

## TEXTO 1

### Winnie the Pooh and Tigger Too By A. A. Milne

Winnie the Pooh and Tigger Too By A. A. Milne Tigger likes to bounce on people. One day he saw Piglet sweeping some leaves into a pile. He gave Piglet a good bounce. All the leaves went flying. "Shucks, that's only a little bounce" said Tigger. "I'm saving my best one for Rabbit". Tigger bounded over to Rabbit's house. "Old long ears" was in his garden, happily picking carrots. Before he could get out of the way, Tigger gave a great big bounce. Carrots flew in all directions! Rabbit was so upset about his garden that he called a protest meeting at his house. Only Pooh and Piglet came. The three friends finally decided that perhaps if they took Tigger for "a long explore" in the woods, he might get lost and lose a little of his bounce. So out they all started the next morning- which turned out to be cold and misty. After a while Rabbit decided it was time to "lose" Tigger. He and Pooh and Piglet crawled into a hollow log when Tigger wasn't looking! "My splendid idea worked", said Rabbit-for Tigger had bounced off into the mist. "Goody, this is lots of fun!" said Piglet. Just then they heard a loud halloo- and had to scramble back into the log before Tigger saw them! Tigger left, and the three friends decided to go home. But it was very misty, and they kept coming back to the same sand pit. In fact, Pooh suspected it of following them around! Rabbit said he could find the sand pit any time – and left to prove it. While waiting for him, Pooh got hungry. Perhaps his honey pots would lead him home if he followed his tummy. Sure enough. as he walked, the mists cleared- and there was Tigger! It turned out that the only one who was really lost was Rabbit! All alone in the misty woods, he jumped at every sudden noise! Rabbit was so afraid of all the strange shapes around him that when Tigger suddenly bounced into view, he was almost glad to see him! Especially when Tigger told him that "Tiggers never get lost" and showed him the way back home!

## TEXTO 2

### Betty Botter

Betty Botter had some butter,  
"But," she said, "this butter's bitter.  
If I bake this bitter butter,  
it would make my batter bitter.  
But a bit of better butter--  
that would make my batter better."

So she bought a bit of butter,  
better than her bitter butter,  
and she baked it in her batter,  
and the batter was not bitter.  
So 'twas better Betty Botter  
bought a bit of better butter

### Betty Botter compró mejor mantequilla

Betty Botter compró mantequilla,  
Pero dijo "la mantequilla está  
amarga,  
Si la pongo en mi masa, Volverá  
mi masa amarga.  
Pero un poco de mejor  
mantequilla,  
Volverá mejor mi masa".

Entonces compró mejor  
mantequilla,  
Mejor que la mantequilla amarga,  
Y la puso en su masa,  
Y su masa no estuvo amarga.  
Luego fue mejor que Betty Botter  
Comprase un poco de mejor  
mantequilla.

### TEXTO 3

#### Woodchuck

"How much wood would a woodchuck chuck  
if a woodchuck could chuck wood?  
He would chuck, he would, as much as he could,  
and chuck as much wood as a woodchuck would  
if a woodchuck could chuck wood."

### TEXTO 4

#### 'Butterfly Smiles'

Butterflies flutter.  
Butterflies fly.  
They put a sparkle  
In your eye.



Watch a butterfly,  
And in a short while  
It will give you  
A butterfly smile!



-Bruce Larkin

### Texto 5

*"A vast silence reigned over the land. The land itself was a desolation, lifeless, without movement, so lone and cold that the spirit of it was not even that of sadness." (Jack London – White Fang)*

### TEXTO 6

#### MY GARDEN

This is my garden,  
I'll plant it with care.  
Here are the seeds,  
I'll plant in there.  
The sun will shine,  
The rain will fall.  
The seeds will sprout  
And grow up tall.  
Ella Explorer

## TEXT07

### Matilda by Roald Dahl

By the time she was *three*, Matilda had taught herself to read by studying newspapers and magazines that lay around the house. At the age of *four*, she could read fast and well and she naturally began hankering after books. The only book in the whole of this enlightened household was something called *Easy Cooking* belonging to her mother, and when she had read this from cover to cover and had learnt all the recipes by heart, she decided she wanted something more interesting.

