

Belle Castille

Premio 1º de Poesía, Concurso Antonio Machado "Champs/Chants de Castille" 2011

Poème écrit par Diana Lica

**Un jour, j'ai perdu mon âme, Castille,
J'ai perdu mon âme pour toi,
Et je ne l'ai jamais retrouvée.**

**C'était le matin quand j'ai trouvé
Tes yeux verts, tes aulnes, tes pins,
Qui me regardaient.**

**C'était midi quand j'ai trouvé
Tes cheveux longs et blonds,
Tes champs de blé,
Quand j'ai touché ta peau brune,
Ta terre brûlée par le soleil.**

**C'était l'après-midi quand j'ai trouvé
Tes colliers d'argent, ton fleuve Duero,
Tes rivières...
Ou ta lumière tardive où le duvet volait.**

**C'était le soir, c'était la nuit quand j'ai trouvé
Ta robe noire:
Le ciel et les étoiles.**

**Puis, à l'aube, j'ai trouvé à l'horizon
La ligne de tes lèvres,
De ta bouche de vignoble
Cette ligne rouge qui disait:**

**"N'attends pas, être éphémère, viens,
Reste avec moi...
Peut-être que demain,
Demain... sera trop tard pour toi"**

Et j'y suis restée à écouter ta voix.

Diana Lica, alumna de 1º C de
Bachillerato

Polyglots: Are they superhuman?

by Diana Lica

Many say that everything started with the tower of Babel. Others think that one day, the Earth's soul burst in tiny bits which have spread all over the world like the pieces of a smashed mirror. I personally believe that languages are the reflexion of a deeper truth: this is what differentiates us from the

rest of the animals, as well as being the echo of the human dignity and the foundation of our society.

From my own experience I can say that learning a new language, although a rewarding act, can be in fact, quite challenging. I am not talking about the amount of time, money and effort you have to put into it, but as well about the discipline and perseverance.

My mother tongue is Romanian, and when I first came into contact with Catalan, my initial reaction was one of complete confusion, bewilderment and even frustration. Somehow, I managed to overcome this hurdle and after a couple of months, I noticed an improvement. At the end of the fifth month something amazing happened, a light

switched on: I suddenly began to understand and I was able to express myself in Catalan.

I have the certainty that having a flair for languages is similar to having an ear for music. Unlike others, who seem to learn by heart the entire grammar and its rules, I tend to listen to the

powerful melody that a language encloses. Yes, I listen to its vibrating notes and I train my voice and mind so as to imitate them.

Being a polyglot, doesn't mean that you are superhuman or at least, I don't consider myself as being one. I can speak fluently five languages and I must admit that personal circumstances, like the migration of my parents from Romania, have influenced me a lot.

I am convinced that the role that languages play in our future is highly important as they help us to find a job more easily; they enable us to work and travel abroad, not to mention the opportunity of widening our horizons.

Moreover, the process of learning a new language involves getting to know more about the culture to which it belongs. The result is a more tolerant attitude towards other cultures and customs.

In the light of the above mentioned, I return to that old metaphor: languages are the tiny pieces of a giant puzzle, the more we learn about them, the more we get to know about the colourful human jigsaw which represents the humankind.





A ghost story

por Blanca Carranza Rodríguez

I was eight when my parents told me we were going to move to a big house in Russia. I always remember our small house of Sicily, the sea breeze and the sound of the birds singing outside, but, of course, all of these things fade away as if they have never existed.

The new house was in the middle of a big forest, in front of a lake, but it was cold and dark. I usually got lost the first days I spent in the mansion and one day, I discovered a little room. Inside it, there were lot of dolls and teddy bears. It seemed to be a girl's room so I asked the old maid, Mrs Barrow, if there was a girl living in the house too. She looked very surprised at first, but then, she smiled.

