





Pathways to Literature 2018

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# PRESENTACIÓN

Presentamos la décima edición de nuestro libro "Pathways to Literature", y recordamos con emoción a todos los alumnos que han sido parte de esta enriquecedora experiencia llena cuentos, poesías, historietas, guiones teatrales y textos informativos que abarcan temas como nuestro planeta, la energía, animales en peligro de extinción, la música, valores, hechos históricos, biografías, civilizaciones y leyendas.

Este año contamos con una nueva edición en formato digital, buscando contribuir al cuidado del medio ambiente al evitar la impresión de papel. A la par nos permite brindar acceso a la lectura del mismo desde la página web del colegio con tan solo un click de descarga. Este hecho nos llena de orgullo ya que nos permite brindar acceso a toda nuestra comunidad estudiantil de manera muy sencilla y con mayor prontitud.

Las obras literarias que presentamos en este nuevo libro han sido el resultado del esfuerzo creativo literario de los alumnos de nuestro colegio en el marco del Concurso de Creación Literaria de Lower School y de una selección especial de trabajos de Upper School.

En Lower School, los trabajos ganadores fueron seleccionados por un jurado calificador conformado por profesores de secundaria. Mientras que, en Upper School los Departamentos de Inglés y Español se encargaron de escoger los mejores trabajos de los estudiantes de este nivel. Esperamos que la lectura de este libro sea de su agrado y que disfruten de un encantador viaje por las historias creadas por nuestros alumnos.

Paola Padilla Santoyo Richard Chiroque Solano Anibal Santillana Arias

## AGRADECIMIENTOS

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BELLADONA Form III Andrea Badillo Bouby

THE BOY IN THE STRIPED PAJAMAS. Reading Club 2018 Lillian Haynes Andrea Livia Chumbes

# LOWER SCHOOL

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• Español •

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#### UN DÍA CONTAMINADO

Había una vez, un niño que se llamaba Jack y paraba enviciado con los videojuegos. A él no le gustaba jugar con cosas que no tengan batería. Él era muy flojo y en su casa lo atendían mucho. Jack siempre tenía pesadillas y no podía dormir porque no paraba de pensar en los videojuegos. Un día, Jack olvidó desconectar su Ipad y se malogró. Lo dejó cargando por dos años seguidos. Jack estaba desesperado y no sabía qué hacer.

La hermana de Jack era muy diferente a él. Rosa reciclaba mucho y no usaba cosas electrónicas. Rosa usaba cosas que no contaminaban el medio ambiente. Además, ella siempre decía: ¡Podemos morir si no reciclamos y seguimos contaminando!

Fue así que Jack pensó sobre lo que le estaba haciendo al planeta y comenzó a reciclar siempre. Desde ese día, comenzó a jugar más en el parque, a apagar las luces cuando sea necesario. Supo que el mundo estaría sano y salvo; y en este se podría vivir y jugar.

Al final, su hermana Rosa fue una gran heroína porque con su consejo ayudó a salvar al planeta.

¡ES BUENO CUIDAR AL PLANETA!

Mateo Jhusey Vargas 1.<sup>er</sup> grado - Rabbits Primer puesto





### LA ENERGÍA

Un día muy soleado nos fuimos a la playa. Estábamos jugando vóley con mi familia, mientras que mi hermana jugaba con mi perro. Después me metí al mar y jugué feliz con mi pelota.

Regresamos a la casa, pero no nos habíamos dado cuenta de que habíamos dejado las luces prendidas y entonces las luces dejaron de funcionar.

De repente llegó un súper héroe que fue al lugar de donde salía la electricidad general, pero estaba muy fuerte para él, así que también lo ayudamos a girar la llave y volvió la electricidad otra vez.

Todos aprendimos a ser cuidadosos y nunca más volvimos a dejar las luces prendidas.

Mia Reinoso Valdez 1.<sup>er</sup> grado - Hamsters Segundo puesto

#### EL PLANETA SUCIO

Había una vez, unas personas que vivían en el planeta sucio y tiraban todo lo que compraban, como zapatos usados y ropa que olía muy feo.

Un día vino un superhéroe y les dijo "Limpien todo lo que tiraron porque está oliendo mal". "La ropa está sucia y todo está tirado". Las personas dijeron: ¡no lo vamos a limpiar! Entonces el superhéroe les explicó por qué era mejor vivir en un lugar limpio y ordenado con un mejor olor.

Al final, las personas limpiaron, ordenaron y todos vivieron felices.

Lucas Dávila Sersen 1.<sup>er</sup>grado - Hamsters Tercer puesto





### LA CHINCHILLA ESTÁ EN PELIGRO DE EXTINCIÓN AYUDÉMOSLA PARA QUE TENGA UNA VIDA MEJOR

La chinchilla vive en la Cordillera de los Andes. Es un roedor que se alimenta de frutos, hojas y semillas. Este animal tiene bigotes largos, es peludo. Su pelaje es gris y blanco. Tiene una cola larga que mide 13 cm. Sus uñas son largas y sus grandes orejas miden 4 cm.

La chinchilla es un animal nocturno, pero en las épocas de frío salen en el día. Este herbívoro está en peligro de extinción porque su territorio está siendo explotado por actividades como la tala de árboles, la caza por su piel, la minería y porque los zorros son sus depredadores naturales y ellos son muchos más que las chinchillas.

Debemos hacer leyes para protegerlos, reservas naturales y también crear grupos en redes para ayudar a las chinchillas.

Alma Flores Carpio 2.° grado - Eagles Primer puesto

### UN PEQUEÑO MAMÍFERO EL GATO ANDINO ES UN ANIMAL INTERESANTE

Este animal es muy interesante porque se cree que solo quedan 2,500 gatos de esta especie. Es del mismo tamaño que un gato común. Vive en los altos Andes de Perú, Bolivia y Chile. Se encuentran en montañas que están entre los 3,500 y los 4,000 metros sobre el nivel del mar.

Este animal es muy atractivo por sus características físicas, como ser pequeño y tener pelaje plomo con rayas marrones. Se alimenta principalmente de roedores, vizcachas y chinchillas. También se alimenta de aves y reptiles. Está en peligro de extinción porque son cazados para ser usados en ritos religiosos.

Debemos de dejar de cazarlos porque sin que nos demos cuenta pueden dejar de existir.

Mikella Alencastre Bernal 2.° grado - Robins Segundo puesto





### LAS AVES QUE NO VUELAN NOS NECESITAN DEBEMOS AYUDAR A LOS PINGÜINOS DE HUMBOLDT

Los pingüinos de Humboldt son conocidos como Spheriscus Humboldti. Sus colores son negro, blanco y alrededor de sus ojos rosado. Pueden medir entre 65 - 70 cm. y pesar entre 3.3 kg. a 4.9 kg. Pueden vivir entre diez y veinte años. Estas pequeñas aves viven en Perú y Chile en terrenos rocosos. Se alimentan de peces, calamares y gambas pequeñas.

El problema que tienen los pingüinos de Humboldt es que los pescadores pescan mucho y no dejan peces en el mar para que se puedan alimentar los pingüinos. Destruyen casi todo su hábitat, mueren atrapados en las redes de los pescadores que pescan en zonas equivocadas. También los cambios de clima los afecta. Todo eso es gracias a los seres humanos porque no cuidan a los animales.

Debemos ayudarlos haciendo una de estas tres opciones: Haciendo una reserva natural, crear una ley para que no destruyan su hábitat o proteger su hábitat con guardianes para que no entre nadie y puedan vivir tranquilos para siempre y no estén en peligro.

Michela Rubini Ferrand 2.° grado - Eagles Tercer puesto

#### LA MÚSICA ESTÁ EN MIS VENAS

Mi violín es como un sol de felicidad que nunca acaba. Cuando escribo o digo este verso, me siento calmada, inspirada y creativa. Mi violín es como un mar marrón, con dos elegantes cisnes.

Me siento experta cuando toco violín, ¡Es como si pensáramos al mismo tiempo! Si piensas que estoy loca no estás en lo correcto, sólo tengo una cuerda, que me jala hacia la música recto.

Mi violín me recuerda a mi familia, por eso algo me atrae hacia ella. Cuando toco frente a mucha gente yo me mareo, pero creo que mi violín también siente, y nos vamos a esforzar siempre.

> Aitana León Visscher 3.<sup>er</sup> grado - Pumas Primer puesto





#### LA MÚSICA ES UN SENTIMIENTO

Cuando escucho música me siento feliz porque siento que mi tía abuela está conmigo. Cuando escucho música me siento alegre, porque siento que mis familiares muertos están cuidándome, me siento segura.

Pero, cuando música de terror escucho, yo me asusto, porque siento que es como el día que mi tía abuela murió.

Cuando escucho música pienso que es el día que nací y eso me hace feliz, porque es el día que llegué a la vida. Cuando escucho música pienso que el mundo me da señales de familiares.

Cuando escucho música la naturaleza me habla. Cuando escucho música personas también me hablan, no sé bien quiénes, pero siento voces en mi interior.

> Thaís Cohn Monteferri 3.<sup>er</sup> grado - Pumas Segundo puesto

#### LA MÚSICA

La música para mí es oro, porque me da alegría y es un tesoro. Yo me siento segura cuando escucho la música, porque algunas canciones, me hacen hacer acciones.

Algunas canciones me ponen molesta, ya casi me quiero arrancar los oídos. Pero para mí, la música es genial.

> La música me hace pensar, como en relajamiento, porque es como si estuviera en un spa.

Me siento amada y querida, porque algunas canciones, me hacen pensar en mi familia. Algunas canciones me hacen recordar al Perú. Me hacen recordar mi infancia o mis recuerdos familiares o cuando nací en Perú.

> Sofía Borja Reátegui 3.<sup>er</sup> grado - Cougars Tercer puesto



#### PRESIDENTES VERDADEROS

Hace tiempo, en el Perú, las elecciones habían comenzado. Antony y Aries eran los máximos candidatos, sólo uno de ellos iba a ganar la presidencia.

Antony había prometido que iba a acabar con el robo instalando videocámaras, alarmas y más policías si era escogido. Al día siguiente, salió el resultado actual de los votos: ¡Antony le lleva 400 votos de ventaja a Aries! Aries se puso furioso, pero tenía un plan.

En su siguiente charla, Aries prometió lo imposible. Robots vigilantes, trampas con jaulas y mucho más. Como era de esperarse, se volvió presidente.

La gente reclamó lo que había prometido y la vida se le complicó a Aries. Había mentido, y sólo se podía arreglar diciendo la verdad, así que fue a la casa de Antony a disculparse y decirle la verdad. Luego, se confesó con la policía y le dieron un año de cárcel.

Cumplido el tiempo, Antony fue a preguntarle por qué se confesó sabiendo que iba a ser arrestado, a lo que él contestó: "Si no me hubiera confesado, la mentira seguiría en mí, por lo que me confesé, ¡mírame! Ya estoy libre".

¡La verdad nos hace libre!

Stephano Mejía Palacios 4.° grado - Columbus Primer puesto


### RIQUEZAS ESPIRITUALES

No hace mucho tiempo en USA, Miami, habían dos mellizas muy bonitas y adorables. Ellas habían sido las mejores amigas, muy unidas desde siempre, pero eso fue cambiando conforme fueron creciendo debido a sus diferentes creencias. Eso no significaba que hayan dejado de quererse. Ellas siempre vivieron rodeadas de riquezas y tesoros, una de ellas llamada Mishelle siempre fue feliz por todo eso, pero su hermana llamada Maddie siempre se sintió vacía, pues algo le faltaba. Ellas eran juzgadas como estereotipos por tener mucho dinero.

