

MAGAZINE

GTC I-II

"The pen is a mighty sword"



THE PRINCESS AND THE PEA

Once in a remote kingdom lived a prince that besides being young, was attractive. The young man was looking for a princess to marry. As a result, the prince went out to look for his "real princess". One day he decided to travel during many years far away and, wherever he saw a castle, he stopped to meet the women that lived there. Even though he met many beautiful and elegant women. He was never sure if one of them could be his real princess.

"A real princess is a very special person besides, there are few of them" the prince said. Finally, in addition to being sad and alone, his heart was broken, so he decided to come back to his castle.

One rainy night, while the prince was talking with his parents in the castle, the king saw a woman's figure moving with difficulty. Due to the heavy rain, she came and knocked at the door. Inside the castle, every servant had gone to his room. As a result the king was the person who went to see who was knocking at the door during the storm. When he opened the door, he was astonished to see a beautiful and young woman. She was wet from head to toe.

"Come as soon as possible" the king said. Then he brought her to a warm room where the queen and the prince were waiting. When the prince saw her, he immediately fell in love. Furthermore, he became very happy when the woman said: "your majesty, I'm a real princess" "My goodness" the queen thought "we'll know if she's a real princess".

While the beautiful guest was taking her clothes off, the queen began to prepare a very comfortable bed. She put over the first mattress a little pea and then said: "bring more mattresses! hurry up!" the bed was ready. Besides, it was so high that the woman had to use a ladder in order to go up.

"Have a nice night dear" the queen said. "thanks you too" the young woman said.

Next morning, the queen got up early and came to the woman's room. She had already gotten up. And she was sitting on the bed reading a newspaper.

"Did you sleep well?" the queen said. "The bed was comfortable. However, I couldn't sleep" the woman answered. "Why?" the queen asked her.

"Because there was something on my bed that left me many bruises everywhere" the woman answered. When

the queen heard these words, she smiled and said, "only a real princess has such a delicate skin as to feel a pea through so many mattresses"

The queen told the prince what had happened. He was as happy as he had ever been. "I have found you! Please say that you'll be my girlfriend"
The princess' face was shining. "I will", she whispered.

The prince and the princess got married and lived happy for the rest of their lives.

(Juliana Navarrette)

FRANK'S BROTHER

Frank was a man with a severe expression, he was tall thin and lazy, Frank used to live in a weird town close to the highway and his life was as boring as the life of those whose only job is to stay in front of their homes .

But one day his life changed, It happened one night when he went out to the store to buy something to eat , but when he got to the middle of town, just in front of the store he was looking for, the place became foggy. He couldn't see anything , not even the streets or the lighthouse at the end of the road, he thought, " I should stay here until I find the way to get back to my home". But it was getting late, and the town wasn't safe to walk at night. Suddenly he saw something shining, it was getting closer and closer. Frank blinked and when he opened his eyes there was a car in front of him.
He was scared. He tried to run away but it was imposible, his feet were stuck .

Suddenly, the strange man inside the car opened the window and told him "get in ", Frank did what the man said despite his efforts not to do it , it was like someone was pulling him in. As soon as Frank was inside, the door closed itself and the car

started moving through the fog . Suddenly, it stopped in the front of Frank's home .

Frank jumped out of the car; when he got to the front door he knocked although he knew there was nobody home .

He was still so scared that he didn't dare to turn his head. After a while he decided to do it, but there was nobody there, The car had vanished and it was foggy again, He was so mixed up that as soon as he opened the door he lay down on his bed.

Next morning he woke up as usual, he went down and picked the newspaper up. The first thing he saw was the picture of the man and the car he had been in the night before. The headline of the news was "the car that crashed and went down the cliff last week was finally found; its owner was coming to town to visit his only brother after having been kidnapped for two years.

Frank thought in despair, "It was my brother."

(Cesar Castañeda)

EUTHANASIA: a way to kill, a way to escape or a way to salvation.