-Do you want me to tell you a story? - She asked, and I immediately sat down on a chair next to her- Well, I remember that many years ago, a happy family lived in this house. The young

couple had twins: Alice and Emmeline. They used to dance on the ice lake in the winter nights but, one day, the ice broke and Emmeline fell into the water. It was a tragedy, doctors couldn't help her and she died. Since that day, Alice became a really lonely girl, and someone said that she had stopped

speaking .Her parents decided to move to another country, far, far away.

-It's a really sad story- I said- What do you think that was wrong with Alice? Was she mad?

-Oh, no my dear. I think she missed her sister, that's all. But that happened many years ago, don't worry.

Mrs Barrow stood up and she was near the door when I asked:

-And did Alice return here?

She turned around and I could see something like nostalgia in her blue eyes, but she didn't answer my question.

After that day I tried to find

more information about the twins. I started looking in the library, but there were only books about science and history so I decided to investigate the house. Next to the doll's room there was the twins' bedroom, but it was locked. I went through long corridors feeling that someone was watching me. At the end of the second floor corridor, there was an old door. Mum had told me that there were only two rooms where I was not allowed to enter: one was the twins' bedroom and the other, was the attic, but curiosity overcame me and I pushed it gently. It was a big and dusty room. Suddenly, I saw a shadow in the half-light and I was running inwards when the door closed loudly. I got scared so I went to a corner and snuggled up shaking. Then, a little girl appeared in the darkness. She was wearing a blue dress and her face was deadly white.

-Don't be afraid- she said, but I fainted.

When I woke up I wasn't in the

Blanca Carranza Rodríguez, alumna de 2º C de E.S.O.

loft. The strange girl was sitting next to me.

-I'm not going to hurt you- she said calmly.

-Who are you?

-My name is Emmeline.

-Emmeline? I have been looking for you! You're one of the twins!

-Yes, but...I can't find my sister- Emmeline said sadly- do you know where she is?

-No, but...You're supposed to be dead! - I remembered

-What are you talking about? I'm like you!

I spent many hours playing with her.

-Your clothes are very strange- she said suddenly- put on that one. You'll be better- and she gave me a short red dress. It was beautiful.

-See? We aren't so different at all.

Emmeline was right. Anyone could mix us up. In that moment, someone shouted my name downstairs.

-I have to go- I said, but Emmeline had disappeared.

-What are you doing here? -

Said my mum entering the room- I thought my orders were to keep this room locked. Listen, your dad and I are going to the village. Mrs Barrow'll take care of you so be a good girl, will you? We'll be here as soon as we can.

I was reading in the living room when Mrs Barrow asked me:

-Is it interesting?

-I like it.

She was making tea when she realised that something was out of place.

-Where did you get that dress? - She asked me- you're so similar to...

-Emmeline? Yes, I know. She gave it to me as a present. We've been playing. She's very funny... but she's very sad too. She says that perhaps her sister has forgotten her.

-You have to promise me a thing. You aren't going to talk to her, ok? She shouldn't be here, she's dead!

I didn't see Emmeline again that day, but at night she came to my room: I saw someone in a long, white dress running out of

the room and I followed her.

We went out of the house in silence. There was snow on the ground and a full moon shining in the sky. She didn't speak to me until we arrived at the ice lake.

-I used to come here with my sister. Do you like skating?

I hadn't skated before, but I put on the rollers she gave me and we went to the lake. At first, everything was ok, but then the ice broke under me and I fell into the water. Emmeline caught my hands but it was unsuccessfully. Suddenly, Mrs Barrow took me out of the lake, but she fell into the ice hole. I lost consciousness and when I woke up my parents were next to me looking really worried.

- I'm fine, but what about Mrs Barrow?

I looked around me and I saw two girls. They were identical and they were saying goodbye to me. They were finally together, as they had always wanted.