Un verano, las dos fueron a un campamento de astronomía en Canadá. Mientras Mishelle presumía felizmente todo lo caro y lujos que tenía, Maddie ponía mucha atención a todo lo que enseñaban en el campamento porque sabía que ella podría ser más que la niñita millonaria que todos creían que era. Al regresar del campamento en su escuela, Mishellle orgullosamente presumía todo lo que había pasado en el campamento, mientras que Maddie compartía todos sus conocimientos.

De pronto, ella dijo: "Obtuve más en ese campamento, más de lo que tengo aquí". Cuando todos oyeron, hasta su hermana, se quedaron perplejos. Una voz decía: "Pero si tú tienes mucho más que todos aquí". Otra voz dijo: "Cierto, ¿Qué pudiste haber obtenido allá?" Otra voz le daba razón a la anterior y así empezaron a discutir. Hasta que Maddie dijo: "Obtuve más estando allá pero no me refería a riquezas materiales ni nada de eso. Me refería a riquezas emocionales. Aprendí tantas cosas que, aunque ahora mismo me volviese pobre me sentiría la persona con más riquezas del mundo. Las verdaderas riquezas no son materiales. "Toda mi vida pasé buscando verdaderas riquezas y ahora por fin las encontré."

Daniela Leiva Reyes 4.° grado - Columbus Segundo puesto



## CORAZÓN DE PIEDRA Y LA CIUDAD SECRETA

Había una vez, hace mucho tiempo, una súper villana llamada Corazón de Piedra. Ella vivía en el oscuro y profundo Bosque de los Conjuros. Al lado de este bosque, vivían unos campesinos. Ella se la pasaba robando y engañando a todos los campesinos, pero ya estaba harta de robar baratijas, quería algo más grande, algo más importante.

Un día, paseando por el bosque, se encontró con una ciudad abandonada. Como ella era curiosa, fue a investigar. Después de limpiar, sacudir y construir, la ciudad quedó como nueva. A pesar de esto, cada día que pasaba, Corazón de Piedra se sentía más arrepentida por robar y engañar a quienes menos tienen mientras que ella tenía una ciudad para ella sola.

Después de un tiempo, fue a disculparse con los campesinos. Les devolvió todas las cosas que les había robado. Pero ellos seguían molestos. Corazón de Piedra levantó los pies del suelo y dijo: "Por favor, discúlpenme, tomen mi mano y déjenme demostrarles que he cambiado". Los campesinos le tomaron la mano y pudieron sentir que ella en realidad había cambiado.

Corazón de Piedra, al ver que los campesinos no tenían hogar, les ofreció llevarlos a la ciudad a vivir. Ellos le cambiaron de nombre a Corazón de Piedra. Su nuevo nombre era Corazón Cálido y decidieron Ilamar a la ciudad Corazones Cálidos. Hasta hicieron un día llamado el Día de los Corazones Cálidos. Ese día, todos se reunieron en una casa a festejar la amistad.

Al fin, Corazón Cálido se dio cuenta que es mejor tener amigos que enemigos.

Cuando alguien es malo, significa que lo único que busca es abundancia de cosas materiales, pero lo que necesitaba es un amigo de verdad.

Giulia Ferrario Olazábal 4.º grado - Magellan Tercer puesto



### EL PROBLEMA DE IVANA

Había una vez una niña llamada Ivana, tenía siete años y vivía con su mamá, sus cinco hermanos y su oveja llamada Abby. Ella era una niña pobre que vivía en Perú, en un cerro muy alto en Puno. Su mamá siempre le daba de comer sopa con papas porque no tenía nada más que comer, pero como eso no la alimentaba bien se quedó desnutrida y nadie se dió cuenta.

Su mamá quería que Ivana vaya al colegio porque ya tenía que entrar a 1.er grado y tenía que estudiar, pero no había ningún colegio cerca. Después de muchas semanas, su mamá encontró un colegio como a media hora de su casa y muy emocionada, corrió hacia el colegio e inscribió a Ivana.

Al día siguiente, Ivana fue a su primer día de colegio. Estaba muy feliz y quería aprender cosas nuevas. En el colegio enseñaron muchas cosas que Ivana no pudo entender porque como estaba desnutrida su cerebro no tenía suficientes nutrientes para entender lo que le enseñaban.

Su mamá se enteró que Ivana no estaba entendiendo nada y le pidió al profesor que le muestre lo que enseñó ese día. Ese día la clase fue sobre la desnutrición. Se mencionó que en Puno el 76% de las personas están desnutridos, en Pasco el 56% y en Madre de Dios el 58%. También enseñó las consecuencias que produce la desnutrición como la anemia y que para reducirla se tiene que comer cosas ricas en hierro como la carne y sangrecita.

Finalmente, la mamá aprendió a cómo evitar la desnutrición en sus hijos y después de mucho tiempo, lvana y sus hermanos dejaron de ser desnutridos. lvana pudo entender todo lo que le enseñaron y por eso aprendió muchas cosas. Así pudo ayudar a su familia y al mismo tiempo aprovechar las oportunidades que tiene en la vida.

Allegra Vera Arrasco 5.º grado - Edison Primer Puesto





Dedicado este comic: a mi abuelo Oscar Wilson



















Tan tan tan Conoció su gran amor, una chica que se llamaba Rosa y sin darse cuenta ellos ya se habían casado.

Oscar y Rosa formaron su propia familia y twieron 5 hijos curiosos como su padre y bellos como su mádre.



Vengan chicos hoy Tes voy a contar sobre la 2 do guerra mundial.

Está historia es basada en mi abuelo el logró vivir en la epoca de la 2da Guerra Mundial. El no me pudo conocer ni contarme sobre la guerra pero siempre en casa hablan sobre él.



## GRACIAS MADURO CORTO TEATRAL EN 4 ESCENAS

#### Escena 1

- **Gaelle:** Desde el mismo lugar estamos transmitiendo en vivo como sufren las personas gracias a Maduro.
- Vania: Señorita me puede dar un poco de comida por favor.
- Gaelle: No tengo en este momento, pero ¿cómo te sientes al respecto de lo que está haciendo Maduro?
- Vania: Perdón señorita, pero tengo que llamar a mi hermana para que responda el cuestionario. (Se acerca la hermana).
- **Mariagracia:** Buenas tardes señorita estamos aquí porque nuestra madre nos abandonó, solamente tengo trece años y cuido de mi hermana menor.
- Vania: Hermana, ya tengo hambre tienes algo de comer.
- Mariagracia: Lo siento mucho, hermana, pero no he conseguido nada de comida.
- Gaelle: Así es como sufren las personas en Venezuela. Gracias a Maduro.

### Escena 2

- **Mariana:** ¡Vallanse y callense! (Mariana comienza a pegar a Vania y se pelean. Después Mariana le dispara a Vania).
- Mariagracia: ¡¡¡Señorita ayuda!!! ¡¡¡¡A mi hermana le han disparado!!!!
- Gaelle: Ya, en este momento voy a llamar al hospital
- Mariagracia: Muchas gracias.
- Victoria: Aquí estoy, tranquilas. Necesito llevarla al hospital urgentemente si no puede morir
- Victoria: ¿Alguien tiene carro para llevarla de inmediato?
- Gaelle: ¡¡¡Yo tengo, vamos!!!

Escena 3

• **Victoria:** Tranquila tu hermana Vania ya está despertando de la anestesia, pero no se preocupen que la operación fue exitosa.

- Mariagracia: Gracias por la ayuda, pero no sé cómo se lo voy a pagar.
- Gaelle: Tranquila, yo pagaré todos los gastos que se necesiten.
- Mariagracia: De verdad gracias señora, ummm...
- Gaelle: De nada. Llamame Emilia.
- Mariagracia: Ummm, bueno. Gracias Emilia, no sé cómo agradecerle.
- Vania: Hermana, ¿dónde estoy?
- Mariagracia: Estás en una clínica hermana no te preocupes.

Escena 4

- Gaelle: ¿Quieren que las adopte?
- Vania y Mariagracia: ¡¡¡Siiiii!!!!
- Gaelle: Bueno niñas, vamos a casa.

Gaelle Summers Inga Victoria Urbina Vizquerra Vania Carrizales Castro Mariagracia Iza Mur 5.° grado - Marconi Tercer Puesto



## 

# LOWER SCHOOL

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• English •

### ABOUT ME

In the past, I was a newborn and I slept a lot. When I was four months old, I was in Taiwan and I drank a lot of milk. When I was one year old, I learned to walk with my feet. When I was three years old, I went to a hotel. The hotel was in Taipei and if you opened a window of the hotel, you would see many animals. When I was four years old, I moved to Peru. When I was five years old, I was in kinder. When I was six years old, I passed to first grade. Now I look different because when I was a newborn, my hair was short.

In the present time, I am seven years old, and now I am in first grade. My class is Hamsters, and they are very cute. I like to learn more in school. My favorite color is purple, light blue and pink. My favorite animals are cheetahs, pandas, tigers, monkeys, rabbits and hamsters. My favorite food is ice cream and noodles.

In the future, I will be a secretary of Taiwan because I like to work. When I grow up, I am going to work in an office. I think my sister is going to be a doctor. And, when I work, I will get money. When my money is full, I can travel to many places. I will have two children. My family will be in Taiwan and me too. In Taiwan, I will work in my office, and my mum will stay in the house to protect my children. I will be married with a cool husband and I will live in a big beautiful house.

Chiao - An Hsieh 1<sup>st</sup> Grade - Hamsters First Place



### ABOUT ME

When I was a baby, I was small, cute and I ate baby food because I did not have teeth. I slept in a crib and I drank milk. When I was one year old, I was very hungry. I listened music with my dad and I watched football in the stadium when I was four years old. My grandma Maria Luisa took me to the park when I was five years old all the time.

Now I live in Surco. My best friends are Sebas and David. I am in Newton College in Chipmunks. My favorite games are Minecraft, football and Fortnite. My favorite food is Lomo Saltado. My mum's name is Marisol, and my dad's name is like my name. I live with my uncle, my grandma, my grandpa, dad and mum. I like my birthday because I play.

In the future, I will be a football player. And I am going to live in a mansion like all the footballers. I like to play football a lot. It is my favorite sport. My family is going to see me, and I will be happy. I like football because I like to kick the ball and be the same as Cristiano Ronaldo.

Augusto Bezada Cam 1<sup>st</sup> Grade - Chipmunks Second Place



### PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE ME

When I was a baby, I was so cute. I was little, beautiful and super nice. I liked so much the fish. When I was a baby I was special because I liked a lot to eat fish and soup. My favourite soup was Ramen. My first word was "dad". I was drowsy all day long.

Today, in the present, I am a boy and I am 6 and half years old. I like to play football and have a football match on Saturday. In the present, I am intelligent and I like to go to Paracas. My favourite friend is Salvador.

When I get older I want to be a special doctor. I am going to be a very good goalkeeper. In the future, I think I am going to get married. I want to have two children. I am going to get a Play Station 4 and I will go to Disneyland.

Juan Pablo Hirakawa Aguirre 1<sup>st</sup> Grade - Beavers Third Place



### EUREKA!

Once upon a time in the mysterious rainforest lived an Elewonderuni named Daisy and a fairy named Maria.

They lived happily in a little and pretty wooden house...but one day when Daisy and Maria were collecting fruits for breakfast, they heard a sound, they turned to see what was happening but they didn't see anything. They continued collecting fruit but this time the sound was louder, they turned around faster and saw the trees were falling down. They ran as fast as they could but couldn't find their house... After running, they finally found their wooden house, they went really fast into their house.

