

*“Quédate en casa leyendo en  
tu idioma de estudio”*

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Día del Libro  
EOI Sevilla-Macarena



ENGLISH



# “The Importance of Knowing”

Sitting in the park in the city  
Tall green trees all around me  
Sunlight filtering through every branch  
Thus I will do my best to be quite witty  
The silence in the park calms my spirit  
People walking slowly so peacefully  
Many of them sitting down reading a book  
not far from me.


The sound of water in book  
Who knows what tomorrow will bring  
All of us strive to be happy  
Sitting in the park, reading a book  
So many things we want to say.



*Trini González -B1 G*

# “Thoughts”

*by Rosa María Simón Villalba C1.1 B*



What's happening nowadays?  
So many hidden faces under misterious masks  
Why can't we breath freedom and optimism?  
The only thing that I know is that  
behind the mask there is someone like you  
behind the mask there is someone feeling blue  
Maybe the hidden face is like a wet weekend  
but please don't cry your eyes out  
because hope is waiting for you after rainy days.

A hateful intruder came into our lives  
bringing us down in the mouth  
and grieving our eyes  
There are those that are in denial about this disaster,  
There are those that are aware of this catastrophic situation  
No matter if you are man or woman  
No matter if you are young or old  
This intruder doesn't understand about races or religions but its main purpose is to lead us to brick a wall.

But how should we grapple with this wall?  
Maybe it would be a confusing question but  
Hang in there!  
Let's deal with grief  
Let's work together to make the words empathy and solidarity understandable and mainly  
let's thank the white-coat angels devoted to our souls,  
the opportunity to see a glimpse of hope.

# “Stay at home”



It was many years ago, since the stormy day when a Young woman with a baby in her arms, entered in his butcher shop confronted him with the news that the baby was his and asked what was he going to do about it ?

Finally he offered to provide her with free meat until the boy was 16. She agreed. He had been counting the years off on the calendar and one day the teenager, who had been collecting the meat each week, come into the shop and said I will be 16 tomorrow, I know said the butcher with a smile, I have been countain too, Tell your mother, when you take this piece of meat home, that is the last free meat she will ge, and watch the expression on this face. When the boy arrived home he told his mother. The women smiled and said son, go back to the butcher and tell him I have also had free bread, free milk and free fruit for the last 16 years and watch the expression of this face.

*Manuel Jesús de la Hera Villalón A1 E*

# “THE CASTLE”

*by Franciso Hernández C1.1.A*

I was born and bred in Adare, I was told many times my labour had been complicated, that was one reason for not having more descendents, said my mother, besides the lack of almost anything. Never did I know why I could remember my birth, was it real or just a picture made by the time I had listened to the same story?

When I was at the end of my first decade of life things were so difficult for a family that had recently lost their livelihood, my father had passed away at the turn of the century, the lack of vaccines against the yellow fever had left my village almost without population.

We were a family of farm workers, but some circumstances made my mother change her outlook, and one stormy night, I can remember it so vividly as if it were today, my oldest brother and some friends decided to go to the closest coast, near Limerick. Any of them were used to fishing and struggling against the waves, so after some days trying to find their bodies and belongings, they were all given up for dead.

In an instant, my mother had in front of her four kids to feed, so I soon realized that I needed to make my own decisions so as not to starve, which was rather common throughout the first years of the 20th century in Ireland.

Despite having lived these demanding moments in my life, I perfectly knew how to overcome them, in fact, I remember playing happily around a ruined castle by the river with some good friends, Desmond Castle was called, although we were hardly ever so brave to go there at sunsets.

During the winter nights there was something hanging in the air, or at least that it was we believed. Suddenly none of my friends considered my ideas, indeed, I was planning to share a night doing camping within the ruins, I failed to understand why they never counted on me, even worse, I could not remember the last time they talked to me. [...]

# “THE CASTLE”

*by Franciso Hernández C1.1.A*

[...]Even at home things were from bad to worse, none seemed to appreciate my opinion. Never in my short life had I felt so awfully mistreated.

One day, I decided to spend the night at the castle utterly alone. It was something I lately felt inwardly, as if a kind of magnet would attract me, so after preparing some stuff, especially something to protect myself from the freezing night, I took the road towards the ruins.

At first I felt absolutely confident, but no beyond the twilight, I started to feel uncomfortable, as though someone were staring at me. Suddenly I saw something moving among the trees, I thought it was my imagination, sadly, it was not. Just in a second, two manlike shadows were in front of me pointing out my way back home. I ran as if the devil were chasing me. When I got home the shadows were at the entrance, I could not believe how they had done it, however, the worrying thing was that in a specific moment I felt completely relieved when another little shadow turned up out of the blue and joined the others. When I entered the house I saw all my family crying in my bedroom. I felt my blood leaving my body. Was it the palest thing I had ever seen.

It was me who was lying dead, it was me the reason why my mother was all day praying and crying, it was me the reason why nobody talked to me, it was me the last who died for the yellow fever in my tiny village, and of course, it was me the reason why there were now three shadows at the entrance instead of two, because it was me the last that appeared.

