



# Chubut escribe en inglés

Compilado por

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SUBSECRETARÍA DE COORDINACIÓN TÉCNICA OPERATIVA  
DE INSTITUCIONES EDUCATIVAS Y SUPERVISIÓN  
COORDINACIÓN ÁREA INGLÉS

 **gobierno**  
**chubut**  
MINISTERIO DE EDUCACIÓN



# Chubut escribe en inglés

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## Introducción

El proyecto “Chubut escribe en inglés” se gestó en la Coordinación Área Inglés, dependiente del Ministerio de Educación del Chubut, ante la necesidad de crear situaciones genuinas de comunicación en lengua inglesa en las escuelas secundarias del Chubut. Esta convocatoria a escribir textos permitió promover la escritura creativa y colaborativa para una audiencia auténtica dentro y fuera de la escuela. Por tal motivo nuestro objetivo se vio concretado con la elaboración de este libro digital con textos creativos escritos en inglés por estudiantes del nivel secundario del Chubut.

Con la escritura pensada para publicación, la actividad de escritura se torna real, con sentido, y colabora en la integración de contenidos del área, desarrollo de la autonomía y el abordaje y reconocimiento de capacidades. La participación de los estudiantes fue un proceso de trabajo áulico. En este sentido, esperamos que el libro sea insumo para las prácticas docentes situadas y los procesos de aprendizaje de los estudiantes, sobre todo si pensamos en la escritura en proceso.

El libro ha sido posible gracias a la participación de estudiantes de las escuelas secundarias y sus profesores de inglés. En este punto queremos agradecer a las siguientes docentes: Cecilia Águila (Escuela N° 7721 - Trelew), Laura Aguilar (Escuela N° 7729 – Comodoro Rivadavia), Rubén Anido (Escuela N° 779 - Corcovado), Karen Bobadilla (Escuela N° 6 – Los Altares y Escuela N° 56 – Dique F. Ameghino), María José Chiappini Vega (Escuela N° 774 - Epuyén), María Cecilia Cuello (Escuela N° 750 – Puerto Madryn), Nélide Beatriz Goyeneche (Escuela N° 782 - Tecka), Paula Lorena Janza (Escuela N° 25 – Lago Futalaufquen y Escuela N° 767 - Esquel), Analía Pérez (Escuela N° 738 – Comodoro Rivadavia), María Fernanda Rojas (Escuela N° 7722 - Esquel), Sabrina Noelia Rugnone (Escuela N° 2701 – Puerto Madryn), y Karen Von Eyllenstein (Escuela N° 730 - Trelew). A todas ellas y sus comunidades educativas les agradecemos y felicitamos por sumarse a esta iniciativa de darles voz a nuestros estudiantes.

Queremos recalcar que para la convocatoria los estudiantes podían enviar cuentos, poesías u otros tipos de textos tales como comics, descripciones, entrevistas, que fueran parte de los propios procesos de aprendizaje. La condición era que debían ser originales, de autoría individual o de a pares. Con el fin de incentivar la participación, se aceptaron todos los trabajos enviados dentro de los plazos establecidos sin ningún tipo de censura, entendiendo a la escritura como un proceso complejo, creativo, dinámico en interacción con diversos factores individuales y sociales en contextos específicos.

Cada trabajo fue sometido a un proceso de edición. En este punto queremos agradecer a Alice Foster, asistente de idiomas del programa del Ministerio de Educación de la Nación con British Council (Consejo Británico) por su cuidado trabajo de edición. Sin embargo, en algunos casos no fue posible hacer correcciones.

Los textos que encontrarán en las páginas que siguen han sido organizados en tres grandes grupos: (1) textos descriptivos o reflexivos o narrativos autobiográficos, (2) poesías, (3) textos narrativos creativos ficticios, y (4) comics.

Invitamos a todos a hacer circular la palabra, a compartir este libro digital, a leerlo, a trabajarlo con otros estudiantes para así fortalecernos como comunidad. Acordamos que el empoderamiento y la democratización de los conocimientos se puede lograr al visibilizar los conocimientos de los estudiantes y volverlos insumo y recurso de las clases de inglés en nuestro querido Chubut. En este camino, va nuestro agradecimiento a la Prof. Cintia Vizcay, Directora General de Educación Secundaria del Chubut, a la Supervisora Técnica General, Prof. Graciela Torres y Prof. Ana Florencia Perata por su colaboración en la difusión, a la Prof. Paola Orihuela del CPIE, a la Prof. María Alejandra Soto por las imágenes, a Victor Brocaz por el diseño de las tapas y a todos aquellos que han hecho posible que esto sea una realidad.

Patricia Gough, Darío Luis Banegas, Rosana Glatigny y Alice Foster

(Compiladores)

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## Part 1

# Descriptive and reflective pieces



## **1 The dream of the amateur soccer player**

**Alejo Quiroga & Sasha Marchessi**

Escuela N° 7729, Comodoro Rivadavia

Since I was a little boy I started playing soccer, the passion and desire in my heart was to reach the professional elite. I knew that the process that I had to go through would not be easy, but I was sure and convinced that I could do it.

Success was possible with dedication, effort, responsibility and commitment when it comes to training and complying with the club's obligations and what the leaders and the coaching staff ask for.

Leaving aside many things, going out with family and friends, poor diet, alcohol and / or other vices that may harm the career to which I concentrate my mind on. During the process, when you do not see good results, the moral lowers, and anguish, depression and the thought of failure begin.

It is at this moment when we must convince ourselves of the goals that we want to achieve, we must fight until the last moment and although things do not go as we want or hope we should not give up.

## 2 Punta del Marqués in Rada Tilly

**Bianca Elizabeth Aguilar Saldivia**

Escuela N° 738, Comodoro Rivadavia

### VISIT "PUNTA DEL MARQUÉS" IN RADA TILLY



Punta del Marqués, a protected natural reserve, located in the Southern Coast of Chubut, is an amazing place to visit.

Created in 1986 with the purpose of giving protection to a colony of South America Sea Lions that live at the foot of the cliff, it recovers its population after years of indiscriminate hunting.

The area covers approximately 70 m2. It is a wonderful tourist attraction open to the general public, a beautiful proposal for those who enjoy interacting with marine fauna.

Besides the sighting of the sea lions colony, you can also see Southern Right Whales, Patagonian Penguins, Elephant Seals, Orcas, Patagonian Dolphins, Dark Dolphins and a variety of birds and land fauna, like the South American Gray Fox.

In addition, you can enjoy open and free lectures on marine fauna, which are given to the general public, as well as walks through the colonies of sea lions.

Punta del Marqués is a unique opportunity to be able to interact closely with these fantastic animals.



### 3 A personal story

**Zakiel Giménez**

Escuela N° 774, Epuyén

When I was a kid, about seven years old, I wanted to start practising a sport. I tried many sports, but I didn't like any of them that much. Then I found handball. In this sport I showed a lot of interest. I played handball for one year. Unfortunately, I had to move. I moved to Epuyén. I was a bit sad because I had to leave my friends and my handball team. But I thought "there must be a handball team in Epuyén I can join". Unluckily for me, there was no handball team. Then I started playing soccer, as a goalkeeper. I played soccer for four years. During the last year that I played football, I also started playing volleyball, because my friends insisted. I played volleyball for one year.

In the last months of the year, I found a woman who taught handball in Epuyén. I started playing handball again! I played for one or two months and at the end of the year, a handball teacher from El Hoyo invited me to play in her handball team.

So, in 2018 I started playing handball in El Hoyo with the handball team. I played all league games throughout the year with the team. But I'm thinking that in 2019 I'm going to play in the handball team of El Bolsón, because it is a better trained and a more competitive team.

I will miss my teammates a lot because they are very funny and we get on well. I will also miss my coach a lot because he is very charismatic and nice, and I love how he teaches. Still, I know that playing with El Bolsón team is the right thing to fulfill my dream. After all, my dream is to be able to live at the expense of handball and play in the Argentine handball team.

Anyway, in March of this year, my coach told me that the open pre-selection of the Southern Lakes (the provincial handball team of Bariloche) began training. So, I went to the pre-selection. The following month, they did another open training. In that same month, in April, they made the first selection of players. And so on until June, where the fifteen chosen players, out of the thirty that went, would travel to the national of selections in Embalse, Córdoba, with the Southern Lakes Selection.

For this trip I had to pay nine thousand pesos, for the trip, the stay, etc. For this, my father started selling fertilizer he made, to pay that sum of money. And in about one month he got it, put together the nine thousand pesos. And then I was able to travel to Córdoba and play in the nationals with the Selection of the Southern Lakes.

The nationals were the best thing that happened to me this year, or over the last few years.

## 4 I don't know what to study

**Alexandra Jaramillo**

Escuela N° 779, Corcovado

I am a very indecisive person, so now, when I have to choose what to study, I decided to ask my family for advice.

My mum told me I should study something useful, with which I could get a job quickly.

My dad told me I should study what I liked most.

My aunt Roxana told me I should choose the easiest career I found. In the same way, my sister Jacky told me I should study what I thought it would be easier.

But my cousin Ximena told me that I needed to study a career which wasn't very demanding.

I am so confused that I still don't know what to study when I end secondary school....

## 5 My interests

**Rubén Candia**

Escuela N° 779, Corcovado

I am Raúl. I like playing soccer either in the gym or in a large field. I've been playing soccer since I was a little boy. I have gone to play to many places, such as Rawson, Trelew, Esquel and Trevelin. I would like to continue playing soccer when I grow older.

I also like playing table-tennis, which I have played for many years. My brother is my coach. I have also travelled to many places to compete in table-tennis.

## 6 Somebody who has influenced my life

**Ignacio Orué**

Escuela N° 25, Villa Futalaufquen, Parque Nacional Los Alerces

What does Jim Morrison mean to me?

Due to his poetic lyrics and music, distinctive voice, wild personality, performance and the dramatic circumstances that surrounded his life and his early death, he is considered by critics and music fans one of the most emblematic and influential leaders in the history of rock music and, also for me, he is considered the same way.

When I see him in videos and pictures, I see his devotion and passion personified in his soul, the same one that took him to the grave. With his legacy, Jim Morrison continues to be one of the most popular and influential singers in the rock history.

Today, he is widely regarded as the prototypical rock star: rebellious, mysterious, sexy, scandalous and surly.

I thank him for what he did and created, for his vision expressed in his poems and music, and for what he left as a legacy, his songs and his poetry.

His voice will sound eternally in people's minds and soul.

## **7 Damián Ríos' biography**

### **Damián Ríos**

Escuela N° 6, Los Altares

Damián Ríos was born on July 2nd, 2002 in Bariloche, Río Negro, Argentina. His dad is from Chile and his mum is from Argentina. Damián is their third child. Ríos is a famous artist. His art is "trap" and it is very popular in Argentina.

Ríos was an art student at the Rio Negro Province Institute. In 2017, Ríos had his first concert at a local event and a second one at a provincial event. He was 15 years old. In 2018, Ríos played with his classmates Tobías and Jony, in Los Altares town and in the city of Trelew.

His music is played in every young people's cell phone. In 2019 he still goes on producing music and preparing a presentation for the Evita contest in Chubut.

## 8 My history

**Felipe Imberini**

Escuela N° 774, Epuyén

Hi! My name is Felipe Imberini and today I am going to tell you my history. I was born on November 21st, 2005 in Adrogué, Buenos Aires.