They decided to go and see what was happening. They were so nervous and they saw wood cutters, there were so many wood cutters.

The wood cutters were cutting millions of trees, the wood cutters were destroying their habitat. Maria said, we need to do something! But what?

Daisy said, I have an idea we can attract the wood cutters attention by making a colorful flag with different color leaf's .... So Maria said, AHHHHH!!! I understand, and then we can show them how to cut down trees without destroying our habitat.

Daisy said Yeah!!!! We can teach them, but not like a math lesson. No, no, no anything but that ...

What we can show them is that for every tree they cut they need to plant ten more and not destroy our habitat, but if they don't do this...Then they will be in big trouble, and you will go to jail.

So, Daisy and Maria did that and the wood cutters promised that if they cut down a tree, they would plant ten more.

Finally, dear friends, Daisy and Maria lived happily ever after in their pretty wooden house.

The End

Ljubica Natalí Andía Sékula 2<sup>nd</sup> Grade - Robins First Place



### THE LONELY LION

My lion has long legs and strong feet. He likes to run but he doesn't like to jump. He's got spotted fur and that helps him to camouflage and hunt preys. He lives in the grasslands and eats grass and leaves. He is a vegetarian lion and not a carnivorous.

I found this lion in a tree alone in the middle of a grassland. This lion had many wounds and was alone. The lion worked in a circus and was hit hard by his trainer and then he was left alone in the middle of the grassland. I wanted to help him so he went down the tree and I took him to the hospital.

I took good care of him, healed his wounds and took him back to the jungle. When he was strong and healthy I told him that I was going to take him back to his habitat but he asked me not to because people were destroying his habitat and he was scared as they could kill him because people like his fur too.

I took him to a safe place and left him there. He quickly adapted to his new habitat, he found other lions, he got used to the food and he was happy.

Can we help this kind of animals? Please do not buy objects that are made from these animals body parts.

Rafaela Gomez Morales 2<sup>nd</sup> Grade - Swallows Second Place


### HELPING THE RAINFOREST

Once upon a time in the past, two friends had an adventure in the rainforest and it was so very mysterious. People never had any respect for the rainforest, they would only take what they needed and destroy the rainforest so the animals thought of an idea on how to make humans reflect on what they were doing.

The animals went back in the past in a time machine and prepared a show for the humans and they showed them how the future looked like through expressions.

After the humans watched what the animals were trying so hard to show, the humans reflected and realized they wanted a future where the rainforest and the animals existed, so after this they stopped hurting the rainforest.

The Rain was so, so proud and so was his sister Forest who was very excited knowing that they had reflect that they helped with nature and all the animals of the rainforest. They all had a wonderful adventure, Rain and Forest were very, very happy after that they saw a show and everyone said WOW!!! Because of the really god job they did. The animals were also shouting GOOD JOB!!! With all those nice feelings they went to the present and did not see anything being destroyed in the rainforest.

The End.

Letizia Rodríguez Vásquez 2<sup>nd</sup> Grade - Eagles Third Place



### THE FLYING FOREST

All the animals were sleeping in their houses, in the flying forest. Then, they woke up slowly and they heard Leo the Lion, but something was weird. His shouting was seven hundred times louder than usual. They ran quickly to see him.

Then, one elephant from the elephant group, whose name was J.P, asked Leo "What happened?" "I found these party things," Leo said.

"So, we can have a party" said Zivana the Zebra.

"Great idea Zivana!" said Z.X, a monkey group. They were dancing happily and eating hurriedly. The monkeys were eating bananas, the elephants were eating nuts, Zivana the Zebra was eating dried grass and fruits, Leo the Lion was eating meat. Suddenly, Leo discovered the forest was falling!! All the animals were running all around the forest. They were all so scared, but the most scared was Leo the Lion.

After that, Zivana had an idea. "Let's plant some slower seeds," she suggested. The seeds will make the forest slow down and not fall."

"That's not a bad idea," said Leo the Lion, softly.

"But, before that, we need to have enough space to plant the seeds," said Jeff, a proud monkey from the monkey group. So, let's quickly break the trees and the elephants can carefully throw those trees in the ocean with their trunks.

So, that is what they did, the elephants broke the trees easily and threw those trees in the ocean. "But the slower seeds are going to grow anyway and take up room, right?" asked a wise monkey. "Listen, wise monkey," said Zivana "these seeds are magical seeds!" "What do you mean?" asked the wise monkey.

"I mean that if I say four-billion and twenty-eight years, the seeds are not going to grow until the four-billion twenty years have passed...but they will still slow down the forest and stop it from falling"

"Whaaaaaat????!!!!!!," exclaimed Leo.

So, the elephants made holes all around the forest. Then, they shot the seeds in the holes, the flying forest stopped falling and all the animals continued with their party.

Ignacio La Rosa Salas 3<sup>rd</sup> Grade - Cougars First Place



### THE PANDA THAT MADE HIS DREAMS COME TRUE

Once upon a time there was a panda. He lived in Japan and he liked adventures, bamboo, fruits, cheesecake and ice cream. He was brave, friendly and he never gave up. He started to go to school at Nido Animal. There, he met a jaguar called Fred and he invited Jaguar to his house. They ate cookies hungrily and then Fred went to his house quickly.

Panda finished Nido Animal, so he went to Newton College. His first day was today! His mom bought him pencils, erasers, rulers, sharpeners, colors and markers. It was the best school! At Newton, Panda found Fred. They drew a picture of their dreams. Panda wanted to be a scientist, while Fred wanted to become a police officer. When Panda grew up, he studied very hard to become a scientist. He wanted to help other people.

One day, Panda's mother ran out of money, so Panda studied quickly and a lot in order to help his mother. He told his teacher that he was going to explore the world and discover new things. His teacher didn't believe in him and said "You can't do that, Panda" but Panda didn't give up.

The solution was that Panda discovered the cactus retains water so that you only have to water it once every 20 days! Panda got money for his scientific discovery and gave it to his mom.

Moral: Never give up. You can make your dreams come true.

Alexia De La Cruz Wong 3<sup>rd</sup> Grade - Tigers Second Place



### THE ANIMALS WHO SAVED NATURE

In a far away land of Peru, there is a natural reserve named "Manu" where you only hear the calm of water and the loud voice of animals. This is possible because of a "cock of the rock", whose name was Manu.

Thousands of years ago, Manu was slowly flying to her new home with her friend (actually she was her guide), Cardinal. Amazed, they saw some machines that were quickly cutting down all the trees.

Manu, the cock of the rock, said: "What are those big things (machines)?"

"Oh! They are people cutting trees in our forest! Now our new home is destroyed", said Cardinal. "We need to do something! We need to call some animals!", said the cock of the rock.

So, they called Mr. Crocodile, Mrs Elephant, Little Princess Ant and her big army of ants and all the animals that they found and that wanted to help. So, there were lots and lots of animals.

All the animals went to see the men cutting trees. And the crocodile cried:

"You cannot chop down our trees, that's no fair!"

"Ha ha ha! How are you going to stop us!", they laughed.

"Like this!", the animals said.

The animals started to attack and the men ran away and never came back. So, they called that place the "Manu", since it was her idea that saved nature and the forest.

The End

Gia Heredia Gil 3<sup>rd</sup> Grade - Cougars Third Place



### **GREECE LEGACY**

A long time ago, Ancient Greece had a lot of things that they left as a legacy. One of those legacies was democracy, that all the states of Ancient Greece use as government. It was a legacy because now many of the countries in the world use democracy. The legacy of Ancient Greece helps us because now we can choose the president or we can choose things for our country. Another legacy was theatre performances and it was good because at the time of the theatre performances the people can have another way to express. In 472 B.C.E. in Athens, theatre performances become famous and then it was a legacy. Now a lot of people do theater performances like one that was here in Lima that is called Billy Elliot. I think we have to thank Ancient Greece because of all the legacies they gave us.

Micaela Moro Pleuss 4<sup>th</sup> Grade - Columbus First Place



### THE LEGACY OF EGYPT

About 500 years ago, in the desert of Egypt, there was an ancient civilization called Egypt. Ancient Egypt invented and made advances on things like the pyramids, the sphinx, toothpaste, toothbrush, and their own writing system. They made advances on medicine, science, astronomy and astrology. The most important are the pyramids and their writing system. Their writing system, even though they existed 5000 years ago, they help us now to know about their important legacies and all the things they invented. Their writing system help the Egyptians to do a lot of things for example to communicate. Their writing help us today to understand what their life was like. Another important thing they had invented are the pyramids. Their pyramids were important to the Egyptians because the pyramids protected the body of the departed pharaoh and they think that pharaohs were half-god and half-humans. They think that there is an afterlife and that if after the death you put their body in the pyramids. Osiris would set the sun while the new pharaoh would raise it. They pharaoh would have to be protected eternally for us because they help us to make buildings with the form they have now and to make them more safe. In conclusion, the world would be different if the Egyptians did not invented and made advances on things.

Dalal Faroun Bustamante 4<sup>th</sup> Grade - Hudson Second Place



### THE LEGACY OF ANCIENT GREECE

Over 200 years ago, the Ancient greeks created many things that we still use today. One of them was democracy. It was important for them because it let the people choose who was going to rule. It help us because here in Peru we let decide cityzens who is going to be the president. They also created theatre. It was important for them because they used it as a form of entertainment. It help us because we like to see how talented people act and it tell us a story. Finally, the greeks created the olympics. It was important for them because they created it as a contest. It influences us in a good way because people who are talented want to show their skills to the world. Despite the creating being old, we still use these things and it benefits us in a good way.

Cayetano Prialé Castaño 4<sup>th</sup> Grade - Scott Third Place



### MY GRANDPA TOLD ME...

"Grandpa? Can you tell me a story?" –asked Masha. "Well, did you know that a day just like today was the start of the Russian Revolution? –remembered Grandpa. "Please grandpa, tell me more about it!" –begged Masha.

It was a very, very long time ago...the year was 1914, and World War I had begun. This was a war where Russia fought against Germany. I remember that at those times I was working as a shoe polisher in the streets of St. Petersburg. Tsar Nicholas II was the ruler, and he had sent the working class and peasants to combat. Fortunately, because of my leg injury, I was excused from going but for those who went to fight...it was a complete nightmare. The problem was that they went without food, water, weapons or knowing how to fight. Sadly, and how it was expected, many Russian lives and about 3 million were lost. Chaos began to spread throughout the streets, and I could see the faces of people walking by my shoe stand consumed with anger and outrage. This is why the protests started. In February 1917, I could notice the food shortages. My neighbors complained of the lack of eggs and loaves of bread in the markets. In response to the strikes, Tsar Nicholas II ordered soldiers and police officers to stop whoever revolted against the government. However, they didn't stop the workers revolting and instead joined them in their protest. Chaos had been growing even bigger by then. Until one morning in March, it was announced on the paper that the government's power had collapsed and that the Tsar had given up his throne. Control of Russia was then given to a provisional government, and for a moment, I had hope... until I realized that our problems were still there: there wasn't enough food, our wages went down, and Russia's debt increased by 10 million Rubles.

That same year, Vladimir Lenin came to Russia and joined the provisional government. Now that I recall, the walls of many restaurants and bars were filled with posters that Lenin had designed. These posters promised "Peace, Bread, and Land" and this slogan helped Lenin persuade the citizens to join him. He also established and led a communist group called "The Bolsheviks." Later



in October, some group of protesters handed me a newspaper which said that The Bolsheviks' Central Committee voted to start a revolution. I was frightened; a revolution meant that people would go on the streets to strike and violence would reign again. But in contrast to what I had thought, the strikes in Estonia and where I live in St.Petersburg were mostly peaceful. The Bolsheviks' Red Army took in possession many government buildings without a fight, leaving only two people killed. This revolution ended with the takeover of the Tsar's old Winter Palace and the provisional government was arrested. From there on, the Soviets took control and formed a new government, a Congress.

