

Edició especial **XX CERTAMEN LITERARI SANT JORDI**

Primers premis al **XX CERTAMEN LITERARI SANT JORDI**

Premis prosa en llengua catalana o castellana: primer cycle d'ESO

1r Premi: Blanca Gómez González	2A Un verano para recordar
2n Premi: Maria Maduenño de la Torre	2n B Una vida breu
3r Premi: Laia Larrosa Comelles	2n A Sempre endavant

Premis poesia en llengua catalana o castellana: primer cycle d'ESO

1r Premi: Alba Jiménez Rueda	1r C La mar
2n Premi: Mercé Borràs Querol	1r A El sincer
3r Premi: Xavier Hernández Planillas	1r C Les estrelles

Premis prosa en llengua catalana o castellana: segon cycle d'ESO

1r Premi: Alex Caparós Rodríguez	3r A El pianista ciego
2n Premi: Marta Esteve Ortega	3r A Et convidó a un café
3r Premi: Esther Sánchez Calvo	4t A El día especial

Premis poesia en llengua catalana o castellana: segon cycle d'ESO

1r Premi: Xavier Liébana López	4t B Soledad
2n Premi: Andrea Martín del Hierro	4t D Mis palabras
3r Premi: Marta Esteve Ortega	3r A Sobreviurem

Premis prosa en llengua catalana o castellana: Batxillerar i Cicles Formatius

1r Premi: Lorena Roldán Martín	1r A Fills de l'aire
2n Premi: Maria Noró Pi	1r A La vida de l'estudiant
3r Premi: Oriol Clavet Nogués	1r A Música en la mansión Brebón

Premis poesia en llengua catalana o castellana: Batxillerat i Cicles Formatius

1r Premi: David Santos Cuenca	1r A Sonet d'Apolo i Dafne
2n Premi: Sara González Gómez	1r A La reina dels sospirs
3r Premi: Desert	



MOLTES FELICITATS A TOTHOM !

Primers premis al XX CERTAMEN LITERARI SANT JORDI LLENGÜES ESTRANGERES

◆ Premis especials en llengua anglesa: segon cicle ESO

Prosa

1r premi: Àlex Caparrós Rodríguez
2n premi: Sara Ruiz Relano

3r A " The Mystery of The Missing Cat"
3r A " The Adventure".

Poesia

1r premi: Slavena Vaselinova

4t A "Thinking of you"

◆ Premis especials en llengua anglesa: Batxillerat

1 Premi: Lorena Roldán Martín
2 Premi: Oriol Calvete Nogué

1r A " Keep Myself to Myself"
1r A " The Accident"

◆ Premis especials en llengua francesa: Batxillerat

Adriana Hernández Planillas

1r Bat C " La libertré d' Être"

◆ Premis especials en llengua francesa: Primer Cicle de l'ESO

ESO: Xavier Hernández Planillas

1r Bat C " Perdu Dans le Parc"



Premi especial en llengua anglesa: segon cicle ESO

Primer Premi Prosa

The mystery of the missing cat

A long time ago, there was a literature teacher who lived in a big mansion. He was forty-one years old, and he only left his house to go to the Fitzgerald High School, which was situated in London. Otherwise, his mansion was situated on a mountain next to the city.

One day, when he was reading in bed his favorite book, *1984*, for the fifteenth time, the lights went off. He didn't get scared, because his mansion was very old and it was normal that the electricity didn't work well. However, he slipped out of the bed and he took a little lantern that his son gave him last year.

When he went out of his bedroom, he found the first strange thing that scared him. In the threshold of the bedroom's door, there was always his cat, Orwell, resting. But, while he was expecting to find his cat, the thing that he found was an envelope with two words written: "Read it". The literature teacher thought:

- Who has entered inside my house? Where's my cat? The doors were locked...