My parents are Maria Marta Zicari and Esteban Diego Ruben Imberini (I don't know why he has three names) and I have a brother, his name is Mateo and he is a baby. I have a dog and one cat. The dog's name is Mini and the cat's name is Kity.

I lived in Adrogué, a neighbourhood 20 km away from the Capital Federal. I moved house three times. I went to a private school. I was in class from 8 am till 5 pm. The school's name is A.L.F.A. The A.L.F.A is a big school and there are thirty children in each classroom. I made a lot of friends there.

I went to art class, football school and swim school.

I lived with my grandparents. My grandmothers' names are Maria Marta Mangisch and Isabel Bartolomeu and my grandfathers' names are Marcelo Zicari and Edgardo Imberini.

All of a sudden, my parents decided to move to Epuyén. My father travelled to Epuyén to build the house, while my mother and me lived in Adrogué. It took my father seven months to build the house. When we arrived, the house was incomplete and we had to sleep in one bedroom.

I arrived in Epuyén in 2016, I was in fifth grade. Now I go to a new high school. The 774 school is a big high school and there are two shifts, one in the morning and the other one in the afternoon and I go to the afternoon classes. I have a lot of friends and my favourite subject is language. There are a lot of classrooms in the high school.

The classes finish on December 7th or on December 14th if you don't pass all the exams. So I hope to finish on December 7th.

Each summer I go to the lake and each winter I go to the mountains. I also go to football training and English classes.

Once a year I go to Buenos Aires to visit my family and my friends. I play football and hang out with my friends and I have lunch with my family.

Sometimes I miss my family and my friends in Buenos Aires but I am living a very good life with my parents, my brother and my friends.

## 9 Los Alerces National Park

Bethany Walsh

Escuela N° 25, Villa Futalaufquen, Parque Nacional Los Alerces

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Los Alerces National Park

World Heritage



**Main Attractions**  
Millenary Alerzal (World Heritage)  
Arrayanes walkway  
Paintings  
Waterfall Irigoyen  
Lagoon Escondida  
Hill Alto el Petiso  
Hill La Torta  
Torrecillas Glacier  
Krugger  
Quebrada del León

In the area of trails is the Andean Footprint consisting of 5 stages  
Stage one: From the north portal to the Bahía Solís campsite. 11 Km - Duration: 7 hours - Difficulty: Low  
Stage two: Camping Rosales Bay to the Arrayanes Sectional. 14 Km - Duration: 8 hours - Difficulty: Low  
Stage three: Sectional Arrayanes to Punta Matos. 11.5 Km - Duration: 7 hours - Difficulty: Medium  
Stage four: Lake Krugger to Villa Futalaufquen. 21 Km - Duration: 12 hours - Difficulty: High  
Stage five: Villa Futalaufquen to Portada Center. 11 Km - Duration: 5 hours - Difficulty: Low

**Flora and fauna**  
Flora: The most important tree is Alerce, which is characterized by its longevity, meeting with specimens that exceed 2600 years old. It is also a species that can be seen in very few places in the park, an example is making the lake tour that takes you to the Alerzal.  
Later, in the forest you can see other species, such as Lengua, Coihue, Nire, Notro, Maiten, Radal, Cipres, Tineo, Arrayan, Chilco, Michay, Maqui, Retamo, Calafate and Chaura.  
When we talk about flowers, we can see, Mutisia, Reina Mora and Amancay. We also see ferns, such as the Fern Rib, mountain fern and Punque  
Fauna: Mammals: Huemul, Monito del Monte, Pudu Pudu, Lesser Hurn, Patagonian Fox, Coipo, Puma, Cat Huiña, Cat Montes, Colorado Fox  
Amphibians: Gracil Frog, Green Frog, Golden, Verrucose Toad, Four Eyed Frog, Spiny Toad, Ojarazca Frog  
Birds: Bandurria, Cuaquen, Condor, Aguila, Torrent Duck, Quetro, Cachaña, Cabure, Chucao, Comesebo, Rayadito, Golondrina, Chimango, Seagull, Martin Pescador, Carpintero, Fio-Fio, Picaflor, Diucon

Los Alerces National Park

This park was created in 1937, with the aim of protecting the Alerce forests. This park covers an area of 263 thousand hectares and is located in the west of the province of Chubut, in the Andean region and on the international border with the Republic of Chile.

Natural World Heritage

On July 7, 2017, UNESCO incorporated the Alerces National Park as a Natural World Heritage Site.

The distinction is based mainly on the fact that the park protects the millenary forests of Alerce, a threatened species with universal value, being the second longest species on the planet.

The park contains 7,000 hectares of thousand-year-old Alerces forests, with 2,600-year-old specimens. The site also contains threatened species, such as huemul, pudu, cat huiña, monito del monte, duck torrent, among others species of special value.

## Part 2

# Poems



## 10 For you to look at

**Iara González**

Escuela N° 7721, Trelew

If you look into the forest, it is going to look back.

They say there's a king. They say there's a beast whose heart is so gentle, it doesn't appear to be one. They say there's a bee that is twice the size of a car. They say there are goblins who eat human flesh.

None of that is true.

There is no king or giant bee. There are not evil goblins. There is no beast.

But the forest is not empty.

There is a cabin, exactly in the middle of it.

No one lives in the cabin, but there is a rock in the living room.

If you walk into the forest, you are not going to get anywhere. The only way of getting somewhere is to be lost. Otherwise the forest is going to spit you out of it. Once you are lost, the trees are going to show you the way to the cabin.

Once you find the cabin, you can do two things: you can open the door and find the rock or you can go back.

Back to your boring life.

But be careful, oh you, lost traveler, because the rock is not as ordinary as it seems.

No, it won't grant you a wish or give you superpowers.

But you can ask it a question.

It is not going to talk, but you'll know the answer anyway.

No one is aware that the rock knows every secret to be known.

Even I don't know it.

I am the narrator and nothing more.

And you are the reader. It is your job to imagine this is all out there. To imagine this could be real.

That a forest is going to look back.

## 11 Love of my life

**Luna Caputti**

Escuela N° 767, Esquel

I still remember that day  
When your blue eyes closed,  
When your hand held me with  
Unimaginable strength,  
And you said your last words:  
“I love you, and I don’t mind  
Leaving my life for you.”  
And now, what I most want is to  
Be with you. I’ll see you soon.  
Wait for me, love of my life.

## 12 My dear, my sun, my love

**Rosalía Candia Orellana**

Colegio Municipal de Pesca N° 2701, Puerto Madryn

My dear, my sun, my love

May I never miss your light,

Because your light gives life,

Your light gives life and also takes it away

You give joy without reason

You dim with your absence

Give me the rays of joy

Even when they hurt me,

Because I am water in a pond

Water that is nothing without your love

Water that is gone when your heat is close.

## 13 S.O.S

**Ángeles Castillo**

Colegio Municipal de Pesca N° 2701, Puerto Madryn

S.O.S. a vital part of our lives,  
we are surrounded by you,  
thanks to you,  
we love the wonders that we see  
and you,  
always so calm,  
do not ask anything,  
and us  
so selfish,  
we do not value you.  
We despise you.  
We pollute you.  
Without becoming aware  
that one day you will not be,  
and without your important presence  
we...  
We could not continue,  
not because we chose it,  
but because...  
S.O.S. a vital part of our existence.  
Thank you, dear friend  
For taking care of us,  
And sorry for not being grateful.

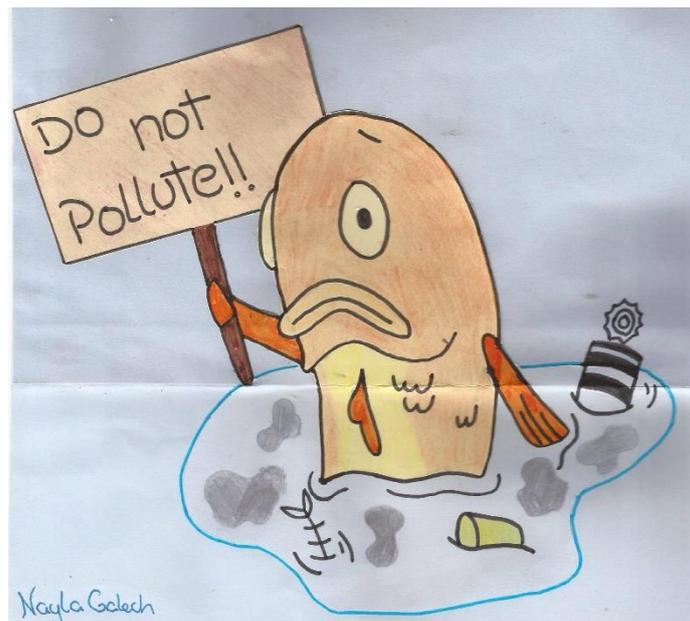
## 14 Harming nature

**Nayla Galech**

Colegio Municipal de Pesca N° 2701, Puerto Madryn

Harming nature,  
polluting the seas,  
the temperatures rise  
and the poles melt

What is the gold for  
if we don't have a sea?



## 15 Walking on a road

**Facundo Bustamante & María Rosa Mastroianni**

Colegio Municipal de Pesca N° 2701, Puerto Madryn

Walking on a road,

air I met

I greeted him and said

RESPECTFULLY

“I’ve missed you,

look what they did to you

they never meant

to care”

Wind was unextinguished

SO PURE...

He danced, he moved his leaves,

He shook his smile

I’m sorry, I guess,

It’s my fault as well...

“I miss you” I said,

And hope you listen to me

AGAIN

## 16 The Earth

**Francisco Molina & Lautaro Coronel**

Colegio Municipal de Pesca N° 2701, Puerto Madryn

The Earth

never cries

when a specimen dies.

Life doesn't even blink

when she sees a tiger die

She does have eyes,

but how big and hard and tired they are

Her children come and go,

enchanted by her everlasting gaze

and at the same time abandoned.

Nature

Source of life

Dark forest

Beautiful hill

Blue skies and verse in rhyme

It scares me how much

I love you

## 17 Sick Earth

**Ariel Muñoz Sayhueque**

Colegio Municipal de Pesca N° 2701, Puerto Madryn

I live in the Solar System,

I am a planet...

My name is Earth

I have continents

and big seas,

but I am sick

and hurt,

and humans

are to blame.

## 18 I am

**Gonzalo Juárez Farías**

Escuela N° 750, Puerto Madryn

I am a son –my parents told me

I've been a singer –my mother made me one

I've been confused –people change, everything changes

I've been sad –grey storms have threatened me

I've been an adolescent travelling with my imagination, my dreams and my melodies

I've been a Christian, a believer since I met my Jesus long ago

I've been a son, a youth, an adolescent,

But I am a musician above all

Because I've learnt to rule over my storms with my melodies.

## 19 Your death's goodbye

**Brenda Méndez**

**Escuela N° 56, Dique Florentino Ameghino**

You who looked at me for the last time  
In a detached iceberg that moves away  
In that flight you lost me  
You got rid of the oxygenated anchor  
Leaving me the weight of your absence.

I invoke you, I call you in this fill of memories  
tango  
rain me your eyes in your look  
and they park on your tired cheeks  
accompanied by numerical kisses.

