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nº 44

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REVISTA DE LA ESCUELA OFICIAL DE IDIOMAS DE PAMPLONA · IRUÑEKO HIZKUNTZA ESKOLA OFIZIALEKO ALDIZKARIA



EOIP-IHEO

V.P. LE MAGAZINE

CONSEJO DE REDACCIÓN

Rafael Muneta
Pedro Cardeñosa
Diana Chow
Giulia Ghisu
Merche Navarro
Patxi Telletxea
Maite Casero

DISEÑO Y MAQUETACIÓN

Manuel Torres
manuelktorres@telefonica.net

COLABORA

Alumnado y profesorado
de la EOIP

ISSN

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DPT. LEGAL

NA 2834/99

CONTACTO

Compañía, 6
31001 Pamplona/Iruñea

Tel: 948 · 20 · 63 · 43
Fax: 948 · 20 · 63 · 44

eoipvdir@educacion.navarra.es
http://eoip.educacion.navarra.es

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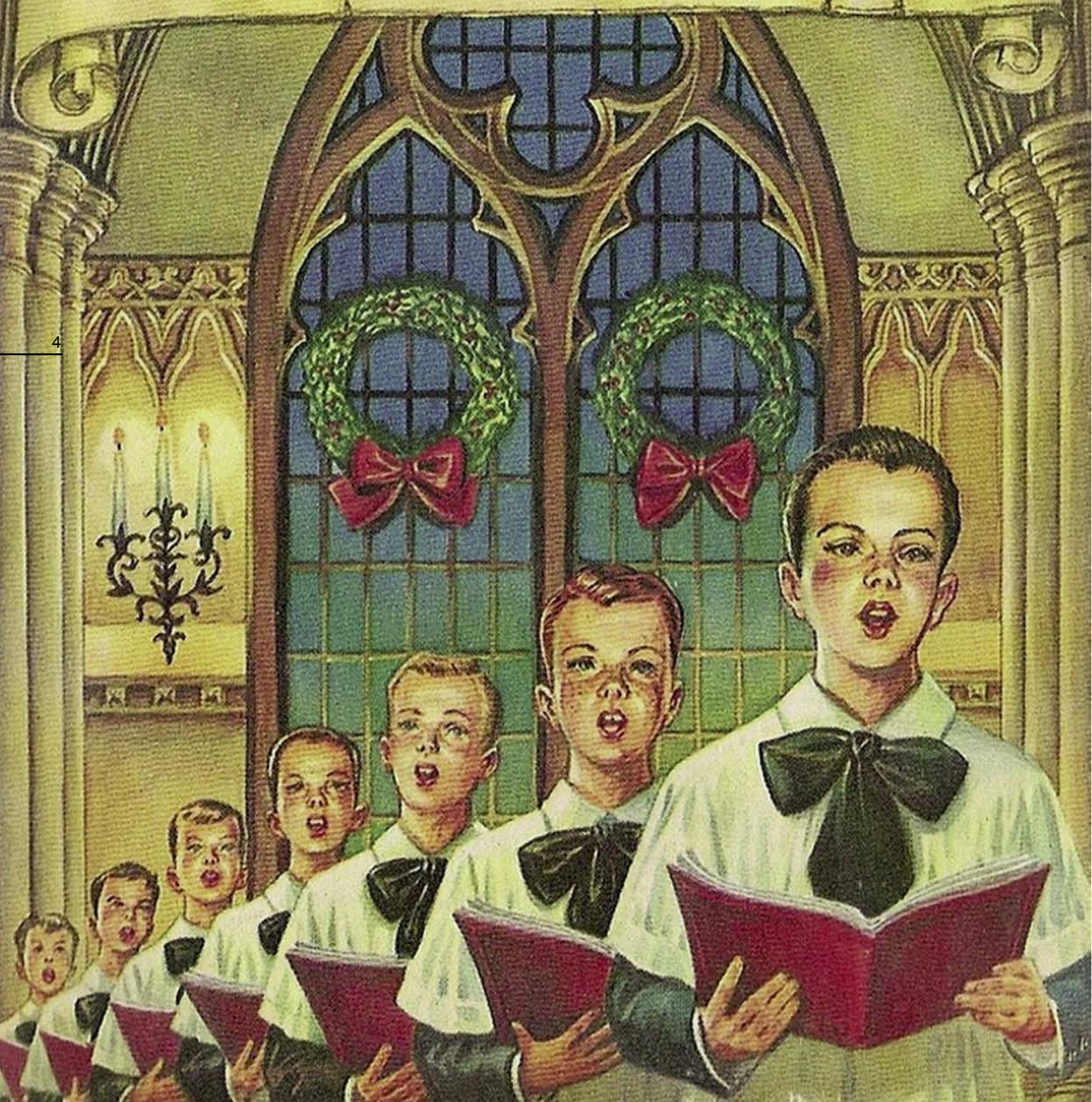
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The EOPP Choir

By Michael McGrath (English Dpment.)





I'm expectant *, excited, elated, ecstatic and a little edgy. I can see it all now. In a couple of years' time, on TV prime time, the grand final of the Official Language Schools choir competition. And the finalists are... (listen to the drum roll) The Official School of Languages of Pamplona and the Official School of Languages of Santander or Valladolid or, why not, Bilbao (we can't beat them at football but we'll thrash them with our voices). Of course, after winning the final, the major recording labels will be knocking at our door asking us, or pleading with us, to sign all those mouth-watering contracts and, eventually, our albums will be selling like hot cakes! Well, dreaming is free, isn't it?

I've always liked the idea of being part of a choir. A choir is a motley collection of humans – the small, the tall, the thin, the plump, the young and the not-so-young – who all come together to make one, beautiful sound. I've always liked the *idea* of singing. When I'm at home alone or walking along country lanes, unaccompanied, I could burst into a high-pitched impersonation of Neil Young or a rather deep, gravelly rendition of Leonard Cohen or a rather complicated, if not impossible, roller-coaster version of the Beach Boys. As I am a man of very varied tastes, I could even try a couple of Haendel's arias just like Maria Bayo would sing them... but hang on a minute. What if we have to do some kind of test before we are allowed to take part in the choir? Imagine all of us potential singers lined up in a queue outside room 29 waiting for the fatal summons: "Next, please." That's the thing. What am I? I know I'm not a *soprano*. (I've never been involved in mafia, mobster crime). Nor am I a *mezzo soprano*. Not even a *counter tenor*. I'm, not a *castrati* either. Well, at least, not yet. It all depends on the government cuts. As I've just said, I can imitate voices but singing is a different kettle of fish. Maybe I should throw in the towel before starting and sign up for that clown course (a real career move). Mind you, come to think of it, although I may have no future in the world of singing I could still sign up for the choir and just learn the movements that accompany the song. That way I

wouldn't make a sound. I'd be as silent as the grave. I'd just lip sing. It would be just like those air guitar championships where these really cool guys "play" their imaginary rock guitars exaggerating their riffs and picking motions. The only thing that's missing in this amazing spectacle is a real guitar. So we could actually have 2 choirs in the EOIP. One that really does sing and the other which just moves its mouth to the sound of fantastic, wonderful recordings of great songs, you know, a kind of upmarket playback. These two choirs would give everyone a chance and put a stop to any discrimination!

Naturally, of course, the most important ingredient of the EOIP choir is that we will be singing in different languages. I've always had a secret wish to sing "Volare" in Italian but I never get as far as "*Volare oh, oh! Cantare, oh, oh, oh!*" I suppose I could just google the lyrics but it's not the same as doing it in unison with a bunch of enthusiastic singers. Or alternatively, Nena's "99 Luftballons" ("Hast du etwas zeit für mich...") in German. I actually know lots of useful words in German like "resurrection" and "diarrhoea" but I don't think I could make a complete sentence with any of them. So I could impress my non-German-speaking friends when I have them round for dinner. "What a polyglot, Michael is!" they would say to themselves. I also have a soft spot for Jacques Brel's "On n'oublie rien." There is nothing like actually singing the song to get around all that difficult French pronunciation, especially the "r's", well, the vowels aren't exactly easy either. I've just realised that my taste in songs is distinctly European and I must admit I don't know a single song in Japanese or Chinese. Not a single one. I hang my head in shame. Perhaps the experience of the choir can put that right.

Before finishing this rather self-indulgent soliloquy I would like to give my thanks, in advance, to Lourdes Moratinos who has offered to accompany us in this musical adventure and to Patxi Telletxea, our vice principal, for finding the way to make this dream come true. Dear readers, you will be hearing from us in the not too distant future.

* Author's note: This article was written BEFORE the first singing session on November 5th.



Un po' d'Italia a Pamplona

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Per capire come siamo arrivati a riunire degli italiani intorno a un tavolino di una caffetteria (italiana anch'essa) di Pamplona per farci raccontare cosa ne pensano della Navarra e che rapporto mantengono con la natia Italia, è necessaria una breve premessa.

L'idea di questo articolo nasce da alcune attività che abbiamo realizzato in classe con i due gruppi dell'Intermedio e con quello serale del 1° Avanzato.

All'inizio del corso, quasi al primo giorno, e' strata fatta alle classi una domanda: "Che cosa è per voi l'Italia?". Non racconti dell'estate, non storie di viaggi, ma, almeno nelle intenzioni, un richiamo ai sentimenti, alle sensazioni, ai ricordi e, insomma, a quanto l'Italia aveva lasciato dentro ognuno di loro. I brevi testi che ne sono venuti fuori sono poi stati organizzati in categorie un po' più generali e inviati a Raibabel.

L'anno scolastico, nel frattempo, proseguiva pigramente e la prima unità del corso Avanzato proponeva una tematica stimolante e curiosa: "Come vedete gli italiani?" E via una carrellata di stereotipi e luoghi comuni: chiacchieroni, rumorosi, belli, ben

vestiti, mafiosi, simpatici, guidatori pazzi. Tra verità e mezze verità abbiamo ripassato e studiato i tempi passati, il congiuntivo, il passivo, imparato lessico e, perché no, sorriso delle generalizzazioni che ci permettono di unificare popoli interi in pochi aggettivi.

E studiando studiando un'altra domanda piano piano ha iniziato a prendere forma: "Ma secondo voi le persone italiane che vivono in Navarra come vi vedono? E, dalla lontananza cosa penseranno dell'Italia? Cosa gli mancherà? Cosa, invece, non rimpiangeranno proprio per niente?".

Ma soprattutto: in cosa siamo simili e in cosa irrimediabilmente differenti?

Grazie a un whatsapp mandato al gruppo di "esuli" italiani di Pamplona eccoci qua, pronti a fare quattro chiacchiere, e sicuramente quattro risate, su stereotipi, luoghi comuni, *herrimina* come dicono qua, nostalgia della terra, e sul gruppo Italirruña, italiane e italiani a Pamplona, che proprio da poco ha festeggiato il secondo anniversario.



Text: Giulia Ghisu

Il gran giorno è arrivato e puntuali, sfatando un primo luogo comune che vede gli italiani come irrimediabili ritardatari, ci siamo trovati di fronte a un caffè e ad un pezzo di torta.

È difficile riassumere una conversazione di un paio d'ore, in cui si è parlato di tutto, lasciandosi trasportare solamente dal piacere del parlare, in poche parole e per di più scritte, ma tant'è...ci proveremo.

Giulia: "Ciao, innanzitutto grazie, anche a nome degli studenti che hanno preparato le domande, per essere venuti e per aver accettato di parlare con noi. Magari per rompere il ghiaccio, vi potreste presentare brevemente".

Loredana: "Sono Loredana, vivo qui da sei anni, lavoro come educatrice in una fondazione e sono molto soddisfatta della mia vita qui a Pamplona".

Nunzio: "Io sono Nunzio, siciliano, non mafioso. Progettista, vivo qua a Pamplona da tre anni, non per scelta ma per obbligo perché la mia compagna, con cui ho un figlio, è di qua. Penso sia un posto meraviglioso per crescere un bambino".

Angelo: "Ciao, sono Angelo. Vivo a Pamplona da quattro anni e sono sposato con una ragazza di Pamplona da nove anni. Sono architetto e mi piace molto vivere qua".

Giulia: "Iniziamo con la prima domanda, secondo voi che cosa hanno in comune gli italiani e i navarri?".

Angelo: "Beh, innanzitutto penso sia necessario fare una distinzione tra italiani e italiani. La Navarra è una regione, quindi più uniforme rispetto all'Italia; l'Italia, invece... c'è la parte del Nord, quella del Centro, l'Italia del Sud e le isole. Io mi sento di parlare di quella del Nord, che è la zona da cui provengo.

Differenze penso che, con l'italiano del Nord, non ce ne siano tantissime. Magari con quello del Sud sono più evidenti; forse, ecco, il navarro mi sembra più orgoglioso e più testardo rispetto ad un italiano del Nord... però questo aspetto può anche essere positivo perché la caparbia la puoi anche utilizzare a tuo favore. Mi viene più d'istinto vedere le uguaglianze. All'inizio magari, sia nell'italiano del Nord che nel navarro prevale una certa freddezza, però poi quello che ti può dare la persona, nel momento in cui diventa un amico, può essere veramente tanto".

Nunzio: "Allora, io magari posso anche vedere le similitudini con un italiano del Nord, ma con la gente del Sud dell'Italia non trovo somiglianze né a livello antropologico né culturale o sociale, senza voler parlare negativamente dei navarri. In generale mi sembra una popolazione poco socievole".

Loredana: "Sì, si deve creare un gruppo, che ne so, fai un corso o calcetto e allora si fa la cena del gruppo o si esce con il gruppo..."

Nunzio: "Perché? Perché qua c'è la *cuadrilla*, tutto si muove in *cuadrilla*, cosa che al Sud, da noi, non esiste. Io per esempio posso andare a Catania e lì trovo tre persone con cui cenare o esco da solo per Palermo e incontro sempre qualcuno. Qua non succede, perché ci sono questi gruppi chiusi; per questa ragione parlavo di differenze antropologiche".

Loredana: "Sì, è vero. È più difficile".

Nunzio: "Comunque, secondo me, non è una caratteristica solamente navarra. Non so da dove provenga, ma ho notato che è presente al Nord. Io ho visto in Germania ed è uguale, ho vissuto in Svizzera ed è uguale. Ecco, mi sembra una questione antropologica, culturale. Al Sud non succede, si sta insieme in maniera diversa".

Loredana: "Magari dipende dal tempo, dal clima".

Nunzio: "Non lo so, forse è un sentirsi più protetti, più tranquilli".

Loredana: "In Sicilia sarebbe impensabile, viviamo per strada, anche il fenomeno della *bajera*, rinchiusersi in uno spazio chiuso..."

Angelo: "Beh, ma anche qua si vive molto la strada".

Nunzio: "Quando io sono arrivato qua non sapevo cosa fosse né la *cuadrilla* né la *bajera*. In un posto al chiuso in Sicilia ci andavo solamente per provare, per suonare, ma non per riunirmi con gli amici e isolarmi".

Marco: "Mi presento, sono Marco, romano, abito da tanti anni qua, più di dieci. Quello che ho visto, quello

che mi sembra, è che la gente non abbia fiducia nell'altro. Mi spiego, magari è legato alla storia recente della Spagna, come se ci fosse diffidenza o paura a parlare apertamente e fosse più sicuro riunirsi e aprirsi con poche persone. Io vengo da Roma e una differenza importante che ho notato è questa: a Roma la fiducia la dai subito, a priori, si entra velocemente in confidenza, ma poi la fiducia si toglie pure rapidamente. Qua, invece, il processo è più lento, ci si apre con più difficoltà, ma poi se si ottiene la fiducia, la confidenza non si perde più. A me il rimprovero che mi facevano i miei era che invitavo tutti a casa...”.