"Wow, grandpa...I did not know you had experienced the Russian Revolution. Those must have been tough times." –said Masha very worried. "Yes, my dear, but please don't worry, this happened a long time ago." -answered grandpa. "One day, I will tell your story to my grandchildren, just like you told me." –she replied.

"Masha, Father, dinner is ready! We are having your favorite: Pelmeni! --shouted Masha's mother.

Francesca Parodi Schneider 5<sup>th</sup> Grade - Bell First Place

### LEGENDS OF THE YEAR

There was once a great war that happened 100 years ago. It was known as the Boxer Rebellion. Only the fiercest soldiers would survive it. These fierce people went against masters of martial arts, known for violence, death, and were fearless. But 4 people didn't know they would become legends of the whole entire year.

It was November of 1900 and the Boxer Rebellion had recently started. Empress CiXi (The empress of China) declared war on the 8-Nations, which was conformed by Russia, Germany, U.K, U.S.A, Japan, Italy, Austria, and France. There was a man named Hann Acker, he lived in Germany and was known for being daring, brave, & smart. Hann was looking for a job in World War I. At the same time the government was looking for German troops for the Boxer Rebellion. Almost no one participated so the government had to randomly pick people. One of the unlucky 300 randomly picked German people was Hann. Han was getting ready to go to World War 1. Han thought that he was going to world war I, so he joined the German war team. He was kissing his wife Aliz and his boy Astor goodbye.When Han was leaving, he felt a weird chill go through his spine, like if someone just tickled his spine. Hann was walking in the Berlin street, when all of a sudden he felt a weird presence. He turned around and saw a tall black figure. He was in the dark behind a lamp post. It was night time so Hann could only see its movements. The figure seemed as if it was seeking something. Hann felt glued in place, like if he was a stone statue. The figure started to get closer and closer. Hann started to panic, stuck in place the figure stopped in the light. Hann got a close glimpse of the figure in the light. It was definitely a man, he had at least eleven badges on his dark green leather jacket. He also had a hat that had a dark red cross on it. The hat covered the man's head but Hann could see a bald spot the size of a bottle cap. Hann felt a wave of relief, it was a German soldier! But just when he felt relief, he was shot by something sharp in the back of his body, he felt dizzy and fell to the hard rocky concrete. He could still see, but he saw everything around him as a blurry dot, it was like being without your glasses, well if you need glasses. He saw multiple german soldiers approaching. Hann suddenly knew what the German soldier was seeking. The German soldier was seeking him, but why? Why him out of everyone?

Hann arouse to the noise of whistles blowing. Hann was in a bunker, so he got out of it. Hann noticed several other beds. He was in a really dusty bunker. He was curious so he went outside to investigate where he was. When he got out of the shelter he was met by a German soldier. The German soldier started to talk to Hann but Hann ignored him. Hann saw a lot of rows of soldiers. They looked bold and strong. He also noticed that the soldiers were separated into 8 groups. Each one had a different flag. The flags were from Italy, U.S.A, U.K, Japan, Germany, Austria, Russia, and from France. Before he knew it, Hann was being pushed by the German soldier to the group of soldiers that had the German flag on top. When he got there he had to change into a soldier uniform. Hann was put into really heavy training. After 2 months of excruciating training, Hann was given his first mission with 3 other guys. One of the guys name was Giovanni. He loved to talk about his home country which was Italy, but he especially liked to talk about a condominium where he lived called Cascina Vione or Borgo Di Vione. Another guy was called Sputnik, he was from Russia and didn't like to talk about his family. He had a daughter called Eli, but she died in an earthquake. Eli was trapped in a room with her mom. The ceiling was falling down so Sputniks wife jumped on top of her to protect her from dying. Last but not least Sam. He cared about others before he cared about himself. Everyone looked up to him and used him as a model. The 4 guys could talk to each other because they knew how to speak English. They were sent on their first mission which was to find about Boxer weapons. Remember, none of them knew each other well at the time. They were sent to southern Russia so that they could be transported to northern China. It took them 13 flights to get there which took 51 hours. Around their 3rd flight, the guys started to talk to each other and got to know eachother better. Sputnik was a fridge man (before fridges used electricity, fridges used actual ice to work) Sam was a lawyer and Giovanni was a chef. When they got to Russia they were transported to northern China. They got to a Boxer Shrine in northern China were the boxers put their weapons. The Boxers were not currently in the shrine. When the guys snuck in they discovered that Boxers either use hand to hand combat to fight, or they use hand to hand combat weapons. Han got nervous when they were in the shrine. He felt like a boxer would pop out of nowhere. But when they learnt that boxers use hand to hand combat weapons, he felt relieved that a boxer didn't pop out. After that the guys went back to the base and were named successful.

One year later, they were still in the base so they were sent on an actual mission, war.



They were sent with 38 soldiers to go and fight against Empress CiXi in China Tientsi. They were sent to a base for cover and gear. When they got to there base in Tientsi they were all greeted by Kaiser Wilhelm the second. He was the German king at the time. Kaiser went there to observe the soldiers fight.Inside the base were a lot of weapons.From guns to grenades to knives. Forty minutes after, the 38 soldiers geared up, they left, but the guys were still gearing up with Kaiser. The guys heard weird noises outside. But they ignored it. When they were leaving to Tientsi they were met by 24 Boxers. The guys knew they had to protect Kaiser so they fought against them. They managed to kill 8 Boxers off, but it was too hard. So Sam left and gathered all the Boxers and made them chase him. When they were all together Sam pulled his grenades trigger his grenade. He killed all the Boxers but he killed also himself. Han was raging with fury but was also really sad. No one could believe that Sam would sacrifice himself by killing himself to save the others. They were sent back to there base where the base held a funeral. Everyone respected Sam as a hero. The guys were sent home and were known for being legends. When Hann got home he saw a newspaper that Aliz was reading. It said "Heroes save Kaiser Wilhelm." Aliz saw Hann and hugged him for what felt like an eternity and Astor joined the hug too.Even though Han was happy to be home he just couldn't stop thinking about how people died. Even though he saw his family he couldn't stop thinking about what he could have done to save Sam or prevent him from dying. Years past and Han didn't hear of Sputnik or Giovanni. Hann felt trapped in an eternal memory of Sam dying that lasted forever. He felt like he was guilty because he wanted to take Sam's place so that he would sacrifice himself instead. He felt like Sam was supposed to still be living. All he knew was that Sam was in a better place now.

Mateo Antúnez de Mayolo 5<sup>th</sup> Grade - Marconi Second Place

### THE LAST ONE

Don't you ever asked yourself, how was life when the Rwandan Civil war was?

So...wait...oh now I remember... first of all , in 1990, a 10-year old boy named Paul lived in Rwanda, Central Africa, a supposed peaceful and green place where people are polite and friendly and where the breeze sounds like beautiful sing of birds. He was part of the Tutsi-big group with his enormous family, he really don't like any of the two groups because he don't understand them, but shh...it's a secret that none of his family knows. He really have an enormous family I mean huge but not to huge, now understand? Well, he had a sweet and kind mother and a caring and protective father and also a disgusting, and terrible sister. Oh... he also live with his grandma (you know how all grandmas are) and his grandpa.Paul adore, literally adore the football, it is like its best friend in the world. He include go out, I mean go to the street, all sundays without permission of his parents!!!!! I know what you are thinking, "this kid is very naughty."

Well so because of this, one Sunday he came out at approx. 6:00am, he went out of his home as a silent ninja. It was a sad-rainy day, the breeze sounded like growling dogs, there were a lot of people but not normal people, there were armed people!!! The armed people were like a whole herd of buffalos. Paul doesn't care about it, he just play football and more football. It started to become night and it was dark like shadows. Paul was already tired, so much that he feels that he have a weight in his neck. He was coming back home and suddenly feels that someone pull him into a little street. There was two big soldiers who their smelling was as the smell of vomit and tho their body was 4 enormous rocks applied together. So these two soldiers growled to Paul ,"If you don't come with us you will be killed like many other people". The poor little kid could not do nothing because he saw that he was a mouse and the two soldiers lions.He follow the soldiers and train so hard. Three years later he was already a teenager, and hours later a man announced him that the Tutsis was starting to take control of the war.He was as happy as a dog, but he could not celebrate nothing because he know that they will kill him. One year after that, the plane with

the leader of the Hutu was shot down. All the Hutus because of this started to plan a genocide and whisper, "we need a perfect plan, oh I know let's start a genocide", Paul just follow because he also know that if he dont do it they will also kill him.Just when it was time for the genocide Paul was already armed up like a full backpack.

The genocide started and Paul start killing families (just for work) ,the killing was a massive stampede, Paul saw all the children, women and even men dying and he put on their place. He whisper in his mind ,"that people represents me and my family". He put as sad as when some of your family die that he start crying mentally. But he needed to fulfill his trait, he was just going for a family to kill and he found his own family, were he was born and grown up.Paul was paralyzed or in other way freezed, he was as happy as a happy bunny.He obviously don't kill his family, but suddenly the same big soldier that threatened him, saw him and instantly shot him with a inmense gun and screamed, "ah" in front of his whole family. It was his end. The genocide and civil war ended and Paul was buried with other 800,000 Tutsi and Hutu people including his whole family.

In conclusion, I think I'm going to sound a bit crazy, but those people that died in the civil war have also a sad and cruel live as Paul's one, so I think that if you have the luck of having parents, a good school, etc. you should always give thanks to it.

Valentina Zúñiga Garcia 5<sup>th</sup> Grade - Stephenson Third Place



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# **UPPER SCHOOL**

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• Español •

### LOS 3 ESCALADORES

Había una vez 3 famosos escaladores que se encontraron en la selva. Ellos querían obtener el árbol más alto de la selva así que decidieron competir por él. Uno de ellos era un canguro bondadoso y veloz, el otro escalador era un tigre muy competitivo e inteligente y el tercer participante era un panda lento y noble.

En la mañana de la competencia, los 3 escaladores empezaron a trepar el árbol. El canguro llevaba la delantera, mientras que el tigre le seguía de cerca. - ¡Bien! ¡Voy ganando! – Exclamó el canguro. Ambos ya estaban escalando el árbol. Sin embargo, el panda recién terminaba de correr en la zona de partida.

- ¡Estoy corriendo demasiado lento! – pensó el panda. De pronto, el canguro miró hacia atrás y le dio pena ver al panda así que bajó a ayudarlo.

- ¡Pobre Panda! ¡Lo voy a ayudar! – Entonces, el canguro le dio un gran empujón y lo mandó hasta la meta haciendo que el panda gane la carrera.

Al final, el tigre y el canguro felicitaron al panda por ganarse el árbol. El noble panda le agradeció al canguro por ayudarlo a ganar y decidió compartir el árbol con él. El tigre se quedó un poco triste y dijo - ¡Cómo pude haber perdido!, Tenía todo para ganar- pero después aceptó su derrota. Luego, sus amigos, el panda y el canguro decidieron compartir el árbol con él también. Desde entonces, son conocidos en el bosque como los 3 escaladores.

#### Moraleja

Si compartes tu felicidad con otros, alguien más compartirá la suya contigo.