THE END



9.1.2011 Ryder Harkin Hine

When I first had the idea of doing a study abroad, back in 9th grade (Primero de la ESO), my goals were to become fluent in Spanish and to absorb myself into a new culture. After living here in Aranda de Duero, Spain, and after accomplishing these goals, I have realized that my exchange is about much more than just those two small accomplishments. Among many other things, my exchange has been about learning how to improve from the hundreds of mistakes I have made and will make, and learning how to adapt myself to new customs: a new family, new rules, new school system, new hours of eating and sleeping, life in a city, a new language; the list goes on. Being away from home, having to adapt myself to a completely new life, and all of the experiences I have had here will serve me in the future when I am ready to begin my own life on my own.

Improving on the mistakes I have made and will make, is something that I believe will help me immensely throughout

my life. I have always been one to forget things, but here in Spain I have realized just how many things I forget. I have missed countless buses, even when I arrived EARLY to the station. I have been robbed of my wallet, which contained my credit cards, cash, and my bus ticket home in the morning, while attending a David Guetta Concert in Zaragoza. After this I went a week without money until my parents sent me a new credit card. I have lost my house keys on multiple occasions. I have even lost a pair of shoes, and still have not figured out where I lost them. After all of this, and many more mistakes, I have learned to improve on the way I live my life so I will be able to prevent these mistakes from happening again.

In terms of adaptation, I was lucky to have been placed in a family and a city with people who made it this comfortable and easy for me to learn and adapt myself. Since the day I arrived my host family has made me feel like this was my home here in Aranda, and after four short months I now feel as though I am truly a part of their family. Inside the house, my host family does many things differently than my family back in the US. Here my family almost always eats lunch and dinner

together, which rarely happens in my house back home. Here one must sleep with a shirt on and wear socks in the house so that they don't catch a cold. I must also bring my clothes down to be washed everyday, whereas in the US I wash all of my dirty clothes at the same time once a week. Social aspects, such as giving two kisses when one greets and says goodbye or goodnight, are much different. Manners of eating are much different, such as saying "¡Que aproveche!" before every meal, or eating one's bread from the table instead of from your plate, or even keeping one's hands above the table during a meal. Only having toast for breakfast in comparison to the bacon, egg and cheese sandwiches that I have on my way to school in the States. Although all of these customs now seem logical and habitual to me, I do notice how much different they are from the way I live back home.

Another major difference between the US and Spain is the manner of teaching and learning. School in Spain is plain, and is there just for learning; whereas school in the US is more exciting, there are more activities, more sports, and a different style of teaching. My school here in Aranda is a fairly

Ryder Harkin Hine, ha sido alumno de 1º de Bachillerato en el primer cuatrimestre del 2010-11



small building with classrooms, a small library, computer lab, and a gymnasium. The classrooms are small with white walls, desks and a chalkboard. One of the main things I realized about the school here in Spain is that there is nothing posted on any of the walls or doors, nothing to animate or help the students. The classrooms are empty aside from the desks, and the walls of the hallways are blank. In the US, the schools are covered with posters, pictures, equations, history, notices, etc..

In relation to the teaching, here in Spain the teachers do a lot more lecturing where one must take notes, which later serve for the exams. In the States, one generally does a lot more writing activities and question answering throughout the class period.

Another difference is that in Spain a student does not have any relation with his/her teacher. Some of the teachers do not know the names of the majority of the students. In the US the students are very close with their teachers, which also makes school much more bearable. I believe that Spanish schools have a higher level academically than it is in the US; but because of how repetitive and plain it is, Spanish school is far more boring.

My favorite aspect of Spanish life is the atmosphere of the general public. The people of Spain are much more open to new things and to new people than we are in the US. Since I arrived

here in Spain I have not encountered a single person who has been unkind to me. Whether it was asking a question to someone in the street, shopping in store, making friends in school, etc.; the Spanish people have always been content to help me, and I am grateful for that. I have been to France, to Ireland, to England, to Mexico and other countries, and in all of my travels I have never met such a genuine group of people. Always willing to help, without ever asking anything in return.