As soon as I became one of them, they whispered their names, my brother and my father. The last three residents of the castle.

# “Every Night They Come To Me”

*by Juan Antonio Peral A2*



Every night they come to me.

They are my old enemies.

My old ghosts. My souls in pain.

Every night they come to me.

Every night, my doubts and my fears, come  
to me.

Every night they come to steal,  
to take away my only moment of peace.

To steal my dreams.

Every night you come to me. Failure.

Just to make me shake.

Just to make me have a temperature.

Only your memory puts me in jake.

Every night you come to me. Doubts.

Taking me down never-chosen paths.

For decisions never made.

And screaming in my ear, all night long, a  
deafening one. What if.....

Every night you come to me. The biggest and  
the worst of my ghosts.

The fear. Twisting my insides.

Making shake my heart

sticking in my eyes like a million blades



# “Tale”

*by Pablo Salamanca Foncubierta A2.B.*

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This unpleasant story happened to my family and me. It happened thirty years ago, in my previous home in Seville. One Sunday of September, my parents and my little sister had gone away to Rota (Cádiz) earlier in the morning; after my other sister and me had left our home at eleven o'clock to meet our friends.

I was having some beers with my friends at the bar. At two o'clock I got back home, and when I was coming to it, a neighbour warned me that he had seen some suspicious people that were carrying many things, left the house next to mine and then they got into a taxi.

When I went into my home and went up the stairs on the first floor, I found all the things were disorganized. Then I thought while we were outside home those suspicious people had stolen things from us.

I called the police and they said to us that we shouldn't touch anything. The following day the forensic police came and they were checking possible fingerprints on the objects; they found out a fingerprint of one hand on the window. The police found out about the fingerprint and they went to the thieves' address, so luckily we recovered most of the loot.

# “THE GRAND PRESENT”

*by M<sup>a</sup> Carmen Fernández B2.2.*



At this time in which we are confined at home  
due to an unexpected quarantine.

Enjoy time with your unemployed friends and  
relatives

At this time of serious financial difficulty  
due to a rapid economic paralysis.

despite the stopping economy.

At this time of suffering a solitary illness  
due to the sudden appearance of a highly  
contagious virus.

Enjoy anonymous letters of encouragement  
despite the extremely infectious virus.

At this time of uncertainty  
due to an ineffective policy by the Government.

Enjoy researching for reliable answers  
despite the inefficient System.

At this time of grief and distress  
due to an impossibility to bury your relatives.

Enjoy the never-ending friendly video calls  
Despite the death toll.

Enjoy home doing things you could not do  
before  
despite the pandemic.

Summarising, enjoy the grand present that is  
LIFE.

# “Persepolis”



This a quote from “Persepolis”, one of my favourite books. This is some advice that Marjane Satrapi's grandmother gave her when she was a child.

“In life you’ll meet a lot of jerks. If they hurt you, tell yourself that it’s because they’re stupid. That will help you from reacting to their cruelty. Because there is nothing worse than bitterness and vengeance... Always keep your dignity and be true to yourself”.

*María Rosa García Serrano*

# "A perfect union of contrary things"

"A perfect union of contrary things" is the book I am reading currently. It's the biography of Maynard James Keenan, an American singer and songwriter. He is the lead singer and lead lyricist for the rock bands Tool and A Perfect Circle. He also created Puscifer as a side project.



*María Rosa García Serrano*

# Rudyard Kipling

## “If—”

If you can keep your head when all about you  
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;  
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,  
But make allowance for their doubting too;  
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,  
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,  
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,  
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream—and not make dreams your  
master;  
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;  
If you can meet with triumph and disaster  
And treat those two imposters just the same;  
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken  
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,  
Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,  
And stoop and build 'em up with wornout tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings  
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,  
And lose, and start again at your beginnings  
And never breathe a word about your loss;  
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew  
To serve your turn long after they are gone,  
And so hold on when there is nothing in you  
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on";

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch;  
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;  
If all men count with you, but none too much;  
If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run  
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,  
And—which is more—you'll be a Man my son!

*Juan Noel Rodriguez B1G*

# *Albert Einstein*

## “The Crisis”

“Let’s not pretend that things will change if we keep doing the same things. A crisis can be a real blessing to any person, to any nation. For all crises bring progress.

Creativity is born from anguish, just like the day is born from the dark night. It’s in crisis that invention is born, as well as discoveries, and big strategies. Who overcomes crisis, overcomes himself, without getting overcome. Who blames his failure to a crisis neglects his own talent, and is more respectful to problems than to solutions. Incompetence is the true crisis.

The greatest inconvenience of people and nations is the laziness with which they attempt to find the solutions to their problems. There’s no challenge without a crisis.

Without challenges, life becomes a routine, a slow agony. There’s no merit without. It’s in crisis where we can show the very best in us. Without a crisis, any wind becomes a tender touch. To speak about a crisis is to promote it. Not to speak about it is to exalt conformism. Let us work hard instead.