Loredana: “Ecco, questa è una cosa che mi manca, il vedersi a casa. Noto che la gente si irrigidisce nel momento in cui si prospetta la possibilità di organizzare qualcosa in una casa, che ne so, una cena, un pranzo”.

Giulia: “Non so se siete d'accordo con me, ma mi sembra che la casa a Pamplona appartenga alla sfera privata, a quella intima. Per la sfera sociale ci sono altri luoghi: la *peña*, la *bajera*, il bar o il *txoko*...”.

Loredana: “Vi racconto un aneddoto: c'erano due signori di Pamplona di circa 60 anni, amici da una vita, che stavano chiacchierando e, ascoltando il discorso, mi sono resa conto che nessuno dei due conosceva la casa dell'altro. Quando gli ho chiesto come mai, mi hanno risposto che non ce ne era stato bisogno. Mi ha scandalizzato!”.

Angelo: “Io ricordo che appena arrivati ad abitare qua, per cercare di conoscere meglio delle persone, abbiamo pensato che la cosa normale fosse invitare a casa nostra, per una cena, i genitori di qualche compagno di scuola di nostra figlia. Dopo qualche mese, abbiamo provato ad invitare qualcuno a cena. Avremo fatto un cinque, sei inviti, solamente una coppia ha accettato. E la cosa è finita lì. Abbiamo capito che non era quello il modo giusto per fare amicizia con delle persone a Pamplona”.

Marco: “Noi abbiamo degli amici da cui andiamo a cena, ma sono argentini. Anzi no, c'è una coppia di

amici navarri con cui ci vediamo a casa, ma è un'eccezione. Un'altra cosa che ho notato è che si avvicinano molto quando parlano, più di noi”.

Loredana: “Ma invece, non vi ha scioccato l'espressione *qué tal o qué?* Ricordo che andavo a comprare il giornale e all'inizio non capivo”.

Marco: “E perché oye ? Ma come, “senti”... sento cosa? Non ci conosciamo. Stessa cosa l'uso istituzionalizzato del tu. Mi sembra strano che ci si dia del tu sin dall'inizio. In Italia è importante la differenza tra il Lei e il tu. Non ci conosciamo: uso il Lei. Iniziamo a conoscerci: passiamo al tu”.

Nunzio: “Ricordo perfettamente quando ho scoperto questa cosa. Ero all'università, venivo dalla Sicilia, dove i docenti universitari sono trattati quasi come divinità; arrivo in Spagna e dopo la lezione sento gli studenti che si rivolgono per nome al professore. Fantastico!”.

Marco: “A me un aspetto che mi colpì inizialmente e che mi sembrò, e mi continua a sembrare, molto bello è l'attaccamento e l'orgoglio per la propria cultura e per le tradizioni. Ricordo che inizialmente mi mettevo a guardare la tv in basco e mi divertiva e piaceva questo fatto, scoprire

un mondo a sé. In Italia abbiamo distrutto molto e adesso si sta cercando di recuperare”.

Angelo: “Per tornare alla tematica del linguaggio, mi sembra che una differenza importante ci sia nella diplomazia quando si parla. In Italia si è molto più diplomatici quando bisogna dire una cosa, qua sono molto più diretti. Da noi si cerca sempre di dire le cose in maniera un po' più spezzata, indiretta. Ecco, ad un italiano può sembrare troppo diretto, deve stare attento a non offendersi”.

Giulia: “Cambiando completamente discorso e per avviarci alla conclusione, cosa vi manca di più della vostra terra?”

Nunzio: “Beh, penso che ognuno di noi darà una



día europeo de las lenguas

risposta diversa. Io sono isolano e mi manca il mare. Ma anche il clima”.

Angelo: “A me il clima sembra sia migliore qua. Infatti quando ci si lamenta per il clima io lo dico sempre: è migliore qua che non da me in Italia”.

Marco: “A me, invece, la famiglia e gli amici”
Loredana: “A me il cibo e la spontaneità nelle relazioni interpersonali”.

Nunzio: “Però, posso anche dire con sicurezza cosa non mi manca. La Navarra è ordinata, pulita”.

Marco: “Ti senti trattato come un cittadino, voglio dire, paghi le tasse e ricevi dei servizi, li vedi; e poi la Navarra è una regione bellissima, io sono amante dei boschi, dei fiumi e qua è spettacolare”.

Nunzio: “Beh certo, qua c'è meno popolazione, in Italia c'è un paese dietro l'altro; qua, invece, ci sono più spazi aperti, liberi”.

Angelo: “Sì nota quando si viaggia in macchina. C'è molto meno traffico. Se penso al tempo che impiego per arrivare a Saragozza... in Italia ce ne vorrebbe almeno il doppio”.

Nunzio: “E in Sicilia anche il quadruplo!”.

Angelo: “A me manca il cibo. Sono una buona forchetta e mi piace il cibo navarro, ma mi manca quello italiano”.

Marco: “Qua ci sono delle regole che vengono rispettate. In Italia se hai bisogno di una licenza non sai dove andare, ti sbattono da una parte all'altra e non si risolve niente. Qua invece, nel giro di una settimana hai il tuo permesso. Gli uffici funzionano. C'è molta meno burocrazia e molta più legalità”.

Loredana: “Sì, qua se sei bravo puoi andare avanti. Si riconosce il lavoro ben fatto”.

Giulia: “Ultime due domande degli alunni: avete mai



I SPEAK GERMAN. WHAT'S YOUR SUPERPOWER?

DIA EUROPEO DE LAS LENGUAS – 2015

El 23 de octubre pasado, la directora del centro, Maite Casero y el profesor de alemán Jan Kraft, entregaron los premios del **DIA EUROPEO DE LAS LENGUAS** a Merche Navarro (en representación de Xavier Berraondo), M^a Jesús Martínez y Elisabeta Palushaj.

pensato di fare una peña italiana? E siete d'accordo che Pamplona è Mordor?”

Marco: “La risposta alla prima domanda è sì. Non esattamente una peña, ma una società gastronomica che ha già un nome e un logo: Italliruña. Per essere invitati dovete parlare italiano... scherzo! Però se verrete agli eventi che organizzeremo, mi raccomandando, provateci a parlare in italiano! Per quel che riguarda Mordor... Pamplona con il sole è un'altra città. Però sì, è vero, è Mordor, non si può evitare”.

Loredana: “Esagerati!”.

La motivación en adultos que aprenden segundas lenguas

Michael McGrath (Profesor de inglés EOIP)

Fueron Gardner y Lambert quienes hace 43 años observaron que, en el contexto del aprendizaje de segundas lenguas, la motivación era más importante que la aptitud o el método. Muy pronto empezaron a aparecer estudios que corroboraron esta idea (por ejem-

Marina, que hablaba sobre cómo motivar a un niño que no tiene interés en aprender. Marina destacaba tres cuestiones fundamentales. Los niños quieren pasárselo bien; quieren ser reconocidos y quieren sentir que están progresando. ¿Podemos trasladar esta observación al

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plo, en el trabajo de Burstall et al con alumnos de francés en el aula de primaria en el Reino Unido). Sea o no sea más importante que la aptitud, hoy en día la motivación todavía sigue siendo un fenómeno significativo en el aprendizaje de segundas lenguas. Pero ¿qué es lo que puede motivar a nuestro alumnado adulto en el aula? ¿Qué actividades, enfoques, metodologías o didáctica les pueden motivar? Esta es la pregunta que el grupo de trabajo interdepartamental quiere explorar durante este curso en la EOIP. La motivación es un tema muy resbaladizo y si preguntáramos a nuestro alumnado qué les motiva quizá le resultaría más fácil contestar lo que *no* le motiva.

Hace poco tuve la oportunidad de ver una entrevista con el eminente filósofo de la educación, José Antonio

mundo adulto? No me parece tan descabellada la idea. Lo que plantea el filósofo parece convincente pero, por el momento, me gustaría tratar unos temas más prácticos en el día a día de una clase de segundas lenguas que, creo, desde mi experiencia, merecen ser comentados.

La claridad: El alumnado adulto agradece que le expliquen lo que va a hacer en la clase y para qué. Incluso sería interesante preguntarle al acabar una actividad por qué la ha hecho. (¿Repasar léxico? ¿Trabajar la pronunciación? ¿Para ayudar a otros compañeros o aprender de ellos? ¿Para cambiar el ritmo de la clase? ¿Para conocer herramientas que se pueden utilizar fuera del aula?) Esto hará reflexionar al alumno y hacerle ver que todo lo que se hace en clase tiene un propósito en concreto.

La exigencia de la tarea: Lo que se plantea en clase debería representar un desafío para el alumnado y no una empresa demasiado difícil. Ver que somos capaces de sacar algo positivo, incluso aprender algo, a pesar de las dificultades que hemos encontrado es motivador. Si todo nos resulta demasiado fácil la motivación desaparece. Veo aquí una semejanza con lo que postulaba Krashen, un lingüista influyente de los años ochenta, en el contexto de la adquisición de otras lenguas. Él elaboró la fórmula $<I + 1>$ para referirse al "input" comprensible $<I>$ que contiene elementos lingüísticos *ligeramente* superiores $<+1>$ al nivel actual de la persona que aprende y la definió como el ingrediente esencial en la adquisición de otras lenguas.

Algo más que practicar por practicar: Obviamente, el trabajo de aula es para practicar la lengua meta pero si, a la vez, el alumnado tiene otro objetivo para cumplir, la práctica del idioma se hace más estimulante. Por

caso de adultos no basta con utilizar palabras vacías. Con sensibilidad, se puede explicar claramente dónde tienen que insistir o trabajar para que algo les salga mejor, es más eficaz.

Variedad: A veces es difícil concentrarse durante mucho tiempo y el alumnado adulto (como los escolares) necesita algo de variedad durante la clase. Esta variedad se puede referir a la *organización del aula* (alumnos trabajando por parejas o en grupos pequeños o individualmente) o a las *actividades* (por ejemplo, un juego para adivinar el significado de unas palabras desconocidas > audición o lectura de un texto en el que aparecen dichas palabras > debate sobre el contenido del texto) o a los *contenidos*.

La utilidad de lo que se aprende: Lo que se hace en el aula debería servir de algo. Para disfrutar de los pasatiempos que uno puede tener en la lengua meta y/o



ejemplo, en una actividad los alumnos se dividen en grupos y se le da a cada grupo una imagen de un paisaje determinado. Esta imagen representa una foto que se envía con un mensaje tipo whatsapp a los amigos. Cada grupo tiene que dar mucha envidia a la persona que recibe el mensaje. Al final el grupo entero tiene que decidir quiénes estuvieron en el mejor sitio o quiénes pasaron las mejores vacaciones.

La actitud del/la profesor/a y l@s otr@s compañeros: Éste es un tema a tomar muy en cuenta. Es muy importante ser sensible hacia los problemas o las dificultades de l@s demás. Por ejemplo, no ayuda si un alumno está explicando algo oralmente al grupo y hay dos o tres hablando a la vez. Nosotros, como docentes, ¿animamos al alumnado suficientemente? En el

para seguir aprendiendo de manera más autónoma.

Estas son algunas observaciones que he hecho basándome en lo que percibo en mis clases. Habrá otras, seguramente. Pero les/os invito a l@s lector@s a reflexionar sobre esto porque es muy importante sacar el mayor rendimiento de la clase. Para acabar, quisiera comentar algo que me desconcierta bastante. Es el deseo expresado por algun@s alumn@s de que quieren practicar en clase los temas que van a salir en el examen oral en junio. Mi primera reacción ante esta petición es decirles que el idioma que utilizamos en clase es el mismo que se utiliza en el examen. ¿Estamos aprendiendo un idioma o estamos aprendiendo un examen? Primeramente, hay que aprender y disfrutar aprendiendo.

Deutsch lernen nicht nur im Klassenzimmer!

Im Rahmen unserer außerschulischen Aktivitäten organisieren wir, LehrerInnen der Deutschabteilung, jedes Jahr einen kulturellen Wettbewerb. Viel Spaß beim Lösen!!!

Quiz 2015



1. Welcher **Sänger** von einer bekannten Rockband hat sich 1980 als Schwimmer für die Olympischen Spiele qualifiziert? ◀

2. Wie viele Stufen hat die **längste Treppe** der Welt? Und in welchem Land ist sie? ▶

3. Wie nennen die **Österreicher** die Deutschen? Und was heißt das Wort eigentlich? ◀

4. Nach dem **ersten Weltkrieg** hatte Deutschland mit einer Hyperinflation zu kämpfen - das Geld war immer weniger Wert. Wie teuer war ein Hühnerei im Dezember 1923? ▶

5. Wie viele **Städte** gibt es im kleinsten deutschen Bundesland? ◀

6. Welche von den 10 **berühmtesten Wissenschaftlerinnen** aller Zeiten kommen aus deutschsprachigem Raum? ▶

7. So beginnt ein bekanntes **Märchen**:



s war einmal mitten im Winter, und die Schneeflocken fielen wie Federn vom Himmel herab.

Wer hat es geschrieben? Wie heißt das Märchen?



- 1 Hildegard von Bingen (1098 - 1179)
- 2 Maria Sybilla Merian (1647 - 1717)
- 3 Dorothea Erxleben (1715 - 1762)
- 4 Caroline Herschel (1750 - 1848)
- 5 Marie Curie (1867 - 1934)
- 6 Lise Meitner (1878 - 1968)
- 7 Rosalind Franklin (1920 - 1958)
- 8 Jane Goodall (1934)
- 9 Christiane Nüsslein-Volhard (1942)
- 10 Jocelyn Bell Burnell (* 1943)



8. Welche ist die **älteste** **Universität** im heutigen deutschen Sprachraum?

9. Deutschland hat mit 3400 Tonnen nach den USA weltweit die meisten Goldreserven auf der hohen Kante. Wo aber lagern die ganzen **Goldbarren**?



10. Welche deutschsprachigen Länder produzieren keine Elektrizität in **Atomkraftwerken**?

11. In Österreich **Erdäpfelkrapferl**; in der Schweiz **Härdöpfelchüechli**; **Krumbirnpöngeli** in Unterfranken oder **Reiberdatschi** in Bayern. Was ist damit gemeint?



12. **Wien nach dem 2. Weltkrieg:**

Die Siegermächte USA, Sowjetunion, Frankreich und Großbritannien haben die Stadt unter sich aufgeteilt. Ein Amerikaner kommt in die Stadt. Er möchte für einen Freund dort arbeiten. Der Freund stirbt aber kurz vorher. Der Amerikaner hört, sein Freund hat Penicillin auf dem Schwarzmarkt verkauft. Er möchte den Fall untersuchen... Wie ist der Titel von dem Film? Die Filmmusik ist übrigens sehr berühmt. ◀



13. In welchem Bundesland liegt der **tiefste Punkt** Deutschlands?

14. Im Jahr 2004 bekam eine österreichische Schriftstellerin den **Literaturnobelpreis**. Wie ist ihr Name? Nennen Sie bitte eins ihrer Werke. ▶



15. Wie viele Strophen hat die **deutsche Nationalhymne**? Und welche von ihnen werden gesungen? ◀



16. Der Bestseller „**Die Putzfraueninsel**“ wurde von seiner Autorin selbst verlegt, weil sie keinen Verleger fand. Wie heißt die **Autorin**? ▶



■ alemán



◀ 17. Wer lehnte im Oktober 1996 das **Bundesverdienstkreuz** ab?

18. Welcher ist der wahrscheinlich **älteste Baum** Deutschlands und wo steht er? ▶

19. „**Guten Abend, gut' Nacht, mit Rosen bedacht...**“ Der kleine Hans Faber hörte die Melodie als erster, und nach ihm schliefen viele Millionen Babys in der ganzen Welt zum „**Wiegenlied**“ von **Johannes Brahms** ein. Doch in der Klavierstimme versteckte Brahms auch ein weiteres Lied. Welches? ▶



Gu-ten A-bend, gut' Nacht, mit Ro-sen be-dacht, mit Näg-lein be -

steckt, schlupf un-ter die Deck: Mor-gen früh, wenn Gott will, wirst du

wie-der ge-weckt, mor-gen früh, wenn Gott will, wirst du wie-der ge-weckt.