Your image makes me lose  
In a wall full of colour  
Where you can see those dark lanterns  
And you can appreciate the sound of the ship  
That leaves and goes away.

## 20 Who can always be happy?

**Marcela Gin Gins**

Escuela N° 774, Epuén

Who can always be happy?

Please tell me who

If you just have to follow what you feel, without harming anyone.

But how do you do it when you have doubts, you shut up, you move away, not lose?

When they drown you, they manipulate you, they humiliate you.

The essence is to get you out of there, from confinement, from oblivion, from the abyss.

Risking everything, to your ideal path flowing, leaving behind.

Starting again, start, restart, release.

Who can take away this happiness? Tell me who? This positivity.

We'd better do what completes us, we feel happy, it makes us shine.

## 21 My favourite day

**Daira Marino**

Escuela N° 750, Puerto Madryn

I would like to be the time

To stop myself if I am happy

To walk in joys

And run in sufferings.

## 22 I am

**Sofía Palavecino**

Escuela N° 750, Puerto Madryn

I am your soul

The voice of your mind

The soul of your heart

And the image of your dreams.

I am the water that goes through your body

And makes you faster

I am your reflection in the sea, in the river

The one who speaks for you

When your words are silent

Who knows what you really feel

Without looking at you.

## 23 I am fat

**Florencia Romero**

Escuela N° 750, Puerto Madryn

I am fat

I am eating more than 4,000 calories a day

I'm not healthy!

My fatness puts me in a mood

I'm dying because of these infinite calories

One day fasting

Six days devouring the fridge

I'm depressed

I do not want myself as I am

Always negative

Hurting myself

Hurting my mind

Hurting others

Still, I cannot help it

## 24 Hide and seek

**Sophie Rebolledo**

Escuela N° 7729, Comodoro Rivadavia

We play hide and seek

I already found you

I whisper in your ear, you hear me,

you are scared

Don't you see me by your side?

I touch you on the shoulder, you feel me,

you are scared

Don't you see me behind you?

I move your things, you see them

but you don't see me

You were so calm but now

you turn off the light and run to your bed

hide your feet but I'm Sorry,

I'm not under it

If you find me, you will not wake up

Do you want to find me?

Look over your head.



**Part 3**

## **Short stories**



## 25 The girl and the wind

**Elen Junyent (illustrated by Fiorella Piedrabuena)**

Escuela N° 730, Trelew

The wind never hurt the girl, not even on the harshest of days. For you see, the wind were in love with the girl. The girl with the wild hair and untamed soul. The girl with the olive skin and clear eyes. The girl which had stolen their heart.

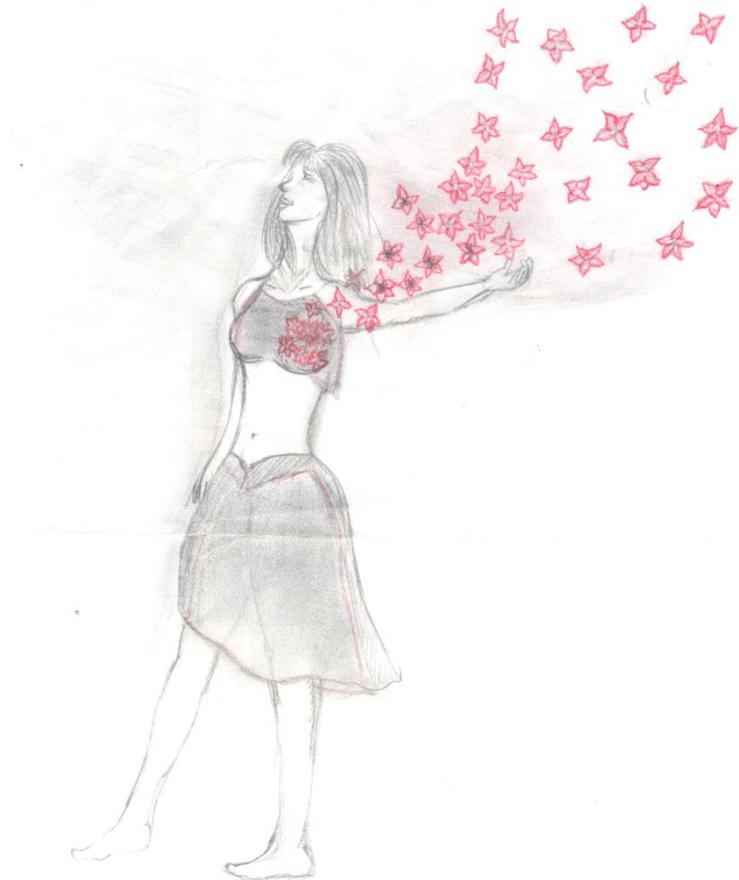
But the girl never acknowledged the wind. Not when they played with her hair, not when they would cool her down on the days when the heat would scorch her skin, not even when they would twirl the flowers around her, making her a walking masterpiece as soon as she smiled. The smile that would crinkle her nose and brighten her eyes. The smile that would make the wind forget that they were just that, the wind.

The wind looked after the girl, accepting that she would never love them. But with time, the girl took notice of the wind. She noticed the

way it would tickle her face when they passed, the way they would ruffle her hair but never ruin it, the way they let a breeze pass her when she needed it most, calming her with the smell of freshly cut grass and lavender. She knew the wind would always be with her, wherever she may go.

Sooner than anyone expected, the girl grew old. Long gone were the wild hair and soft curves. In their place were white, neatly coiffed curls and wrinkly paper like skin. But her soul had not aged a day, nor her eyes darkened with past sins. And the wind still loved the girl and she, in turn, grew to love them. The wind still played with her hair, pulling strands out of her well-made bun. The wind would still cool her skin on the days when the sun would scorch it. And not a day went by when the wind would not twirl flowers around her. Her smile still wrinkled her nose and brightened her eyes. Her smile still made the wind forget that they could never be together, no matter how much they both yearned for it.

And too soon came the day when the girl passed away. No storm compared to the one the wind unleashed on the world that day. The storm that lasted years and destroyed



thousand of hearts. But no broken heart compared to the one that the wind had to carry in their chest since that day.

The wind still mourns the girls passing and not a day goes by when they don't think about her. If you were to pass her grave and stand still for just a second longer than needed, you would be able to smell lavender and fresh grass in the air and, if you were lucky, you would be able to witness how the wind would gently place flowers on her grave. If you looked close enough, you would see the wind pass their hand on her grave, as if caressing her skin.

But you would never see the anguish on their face nor the silent tears they let out. For that is the price of love for an immortal being. The price we all have to pay, someday.

## 26 Among ravens

**Agustina Morales**

Escuela N° 7729, Comodoro Rivadavia

My name is Sabrina Rowel and I am 15 years old. I have been living in Italy for 5 years. I am from Ireland but my father found an important job here in Milan; he is a doctor. I don't have any brothers or sisters and my mum died when I was a child. We are in the year 1970, I learned the Irish language and I am attending a school that is a little far from home but I always go on foot. We live in the suburbs, so we are a little far away from downtown.

One day, I woke up early in the morning because I had to go to school. I dressed up, I brushed my hair and my teeth, and I went downstairs. I was in the kitchen when my dad came in, I didn't know that he wasn't at home. He saw me and told me that I couldn't go to school because something strange was happening to people. I asked him what was going on but he didn't tell me. He only said that it was very dangerous and that I couldn't talk to anyone. He took the car keys and when he was leaving home, he warned me not to go outside, and he locked the door. Then, I turned on the television. I listened to the news and they shocked me. There were a lot of images from what was going on with the people in the streets. They had something unusual. Their skin was pale with blue bruises all over their bodies, and they also had blisters on their heads. It was a disease called "Loss of Knowledge".

Doctors were wearing strange raven-shaped masks. The disease caused violence and disorientation in people. Moreover, the virus attacked the brain and other organs. I turned off the television and I heard the neighbors screaming my dad's name out. I went to the windows and I saw that Sara, one of my neighbours, was in front of me. She asked for my dad because her husband had the disease and he needed help, but I saw that she had bruises all over her body. I closed the curtains and I moved away from the window.

The night arrived, and my dad hadn't arrived yet. I didn't eat and I couldn't sleep. It was too late when I heard a noise coming from downstairs. I opened my bedroom door, and I kept on listening to the noise, someone was knocking at the door and the windows. I opened the curtains and I saw Sara and her husband. When they saw me they broke the window. I ran to the door that is at the back of the house and I put a scarf around my mouth and neck. I jumped to the next door house and I realized that they were following me. I lost them. I started to walk. I had to arrive to the hospital but it was dangerous. The city was going crazy.

Finally, I arrived. The hospital was closed and some houses were on fire. I entered and I looked for my father but I didn't see him, instead, I found a lot of people wearing strange raven-shaped masks. One of them took me to a room. I screamed but it was my father. He asked me what I was doing there. It was very dangerous. Some people were going crazy, and they started to kill other people. After that, we went outside. We got to the car and I turned on the radio. People were dying. My dad said that we couldn't go home, so I thought about going to our other house in the country.

My dad drove for an hour, until we arrived. The lights of the house were on. Fortunately, no one was there but that was strange. We entered and sealed the doors and windows with pieces of wood.

I was sleeping when the sound of a phone woke me up. Someone was calling my dad. He told me that two of his work mates were coming. I didn't agree with the idea but we couldn't let them die. After two hours, they arrived home. They came in with their masks on and put them on the floor. I hated them. Then, I went to my bedroom and tried to sleep. I dreamt of ravens in the forest while I was being killed by them. I woke up and I went to the toilet. I was going through the hall when I heard sounds coming from the kitchen. I couldn't be dreaming. I arrived to the kitchen and what I saw shocked me. My dad and their friends were with their masks on looking at me. My last words were: "dad, are you there?"

## 27 In Italy

**Fiorella Rodríguez**

Escuela N° 774, Epuén

Last year, I was in Italy. One day, I was bored in the ski school where my parents work. I was playing with my phone and I thought: "It's better to go out in winter, right?" so I put my jacket on, and went out. Once I was out, I took a chairlift up. When I reached the top of the hill, the fog was coming down. I reached a point where I had to climb on to a chair that I knew well or a road that only had a distant memory that we had already taken with my brother.

I entered the forest and the fog was thick. I started to descend; music played from my cell phone. I began to regret having gone there. I didn't have telephone signal and I couldn't communicate with anyone. I stopped midway without knowing where I was, I took out the skis in desperation and left in the middle of the path. I suspended the music and decided to stop anyone passing through that place. A group of people stopped, but they couldn't understand my language and couldn't help me. Then between tears and despair, I found an instructor who was from one of the schools on the hill. I asked him for help and we were able to understand each other, they called my father and then my brother who went to look for me and arrived safely at the place where I wanted to be.

## 28 Once upon a time

**Francisco Ramírez Haedo**

Escuela N° 774, Epuyén

There were two boys who were close friends and liked volleyball. One day they went to the lake and it was a beautiful summer day. The two boys went together on a bus from their town to the lake.

That summer day was very hot and when they arrived, they got into the lake which was cold. Afterwards, they went to play football by the lake until the afternoon, one of them played so badly that he missed the ball.

After a few hours, they went to the craft fair to be with their friends and hang out. At the craft fair they had a great time with their friends chatting and listening to music. In addition to having fun, the two spent a little time with the two girls they liked.

