

First paragraphs of the autobiography (Alba Alcalá Franco)

I was born in Cáceres, Extremadura, on the thirteenth of July of 1990. My father and sister having been born there, my parents decided that I had to be born there too, but I have been living in Mérida since I was fifteen days with my father, a high school teacher, my mother, a Chemistry teacher in another high school and my sister, who is seven years older than me and who is living in Milan nowadays.

When I was three years old, I began to go to the school. The first two days I went happy in spite of the fact that the rest of the children didn't stop crying; however, on the third day, I was the only kid who cried. I remember myself as a very enthusiastic and talk-active girl who only wanted to go out and play football. I didn't like dolls. But my personality changed a little when I began to go to the High School.

At first, people in high school knew me because my mother worked as a chemistry teacher there and this fact affected me in the way that my classmates thought that I had good marks because she was a very important and respected teacher. So I became a very shy person who at first glance seemed to be cold and unpleasant. Luckily, this situation changed when my classmates realized that my mother was more demanding with me than the rest the year she had to teach us Chemistry.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Sofía Hernández Hernández

I was born in Salamanca in 1978. I was an only child and the first grandchildren in the family. For some not much clever reason my father decided to name me after my mother and my great-grandmother. Well, seriously I think both are great women, but the idea is not good when your child is going to share name and both surnames with her mother...

Seems that you can not defy destiny and my family seems to have an original point of view to name kids, so 3 women with the same name and 3 men with the same name. Somethings I just think we enjoy having things in packages of three.

I grew up being a pretty much happy kid as an only child. I shared my childhood with my uncle who is only 5 years older than me, so it was pretty funny having him at home and behaving like siblings and then being able to send him back to his parents when I wanted my house, my toys and mainly my parents to myself.

If there's something I would never ever change its my childhood, I was lucky to get to know all my grandparents till I've being an adult, something that for me has being very important. I must admit that whether I always said I loved all of them the same it's a big lie. My mother's father, the way he looked at me, the way I could spend hours with him till a few years back its something impressive. As a toddler I used to sit on his lap for hours, babbling whatever thing toddlers thing about, I did that for 30 years as often as I could.

I admit looking at him on the eye and watching him smiling at me meant the world to me, the reason is that he always told me I was his world because he only needed to love me and spoiled me as a grandchild without the worries of growing up his own kids.

Looking back I cannot deny I was a little spoiled by my family but I learned pretty fast that family does not need to mean shared DNA. My youngest uncle was adopted, he lived with us since he was born but till he was a teen he still took the other's family surnames. It was a

little strange growing up with an uncle 4 years older than me and even more when he had a different surname than the rest of us, however we behaved like we were supposed to do. Like kids we used to fight each other and to fight for each other if the other was in trouble, we wanted what the other had and more than once we broke the other's toys. We both grew up being totally conscious of the fact that he was not family on the exact term but that he was my family. Nowadays all I can say is that when people says "like father like child" I smile, my adopted uncle takes more from his father than any other of my uncles or aunts.

Where I lived there was not a good place to allow me to go out and play on the streets but I enjoyed my books so much that I never cared about it anyway plus being a little shy never helped either. I remember having fun at the awful nun school I attended, exchanging collectible sticks at the park, dressing mariquitas and watching Heidi on TV. I know my childhood was really different from the one I see nowadays, but I was a happy kid, and truth be said I would never exchange my childhood for this xbox generation childhood.

**First paragraphs of my autobiography
Sánchez**

Diego Canelada

I hope you enjoy this little story about the life of a boy who aspires to become an English teacher. My name is Diego and I've been studying English since I was a little kid, although, I should confess that before starting university I hadn't thought about dedicating my professional life to teaching. I remember when I used to go to school and play with the other kids like everybody, the idea of asking myself about my future would have been unbelievable ten years ago! However, that moment would come years later.

Being in high school I had a lot of possibilities in mind related to different careers and I used to change my ideas easily. Sometimes I thought I could be an important architect, a doctor, a chemist, even an astronaut! But finally I had the choice of being an English teacher and

nowadays, having been in Salamanca for three years I keep going with the same solution.

My Autobiography

Rosa Piñuel Vega

Having been asked to write my autobiography, I sit in front of a clear sheet and I wonder where to start, what to write or how to make it interesting.

1.SALAMANCA:

“Rosa Piñuel Vega” says my facebook wall; behind, there is a picture of Salamanca’s main square. Facebook also says in my biography that I live in Salamanca, I studied in University of Salamanca and I work there too. But, is that all?