Anyone can say something coherent or some nonsense, something real or a fantasy; but remember, none of us have to take that decision now, we aren't in that moment when death, or life, becomes a choice.

Everything becomes dark and the moon goes away from my side; the pain is burning my soul, between my nerves, and my tears are falling in the Lake of Hopelessness. Death begins to be my choice, my future, my only way...

Give me a reason to live, to stay. I have many right now, but without this pain, without these limits.

Can you feel this? No you can't.
You don't know what this is like.

We are only humans, we have to remember that. The problems of creation, nature, life and death are god's; he will solve them all.

But you will only need to feel a pain like hell, and the end of your own world, to stop believing in all euthanasia law projects, all views, every opinion, even all these words. There will be only you and your pain, your life and your death.
Which choice will be yours?

(Caryl Deyn Korma)

DANCE - THE BEST THING IN THE WORLD

I love to dance. Specially, I love dancing Brazilian music, like samba. When people dance, they feel happy thanks to the rhythm of the music. In Brazil, people's happiness grows when it's party time. We have Carnival as well as the June and October parties.

First of all, Carnival is the best time to dance. The party is all over the country and in some places they run through the whole month of February. In the parade in Rio de Janeiro people dance following the fast rhythm. In the northeast, people dance in the streets listening to the "Trios Eletricos" which are big trucks carrying loud music. There are different kinds of dance. Every year they come out with a new choreography and everybody wants to learn it. Second, we have the June parties that are typical from Brazil. There are celebrations to the patron saints and these have particular dances. Finally, we

have the October parties which happen in the first half of the month. They are held only in the south of Brazil, mostly in the State of Santa Catarina, where I live. They're German parties and we have about ten different festivals all over the state. The most important is the "Ocktoberfest" in Blumenau, which is second only to the original one in Germany.

We can dance in the afternoons in the streets and at night in a place called PROEB which has five pavilions with Brazilian and German music. You can meet people from every part of the country, and sometimes from Argentina, too. In my home town, Joinville, we have the biggest dance festival in the world, with more than 6000 dancers from Brazil, Europe, and Central and South America.

When people dance, they try to give their best and they feel good and happy. All over the world dancing is a way to express feelings. The Indians had dances for war, for celebration and for funerals. Everybody knows the Arabian dances and the Hawaiian dances. Every country has a specific dance which shows their culture and the way they feel.

Different kinds of music can bring different sensations out of us. There are some songs that, although you like them, you are better off not listening to. They make you remember someone that is gone, or far away, and this only makes you feel sad. With some kinds of music you just have to start dancing, they make you feel like it. The rhythm is so good that you want to be part of this happiness.

And don't worry about not knowing how to dance well; just close your eyes, feel the music and let your heart be your guide. Then you're going to say that dancing is the best thing in the world.

(Angelita Rosa)

A MIDNIGHT CALL

*Now I lay me down to sleep
Pray the lord my soul to keep
If I die before I wake
Pray the lord my soul to take*

The kid is alone, his parents went out to have some fun tonight.
The window is bringing shadows that will confuse even the wind.
In spite of the fact that the night is very dark, the light arrives now like a treasure.
Poor kid whose eyes are showing tears right now.
Be brave, beware, take yourself out of there.
A voice speaks inside his mind.
Lightning vision, lightning window, go away from the widow of death.
Rain is falling like stones. Moreover, all sounds are becoming a great noise.
Pressure is hell; in addition, being alone is the desert's soul.
He is walking around a room, he doesn't know anymore.
Tears are not enough, however the opened window may be an exit.
At the restaurant the mother starts to be frightened. She knows deep in her heart that something wrong is happening.
She knows everything was a mistake from the beginning. Her kid can't take care of himself.
Be nice, be kind; please shadows of the night, take care to my little baby.
The beasts are under his bed, in his closet even outside his head.
He knows they're there.
A thump outside...
His heart jumps, however he locks the door.
The shadows are bigger now, the wind whispers to him the way; he stands on the window's frame.
Thanks to the fact that a tree is near the window, he decides to concentrate on a jump. He will jump and reach the tree.

