



Introducción a la
Literatura Inglesa
U. de Salamanca

*Taller de
escritura
creativa*

Curso 2021/22

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Prologue

Literature is certainly inspiring to readers. Admiration for great authors and imitation have triggered others to write, and thus they themselves became sources of inspiration for future writers. Literature can also be better understood through writing and adaptation, which has been the main objective of this Creative Writing Activity, as part of the course *Introducción a la Literatura Inglesa*, a first-year mandatory course in the program B.A. in English Studies, at the Universidad de Salamanca.

The texts included in this anthology have been authored by students, individually and also in small groups. The only requirements they were given consisted in choosing one of the mandatory readings in the course (see the list below), or another text by the same author. They were asked to change a fundamental aspect of the text, which could be changing the form (for instance, from drama to narration) or the context of the story, or the point of view, writing an alternative ending, etc. Others chose to write a sonnet inspired in one of these works, or on some of the main ideas that we studied, such as Nature and Romanticism.

The works of literature that have inspired this collection of texts are the following:

GEOFFREY CHAUCER. THE CANTERBURY TALES (1387-1400)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. MACBETH (1606-7)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. THE TEMPEST (1611)

APHRA BEHN. OROONOKO (1688)

JOHN MILTON. PARADISE LOST (1667)

MARY SHELLEY. FRANKENSTEIN (1818)

CHARLES DICKENS. GREAT EXPECTATIONS (1861)

JANE AUSTEN. PRIDE AND PREJUDICE (1813)

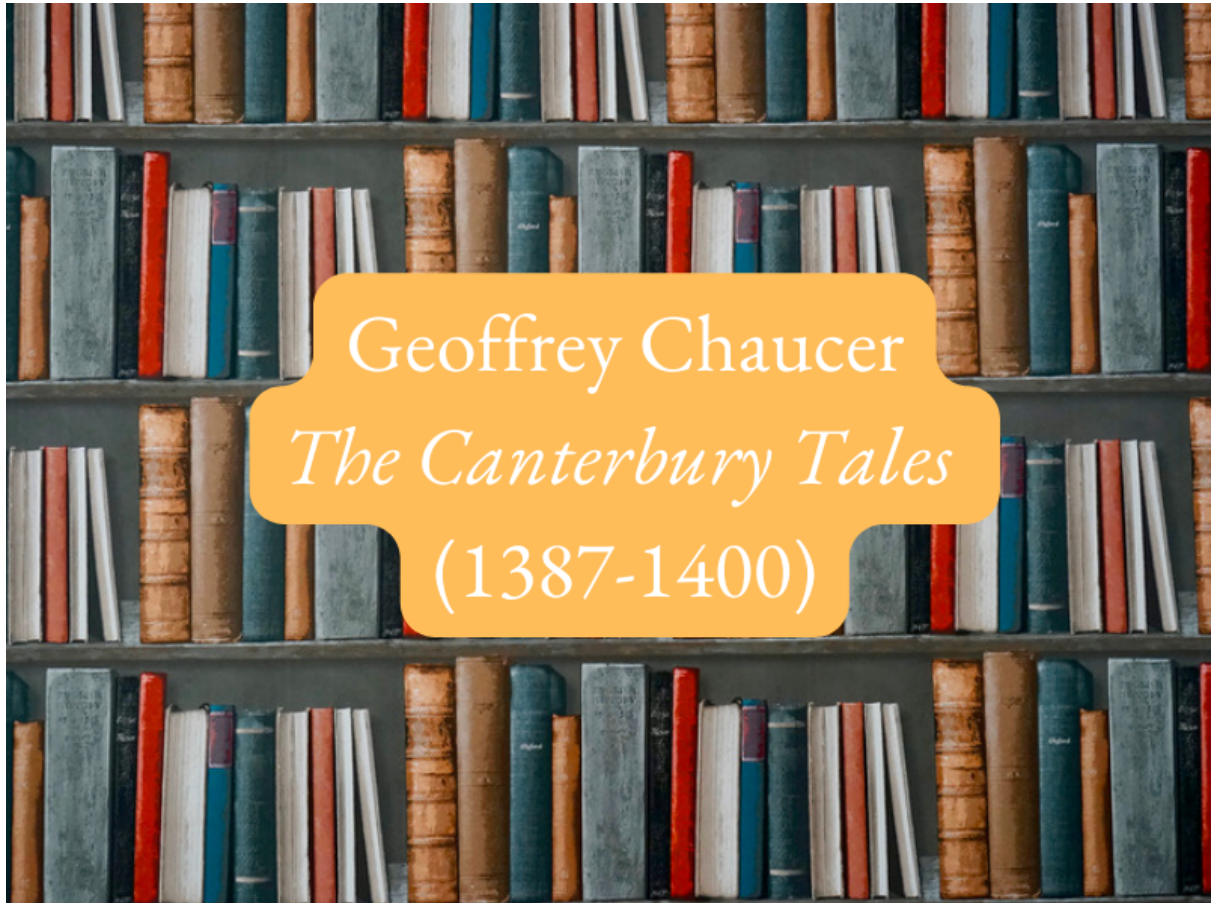
CHARLES DICKENS. OLIVER TWIST (1838)