20. Zwei der folgenden **Wörter** sind **keine Germanismen**. Welche? ▶

21. Die **erste Republik mit demokratischer Verfassung** in Deutschland wurde 1918 ausgerufen. Sie war für Spanien ein verfassungspolitischer Orientierungspunkt. Wie wird diese erste deutsche Republik genannt?

aspirina	bigote
brindis	búnker
burgo	lastre
sala	susto
vermut	zopenco



22. Wenn wir **Labskaus** bestellen, was bekommen wir auf dem Teller? Nennen Sie 4 Zutaten:

- a) _____
- b) _____
- c) _____
- d) _____

23. Solche Bilder sind typisch für **Bad Wörishofen**. Was macht die Frau gerade? Wie heißt das und wer ist der Namensgeber dieser Aktivität? ▶



[illegible]

Die Lösungen findet ihr unter

<http://bitteeinsteigen.wordpress.com>, wo auch die Audio-Dateien zu hören sind.

murder as a fine art

Interview with the Murder Club Master • Bob Adamson

Interviewed by Gema Rodríguez

El entusiasta del género de misterio, Bob Adamson, nos habla de unos de sus talleres lingüísticos en nuestro centro, el famoso Murder Mystery, y nos explica lo que mucho que ganan los alumnos que se apuntan a este taller, y también nos subraya que no es necesario ser extrovertido para disfrutar de él y participar en las sesiones. Bob –incansable fan del misterio y el asesinato literario– nos cuenta sus nuevos planes de futuro con Murder:



OK. Murder Mystery. Why?

Because I love murder mysteries and I think it's a good way for students to improve their fluency in a fun way.

So, if you are a student who feels a little bit shy, doesn't like theatre but wants to do something different, is that my kind of class?

It could be. I think a lot of students are quite shy. I myself am quite shy when it comes to this kind of thing, but you don't have to be very theatrical in your playing of the character; some people are and that's fine, but it's not necessary. Really you just have to defend your character as best you can and find out as much as you can about the others, and you don't have to be very extroverted about the way you do it.

murder as a fine art

Did you get into this from any particular writer?

Yeah ... I find Agatha Christie, Conan Doyle and Raymond Chandler in particular are good for this kind of thing; Agatha Christie in particular. Not a great author but great fun for these kinds of games and I think almost everybody knows the Agatha Christie format, so she would be my number one.

Any danger of students knowing the end or what the story's about?

It occasionally happens and when that happens I ask them to pretend they don't know and just to use it for fluency practice. But it's amazing how often people have read the book or seen the film and still don't

that you end up having to do three sessions. Sometimes students get a bit frustrated that they have to remember all this information over a period of three weeks.

So you've simplified it?

So, what I have done is I've made about thirty of my own, based on famous books.

Thirty?

Yeah, ten at least based on Agatha Christie books. I try to go for books which are out of copyright, so, starting with Edgar Allen Poe and Charles Dickens and Dostoyevsky and Conan Doyle. But I also use more modern writers, like Raymond Chandler's cause I like him so much. And all these games will finish in one session, with error correction included.

That's a thing sometimes students think, "OK, it's fun but what do I get from it?"

You get error correction. The more you speak the more you will be corrected. You improve your fluency. You have fun and you improve your confidence because you are speaking more than usual.

OK. So what else? What would you like to be asked?

Em ... What next for murder mysteries? I would like to actually do them over a dinner party. I'd like to find a restaurant, for example, that would like to run murder mystery evenings ...

Yes, because the other day I was with my family in the Hotel Ayestaran in Lekunberri. It's actually quite amusing to see that they do weekend murder mysteries...

In Spanish, yes ...

It's obviously in Spanish, so it's not for the same audience but it would be fun to do something in a creepy environment ...

Well, that's a possibility ...

I'm sure, for example, here, Hotel La Perla, although it's probably very expensive...

That's a possibility. Café Vienés would have been ideal before they totally changed their style

Well, thanks very much and looking forward to seeing you again.

Cheers.

remember, or think they remember but it turns out they remember wrongly. So, it's never actually a problem and I've been doing this for six years.

That's the thing. You seem to be the murder mystery expert in town, so, over the years have you tweaked the games in the way you present them or have you done things that you feel are different?

Yeah, I started by buying all the games from Amazon and these games are dinner party games that generally last three hours, sometimes more, which means



Castells

Text: Colm Rush

Many nations have sporting exhibitions or contests that are peculiarly their own. In the Basque Country they have the Herri Kirolak with stone lifting and wood chopping; in Scotland the Highland Games with tossing the caber. In Spain, bull running and bull fighting form an integral part of many local festivities such as San Fermín here in Pamplona or San Isidro in Madrid. So it is that if you happen to be in Tarragona on the feast of Santa Tecla you will surely come across the Castells.

Not only in Tarragona city, but throughout the provinces of Tarragona and Barcelona, you will find these human-castle building events taking place every weekend from April through to November in several locations. In fact, the first time I came across a Diada de Castells was in a little village called Vallmoll, halfway between Tarragona and Valls. I have heard it said that some Castellers like building their castles in small village squares as the proximity of the houses gives a greater feeling of security.

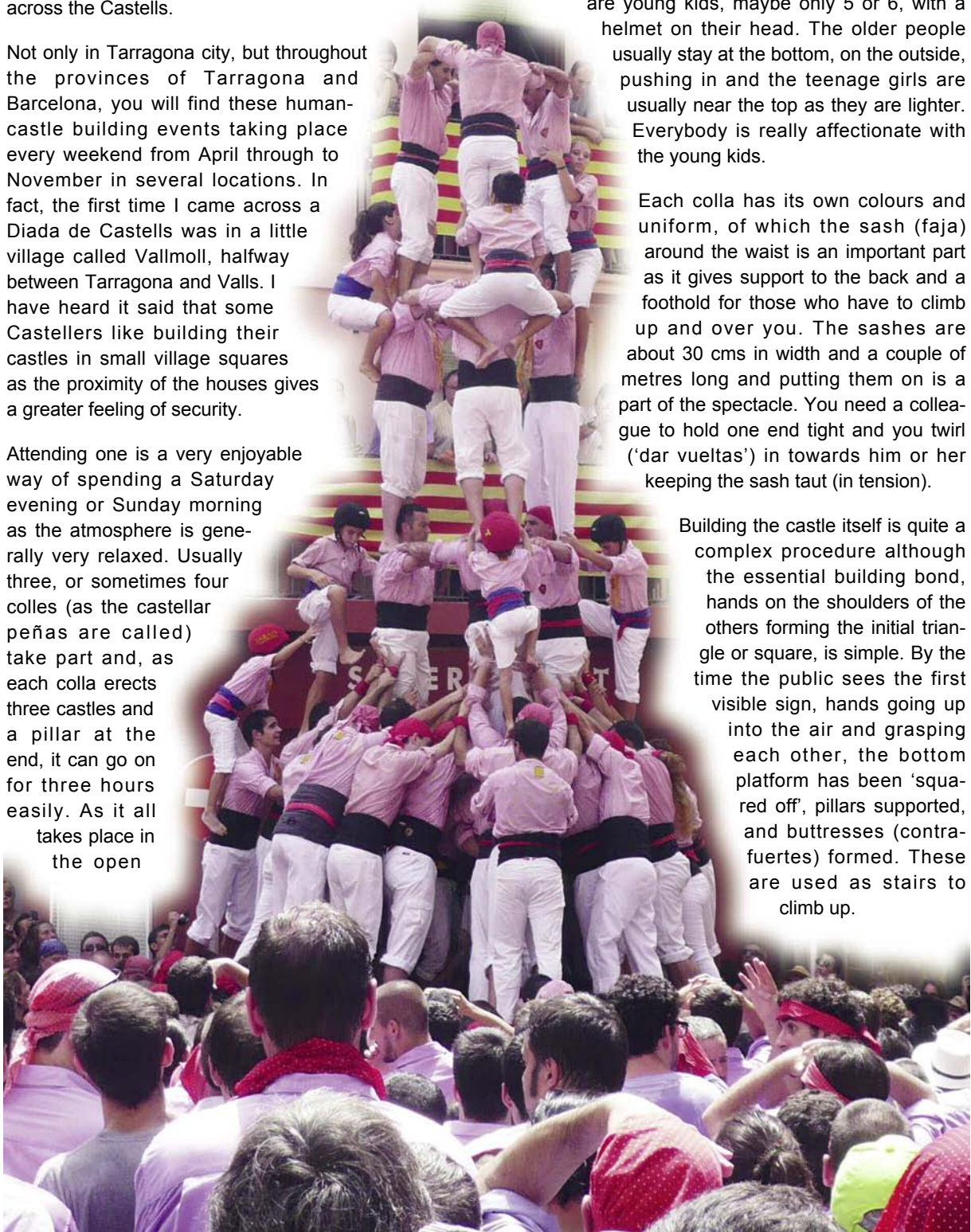
Attending one is a very enjoyable way of spending a Saturday evening or Sunday morning as the atmosphere is generally very relaxed. Usually three, or sometimes four colles (as the castellar penyas are called) take part and, as each colla erects three castles and a pillar at the end, it can go on for three hours easily. As it all takes place in the open

air there is no problem coming and going as you want. It's another thing, however, getting close to the action, as I like to, on one of the big days.

One of the things I most like about the Castells is the inter-generational solidarity. All ages take part, men and women, girls and boys. Obviously, those that have to shoulder the most weight, on the bottom floors, are big men and those that climb to the top are young kids, maybe only 5 or 6, with a helmet on their head. The older people usually stay at the bottom, on the outside, pushing in and the teenage girls are usually near the top as they are lighter. Everybody is really affectionate with the young kids.

Each colla has its own colours and uniform, of which the sash (faja) around the waist is an important part as it gives support to the back and a foothold for those who have to climb up and over you. The sashes are about 30 cms in width and a couple of metres long and putting them on is a part of the spectacle. You need a colleague to hold one end tight and you twirl ('dar vueltas') in towards him or her keeping the sash taut (in tension).

Building the castle itself is quite a complex procedure although the essential building bond, hands on the shoulders of the others forming the initial triangle or square, is simple. By the time the public sees the first visible sign, hands going up into the air and grasping each other, the bottom platform has been 'squared off', pillars supported, and buttresses (contra-fuertes) formed. These are used as stairs to climb up.



From then on, everything is visible to the public as the second and third floors quickly go up. The squaring off, grabbing handfuls of shirt and distributing the weight; the grimacing as others stand on your shoulders; the climbers, scrabbling for toeholds and pulling themselves up to form the next 'piso'; the 'cap de la colla' circling around, checking everything, giving orders for the next wave to go up. He can still call it off, call for a dismount if he's not satisfied that everything's just so, up until the fourth floor.



But then the 'txistus' start blowing out the music and it's all systems go ahead. The climbers go quicker, the first trembles appear, the tension becomes palpable, the crowd holds its breath, until finally the first youngster surmounts the last floor and bends over and then the other, the 'exaneta' (angel) climbs on top of him/her and holds one hand up in the air to signal the coronation. An eruption of applause but the tension persists as the whole castle begins to shake: will they be able to hold it together as the castle is dismantled floor by floor? If the answer is yes, there is a great emotional release travelling down floor to floor with smiles, upraised fists and shouts of satisfaction from the castellers.

I find it all really moving I must admit. I get a great buzz out of it all, from the slow relaxed build-up as people arrive and mill around and spectators, myself included, gently manoeuvre for a good viewing position. I love to be in the 'thick of it', as close as possible to the action, to see the expressions on the faces; the twirling and tightening of the sashes; the entrance into the square of the 'enxanetas'; the mutual support as the non-performing 'colles' lend their shoulders to help to give a firmer base to the other colles' castles; the blaring out of the txistus.

I love the collective 'high' when all goes well; the holding your breath as muscles tremble, the castle beginning to shake. And then there is the shock, the unbelieving gasps if it collapses and bodies come falling down into a big heap. I've seen it all and I'm hooked!

Le journal de bord

Texto: Rosa Hernández Baigorri

Mon arrivée à Rennes fut vraiment pleine de merveilleuses surprises depuis son début...

Premièrement, le hasard a voulu que j'obtienne une bourse de voyage de 700 euros à l'École de Langues de Pampelune, pour pouvoir faire un cours en France. En plus, cette bourse me permettait de décider de la ville où aller, magnifique, n'est-ce pas? Comme j'avais passé une période très difficile à cause d'une longue maladie de ma mère, j'ai accepté ce défi avec une envie particulière, car j'avais besoin de me distraire. La seule chose que je devais faire pour qu'ils me donnent la bourse était d'écrire un journal de bord du voyage, qui devrait être publié dans la revue de l'école de langues.

Deuxièmement, ce qui m'a vraiment étonnée à l'Université de Rennes fut que je devais aller dans le groupe qui s'appelait «Roquefort», qui était le cours de niveau le plus fort. D'après moi, ce n'était pas du tout mon niveau, mais comme j'ai toujours bien aimé les défis, j'ai décidé d'essayer. Nous étions 15 étudiants du monde entier dans ma classe : du Japon, de la Chine, de la Pologne, de la Croatie, du Mexique, du Monténégro, de l'Irlande du Nord, des États-Unis, ... Ça a été très enrichissant ! Sans doute, la matière scolaire que j'ai le plus aimée a été civilisation, c'est-à-dire, la culture française.





Troisièmement, j'ai été très bien accueillie à Rennes par mon hôte, par les professeurs et par les Bretons en général. En fait, depuis le premier jour à Rennes, j'avais une sensation bizarre, comme si j'avais vécu en Bretagne autrefois, et je me suis sentie tout de suite comme chez moi.

Quatrièmement, au fur et à mesure que le temps passait, je trouvais de plus en plus de coïncidences entre la Bretagne et la Navarre, la région où j'habite. Pour commencer, on a des langues propres et un certain sentiment d'être différents et/ou d'indépendance, un folklore très riche, etc.. C'est pour ça que j'ai profité ces jours-là pour contacter des associations de la ville pour apprendre la langue et les danses bretonnes.

Le dernier week-end, nous sommes allés au Festival «Bazar le jour, Biz'art la nuit» de Betton (un petit village avec un grand lac), et de cette manière, j'ai pu vérifier que les «Fest-Deiz»s et les «Fest-Noz»s¹ de la Bretagne ressemblent beaucoup aux fêtes basques. Nous avons parlé avec quelques Bretons du «Cercle Celte» et nous nous sommes dit que l'on pourrait faire une rencontre l'été prochain à leur siège, pour pouvoir apprendre d'avantage sur leurs danses et leur culture.

Voilà ma proposition pour tous les élèves de français: «Êtes-vous prêt à découvrir les danses traditionnelles bretonnes, par exemple une gavotte? Alors «DAÑS GANIMP»² et participe à toutes les activités culturelles gratuites de la ville de Rennes! Il y en a plus d'une par jour, même des oeuvres de théâtre dans les églises, profitez-en! Vous allez beaucoup améliorer votre niveau de français et vous profiterez d'une expérience très amusante!»

Bref, à mon avis, j'ai bien profité de mon séjour en Bretagne, car j'ai visité les endroits les plus importantes: Rennes et ses belles maisons à colombages, la cité médiévale de Dinan, la ville d'art et d'histoire de Dinard, les belles plages de St. Malo, la mystérieuse forêt de Brocéliande, les sables mouvants de la baie du Mont-Saint-Michel, etc...