With soul with mind, everything seems to be a sign.
His mother feels like something is wrong with her son.
Suddenly she decides to call her son.
He is now ready to jump, the wind will help him reach that tree; moreover, his concentration is now complete. A fall will be fatal, but now is the moment.
One of his feet is leaving the frame; at the same time the phone rings.
He turns his head, and tries to stop his own movements, but it is too late.
Everything is dark now, and the phone will be ringing forever.

A night, a fall, but he needed more than a call.

(Caryl Deyn Korma)

FINAL EXAM GTC I: SHOULD GRADES BE USED AT THE UNIVERSITY LEVEL? (50 minutes)

I think grades are really necessary because if we did not have grades, people would study less than they do. So I think it is impossible to study without grading what you do. At the university level I believe that grades are more necessary than at school because at this level you get the knowledge that you are going to use to help your country be better by working as a professional.

Although grades do not actually reflect your knowledge, they are a way to have some idea of who you are. Grades have to be used until we create a different spirit in our children. Children have to be aware that what they learn at school, or at the university, is going to be useful for them, not for anybody else. Moreover,

when the most famous word of the moment is "competition", we as a third world country, have to look for a solid educational system.

Can you imagine a country like ours where teachers did not grade their student's work? Everybody would be a bad professional. Mediocrity would destroy companies and even our economic system because I think that in our country there a lot of people who do not like to make an effort to do things as well as possible.

Maybe when people are aware of the importance that knowledge has in improving social conditions in the world, you will not need to use a number to grade your performance.

Finally, I consider you will no longer use grades at the university when people study because they like it and find knowledge's beautiful essence; and not because society makes them do it in order, simply, to survive.

(Jhony Arias)

CINQUAIN POETRY

LIFE

SHORT MOMENT
NEAR TO DEATH
USE MIND AND HEART
EXISTENCE

MEN

UNCONSCIOUS LOVERS
PRETENDING ALWAYS TRULY
YOU BELIEVE THEM QUICKLY
HUNTERS

DEATH

ETERNAL SILENCE

GLIMPSE OF GOD
PIECE OF HEAVEN FOREVER
INFINITY

NIGHT

STARRY HEAVEN
WISH HOPE SILENCE
YOUR FLIGHT OVER FAITH
WEEPING

DREAM

CLOUDY HEAVEN
BEING FLYING SWIMMING
A SKY WITH EYES
SEA

SHOES

HARD FASHIONABLE
WALKING KILLING DANCING
THEY HELP YOU MOVE
CLOTH

FUTURE

DARKNESS DISCONCERT
THINKING LIVING SUFFERING
IT GRABS YOUR HEART
UNKNOWN

ON READING

I believe that there are many important things and activities in life that are meaningful; but for me there is reading.

Reading can take you away to so many special places, places which can only be created in your imagination. Some books are so meaningful, and can describe so well whatever you have ever imagined, that they really begin to become part of your personal life. In a good book you can learn about anything you can imagine. Books are the key to

knowledge. You can travel around the world twice each day; even on a rainy day and never get wet at all! You can explore fantastic worlds in which you can play the role of a gentlemen of the 18th century, or that of a courageous knight fighting for a beautiful princess. You can also be a lion, or a zebra, living day by day in an extensive savannah.

But not only in books can you find all these possibilities, you can also see them in comic strips. Comics, that world of ink and wonderful drawings which can illustrate the most simple issues. A world meant to entertain and make you think of a special feeling or action. Violence, love, hate; all these are found in a good comic. Its purpose: to entertain based not simply on real life, but more importantly on the incredible imagination of the cartoonist who creates a diversity of characters such as super-heroes, pirates, wrestlers and martians.

Different worlds, ours and the one ruled by our imagination can be united only if we want them to; only if we are not ruled by a one-way type of thinking. There are great adventures out there, you can enter them whenever you feel like it.

(Diana Herrerra)

IF YOU HAD BEEN FAMOUS

If I had been a famous person, I would have really liked to be Henry Ford.