He opened the envelope, and then, he found a letter. The teacher took the letter out of the envelope, and he read it aloud:

*"Dear Frank,
I'm Frank. You might be thinking: Oh! He's called as me! But I'm not called as you. I'm you. This sounds strange, doesn't it? Well, let me explain it to you..."*

Frank didn't keep reading the letter. He dropped it on the floor and started running. When he arrived at the stairs, he stopped one second, and he saw some candles on the stairs.

- I'm going crazy... A mysterious letter? Candles on the stairs? What's the next thing that you've prepared for me, Mr. Hitchcock?

Suddenly, the lights came on.

- Do you think that the Master of Horror knows that you exist, dear teacher?
- Wait a moment... John? Jack? And... Alice? Andrew? Adrien? I can't believe what my eyes are seeing at this moment.
- It was all a joke! Don't get angry with us... it's Halloween!
- Halloween is tomorrow!
- But it's a quarter past twelve... so it already is October 31st.
- I'm going to kill you...
- We were only joking!
So am I!



Àlex Caparrós Rodríguez

Premi especial en llengua anglesa: segon cicle ESO Segon Premi Prosa

THE ADVENTURE

Once upon a time a rabbit was into the forest, his name was Jackie and he was white and very beautiful. When a wolf came, the rabbit ran away quickly. Jackie hid under a tree and here he saw another rabbit. She, another rabbit, was a snow white and had blue eyes. Her name was Jessie. Jackie and Jessie fell in love too fast. Meanwhile, out of the tree, the wolf was waiting for the rabbits. When Jackie and Jessie went out the tree, the wolf kidnaped Jessie and ran away.

Jackie was afraid, and he decided to call his friends. They were two birds, Pac and Pablo; a snake, Sandy; and a little dog, Goan. All five went to the cave of the wolf; there, they saw Jessie in a cage. Also, they saw the wolf sleeping. Jackie and his friends entered to rescue Jessie. She was hurt, but Jackie caught her and they run away of quickly. First, the birds watched the wolf by if it was waking up. Jackie, Sandy and Goan went to open cage. When they were about to open the cage, the wolf woke up, the birds whistled and they ran away to escape him.

The wolf ran behind them. The animals ran and ran, and they arrived to the tree, and finally they could be saved!

After few days Jessie and Jackie celebrated a big party, and invited many friends. And finally, when the party finished, Jackie asked Jessie to get married with him.

And Jessie said: Yes! I'm so happy!

Sara Ruiz Relañó



Premi especial en llengua anglesa: segon cicle ESO Primer Premi Poesia

Thinking of you

Thinking of you

Every night I think of you
I think the last time

I remember how we met
heavenly and as of only
you and I existed,

looking at the stars
and considering dreams!

I know I days can't return
but I see in your eyes
when you look at me,
heavenly love as like two
stars.

Slavena Vaselina

Premi especial en llengua anglesa: Batxillerat Primer Premi

Keep myself to myself

“Just keep running without looking back, never again. Forget about everything you lived there, just run away from your fate...” Her own mind whispered, trying to be brave and rely on her wills.

She had spent an awful lot of years wasting her time in working, studying and taking care of her two small siblings, bringing them up although no one did it with her. She had to deal with two little boys by herself, a job that swallowed all her little amount of free time.

Their parents, who didn't expect to have so many children, used to spend all the days working. But when the father died due to a strange car accident and the mother had to start dealing with a depression because of the loss of her husband, her oldest daughter was carried unwillingly with the huge responsibility of making ends meet and taking care of all them.

Catherine was an average teenager who loved hanging out with friends and talking on the phone for hours, regarding very little of her family issues and desperately looking for freedom. She *was*, but suddenly she became the head of her family, who kept them together, sound and safe. She got the best out of herself, finding time to study from nowhere and achieving wonderful marks, even though she was working every night in a bar.

Years hit her like a non-stopping wave, destroying the last sings of childhood and covering her with maturity in a sudden. Her eyes, yesterday blue and clear as the sky, had turned up to the same colour of the deepest ocean water, providing her with a fierce sight.

