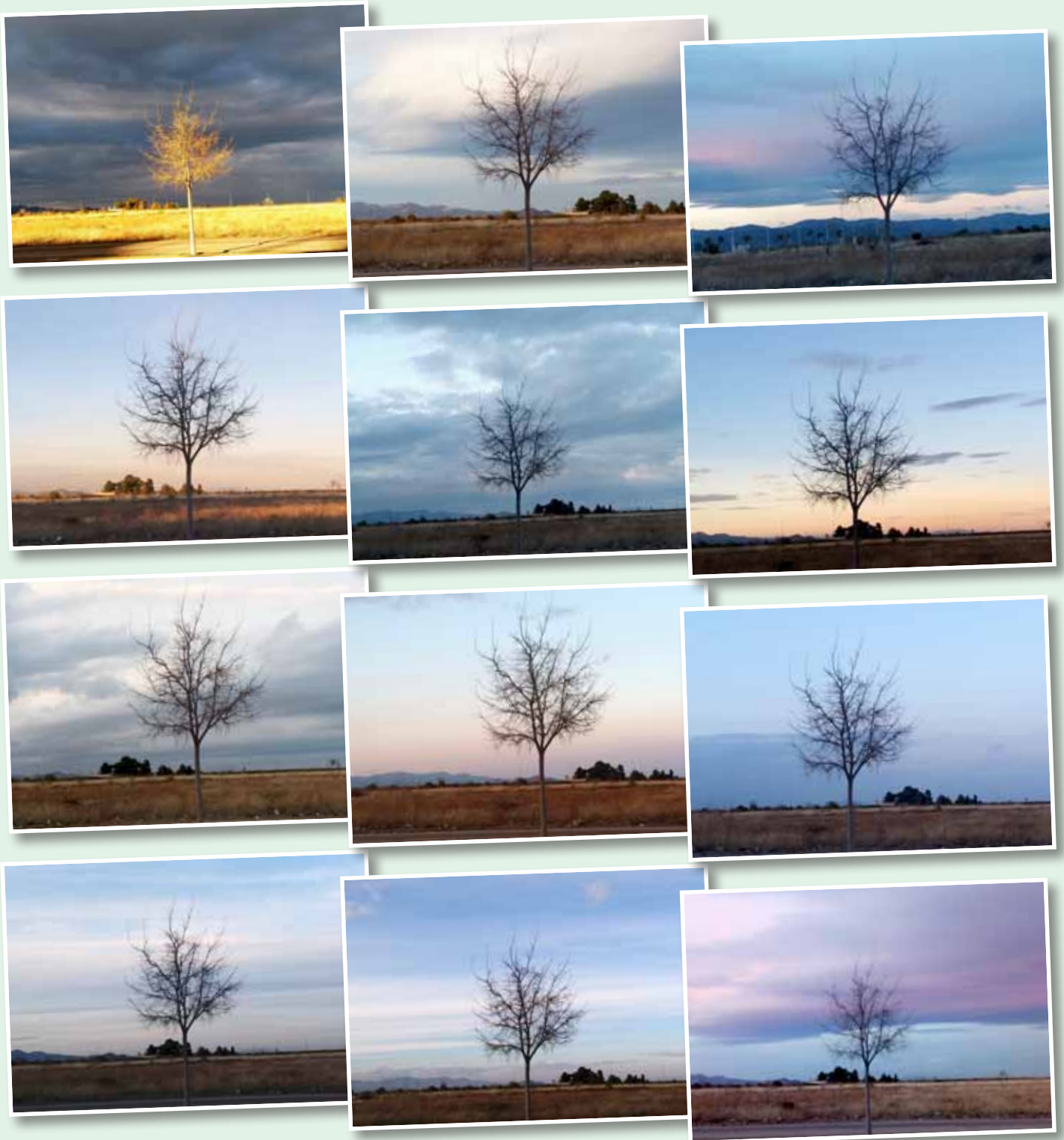
Très bien, nous avons fini. Merci de partager ton expérience et bonne chance pour l'avenir.





DEVANT L'ÉCOLE

À partir de février, les jours s'allongent et devant l'école un arbre, entouré de couleurs, nous le montre....





WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT EDUCATION IN OUR MODERN SOCIETY? IS IT IMPORTANT?

For me education is the only tool that is able to help everybody to climb levels in society. For this reason, it is important that all countries invest in education. Not only is it important for country governments to invest in education, above all, it is necessary that students get involved in their own education. After all, they are the subjects of education! They need to exert themselves, to take advantage of the opportunities they are given. Nobody can do that work for them.

Education is important all through our life, from kindergarten to adult age, because, it is a long stream of knowledge that each person acquires in his or her lifetime. There's no age limit to continue learning. For this reason, the curricula must not only deal with subjects, but also with developing certain attitudes, working habits, positive behaviour, skills... that will enable learning all through your life.

Some things are easier to learn at a young age than others, for example languages, where you have to develop several skills: reading, writing, listening, understanding.... Acquiring

these skills is easier for children, because their brain is more plastic and they are able to learn and memorize things more easily. They can learn these skills just by playing.

Effective learning requires having good study habits, an effective methodology and willpower, because without effort you can't achieve anything in life.

Education enables to have a more equal, equalitarian and democratic society. It is the only "social lift".

Politicians have the responsibility to offer a good educational system, and citizens must take advantage of it, with effort and responsibility. That is the only way to guarantee the development of society. If everybody receives a good education, it will be easier for them to find work, and to feel better with their life.

But remember, your learning isn't over when you finish your official studies; it's a lifelong process. We shouldn't forget that.

Concha Gómez Ocaña

THE LARGE CARPET

It was about 1955 and I was five years old more or less. I remember my school then, it was in my street, on the ground-floor of my teacher's house.

I didn't like that school, children had to be as silent, serious and formal as old people were. Every day we had to memorize one page of the book we used to learn to read (la Cartilla). I remember that I was not able to memorize the page about "el tomate". What a nightmare! We also had to copy letters and words many times, but I didn't do it very well, so the teacher used to scold me and punish me, and I cried.