'Daddy,' she said, 'do you think you could buy me a book?'

'A *book*?' he said. 'What d'you want a flaming book for?'

'To read, Daddy.'

'What's wrong with the telly, for heaven's sake? We've got a lovely telly with a twelve-inch screen and now you come asking for a book! You're getting spoiled, my girl!'

## TEXT08

### ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND BY LEWES CARROL ( 1855)

Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do: once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, 'and what is the use of a book,' thought Alice 'without pictures or conversation?' So she was considering in her own mind (as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid), whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a White Rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her. There was nothing so *very* remarkable in that; nor did Alice think it so *very* much out of the way to hear the Rabbit say to itself, 'Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be late!' (when she thought it over afterwards, it occurred to her that she ought to have wondered at this, but at the time it all seemed quite natural); but when the Rabbit actually *took a watch out of its waistcoat-pocket*, and looked at it, and then hurried on, Alice started to her feet, for it flashed across her mind that she had never before seen a rabbit with either a waistcoat-pocket, or a watch to take out of it, and burning with curiosity, she ran across the field after it, and fortunately was just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit-hole under the hedge. In another moment down went Alice after it, never once considering how in the world she was to get out again.

### ALICIA EN EL PAIS DE LAS MARAVILLAS DE LEWES CARROLL

#### Capítulo I. Descenso por la madriguera

Alicia empezaba ya a cansarse de estar sentada con su hermana a la orilla del río, sin tener nada que hacer: había echado un par de ojeadas al libro que su hermana estaba leyendo, pero no tenía dibujos ni diálogos. «¿Y de qué sirve un libro sin dibujos ni diálogos?», se preguntaba Alicia.

Así pues, estaba pensando (y pensar le costaba cierto esfuerzo, porque el calor del día la había dejado soñolienta y atontada) si el placer de tejer una guirnalda de margaritas la compensaría del trabajo de levantarse y coger las margaritas, cuando de pronto saltó cerca de ella un Conejo Blanco de ojos rosados.

No había nada muy extraordinario en esto, ni tampoco le pareció a Alicia

muy extraño oír que el conejo se decía a sí mismo:  
«¡Dios mío! ¡Dios mío! ¡Voy a llegar tarde!» (Cuando pensó en ello después, decidió que, desde luego, hubiera debido sorprenderla mucho, pero en aquel momento le pareció lo más natural del mundo). Pero cuando el conejo se sacó un reloj de bolsillo del chaleco, lo miró y echó a correr, Alicia se levantó de un salto, porque comprendió de golpe que ella nunca había visto un conejo con chaleco, ni con reloj que sacarse de él, y, ardiendo de curiosidad, se puso a correr tras el conejo por la pradera, y llegó justo a tiempo para ver cómo se precipitaba en una madriguera que se abría al pie del seto.  
Un momento más tarde, Alicia se metía también en la madriguera, sin pararse a considerar cómo se las arreglaría después para salir.

#### **TEXTO 9**

#### **Goldfish**

Goldfish, Goldfish

Swimming all around

Goldfish, Goldfish

Never makes a sound

Pretty little goldfish

Never can talk

All it does is wiggle

When it tries to walk

#### **TEXTO 10**

*"No one can feel more deeply than he does the beauties of nature. The starry sky, the sea, and every sight afforded by these wonderful regions, seems still to have the power of elevating his soul from earth." (Mary Shelley – Frankenstein)*

#### **TEXTO 11**

My Shadow R. L Stevenson)

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,  
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.  
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;  
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—  
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;  
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,  
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,  
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.

He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;  
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,  
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;  
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,  
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

### **Mi Sombra**

Mi sombra no es muy grande y va siempre conmigo,  
pero qué hacer con ella, yo nunca lo he sabido.  
Es idéntica a mí, mide lo mismo de alto,  
y salta junto a mí cuando a la cama salto.  
Lo más raro que tiene es que crece a su modo,  
no como hacen los niños, que es siempre poco a poco;  
porque a veces se estira cual si fuese de goma  
y es tan pequeña a veces que se esfuma y se borra.  
No tiene ni noción de cómo juega un niño,  
y encuentra mil maneras de ponerme en ridículo.  
Se nota que es cobarde por cómo se me pega,  
pero yo hago igual que ella: ¡me pego a mi niñera!  
Un día muy temprano, antes de verse el sol,  
salí al jardín: brillaba rocío en cada flor;  
pero mi sombra vaga, dormida y haragana,  
no se vino conmigo y se quedó en la cama.