It was the first day of July, and Catherine was once again cooking the lunch when the postman knocked at the door and gave to her a letter from the government. Astonished, she read her name and opened it with a heightened tension. Inside the pure white envelope, there was a piece of news she had never expected to receive: a grant had been offered to her due to her outstanding marks, an opportunity to study her degree abroad.

While she was reading it, her mother took the letter off her hands, burning in anger. “What the hell were you thinking in? You cannot leave us, you have to take care of all that!”

The first thing that crossed Christine mind was to refuse the grant, but her mother words changed her mind immediately.

“I don't have to, it is your responsibility here. They are your sons, not mine, and what is more you have blamed us for Dad's death, but it is not true. I am going to take this, I am going to fly away and live my life at once” she was trying to hold on tears in her eyes, years of desperation and anger retained deep inside flowing like a waterfall.

She had remembered one of her father's favourite sentences, said once and again, and it was the last push she needed to take all her clothes, shut the door and walked through the streets for to arrive to her grandmother's house, where she would stay until summer ends, just before going to University.

As soon as the door opened, she hugged her grandmother, a woman that knew perfectly well her thoughts but couldn't do anything to help her. Now, however, it was high time they changed their lives, and both of them knew it.

Catherine got ready for her travel, setting all the documents on date and revising all the subjects she learnt on high-school before going to a completely new place.

Finally, the day when she had to go arrived, and while she was getting into the plane, she took out of her pocket a photograph of her family, years ago when everything was still on its place. She left it to be swept along by the wind, accompanied with an only single tear and the words her father told once and again...

Throw caution to the wind

Lorena Roldán Martín

Premi especial en llengua anglesa: Batxillerat Segon Premi

The accident

My arm hurt so much as if I had broken it. A few minutes later I heard the ambulance and I realized what had happened: I had an accident on the road. A pair of minutes after, I remembered why I crashed my car: I was speaking on the phone, so driving with one hand I lost control of my car. After that, I saw there was a lot of blood on the road and I lost consciousness.

When I woke up, I was in hospital with all my family and my closer friends. They told me that the worst injury was the one in my arm, so I had nothing worse in my head or another delicate part of my body. The doctors made some checking and said that the only thing I needed was rest.

A week later, when I was about to leave, some men arrived at my hospital's room. They said they were from the court. As they said that, I started feeling nervous. I supposed they wanted me to pay a fine because I was speaking on the phone while driving. But they didn't. Instead of that, they wanted to thank me for what I had done. I didn't understand anything until they explained everything to me.

When I crashed my car, I wasn't the only one who took part in the accident. A dangerous thief was escaping from the police at that moment and I crashed with him. So the thing was that the police could finally catch him because of the accident he had with me.

The police and everyone thought that we had crashed because the criminal was driving fast, so nobody realized I was talking on the phone. Nobody apart from my girlfriend, the person I was talking to.

When she noticed I was being considered as a hero, she gave me a murderous look. Maybe if anyone knew it, I hadn't said anything about the phone, but I couldn't disappoint my girlfriend. So I cut off the men from the court, who were praising me, and I explained which was the real reason of the crash.

In the end, I got three things: the first one was a fine, a really high one. The second thing was a medal because of "helping the authorities to catch a criminal". But the best thing I got was a lesson. I learned that if you have done something wrong, you mustn't hide it, because if I had hidden the reason of the crash, maybe I hadn't had to pay the fine, but I would have disappointed my girlfriend.