Later I went to primary school. There I had to learn to sew, pray and sing hymns. I didn't like

that school either, it was very boring and I often didn't go to school.

Many years later, in 1973, I started working as a teacher. They sent me to work as a teacher to a preschool class. I was shocked! Everything was the same: the children had to queue to take turns to read to the teacher, or they had to wait until the teacher could correct their piece of writing (la muestra). It was boring and frustrating for both the children and the teacher, but we, teachers, wanted to change that. We wanted to change the school routines and we wanted our children to be happy while they were learning. We wanted to teach differently. But how could we do it?



We hadn't been prepared for that. We had to work hard, to do some research on our own, reading many authors from different educational tendencies, and we attended courses to learn about new teaching methodologies.

Finally, one day, with the children's parents' agreement, we decide to make a change, so that year, when the school year started and the children came to the class, it was empty: all the chairs and tables were hidden behind large sheets. There were only large sheets of paper on the floor and on the walls, where children could paint and draw, and a large carpet where they could exercise, sing, dance, talk, play or lie down to listen to a short story.

That was really the sort of school I would have liked to attend...

In the beginning we agreed on some basic rules to guarantee respect and good manners. The children were happy and the teachers, little by little, introduced the necessary teaching materials to deal with different learning needs.

During the school year the classroom changed and, of course, by the end of the year it had some chairs and tables. But my best memories are on that large carpet where we had our daily assemblies. There we knew each other, talked and learned in an experimental way.

On this large carpet I learned a lot from those children. I hope they learned a lot from me too and I also hope large carpets bring good memories to them as they bring them to me.

Teresa Cerrato Romero

THANKSGIVING...

I once met a boy who was born in a big city, but who grew up in the slums. When I remember this boy I can see him wearing a white t-shirt, blue jeans and trainers, always trainers. Even now, many years later, I can still listen to him saying, "there are many ghosts leaning on the corners in this neighbourhood..." And then he winked his eye and smiled.

In his youth, the boy was always running away from ghosts he had met, from other boys and, sometimes, from the police. However, he also ran after ghosts that he hadn't met, other boys and, sometimes, a girl.

Time went by and the boy turned into a man. He changed his t-shirt for a black jacket, his blue jeans for grey trousers, his school for a job, but he never stopped wearing trainers. He thought "I might need to run away again..."

Later, the ghosts started to disappear, the police got bored of running after him and he only ran after some women. For twenty-five years he lived really cold winters, very hot summers and unreal falls and springs. He wasted half of his life inside a bus, train or tube, and the other half in an eternal traffic jam. He didn't see any blue skies, only orange brick walls. He didn't breathe clean air, only yellow pollution.

And he didn't swim in a blue sea, only in a crowded summing-pool.

However, two years ago he met a princess from a wonderful world and she told him. "If you want, you can make a wish". The man closed his eyes, crossed his fingers and he asked for a new life. She nodded her head, smiled and said... yes.

Now, he is living with her, in a castle, with their son, the prince. When he gets up he can see his kingdom between the mountains and the sea, green woodlands and clean blue skies. There are four seasons again and not two and a half.

He is lucky, he knows it and he wants to say thank you, but he doesn't speak English, so I will write it for him:

"First, thanks to the people that I have met here, because they have helped me to feel at home. Second, to this land because it is beautiful and I can rest my eyes over clouds or waves. And third, thanks to life because it always gives another chance."

Yesterday I saw this man. He was wearing a white t-shirt, blue jeans and really old trainers.

Héctor Vega



SONG BASED STORIES



FORTUNE TELLER

It had been a very hard day at the office. James decided to go back to his apartment on foot. He was walking slowly when suddenly he saw that the fun fair had arrived in town. He decided to go and see what the attractions were there this time. He remembered that in his childhood he loved going around the fair and going on all the attractions. He not only enjoyed seeing the lights and listening to the lively music, but also the smells of cotton candy and caramel apples, always buying one or two of the latter. After walking around, he came across a tent where you could have your fortune told by Madame Maverick. He was not a believer of such things but after such a terrible day, he thought, Why not have a bit of fun, so he decided to go in.

In the tent it was dark and gloomy and smelt of incense. It was full of brightly coloured curtains so it looked like the interior of a Bedouin tent. That atmosphere made him feel dizzy. There was an exotic-looking woman with a turban on her head, who pushed thick curls of dark hair away from her face. She looked younger than she was because she smiled at him and he could see, in spite of her wrinkles around her eyes, that she was rather beautiful; and when she stood up to welcome him, he realized she was a very tall, slim woman and quite charming. As he entered, she put aside the cup of tea she had in her hands.

"Welcome, I have been waiting for you," she said in a sweet but husky voice. James smiled nervously and thought, "How did she know I was coming? I had only decided to enter a moment ago". Maybe it was a trick and the fortune teller always said this to her visitors.

The woman invited him to sit on a kind of Indian stool? very uncomfortable to be honest? in front of her. He sat down, and the fortune teller asked him to give her his hand. She gently turned his palm upwards and began to examine it carefully. "Dear, you feel kind of warm," she whispered, in the same husky tone as she had greeted him with. James noticed how the blood pounded in his ears.

"You are in love" she said through clenched teeth. James blushed. Gently she released his hand and looked into her crystal ball, which had mysteriously filled up with smoke. She simply repeated what she had said before? that he was in love.

"How is it possible if I do not know anyone?" James asked, but the woman didn't seem to hear him and continued "When the next one arrives, you will look into her eyes... and you will know."

Overcome with joy, he stood up quickly, paid her with a ten-pound note and left thinking about who he could be in love with. He just couldn't think of anybody.

James spent the whole night thinking about the women he usually bumped into: friends, co-workers, young women from the gym which he went to. Some of these girls were really intelligent, but he didn't see any of them as a potential partner, though there was one in particular who was more his kind of a girl, but she was not interested in him at all. The next day he began hopefully looking for the girl Madame Maverick had told him about and that he was supposed to fall madly in love with, but she did not appear.