Ricardo Rodríguez Guerra 6<sup>th</sup> Grade



### EL SECRETO DEL PANDA ROJO

La aldea de pandas rojos se había quedado sin comida. A nuestro parecer, eso pasó porque los cazadores la encontraron y se la llevaron. Gracias a eso, la mayoría de los pandas de la aldea tuvo que salir en busca de comida antes que llegara el invierno, es decir en 3 días. - ¡Vayan a buscar más comida! ¡No hay tiempo! – dijo el líder de los pandas rojos al resto de su aldea. - ¡Creo que sería mejor pedirles a nuestros vecinos de aldea! – exclamó una panda. De pronto, el líder la miró fijamente y le dijo- ¡NO! ¡Esa va a ser nuestra última opción, pero antes BUSQUEN!

Al cabo de un rato, uno de los pandas encontró mucha comida, en el hueco de un árbol. El panda egoísta se la llevó al árbol donde vivía para que nadie se dé cuenta. Él no le contó a nadie y poco a poco se fue comiendo su gran tesoro. Días después, un panda blanco y negro que vivía por ahí, logró ver toda la comida que guardaba el panda rojo. El noble panda que conocía la situación de hambruna de los pandas rojos, fue a ver al líder y con mucha sinceridad le contó el gran secreto. Nadie le dijo nada ese día y esperaron que él mismo se de cuenta de las consecuencias.

El generoso panda blanco y negro brindó comida a la comunidad en aprietos. Debido a eso, todos estaban felices y el panda rojo actuó como si estuviera emocionado. Cuando era el tiempo de comer, el líder prohibió esa nueva comida al panda egoísta. El panda continuó mintiendo y dijo - ¿Por qué no, líder mío? – El líder señaló al panda blanco y negro y exclamó - ¡Él fue el valiente panda que descubrió tu secreto! ¡No recibirás más comida y cuando acabe el invierno deberás abandonar nuestra comunidad! – Desde ese día nombraron al panda blanco y negro como un nuevo integrante de su comunidad por su gran empatía.

#### Moraleja

Si no das nada, no recibes nada.

Adriana Flores Battistini 6<sup>th</sup> Grade

## LA LECCIÓN DEL RINOCERONTE

En un frío invierno en la Sabana, vivía tranquilamente un rinoceronte que era el más gruñón de todos. Por otro lado, estaba el empático panda que siempre ayudaba a los demás. Éste se había quedado sin comida suficiente y era muy peligroso para su salud. Por eso, el panda fue a ver al rinoceronte para que le invitara su comida. El rinoceronte era muy egoísta y le dijo - ¡Yo no te puedo dar mi comida! ¡Yo soy más importante que tú! – Entonces, la mariposa sabia que volaba por ahí, lo escuchó y le dijo - ¡Sr. Rinoceronte, lamento mucho interrumpirlo. ¡He escuchado lo que ha dicho y creo que debería compartir! –. Sin embargo, el rinoceronte rechazó la idea y siguió con su vida. Afortunadamente, el panda encontró más comida y superó el invierno.

En el siguiente invierno, el rinoceronte fue el desafortunado ya que no pudo conseguir comida. La mariposa sabia fue a contarle al panda y le dijo - ¡Hola Panda!

¡Tengo malas noticias! El rinoceronte no tiene comida y pensé que querrías ayudar. El panda contestó - ¡Por supuesto! - Entonces llamó a varios animales que eran sus amigos para ayudar. Finalmente, ese día llegaron el lobo mexicano, los pandas blancos y negros que vivían por ahí, los pandas rojos, el zorro y la serpiente con mucha comida para el rinoceronte. Él al ver toda la comida miró al panda y le dijo - ¡Gracias Panda! ¡Lamento mucho no haberte dado mi comida cuando lo necesitabas, he aprendido mi lección! Desde ese día, todos aprendieron la lección del rinoceronte.

#### Moraleja

Comparte de corazón y siempre te darán.

Victoria Zubiate Lefevre 6<sup>th</sup> Grade

### ILUSTRANDO TU CORAZÓN

Ella te pinta el corazón de variedad de colores. Con diferentes brochas de todos los tamaños.

A veces usa tonos oscuros y sucios que te hacen tratar mal a la gente que más quieres solo por su satisfacción.

Otras veces, con café y amarillo te pinta girasoles preciosos. Estos te hacen ver maravilloso muy feliz, todos te ven perfecta.

Su paleta variada, sus ilusiones, te hacen actuar de maneras que jamás pensé: como una rosa o como una espina.

Cómo saber si confiar en ella porque dicen que, al igual que un ángel puede ser un demonio ¿Valdrá la pena tomar el riesgo?

#### Michela Budris De Negri Form I

### **REFLEJOS DE AMOR**

En un frío invierno la lluvia lloraba. Una mañana de abril en mi cama yo pensaba

Rojo como el fuego es mi amor viviendo la fantasía. El lápiz sin punta no puede escribir y yo sin tu amor no puedo vivir.

Eres un Primero de Enero una nueva etapa de mi vida. Eres brillante como la luz y dura como una cruz.

Si el amor es felicidad ¿Por qué me siento triste? Suena el sonido suave del tambor Y yo aquí, esperando por tu amor.

> La serpiente murmura el oso molesto, grita. Y yo relajado como el mar siempre te esperaré mi querida señorita.

> Felipe Rouillon Buendía Form I

### RECHAZO



Alessandra Díaz Cuba Form II

### ME QUIEREN HACER CAER



María Fernanda Galli Flores Form II

### DISÍMIL, YO Y LA SOCIEDAD



Anna Heider Form II
# DEVOTO DOLOR

Se me ha ocurrido que el amor se desvanece. Como las nubes durante la noche, y las estrellas cuando amanece. ¿Y aquel dolor, nunca desaparece?

Aquellas verdes linternas cegadoras que alimentarse de mi alma disfrutan. Aquellos labios que mi corazón acuchillan, que me destrozan con miradas matadoras.

Ha de ser ese triste dolor,

que millones de noches veo cruzar por mi ventana y me atormenta y me sofoca y me despierta por la mañana. Ha de ser ese hiriente dolor, que mi roto corazón tanto reclama.

Se me ha ocurrido que el amor se desvanece. Como el sol durante la noche, y la luna cuando amanece. ¿Y qué hago con aquel dolor que siempre en mí aparece?

Larissa Taurer Morays Form III

# VOLVÍ A NACER

Una madrugada me desperté sin poder saber qué hacer. Mientras todos usaban sus celulares yo miraba arriba, al sol.

Mientras que Alemania metía un gol yo estaba sentado reflexionando en todo lo que en el mundo estaba pasando calentamiento global, guerras e inmigración

Y ahí fue cuando yo decidí tomar acción y además de eso, empecé a usar mi imaginación. Pensé en una situación en la cual tomaría acción.

> Y yo decidí empezar a ayudar y muchas sonrisas dar y abrazar, a votar la tristeza y dejar atrás a mi pereza.

Primero cambié mi actitud y todo lo malo lo puse en un ataúd y lo bueno lo hice florecer y yo volví a nacer.

> Lorenzo Uccelli Arias Form III

# LA DIOSA BAJO NUESTROS PIES

Se tiene que "ver para creer", ¿no lo creen?

Personalmente, soy escéptica con respecto a creencias sobrenaturales. Mi mamá me habla de sus certidumbres, sobre la vida después de la muerte, energías positivas y negativas, entre otros conceptos que no entiendo. Me parece muy difícil tener tanta fe en algo que no puedo ver, tocar, ni escuchar, ¿a ustedes no? Por eso cuando me contaron de la Pachamama, me pregunté: ¿Existe? ¿Siguen habiendo personas que en serio creen que la Tierra es un dios? Es falso, todos lo sabemos. Es ciencia elemental. Las plantas necesitan luz, tierra fértil y agua para crecer; no es ningún fenómeno. Si algunos confían en esta antigua creencia, yo decidiré llegar a mi propia conclusión sobre la existencia de la Pachamama.

Lo primero que encontré en el internet fue sobre las ofrendas que le hacen. Cada agosto, los nativos de la sierra peruana llevan a cabo un ritual en el que se entierran objetos simbólicos, como hojas de coca, conchas marinas, huayruros, entre otros elementos naturales en un despacho en el suelo. Tienen como objetivo establecer un 'equilibrio universal' a través de actos de reciprocidad hacia la tierra, que han sido realizados por los sacerdotes andinos desde épocas preincaicas. Es sorprendente que una creencia la cual es opuesta por la ciencia siga existiendo después de tanto tiempo y con tanto arrebato.

Es por esto que quise ampliar mis fuentes, entonces le pregunté más a mi mamá sobre sus creencias. Debo admitir, no estaba preparada para escuchar todo lo que me dijo, y tardaré un poco en explicarlo, pero les aseguro que valdrá la pena.

Le pregunté cómo pensaba que sería el mundo de acá en 50 años, y me dijo que cree que existirá la telepatía. Nosotros nos comunicamos a través del sonido; vibraciones que viajan por el aire y que pueden ser interpretadas por otros. Sin embargo, no las podemos ver. No son materia, pero sabemos que existen. Esto me puso a pensar si podría estar emitiendo otras formas de energía,

sin necesariamente verlas ni escucharlas. Me explicó que nuestras acciones, pensamientos e intenciones tienen cierta vibración, cierta onda. ¿Acaso nunca han escuchado: ¡Qué buena onda esa persona!"? Es difícil de creer, pero la verdad es que hay varias pruebas científicas relacionadas a la física cuántica que comprueban esto. Sí, leyeron bien; física cuántica.

Para comprender mejor esta compleja idea, me recomendó leer un libro por Dr. Joe Dispenza llamado "Deja de ser tú". Se trata de cómo uno puede crear su propia realidad con solo su mente, algo que muchos creerán imposible. En el siglo XVII, matemático y filósofo René Descartes produjo un conjunto de leyes declarando que los humanos podían predecir exactamente cómo operaría el mundo físico. Estableció la creencia de que la mente estaba totalmente desconectada a la materia. Sin embargo, siglos después, Einstein reveló su nueva ecuación, E=mc2, la cual la relaciona directamente con la energía, revolucionando la forma en la que pensamos y abriendo nuestra mente a nuevas posibilidades. Durante los años, más teorías científicas surgieron, cada vez conectando más la idea de la energía con el continuo espacio-tiempo. El modelo cuántico del átomo, algo muy reciente, declara que estos son 99.9999% energía y 0.0001% materia. Es sorprendente; todo este tiempo pensábamos que la energía era solamente algo abstracto, pero la realidad es que forma gran parte de cada objeto que tocamos en el día a día. Sin embargo, el descubrimiento que más me chocó fue el que revela que las partículas se manifiestan en la realidad física sólo si están siendo observados por alquien. Es así como comenzó esta idea de crear nuestra propia realidad. Si enfocamos nuestra mente en lo que gueremos lograr, si lo 'observamos' con concentración y propósito, lo podemos tener. Las posibilidades son infinitas, y ya existen, simplemente están esperando ser vistas por nosotros.

Si todo esto es posible, la idea de la Pachamama no es nada irrazonable.

Ronny Yabar, un turista, habla sobre su propia experiencia en Cuzco con los rituales: "Cada vez que le entregabas un par de hojas, el maestro pronunciaba un discurso en Quechua mirando hacia arriba y masticando las hojas. El maestro hablaba a mil por hora, pero lo más importante que nos decía es que debíamos concentrarnos en nuestros deseos y pensamientos. Citándolo: 'Debemos creer en lo que estamos pidiendo y creer con todo el corazón y con todo nuestro ser, si no crees, simplemente no lo hagas' ".