Let us stop, once and for all, the menacing crisis that represents the tragedy of not being willing to overcome it”

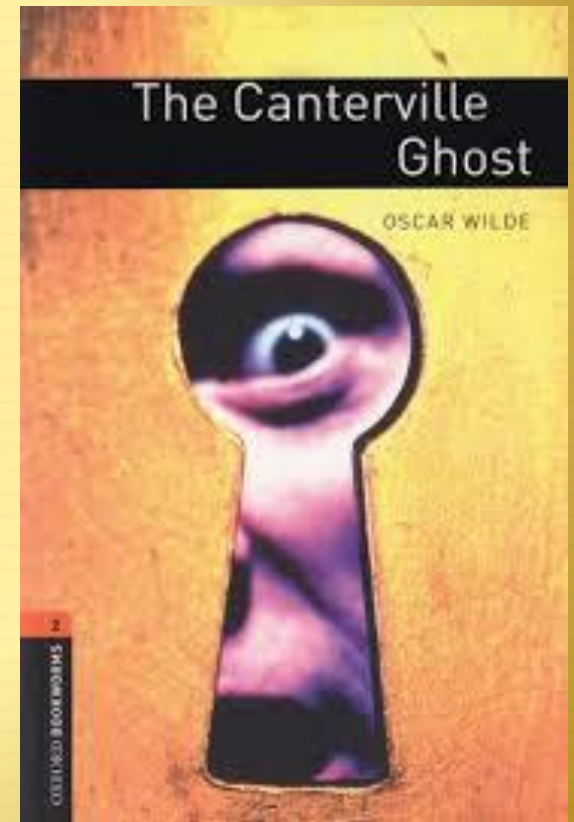
*Emilia Picón A2*

# “The Canterville Ghost”

The story begins when Mr. Otis and his family decided to move from America to England. They bought Canterville Chase. Lord Canterville, the owner of the house, tells Mr. Otis that the house is haunted but the Otis family didn't care and moved there.

The housekeeper was the only person who lives there and she told them it was haunted and nobody spent more than a night there.

The Canterville Ghost tried to scare them during the night but they didn't get it. The whole family made fun of him, except Virginia, Mr. and Mrs. Otis' daughter. The Ghost decided to ask her for help so he could rest in peace since it was said that he had murdered his wife. The girl helped him and her family and the Ghost's family made a funeral to him and she put flowers in his tomb. The Ghost could rest in peace.



*Emilia Picón A2*

# *Gustavo Adolfo Becquer*

## **RHYME XXI**



*What is poetry? say you, while you nail me*

*In my pupil your blue pupil,*

*That is poetry; And you ask me?*

*Poetry... it's you*

*Juan Francisco Rosso Ramos A1 E*



# Platero and me

## (Translation)



Platero is a little donkey, furry, soft, so soft on the side, it would be said it's all cotton, which doesn't have bones.

I let it loose and it goes to the meadow, I call it sweetly, It comes to me with a happy smile.

It eat when I give it food, it likes oranges, the muscat grapes all of them amber.

It's tender and cuddly just like a child, but it's strong and dry inside like stone, when I ride it on Sunday through the last alleys of the Town.

The country men dressed clean, they look at it, It has steel, steel and silver moon at the same time.

*Manuela Aragon A2*

# “A Hundred Years of Solitude”



“MANY YEARS LATER as he faced the firing squad, Colonel Aureliano Buendía was to remember that distant afternoon when his father took him to discover ice. At that time Macondo was a village of twenty adobe houses, built on the bank of a river of clear water that ran along a bed of polished stones, which were white and enormous, like prehistoric eggs. The world was so recent that many things lacked names, and in order to indicate them it was necessary to point. Every year during the month of March a family of ragged gypsies would set up their tents near the village, and with a great uproar of pipes and kettledrums they would display new inventions. First they brought the magnet. A heavy gypsy with an untamed beard and sparrow hands, who introduced himself as Melquíades, put on a bold public demonstration of what he himself called the eighth wonder of the learned alchemists of Macedonia. He went from house to house dragging two metal ingots and everybody was amazed to see pots, pans, tongs, and braziers tumble down from their places and beams creak from the desperation of nails and screws trying to emerge, and even objects that had been lost for a long time appeared from where they had been searched for most and went dragging along in turbulent confusion behind Melquíades magical irons. Things have a life of their own, the gypsy proclaimed with a harsh accent. It's simply a matter of waking up their souls.”

Juan José López Martín C1.1 B

If the mountain seems too big today  
then climb a hill instead.

If the morning brings you sadness  
it's ok to stay in bed.

If the day ahead weighs heavy  
and your plans feel like a curse,  
there's no shame in rearranging,  
don't make yourself feel worse.

If a shower stings like needles  
and a bath feels like you'll drown,  
if you haven't washed your hair for days,  
don't throw away your crown.

A day is not a lifetime  
a rest is not defeat,  
don't think of it as failure,  
just a quiet, kind retreat.

It's ok to take a moment  
from an anxious, fractured mind,  
the world will not stop turning  
while you get realigned.

The mountain will still be there  
when you want to try again,  
you can climb it in your own time,  
just love yourself til then.

— Laura Ding-Edwards