There is something about the atmosphere of Spanish culture that is different from anywhere else in the world. Something that cannot be described, but which can only be seen when one walks along the streets of the Spanish towns and cities. It is a culture filled with pride and hard-work, and at the same time, a people that prize their tranquillity and relaxation. After living here in Aranda De Duero for just under five months, I have met new people, learned a new language, new customs, and most of all a new way of life. Each experience I have had here in Spain I will take with me as I move on through my life, and each one will better prepare me for what I am to encounter in the future.



Living abroad

by Patricia Burgos Fernández

Living abroad is always a good experience, you get to learn a lot of things about other cultures, and, what's more, you can learn a language.

It all started when my dad was asked to work in England for a couple of years, he and my mum thought that it would be a good chance for my brother and me to learn English, so we all moved there.... I still remember my first day of school. I didn't sleep at all the night before; I couldn't stop thinking about my new school and the new life I was going to start there. When , eventually, I walked into my new classroom, everyone stared at me and asked me if I was the new Spanish girl. All of my classmates were nice to me, but at first, it was really hard to talk to them as my English wasn't that good; As a result, the first

months were difficult: I didn't understand my teachers, and I missed my family and friends very much,... but as time passed by, I could notice that my English was improving day by day, and I talked to my friends and family very often.

England is a multicultural country and I got to know people from all over the world. I didn't feel left out at all as I had friends from different countries and English people are used to emigrants.

It is known that British people usually have lunch at midday and dinner at 6 pm, but for us, Spaniards, it is quite difficult to get used to that, as we have dinner at 10 pm more or less. Another thing that caught my eye is that food is quite unhealthy; they eat fast and fatty food, even though they only eat a sandwich for lunch. As I said before, their culture is very different to ours; our main meal is lunch whereas theirs is break-

fast or dinner.

English weather is horrible, it rains a lot and it is really cold outside. The days are very short, the sun rises at 7 am and it gets dark at 5 or 6 pm. Another interesting fact is that it is not normal for them to have blinds in their bedrooms; I had to sleep with an eye cover so that the daylight didn't wake me up in the morning.

In Spain we are used to going out late at night whereas in England people of our age are used to going to parties or to a friend's house, not to pubs, as alcohol is prohibited to adolescents under 18. When it is quite warm, in summer, some people drink in a park but this is very rare, it hardly happens. They don't know how to party, they should learn from Spain!

Another thing that it is very different from Spain is education. In England there are 4 important years in secondary school,

Patricia Burgos Fernández, alumna de 2º C de Bachillerato

in years 10 and 11 (tercero y cuarto de la ESO) you have to do the GCSE exams and in years 12 and 13(bachillerato), you are in sixth form and you have A levels exams. Up to year 10 students hardly have any exams and what's more, the school doesn't evaluate them, it is the government who marks the exams.

Nowadays there is a lot of unemployment in Spain and I

think that many people will end up searching for a job abroad; if I end up in that position. it would be easier for me as I've lived abroad before and I can speak English better than most people. I think that it was a really good experience for me; I am more open-minded and I can communicate with people from all over the world as English is the most widespread language, in addition, before going to England I was the

shiest person on Earth, it is now easier for me to relate to other people....So, If someone asked me if I would go back there, I wouldn't know what to answer because on the one hand I would definitely go as the lifestyle is better there; but on the other hand, the weather is really bad and the food is horrible, so I don't know if I would be able to cope with that again.



Have you ever thought about your future? Well, I hadn't before my teacher asked me to do it. We live in a world where everything is changing really quickly. Some years ago, many people weren't able to write or read and it was very difficult to learn a new language. Today, most people can go to school and learn different languages there.

I have been studying English since I was 5, and now I really like it. One of my aunts is an English teacher and she

was the first person who taught me some English through games and songs when I was very little, and that is the reason why I want to study to be an English teacher. I think it's very important to know other languages because you will need them if you want to travel to other parts of the world, and also because it will be good for you and it will open a lot of doors in the future.