Finally he had to admit that Madame Maverick had tricked him. Feeling a little foolish, and not a little angry, for having believed those words, decided to return to the fair after work.

The stand was still there. He entered furiously. He wanted to tell the fortune teller what he thought about her and her lies. As he started talking, however, something struck him and made him feel confused. Probably it was the incense and other pungent smells which made him feel as if he were in a dream. He felt strange. What was happening to him? He looked

into the Fortune Teller's green eyes and realized he was head over heels in love with her.

The day he entered the tent, his destiny had been sealed. She knew it, though he did not. Finally they saw that they loved each other so they decided to get married; but before they did, she had to reveal to him her real name, which was Sapphire: Madame Maverick was an invented name to draw in the customers as well as her lover!

Elisa Albert Bas

Fortune Teller

*Went to the fortune teller
Had my fortune read
I didn't know what to tell her
I had a dizzy feeling in my head*

*Took a look at my palm
She said, "Son, you feel kind of warm."
She looked into a crystal ball
She said, "You're in love."*

*How could that be so?
I thought of all the girls I know
She said when the next one arrives
You'll be looking into her eyes*

*Oh, yeah
Oh, yeah
Mmm*

*Left there in a hurry
Looking forward to my big surprise
The next day I discovered
That the fortune teller told me a lie*

*I hurried back down to that woman
As mad as I could be
I said I didn't see nobody
Why had she made a fool out of me?*

*Then something struck me
As if it came from up above
While looking at the fortune teller
I fell in love*

*Ah ah ahaha
Ah ah ahaha
Ah ah ahaha
Ah ah ahaha*

*Now I'm a happy feller
'Cause I'm married to the fortune teller
And I'm as happy as we can be
And now I get my fortune told for free*

*Ah ah ahaha
Ah ah ahaha
Ah ah ahaha
Ah ah ahaha*

*Oh, oh, oh, yes
Ooh, yes
Oh oh, yes
Ooh, yes I did
Oh oh oh, oh yes*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=s5DelcYD6xE>
Robert Plant & Alison Krauss Raising Sand,
2007 Rounder Records.
(Naomi Neville [Allen Toussaint], 1962 Minit Records).



IF YOU COULD READ MY MIND

It may seem a long time ago since Aby and Dave met. They went to secondary school together, they shared common friends and, suddenly, one day Aby and Dave just realised that they had fallen in love with each other. Time went by very quickly. They were happily married and things seemed to be perfectly fine.

Nevertheless, nothing could be further from the truth. One Sunday morning Dave went running, as he usually did, but when he came back Aby was not at home. Not only she was not at home but also had left Dave a note:

"Dave I know I am going to hurt your feelings. It's just that I don't know what is going on but I feel that I need to change my life, to move on and to try make things right. Though I still appreciate you, I just don't love you anymore. And the situation has got so unbearable I can no longer remain with you. I need to go away to figure out what I feel for you. I need some time to come back at you. I love you but I don't need you anymore.

Aby"

Dave felt devastated. He was completely gutted by what the love of his life had done and was trying to figure out why she had made such a drastic decision. He just couldn't get it. The apparent finality of Aby's move got to him, and Dave broke down and burst into tears, his body wracked by violent sobbing.

When he had recovered somewhat, he tried calling Aby but the cellular was off. He was perplexed as well as hurt. He had never imagined she could act that way. Then he started to imagine he wished Aby could read his mind. If only she would realize how unbearable life was without her.

By night he had his worst nightmares and dreamed he was stuck in a castle dark with chains upon his feet trying to be set free... All of a sudden he woke up sweating like a pig in a butcher's.

The divorce had just turned his life upside down. Dave quit his job and stopped doing all the things he loved most. So inconsolable was the grief that had overcome him that it no longer made any difference whether Aby returned home or not.

Dave's dejection made him feel as if he was imprisoned in his own dark castle.

He needed more than everything a way out of that living hell. Every day he would sit in the same living room and feel that everything around him was like some kind of chain that tied him to his absent wife.

The days passed by, then weeks, and months; spring became summer, which in turn became autumn, and one day Dave felt, unexpectedly, the need to run again. He put his sneakers and shell suit on and went for a run. Everything seemed to feel right again: the sun was brightening and the bad thoughts seemed to fly away from him. At that moment he remembered his wife's mum's words: "Nothing lasts forever, Dave" and so he was finally free of those chains that had him immobilized and could leave the castle that had him imprisoned.

Inés Santos Álvarez



If you could read my mind, love

*What a tale my thoughts could tell
Just like an old time movie
'Bout a ghost from a wishin' well:
In a castle dark or a fortress strong,
With chains upon my feet
You know that ghost is me
And I will never be set free
As long as I'm a ghost you can't see.
If I could read your mind, love,
What a tale your thoughts could tell.
Just like a paperback novel
The kind that drugstores sell:
When you reach the part where the heartaches
come
The hero would be me
But heroes often fail
And you won't read that book again
Because the ending's just too hard to take.
I'd walk away like a movie star
Who gets burned in a three-way script.
Enter number two:
A movie queen to play the scene
Of bringing all the good things out in me*

*But for now, love, let's be real:
I never thought I could act this way
And I've got to say that I just don't get it
I don't know where we went wrong
But the feelin's gone
And I just can't get it back.
If you could read my mind, love,
What a tale my thoughts could tell
Just like an old time movie
'Bout a ghost from a wishin' well:
In a castle dark or a fortress strong
With chains upon my feet,
But stories always end.
And if you read between the lines
You'll know that I'm just tryin' to understand
The feelin's that you lack.
I never thought I could feel this way
And I've got to say that I just don't get it.
I don't know where we went wrong,
But the feelin's gone
And I just can't get it back.*

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=v5tr_L31StI
Gordon Lightfoot, 1970 Reprise



YOU CAN'T PUT ARMS AROUND A MEMORY

Emily left work later than usual, as she had done lately since Robert started coming home late nearly every day. Besides, when he was at home they barely talked to each other. While she was at work, she almost completely forgot about her problems. She loved working as a florist; the shop was always beautiful, it smelled good, and she enjoyed talking to the customers. She was there as long as possible, because when she left, all her thoughts would become gloomy.