VIRGINIA WOOLF. THE MARK ON THE WALL (1917)

Even though this was a compulsory activity, I believe students actually enjoyed it (despite not being used to creative writing tasks) and this helped them understand the texts we were reading. I was completely baffled by the quality of these texts and the creativity that students have shown. And for this reason, I decided these should be available to other readers, who may want perhaps to write their own adaptations of these classics.¹

Nora Rodríguez Loro, editor.

¹ Students' texts have been minimally edited. In addition to correcting some minor mistakes, I have sometimes slightly changed the language expressions they used to make them more idiomatic or literary.



Fragment by María Soledad Pérez Vicente and Cristina Miranda Alonso

There was a time in Manchester when me and my group of friends who studied at the same high school were seeking for adventures. Out of these four people, there were two girls and two boys, whose names were Ariana (myself), Selena, Ryan and Jeremy. We were all the same age, fifteen year old. Each of us had different features and each of us belonged to a different social class. For instance, there is me, Ariana: I enjoy a high standard of living and for me money is the most important thing. At the same time, this was the main reason why my parents got divorced and why I do not get on well with my old sister. And so, given that the situation at home was awkward and wretched, I really desired to go away and feel freed for a while, so as to forget about that harmful atmosphere.

There is also my best friend Selena, who belongs to a lower social class. Her family is not obsessed with money, which sometimes can break up many families. Yet, she is quite different to me. She gets the highest qualifications at high school. She is an introvert and isolated girl too, who does not socialize with anyone else apart from the four of us. Besides Selena and I, there were two boys in our group, one of whom was Ryan, who belonged to a middle-class and was committed to living every day as if it was the last. And lastly, there is Jeremy, the most lovely and dreamy boy we could have ever met.

It was a spring Monday morning, I left home to go to school as I used to every day. But that day was different to me, although the situation at home was not unusual. My parents had been arguing and shouting at each other all night and I could scarcely sleep. When I woke up, I was drowsy and fed up with my parents' problems, and if that was not enough, my old sister put all the blame on me, as always. Likewise, despite all, I tried my best to do my morning routine and headed to school.

When I arrived at class, I was incredibly pleased to see that my friends were already there. That made me feel relieved. Once the first lesson had finished, I approached them and told them about the awful and unbearable situation I had to live every day at home. While doing this, all of the sudden, I came up with the idea of leaving the city on our own and live new experiences we would never forget. Fortunately, we all agreed enthusiastically and arranged to take up the adventure that same evening.

First, each of us had to go home in order to pick up some provisions for our exciting journey and prepared our bikes so as to make it easier for us. We decided to carry one basic thing we would need. Once we had picked our things for the journey, we were ready for adventuring. All of us met beneath the clock of the city centre at six o' clock and from there we walked through the streets of Manchester.