But not everybody thinks like me. I've got a friend who thinks that studying other languages isn't important at all. She thinks it's boring and no use. "I don't need English to

study what I want," she told me. And she was probably right, but I think that it isn't a reason for quitting learning English. You shouldn't study English only because it's compulsory at school, you've got to study it because you want to learn more, because you want to travel, you like listening to music, watching original soundtrack films, searching the Internet... you've got to find a reason to study English, which doesn't have to be necessarily because you have to do it.

I encourage you all to study English!

Irene Miguel Bueno, alumna de 3º A de E.S.O.



Canadá

por Audrey Langlois

En España no hay muchas noticias que vengan de Canadá. A excepción de las famosas tormentas de nieve. No obstante, Canadá es más que un país frío, es una zona donde se encuentran dos culturas y dos idiomas; el inglés y el francés. Geográficamente, Canadá está al norte de los Estados Unidos y es el segundo país más grande del mundo. Canadá tiene una superficie de 9.984.670 km² en comparación con España que tiene 504.030 km². Sin embargo, Canadá es un país poco poblado. La población es de 33 millones de habitantes y la mitad viven entre las ciudades de Montreal y Toronto. Igualmente, la población de Canadá se constituye principalmente de inmigrantes y de amerindios (indígenas de América). El primer idioma es el inglés, el segundo el francés (el francés es la lengua oficial de la provincia de Québec), y el tercero es el chino. Pero, todavía se nota la influencia amerindia en los nombres de algunas ciudades o algunos sitios.

La palabra Québec (Kébec) es de origen indígena y quiere decir "donde las aguas se hacen angos-

tas," refiriéndose a una zona del Río San Lorenzo (Saint Laurent) donde se encuentra la actual ciudad de Québec. El asentamiento indígena donde hoy se encuentra la capital de la provincia de Québec se llamaba Stadacona o Stadacona y en él habitaban varios cientos de indígenas en el siglo XVI cuando Jacques Cartier, el primer explorador francés vino a estas tierras con el apoyo de la corona francesa. Fue en uno de los viajes de Cartier en 1535 ó 1536 cuando toda esta zona recibió el nombre de Canadá (Kanata). Cartier confundió la palabra Canadá, que quiere decir pueblo o casa, con la palabra Stadacona, ya que un par de indígenas se refirieron a Stadacona como su pueblo, su Canadá. No fue hasta unos 70 años después, en 1608, cuando Samuel de Champlain, otro explorador francés, fundó y nombró la ciudad de Québec en lo que había sido Stadacona. Menos de doscientos años después, la ciudad y la provincia de Québec fueron conquistadas por los ingleses. A pesar de todo, los ingleses dejaron a los francófonos el derecho de hablar en francés en la provincia de Québec. En 1867, las partes anglófonas y la parte francófona fueron unidas, y es desde esta época que tenemos

el Canadá que conocemos ahora.

Desde el punto de vista cultural, la comida de Canadá se caracteriza por poseer una agricultura rica, abriendo un sinfín de posibilidades a la gastronomía, además cada región ó provincia cuenta con sus propios platos típicos y especialidades. Por ejemplo en Québec la influencia francesa se deja notar en sus platos como la Tourtière, un pastel de carne, así como la sopa francesa de guisantes o el Poutine, que son patatas fritas con salsa y requesón. Canadá produce 90% de la producción mundial de jarabe de arce (Sirop d'érable, Maple Sirup).

Creo que desde Europa, Canadá es un país muy desconocido, pero donde se vive bien, rico en recursos naturales y cuyos habitantes son muy amables y acogedores. Canadá os espera.



Audrey Langlois, lectora de Francés en el Instituto durante el curso 2010-11

TARTA DE 3 CHOCOLATES

Primer Premio del Concurso de Navidad

por Juan López Plaza

Ingredientes:

- 150 g de chocolate negro
- 150 g de chocolate con leche
- 150 g de chocolate blanco
- 150 g de azúcar
- 750 ml de leche
- 750 ml de nata para montar
- 3 sobres de cuajada

Base:

- 1 paquete de galletas
- 60 g de mantequilla
- Decorar con virutas, cacao...