### **TEXTO 12**

*"Life seems to go on without effort when I am filled with music." (George Eliot – The – The Mill on the Floss)*

### **TEXTO 13**

*Harry Potter*

We've all got both light and dark inside us. What matters is the part we choose to act on. That's who we really are." — Sirius Black

### **TEXTO 14**

*"Salieri, about Mozart: he was my idol. I can't think of a time when I didn't know his name"*  
(Peter Shaffer – Amadeus)

## TEXTO 15

### Rock 'N' Roll Band

If we were a rock 'n' roll band,  
We'd travel all over the land.  
We'd play and we'd sing and wear spangly things.  
If we were a rock 'n' roll band.  
If we were a rock 'n' roll band,  
And we were up there on the stand,  
The people would here us and love us and cheer us.  
Hurray for that rock 'n' roll band.  
If we were a rock 'n' roll band,  
Then we'd have a million fans.  
We'd giggle and laugh and sign autographs,  
If we were a rock 'n' roll band.  
If we were a rock 'n' roll band.  
The people would all kiss our hands.  
We'd be millionaires and have extra long hair,  
If we were a rock 'n' roll band.  
But we ain't no rock 'n' roll band,  
We're just seven kids in the sand.  
With homemade guitars and pails and jars  
And drums of potato chip cans.  
Just seven kids in the sand.  
Talk'n and waven' our hands.  
And dreamin' and thinkin' oh wouldn't it be grand,  
If we were a rock 'n' roll band.

### Shel Silverstein

## TEXTO 16

*"It is Bach, making music in the Castle of Heaven, who gives us the voice of God in human form" (John Elliot Gardiner – Music in the Castle of Heaven)*

## Texto 17

The Secret Garden (Chapter VIII – The Robin Who Showed the Way) Francis Hodgson Burnet.

“One of the nice little gusts of wind rushed down the walk, and it was a stronger one than the rest. It was strong enough to wave the branches of the trees, and it was more than strong enough to sway the trailing sprays of untrimmed ivy hanging from the wall. Mary had stepped close to the robin, and suddenly the gust of wind swung aside some loose ivy trails, and more suddenly still she jumped toward it and caught it in her hand. This she did because she had seen something under it—a round knob which had been covered by the leaves hanging over it. It was the knob of a door. She put her hands under the leaves and began to pull and push them aside. Thick as the ivy hung, it nearly all was a loose and swinging curtain, though some had crept over wood and iron. Mary’s heart began to thump and her hands to shake a little in her delight and excitement. The robin kept singing and twittering away and tilting his head on one side, as if he were as excited as she was. What was this under her hands which was square and made of iron and which her fingers found a hole in? It was the lock of the door which had been closed ten years and she put her hand in her pocket, drew out the key and found it fitted the keyhole. She put the key in and turned it. It took two hands to do it, but it did turn. And then she took a long breath and looked behind her up the long walk to see if any one was coming. No one was coming. No one ever did come, it seemed, and she took another long breath, because she could not help it, and she held back the swinging curtain of ivy and pushed back the door which opened slowly—slowly. Then she slipped through it, and shut it behind her, and stood with her back against it, looking about her and breathing quite fast with excitement, and wonder, and delight. She was standing inside the secret garden

## Texto 18

*“The little cricket on the hearth stops chirping and the sweet sunshiny presence vanishes, leaving silence and shadow behind.” (Louisa May Alcott – Little Women)*

## **Texto 19**

### **Symphony in yellow Oscar Wilde (Ireland, 1854 - 1900)**

An omnibus across the bridge  
crawls like a yellow butterfly,  
and, here and there a passer-by  
shows like a little restless midge.

big barges full of yellow hay  
are moored against the shadowy wharf,  
and, like a yellow silken scarf,  
the thick fog hangs along the quay.

the yellow leaves begin to fade  
and flutter from the temple elms,  
and at my feet the pale green Thames  
lies like a rod of rippled jade.