Esa última línea me hizo recordar lo que había leído en "Deja de ser tú". Si enfocamos nuestros pensamientos y emociones en nuestra visión, observándolos de cierta manera, es posible sostenerlos en nuestras propias manos, y verlos con nuestros propios ojos.

Enterrar recursos útiles en la tierra sin ninguna garantía: tal vez antes me hubiera parecido algo irracional, pero con cada conexión que hacía con la Pachamama y las teorías cuánticas, se desencadenaba toda una red de ideas que nunca había tenido antes. A pesar de esto, sentí necesario saber más desde la perspectiva andina, así que entrevisté a Luciana, una amiga chamana de mi mamá. Le pregunté sobre los orígenes y adaptaciones de la creencia, pero lo que más me interesaba era cómo podía ver a la Tierra como un ser vivo con tanta certeza: "Cuando ves crecer a una semilla... y esa semilla se convierte en una planta... y esa planta se convierte en una flor... y esa flor se convierte en un fruto que luego tú puedes comer... te demuestra que está viva y que además, te ayuda a ti a estar viva. Así como el planeta se regenera creando más semillas, más plantas, más flores y más frutos, también tú te regeneras todos los días. Por eso es importante cuidarte y cuidar el planeta, cuidar la vida que existe en ambos". Una explicación tan simple, para una creencia tan extraordinaria.

Aparentemente, dicha creencia ha podido aguantar los avances tecnológicos que vemos día a día. Muchas personas, no solo la comunidad andina, tienen fe en ella. Cuando comencé a investigar, pensé encontrar solo ideología religiosa sobre cómo la Pachamama supuestamente era la creadora de todo, que se le tenían que hacer sacrificios extravagantes; básicamente ideas parciales, en mi opinión. Pero, al leer más sobre ella, entendí que no era así necesariamente. La creencia de la Madre Tierra se basa más en una visión holística, es decir, del todo. Lo que afecta a las partes afecta todo, y viceversa. Igualmente, lo que afecta al mundo afecta al hombre (la Teoría Sistémica). Lo más sobresaliente es que tiene el poder de cambiar millones de vidas, pero los actos más pequeños también pueden cambiar al mundo entero. Creo que así comencé a entender que la Pachamama, a pesar de ser un ser "sobrenatural", era simplemente la consciencia de la importancia de la naturaleza. Lo que hacemos como humanos siempre va a tener una consecuencia para ella, y ella tiene el poder de impactarnos de igual modo.

"Solo después de que el último árbol sea cortado.

Solo después de que el último río sea envenenado. Solo después de que el último pez sea apresado. Solo entonces sabrás que el dinero no se puede comer". - Profecía india

Nunca he sido alguien muy fanática de la religión o creencias sobrenaturales, pero también siento una conexión con la naturaleza, con los animales y las plantas. A veces esto me hace sentir confundida sobre lo que creo, pero siempre tengo un sentimiento o conciencia que me habla; que me guía. Cuando leí lo que me había respondido Luciana, la chamana, lo sentí. Tuve ese instinto de creer en lo que estaba leyendo. Tal vez no lo pueda explicar en palabras, pero siempre he sentido que la naturaleza es más que las hojas en los árboles y el aire que respiramos. Tiene vida. Así mismo, nuestros pensamientos tienen vida.

Qué vino primero, acaso, ¿el lápiz o la idea del lápiz?. Debemos concentrarnos en nuestros pensamientos e ideas y tener mucha fe cuando se le pide a la Pachamama, solo así se puede materializar lo que pedimos. Sólo así, con buena voluntad y agradecimiento, podemos comunicar nuestra gratificación y devolverle a la Madre Tierra, estableciendo un balance universal y cósmico; reciprocidad entre ella y la humanidad; entre la naturaleza y el hombre. Teniendo buenas intenciones, pensamientos concretos y sentimientos enfocados en una meta, podemos realmente crear un cambio en el mundo que nosotros llamamos "real".

Se tiene que creer para ver, ¿no lo creen?

Natalia Tabja Bortesi Form IV

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# **UPPER SCHOOL**

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• English •

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### WHERE AM I?

I turned in my permission slip to the teacher and sat down with my friends. We were all extremely excited, soon we were going on a field trip to the National Museum of Inventions. Of course in such an awesome place we had to do something.

"What if we switch the labels of the inventions so everyone's notes are wrong ? That would be hilarious!" Tyler said.

"No, that's too simple. I know! We can mess up the water fountains and make it spray people when they use it," Matt said.

"No, we've already done that. Well it doesn't matter we'll come up with something when we get there. But remember we have to explore everything, I know there is something fun we can do in that museum" I said. Finally the day was here, we all got onto the bus and I sat next to Thomas. The bus ride was long but it was fine because it gave me time to plan different things we could do. We arrived about one and a half hours later and we all got into a straight line.

"Everyone stay together in a straight line and please don't make to much commotion. If you want to go to the bathroom or want to drink water please ask for permission and don't forget to take notes." The teacher said before entering the museum. It was amazing it was like entering a different universe! Moving floors, drones all around, different experiments and inventions everywhere I looked! We started walking and listening to each explanation. At first it was incredible but after some time the guide started to talk about each inventors life. That's when I got bored. I decided to ask my teacher for permission to go to the bathroom and told her I was kind of sick so she wouldn't think much about me taking long. This was my opportunity to investigate. I walked around and saw many cool things. Then I spotted a big metal door at the end of a hallway. Now this looked interesting. I read the label on the door.

#### "STAFF ONLY DANGEROUS"

I assumed it was just a closet filled with cleaning supplies and the danger part was just there to keep people away so I walked in. And let me tell you I was very wrong. It was a dark, cold room with a giant transparent tube in the middle of it. It was connected to a big control table, with different sized buttons and levers.

And it had a label, teletransporter. So many things were going through my mind.

Is this real?

Should I try it?

Does it work?

So many doubts that could only be solved by trying the invention. so I went to the panel and typed in the location I wanted to go to. I decided to start somewhere simple and closeby so I typed in the International Museum of Inventions bathroom. I pulled the lever and ran into the tube. I was pulled up by cold air up into the tube. Everything was so fast and at the speed of light there I was thrown on the ground of the museums bathroom. I was kind of dizzy, but it worked! I had teletransported myself to the bathroom! I had to tell my friends so I ran the the line and settled in my place. After a while of more note taking the teacher told us we had a small break where we could eat, go to the bathroom, look around, but always keeping close. That's when I told all my friends about the teletransporter.

"Yeah right" Matt said.

"That's impossible" said Thomas.

"No seriously look you can see it for yourselves" I said.

So I took everyone to the room and let them try it out, each one of them.

"That was awesome!" said Tyler.

"I can't believe it !" Matt added.

"See I was telling the truth, now I want to try again" I said. " Tyler can you put in the location? "

"Yeah sure." Tyler said.

But Tyler was dizzy, he was the most affected one when using the machine and I should have thought of that. He pulled the lever and off I went. All of Jonah's friends stay in the room waiting for him but Jonah doesn't comeback. They start to get worried and go into the bathroom to see if he was okay. No one was there. They all called out his name "Jonah are you here?" They said. But no answer. They all rush into the room to see the location he had been sent to. Where was Jonah!? Then they look at the panel "Saturn" was written across the screen.

#### Natalia Petrozzi Yañez Form I

# GOOGLE SCIENCE FAIR, JUNE 16, 2019

Host: Next project to be presented is the "Bridges" by Greyson Takashi.

**Greyson Takashi:** Today i'm going to present my project at i expected to revolutionize science. With the help of dark matter I had made a portal that connected parallel universe, this universes may be very similar or different to our, the chances of finding a dangerous universe is from 0.5%. Opening portal in:

```
3
2
1
0!
```

what? this wasn't supposed to happen, WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PORTAL!

**Host:** Sorry about that, but your time on stage have finish, please the next participant come to stage

#### LATER AT NIGHT

**Greyson:** I really don't know what happened, it was supposed to work perfectly... I think i'm going to leave science, all the years I worked on this project was for nothing.

#### SOVIET UNIVERSE

**Soldier:** Tsar Igor we have spot a portal connecting with our universe! The portal connects to a place called "UGANDA" ! Do we send spies?

**Tsar Igor:** Yes, quickly, it seem they haven't realized what they have done, we need to get as much information we can before they realize.

Soldier: We are sending a group of undercover soldier to Uganda.

Tsar Igor: I will make a plan as soon as I get the information, it looks that we have met with a easy

Earth to capture, I need to make sure to study them very well before taking the first step, make sure to study them correctly for one whole year.

ONE YEAR LATER, UNIVERSE 2

**Soldier:** Tsar, we have collect all the information as we could, you can see all the other information in your computer

Tsar Igor: Perfect, I will send a message to universe 2 right now.

COMMUNICATION LINE

**Tsar Igor:** Hello, my name is Igor Vaska Isaev from a parallel universe, I want to discuss your way of ruling the earth.

**Okonkwo (Uganda Militar General):** Hello my name is Okonkwo Johnie Duval, how did you manage to create a portal to us?

**Tsar Igor:** The portal was already made, I discover it very recently... However I want to talk about you giving us your world for it became rule by us and communism.

**Okonkwo:** Im sorry but I don't agree in what your saying but it is a decision below my power, most countries around the world doesn't agree with communism beliefs.

Tsar Igor: Perfect, it was all I wanted to hear, i'm declaring war right now to your Earth

**Okonkwo:** WHAT !? you are declaring war all of the sudden?

Tsar Igor: Yes, I believe I can win to all the countries of your universe together, prepared for war.

#### EARTH 1, UGANDA MILITARY BASE

**Okonkwo:** Inform all countries around the globe of this! We need all the help possible, we don't know nothing about them.

MEANWHILE IN THE SOVIET UNIVERSE...

**Tsar:** All soldiers! prepare to war, we are attacking today at night! This war is expect to last very long...

21 OF MAY, 2024 UNIVERSE 1 GREYSON HOUSE

TV: This are the last news reports

It looks like our universe is just about to won! We have surrounded Igor in his escape tank. The tank has just been destroyed! Is Igor dead? Is the war had finish?

It look like it have just finish, Igor has confirmed to be dead and the war is supposed to be finish!

One day after also in the news

Captain Okonkwo had been promoted to Official Universe War Militar! **Greyson:** I can't believe I was responsible for this war, I'm happy it is all finish now.

MEANWHILE IN SOVIET UNIVERSE...

**Soldier:** Tsar we have replace Okonkwo with his clon of our universe. They believed you died but it only was the copy of you from their universe. We have almost all control of their universe now, we are waiting to make a surprise attack in the right moment. **Tsar:** Perfect

Alejandro Vittorio Fiestas Lavezzolo Form I

### WOMEN'S WAR

Today I am going to join the pink army. It is early in the morning, but it seems later. Here I am, in the dashing crowd. Everyone is jumping and jiggling dynamically.

We are more than a million in this march. Women become a giant pink sea swell. Words are our weapon, they are alive and are attacking the enemy.

Everyone is there to free us, from this evil curse we've been trapped in for ages. We must be free. We can control our bodies, after all they're ours.

After a whole day of feeling significant and eloquent, I need to get back to reality. We all know that equality is very distant. We cannot even see it in the horizon.

We cry a cataract of joy as we realize we aren't alone and we've won compatriots. I've made a difference defending what we, as women demand.

#### Amanda Bacherer Ljunggren Form II

### THAT'S WHAT HUMANS DO

Nature was here first Humans arrived with greed and thirst They had no need for us But we arrived just to discuss That's what we thought That's when they started to rot

That's what humans do.