Two hours later we reached the suburbs of the city. It was very dark, and it was raining heavily too, so given that the weather was not helpful, and our wills did not roll properly because of the mud, we saw ourselves obliged to rest in a hostel close to we were in that moment. When we were there, we met a great deal of people. Some of them were on vacation and seemed surprised when we told them that we were going to Canterbury on our own. Also, there were some people that were on a spiritual trip, to switch-off. We had dinner and then, we decided to rest for the following day.

The next day, we continued our adventure. To make it more enjoyable, we came up with the idea of telling stories or anecdotes. The first person who told her story was Selena, who made us laugh a lot with of her hilarious anecdote. It was on her birthday party when her friends had organized a surprise party, yet, it took place somewhere she had never been to and she got lost. Fortunately, a friend of her went to pick her up, so, she could enjoy her birthday party, although a few hours after the scheduled time.

The second person telling a story was Ryan, whose anecdote turned out to be much more dramatic. At the entrance to the waterfalls, we saw the police and we decided to park the car to find out what had happened. Suddenly we discovered that there was a corpse on the ground. What happened was that the same man had perched on a wet rock at the top of the waterfall but with such bad luck that he slipped and fell headlong against the rock.

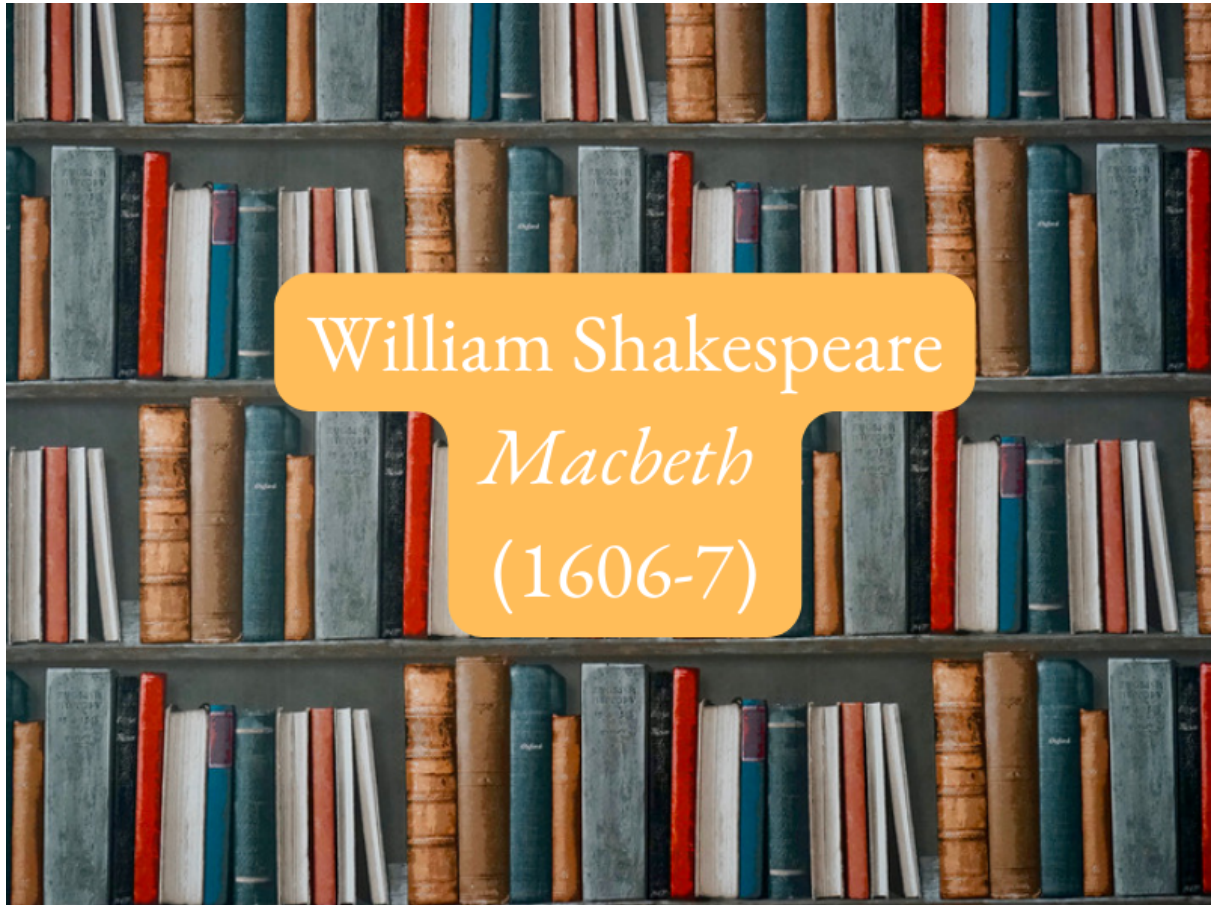
The next person who chose to tell a story was Jeremy. His anecdote took place on a bank holiday. The context was that he thought it was class day when it was not. The main point was that he went to class, and nobody was there, except for the janitor. He approached him and asked why nobody was there. The janitor stared surprised at him, and he answered the best news that Jeremy could have got that day: there was no class for anyone, as it was a national holiday, something that Jeremy had not been informed about. And so, he could go back home and rest with his parents.