Usually when the craft fair ends, one of their mothers picks them up at night, but because the power was out, they could not call anyone. Then, they waited and waited for one of the boys' mother so that she could take them home. Minutes and minutes passed and the mother did not arrive, so they decided to walk until mom found them and took them home.

## 29 A story

**Lautaro Gimbernat**

Escuela N° 774, Epuyén

One day, the hero Maryo was sleeping in his house when villain Opser kidnapped Princess Pineapple. A frog (population of the Fungus Kingdom) noticed Maryo at the event. Maryo and his brother Louiyee quickly went to rescue Princess Pineapple.

Later that day, they found a Youshee, a reptilian horse of Amorph Island which eats Coupas, minions of Opser. Youshee followed Maryo and Louiyee and defended them by eating Coupas and other minions of Opser.

Finally, they arrived at Koopaleenk, Elite Soldiers of Opser, they entered Iggey's Hovel and went to fight with Iggey. After a long battle, Iggey killed Maryo and Youshee. Louiyee, full of fury, defeated Iggey with a strong jump.

After defeating the other Koopaleenks: Mourthon, Lhemy, Loodweeg, Rai, Gwendee and Lharree, all of them with one jump, Louiyee arrived at Opser hovel and defeated him just with a look. But Opser was a hologram and above Louiyee was the real Opser and... One hundred clones of Opser. "¡Gwahahahaha, this is my castle and I can do what I want!" and all of them shot fire at Louiyee. Louiyee, deformed, as renamed Weege and blew up the castle with Opser inside with just thinking about it, he did not care about anything anymore, just wanted to be stronger.

## 30 A story

**Nicolás Aragón**

Escuela N° 774, Epuén

I want to tell you one of the most amazing stories of my life. That was one on a summer's day. It started like any other summer's day. I was sleeping when my phone rang at 9 o'clock. I felt sleepy but I reached for my phone to answer. One voice started to speak loudly, it was Thiago's voice which was telling me something about a meeting at the lake and I didn't understand anything but when he stopped speaking I asked "Why are you phoning me at this time, it's early, VERY EARLY. Then he started again with his explanation. He had tried to say that they were going to go to the lake and there they would play football and go swimming all day long.

When I understood what he had wanted to say, I thought it would be interesting and fun, but I didn't want to go so I didn't care. So, I told him that I would think about it and if I wanted to go, I would tell him. Then I went back to bed and I tried to sleep again but I couldn't because once I wake up, I can't go back to sleep so I got up and went to the kitchen. I was in the kitchen for 3 hours and I felt bored. At that moment I remembered the meeting at the lake, so I spoke to my best friend, Lara. I told her about that and she loved the idea. She accepted my offer and the plan was to meet on the bus and then go to the lake with all our friends.

When I was on the bus some minutes before arriving at Epuén where the lake was, Lara sent me a message which said: "Nico I have to turn down our plans because my boyfriend wants to go to the lake with me". "I'm sorry. I hope you will forgive me." That was minutes before I arrived at the lake, so I hated Lara. When I arrived at the lake, Thiago sent me a message which said the meeting was going to be later on because all of the guys were eating their lunch, so I was alone in the lake but that didn't bother me. I went swimming alone because it was a beautiful day, the sun was up and the water was warm, so it was a perfect day for swimming. I had swam for thirty minutes and then I had an idea so I took my phone and called Leon. I asked him to come to the lake, he said it was a good idea and he was going to leave in a few minutes.

When he arrived, I was back in the water and at that moment he had the best idea in the world which was to jump into the water next to me to splash water on to me. An hour later, Thiago called me and said they were in Bosques where the deck was. Before Leon and I went to Bosques we went to the kiosk. We bought something to drink and then, we went back to the lake. When we arrived we didn't see anyone. I remembered Leon's face. It was a mixture of disappointment and fear. It was really funny. But when we looked at them they were swimming and jumping.

One of them jumped awkwardly and fell into the water. It was more fun than Leon's face, absolutely. There we swam for one or two hours. But we swam a lot and we felt bored so

I had a good idea which was to go to the lake that we often go to in summer to jump from the rocks. So they liked that idea and accepted it, so we started to walk there.

When we were walking to the lake, I saw my ex-girlfriend and her family, her mother is always gentle, the same as her father. But she was a little angry, now she is continuing to be angry but I don't know why. I remembered because she looked at me with a face which I can't explain, but I didn't care so much because my friends and I continued walking. After a long fifteen minutes of walking, we arrived at the lake.

There were a lot of people, many tourists and people who live in the town. The first thing I did was to jump down from the rock. Leon is one of the rock-jumping experts. We had jumped for 2 hours and then we stopped, minutes later one family of tourists came there, I think they were "Porteños" because they had that specific way of speaking so when they arrived at the rock where we were sitting, they tried to jump but they felt afraid because if you don't know how to do it, it is dangerous. Suddenly one of them jumped, I was surprised because I didn't think they could jump from there. The person who jumped was a kid around 6 or 7 years old. When he reached the water, he was ok. But when one of the big men of the family jumped, he made a big form in the water like when a bomb hits a country, something like that. Then one beautiful girl came there and the grandfather of the family couldn't stop looking at the beautiful girl's hair and he said a lot of things about it. I couldn't stop laughing, it was really funny. Later we went to the Antuquillen where we were going to buy some drinks and something to eat.

Then we went back to the rocks and started to jump and swim, then Ezequiel who is one of my best friends, he seemed to feel very sad because, he was having problems with his girlfriend. The problem was his girlfriend and he's always thinking about his girlfriend. So I gave him a hand and we had a conversation, then we returned to "Bosques" to play football again. When we arrived there, others kids were playing football where we were going to play football. So when we were playing a match with those kids, Eze took the ball and then he started to run anywhere. After that Fran and the rest of my friends except Leon went home. Leon and me didn't know what we could do, then I had a good idea which was to go back to the lake because we didn't have anything else to do. So we went to the lake again, we were there for an hour more. At last I caught the bus at seven o'clock and I went back home.

## 31 A news story

**Genaro Garis**

Escuela N° 774, Epuayén

Are you creative and organised? Do you have great ideas for making money? Maybe you could start a business in your school. Gabriela Gómez started a school business group which she runs after lessons every day. The group has already made a lot of money, which has bought the school new computers. How did the business become so successful?

Gabriela says, "I have always been interested in fashion. Two years ago, I designed an unusual T-shirt and wore it to school. Lots of my friends liked it and asked me to make some T-shirts for them too. With the money they gave me, I made more T-shirts. Then I started to design bags. I needed to employ people to help me make and sell things, so I asked some friends to work with me. Before I knew it, I had my own business! We were doing really well, so we decided to start our own school business group. At the start there were only three of us- me and my two best friends- but then more and more liked our clothes and now we are a team of six. We aren't designers. For example, my friend Paul is really calm and organized and he works with the money side of things. Everyone in the team has something they bring to the business!"

So what can we learn from Gabriela? What are the most important qualities you need to run a school business group?

Gabriela says, "Well I enjoy a challenge. It isn't always easy to run a business. There can be lots of problems, but you just have to deal with them".

## 32 Remorse

**María Valentina Hernández Carett**

Escuela N° 714, Trelew

Dear Sam,

I'm sorry.

I should have kissed your scars, instead of ignoring them.

I was such a coward back then that I was afraid of approaching you. I stayed silent even though I knew you weren't alright. Back then, I was young and naive. I hadn't understood that there was light and darkness in the world, and in the presence of the dark I ran away from that fear.

I ran away from you and that was my worst mistake.

Now that I've grown up, the remorse is swallowing me. Even though we didn't know each other personally, I should have done something.

I used to see you every afternoon. In the beginning, you were a ray of sunshine who was always irradiating golden happiness, but then you seemed too dull as the time passed by and I wasn't the only one that noticed it. A lot of people started gossiping about you.

I was an idiot who had chosen to believe them. I'm sorry I didn't approach you and ask you the only truth that mattered: your truth.

I blindfolded myself in the ignorance.

Sometimes I used to stare at the beautiful light, without thinking about all the shadows that the sun itself creates. They're always there, lying beside our innocent persona. Our shadows are part of who we are, but I didn't know how to handle them. I was used to the warm light. I was scared of anything that could threaten my little bubble. Now I realize that it was just fake happiness.

You probably don't remember me the way I remember you. I don't even know if you are still alive. If you are, I beg you to forgive me for disregarding what should never be ignored.

The remorse is swallowing my soul, filling my stomach and choking my throat.

I'm sorry.

### 33 The great gift of my 18th birthday

**Naara Hocko**

Escuela N° 7729, Comodoro Rivadavia

What would you do if your best friends became your worst enemy? I still remember I was a teenager when it happened. I was 17 years old, and I lived in a very dangerous neighborhood, but I had two great neighbors and friends who took care of me. I thought that nothing would ever happen to me. It was October 21 of 1998, my family was traveling to visit my cousins because my birthday was coming and they went to look for them for the "big day" or the worst day of my life.

I was having mate in my garden with my two best friends and neighbors, Renzo and Axel. We laughed happily, we were great friends. After that, I went to school, like every day, it was the first week without my family at home, there were just a couple of hours for my family to arrive. They were arriving at 8 o'clock in the evening. I was going on my way home when my family called me to check if I was already there. I was excited.

It was already getting dark and I was only four blocks away from home when I got a message from my friends to go to have dinner with them, I assumed they would surprise me for my birthday just like every year. I arrived at Renzo's house, we ate "fiambre alemán", my favorite food. It was 11 o'clock at night, and I had to get home, I said goodbye to my friends and I left.

Two blocks away, I put on my headphones and began to play my favorite song "Bitter Sweet Symphony". I walked faster and faster, because my neighborhood was dangerous and I wanted to get home quickly.

I only had a hundred meters to go when I started to look for my keys; the song on my phone was ending, suddenly, my mother called me to tell me that in half an hour they were arriving home. I was extremely happy! I thought of the idea of spending my birthday with my family and I felt so excited. I was opening the door when someone covered my mouth and struck my recently operated leg. What a coincidence ... right in the specific place that only my closest friends knew it was my weakness. I fainted, on the other side of the cell phone there was the voice of my mother asking, "Honey, are you ok? What's going on?"

It was already 8 in the morning, I should be at school, but I was in the house of my "great and reliable friends" Renzo and Axel. They had beaten me, raped me, and tortured me until I died. That was a real surprise! MY FRIENDS truly surprised me.

My family, my other friends, the entire school, even the girl who hated me, looked for me. The hours passed by and they still did not find me, and my cell phone had been destroyed. After 6 o'clock in the afternoon, a box arrived at my mother's work, it was my hair and my arm where I had a tattoo with her name. I had been torn apart.

The hours passed and people did not find Renzo and Axel, but nobody suspected of them. How could they? They were like brothers to me. 21 years have passed and I continue retelling what happened to me, but from my grave. My spirit takes care of my family, but every birthday, at the same hour in which I was murdered, I appear to torture those who harmed me, planning the worst death for them.

That's why I tell you dear reader, never trust your friends, suspect everyone and watch your back. I am here and I come to take revenge for everything.