Oriol Calvet Nogué

Premi especial en llengua francesa: Batxillerat Segon Premi

La liberté d'Être"

**Étendre les ailes
fermer les yeux
Ouvrir les portes
du bonheur**

**Créer des chemins d'espérance,
fenêtres de connaissances.**

**Construire de rêves,
effacer toute déception
Briser les mauvais souvenirs
Du passé.**

**Oublier toute douleur
se rappeler du sourire.
Aimer jusqu'à la folie.**

**Chercher la force de l'âme
voler avec le cœur dans les mains
et l'illusion peinte sur le visage.**

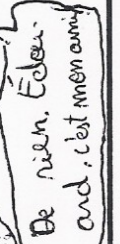
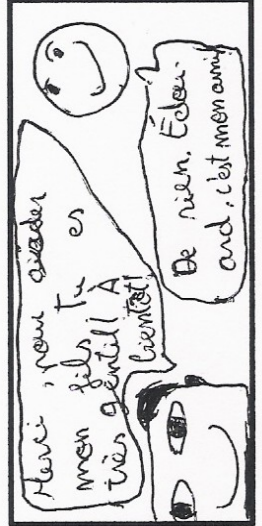
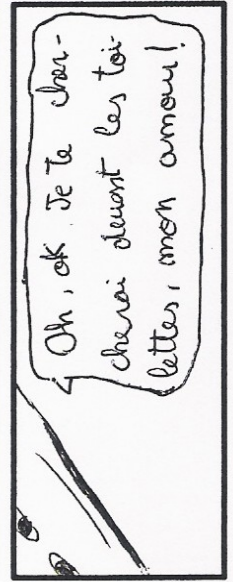
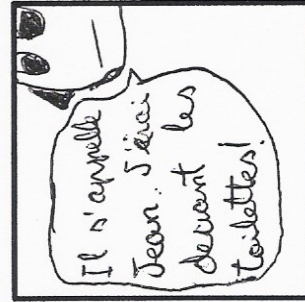
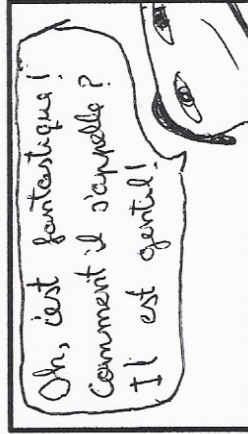
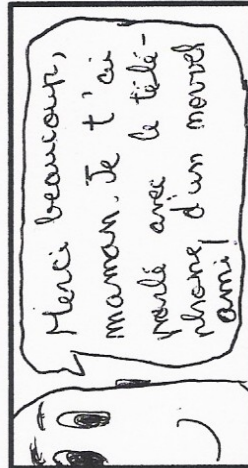
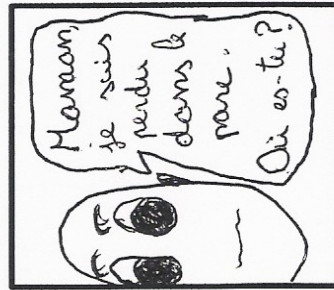
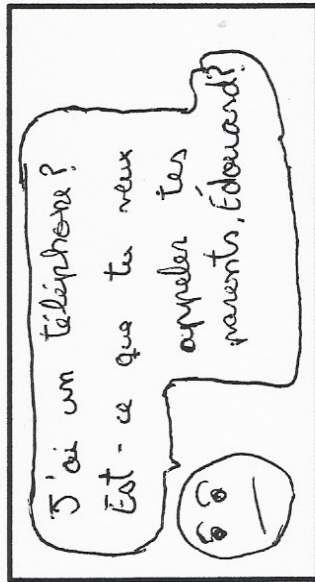
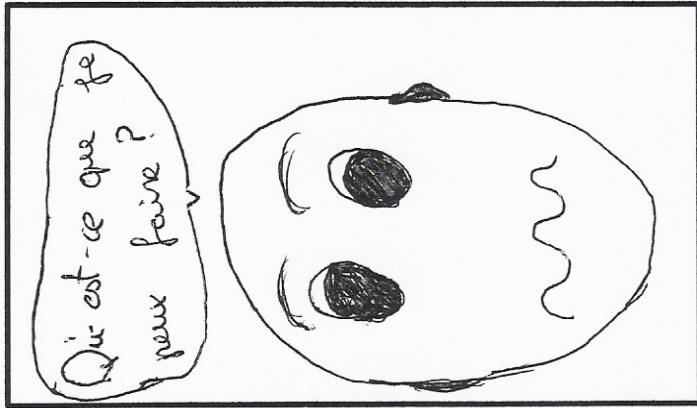
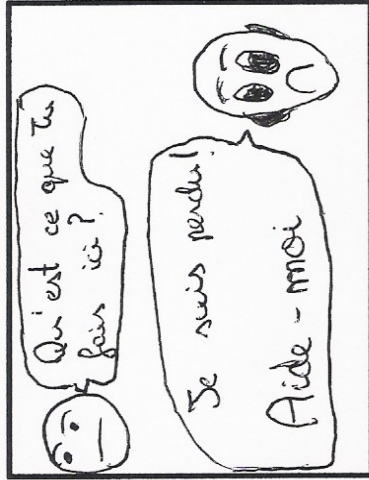
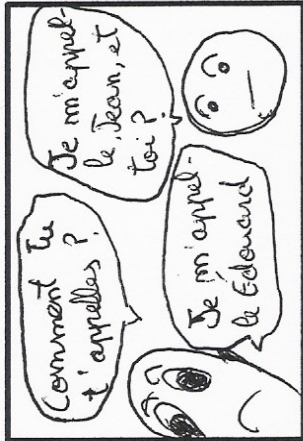
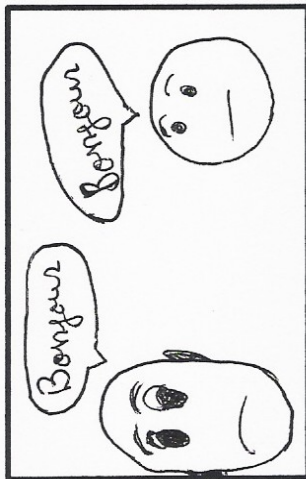
**Voler, tout simplement
pour vivre la vie intensément.**