Her flat was a mere 20-minute walk from the florist's, although many days the journey home took longer because she would stop at some shop to buy something for dinner or simply browse there. Griffin is a small town where one can go everywhere on foot.

When she got home Robert had not arrived yet, as usual. So she went directly to the

bedroom, put on comfortable clothes and went to the kitchen, took two steaks out of the fridge and put them in the pan. While they were frying, she prepared a salad. When she had finished, Emily waited for a while in case Robert arrived; but as he didn't turn up she had supper and left Robert's plate on the kitchen counter. A heavy feeling of loneliness came over her.

When she went to bed, she burst into tears, thinking about how they had come to this pass. She had tried everything to solve their problems, but Robert seemed to have become terribly secretive. Not only did she feel extremely distressed to see that she could do nothing but also she felt guilty, trying to figure out what she could have failed in. Emily eventually fell asleep thinking about how happy they had been for 7 years, how fortunate she had been to marry the most handsome and good-natured guy in town.



Clinging desperately on to those memories was the only way that made her feel good, if only for a moment.

When she woke up, Robert was at her side. She looked at him as if he were a complete stranger. Without saying anything she got ready to go to work.

While working, Emily thought she needed to talk to someone, hoping to receive some comfort, so she called Jane and they arranged to eat together at their favourite Italian restaurant. Jane had been one of her best friends since they were little girls. When she arrived at the restaurant, Jane was already there, and after greeting they ordered for the meal. Jane looked at her with grave concern because she saw Emily was very thin, although she already knew why. However, that day she noticed something different. Emily told her that she was fed up, that it was not worth trying to fix their marriage, because it was like banging her head against a brick wall, and she believed that if she stayed with Robert she would simply sink

further into despondency. Jane told her that she would always support her, whatever she did.

When they said goodbye, Emily told Jane that she would talk to Robert that night.

When Robert came home that night, late, as always, Emily still felt strong enough to talk to him. She told him that they could not go on, as they were deeply unhappy, and that she had made the painful decision to break up for good. At that point the conversation degenerated into a bitter row, but Robert also admitted that they could not carry on.

That night they slept in separate beds. Emily thought that the same thing had happened to her as to many others, although she had always thought that it would not happen to her, that she was able to solve any problem that cropped up, but unfortunately it was not true. She felt deeply miserable, although strangely she felt a hint of relief.

Pilar Pérez Tenas

You Can't Put Arms Around A Memory

*It doesn't pay to try
All the smart girls know why
It doesn't mean I didn't try
I just never know why
It's because I'm all alone
Oh, baby, you're not at home
And when I'm home
Big deal, I'm still alone*

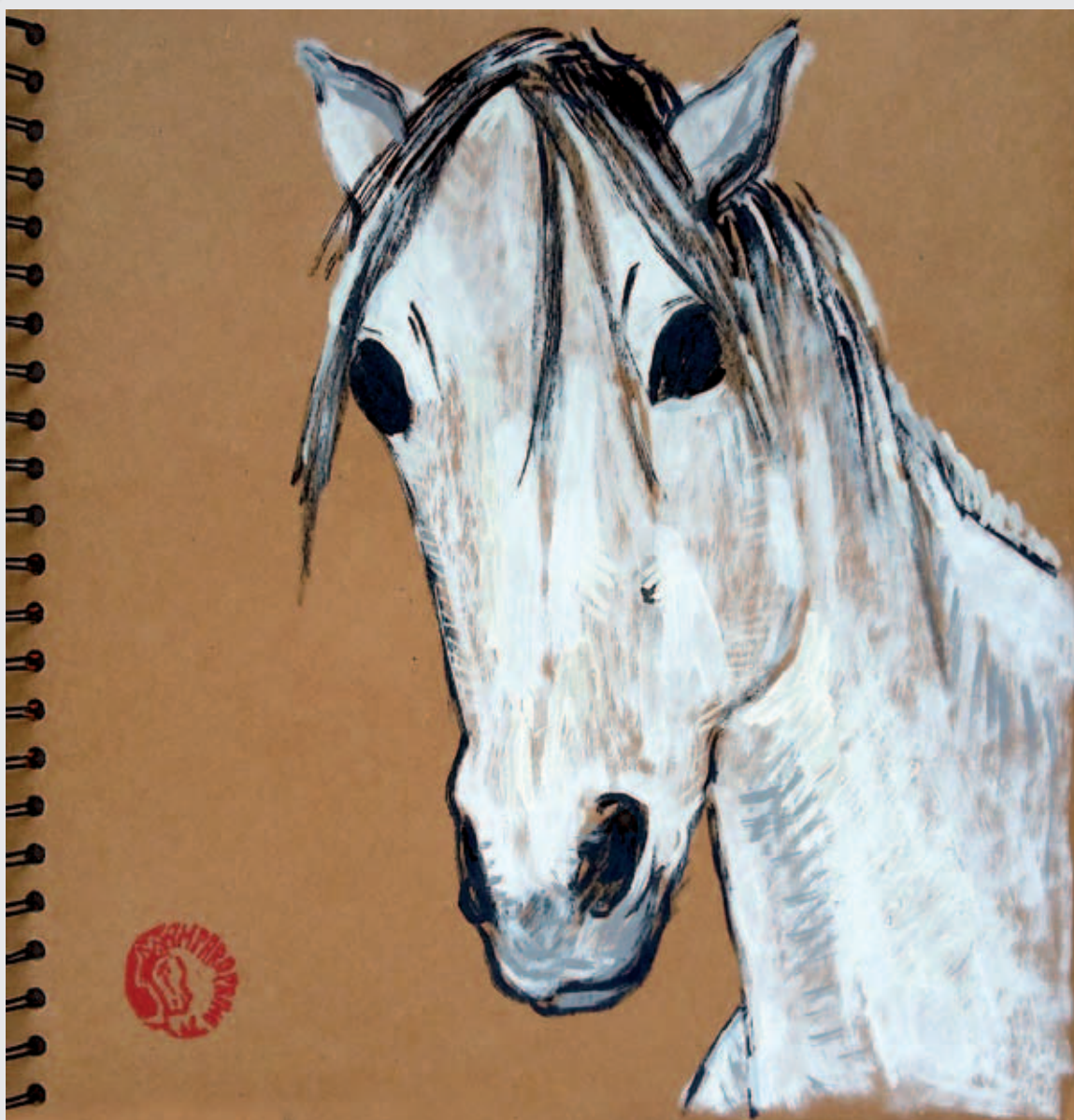
*Feel so restless, I am
Beat my head against a pole
Try to knock some sense
Down in my bones
And even though they don't show
The scars aren't so old
And when they go
They let you know*