### **Sinfonía en amarillo**

Un ómnibus cruza como una mariposa  
amarilla a lo largo del puente,  
y aquí y allí un transeúnte  
parece una mosca inquieta.

Anchas barcazas cargadas de heno amarillo  
se alinean a lo largo del malecón en la sombra,  
y como un chal de seda amarilla,  
la espesa niebla se detiene a lo largo del muelle.

Las hojas amarillas se secan ya  
y se desprenden revoloteando de los olmos del Temple.  
Y a mis pies, el Támesis, de un verde pálido,  
se extiende como un tallo de jade, retorcido.

## **Texto 20**

*"I declare after all there is no enjoyment like reading! How much sooner one tires of anything than of a book! When I have a house of my own, I shall be miserable if I have not an excellent library."* (Jane Austen – *Pride and Prejudice*)



## Texto 21

### There is no Frigate like a Book ( EMILY DICKINSON)

There is no Frigate like a Book  
To take us Lands away  
Nor any Coursers like a Page  
Of prancing Poetry –  
This Traverse may the poorest take  
Without oppress of Toll –  
How frugal is the Chariot  
That bears the Human Soul

Para fugarnos de la tierra  
un libro es el mejor bajel;  
y se viaja mejor en el poema  
que en el más brioso y rápido corcel  
Aun el más pobre puede hacerlo,  
nada por ello ha de pagar:  
el alma en el transporte de su sueño  
se nutre sólo de silencio y paz.

## TEXTO 22

*Come away, O human child!*

*To the waters and the wild*

*With a faery, hand in hand,*

*For the world's more full of weeping than you can understand.”*

*(William Butler Yeats – The Stolen Child)*

## TEXTO 23

### The Moon (1885) Robert Louis Stevenson

The moon has a face like the clock in the hall;  
She shines on thieves on the garden wall,  
On streets and fields and harbour quays,  
And birdies asleep in the forks of the trees.

The squalling cat and the squeaking mouse,  
The howling dog by the door of the house,  
The bat that lies in bed at noon,  
All love to be out by the light of the moon.  
But all of the things that belong to the day  
Cuddle to sleep to be out of her way;  
And flowers and children close their eyes  
Till up in the morning the sun shall arise.

## LA LUNA

TIENE la misma cara que el reloj del salón;  
ilumina la tapia cuando salta el ladrón,  
las calles y los campos y los muelles del puerto,  
y el pájaro que duerme en el árbol del huerto.

Al gato cazador y al ratón que es su caza,  
al perrazo que aúlla a la puerta de casa,  
al dormilón murciélago que de día se acuna,  
les encanta moverse a la luz de la luna.

Pero todos los seres que llamamos diurnos  
procuran evitar sus efluvios nocturnos;  
y así flores y niños se ponen a dormir  
hasta que ya es de día y el sol vuelve a salir.

## TEXTO 24

### STORMY WEATHER (T. Koehler)

Don't know why there's no sun up in the sky, stormy weather  
Since my gal and I ain't together, keeps raining all the time  
Life is bare, gloom and misery everywhere, stormy weather  
Just can't get my poor old self together  
I'm weary all the time,  
So weary all the time

When she went away the blues walked in and they met me  
If she stays away, that old rocking chair's gonna get me  
All I do is pray the Lord above will let me  
Walk in the sun once more

Can't go on, everything I had is gone, stormy weather  
Since my gal and I ain't together  
Keeps raining all the time  
Keeps raining all the time

## TEXTO 25

### maggie and milly and molly and may' (1956)

#### E.E. Cummings

maggie and milly and molly and may  
went down to the beach (to play one day)

and maggie discovered a shell that sang  
so sweetly she couldn't remember her troubles,

and milly befriended a stranded star  
whose rays five languid fingers were;

and molly was chased by a horrible thing  
which raced sideways while blowing bubbles:

and may come home with a smooth round stone  
as small as a world and as large as alone.

For whatever we lose (like a you or a me)  
it's always ourselves we find in the sea