Why? Because he revolutionized the automobile industry by successfully manufacturing his first car in 1886. This car was called the model T; it was not only cheap, but also one of the first gasoline-powered cars. Moreover, he became famous for his idea of the assembly line which allowed companies to produce cars using, not only less time,

but also less money. This is so because production was divided into many stages, each one having a specific job to carry out. As a result of this, he had to spend less money and time training his employees either in a specific job or on how to supervise everyone else's job.

This is why he achieved spectacular success. But after years of production the automobile industry started to go down. If Henry Ford had not tried to work out this situation, his company would have crashed. During the next ten years, Henry Ford became a clever man despite all the problems he had in managing his company. He was a genius who was able to work out miracles. This was the reason why his company was saved. If Henry had not used all of his mechanical ability, "Ford" would have faded away.

Henry was an entrepreneur. Moreover, he was a gambler who was not scared of taking risks, even investing without being sure of the consequences. In addition, his way of thinking did not let him give up all his efforts in order to build the biggest car company ever created from a starting capital of \$100,000.

If it had not been for Henry's ideas, "Ford" would not have been built and the history of the automobile would not be as awesome as it is. Henry Ford became an example of how a huge company can be managed by a man whose success was based on making mistakes in order to learn from them. Instead of finding excuses, he always planned the way to solve problems by using his own abilities.

However, he got older and older, and the new companies came with so many new ideas and improvements that it was impossible for Henry to overcome this situation. He became a victim of his own success and his frustrations contributed to his death at the age of 50.

Henry Ford died, but his ideas have been

used all over the world, not only in the automobile industry, but also in different kinds of companies. Therefore, his efforts did not vanish. They remain here all around us because most of the things we buy are made using Henry's assembly line.

(Cesar Castañeda)

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE LITTLE PRINCESS

A long time ago, there was an emperor in China that lived with his daughter. Her name was Li Ann. She loved music. In addition, she spent all day singing legendary Chinese songs and playing melancholic melodies in her lyre.

Unfortunately, her father couldn't hear her precious voice because he was a deaf man. He felt really miserable because of his deafness, specially because he couldn't enjoy the melodies that his daughter played for him.

In fact, one of his passions was to have a garden filled with birds of exotic plumage. He could enjoy himself while looking at the beautiful birds, even though he couldn't hear them. But Li Ann, the little princess, spent a lot of time walking through those gardens just trying to hear the touching trill of those birds. One day Li Ann heard the trill of a nightingale, which fell in love with the princess, as soon as he saw her. He sang with his strongest voice for the princess.

She said "what a marvelous song I have heard from you!" He answered, "I'm only a nightingale that came here just to see you, little princess. But my brothers warned me about coming here, because the emperor only admires the birds of exotic plumage, and, quite surely he would have contempt me."

"That is not true," said the princess. "Moreover, I beg you to come here everyday and sing for me a precious song".

From that day on the nightingale flew over the emperor's gardens in the mornings, simply to sing for the little princess. But one day, the nightingale arrived late to the meeting; Despite the climate he flew through the storm to arrive to his princess' window. When Li Ann saw the little bird trembling with cold, and all wet because of the rain, she sheltered him with her hands. But in that moment the emperor entered and found Li Ann caressing the nightingale.

He shouted: "How dare you to enter this dirty bird in my house? Don't you like my exotic birds?" "I don't like them, father, because they don't sing for me," said Li Ann.

In spite of his daughter's words, the emperor scared the nightingale away. Since then, Li Ann locked herself in her room. Furthermore she did not go out again to eat. Neither singing nor talking were shared with her father. Because of this she became very sick and lonely.

The emperor was very worried about his daughter. That is why he asked for the best doctor in the empire. He, at the end of the day, told the emperor: "I can't do anything about your daughter, but I certainly can cure your deafness with the song of a nightingale." The emperor answered: "Find and bring me that nightingale."