*You can't put your arms around a memory
You can't put your arms around a memory
You can't put your arms around a memory*

*Don't try, don't try
You're just a bastard kid
And you got no name
'Cause you're living with me
We're one and the same
And even though they don't show
The scars aren't so old
And when they go
They let you know*

*You can't put your arms around a memory
You can't put your arms around a memory
You can't put your arms around a memory
Don't try, don't try
You can't put your arms around a memory
You can't put your arms around a memory
You can't put your arms around a memory
Don't try, don't try*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hSym3oQN3-A>
Ronnie Spector & Joey Ramone She Talks to Rainbows, 1999 Kill Rock Stars.
(Johnny Thunders, 1978 Real Records ARE3).



Snowy

Seeming my first one Snowy
is actually my last but one love,
trotting away along the sea
her rift cute in the salt marshes.

Emparcosina - 2018

*Colaboración de Amparo Primo
C1 Inglés*



CARRER DE PAS

Carrer de pas conta la història de dos personatges de la classe alta Valenciana, un d'ells ha perdut la memòria (a partir d'ara em referisc a ell com el captaire desconegut) i l'altre que s'anomena Bernardí Taverner, a qui l'ha abandonat la dona.

Cal ressaltar la descripció que fa el narrador de llocs a la ciutat de Valencia (d'aquesta manera pots tancar els ulls i vore't situat en alguns d'eixos escenaris), tal volta obligat a fer-ho, ja que, un dels personatges principals es veu abocat a viure al carrer.

Al llarg del llibre Bernardí Taverner i el captaire desconegut es van trobant, és al primer d'ells en qui es desperta la curiositat per la vida que duu el segon (crec que en el fons es veu reflectit en ell, un home ben vestit, aparentment educat i culte, que per raons que el desconeixia es veia abocat a viure com un captaire).

Bernardí Taverner, està travessant un moment difícil en la seva vida i només té una pregunta sense resposta: Per què m'ha abandonat la dona, si la tractava com a una reina?

Es veu sol vivint en un pis immens que mai ocuparà del tot (però pel seu egoisme, no arribarà a plantejar-se altres qüestions com, potser, li he donat prou estima?

Es per tot això, que cada vegada té la necessitat d'enviar tot a fer la mà, sobretot, els diumenges quan és obligat a acompanyar la seva mare a missa i és quan veu a tota eixa gent que, per donar almoina a l'eixida de la missa, ja es creuen bones persones.

Per una altra banda, el captaire desconegut, un home que després d'un atac d'amnesia decideix fugir de l'hospital (tal volta, el que desitjava era fugir de la seva vida) i comença a viure al carrer, on va entrant en contacte amb altres personatges, uns l'ajuden com la mestra jubilada o la viuda i altres que l'ataquen com el Ratat i el Rancallós. Dia a dia lluita per mantindre viu i es va omplint de sensacions de por, odi i sobretot ganes de venjança.

Per últim, quan coneix a una colla de joves universitaris, li pregunten per la seva vida i gairebé es veu obligat a inventar-se una història i una identitat.

Sovint -es pregunta- si eixa història serà veritat.

Finalment, bé per la necessitat d'ajudar d'un i la necessitat que l'ajudaren de l'altre, es troben en l'última nit que el captaire desconegut va passar al carrer. Eixa mateixa nit, el captaire desconegut, de sobte, aclaria el seu cervell i troba el camí de regress al llar.

Patricia Sánchez Martínez



LA VIDA A L'HORTA A LA DARRERIA DEL SEGLE XIX

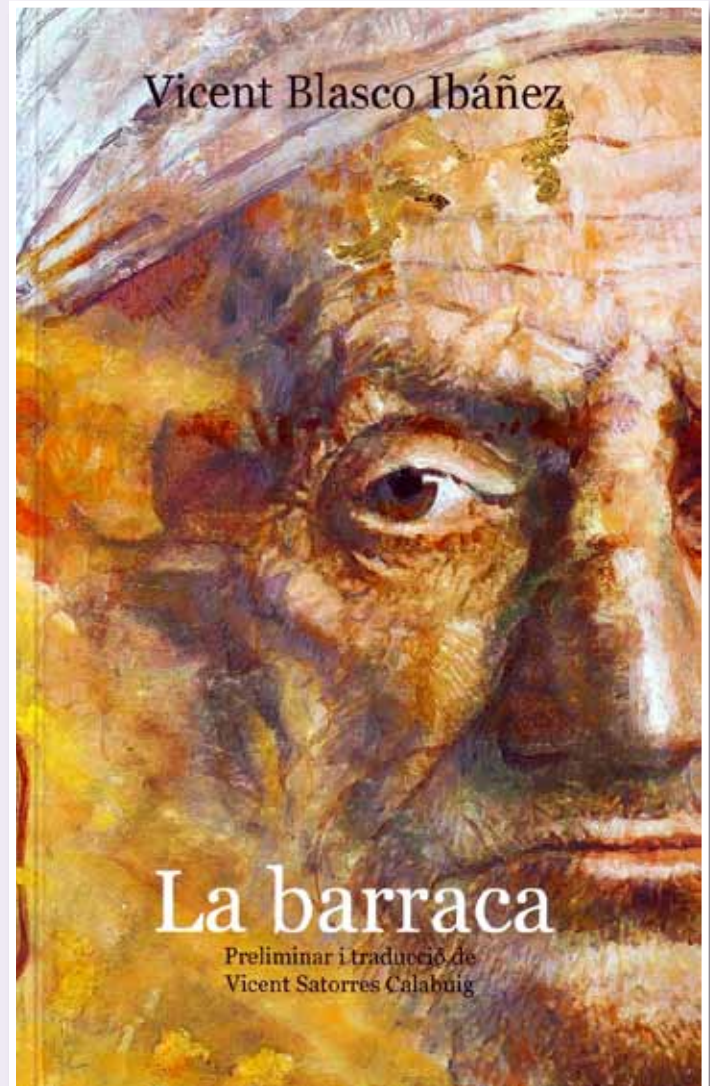
- Títol: La Barraca
- Autor: Vicente Blasco Ibáñez
- Editorial: Àrbena.
- Col·lecció: Ariola
- Nombre de pàgines: 245
- Traducció: Vicent Satorres Calabuig