**Sans barrières,
sans frontières**

**Luttant toujours
par la liberté d'être.**

Adriana Hernández Pinilla

PERDU DANS LE PARC



A SUIVRE...

GALERIA FOTOGRÀFICA







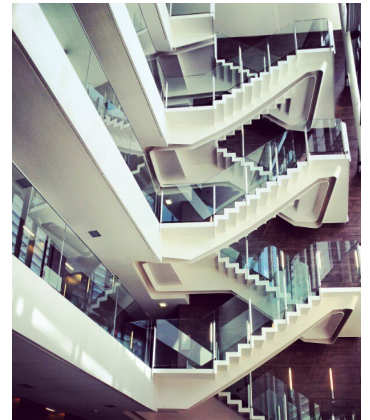
GALLECSEXPRÉS

Concurs de traducció en llengua francesa del la UPF

La Isabel Segura Martínez i jo, Adriana Hernández Planillas (de segon de Batxillerat), vam obtenir els diplomes amb certificats satisfactoris en la traducció francès-català i en francès-castellà.

Claudia Lorente Triviño va obtenir el diploma amb resultats satisfactoris a francès- català i Ana López Vela (de primer de Batxillerat) va obtenir Certificat de participació a francès - català.

Adriana Hernández Planillas 2n Bat



Un premio no esperado para los alumnos ganadores

En el instituto Gallecs se ha realizado como cada año el concurso literario de la fiesta de Sant Jordi. En este concurso han participado niños de toda la ESO y todos los ganadores han recibido su premio. El premio de este año ha sido ir a los estudios de Radio Mollet para recitar su poesía ganadora. Los alumnos fueron acompañados de un profesor del instituto y todos se fijaron, sobre todo en las instalaciones del estudio. En la habitación donde grabaron había diferentes micrófonos, pantallas de ordenador, una zona de mezclas, el logo de la cadena, 96.3, una locutora, una habitación insonorizada con un hombre dentro y un aparato que indicaba si estaban en el aire o no, depende de la luz del aparato, (verde en el aire, roja no en el aire).