Mais surtout je suis très contente parce que j'ai essayé de m'intégrer dans la société bretonne et par conséquent j'eus la possibilité de faire la connaissance de personnes vraiment intéressantes.

1- Fêtes diurnes et fêtes nocturnes en breton.

2- DANCE AVEC NOUS en breton.





München... so wunderbar

Texto: Miguel Echevarría Abad

Als ich das Reisestipendium bekam, wollte ich nach München fliegen, um diese Stadt kennen zu lernen, ich wusste aber nicht, dass München so wunderbar ist. Im Sommer war ich 3 Wochen lang dort und mit Sicherheit weiß ich, dass ich das wiederholen möchte. Bayern, die gemütlichen Biergärten, der entspannende Eisbach, die beliebte Isar, wo ich auch gegrillt habe, Österreich und die wunderschönen Landschaften... sind nur ein Teil von meiner Reise.

Ich habe morgens einen Deutschkurs besucht und nachmittags hatte ich frei, um irgendwas zu machen, zB. habe ich das Deutsche Museum besucht, das so groß ist, dass man es nicht schafft, an einem Tag ganz zu sehen. SPEKTAKULÄR.

Normalerweise aß ich zu Hause und danach verabredete ich mich mit Freunden und wir gingen in den Englischen Garten, oder wir gingen in die Isar schwimmen. JA, das Wetter war unglaublich heiß. 34 Grad war ziemlich normal.

Ich habe während der Reise viele Erfahrungen gesammelt, aber Österreich war die beste. Das erste Wochenende fuhren wir nach Sautens in den Alpen. Wir machten Rafting, grillten, schwammen, usw. Es war ganz super und die Alpen... SCHÖN, SEHR SCHÖN. Sehr schwierig zu vergessen!

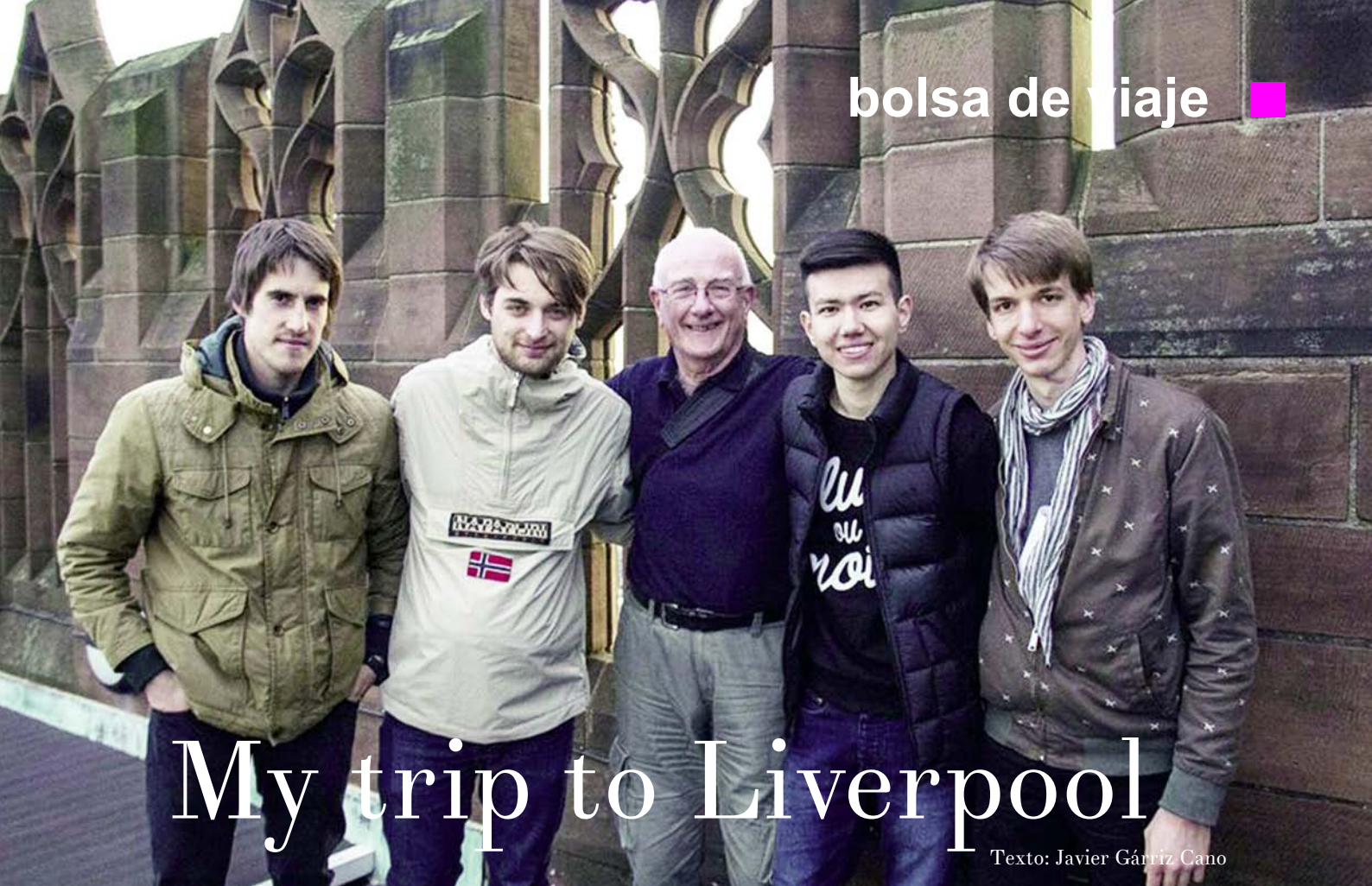
Ich empfehle all den Leuten, sich um dieses Reisestipendium zu bewerben. Ich habe viel Deutsch gesprochen, ich habe verschiedene Leute kennengelernt und ich hoffe, dass ich mein Deutsch verbessert habe. Insgesamt war die Erfahrung prima!

Last February, I was granted a scholarship by the EOIP to do a two-week English course abroad. I just applied for the scholarship and was selected by a drawing so I felt really lucky. I decided to do a monthly course because two weeks was not enough. Actually, before the trip I was afraid of going abroad because it was my first time and I didn't feel confident speaking English. I thought nobody could understand me because I had never used my English in real situations, just at school.

By the way, there were many destinations to choose but I decided to go to Liverpool because it was a cheap and interesting city. In fact it was named the Capital of Culture in 2008. In addition to that, there are plenty of beautiful villages to visit and London is just two hours from Liverpool by train.

Liverpool or "The Pool of Life". It has 400,000 citizens but it is a very large city. The most remarkable area is the city centre and the port which was designated as a World Heritage Site.

The Beatles, football and the Titanic have made this city known worldwide. During the first week In Liverpool I was in the Cavern Club, where The Beatles played first, Anfield Stadium, The Goodison Park Stadium and the Merseyside Museum, where I could find out more about the Titanic's Story. This museum also features an interesting exhibition about the untold stories of enslaved European people during more than 2000 years when the slavery was legal.



My trip to Liverpool

Texto: Javier Gárriz Cano

I had enough time to visit other landmarks such as the Anglican and the catholic cathedrals. They impressed me because they are really high (almost 100 meters) and seemed to be defying each other face to face.

What I enjoyed most mornings was strolling in the port between the Mersey River and the wonderful buildings such as The Museum of Liverpool or "The Liver Building". On the top of this construction there were two statues of "The Bird of Life", which is the symbol of Liverpool.

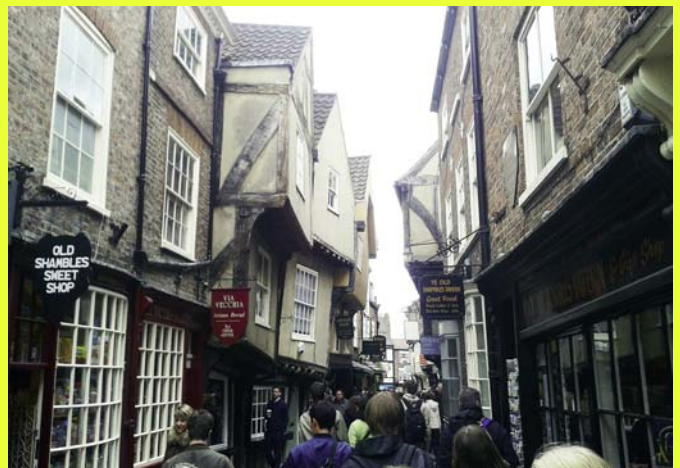
LILA is the name of my academy in Liverpool. I spend 4 hours a day there and after the lessons I used to go out with some classmates to have a pint and have a good time. It also was a good chance to practice our English as well as for making plans for the weekend. There were a few Spanish students in my group so I normally was forced to speak in English.

I won't forget the local accent. People seemed to be singing instead of speaking and they had a particular pronunciation so it was a challenge to understand the locals.

The organized trips by the school were a perfect plan for Saturdays. I could visit wonderful places like Chester, York and the Lake District and meet new students from the school.

I stayed in a host family as I was told it was the most convenient option. It was more economical than living in a student accommodation and I didn't have to cook my meals. The downside of the whole experience was that the house was too far from the school and getting the school took me almost 40 minutes by bus. To sum up, I regret not having gone abroad before and I wish I could go again in the future. I do recommend this experience because it will make you feel far more confident as well as speak more fluently. Investing money and time abroad is really worth because you learn a lot and you discover new places, cultures and people.

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Bolsas de viaje EOIP 2016

En diciembre vuelve de nuevo la convocatoria de las Bolsas de Viaje EOIP

La EOIP concede **10 bolsas de viaje de 700 euros** cada uno para fomentar la movilidad entre los alumnos oficiales de nivel Intermedio o superiores de alemán, francés, inglés e italiano y a los de 2º Básico de francés e italiano.

Las bolsas de viaje sirven para realizar **cursos de al menos dos semanas** en el país cuyo idioma estudia el solicitante durante el curso actual.

NOVEDADES:

Para participar en la convocatoria, este año basta con presentar un **PORTFOLIO DEL CANDIDATO** (1/2 hojas) que incluya:

- 1.- descripción de su itinerario educativo y laboral,
- 2.- características del curso que piensa realizar, impacto dentro de su plan de formación y plan de aprovechamiento que especifique las estrategias que el alumno activará para sacar el máximo partido a la estancia.

Los candidatos deberán asimismo haber asistido al 70% de las clases y no haber disfrutado de otra bolsa EOIP para el mismo idioma o no disfrutar de otra ayuda distinta durante este año.

Con todas las solicitudes que cumplan los requisitos se procederá a un sorteo.

Cada idioma tiene asignado un número determinado de bolsas:

- a. Alemán: **2 bolsas de viaje**
- b. Francés: **2 bolsas de viaje**
- c. Inglés: **5 bolsas de viaje**
- d. Italiano: **1 bolsa de viaje**

En caso de que en algún Departamento no hubiera participación las bolsas pasarían al idioma en el que hubiera un número mayor de solicitudes presentadas.

Los alumnos a los que les haya sido concedida una bolsa de viaje de la EOIP tendrán que estar presentes en el **acto de adjudicación** de las mismas, siendo éste un requisito imprescindible para que la bolsa de viaje sea efectiva.

Compromiso de comunicación. Al final de la estancia los agraciados redactarán un artículo donde nos cuenten su experiencia para su posterior publicación en Vox.

PLAZOS:

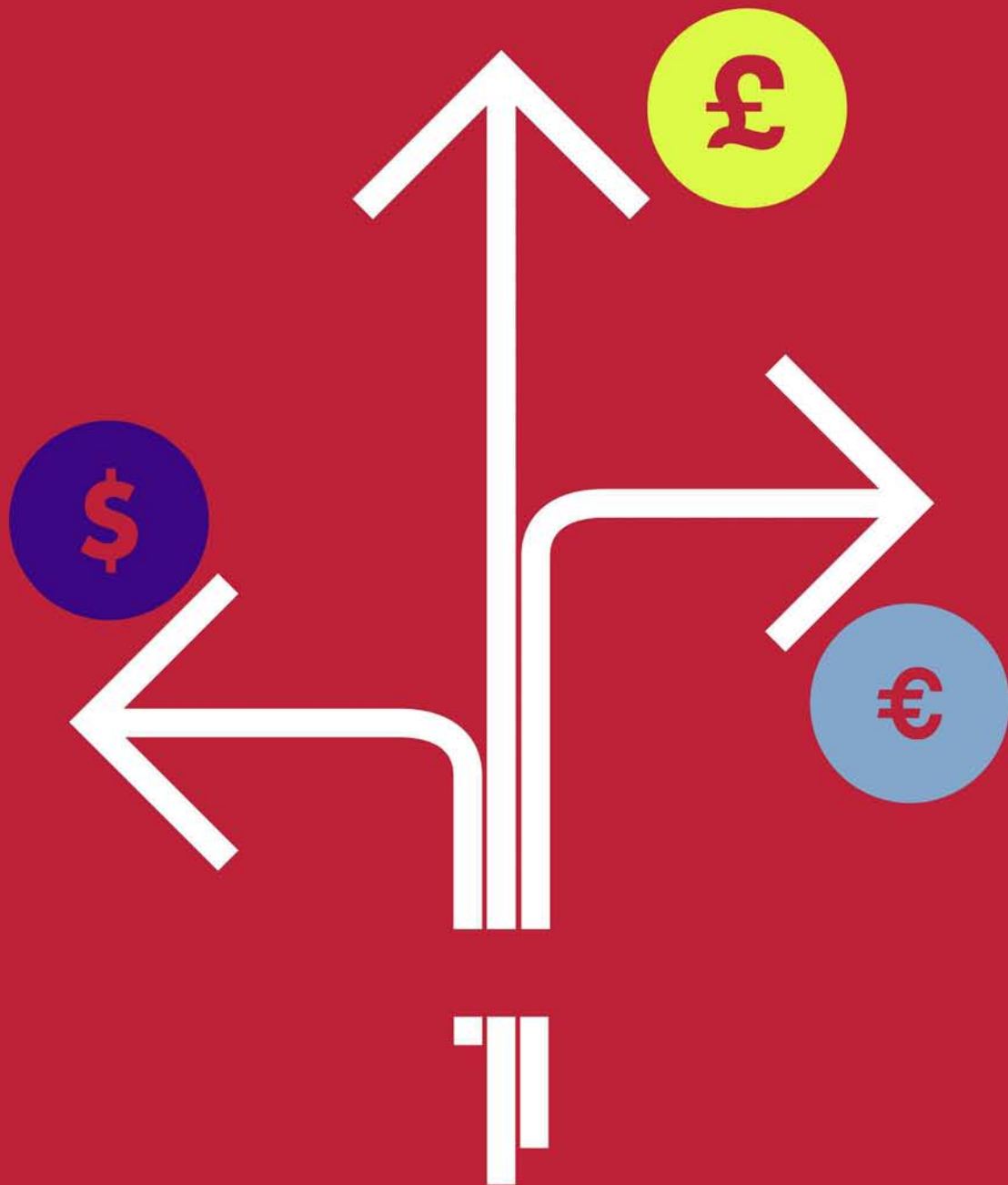
- **Solicitud:** del 15 diciembre 2015 al **1 Marzo 2016**, en la Administración del Centro.
- **Sorteo:** Miércoles 9 marzo 2016 - 12:30 pm
- **Lista definitiva de adjudicatarios:** Viernes 11 marzo 2016
- **Acto de adjudicación:** Miércoles 16 marzo 2016 - 12.30 pm

“Los viajes nos enseñan en un día lo que se tarda años en aprender en el aula”
¿Te lo vas a perder?