## 34 Bob's night out

**Sebastián Sepúlveda**

Escuela N° 750, Puerto Madryn

Bob was at his office. He was sitting at his desk, working at the computer. He hadn't typed a word yet when the phone started to ring. The radio was playing a good song, so he didn't turn down the volume to answer the phone.

When he heard the voice on the phone, he felt so happy and nervous. It was his friend, Sally. She was a beautiful girl.

She invited Bob to her birthday party. He wrote it down on the calendar as fast as he could and he thanked her for the invitation. The party was on Friday 13th April at 9 p.m.

On April 13th, Bob left home to go to Sally's house. He looked up at the sky and saw it was raining a lot, so he opened his umbrella with one hand because he had a bunch of flowers for Sally in his other hand. The taxi he asked for was parked at the corner. He got in the car and told the driver Sally's address.

On the way, Bob stopped the taxi because his wallet was empty and he couldn't pay for his ride. Bob was surprised and nervous. He apologized to the driver for his mistake. The taxi driver was so angry with Bob that he shouted at him and asked him to get out of his taxi. Bob got out and forgot his umbrella inside the car.

Bob felt very sad because of that and started walking in the rain. While he was walking, he heard a friend calling out his name. The flowers and his clothes were wet. So Bob stopped in the middle of the street and saw his friend coming up to him. They shook hands and had a little talk. Bob told him he was going to Sally's because it was her birthday party. His friend offered to give him a ride. Bob agreed and smiled.

Ten minutes later, while they were driving to Sally's, the car started to release smoke, so Bob and his friend were worried. Bob's friend stopped the car and got out to check the engine. Bob watched him while he was repairing the car. After that they finally got to Sally's place.

Sally was sitting on the floor of her living room. She was watching TV and eating pizza when her doorbell rang. She thought 'Who could it be?' because it was late. When she opened the door, she heard her friend Bob say 'Happy birthday!', but it wasn't her birthday yet. She told Bob her birthday wasn't on April 13th but on April 30th. Unluckily, Bob had misunderstood her.

In the end, Bob and his friend were frustrated. There wasn't any party and they would have to go back home on foot again.

## 35 The lighthouse

**Luca Desimone**

Escuela N° 774, Epuén

Sarah woke up at midnight, put a flower in her hair and went directly to her parent's room. She sat for a long time on the side of the bed where her dad slept.

Finally, he woke up and said: "Sarah, what's wrong? It is still night."

You used to tell me how Grandpa led you to the lighthouse in the middle of the night and now it's midnight, and I think you should take me tonight.

Her father continued lying down for a long time and finally said: "Yes, I think tonight is the night."

They dressed quickly, got into the car and left in the direction of the lighthouse. Everything was deserted. There were no cars and the street lights lit the sea mist.

When Grandpa took me to the lighthouse, there were no lights in the streets, nor were the bakeries open during the night, her father told her.

"I'm sure Grandpa would have stopped if any bakery had been open," Sarah said.

"So am I," her dad said.

They stopped and went into a bakery. They bought donuts and coffee. They were the only customers in the entire store.

When I was little, Grandpa used to give me coffee, but it always tasted bitter, Sarah's father said.

They drank some coffee remembering the grandfather. Dad's coffee was delicious, but Sarah's was horrible. They drove to the outskirts of the town until they came to the road that led to the lighthouse.

"Grandpa always said you had to walk until you reached the lighthouse," Sarah's father said.

"We never climbed to the top of the lighthouse. The door was always closed. We tried to open it, but it remained locked."

"I'll try," Sarah said.

He approached, turned the knob and the door opened. Sarah and her father watched with emotion.

"And now what?", Sarah asked.

“Grandpa had come up,” Sarah's father replied.

Up the spiral staircase. One lap, another lap, another lap, and more laps, until at last the light reflected on their faces.

“I can see infinity, Sarah-. Do you think Grandpa can see me?”

“I do not know.”

“Can you hear me?”, Sarah asked. And, without waiting for an answer, she shouted to the wind: “GRANDFATHER!”

And they waited in silence.

“I do not think he can hear you.”

And in the silence they heard the foghorn and looked at the mist and the sea. Suddenly, Sarah took out the flower she wore in her hair, the same one that she had saved from her grandfather's funeral, and threw it into the sea.

“When you have a son, I will bring you here one night for Sarah.”

“I'm sure you will,” her dad replied.

"That sounds good," Sarah answered.

They parked the car and started on the road through the fog. They sat down to rest on a rock overlooking the beach and listened to the waves breaking against the cliffs. Sarah finished eating her donut and her dad finished the coffee.

## 36 Making up stories using random verbs in the past

### Year 5 students

Escuela N° 7722, Esquel

1

One day Bellota was at home. She was watching TV and her sister Burbuja walked in to visit her. She really wanted to see her sister Bellota. Bellota paused the TV and tried not to cry because she left. Then Bombon walked in and asked Bellota to explain why she was so upset. (Lucía Pasquini and Kiara Cárdenas)

2

Las year I was with Valentino at the computer lab editing a short movie and we were very tired doing that. We made a very moving short movie and suddenly Valentino said to me: "Do you know I love you?" So I said: "Awww", and he answered to me: "It was a question!" And that was so funny and just today we remembered that conversation and we laughed, so we wrote about it. (Jorgelina Jones and Valentino Casarosa)

3

I remember when I travelled to London. I went to the main park and I liked it. Two months later, I decided to live there (in London) and work as a dancer in a studio. (Joaquín Gillerme and Valentina Mateos)

4

One day, a man decided to help a kid to study, but preferred to call a teacher because he had to go back home to tidy up. (Yamna Ubiedo and Lucía Díaz)

5

One day, Sophia visited Agostina's grandmother. She went among the trees because Agostina's grandmother lived in the forest. She watched her house and she paused for one moment and she said: "it is very late! And ran but she fell over and broke her arm. Then she met a man. She told him what had happened. She needed bandages. Sophia tried and tried but didn't get there and she saw Agostina's grandmother laughing in the window. The end. (Agostina Espinosa, Valentina Monge, Camila Murillas, and Candela Galvan)

6

Once upon a time, Julian arrived in his white car in New York. He went to Mexico because he needed to look for his dog Panchito. So he waited to give the documents to the officer. The trip ended and finally he talked to Panchito. (Julián Retamal, Emanuel Delajuana, and Ricardo Arbe)

## 37 Four bridges

**Renata Mansilla**

**Escuela N° 7729, Comodoro Rivadavia**

Rebecca had two grandparents that she adored, but now they're dead. Their story is what I'm going to tell you about.

Rebecca's grandfather passed away two years ago, and her grandmother was a grieving soul roaming the house that they had shared so many years in love and harmony. She still had a family, of course, but it wasn't the same.

Rebecca's grandma had a lot of confidence in her, so she ended up telling her that something was happening. She dreamt of her dead husband, "The dream is about four bridges and at the end of the fourth bridge he is waiting, extending his hand so that I can go with him", she said. Rebecca and her grandmother couldn't find any logic to that dream.

Days and months passed quickly, and one night Rebecca was the one who had a strange dream. She was a child and she was walking into an elevator with her grandmother. They were hand in hand and the elevator went up floors and floors. A kind of journey with no return since the elevator was not familiar to Rebecca. She did not know how many floors they were ascending when, all of a sudden, the elevator stopped and the doors opened.

Rebecca's grandma loosed her hand and came out of the escalator. She tried to move on but her grandmother said: "No, you don't come with me." She smiled at her and the dream ended. When Rebecca woke up in the morning her grandmother had passed away the same night she had that dream.

And I wondered, what did the four bridges have to do with this story? Maybe, each bridge was a month. Rebecca's grandmother passed away four months after her husband did, that is, on the fourth bridge, just where her husband was waiting for her.

### **38 Alternative ending to “The Origin of Kaá-guasú or Yerba Mate”**

**Maya Velásquez**

Escuela N° 767, Esquel

Yasí, the Moon, and Araí, the Cloud, enjoyed looking at the colourful birds and huge plants, the big insects and the funny monkeys. They were so distracted that they didn't listen to a fierce yaguareté making noises behind some bushes. When it was ready to attack them, a coward Guaraní hunter appeared from behind some trees and started screaming desperately; the goddesses were scared and confused at the same time, so they stood still on the ground while the yaguareté started running towards the Guaraní hunter.

Suddenly, a brave Guaraní woman came with some rabbit meat in her hands. She made a strange noise which made the yaguareté calm down. Slowly, she approached the yaguareté giving it the meat. The yaguareté took a deep breath, grabbed the meat with its mouth and left cautiously. “It was a female yaguareté. She only wanted some food for her and her breeding” – the Guaraní woman said while the Guaraní hunter was trying to catch his breath.

The goddesses were surprised at that woman's bravery, so they gave her a plant they had, a gift from Kuarajhí, the Sun, thanking her for having saved them. This plant, named “kaá-guasú”, had the strange power to help people make friends; so both, the Guaraní hunter and the Guaraní woman, prepared some “mates” with the leaves of kaá-guasú when they arrived home, they called some neighbours, drank “mate” and they all became good friends.

## 39 A letter

**Victoria Vargas Rodríguez**

Colegio Municipal de Pesca N° 2701, Puerto Madryn

From: The Trees

To: Present Humans

BCC: Future Humans

Subject: Warning

Dear humans,

I am a 23 year old oak; I live in a park, next to a pine. We'd like to tell you we don't like it when you cut us down, since there are families around us. We'd like to grow and live for many years.

We very much like to sleep, but we are afraid of being cut down. We are still young.

We were told many others have had long lives. It hurts when our logs and leaves are taken away.

Thanks for your time and we look forward to hearing from you.

The Oak

## 40 A letter to woodcutters

**Rocío Bonet & Dionisio Real**

Colegio Municipal de Pesca N° 2701, Puerto Madryn

Dear Woodcutters,

My name is Charlie. I am writing this letter because you are cutting down our trees.

Do you know that if you cut them down, you will hurt their branches, their beautiful leaves and their roots? You have to let them grow to give us oxygen, to give us shade when there is a lot of sun, so that fields, jungles and cities look pretty.

Little animals live in trees and if you cut them down, they will be homeless. The trees have young children too so if you slash them in half, bigger trees will suffer a lot.

I would like you to become aware of this and stop hurting them.

Sincerely,

Charlie (a nine year old child)

## 41 Earth pollution

**Keyla Aragolaza Reichemberger**

Colegio Municipal de Pesca N° 2701, Puerto Madryn



She is Thaly. She is a 6th year high school student. She is a lover of nature. She enjoys the smell of wet soil and loves standing on it and sharing those times with Ciro, her dog, on their daily walks.

Thaly is closely influenced by pollution. She studies about it and always tries to raise awareness among people who are around her.

Her dream is to be a biotechnologist and to remove all the pollution out of the planet.

Please, take care of the Earth as if your life depends on it, because that's the way it is. Be like Thaly.



## 42 Almost heaven

Elen Junyent (illustrated by Marcos Bustos)

Escuela N° 730, Trelew

God loved looking after her creations. She loved creating different fates for each of them, but there were two whose fates she couldn't control. These souls always met, no matter the circumstance. Sometimes their meetings were fleeting, sometimes they would know each other since birth, but they always changed the other's life. She couldn't control them. She wished she could. Every time, no matter what she would do, the ending was the same.

When she watched them leave her doors this time, she couldn't help the ache in her heart. They didn't deserve this.