Ingrid Moreno
1º ESO D



Se acaba el curso

2012-2013

Por fin se acaba el curso 2012-2013 y con el llegan las vacaciones de verano! Las vacaciones serán una recompensa para los jóvenes que han trabajado durante todo el curso, ya que los que no lo han hecho tendrán que venir en Septiembre a recuperar las asignaturas suspendidas. Pero aún no se ha acabado así que esfuerzos e intentar aprobar con la máxima nota todas las asignaturas pero sobre todo buena suerte y buenas vacaciones.

...eso que lees ¡Es ESO!, 30 de Mayo del 2013

Abel Sánchez Carpio
1r A d'ESO



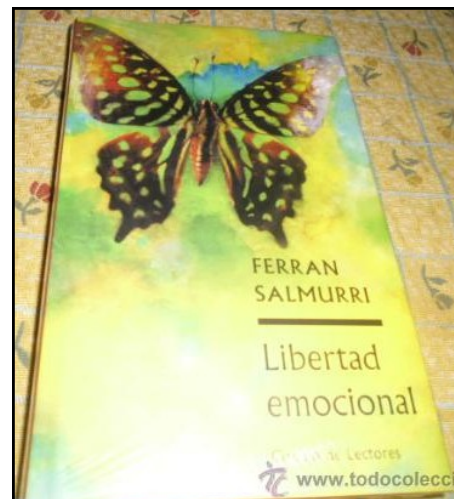
EN FERRAN SALMURRI ENS VISITA

El dia 8 de maig, la sala d'actes es va inundar d'alegria i bon humor amb la xerrada que el reconegut psicòleg clínic Ferran Salmurri va fer sobre l'educació emocional i la felicitat. La xerrada s'emmarcava dins l'activitat d'Habilitats Socials "Tècniques informatives en l'educació", en la qual l'alumnat havia de representar la tècnica de la conferència.

Va ser una sort poder connectar amb aquest ponent, una sort que estigués disponible i disposat a venir a l'INS GALLECS, i obert a respondre totes les preguntes que se li fessin en el torn obert de paraules. D'una manera molt propera i entenedora va anar explicant quines són les traves que ens posem els adults quan no aconseguim de treure profit de les coses que vivim: no resoldre els conflictes emocionals fa que acumulen ràbia, ansietat, tristesa... Si eduquéssim les nostres emocions de manera que sabéssim regular-les al moment de sentir-les seríem més feliços. No es tracta de no ser sensibles, es tracta de no deixar-nos dominar per les emocions. Va posar molts exemples, un d'ells va fer riure molt, per identificació, a l'alumnat, quan feia referència a com els agrada patir els pares quan els fills surten de nit.

El va posar com exemple de com poden arribar a ser d'exagerades les emocions: i si els passa alguna cosa dolenta? I si tenen un accident? I si algú els dona coses que no han de prendre? I si...?

(continua pàgina següent)



Ferran Salmurri, psicòleg clínic, exerceix a l'Hospital Clínic de Barcelona.

Pioner a Espanya en la investigació d'estratègies per educar les emocions, és també autor d'un nou programa per a la seva aplicació a les escoles.

Al llarg de la seva carrera ha publicat tant articles especialitzats com assaig divulgatiu.

El seu assaig més conegut, Llibertat emocional, va ser publicat per l'editorial Paidós el 2004.

Pensant així els pares s'obsessionen i magnifiquen un risc que, d'altra banda, pel fet de patir-hi tampoc no resolen però que provoca un gran dolor. Va explicar que sentir amb aquest desordre, amb aquesta intensitat té un punt d'après i que justament per això es pot reaprendre. Quan diem "és que jo sóc així", tanquem la porta a la modificació de les conductes que ens fan mal. Exposa que la biologia no determina com som, per això els tractaments psicològics poden modificar les nostres creences sobre nosaltres. Ens va tornar a fer riure quan ens va explicar que un dels seus primers pacients va acudir a la seva visita per millorar la seva timidesa al preguntar-li que què el feia sentir que era tímid va respondre que així li havia dit el seu pare quan era petit! Es va passar 40 anys veient-se tímid en cada cosa que feia! Vam riure tots, però després ens va portar a pensar quines són les creences que tenim sobre nosaltres, que ens limiten, i com són d'importants els aprenentatges que fem, que modelen el nostre pensament.