Bolsas de Viaje EOIP-IHEO

IHEO Bidaietarako Laguntzak



Bases: <http://eoip.educacion.navarra.es/es/escuela/escuela-6>

Oinarriak: <http://eoip.educacion.navarra.es/eu/eskola/eskola-6>

Norentzat: Aleman, frantses, ingeles eta italiarako tarteko edo maila altuagoko ikasle ofizialei eta frantseseko eta italiarako oinarritzko mailako 2. kurtsoko ikasle ofizialei zuzenduta daude.

Dirigido a: alumnos oficiales de nivel intermedio o superior de alemán, francés, inglés e italiano y a los de 2º de básico de francés o italiano.

Presentación de solicitudes: hasta el 1 de marzo
Eskaerak aurkeztea: martxoaren 1a arte

La experiencia de vivir en China

Alumna de Nivel III: Beatriz López Pollan



Hola a todos, mi nombre es Bea, una amiga china me dio el nombre. Hace cuatro años mi novio y yo juntos nos fuimos a China. La empresa de mi novio le pidió ir a vivir a China, así que nosotros nos fuimos a vivir a Kunshan.

Kunshan es una pequeña ciudad entre Suzhou y Shanghai. Kunshan tiene una población de 1.700.00 habitantes. En serio! Me imagino que ahora estaréis pensando...Una ciudad pequeña? Debéis saber que de cada cinco personas en el mundo una es china. Para entender la cultura China debéis recordar que China es muy grande!

El primer año en China fue muy difícil, las cosas más sencillas del día a día eran complicadas, como por ejemplo hacer la compra. En Kunshan muy poca gente hablaba inglés, yo no me acostumbraba a la vida en China, pero de repente un día, todo se volvió más fácil, al mismo tiempo que mi chino mejoraba, todo parecía más sencillo. Todos los días iba a la Universidad de Xuzhou en tren, Xuzhou es una ciudad importante en China debido a la seda. En la Universidad de Xuzhou hice muchos amigos japoneses y coreanos.

El tercer año decidimos cambiarnos a vivir a Shanghái, a pesar de que Shanghái no está lejos de Kunshan, la vida es muy diferente. En Shanghái

todo es nuevo y moderno, muy interesante. A mí me gustaba mucho ver como las personas mayores hacían ejercicio en los parques, también ver como mis vecinas bailaban en las plazas.

Además me gusta mucho la comida China, por ejemplo las empanadillas chinas, y la comida de la provincia Sichuan está súper picante! El ultimo año estuve trabajando en una empresa China que importaba helados de Nueva Zelanda para venderlos por toda China y fue una gran experiencia que me permitió viajar, mejorar mi chino, conocer nuevas ciudades y a gente muy interesante.

Ahora, algunas veces echo de menos mi vida en China, un lugar en el mundo muy recomendable para conocer.

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在中国生活的那段时光

中文班三年级学生贝儿撰写

你们好，我的中文名字叫贝儿，是一位中国好朋友给我取得。四年前我的男朋友和我一起去中国。因为男朋友的公司派他到中国工作，所以我们搬去昆山住。昆山是一座小城市，在苏州和上海之间。昆山拥有十七万居民，对了！我猜现在你们正在想，这样也算是一座小城市吗？你们一定都听说过：“在这个世界上每五个人，就有一个是中国人。”所以想要认识中国文化，别忘了中国真的很大！

第一年在中国生活很困难，就算只是一件简单的事，比如去超市买东西，也会感到不容易。在昆山很少人会说英语，我很不习惯那儿的生活。但是突然有一天，我发现生活一切开始变得比较容易，原来是因为我的汉语一天比一天好了。我每天都坐火车去苏州大学。苏州是个大城市，它很有名因为它的丝绸文化。在苏州大学里，我交了很多日本还有韩国的朋友。

第三年我们决定搬到上海住。虽然上海离昆山不远，但生活环境却非常不同。在上海那儿的生活一切很新潮也很现代，比在昆山有意思。我很喜欢看老人们一大早在公园锻炼身体，还有下午的时候我的邻居们在广场跳舞。当然我也非常爱吃中国菜，比如饺子，还有四川菜，那真得辣死人了！最后一年我在一家中国公司工作，它们是进口新西兰的冰淇凌卖到中国。对我来说是一个难忘的经验，因为我可以到处旅游，不但让我的汉语进步，也让我认识更多地方和有趣的人和事物。

现在我有时候会回想起在中国生活的那些日子，是一个很值得去参观的国家。



Verano en Beijing

Alumnas de Nivel III:
María Susana González Saínz
y María Ángeles San Martín Larequi

中文班三年级学生 MARÍA SUSANA 和 MARÍA ÁNGELES 撰写

2013年8月，我们去北京语言大学学习汉语，大学的俗称是BLCU。当我们到达北京时，北京机场里有很多人，我们排队坐出租车。司机先生很热情，他带我们参观城市。大学里很少人说英语和西班牙语，而我们只会讲一点儿汉语，所以我们听不太懂。之后我们认识一位墨西哥男孩，他说汉语说得很流利。因此他帮我们登记学校宿舍的事儿。我们住在四号楼312号房，虽然房间不是很干净，但是我们太累，所以就将就住下来了。

每天我们都很早起床，因为不想上学迟到。上课时，老师先念一遍，然后我们再念一遍。有些词句很难，我们必须想想。在学校附近，食堂左边有一个新疆饭馆。几乎每天中午我们都去这间“好吃来”饭馆吃饭。那儿的铁板牛肉很好吃，而且新疆菜做得又美味又便宜。

这真是一个难忘的旅行，我们还想要再回去！

En agosto del año 2013, fuimos a la Universidad de Idiomas de Beijing a estudiar chino. La Universidad también se conoce con el nombre BLCU (Beijing Language and Culture University). Cuando llegamos a Beijing, había mucha gente en el aeropuerto, hicimos cola para coger un taxi. El taxista era muy simpático y nos enseñó la ciudad. En la Universidad no hablaban inglés ni español, y nosotras sólo hablábamos un poco de chino. Así pues, no podíamos entenderles mucho. Después conocimos a un chico mejicano que hablaba muy bien chino y nos ayudó a registrarnos en la residencia de la Universidad. Nos instalamos en el edificio número 4, en la habitación número 312. La habitación no estaba muy limpia pero estábamos realmente muy cansadas y al final nos conformamos.

Cada día nos levantábamos temprano porque no queríamos llegar tarde a clase. En clase la profesora hablaba primero y después nosotros repetíamos. Algunas palabras eran muy difíciles y teníamos que pensar. Cerca de la Universidad, a la

izquierda del comedor había un restaurante musulmán (pertenece la provincia Xinjiang). Casi todos los días al mediodía nosotras íbamos a este restaurante, que se llama "HAO CHI LAI" a comer. Allí la carne de vaca a la parrilla estaba muy rica, además la comida china con estilo de Xinjiang estaba realmente deliciosa y muy barata.

Éste fue un viaje inolvidable. Volveremos!

¡El “Sake” no es fuerte!

Texto: Keiko Suzuki

En japonés, “Sake” significa bebidas alcohólicas en general, y “Nihonshu” es el alcohol tradicional japonés. En cambio, en castellano se cree que “Sake” es la bebida alcohólica tradicional japonesa exclusivamente. Mucha gente cree en España que el “Sake” tiene erróneamente un grado de alcohol muy alto, cuando la ley japonesa establece el límite de grado de alcohol de “Seishu” (el tipo más popular de Nihonshu), en menos de 22°. La mayoría de los “Seishu” tiene entre 15 y 16°. No hay demasiada diferencia con el vino.

Entonces, ¿de dónde nace este malentendido? Hay dos respuestas posibles. La primera, el “Nihonshu” se compone de dos tipos de bebida: “Seishu” y “Shochu”. Los “Seishu” son los vinos de arroz y los “Shochu” son las bebidas destiladas con ingredientes variados (boniato, trigo, azúcar moreno, alforfón, etc.). El máximo grado permitido de “Shochu” es de 36°. Al oír la palabra “Sake”, los extranjeros creen que todos tienen 36°. La segunda es que el “Sake” está hecho con “Genshu” (Sake sin procesar o esenciar) y con agua.

El “Genshu” tiene alrededor de 20°, por lo que, respecto al nivel de alcohol del “Genshu”, no es errónea la idea de que los “Sake japoneses” son más fuertes que otros. Éstas son posiblemente las dos causas del malentendido.



「さけ」は 強くない。

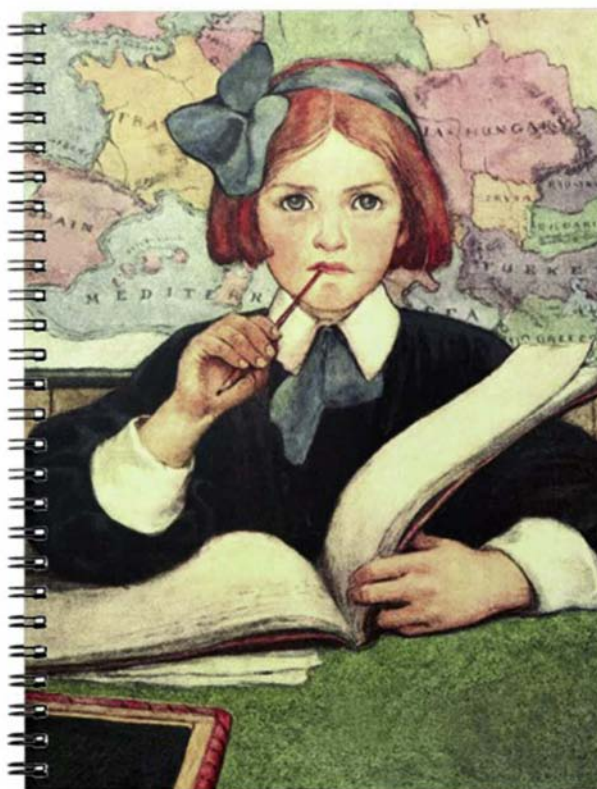
日本語で「さけ」は、普通 アルコール類一般をさします。日本酒というのが、日本のお酒のことです。でも、スペイン語で「さけ」は、日本酒をさしています。そして、スペインで「さけ」はともアルコール度数が高いと信じている人は たくさんいますが、実は違います。法律で決められている日本酒のアルコール度数は、22度までで、市場で売られている日本酒は平均して15-16度くらいです。ワインとあまり変わりませんね。それでは、どうしてこういう誤解が生まれたのでしょうか。理由は二つあります。まず、日本のお酒には、「清酒」と「焼酎」があります。清酒はお米から作られた醸造酒ですが、焼酎は、蒸留酒です。普通、「さけ」というと、清酒をさしますが、焼酎をさすこともあります。焼酎の材料は色々です。芋、米、麦、泡盛、黒糖、蕎麦、紫蘇など。焼酎の度数は、法律で36度未満と決まっています。日本酒は、焼酎のことだと思うので、「さけは強い」と信じてしまうのです。もう一つの理由は、清酒は、米から「お酒の素（原酒）」を作ってそれに、水を足していってつくります。この「お酒の素」は20度くらいです。実は、世界の強いどんな蒸留酒も、最初にできる「素」は10度ぐらいしかなくて、それを繰り返してアルコール度数を高めます。だから最初の「素」のアルコール度数の比較に関しては、日本酒は「強い」というのは、嘘ではありません。この二つの理由で、「さけ」はみんな強いという誤解が生まれたのでしょうか。

The film of life (in original version)

Text: Gema Rodríguez

'It's like entering the film of life' I was once told about becoming a parent. I guess it refers to the fact that in a way everything around you slows down and you are forced to pay closer attention to the little details, 'Look at the tree mum, it's shed all the leaves!'. But, it also may mean that you become a different persona, and/or actor, at least at times, when you get engaged in conversations that were not the ones you used to have. Also, the settings change, you get familiar with most of the city playgrounds and spend some numbing moments staring at your child having fun alone or

with other kids. It's here where I've seen that parents are increasingly choosing to talk to their kids in a language which is not their native one, i.e. English. 'Come, come', says one distressed father who's keen to go, in a way paraphrasing the idiomatic Spanish habit of repeating commands twice: the famous 'pasa, pasa'. I guess we shouldn't blame parents for trying to give their children a skill that was neglected to them. After all, they want the best for their kids' future and they go along with the current obsession for educating



in English. 'I would never do that to my children', I say to myself, that is, not using your mother tongue, the one to convey your real self, your emotional language. But, then, I'm perhaps a snob, after all, my partner is a native English speaker and my children would hopefully grow to embrace both Spanish and English as their natural way of communication. Also, perhaps, the craze for English will ease off, and parents and teachers will go back to using their mother tongue, i.e. to give the best of themselves. Javier Marías wrote an interesting article in El País called 'Ni bilingüe, ni enseñanza', in which he questions the current

education system and alleged bilingualism. Also, César Bona (the famous superteacher, yes strange concept, but do google him, it's worth it!), wonders if a teacher can give his/her best in an 'uncomfortable' language. That said, all my admiration goes out to teachers and parents alike, who sometimes make a supernatural effort to get the necessary qualifications to work or give their children the best position in life. After all, a job is a job.

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Portmantearguing*

*Discussing bitterly over the nature of portmanteaus. Do not look it up in a dictionary. I just made it up.

By Carlos Remón (with the help of students of C1, groups H and I)

I first heard about *Beliebers* a few weeks ago, as news spread about whatshisname making a swift exit of a live interview at a Spanish radio station. It seems that although opinions about his merits are divided (we've just seen in class how a tough young teacher played songs by Bieber for half an hour during detention; now, that's what I call a sophisticated way to prevent kids from being disruptive), even Justin, has his devoted fans, i.e. *Beliebers*- not a typo, with a b: from believe + Bieber. So even Justin has a portmanteau. Tut-tut...



So, what's a portmanteau? Not likely to be a purely English word, you may have guessed. In fact, it comes from French. It was originally a suitcase that opened into two compartments connected at the bottom by a hinge. But we owe the meaning, in linguistic terms, to Lewis Carroll, who first used the term in *Through the Looking Glass* (1871), when Humpty Dumpty explains the nonsensical 'Jabberwocky' to

Alice: "*Slithy means lithe and slimy...it's like a portmanteau-there are two meanings packed up into one word*". Hence the definition: a blend, two words or morphemes that have been joined together. So it was a talking egg that started the vogue...seriously?



The process is nowadays more popular than ever. Maybe it's just that you didn't know you were actually

using portmanteaus. Ever heard of *Emoticon*? *Electrocuted*? *Motel*? Because some words do stick for quite a while and finally enter everyday vocabulary, their origins become blurred and we take for granted that they have always existed, but a few of them are very recent- while *brunch* (breakfast + lunch) won its way at the beginning of the 20th century, *workaholic* (work+ alcoholic) was cited in 1968, according to lexicographer Robert W. Burchfield, who maintained that it took about a century for a word to reach a state where it is not felt to be a newcomer. Today change can come much faster: take, for example, *staycation* (staying + vacation), which quickly caught on during the credit crunch, and *Brexit* (British + exit) which must have been used only since Cameron started threatening with leaving the EU and it's hit the headlines ever since. Plus *chugger*, *couchsurfing*, *bootylicious*, *cyberchondriac*, *bullycide*, *shopaholic*...



Some portmanteaus, though, drop out of use, and if they don't take off they sound rather ridiculous, because unless the speaker and the listener can retrieve their meaning automatically these new words will be more confusing than funny or clever. *Smoasting*? *Twoosh*? *Splogs*? Some people are definitely getting a bit carried away. If you can't figure it out, it's doomed from the start.

...Or else, maybe you weren't meant to understand, either because you're too old or too corny or you just don't belong in the clique. As David Crystal points out, it is informal English in particular that has a special liking for portmanteaus. Many portmanteaus are contemporary slang, and youngsters sometimes use them because they seek to create new terms to differentiate them from the others, a code only for the initiated. Look up a few portmanteaus on the Urban dictionary (urbandictionary.com), where it is the users that create the content and provide definitions, and you will find very imaginative newcomers. If you can't retrieve the portmanteau you were looking for, it doesn't exist...yet.