Trucos:

>>> Cuando se van echando las capas se utiliza una cuchara boca abajo y sobre ella se va vertiendo la mezcla para que no sea brusca la caída y se mezclen las capas.

>>> En la última capa se puede prescindir del azúcar porque el chocolate blanco ya es muy dulce.

Realización:

BASE:

- * Triturar el paquete de galletas en picadora o, en su defecto, entre papel de cocina y pasando un rollo de madera o botella redonda.
- * Mezclar lo anterior con 60 g de mantequilla derretida (si se necesita puede añadirse un poco de leche). Untar en un molde desmontable.

CAPAS:

Primera:

- 150 g chocolate negro
- 250 ml de nata para montar
- 250 ml de leche.
- 50 g de azúcar
- 1 sobre de cuajada

Segunda:

- 150 g chocolate con leche
- 250 ml de nata para montar
- 250 ml de leche.
- 50 g de azúcar
- 1 sobre de cuajada

Tercera:

- 150 g chocolate blanco
- 250 ml de nata para montar
- 250 ml de leche.
- 25 g de azúcar
- 1 sobre de cuajada

Para hacerlas:

- * En un cazo se pone la leche y la nata. Se deshace primero la cuajada para que no queden grumos, después se añade el azúcar y chocolate. Se calienta sin hervir unos 7 minutos.



Juan López Plaza, alumno de 1º B de ESO

Visitas y actividades...



TRIP TO LONDON 2011

Once again, we are going to London. This year we have changed the dates of our trip, and we will be flying at the end of June, which means that we will enjoy London at its greatest splendour. Hopefully, the weather will be warm and dry, and the parks will be in full bloom.

More in the next issue.

English Department

REUNIÓN VIAJE A
LONDRES
VIERNES, 1, ABRIL
Hora: 11.00
Aula: B1° B





Alumnos de H^a del Arte, Cultura Clásica y Griego en Madrid

21 de enero de 2011.

Alejandro Magno en el Centro de Exposiciones Arte Canal y Rubens y Renoir en el Museo del Prado fueron nuestros objetivos. Día soleado, buen ambiente y las exposiciones magníficas. ¿Se puede pedir más a una excursión?

Las fotos las ha proporcionado Samira de B1A. Muchas gracias.



Lunes 21 de junio de 2010

Los tutores de 1º de la ESO del curso 2009-10 pensaron que la mejor forma de acabar el curso era hacer un paseo con sus alumnos por el monte de la Calabaza. Por ello, un grupo de profesores y todos los alumnos de 1º pasaron una mañana agradabilísima que se inició caminando desde el Instituto hasta el monte. Ya en el monte jugamos al fútbol, juegos autóctonos, disfrutamos de la naturaleza, que dejamos más limpia de lo que estaba y acabamos con un buen almuerzo con el que repusimos fuerzas antes de regresar a casa.

Fin de curso en el Monte de la Calabaza



Un año más, el grupo de teatro del Instituto, dirigido por Isabel Santos, y subvencionado por el APA del Instituto, desarrolló en el Centro Cultural de Caja Burgos, la obra de Virginia Guarinos, "Locos Por El Teatro". Nuestra más sincera enhorabuena a la directora y los actores por el éxito obtenido.



Grupo de Teatro del Instituto

Visita al Punto Limpio



Visita al Punto Limpio y a la planta de tratamientos sólidos urbanos de Aranda de Duero.

El 17 de marzo de 2011 los alumnos de 1º ESO, con el departamento de Tecnología, visitaron estas instalaciones del municipio, para que vieran y comprendieran el tratamiento de nuestros residuos y la importancia de este proceso para preservar nuestro medio ambiente.