Per a commemorar el 150 aniversari del naixement de l'escriptor valencià Vicente Blasco Ibáñez, l'editorial Àrbena publica a cura de Vicent Satorres Calabuig la traducció al valencià d'aquesta famosa obra, escrita originàriament en castellà i portada al cinema i a la televisió.

La novel·la ens trasllada a l'horta valenciana de finals del segle XIX i ens narra la vida dels habitants d'aquests camps, que encara actualment podem veure als afores de la ciutat de València. Ens mostra, a més, com era la relació entre els llauradors i els amos de la terra que tan durament havien de treballar per sobreviure, de com les filles d'aquestes famílies pobres feien el viatge diari a les fàbriques de seda abans que isquera el sol i com era ordenat i legislat este món rural, molt cruel de vegades i sempre ingrát amb els seus habitants, empobrits i envellits pel treball diari i sense descans. Les tragèdies d'una gent capaç d'allò més dolent, de la venjança portada a l'extrem sense raons que expliquen la crueltat dels protagonistes.

Aquesta necessària traducció a la llengua que parlaven els llauradors de les terres de la comarca de L'horta Nord valenciana, posa la vertadera veu amb la qual parlarien Barret, Pimentó, Batiste o Roseta, perquè encara que la novel·la conté frases fetes i expressions en el valencià original, ara es llig i se sent d'una altra manera, amb paraules més pròpies dels personatges i arrelades a la realitat física de l'espai, la terra, l'aigua, els conreus i la relació tan forta amb el medi que comparteixen els seus protagonistes.

En definitiva, una magnífica novel·la, que s'aprecia encara més si es llig en la llengua en què, potser, havia d'haver sigut escrita.



Manuel Pérez Sánchez

C1 Grup A



RESSENYA

- Autor: Vicent Blasco Ibàñez.
- Obra: La Barraca.
- Gènere: Novel·la.
- Editorial: Àrberna, València 2017.
- Traducció: Vicent Satorres Calabuig.
- Portada: Francesc Santana Carbonell.

Vicent Blasco Ibàñez (València 1867, Menton 1928). Advocat, periodista, escriptor i polític. Autor de nombroses obres. Entre 1894 i 1902 va publicar diverses obres ambientades a València: Arròs i tartana (1894), Flor de maig (1895), La Barraca (1898), Entre tarongers (1900) i Canyes i fang (1902). Totes enquadrades en el moviment literari del Naturalisme.

La Barraca és l'adaptació d'un relat curt titulat Venjança moruna, escrit per l'autor poc abans d'eixir camí de l'exili. Basada en uns fets històrics esdevinguts anys abans a l'horta i que el van impressionar profundament.

La novel·la és un drama que afecta dos famílies en un mateix espai, La Barraca. La primera representada per l'oncle Barret, home gran i orgullós de les terres arrendades pels seus avantpassats que ara es veu incapaç de treballar-les per poder pagar així a Don Salvador, home àvar de mena. Aquesta injustícia fa que Barret mate Don Salvador i provoque la roïna de la família. Davant d'aquet fet, tots els llauradors, amb Pimentó al capdavant, pacten que ningú no ocupe mai més la barraca.

Anys després arriba a la Barraca la família de Batiste, segona protagonista de la novel·la, buscant una vida millor que es veurà segada per l'assetjament dels veïns. La mort de Pasqualet sembla unir-los. Aquest fet és tan sols una il·lusió, ja que l'odi es tan profund que provoca un inesperat desenllaç.

L'autor, a través dels protagonistes, ens mostra la vida dura dels habitants de l'horta a la darrerria del segle XIX en un context polític, social i econòmic concret, on els llauradors constituïen la major part de la població. Molts d'ells no eren propietaris de les terres, les treballaven en règim d'arrendament amb condicions precàries.

L'obra està escrita en prosa per un narrador omniscient, per tant utilitza la tercera persona. D'una banda, el paisatge de la zona el descriu fil per randa, on destaca l'alba i el capvespre, mitjançant l'ús de diverses metàfores i comparacions. I, d'altra banda, se centra en el caràcter dels protagonistes, homes valents, treballadors i lluitadors així com en el caràcter antagonista d'altres personatges, com Pimentó i dels que romanen indiferents, com el tió Tomba.

Sens dubte, és una novel·la que val la pena llegir perquè és una crítica de l'època i el reflex d'una realitat social. Tot i que és una història cruel i dura, l'obra destaca per les descripcions tan reals del paisatge, així com per la tendresa que ens inspiren els protagonistes i el rebuig envers la situació que han patit.