Now, the thing is that you should take portmanteaus with a pinch of salt, because of their unpredictability. It's difficult to know whether they'll stand the test of



time. That's why I always warn my students to be cautious: you may show off with your inversions, your cleft sentences, your linkers, but do not use *Mcjob*, *furkid* or *guesstimate* in the exam, just in case you're not understood. Whether a portmanteau will become successful or not only time will tell, but what are the odds that it has a chance of survival? Blending is relatively easy, but there's more to it than sticking words together. The Guardian ('Phablets and fauxhawks: the linguistic secrets of a good blended word') suggests a few features:

First, they must be semantically easy to work out. *Webinar*? Right, easy-peasy.

Secondly, they fill gaps in the language to reflect how society evolves. Now, wait a minute, English may have a million words but it can barely suffice? Well, apparently *Sexting*? Oh, I know what you mean. Society changes, indeed.

They're also phonologically clever. It should roll off the tongue, really. *Beirdo*, someone with a weird beard. Sounds right to me.

And lastly, it has to be funny. *Askhole* someone who asks obnoxious, stupid questions? Ha ha. Fair enough.

Otherwise, you're likely to come up with a word that is obscure in meaning, difficult to pronounce and dull. And ironically, as you may have been expecting by now, there are portmanteaus to describe ugly portmanteaus: *frankenwords* or *portmonsteau* (monster + portmanteau).

Well, that's it. Enough said. I need to *chillax*. But not listening to Justin. Not a believer myself, I'm afraid.

CHIPTease

(n) when you buy a bag of potato chips thinking that it will be full but it turns out it's just air.



Making up portmanteaus is very entertaining. Take out prefixes, double consonants, turn adjectives into verbs. As long as you're imaginative anyone can create their own portmanteaus. The sillier the word, the more fun. Who killed the guy with a long beard, thick-rimmed glasses, skinny jeans and lumberjack shirt? Ah, that remains a *hipstery*.

Maybe you need some hands-on practice-

1. Can you figure out what these (relatively new) portmanteaus mean?

1. **Gaydar**
2. **Banksters**
3. **Smasually**
4. **Masturdating**
5. **Globesity**
6. **Textpectation**
7. **Chairdrobing (or still worse, floordrobing)**
8. **Cellfish**
9. **Destinesia**
10. **Carcoleptic**

1 - The supposed ability to discern whether someone is homosexual - 2. Banks that engage in deceitful or unethical practices for profit at the expense of customers - 3. Not wanting to be overressed, nor too casual - 4. Going out alone to places such as restaurants, the cinema, etc. - 5. Obesity becoming a global phenomenon - 6. The feeling of anxiety you get while you are waiting for someone to answer after you texted them - 7. The ability to leave items of clothing on a chair (or scattered on the floor) instead of putting them away in the wardrobe - 8. Someone who keeps speaking on the phone, for example while having dinner at a restaurant with friends, despite being requested not to - 9. Getting to a place, then immediately forgetting what it was that you went there for - 10. Passengers that fall asleep as soon as they get in a car

2 - We have made up a few portmanteaus ourselves as a class activity. Read the sentences and try to work out the meaning:

1. Her face had a funny, brownish colour. She was wearing so much make-up you could have scraped the excess off with your finger. She looked like an **orangetan**.

2. I know she's having an affair but she won't tell. As we're going out on Saturday my plan is to get her plastered and then she'll give me some **drinformation**.

3. I hate doing the washing up whereas the **sofman** didn't even ask and is just lazing about, watching the telly, legs apart, with a bottle of beer. (Karmele)

4. Don't go and have lunch there, you'll pay so much. It's a **ripstaurant**. (Ane)

5. I love dozing off in the armchair while watching animals or some other **dullcumentary**. (Fernando)

6. There's so much homework to do and I can't cope with it, I am **overwhomeworked**. (Ana)

7. If you go out on Saturdays, the following morning you have a terrible **Sundover**. (Mikel)

8. It's a bit unusual to be this warm at this time of the year, now with the global warming you have a new season: **sumtumn**. (Nerea)

9. Today I missed the bus, came late for work, argued with my boyfriend, lost my keys... What a **daysaster**. (Patricia)

10. These days with whatsapps and all many people find it difficult to socialize and are suffering from **i-pholation**. (Javi)

11. He wants to bring everyone round to his strange eating habits. He's a **veganatic**. (Ambrosio)

12. My friend is sick of bureaucracy, dealing with parents, preparing classes to students who don't care... He's becoming a **bittea-cher**. (Pablo)

13. She has her boyfriend under her thumb, she even tells him what to wear, she has a bit of a **syndromum** more like.

14. She was English but her dad came from Andalucia, and when she was feeling peckish she used to have a **hamwich**. (Merche)

And, to finish, a portmanteau made up of three parts: greet + big+ smile.

Don't you think that it's much nicer when you come to class and the teacher *greebemiles* you? Maybe, like Ana suggested, we should start *greebimiling* more.



Mapamundistas, l'expo de cet automne. "Le regard d'un autre"



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Les élèves de l'EOIP font des visites guidées en français à l'exposition qui est proposée à la citadelle avec la collaboration de l'Institut Français entre autres partenaires. Elle a été organisée par Alexandra Baurès qui assure aussi les visites de nos élèves.

C'est une intéressante réflexion sur le rôle des personnages dans le paysage et les impressions provoquées par l'absence ou la présence de ceux-ci.

Des paysages qui se présentent sous des titres évocateurs tels que "Vu" ou "Paysages impossibles". À ne pas manquer.

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eta irakurketa
gomendatuak

Todos los
niveles
Escuela
de Idiomas

Maila
guztiak
Hizkuntza
Eskola





American Christmas turned upside down

Text: Sonia Morillas Caridad

During my first year as a visiting teacher in Memphis, Tennessee, stress was dangerously bottling up inside of me, and as I expressed so outwardly, my workmates kept on telling me to visit Orlando: "That's the place to go!".

The whole point of the suggestion deepened its foundations into the very core of North American leisure culture: if you feel sick and tired of something, yell your frustration out surrounded by perfect strangers as a sort of magic group therapy. Believe me if I tell you I'm not that much into the rollercoaster thing...But as I progressed in my far and wide inquiries on the internet the place grew ever more attractive not only as a theme-park-based touristy spot, but also –and specially- because, being located in Florida, the promise of nice weather even at the end of December made it enticing enough as a means of appeasing my homesickness of "Sunny Spain" (as our country is widely known over the ocean).

So I doubted no more, bought my ticket, packed my bags (lightly) and took off. I was glad to confirm that I hadn't been deceived in any respect: it was hot indeed, and the many theme parks were simply spectacular, vast in size and profuse in details, which made the different settings the more believable. I was able to enjoy an array of them: Universal Studios, Disney Animal Kingdom and (my all-time favorite) SeaWorld. I was treated to a "Medieval dinner", where I could eat while ironclad knights on horses jousting right in front of me until the king presented the winner with the final prize. I earned a hundred bucks just for visiting some

high season leasing resort and giving them my opinion about the premises (don't gape; I'm still flabbergasted myself to this day). I took a picture of a hotel that looked like a house stuck into the ground upside down. I can say I really had a great time...Until dark clouds started to loom on the horizon (literally).

Having grown up in the belief that monsoons only happened in the farthest reaches of the Asian geography, being witness to one of them in the most far-fetched place on Earth left me dazed and confused. The downpour got me out of my bewilderment pretty quickly, though. And that was it. The sun was gone for good for the rest of my visit, and I had plenty of black clouds and hard rain instead.

Still, as is usually the case, the worst was yet to come, as I began to realize when my plane landed back in a pristine white Memphis where the usual traffic had mysteriously disappeared from the roads. I soon felt thankful for this, because I was forced to slide my way back home on a thick crust of ice, gliding in my car through the whole city whenever I tried to slow down a little bit with my brakes.

Afterwards I found out that a huge snowstorm had made its appearance while I was on holiday, and the innocent rain I had so sorely complained about in Florida because it had ruined my stay there was only the mildest of its forms throughout the country. I guess I could say every cloud has a silver lining, were it not for the not-so-funny connotations.

Whatever happened to RP?

Text: Gregorio J. Martinez

"Okay, so this is the way an Englishman would pronounce the "-a-" in "cat", and this is how the diphthong in "parole" should be produced, but remember..."

I bet that is what most of you have been fed at some point or another during your college lectures, and that's just great, cause it really offers an invaluable insight many people don't have the chance to come by until they enroll in *English Phonetics, Phonology* or similar. From the moment you are faced with that intricate mosaic of rune-like symbols which is the international phonological alphabet you really upgrade your level in any tongue (at least inasmuch as pronunciation is concerned), because it really tells you how words are actually pronounced, and that's quite often very different to what you imagined beforehand, get real.

Problem is, your phonology classes teach you the nice, elegant, perfect, posh and (hence) non-existent side of the

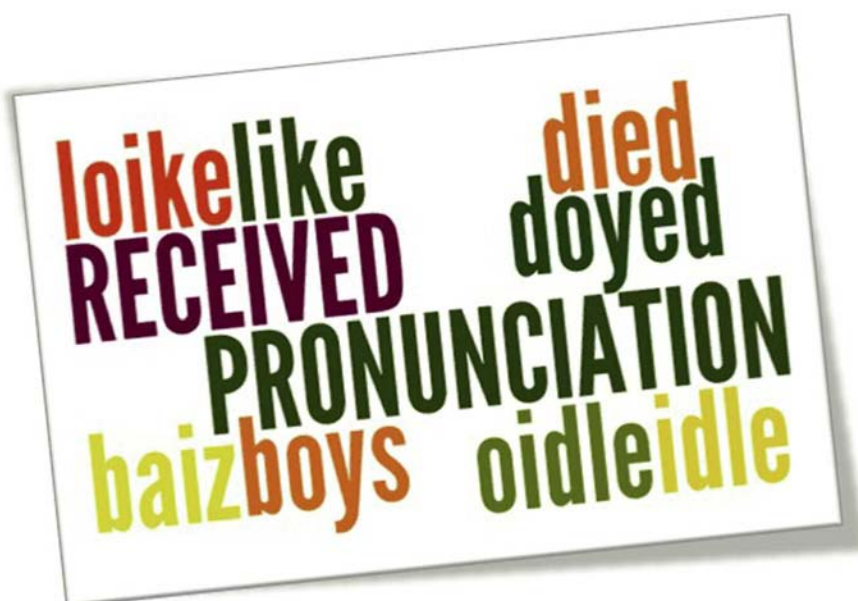
language. Now try this: get lost in the middle of London for the first time in the snap of two fingers, on your own. In just a few moments you might believe you've landed on Prague, Finland or even Moscow for that matter. It feels like you went back in time to Babel, except you are the only one who can't understand anything, while all the mortals around you chat, giggle and holler as they pass you by. Trust me it can become real stressful and utterly frustrating, specially when you catch traces of the word "sun" (for example), which you were taught is released as /sʌn/, but in the mouth of Anglo-Saxon speakers sounds more like "soon". Let alone diphthongs: "mate" is actually pronounced /maɪt/.

I don't mean to say that your lectures are useless; on the contrary: they will endow you with priceless foundations on which you can -painfully- construct your linguistic expertise. But y'all need to face it (and the sooner the better): you must improve your real understanding and knowledge of the language by yourself. There's an inordinate number of accents in English, depending on the country, on the geographical region...Even within the same city! No mention required to Scotland and Ireland, where the national language is often mixed with Gaelic. Enjoy!

So my point is: if you really want to someday succeed in your comprehension and apprehension of this

tongue, read real English magazines, papers, books, comics...Listen to music where the singer (and the backing chorus) is from the UK, Australia, USA (I own your metal vocalists from Finland, Sweden and Denmark boast an incredible RP accent)... Watch movies, series, documentaries and so on in their

original language, and if you use subtitles, select them in that same, native language too. And above all that, use any opportunity at hand to talk to native speakers, any time, anywhere, anyhow, and travel, travel, travel, for culture will help you understand the language and viceversa.





Dans la rue

Texto: Antonio Gorricho

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Malgré le froid, aujourd'hui le marché est plein à craquer. C'est mon dernier jour ici et je veux en profiter pour faire quelques photos avant de partir. À côté d'une échoppe, il y a un petit garçon qui me regarde attentivement. Il porte un bonnet de laine bleue. Je souris et il s'approche de moi. Il me demande si je peux lui donner de l'argent. Je cherche dans ma poche gauche et je prends quelques pièces de monnaie que je lui donne. Il me remercie très heureux. Je lui demande pourquoi il n'est pas à l'école. Après un moment de silence, il me répond qu'il ne peut pas y aller parce qu'il doit aider ses parents dans l'échoppe. Il me dit qu'il voudrait voir la photo que j'ai prise. Je regarde la photo et la lui montre en même temps. Il rit de se voir en photo.

Il me demande qu'est-ce que je vais faire avec la photo. Je lui réponds que je vais la publier dans un magazine de géographie très célèbre et que beaucoup de personnes la regarderont dans le monde entier. Il sourit et il me dit qu'il voudrait voyager pour connaître ces personnes. C'est un garçon qui a envie d'apprendre. Il me donne un dessin qu'il porte mais, sans savoir pourquoi, il part en courant. Après quelques secondes, je vois deux policiers au bout de la rue. Je m'approche dans l'échoppe et je

demande à l'enfant. Le marchand me répond qu'il ne le connaît pas mais qu'il croit que c'est un petit voleur (es poco frecuente, se dice más voleur). Je regarde le dessin. C'est une classe pleine d'enfants où il y a seulement une table vide. C'est l'heure de partir.

Vater war ein Verräter

Texto: Sonia Sara Adin

Nasiriyah, Irak. 18. Juni 2015

Wie jeden Morgen steht Thabet früh auf. Es ist ihre Aufgabe, seines Vaters Orangenverkaufstand auf dem Markt vorzubereiten und zu öffnen. Es ist Donnerstag, der Tag der Woche, in dem es gute Verkäufe gibt. Es ist der Tag, in dem die Frauen die besten Leckerbissen für ihre Ehemänner kaufen.

Es ist 7:00 Uhr und die Sonne schon scheint. Es wird eine sehr heißen Tag sein. "Zum Glück kommt um 9:00 Uhr mein Vater und danach kann ich an den Eufates mit Django schwimmen gehen", denkt Thabet. Django ist ein lahmer Hund, der immer hungrig ist. Er ist der einzige Freund von Thabet.

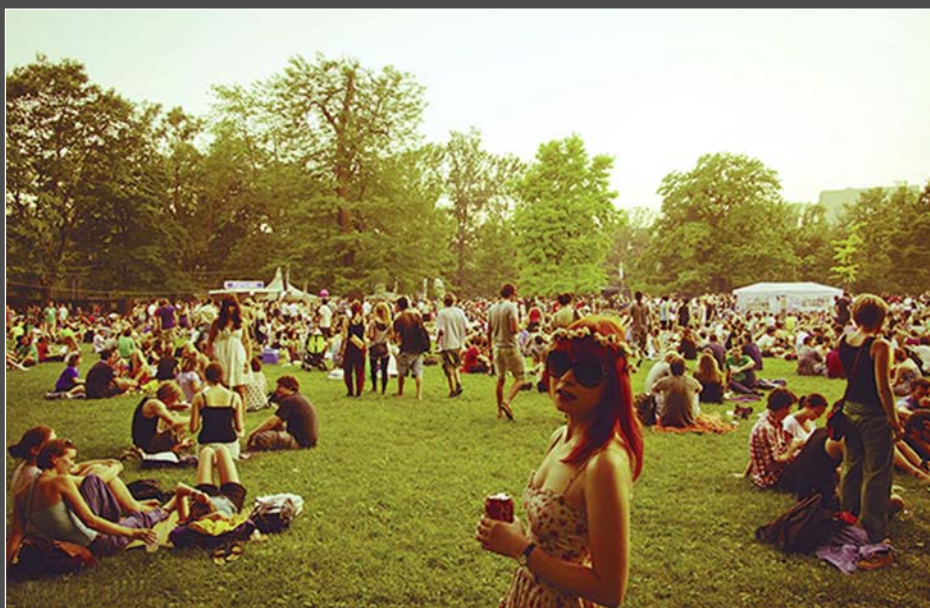
Um 7:30 Uhr stellt Thabet die Orangen auf die Theke. Er zweifelt daran, eine Orange zu frühstücken. Schließlich isst er keine. Sein Vater wird den Fehler merken. Django liegt unter dem Tisch, um sich gegen die erstickende Wärme abzusichern. Yusuf, der Verkäufer des Fleischverkaufsstands neben ihm, bietet Django die Fleischabfälle von gestern. "Mindestens wird einer der beiden heute frühstücken", denkt Thabet.