Jeremiah, nine years old:  
The boy was sitting on a church pew, hearing his father's sermon. He tried to listen, but no matter how hard he tried, the words entered one ear and left the other. The only thing he could focus on was the stained glass behind his father. It showed an angel that was quite threatening in its stance, and, in his mind, the angel was pointing at him, judging him. And at the same time, it gave the impression that the angel was pointing at the exit, demanding that he left. He looked down to his feet, hearing bits and pieces of his father's message. He tried not to concentrate on the looming figure that bored holes into his skull.



Ben, nine years old: He was playing football with the other boys of his neighborhood until one of his friends fell over. He rushed over to him and helped him up. He didn't know why, but he felt a tingling feeling in his hand when the other boy reached for it. They smiled at each other and continued playing.

Jeremiah, sixteen years old: It was getting harder to hide his secret from his family. He was never interested in girls, ever since he saw two men kissing on the street when he was nine years old. It was hard to hide something as big as this from the ones he loved, but he knew some of the things they would do if they ever found out. He had started getting nightmares from thinking about the possibilities. They had gotten worse when he started liking a guy from his class, Ben.

Ben, sixteen years old: He had come out to his family. Not everyone was as supportive as he had wanted but he had expected that. His mother and sister were his biggest supporters, and he was so relieved. They were happy for him and he was glad he had someone to rely on. When he started school again, he told them of one of the boys in his class that caught his attention, and maybe, just maybe, his heart. Jeremiah.

Jeremiah, seventeen years old: He had his first kiss. He thought back to it with fondness and a thin thread of dread, because it just solidified what he already feared.

They were at a bonfire, celebrating the end of the exams. Everybody around him was getting drunk and he was feeling immensely uncomfortable. And then Ben appeared. He was standing on the other end of the fire, his dark skin glowing bronze in the light. Their eyes met and he walked over to where he was sitting. And they just started talking. They talked well into the night. They had walked beside the sea shore. They had distanced themselves from the bonfire, and then, it just happened. There was a lull in the conversation, and he didn't know who started it but the next thing he knew they were kissing. It was the best moment in his life. He wasn't afraid in that moment. He wasn't afraid of his family finding out, or his church, or what they would do to him. It was just him and Ben in that moment.

Ben, seventeen years old: He had his first kiss. It was the best kiss he could have asked for. It was with the guy he had been crushing on for over a year now. He had just seen Jeremiah across the fire, sitting on a log, impossible for him to look more uncomfortable. So, he decided to ease the awkwardness. And it just happened. He thinks he initiated the kiss, but he wasn't sure. But it was perfect. They fit together perfectly. He hoped it stayed that way.

Jeremiah, twenty-one years old: Somebody had found out. It was a group from his church, the one group that followed his father's words to the letter. They were rumored to have done things to people they thought were unworthy in the eyes of God. He had packed his essentials in his bag and ran. He ran like he had never ran before. He didn't know where to go. He knew not to go to the police; they would just phone his parents and he knew they wouldn't stop the group. He couldn't go to Ben's house; he didn't want the extremists to find him. He wanted to keep him safe. So, he decided to go to their secret meeting place. It was by the river; they had made a hut there. He could stay there until it all died down. It would die down, it had to. He hid in between the branches that made up the hut. He tried keeping as quiet as he could. He didn't have time to scream when he felt a hand grabbing him from behind.

Ben, twenty-one years old: He hated this. He hated it. He hated wearing black, he hated crying, he hated watching the casket lower to the ground and he hated that Jeremiah's parents couldn't stand to look at him. The people who had done this were detained but they didn't regret it. They would definitely walk free. His parents said nothing of the matter. His father looked angrily at the casket, burning it with his gaze. His mother cried but I couldn't quite believe her. My family were the only ones that had cried. We weren't invited, his family didn't know about us, but we were Jeremiah's family. I didn't know if I could get past this hurt, this grief that swallowed me whole.

And the worst part of it all was that it was almost heaven. Almost heaven.

**Part 4**

# Comics



### 43 Acid rain: Trash in the sea

Jonathan Orellana & Américo Rodríguez

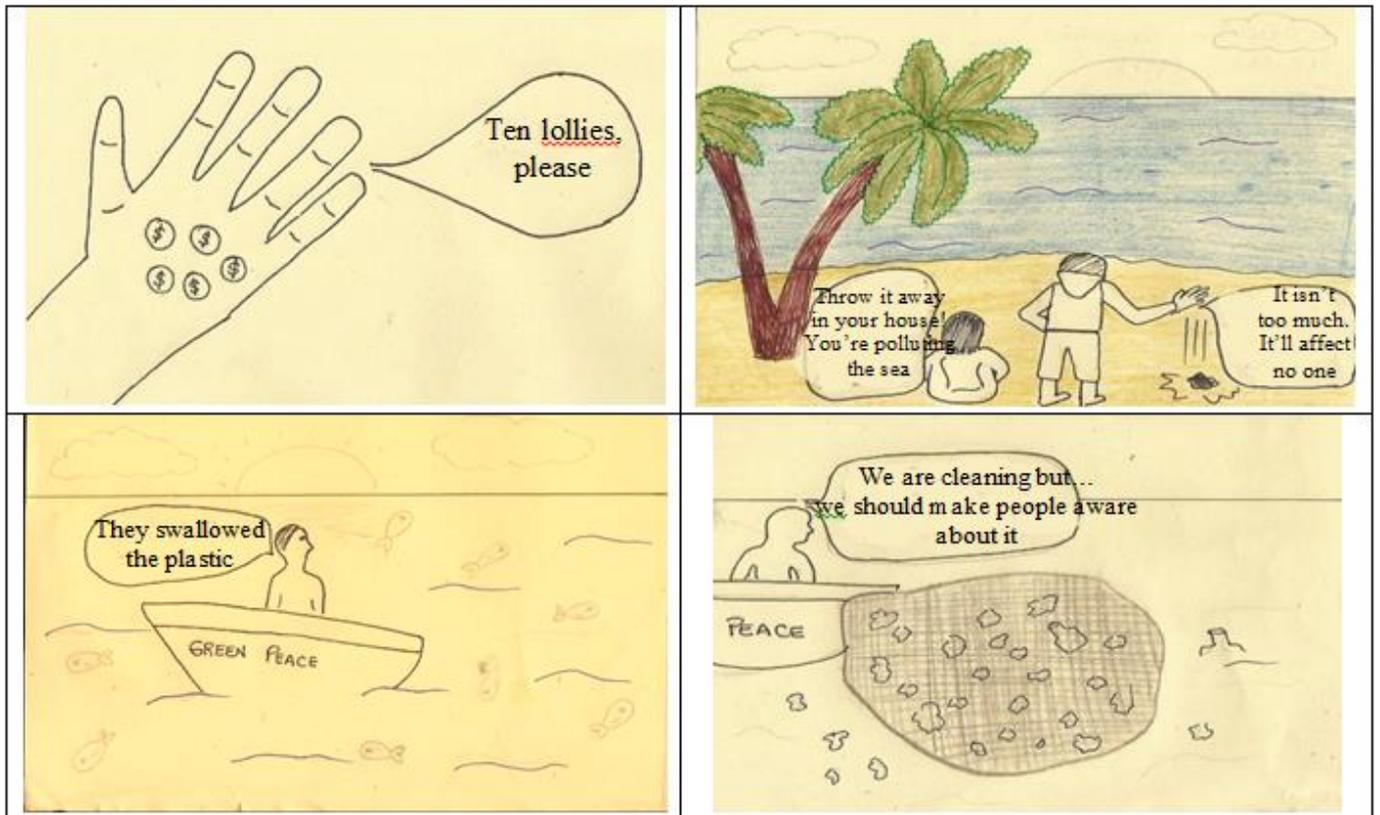
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44 Taking care

Eugenia Vargas

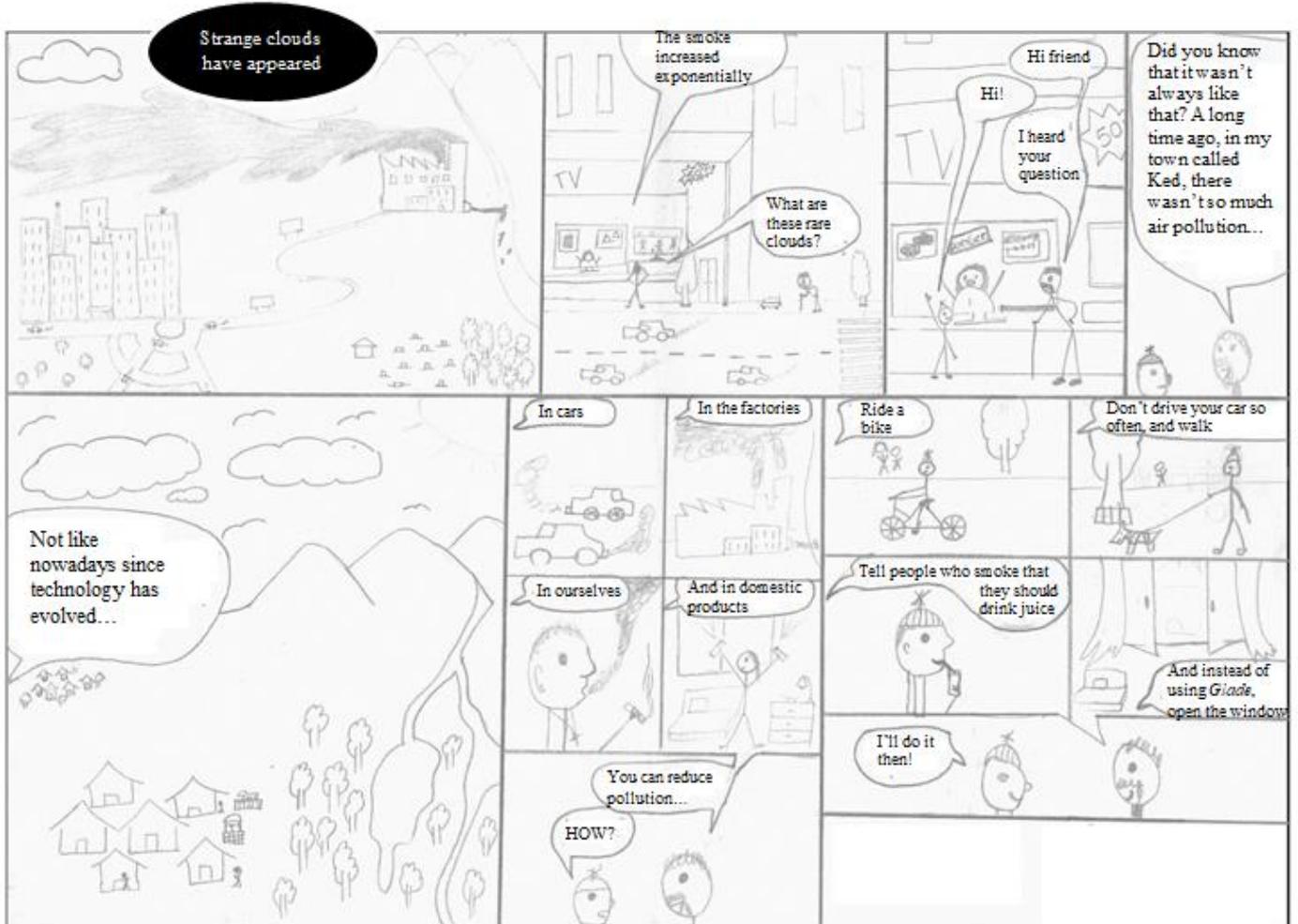
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45 In Smoke City