Etel Pastor Balaguer

C1grup B

ACTIVIDADES

MERCADO DE NAVIDAD

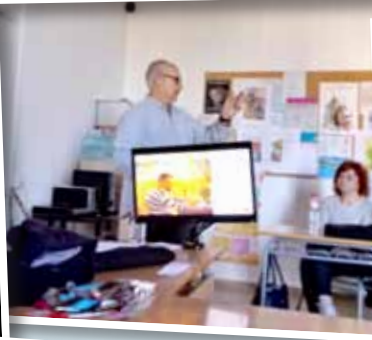


GASTROFESTIVAL INTERNACIONAL



CULTURALS

DEPARTAMENT DE VALENCIÀ







LA BARRACA

Vicent Blasco Ibañez va publicar la primera en castellà. Arbera (la primera en la língua en castellà, segons el text), la va pensar i escriure. Després va publicar la traducció del 1912 amb el títol de *Arbera*. Vicent Blasco Ibañez a la foto és l'original i l'original de *Arbera* (la primera en castellà).

VICENT BLASCO IBÁÑEZ
CONTINUA PALLANT-NOS
de presentació de la nova novel·la
1912-2012

Arbera

ACTIVITAT DEL DEPARTAMENT DE VALENCIÀ

COL·LOQUI AMB VICENT SATORRES, TRADUCTOR DE LA NOVEL·LA DE BLASCO IBÁÑEZ **LA BARRACA**

DIA: EL DIMECRES 15 D'ABRIL
HORA: 18:45
AULA: 24



Rec

FLAN AU CAFÉ

(Pour 8 à 10 personnes)

Ingrédients

- 1l de crème fraîche
- 2 cuillères à soupe de café soluble
- 250ml d'eau
- 1 sachet de flan
- 1 sachet de caramel liquide
- 115gr de sucre



Préparation

Versez le litre de crème fraîche dans une casserole.

Dissolvez le café dans l'eau et ajoutez-le à la crème. Mettez le sachet de flan et le sucre et mélangez pendant que le tout arrive à ébullition.

Mettez le caramel liquide dans un moule et versez-y le contenu de la casserole. Mettre au frais et laissez reposer avant de servir.

Irene Pastor Pagés



etas

SPAGHETTI ALLA CARBONARA

(4-6 commensali)

Ingredienti:

- 400 g di spaghetti
- 200 g di guanciale magro o pancetta tesa
- 4 uova
- 1 spicchio d'aglio
- 3 cucchiari di parmigiano grattugiato
- 3 cucchiari di pecorino grattugiato
- Olio extravergine d'oliva
- Sale
- Pepe in grani

Ricetta:

Tagliate il guanciale a dadolini di circa ½ cm di lato e fatelo rosolare in un tegame insieme con alcuni cucchiari d'olio e lo spicchio d'aglio (che toglierete non appena prende colore).

In una zuppiera calda amalgamate con cura le uova (due intere e due tuorli) a temperatura ambiente con i formaggi grattugiati, condendo con sale e abbondante pepe macinato al momento; dovrete ottenere una crema omogenea.

La preparazione del condimento deve essere eseguita con la pasta quasi sul punto di essere scolata, in modo che venga versata immediatamente nella zuppiera, mescolata all'uovo e alla pancetta croccante e calda. Servite la "carbonara" ben calda.



Minerva Galindo Bazataquí



Rec

PASTISSETS DE MONIATO

D'origen àrab, amb forma de mitja lluna i ple de confitura de moniato, és un dels dolços més apreciats pels valencians. El costum d'elaborar-los a casa, així con l'aroma dolça que desprenen, d'anís, mistela i canyella, fa del rebost l'espai més visitat per tota la família.

Ingredients per a la confitura

- 1 quilo de moniatos
- 750 grams de sucre
- 1 branca de canyella
- La pell d'una llimona ratllada
- 1 got d'aigua

Elaboració de la confitura

Prepareu la confitura uns dies abans. Primer bulliu els moniatos amb la pell. Després peleu-los i passeu la polpa pel passapuré. A continuació, col·loqueu una cassola al foc amb l'aigua i el sucre i feu un almívar espés. Tot seguit, afegiu-hi la resta d'ingredients, abaixeu el foc al mínim i remeneu-ho tot de tant en tant. Per últim, tapeu la cassola i reserveu-la a temperatura ambient.

Ingredients per a la massa

- 1 gotet d'anís, cassalla o aiguardent
- 1 gotet de mistela
- 3 gotets d'oli suau
- 1 gotet de sagí
- 800-850 grams de farina fluixa (la que admeta)

Decoració

- 1 ou batut
- Barreja de sucre i canyella



etas

Elaboració de la massa

Primer, en una cassola, calfeu l'anís i la mistela perquè es creme una mica l'alcohol. Mentrestant, desfeu el sagí en el foc i després aboqueu-hi l'oli. Una vegada calent, afegiu-hi la barreja d'anís i mistela i remeneu-ho tot una mica. Tot seguit, incorporeu-hi la farina a poc a poc, la que admeta. Per acabar, passeu la massa al llibrell i pasteu-la una mica més.

Elaboració dels pastissets

Comenceu fent boletes. A continuació, fiqueu una boleta enmig de dos papers parafinats i xafeu-la amb un corró, ha de quedar molt fina. Després, alceu el full i amb un motlle rodó feu un cercle i talleu la massa que resta. Poseu al centre la confitura, dobleu per la mitat la massa i ajunteu les vores amb el dit. Heu de ordenar-les en una safata de forn engreixada amb una mica de sagí. Una vegada fets tots, pinteu-los amb l'ou batut i amb la barreja de sucre i canyella. Per acabar, fornegeu-los a 180°-190° C uns 20 minuts fins que estiguen daurats.

Presentació

Disposeu-los en una plàtera, sols o acompanyats de rotllets d'anís, carquinyols i mantecats amb un gotet de mistela o amb un bon cafè.

Bon profit!!

Etel Pastor Balaguer



Recetas

PITHIVIERS AU CHOCOLAT

(10-12 personnes)

Ingrédients.

- 60 g de chocolat noir, coupé en gros morceaux
- 120 g d'amandes émondées
- 100 g de sucre en poudre
- 1 cuill. à soupe de cacao en poudre non sucré
- 120 g de beurre
- Les jaunes de 3 gros œufs
- 1 cuill. à soupe de rhum brun
- 500 g de pâte feuilletée
- 1 cuill. à soupe d'eau



Préparation.