Um 11 Uhr steht Thabet immer noch am Verkaufstand. Sein Vater ist noch nicht angekommen. Wie seltsam!

Aber wie ein guter Sohn bleibt er bis 20 Uhr am Stand, wenn alle Stände schließen müssen. Er ist sehr glücklich, weil er viele Orangen verkauft hat. Sein Vater wird auf ihn stolz sein.

Um 20:30 Uhr kommt Thabet nach Hause zurück. Da er den ganzen Tag nichts gegessen hat, ist er sehr hungrig. Er geht neben die Hintertür eines Kebabs. Es ist dunkel drinnen und er entscheidet sich ins Kebab durchzufallen, um etwas zu essen.

Als er zur Tür näher kommt, hört er Stimmen. Das ist die Stimme seines Vaters, aber... spricht er Englisch? Sein Vater kann kein Englisch sprechen.... oder... ja? Thabet ist sicher, daß es seines Vaters Stimme ist. Er zeichnet sich durch die Tür ab. Ja!. Er ist sein Vater mit Amerikanern auf Englisch sprechend! Was reicht er sie ein? Es scheint eine Liste mit Namen zu sein...



Musika igo mesedez!!!

Texto: Eider Aznarez Zabalo

Ez dut ezagutzen ispiluak islatzen duen aurpegi zahar hau, eskuak masailertara eramaten ditut beraiek lagunduko balidate bezala. Zimurrak ukitzen ditut poliki-poliki. Deus ere ez. Bat-batean ahots xumel bat entzun dut:

-Kaixo Anttoni, ezagutzen al nauzu? Nekane naiz, erizain berria. Zatoz nirekin maitea, bazkaltzera goaz.

Nekane? Erizaina? Bazkaltzera? Ez dut ezer ulertzen. Kasu egitea erabaki dut borondatea desagertu balitzait bezala. Erizainak besotik narama, hitz egiten ari zait, nire barneko ahotsa ulertzen saiatzen ari naizen bitartean. Pasiluaren erdian gaudenean beste neska gazte batekin topatu gara.

-Nekane? Izen hori ahoskatzen dut zergatia jakin gabe.

-Ez Anttoni, Nekane ni naiz, beste hau Amaia da, oroitzen? Atzo marrazten aritu zineten.

Ikaratuta eta galduta nago. Lagundu mesedez!!!!

-Gaur oso gaizki dago, emaiouzu gustukoa duen argazki zahar hori eta eser dadila erizaintza gelaren aurrean, berehala lasaituko da.

-Bai, nabaritzen da erizaina dela!! Odolean daramagu- dio Nekane barrezka.

Aulki urdin batean eserita nago, aspertuta nagoenez eserlekua lantzantzen hasi naiz, leun-leuna da, gustukoa dut ukimen hau

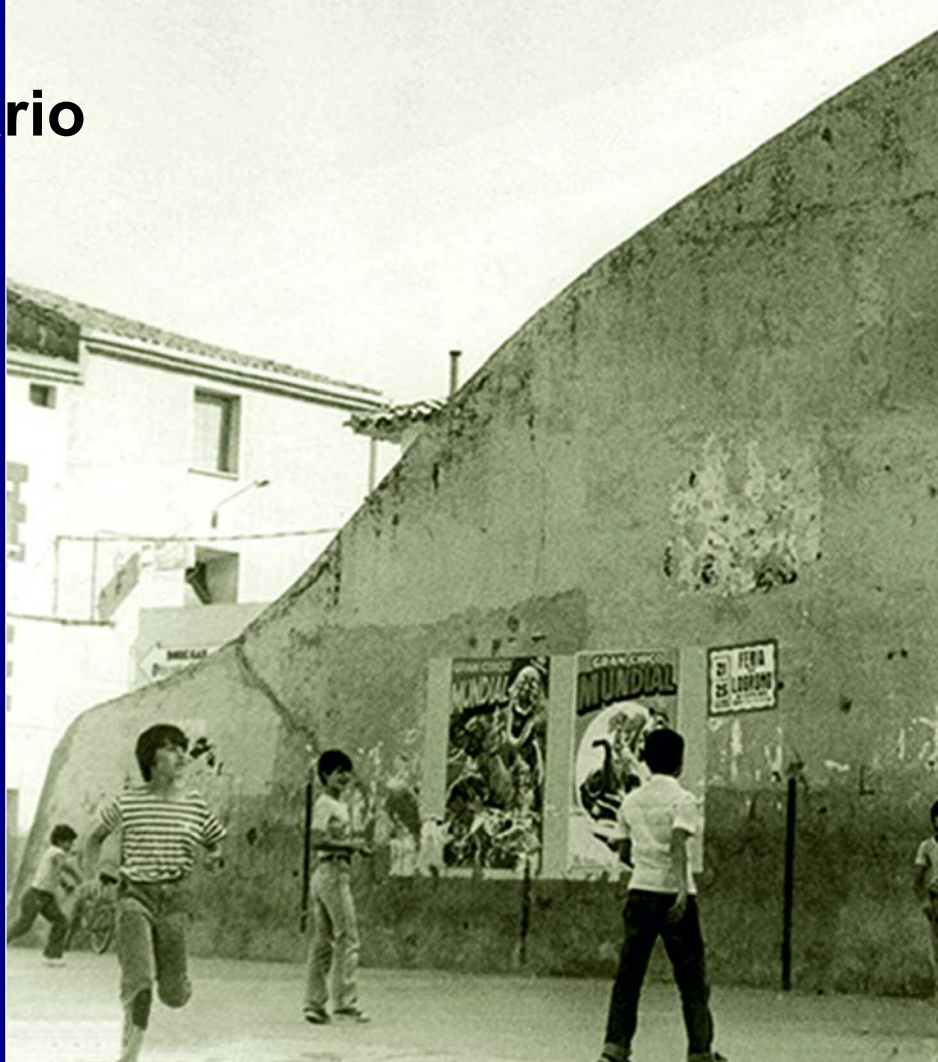
-Tori Anttoni, hartu.

Ahots horrek ikaratu nau. Ez dakit zer egin...kontxo! Berrito sentsazio hau. Momentu horretan, neskatoak argazki bat esku artean jarri dit eta ziztu bizian urrundu da.

Argazkia tolestuta dago, ara! zer da hau?!!! : Maitasunez, Ignazio! Ai ama!!! Ignazio, Miguel, frontoia, Zumarraga!!! Begiak malkoz bete zaizkit, eskerrak!!! Ni naiz berrito ere.

Erizaintza-gelara begira nago orain, xiringak gasak...bai! Erizaina naiz!!! Bat-batean, bigarren gerrate mundialaren zaurituak datozkit burura, ospitaleko logela ilun eta txiki haietan, oihuen indarrak bikoizten ziren eta arrazoi horregatik musika igotzen genuen gorputz mina baino gehiago adierazten zuten garrasiak mozturatu nahian. Une hartan Beethoven-en bederatzigarren sinfonia hura inoiz ezingo nuela ahaztu uste nuen, oker negoen.

Nire amarekin oroitzen naiz, pensamendu guztiak berpiztu nahian. Alzheimer puta horrek esentzia, borondatea eta arima kendu zizkion. Bera bezala amaituko dut? Ez!!! Norbaitek igo dezala musika, ez ditut nire barneko ahotsak entzun nahi.



Mare interno

Texto: Maite Lizarbe Martínez

Era stanca, ha chiuso gli occhi e si è lasciata portare da quel sonno che somigliava al dondolio delle onde del mare. Ha notato la carezza dell'acqua tiepida, l'odore delle alghe, ha sentito lo sfioramento ruvido delle rocce sotto i suoi piedi. Ha cominciato a camminare. Non era facile. Siccome l'acqua le arrivava al collo, doveva sforzarsi per vincere la resistenza del mare.

Dopo un po', ha cominciato a sentire le gambe affaticate, non riusciva ad avanzare, ed ha tentato di spiccare piccoli salti. All'improvviso, è caduta in una buca e si è affondata, ma, più che paura, ha provato sollievo. Allora, ha guardato le sue gambe e ha scoperto che si erano convertite in una bella coda di pesce. Ed ha saputo che poteva nuotare libera per il suo mare, un mare senza storie tristi di chiatte naufragate, un mare senza metalli pesanti, senza i fondali rotti dalle prospezioni petrolifere.

Ed ha voluto continuare a nuotare, a godere; si è svegliata però. Era ancora nel divano. Nella Tv c'era un documentario sulle balene. L'ha spenta ed è andata a letto, senza rendersi conto che al suo passaggio lasciava per terra una traccia umida di squame argentate.



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into the water to cool off, imagining how her new life would be, when suddenly she felt an arm around her neck.

—John? Is that you?

—Yes, dear. But actually, I've decided not to extend this further. I'm going to kill you right here and I'm going to keep with your money when I come back home.

—But I'm not rich, I was only pretending.

When she was saying her last words, he stabbed her in the back with a knife and pulled her body from the water, with the intention of digging a hole and bury her. While he was digging the hole, he started to think about what he would say about his wife. She could have disappeared when she was swimming and he doesn't know where she is now.

Anyway, it wasn't necessary to make up a story, because he wasn't going to need it. He had drunk some water before leaving the hut and the poison was doing effect without he knew nothing. In the end, the two swindlers were going to die one upon the other.

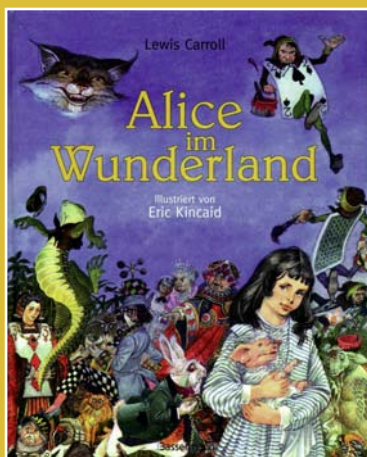
Always beside you

Texto: M Carmen Molina

At that moment, Mary considered herself the happiest person in the world. She had just married a very rich man after a brief courtship, and now she was in her honeymoon in Borneo, in a remote island only achievable by boat, where nobody could disturb them. The beaches were so white and the sea so blue that she thought she was in heaven. Besides, the plot of killing her husband was going according to the plan.

She had pretended to be as rich as him since they met six months ago, but she only wanted to kill him and keep with his money. So she went for a swim in the beach, while her husband was taking a nap in the hut they had rented, but, before leaving the hut, she had poisoned the bottles of water, in the hope that her husband drank some water when he woke up, since the heat was almost unbearable that day. So she ran





ALEMÁN novedades

Soporte	Título	Autor/Director
LIBRO	Der Zauberer von Oz	Braum, L. Frank
LIBRO	Alice im Wonderland	Carroll, Lewis
LIBRO	Alice hinter den Spiegeln	Carroll, Lewis
LIBRO	Heidi	Spyri, Johanna
DVD	Alice im Wonderland	Harris, Harry

Estos libros forman parte de una colección de cuentos y narraciones tradicionales de la literatura universal: "El mago de Oz" de Lyman Frank Baum, "Heidi" de Johanna Spyri, "Alicia en el país de las maravillas", obra de la que se celebra el 150 aniversario, y "Alicia a través del espejo" de Lewis Carroll. Son versiones no simplificadas con hermosas ilustraciones. Algunos de estas obras pueden además escucharse en formato audiolibro también disponible en la Sala de Recursos.

EUSKERA

Liburu bat:

Peru Mikelarenaren **Su zelaia**

Euskadi saria eman zioten, baina egileak ez zuen hartu nahi izan. Gure ustez, ematen ahal zaizkion sari guziak mereziko lituzke liburu eder honek, hainbat pertsonaiaren bidez Ipar Euskal Herriko euskaldunen esperientziak Lehen Mundu Gerran kontatzen digunak. Liburu honetakoa baina euskara politagorik neketan aurkituko du irakurleak.

Komiki bat:

Patxi Gallegoren **Pololoak**

Hiru ataletan banatuta, Patxi Gallegoren liburuek Xabinaitor dute protagonista, EGA duen munduko superheroi bakarra. Istorioa zoragarria da; umorea, barrez lehertzekoa; eta Xabinaitorren abentura heroiko-erotikoetan zehar, euskara eta euskalki guziekin gozatzeko eta irri egiteko aukera izanen du irakurleak.

Film bat:

Loreak

Hollywoodera ailegatu den lehen euskal filma, pelikula honek istorio intimista eta hunkigarria kontatzen digu. Ikus ezazu lehenbailehen; horrela, Oskar saria ematen diotenean, zure lagun guziei erraten ahalko diezu ikusia zenuela. Jatorrizko bertsioan, gainera. Euskalduna izatearen abantailak.

novedades · ekarri berriak

Soporte	Título	Autor/Director
LIBRO	Hiri hondakin solidoak	Alonso, Jon
LIBRO	Neguko egunerokoa	Auster, Paul
LIBRO	Gizon gogorraren sekretua	Etxeberria, Xabier; Etxeberria, Martin
LIBRO	12etan bermuta	Osoro, Jasone
LIBRO	Baionak ez daki	Salaberri, Bea



FRANÇÉS

La trilogie Verhoeven.

Travail soigné. Tome 1

Dès le premier meurtre, épouvantable et déroutant, Camille Verhoeven comprend que cette affaire ne ressemblera à aucune autre. Et il a raison. D'autres crimes se révèlent, horribles, gratuits. La presse, le juge, le préfet se déchaînent bientôt contre la "méthode Verhoeven". Policier atypique, le commandant Verhoeven ne craint pas les affaires hors normes mais celle-ci va le placer totalement seul face à un assassin qui semble avoir tout prévu. Prix Cognac, 2006.

Alex . Tome 2.

Qui connaît vraiment Alex ?

Elle est belle. Excitante. Est-ce pour cela qu'on l'a enlevée, séquestrée et livrée à l'imaginable ? Mais quand le commissaire Verhoeven découvre enfin sa prison, Alex a disparu. Alex, plus intelligente que son bourreau. Alex qui ne pardonne rien, qui n'oublie rien, ni personne. Un thriller glaçant qui jongle avec les codes de la folie meurtrière.

Sacrifices Tome 3

La troisième enquête du commissaire Verhoeven touche au plus secret de sa vie privée : témoin du hold-up d'une joaillerie des Champs Élysées, Anne Forestier, sa maîtresse, échappe par miracle à la fureur meurtrière du braqueur.

Il n'hésitera pas à se mettre ses supérieurs à dos afin de résoudre cette affaire qui devient de plus en plus étrange. Un bon roman noir qui file à toute vitesse et où vengeance rime avec introspection.