Dante Peredo Acosta & Emanuel Vidal

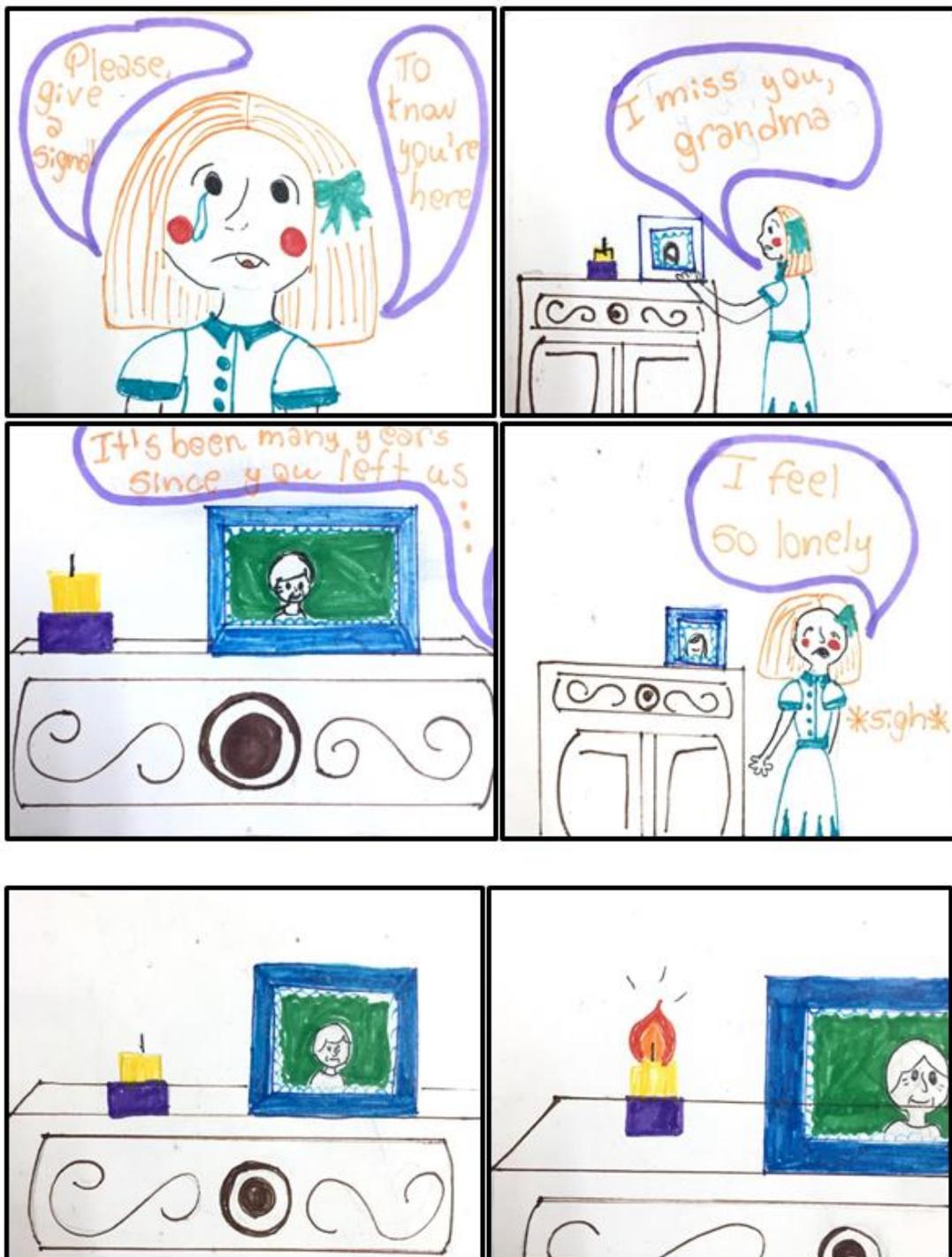
Colegio Municipal de Pesca N° 2701, Puerto Madryn



46 This isn't the end

Luana Ortego

Escuela N° 7729, Comodoro Rivadavia





47 In Amsterdam

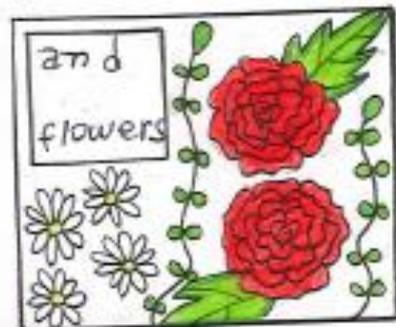
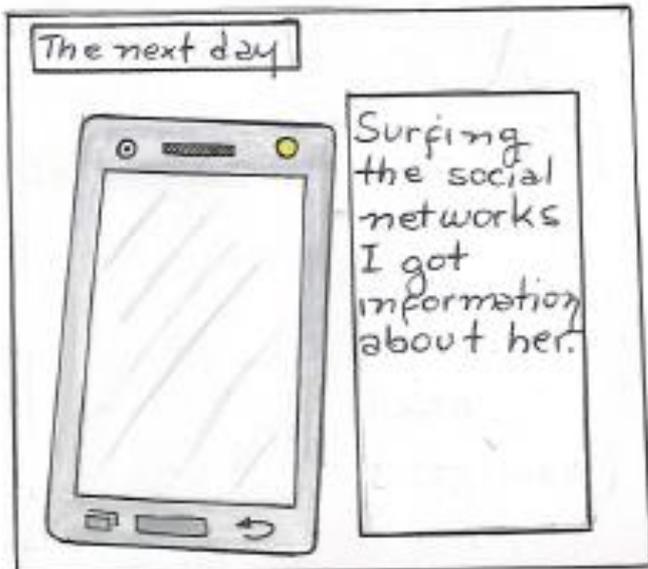
Cesia Noemí Cifuentes Pas & Luciana Darlene Correa

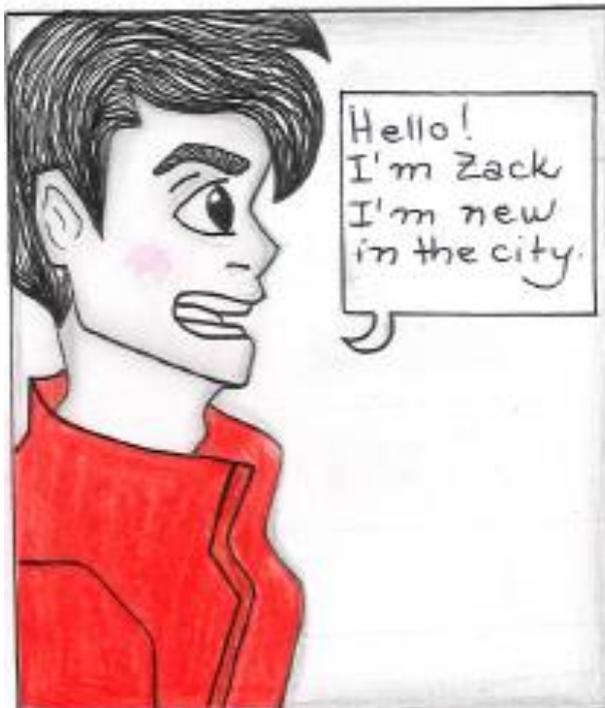
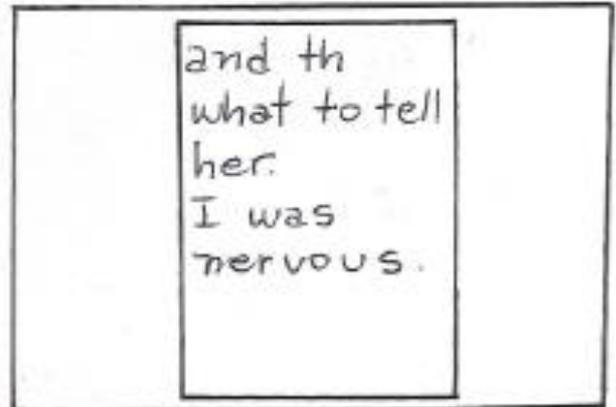
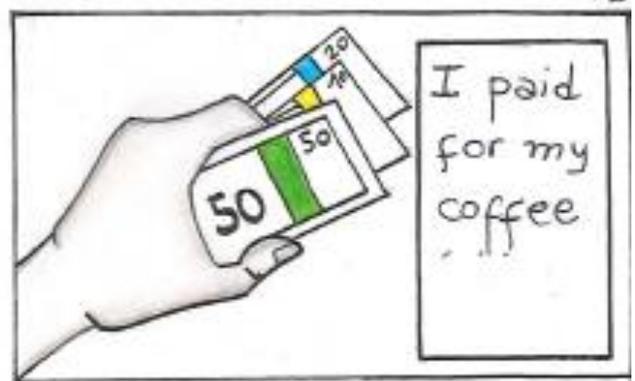
Escuela N° 782, Tecka