Préchauffez le four à 200 oC. Tapissez une grande plaque de cuisson de papier sulfurisé.

À l'aide d'un robot, hachez finement le chocolat et les amandes. Ajoutez le sucre, le cacao, le beurre, 2 jaunes d'œufs, puis le rhum, et mixez jusqu'à l'obtention d'une pâte.

Ensuite, étalez la pâte feuilletée et découpez 16-20 cercles de 5 cm de diamètre. Répartissez le mélange à base d'amandes sur la moitié des cercles, en formant un tas au centre et en laissant 1 cm sur le pourtour.

Battez au fouet le jaune d'œuf restant avec l'eau. Badigeonnez-en le pourtour des cercles de pâte. Recouvrez des cercles restants en appuyant bien. Pincez les bords des pithiviers pour les sceller. Entaillez légèrement le dessus avec un couteau et badigeonnez du reste de jaune d'œuf.

Mettez les pithiviers 10 minutes au réfrigérateur et fait-les cuire de 20 à 25 minutes, jusqu'à ce qu'ils soient gonflés et dorés. Servez chaud.

Minerva Galindo Bazataquí

PASATIEMPOS

Por Minerva Galindo Bazataquí

TROBA LES HUIT DIFERÈNCIES

Hi ha huit diferències en aquesta meravellosa falla de secció primera, plantada a València aquest any. Podeu reconèixer-la?



Pista: es troba molt a prop d'una altra famosa per la seua parada mora el dia de sant Josep.

SUDOKU

Sudoku ist ein Logikrätsel mit schematischem Grundaufbau, sind alle Ziffernrätsel nach Sudoku-Art mehr oder weniger gleich aufgebaut: Die Grundfläche besteht aus 9x9 Feldern bzw. Zellen. Ziel des Spiels ist es, alle leeren Zellen mit den Ziffern 1 bis 9 so aufzufüllen, dass jede Ziffer in einer Spalte (senkrecht), in einer Zeile (waagrecht) und in einem Block (3 mal 3 Zellen) nur einmal vorkommt.

9	4	8		2			7	6
7	3						1	
				6	4			
2	8	1		4				
3	6		2			8		
	7			1		9		
							3	5
8	1	2						
		3	9	7	6			

Normal

				3				
	8	1				2	7	
	6			7		3	8	
							2	9
	1	7	6					5
			7	4	5			
6		2	8		3			
1					7	5		
5						8	4	2

Schwer

JEU DE LOGIQUE

Le but de ce jeu est de résoudre une énigme à l'aide d'indices et d'un grille de résolution.

Agathe a invité quatre de ses amies à venir prendre le thé. Saurez-vous retrouver l'heure d'arrivée de chacune ainsi que le gâteau qu'elle a apporté ?

Indices.

Aurélie est arrivée la première, avec une tarte.

Sandra, qui a fait un clafoutis, est arrivée 5 minutes après Ghislaine et 5 minutes avant la personne qui a fait le baba au rhum.

Manon est arrivée 10 minutes après la personne qui a fait la tarte aux pommes.

Invitée	Heure d'arrivée	Pâtisserie

WHO IS HE?

Read the interview and guess who we are talking about...

Where is he from?

He is from Peru.

Where does he live?

Now he lives in London.

Is he married?

No he isn't, he is single.

What does he look like?

He is short and not very thin. He has a big nose and small eyes.

What is he like?

He is polite, kind, and a bit clumsy.

What does he do?

He doesn't have a job or occupation.

Who does he live with?

He lives with the Brown family.

What kind of clothes does he usually wear?

He usually wears an old hat, a coat and Wellington boots.

What is his favourite food?

His favourite food is marmalade.

What is the first letter of his name?

The first letter of his name is P.

WHO IS SHE?

Read the interview and guess who we are talking about...

Where is she from?

She is from the USA.

Is she married?

No she isn't, but she has a very attractive boyfriend.

Is she pretty?

Yes, she is very pretty.

What does she look like?

She is tall and slim, and she has blond hair.

What does she do?

She can do many different jobs.

Can she speak any foreign languages?

No, she can't speak any foreign languages.

What kind of clothes does she usually wear?

She wears all kinds of clothes. She loves clothes.

What is her favourite colour?

Her favourite colour is pink.

How old is she?

She is almost 60 years old, but she looks very young.

What is the first letter of her name?

The first letter of her name is B.

Alumnos del grupo de 1º básico de inglés "E"

Alumnos del grupo de 1º básico de inglés "D"

SOLUCIONES

Por Minerva Galindo Bazataquí

TROBA LES HUIT DIFERÈNCIES

Heu trobat totes les diferències?

La falla es diu Falla Maestro Gozalbo-Conde Altea i aquest any portava per lema: "Ego, yo, mi, me, conmigo".



SUDOKU

Hier kannst du die Lösungen zu Sudoku-Rätseln finden.

9	4	8	3	2	1	5	7	6
7	3	6	5	9	8	2	1	4
1	2	5	7	6	4	3	8	9
2	8	1	6	4	9	7	5	3
3	6	9	2	5	7	8	4	1
5	7	4	8	1	3	9	6	2
6	9	7	1	8	2	4	3	5
8	1	2	4	3	5	6	9	7
4	5	3	9	7	6	1	2	8

7	2	4	1	3	8	9	5	6
3	8	1	5	6	9	2	7	4
9	6	5	2	7	4	3	8	1
4	5	6	3	8	1	7	2	9
8	1	7	6	9	2	4	3	5
2	3	9	7	4	5	6	1	8
6	4	2	8	5	3	1	9	7
1	9	8	4	2	7	5	6	3
5	7	3	9	1	6	8	4	2

JEU DE LOGIQUE.

Invitée	Heure d'arrivée	Pâtisserie
Ghislaine	16 heures	Tarte aux pommes
Manon	16h10	Baba au rhum
Aurélie	15h55	Tarte aux cerises
Sandra	16h05	Clafoutis

Who is he?: Paddington

Who is she?: Barbie



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ଅଗ୍ରାନ୍ତ