I was born in Salamanca the 22nd of February, 1988, when my parents having just started their careers as doctors, were seeking a definitive workplace. The first three years of my life passed by while moving from a city to another. I lived in Salamanca, Plasencia (where my brother was born), Cáceres, Valladolid and finally, Zamora.

We arrived at Zamora the end of 1990' summer, just in time to start a new course in the kindergarten. The small city in the riverside of the Duero would host my family and me for the following sixteen years. There, I met my friends, I started school and later on high school. My whole childhood and adolescence took place there and even though I now live in Salamanca and there is no space in my facebook wall for it, Zamora is kept in a special place within my memories.

2.PARENTS:

Facebook is such a marvelous tool that is able to recognize family relations between users. Unfortunately, one may not trust it as in my wall it said I have a daughter even a granddaughter (friends and their jokes) but nothing is said about my parents: Jesus and Soledad. They once were a happy couple who built a family and were concerned about giving their children (me and my brother, Pablo) all the best they were able to get. You may have noticed that I am using past tenses, luckily it is not because one of them is death, no, it is because they do not consist of a couple any more.

My parents' divorce took place in 2002 and it was a great blow for my brother and me. The family broke apart and we first went to live with dad. After a long time when discussions and drop out of school became our daily bread, Pablo and me ended living with mum and we moved to Salamanca. Here we have found our way: I am about to finish my degree and my brother is starting his career as a technician in the hospital, we spend our free time in equilibrium between our both cities: Zamora, where dad and old friends are, and Salamanca where we have finally made our place. It all worked out for the best in the end.

My autobiography. Angela Gestido

Chapter One.

Today, I decided to write my own story, and share it with the world. I'm fed up with reading about the most successful celebrities in every industry and in every nation. I'm just tired that people worship celebrities, because there's usually not much worth worshipping about them, or at least I don't think that, for the mere fact of being famous their lives are going

to be more interesting, or constructive. And I just want to prove that normal people, that is, with average incomes and normal occupations, also have worth-telling extraordinary lives. So I've decided to share my own story with you, and I'll do it from the very beginning.

Well, the day I was born I got the wrong impression of what life is for us humans. The fact that I didn't have to do anything to come out to this world made me too naïve at first. I thought that I was set for life, you know? After all, I didn't have to make any choices, nor did I have to make any effort to deserve the precious gift of life... But there was mum making all the choices and doing all the effort for me.... So, why would I have worried then? I had no reason yet... silly me!

As you can imagine, my first impression when I came to life was far from a prophecy... No sooner than that weird stranger slapped me in my ass –which was pretty humiliating, by the way- I had an epiphany: I was in fact trapped in a mad world! And life was unpredictably harsh!

From then on, I would have to get used to those slaps. Some of them would be more palpable, others less...

And that's how it all started, at least for this character I don't know anything about.

Chapter two

I'm sorry but I didn't mean that my life was extraordinary in that way. I tried to show off about remembering my birth day and all that stuff, but I can't. I'm truly an ordinary person with ordinary problems. My name is Ángela Gestido Malvido, and I am missing, just metaphorically, but still annoying. Is it possible to be something definite or can I be all and nothing at the same time? "To be or not to be" That's also my question. I was born in Cangas del Morrazo, a paradisaic little seaside village in Pontevedra. I grew up there, enjoying its natural surroundings which ended up being a part of me, but I left it when I was seventeen. From then on, I only return sporadically. I was very attached to my hometown as a physical place, and I was very attached to my family as well. I feel I still am. There is a strong emotional connection between me and them. And yet, I couldn't bear the pressure of remaining there and I still can't. From the moment I left it, I always feel that, whenever I am, there's always something missing. But I cannot return, at least not for long. The issue is that I feel I have no place because no place can have everything I need. My promised land is something that once was but that can

never be again. I rejoice at remembering how easy everything used to be yet I don't regret knowing more than I used to. Awareness has changed me forever. And I'm writing for the mere reason that I am because I was, I feel because I felt, I think because I thought. I am a process, still unfinished and probably never-ending. I am all the selves I've been though all of them are different. My past mistakes are now my achievements, and my past sufferings are now my strengths. I write because I'm thrilled to see that I've learned, and that gives me hope that I will be able to learn when I need it again. As Franklin said, "being ignorant is not so much a shame, as being unwilling to learn". And so, I hope that my account can be of help to some of those who may read it.