

THE GHOSTLY VILLAGE



The night was rainy; a big storm was falling on the sea. The waves were enormous and the fog was thick. The ships rocked one side to the other as marionettes.

Suddenly, an awful creaking was heard in the darkness. A big cloud of smoke was seen in the distance and an intense odour could be noticed in the air. Everybody was wondering what had happened.

A ship had ran aground near the shore and had split part of the petrol it carried. A **big black stain** spreaded on the water, as a big black cloack which had the sea gone into mourning. The smell of petrol was each time stronger and mixed with the freshness of the breeze each sunset near the beach. Charles and Anne used to go watching the stars. When they felt that freedom that only those who have not betrayed their ideals feel. They were the children of a fisher and lived in a humble white house very near from the cliff.

The fishers had recently had problems to fish, fishing was not very good. Now, it would be worse, there would not be anything in many time. Fishers will not be seen carrying fish to the harbour. They could not be said goodbye as it was usual. Now they will have to go far, to be able to live.

The village became a village without people. A **ghostly village**. Just a few women and children remained there. Men and young people went to look for a job and came back once in a while to see their families. At nightfall, a few lights, brought the village back to existence.

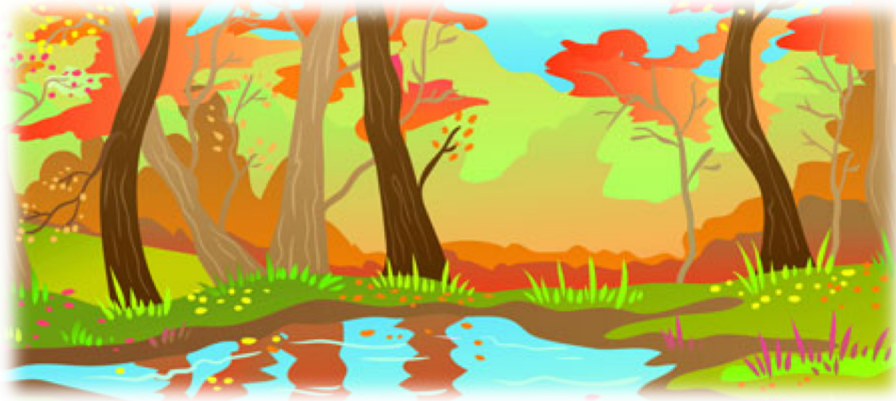
But from the cliff the view was not the same, it seemed that even the breeze had changed of place. The air smell of petrol and the sea's calm had turned to a terrible anguished seeing how all the sea life was being destroyed. Dead fishes

floated and all was devastating. The few people who remained, started to rebuild and clean all that had been damaged.

Some years passed until the village returned to normal. Some of who had left returned and the boats returned to the harbour. Hope was born again with the fear that the story would repeat.

The End

THE ENCHANTED FOREST



Once upon a time, there was a beautiful **forest**, with a lot of trees and flowers of all the colours which gladden the sight to all the people who went there. Every afternoon, the animals of the forest meet there to play.

The rabbits had a race to see who was the first to arrive to the finishing line. The ants made a long line to go to their nest. The colourful birds and bright butterflies land among the bushes.

Everything was peace and tranquillity. Until that.. One day, the animals heard noises, strange steps and they got very frightened because the land started to shake.

Suddenly, a very ugly and bad warlock appeared in the forest. He was lived in an abandoned house and was very solitary, that is why he did not have any family nor friends. He was old and crooked, his face was sad and anguished. He did not want anyone to be happy so when he heard the children's laughter he got so angry that he cried very loud and went running to look for them. Quickly he touched the tree with his wand and after a few minutes all its leaves fell and it lost its colour. He did the same with the flowers, the grass, the animals and the children.

After doing this great and terrible evil deed, he went on laughing and repeating

-Nobody will have life while I am alive!

Many years went by since nobody treaded that dark and horrible place, until a dove arrived flying and singing cheerfully, but she was very astonished to see that forest that had been beautiful once, full of children, turned into an horrifying forest.

What happened here? All of them lost their colour and movement.. It is so gloomy. As if it was night! I have to do something for this forest be what it was before with its colour, bright and life... Let's see, what can I do?

And after thinking for a while she said.

-I got it!

The dove landed in the dried branch of a tree that, as if by magic, started to recover its natural colour and moving slowly.

Then she posed in the back of the rabbit and his soft ears started to stand up and little by little, his bright grey colour could be noticed.

And that was how she got all the inhabitants of the forest back to life. The children played and laughed again. They, with the animals, thanked the dove because thanks to her they had gone back to life. The dove was very happy and she went singing.

And the wind came and took the warlock and the tale!

The End

PERSEUS AND MEDUSA



Long long time ago, in the age of gods and heroes, three horrible sisters lived in the region of Atlas who were known as Gorgons. The most terrible of the three was called Medusa.

From Medusas head, instead of hair, living **snakes** came out. And when Medusa saw the face of a man, dog or living being, the man, the dog and the living being were immediately turned into statues of stone.

During years, a lot of brave and well armed heroes had come to the region of Atlas to kill Medusa. None could kill her. Warriors and warriors were seen in all parts in different attitudes, but motionless and stiff.

Then **Perseus**, son of Jupiter, came. Perseus knew how dangerous were Medusa's eyes but he was very well prepared. He had a curved sword a present from god Mercury.

He had a very hard shield made out of bronze and as plain as a mirror. And he had also wings which flied each time that he put them in his hills.

He arrived flying. But instead of throwing himself against Medusa, he remained far only worrying about not looking her to the face, not seeing her eyes under no circumstances.

And as it was necessary to spy her all the time, he used the bronze shield as a mirror to watch all that she was doing.

Medusa was going from one place to another, making efforts to scare Perseus. She cried horrible things and the snakes of her head were moving and whistling furiously. But she never got that Perseus watched her directly.

Tired, she fell asleep. Her terrible eyes closed and little by little, her snakes also fell asleep. Then Perseus came without making noise and cut her head off with just one cut.

During all his life, he kept Medusa's head which he used many times to turn his enemies into stone.

The End

THE HARE AND THE TURTLE



In the world of the animals, there was a very arrogant hare because she said to everyone she was the fastest. That's why she was always laughing at the slow turtle.

-Look at the turtle! Hey turtle, don't run so much that you're going to get tired of going so fast!- The hare used to say laughing at the turtle.

One day, they were talking and it occurred to the turtle to make a strange bet with the hare.

-I'm sure I can win you a race- she said.

- To me?- asked the hare astonished.

-Yes, to you. Let's put our bet on that stone and let's see who wins the race.

The hare, very amused, accepted. All the animals met to watch the race. The road and the finishing line were marked. Once it was ready, the race started among big applauses.

Relying on her speed, the hare left the turtle go and she remained lazing about. She had time enough to win such a slow creature!

Then she start running, she run fast as the wind while the turtle went slow but without stopping. At once she went ahead. She stopped next to the road and she sat to rest.

When the turtle passed by her side, the hare made fun of her once more. She left her advantage and set out her quick walk. She did the same several

times but, in spite of her mocks, the turtle kept her way until she arrived to the finishing line. When the hare woke up, she ran with all her might but it was too late, the turtle had won the race.

That day was very sad for the hare and she learnt a lesson she would never forget: you must never mock of the others.

The End

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