We are being destroyed Falling into an endless void The light is fading Humans are invading Can you hear that? Humans wearing a straw hat

New machines they have created That is what we hated My comrades falling one after another Each of them was my brother As strong as the devil Each time increasing their level This time we will not cry We will just say goodbye Nature won't flourish anymore It has been damaged to the core That's what humans do.

Nature won't last any longer Humans just keep getting stronger The trees are crying To their death they're driving

Humans, what have you done! Nature has nowhere to run Nature has been eliminated All his pieces have dissipated

That's what humans do.

Philip Haoheng Hu Wu Form II I took Sandy for a walk. When he popped I picked it up and threw it away. When we got to Father's house Mother was there talking to him when I entered they both turned around.

Mother said "Hello Christopher." And I said "Hello" because when someone greets you, you need to respond to be polite. And Mother said, "Did you learn something at school?" And I said "Yes." And then Father said, "Do you think you're going to be ready for the test?" And I said "Yes."

Because I passed my Level A Maths with an A and I was going to pass my Further Maths for A Level with an A.

Mother said we needed to go, so I picked up my things and said goodbye to Sandy and we drove to her apartment. It was 9:43 pm when we arrived. And Mother made soup and put in red food colouring so it wasn't yellow. And Mother started asking me about what college I wanted to go and I said I didn't know yet and she said ok and we remained silent.

After dinner, I watched an episode of the **Blue Planet** about the **Rhopalocera** which is the scientific name for butterflies. Butterflies are insects in the macrolepidoptera clade Rhopalocera from the order Lepidoptera, which also includes moths. Butterflies have a four-stage insect life cycle. Winged adults lay eggs on the food plant on which their larvae, will feed. The caterpillars grow, and when they are fully developed, they pupate in a chrysalis. When metamorphosis is complete, the pupal skin splits, the adult insect climbs out, and after its wings have expanded and dried, it flies off.

The next day Mother took me to the museum because it was Saturday and Father didn't come

because he had to work. Mother and Father have been spending more time together without screaming at each other. When I told Siobhan she asked me if that made me feel happy and I said it didn't make me feel anything. And she said ok.

We got into the taxi at 10:34 the taxi driver had a long beard with a shirt with stripes on it and had a paper corner sticking out of his pocket. He smelled like coffee from a week before. As we went to the museum we passed a street full of advertisements **SALE! 50% OFF!!, Adidas, impossible is nothing, BUY TWO AT THE PRICE OF ONE!!, JUST DO IT.** This was too much information so I curled up on the seat and groaned to pass time faster. At 11:03 we arrived at the museum and Mother and I walked around so I was able to make a map of the museum.

We spent 3 hours and 52 minutes at the museum. Then we went to Mother's house and she made me lunch. Father came after lunch bringing Sandy to go to the park. When Sandy saw me he wiggled his tail and licked my hand which made me feel like this:



#### Gianella Espinoza Form II

# THE OTHER PART OF ME

Cold... no, cold is not enough to express how cold that place was. I was freezing, shaking, trying to open my eyes, but I couldn't. I felt like if I was sleeping and having the worst nightmare I ever had. Finally, I took the courage, I decided that I wouldn't die this way, one more time I had to fight in order to be able to continue with my life as the normal and perfect person that everyone thought I was, the perfect Jason Gillham. But....the only problem was that in that exact moment the possibility of reacting and trying to escape was being interrupted by my cowardness.

- "Please ... please, leave me alone" - the words of fear and pain came out from my bloody lips, accompanied by sobs. I was lying on the ground. Almost unconscious. I had been beaten until I couldn't even stand.

-"!Shut the f...."- he stopped before finishing the sentence -"You are such a fool, I will go after you every...single...time!" the mysterious and husky voice started being louder and louder as he kept talking, flooding my ears, like music, the music that you listen to when you are having a hard moment but the music just make it worst, causing you to cry.

-"W-why are you doing this to me?"- I asked with my eyes full of tears threatening to fall down, on the edge of my own mental precipice. My vision was failing, everything before my eyes were blurry. I couldn't recognize who was the intimidating shadow standing right in front of me. However, I could feel a heavy look, a look that started going through my heart in a slow and painful way....and that wicked smile, I could feel it too, and I tell you one thing: He enjoyed it. He enjoyed my sufferment

-"Wanna know why?? You deserve it, you are nothing. Nothing more than just a stupid, useless and insignificant creature. No one cares about you. No one loves you. I will make everyone a favor by killing you."- a diabolical laugh came out from his lips with a thick accent, but I couldn't place where it was from. I could hear that cold laugh. It is now engraved in my brain. There was

no anger, sadness or happiness ... it was an empty laugh and that made my heart's pulse pound against my head. Who was it? Or...should I've asked... What was it? All the things he said about me....no.No.NO! Anything was true, all of that..it had to be nothing more than a horrible lie.

With my weak and injured arms I tried to pull myself, but before I could, I felt a horrible pain in my ribs. Kicks, after the third one I lost count, and I went from concentrating on the number to concentrate in the immense pain I was feeling, and those kicks were enough to make me fall and once again I was able to perceive the smell of moistness and to feel in my cheeks the cold water that was scattered on the floor, the pain made me close my eyes tightly and I let out a grunt of pain and frustration. And then he punched me, I could feel the blood coming out from my nose. That was it. I wouldn't take anymore. I opened my eyes..there was nobody in front of me, but still, Iwas a horrific and terrifying scene that gave me goosebumps, from the corner where I was lying I could observe a shadow where the shadow wasn't moving, it was standing still, out of reach of light. With pain, I stand up and weakly, with my hands on my ribs I walked towards the shadow of my abuser. My breathing accelerated. I felt that at any moment my heart was coming out from my mouth. Step by step. Until I got there. I raised my look, meeting with the face of my abuser, a tear slipped down my cheek when I saw my own face being reflected through a broken mirror. I looked at my hands, full of blood, and I knew...it was me. It has been me, I had fallen from the edge of my precipice since the start. But I wasn't the monster...no, I couldn't. The real monster was depression.

He will attack anyone, he doesn't care if person is rich or poor, he doesn't care about any details, he will attack at any moment because he has no limits ... he can attack you and show you the dark side of you, he'll take out the dark human side that you are trying to hide under that perfect smile. You can't escape from it. I couldn't escape from it....

María Fernanda Arellano Ramírez Form III

# **BLOOD BALLET**

The sun was blocked by heavy clouds, rain was soon approaching Moscow. The theatre was already covered in pearly white snow, some of it had fallen on the ground and it was now a muddy brown, tracing the path to the newly opened Petrovsky theatre. Inside its walls, waiting to hear her call, was a woman, her name, Regina. Long, raven black hair, often tied in a bun, pale skin, and dark, piercing eyes. Her frame, small, the usual for a ballerina. She was now dancing, not as an angel, but as something else. The music stopped, she curtsied along with the other dancers and slowly exited the stage, it was her turn to sit and watch. The gas lights focused on the moving figure upon the stage, the ginger hair glowing a flamy orange. Regina could see the happiness through her emerald eyes. Lilith, just like that demon. Regina thought she could see right through her wall of lies, she was the one that deserved the spot as the principal dancer, not her. Years of effort thrown in the trash, she hadn't danced through the war for anything. Lilith was going to pay. Pay with her life...

Just how was she going to do it. She wanted to watch her bleed, watch the life drained out her body. The scarlet fluid dripping, as she asked for mercy in that pitiful voice of hers. She could picture it vividly and planned to make it happen. Regina would never serve a day in a musty Russian prison. She was far too superior. Darker thoughts then entered her mind, as she gasped at her own idea. Frame someone. That someone was Viktor. She had once loved him, his chestnut hair and sapphire eyes, of course, he had never returned the feeling. Now, it was time to kill two birds with one stone.

She carefully picked the lock to his small apartment. He had a pas-de-deux rehearsal with Lilith. Her gaze wandered across the room. Searching for any piece of clothing and a knife to commit her crime... She roamed through drawers. Her onyx eyes stopped at a white vest. Perfect to stain with her awaiting victim's blood. She then proceeded to leave everything as if untouched.

The night's darkness disguised her moves as she snuck out of the building. Her dress making it harder to move without raising suspicion. She then headed to the theatre, the chilly air surrounded her and the heavy wind slowed her down, but it would not change her mind, as it was clouded by one thought. Murder.

She arrived at the Petrovsky. Lilith had just ended her rehearsal, she was still wearing the white, long, flowing skirt, cut in the middle of her calves. A heavy coat around her.

"Lilith, would you care to join me for a coffee?", Regina called, a fake smile carved on her lips. The soon-to-be corpse agreed. Lilith had offered her house, just as the dark-haired woman expected, her friendly habits were going to be her doom.

Her home was decorated white, the furniture covered in lace. Regina did not hesitate for a second. She felt her heart racing, the pulse thumping in her head. She grabbed the knife. Her hand was steady. Lilith saw the knife, her face could've only been described with two words. Pure horror. The dancer watched as the knife penetrated the skin of her shoulder. Red had started to seep out of the punctured wound. The white skin turned ashy, adding contrast between the sunset-orange hair and her freckled-face. Regina tied Lilith's hands behind her back with the chair's lace.

"Why are you doi.." muffled screams tried to form a sentence.

"Shut up. You know what you did." Regina barked. She had much more important things in mind than to chatter with the victim. Her eyes strayed, trying to look for a better weapon. She found one, a saw now started sinking into the-woman's ankles. She wanted her to feel the instrument of her art being torn apart, just like Regina felt hers breaking when Lilith was chosen. A pool of blood formed below the body, the skirt had turned deep-crimson. The faint smell of metal had filled the room. The murderer finished, the feet separated from the body. Lilith was dead. She dampened the vest with blood and left in in the alley behind the house.

A mere hour later a corpse was found. All eyes were laid on Viktor. It was always the boyfriend. The stained vest and lack of alibi were very incriminatory, sending him immediately into custody. The Bolshoi did not hesitate to give her the title of prima ballerina. Regina was dancing on the stage, it was now her raven locks, turned brown by the heavy lights that were illuminating the stage.

#### Flavia Nuñez Nuñez Form III

# ELEANOR

I didn't sleep that night. I was far too scared, panicked I'd say. Every time my eyes began to close, I jolted to my feet. Stared at the door, because I knew she'd come. Sooner or later, and I had to be awake.

The next morning I saw her through my window, she wore one of mum's old dresses, her ginger bright hair and pale skin resembled her. But that morning Eleanor was nothing like Mother. She was walking on the pavement outside, waving at our servers and smiling, as if nothing had occurred the night before. But it had, I still couldn't get my head around it, perhaps it could've been a dream, maybe I was going mad. But I knew I wasn't.

"I was twelve when it happened, I wasn't thinking, I wasn't expecting to like it that much." She recalled.

She had guided me into her room and had offered me a cup of black tea and milk.

"I'm not following, what did you like?" I questioned carelessly.

"They all thought she had killed herself, that she was depressed and couldn't handle it any longer." She muttered, she seemed somehow upset or strangely worried.

"I tried to warn him, warn Will but he wouldn't listen."

"Will? Do you mean father?" I asked. That's when I knew she was talking about our mum.

"Eleanor what are you sa-"

"That wretch was cheating on him, she was cruel, he had given her everything, but she didn't care. So I felt no remorse, I felt no fear, no disgust..."

I was used to her making up horror stories so I wouldn't sleep, but that night it was different.

"My dad, he was so loving, he would've done anything for me. I was enraged! Mr. Thompson....

Mr. Thompson? He wasn't even a nice neighbour. Why him? When dad was so thoughtful? So I did it."