HIPPOCRATE

Réalisé par Thomas Lilti Avec Vincent Lacoste, Reda Kateb, Jacques Gamblin plus
Genre Comédie dramatique

Benjamin va devenir un grand médecin, il en est certain. Mais pour son premier stage d'interne dans le service de son père, rien ne se passe comme prévu. La pratique se révèle plus rude que la théorie. La responsabilité est écrasante, son père est aux abonnés absents et son co-interne, Abdel, est un médecin étranger plus expérimenté que lui. Benjamin va se confronter brutalement à ses limites, à ses peurs, celles de ses patients, des familles, des médecins, et du personnel. Son initiation commence.

INGLÉS

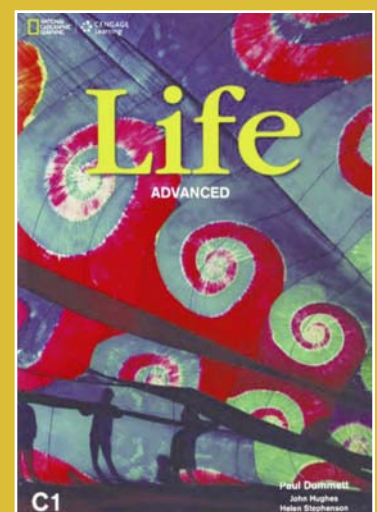
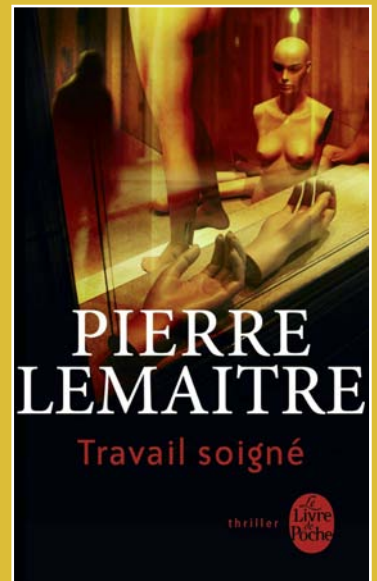
A textbook

Life Advanced

Life is a National Geographic based textbook that brings the natural world to the C1 classroom. Through stunning images, texts, and videos you will learn the English skills needed for communication in the 21st century. Life Advanced is the course that gets you talking about topics of broad interest and of exceptional quality.

Stories

Burlington Readers and Cds If you want to improve your reading fluency you should borrow Burlington readers and Cds. No doubt you will enjoy the intermediate level stories. The audio CD will familiarize you with pronunciation, intonation and speed. Both the book and the audio CD will help you become more efficient and motivate your reading. Give it a try!





TV series

Parenthood & The Americans Listening to your English CD is great but it is not just authentic English. Paying a visit to the library to borrow some TV series is always worth it as you will benefit from all that only television shows have to offer. Our recommendation is Parenthood (2010-15). We are sure the four Braverman siblings will catch your attention. As their parents deal with life and marital issues, the four lean on one another while tackling the challenges of modern family life. You can't miss it!

If you prefer a real-life but uncommon story on spies you should watch The Americans (2013) Three seasons are waiting for you in the resource center.

ITALIANO

Un film

Novecento, di Bernardo Bertolucci (1976)

Fra pochi mesi saranno trascorsi 40 anni dalla prima visione di questo grande ritratto dell'Italia della prima metà dello scorso secolo. Forse sarebbe ora di rivederlo o di guardarlo per la prima volta...

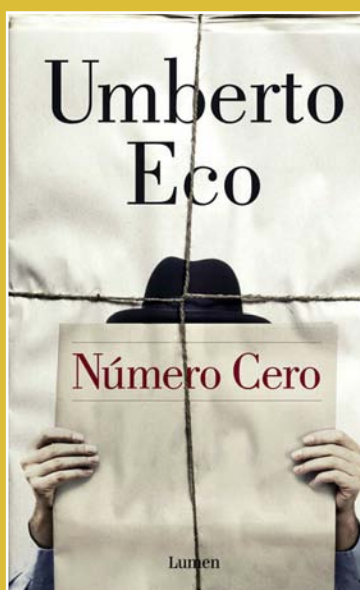
Il film narra la storia di due italiani nati entrambi il 27 gennaio 1901, nello stesso giorno della morte di Giuseppe Verdi, e nello stesso luogo (una grande azienda agricola emiliana) ma su fronti opposti: Alfredo è figlio dei ricchi proprietari, i Berlinghieri; Olmo è figlio di Rosina, contadina della medesima azienda, e di uomo noto solo a lei (Una scena dove Giovanni - Romolo Valli -, padre di Alfredo, pronuncia parole affettuose nei confronti di Olmo invitandolo dolcemente a rientrare in casa, potrebbe lasciar intendere che Alfredo sia il fratellastro di Olmo). Proprio le lotte contadine e la Grande Guerra dapprima, e il fascismo, con la lotta partigiana per la Liberazione poi, sono al centro dei fatti che si susseguono, con al centro, e per filo conduttore, la vita dei due nemici-amici, impersonati in età adulta da Gérard Depardieu (Olmo) e da Robert De Niro (Alfredo).

Un libro

Numero zero, di Umberto Eco (2015)

Vi proponiamo l'ultimo romanzo di Umberto Eco. Con una prosa attuale e diretta ci porta lentamente verso un mondo sempre più inquietante e, perché no, perfettamente possibile.

Siamo nel 1992 e Milano, insieme ai suoi apparati di potere, sta per essere travolta dall'inchiesta Mani Pulite. Un noto imprenditore locale, proprietario di qualche emittente privata e di riviste scandalistiche, oltre che di numerose cliniche private sulla costiera romagnola, il Commendatore Vimercate, decide di finanziare una nuova testata giornalistica, il Domani, e di mettere insieme una redazione molto particolare. Il direttore è il machiavellico dottor Simmei, gli altri cinque redattori sono tutti rinomati fannulloni, rottamati da riviste di poco conto, che fino a quel momento si sono occupati principalmente di oroscopi, enigmistica e affari di cuore. Colonna è l'unico ad avere un ruolo di rilievo, il capo redattore, ed è anche l'unico a conoscere le reali intenzioni dell'editore. Il Domani non è un giornale qualunque, che si occupa degli argomenti avvenuti il giorno prima ma, come dice il nome stesso, è un giornale che parla del domani, del giorno dopo la pubblicazione, che quindi ipotizza, suggerisce, allude a fatti che non sono ancora successi ma che potrebbero succedere e coinvolgere personaggi illustri.



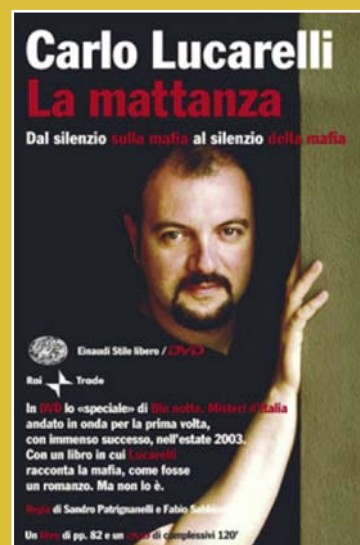
Un documentario

Carlo Lucarelli, la mattanza (2004)

In un pacco libro + DVD Lucarelli ci racconta in modo schietto e magnetico la storia della mafia siciliana in un percorso che va dal silenzio sulla mafia al silenzio della mafia.

Il libro: Sulla pagina Lucarelli commenta e narra, scena per scena, le immagini delle due ore di DVD. E il commento, sobrio e appassionato insieme, prende l'andamento e la suggestione di un romanzo giallo. Ma non è un romanzo. È la storia della mafia, e dei suoi misteri. Un libro nuovo e originale di Carlo Lucarelli.

Il DVD: 11 giugno 1969. Si apre il Processo di Bari. In un susseguirsi di flashback, immagini di repertorio, storia presente e ipotesi future, Lucarelli, come in un film, ci conduce davanti a personaggi e situazioni: il giornalista Mario Francese e la sua uccisione, Totò Riina, Leoluca Bagarella e Bernardo Provenzano, Salvo Lima e Vito Ciancimino, Il Sacco di Palermo, Francesca Morvillo e Ninetta Bagarella, La guerra dei Corleonesi, le morti di Boris Giuliano, Cesare Terranova, Pio La Torre, Rocco Chinnici e Carlo Alberto Dalla Chiesa, La strage di Ciaculli, la nascita del Pool anti-mafia, la stagione dei Pentiti, Il maxiprocesso, Le stragi di Capaci e di via D'Amelio, La reazione dello Stato e il 41 bis, la morte di don Pino Puglisi, fino a giungere alle relazioni tra Mafia e politica.



JAPONÉS

“Kana para Recordar - Hiragana y Katakana”

Hiragana y Katakana son los alfabetos básicos del japonés y no tienen nada que ver con los alfabetos occidentales. Sea poco o mucho, los alumnos tienen dificultad para aprenderlos. Este libro utiliza la mnemotécnica (técnica de memorizar) que estimula la imaginación de los lectores y ayuda a aprenderlos en poco tiempo y con eficacia. Es una ayuda fuerte para superar la primera barrera de este idioma. ¡Ánimo!



CHINO

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DAVID O. SELZNICK'S PRODUCTION OF MARGARET MITCHELL'S
GONE WITH THE WIND

Wichtige Filme: „Vom Winde verweht“

Texto: Miguel Navarides

Was würdet ihr sagen, wenn ich euch sage, dass ich mich sehr sehr nervös fühle? Dieser wird mein erster Post! Da der Film etwas besonderes sein sollte, habe ich mich für einen besonderen Film entschieden... Es konnte kein anderer sein als „Vom Winde verweht“.

Meiner Meinung nach ist dieser Film selbst ein ganzes Universum. Es scheint, als ob „**Vom Winde verweht**“ der IKEA-Katalog der männlichen Emotionen wäre. Vom Beginn des Films in „Die zwölf Eichen“ bis zum Abschied von Mammy in der Schlusssequenz ist der Film eine Parade, wo Egoismus, Leidenschaft, Ehre oder Neid stattfinden.

Was könnte ich über die Figuren des Filmes sagen? **Könnt ihr euch an einen Film erinnern, der so viele und so gute Charaktere hat?** Die O'Haras, die Wilkes, die Sklaven, die Atlanta Gesellschaft, Rhett und Scarlett, Mammy, Ashley und Melanie. Ich weiß nicht genau, wie viele Figuren es gibt, aber jedes Mal, wenn ich den Film sehe, fasziniert er mich, weil ich mich fühle, als ob es Charaktere aus meiner Familie wären.

Ich bin sicher, dass ich über diese Geschichte andere Kommentare schreiben werde, aber jetzt möchte ich über **einige Details** schreiben, die ich in diesem Film besonders finde. Obwohl es Hunderte gäbe, teile ich euch drei mit, die dafür sorgen, dass Scarlett näher und lebendiger erscheint:

- **die Vorhänge ihrer Mutter**, aus denen sie ein Kleid macht, um zu versuchen, Rhett zu betrügen,
- **der Mantel-Ärmel**, in dem sie mit Frank Kennedy flirtet, dem Freund ihrer Schwester,
- **das Parfüm**, mit dem sie gurgelt, um den Whisky-Atem zu verstecken.

Dies sind kleine Details, aber es sind Momente, die theoretisch nur Übergänge sein könnten, aber große Szenen geworden sind. Und **große Szenen** gibt es

viele, zum Beispiel: das „So wahr Gott mein Zeuge ist!“, das Abbrennen von Atlanta, oder den Bahnhof, wenn wir ihn von oben sehen mit Verwundeten und Toten, mit einer fadenscheinigen Flagge der Konföderierten.

Ja, die Szenen sind spektakulär, grandios. Aber wenn ich mich für eine Szene entscheiden sollte, glaube ich, dass es die wäre, in der Scarlett Ashley sagt, dass sie ihn liebt, und sie wirft ihm eine Vase vor den Kamin. In diesem Moment erscheint Rhett Butler, der auf einer Couch eingeschlafen war und den ganzen Dialog zwischen den beiden gehört hatte. Ich finde es wunderbar, wie sich auf diese Weise die beiden Hauptfiguren des Films treffen.

Wenn ihr es noch nie erlebt habt, **das Gefühl der Scham**, in einer peinlichen Situation entdeckt zu werden, oder jemand anderen seine Gefühle zu offenbaren, meint ihr nicht, dass man bei dieser Szene fast alle diese Emotionen erleben kann?

In diesem Film, kann man fast wissen, **wie es in einem Baumwollfeld riecht, wie die Petticoats von Mammy klingen, wie das Leben in einer Zeit wie dieser war.**

Ich bin sicher, wenn **Descartes** 300 Jahre später geboren wäre und er alle diese Emotionen erlebt hätte, würde er seinen methodischen Zweifel aufgeben haben.

Und das war alles für heute, obwohl es so viele andere Sachen gibt, über die ich mit euch sprechen könnte. Wie sagt man in „**Die unendliche Geschichte**“, **„das ist eine andere Geschichte und soll ein andermal erzählt werden“.**

„Vom Winde verweht“

(„Gone with the wind“, Victor Fleming, George Cukor, Sam Wood, 1939)

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Cine en versión original subtitulada

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Recoge tu vale en conserjería, la entrada te saldrá más barata.

Raibabel, la radio de la EOIP

Contacta en eoip.raibabel@educacion.navarra.es o por teléfono, llamando a Hugo al 667827821.
Concierta una cita cuando mejor te venga. Hay flexibilidad horaria, tanto por las mañanas como por las tardes.
Graba tus programas hasta el 6 de mayo de 2016 y participa en el VII RADIO-CONCURSO.
Toda la información en: <http://raibabel.wordpress.com>

Bolsas de viaje EOIP

Solicitudes hasta el 1 de marzo. Son 10 bolsas de viaje.

Clubes de lectura

Atento a los clubes que ofrecerá la Sala de Recursos del centro a lo largo de todo el curso. Son gratuitos para el alumnado. ¡Pásate por la Sala de Recursos e infórmate!

Concurso literario – ¿Una imagen vale más que 1000 palabras?

Participa en el concurso literario. Desde mediados de enero hasta el 18 de marzo de 2016.

Clubes de conversación y talleres (segundo cuatrimestre)

La matrícula será la última semana de enero. El 22 de febrero de 2016 comenzarán los nuevos grupos del segundo cuatrimestre: yoga, murder, phonétique, songs, cuccinare, cuisiner, speaking, survival ...

Matrícula oficial

Abierta hasta el 31 de marzo para todas las plazas vacantes existentes. Infórmate en la página web.

Matrícula libre

Durante la última semana de febrero y primera de marzo de 2016.

Mercadillo Solidario

Participa en la campaña: ¡CADA ALUMNA/O UN LIBRO! y entrega antes del 15 de diciembre en conserjería tus materiales en buen estado (libros, métodos, DVDs, CDs, revistas, etc) para la venta.
Ya lo sabes, te esperamos los días 16 y 17 de diciembre, planta baja-ascensores.

¡Abre tu corazoncito, ven con dinerito!

V Ciclo Cultural de la EOIP

Del 11 al 21 de abril de 2016. 8 días con actividades en los 8 idiomas de la EOIP-IHEO.

Día del libro – Maratón de lectura

21 de abril de 2016, en la Sala de Recursos, durante todo el día leeremos en los 8 idiomas de la escuela el libro de Lewis Carroll ALICIA EN EL PAÍS DE LAS MARAVILLAS. Anímate con tus compañeros!

Semanas Culturales de los departamentos de la EOIP

Presta atención a las múltiples y variadas actividades que organizan los departamentos de la EOIP y sus semanas culturales que anunciaremos oportunamente.

Tandm.es

¿Quieres practicar con alumnos como tú? Apúntate en TANDM.es y verás que aprender idiomas entre compañeros es muy agradable.



EOIP-IHEO

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