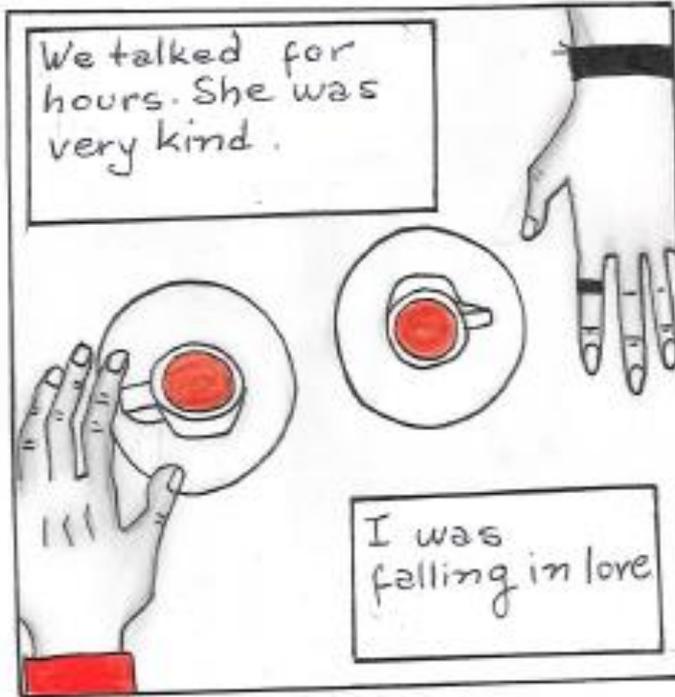


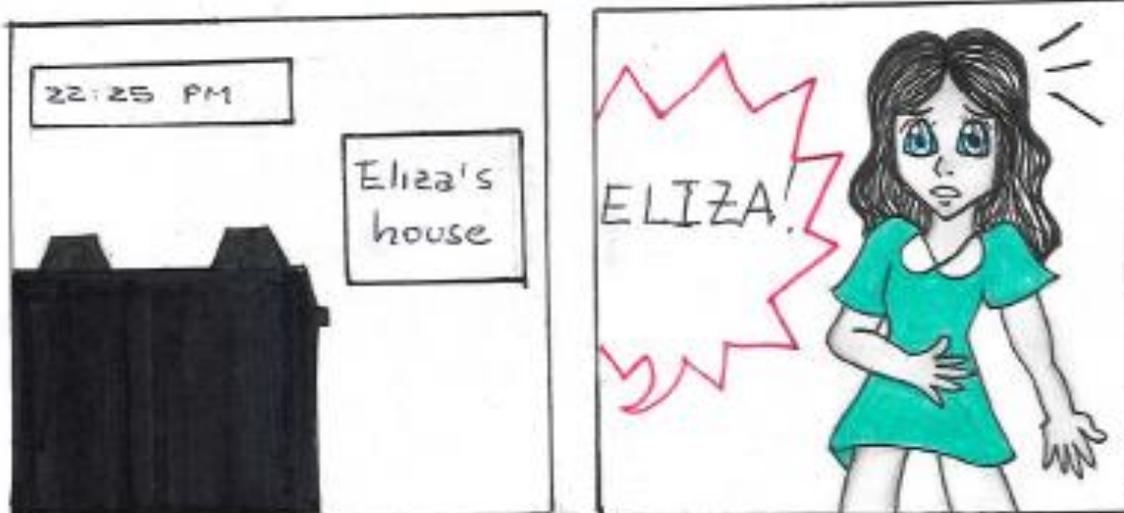


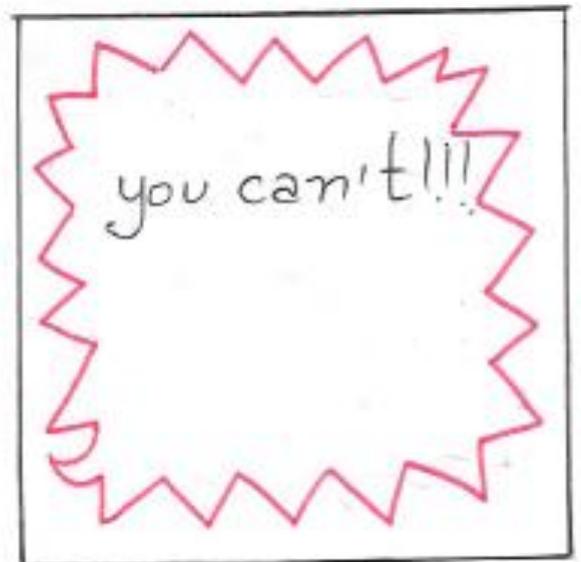






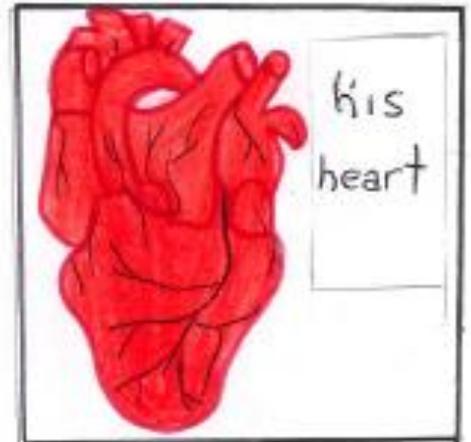














## 48 The psychologist

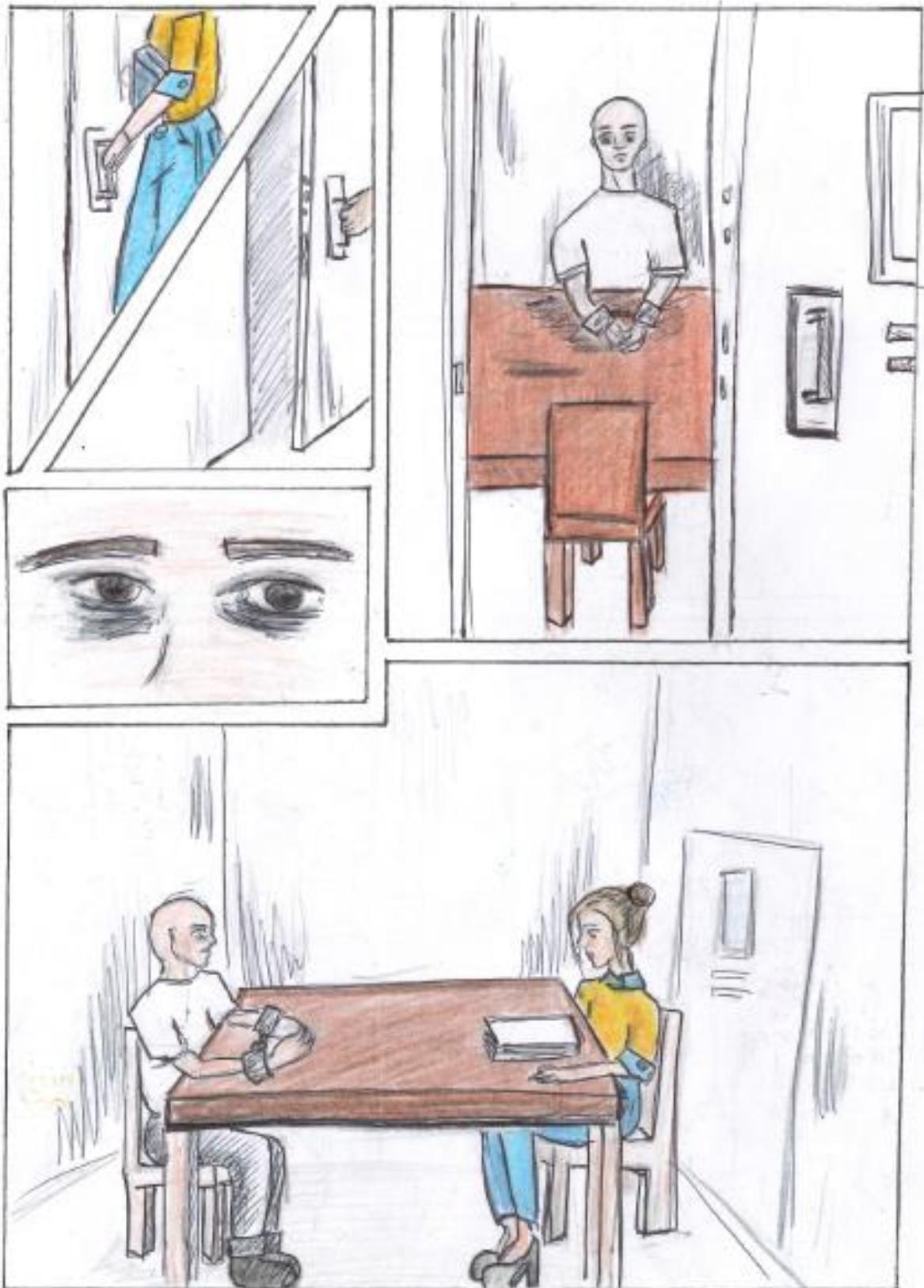
María José Actis Agudiak & Tatiana Correa

Escuela N° 782, Tecka

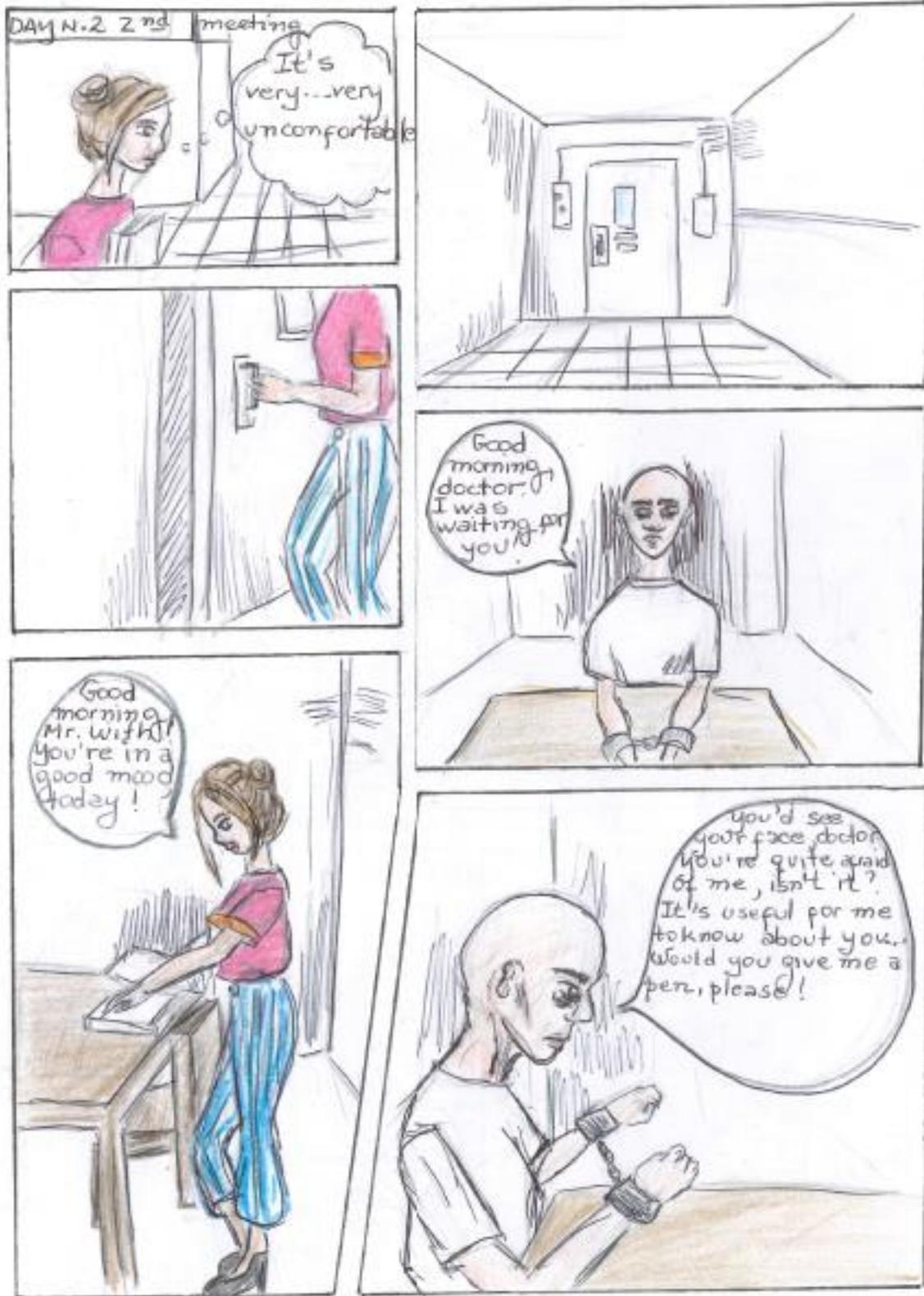






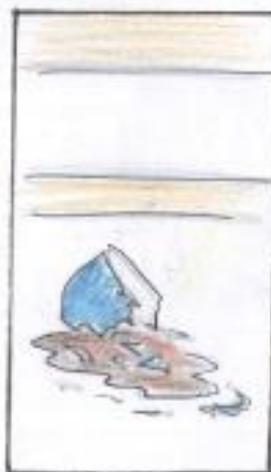




















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