When he had the little bird in his hands he heard a tiny voice saying to him: "Emperor, do with me whatever you want; if you need my song to cure your deafness just do it because I know that it is going to please your daughter very much."

Fortunately, when the emperor heard these words, he realized how deep was the love and the friendship between his daughter and the nightingale. He ordered in a soft voice: "Return this nightingale to my daughter. I will be filled with joy if only I see my daughter smiling once again."

(Fanny Hernández)

FINAL EXAM GTC II **(60 minutes):**

DOGGY LIFE

Once I opened my eyes. I saw something shining over my head; it was bright and colorful. I closed my eyes again and stepped back. I was blinded. Then I blinked and ran away, trying to work out the problem. A few seconds later, I ran over a little cat. I stopped. I was so mixed up that I lay down on the floor and started shaking my head. Seconds after, I opened my eyes. This time everything was clear, but it was awful. I thought I had run over a person, not a cat. But the face of this person faded away. I could only see that nasty pussycat just in front of my queer face. I raised my hand in order to touch it, but it quickly hurled itself away.

When I saw my hairy hand, I screamed. Jumping all over the place, I suddenly saw something weird about my body. It was hairy too. It was chasing me everywhere. I stopped in order to see what it was. Despite my efforts I was not able to catch it. Finally, I got it. I sat down on the floor and thought: "I've finally caught it, I won't let you go." I bit it. How I wish I had not bitten it! But I did it.

Quickly I rushed to the mirror and the first thing I saw was the face of a doggy. I was astonished.

(Cesar Castañeda)

NOTE TO AN UNBORN CHILD

Discovering new places, exploring interesting things, learning from new adventures, sharing, laughing, but also crying and suffering, feeling desperate and lonely. All these things will be done outside your mother's fragile womb. I am sure you feel secure and comfortable inside. I tell you, enjoy those moments, those delightful moments. You have everything you need, everything given by your beautiful mother.

Once outside everything changes. From being warm and secure you move into a world where at first you cannot see; you must cry if you are hungry. From that day on your parent's life will also change. You are very important to them, they decided to have you because you are their life. They will sometimes argue about little things, but do not worry. Your presence, your innocence, your natural beauty and deep eyes will convince them that there is nothing in this world to fight about as long as they have you.

But be careful, my child. In this world, as I am telling you, not everything is good. Once you start to grow up you will be able of to see, describe and feel what the world offers you. You will see wars and the horrible things people do to each other. You will even see how the world treats children like you.

Despite these burdens, which life normally has, there will be many special moments like watching a sunset with the person you love, or watching a starry sky on a cold night. You will experience with immense pleasure your first time in the sea, or your first time on an airplane. These are just some of the millions of things that can be done in this world, in

this life. So do not be afraid of living.
Perhaps it will be your only chance.

(Diana Herrera)

A DIFFERENT NOTE TO AN UNBORN CHILD

*It's a cold night and all the memories
come to my mind in a rush.*

Some months ago two people were
fighting in a living room. There was a
man crying, he was saying: "We have got
to do something, we have to end this." It
was a horrible night. However, the
decision was made. She was going to do
it. Oh God, if she had known she would
not have done it! That night was the
longest in her life. Tomorrow everything
would come to an end.

Her boyfriend asked her: "Are you sure?"
She did not say anything.

Do you know my little unborn baby why I
am telling you this story? I was that
shameless woman. Yes, I did it! I
destroyed you, your dreams, mine,
everything!

Please forgive me. I do not have words to
explain to you why I did not let you see
the sun, smell the flowers; be part of my
body and my life. How I regret having
done it. I might have another child, but he
or she will never be you.

I promise you I will do my best bringing
up my children. I will not feel better again.
My sorrow lives in me for the rest of my
days. I am sorry.

(Juliana Navarrette)

"the good writer
understands that
composition is 'a
messy process that
leads to clarity'"

Omaggio

"Then it shows great
folly ... to suppose
that one can
transmit or acquire
clear and certain
knowledge of an art
through the medium
of writing"

Plato

(Edited by Andrés Melo Cousineau)