"Eleanor what do you mean, the Thompson's don't live here anymore." I clarified.

"Exactly. They moved after I killed her. He was too frightened."

"Killed who? Frightened of what?"

"Mum Lucas, I killed mother!" She screeched.

"AHH! Eleanor, please stop already, it's enough no-"

"STOP TALKING LUCAS! Let me think. Why? I enjoyed it too much. Her body convulsing uncontrollably as she choked gasping for air, the violent spasms of her limbs shaking the ground. I remember her face, she implored and cried miserably for mercy while she crawled towards me. But she didn't deserve it. How she wished she hadn't drank that tea." She kept turning on her feet as she spoke.

A lump had formed in my throat, and I couldn't help tears from streaming down my cheeks. I didn't speak, I wasn't able to, even if I wanted. She suddenly stopped in her place-

"But I shouldn't have killed him. He did nothing, I was just jealous." She pronounced these words with a certain enjoyment, although she talked about remorse.

All I aimed for at that point was running, I rose from the wooden chair, stomping through the

room and I tried to reach the door but it was locked from outside.

"Funny Lucas, very funny. Don't you trust your older sister anymore? You stay seated Lucas!" My mind had drifted away, I could hear her, stepping her feet anxiously against the floor making it creak softly. Eleanor had murdered our mother, with no remorse and now she rambled on about killing someone else.

"I was just jealous, I was his favourite girl, his only one. She was taking my place and he didn't mind. He said nothing." I remember thinking she was talking about a boy, but then something happened.

She pronounced words I wish I'd never heard.

What she said made my thoughts about Mother's death appear meaningless.

"I was his favourite little girl. Mum had be trayed him but Father, he had be trayed me. I thought you should know now that I-"

She quickly stopped speaking and strode to the closet doors on the other end of the room, she held both handles with a tight grip, her slender back facing me, she turned her head slightly, and with a smile painted on her face she proceeded to open the doors revealing with a laughter, the one thing I feared the most.

"I thought you should know that I killed him too."

"Wha- what have you done?" I mumbled as I stared at the morbid image of our own father's corpse. His bare body hanging from his arms. Hands pierced into the walls. His throat slit. An impeccable cut crossing the middle of his neck, covered in blood.

"What have you done?" I repeated. But she couldn't hear me.

"What have you done you monster!" I screamed, as I felt the air return to my lungs and was finally able to pronounce clearly.

The room was filled with unrestrained bawls of terror and anger.

"What have you done?" I continued, but sobs clouded my speech.

"I don't want to hear that right now Lucas." She responded briskly.

But I couldn't help but whimper.

"Luckily I won't have to."

She paced deliberately towards me. Held my head with both her hands and as I forced my eyes shut, she kissed my forehead gently. She said nothing while she opened the room's door with a set of dangling keys. Closing it from the outside.

I can't see her from my window anymore. She's somewhere else now. I can sense her footsteps creeping to the top of the staircase. Next to the room I'm in, the room she'd locked me in. I know I'm going to die but I might as well-

She walks in.

"Hi Lucas. How was yesterday's tea?"

Luciana Goicochea Ponce Form III

# TIGHTROPE

We planned it all. The audience cheered expectant for the big event. Of course, they did not see our act coming. In the 1950s, some years after the war, people were yearning for hope and new dreams. It was a stormy night, with the wind howling in the woods, trees creating shadows and rain splattering in the muddy ground. Now, this was considered a typical day in Paris. Although the circus tent was torn, and its bloody shade of red looked chocolate, the place was full of excitement. The lights were bright and Alex was the spotlight. His blond hair looking silvery in the crowd's eye and his clothes shimmering, giving him a supernatural air. I observed as he slowly stood up and greeted the public preparing to jump on top of the rope. He wore a tight velvet onesie that made his whole body seem like open flesh. He didn't care, his smile took up his whole face, he flicked his hair to the side and leaped. He graciously flew right into the middle of the rope, confident. He had done this so many times before.

He realized the rope did not support his weight. It all happened in slow motion. He started to drop. Drop to his death. His face shifted. The joy in his eyes, the gleam, they disappeared. They were replaced by one feeling. Horror. Everything happened within a blink. I glanced at the worn stage. Alex crumpling and whimpering on the floor. His fair hair now flaming red, drenched in crimson. His face pale, ghost-like. There was no way he could survive that fall. Whispers and screams were heard from the audience. I pushed myself through the crowd and made my way to our victim. There, I found Gwen, holding his fragile hand tight. I rushed and sided next to Gwen, faking sadness and shock. I got in my knees and held her tight. Her coal-black hair, falling over her pale skin. Right there I glanced at Alex, making sure the last thing he saw was the woman he loved in the arms of a cold-blooded killer.

Since little, my only desire was to be part of the Circus. I was in love with the way trapezist flew in the air, unstoppable. The circus made me believe that everything was possible and people were extraordinary. That's why I joined "the Circus of the West" to help people escape from the reality of war, this toxic and murderous place called home. But the second I entered, my vision shifted, my hazel eyes met his ocean ones.

Alex, with his blue moon eyes only looked at Gwen's raven black hair. That whor\*! Alex, handsome as always, with his strawberry blond hair and sapphire eyes cheated on me, without a blink. I looked at both of them, so cheerful and careless. How do they live with the guilt? He gives her a hug by the back and she yelps in a jolt. I smirk as I imagine how he squeezes her too tight, throat turning violet and deep nail marks on her skin... Sadness, sorrow, suffering, those words weren't in my book. I slowly felt my chest burn as I and let out a hushed gasp. That was the moment I decided I would not suffer again. I wiped tears from my cheeks with a quivery hand and went towards the mirror and stared. I watched my own gaze change, soulless. I witnessed how the color drained from my face and my eyes shifted. That nutty brown, gone, my stare now deep black, hollow and lifeless. My lovely lips, now parchment white and my childlike face now ghostly pale and deathly cold. A deadpan, expressionless and stony-eyed. My body limp and heavy looked the same but now empty inside. There I stared in shadows at my new dead like appearance and smirked.

I tiptoed hastily around the worn stage and remembered how this sight used to marvel me, but now felt nothing. The ceiling chalky white, but now deadly black reflecting the gloomy night. As I rushed through the pitch-black space and heard the crack of the ancient wood that shrieked with my every step. I directed myself to the backstage and slowed down as I saw what I expected. A rope. The one Alex used to perform his tightrope act. I remembered him vividly, his body balanced, gaze focused and every movement filled with passion. But that wouldn't stop me. Poker-faced, I slowly took out a knife. It glimmered in the dim light, and I managed to watch my reflection. What that supposed to make me reflect? I will never know... I violently cut the rope, the tread splitted. I was already imagining the ruby color of blood that would be dripping from it, Alex screaming. This was going to be the act of our lifetime.

As I said, we were both part of the act. I needed him to perform my vengeance and believe me, I made him suffer. I wanted revenge, and I got revenge. I smirked, as I saw the wave of panic in his eyes when reality struck. His whole body shutting down, and his blue eyes losing their glimmer. I didn't care, I was free. If I couldn't have him, nobody ever could. He left me. And for that he paid.

Carolina Plenge Ochoa Form III

# BELLADONA

"Come on James! Don't be such a wimp," Alma exclaimed as she grabbed her best friend's hand, motioning towards the gate.

"I'm not acting like a coward but couldn't we just go to a party like every other year?" James refuted, troublesome not to follow her, even though he wanted to go inside as much as she did. "That's what's stopping you. You think this year is like every other, when it's not! We won't have the same freedom after tonight. You'll be at Berklee, living in some fraternity, and I'll be trapped in Duke. Don't you understand how important this night is?"

James did know, and it was as meaningful to him as it was for her. He knew that after this night he wouldn't go out of class looking for her; he wouldn't bring extra money knowing she always forgot hers. That's why right after he crossed the gates of this mansion his intrigue won over his fears. Maybe that small part of him did want to get in the house. Perhaps that's the reason he cut open the chains keeping the secrets in the house unseen.

"Wasn't so hard, right, frat boy?" Alma teased him.

"You'd still be standing on that porch if it wasn't for me."

"True, but if it weren't for me you'd've been getting drunk at some party, am I right?"

Almas was instantly taken aback by the grotesque oil paintings adorning the walls, having been surprised by their good conditions. Actually, all of the antiques looked new. She stared at the big paintings. So did James. He found them fascinating, but the pieces confused him. Demons all over the place: the imagery of a war. Flames, fury, furor between the people. Then he looked at the painting next to it and understood everything, lynching.

He was so concentrated on trying to understand these paintings that he never noticed Alma leaving the room.

"Alma? Alma where are you?! Al-"

"Upstairs!" James sighed at the sound of her voice.

He walked upstairs, the screeching sound of the stairs with every step. There were paintings in these walls too, but he started sensing another type of vibe. He felt watched.

He found Alma down the hall doing the same as him: observing the paintings. Something about them just didn't feel right. More demons, darker beasts, bloodthirsty artists. Then they entered the bedroom, alarmed as they walked. She felt the cold air brushing her naked ankles, crisp air of summer night. Alma didn't notice it right away, but James did, they were walking on fresh blood. The crimson covered the bedposts and silk sheets. Signs of handprints on the ceiling and walls. Alma froze from the annihilation done to this place. She couldn't move a muscle until...

"We better leave" James said.

Alma nodded as she took a few steps backward, with James following her. The friends ran carelessly. They ran until they reached the door, they realized it was locked.

"JAMES WHY DID YOU LOCK IT!?"

" I DIDN'T!" James shouted.

Both urged to open the locked door, failing every attempt. They didn't know what was behind them. What kind of monster awaited for them, a demon who just needed a glance to capture their souls. They kept pushing the door, until they turned around. Blood was flooding the staircase, absorbing everything in its way. The friends rushed to the kitchen door, trying to escape from the inevitable blood following their trail. Their breath was hitching from the nightmare they didn't imagine they could survive. Cold sweat was in their hands. Two teenagers being chased by a ruthless demon.

This is a dream, this ain't real, I will wake up. Alma thought, and begged anyone who was there to listen that this was just a dream, while James started thinking, Is this it? Is it now my time? Thoughts revolving around each other's minds.

As they turned to the door again, the saw this woman, wearing a raven black colloquial dress. Fog followed her as she floated through the room. A piano started playing, James could recognize the song, 12Etudes, Op.25 #11.

Alma squeezed James arm. James felt the pressure running through his veins. How this might be the last time he ever saw something, shutting his eyes tight, he only heard the piano stop.

"Blood"

She wants blood Alma thought. She was right, and so was James when he finally understood all the paintings upstairs. She craved their death. When he opened his eyes he didn't feel Alma's grasp anymore, he didn't see the woman staring at them anymore. He just saw Alma walking monotonically towards the exit. James followed her.

"Alma, what are you do—" She opened the door they couldn't before. "How did you do that?" James asked, hearing no reply from her. She was standing in the porch when he touched her, and her body morphed into the thick blood. Her innings melted into the carmine liquid. James couldn't imagine what he was watching. The friend he used to admire just a few seconds ago, was now gone. His glances switched between the blood on the ground and the open door. He ran across the door, trying to go down the few stairs, but his legs started to felt heavier and

heavier. His feet were now stuck to the stairs with the blood from Alma's body. There was no escaping now, the blood has sucked him in the house again.

THE END.

Andrea Badillo Bouby Form III

# READING CLUB 2018 The boy in the striped pajamas



Lillian Haynes Form I

# READING CLUB 2018 The boy in the striped pajamas



Andrea Livia Chumbes Form I