La conclusió per a nosaltres, futurs educadors i educadores, és que cal tenir present d'ensenyar en positiu, substituint creences irracionals (no ho faré bé, no em sortirà, jo no puc...), ajudin als infants a conèixer, fer-se càrrec i controlar els seus sentiments (fent-los reflexionar davant les seves conductes, les seves manifestacions emocionals, ajudar-los a posar en el lloc dels altres...), i a relacionar-se adequadament amb els altres; de fet les noves tendències pedagògiques actuals van en aquest sentit.

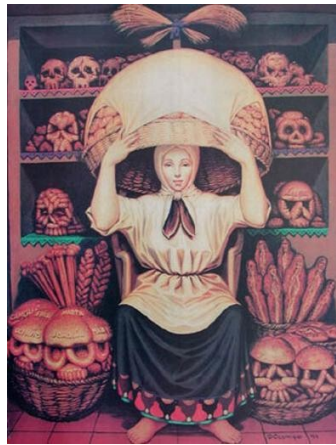
Vàrem fruir molt amb la xerrada, per com n'era de "fresca", per com ens va fer riure de nosaltres mateixes/os i pensar a la vegada. Una llavor per a acompanyar-nos en el nostre projecte de vida professional i personal.

Núria Casanovas





Parece el rostro de una mujer, pero son flores, plantas y una mariposa.



Parecen calaveras, pero es una mujer sosteniendo un canasto enorme en su cabeza y muchos panecillos colocados de manera que parecen calaveras, momias, etc.



Parece el rostro de un hombre mayor con barba, pero es una mujer leyendo, un hombre a su lado, un camino con vegetación y una casa.



Parece un árbol, pero es una carretera que va a una ciudad, las "hojas" son las casas y las "ramas" las carreteras.



Parece el rostro de una mujer pero son dos caballos besándose y un pájaro.



Parece el perfil de un hombre mayor, pero es un señor montado a caballo con gorro, debajo de un puente por el que pasa un río.



Parece el rostro de Jesucristo, pero es él sujetando la cruz, junto a otras personas que le rodean.



Parece el rostro de una mujer, pero son tres pájaros y un árbol.



Parece una mujer, pero es un chico tocando un instrumento.

Programa Classe sense fum

Els grups de 1r d'ESO han participat durant aquest curs en un programa que lluita contra el tabaquisme anomenat: CLASSE SENSE FUM.

A Catalunya han participat 55 centres de secundària i el nivell d'assoliment a les aules ha estat del 78%.

L'acte de lliuraments de premis es va portar a terme el dia 5 de juny de 2013 a l'Auditori de Cosmocaixa a Barcelona.

Per haver participat en el concurs sense trencar el compromís de la classe, cada alumne de les aules participants rebrà un dos per un en l'entrada a Museu i Planetari de Cosmocaixa.

Ei, primers, moltes felicitats per la vostra participació!



Concurs Odissea



Aquest nois i noies són els guanyadors del 2n Concurs Odissea. Són els grups Geri3n i Ridentes. Moltes felicitats! I per suposat: **BONES VACANCES!!!**



BONES VACANCES!

Coordinació:
Montse Gómez

Si voleu participar en la redacci3 de la revista de l'Institut escriviu al correu electr3nic:
gallecsexpres@hotmail.com

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Slavena Vaselinova
Lorena Roldán
Oriol Calvet
Adriana Hern3ndez
Xavier Hern3ndez
Ingrid Moreno
Abel S3nchez
N3ria Casanovas
Alba Jim3nez