Lastly, I told a story. I had no doubt about the story I wanted to tell as it was the best day of my life. That was the day I met my favourite singer, Harry Styles, I met him unexpectedly. It happened at a concert in London. Once it had finished, I found myself face to face with him when I ran out of the stadium to the street to look for my sister. It ended up being the best day and the best surprised I ever lived.

Suddenly, we had realized we had not noticed how much we had been walking until we saw the sign “Canterbury 2 km”. At that moment, we felt pride and happiness, as we were nearer and nearer to arriving in that land. Eventually, as we arrived to Canterbury, we all were astonished and delightful because we had completely forgotten our personal issues, which was the main reason why we had taken up this journey. We had had evaded for a time, and we had had fun with each other.

As soon as we started discovering the city in depth, we started to think about setting all down there and develop a new life there, without frustrations and misunderstandings. We were at one with that idea, yet we realized that we did not have enough supply for spending there such a long time. For our surprise the locals were already aware of it and immediately provided us with food. Nor had we a house to live in there, so, they lend us a temporary apartment and some of us were hired in some jobs, so, that later on, we could afford a bigger house.

From this experience we have learnt to connect and emphasize with each other, steer clear the usual stressful atmosphere. Finally, we have also learnt to develop ourselves and chase our dreams.



Fragment by Marina López Gutiérrez

Macbeth goes for the second time to see the witches and their prophecies are that he is not going to be killed by any men born of a woman and that he is going to be killed by someone close to King Duncan.

He goes back home and finds out that his wife is gone, the servants tell him that she has committed suicide because she could not live with the fact that she has killed King Duncan, he is sad but continues with his plan of becoming king.

Lady Macbeth is not really dead, like King Duncan, who has not been killed by Lady Macbeth, because they were in love, and they live together in castle in a foreign country. While they are there, they plan their revenge against Macbeth because he killed Duncan's son and because he also wanted to kill Duncan.

Lady Macbeth and King Duncan decide to go into Macbeth's castle and make him go crazy thinking that they have appeared as ghosts.

Macbeth was a very selfish person, and he treats everyone bad including his servants, they all hope that he disappears, and help Lady Macbeth and King Duncan make Macbeth's life impossible.

One day, Lady Macbeth and King Duncan go back to the castle and Macbeth sees them, so he tells their servants, but they pretend that they do not see them in order that he thinks that he is going crazy.

They keep appearing, when he is sleeping, they shout and wake him up, when he is eating, they eat with him. He keeps asking the servants if they see them but everyone keeps telling him that he is the only one who sees them.

Two weeks have already passed, and Macbeth keeps seeing them, but he is focused on being king, he has no fear, the witches said that no men could kill him and every one close to Duncan is dead or in a distant country.

Macbeth's coronation day has arrived, and he wakes up early and prepares himself for the day that he has been waiting for all his life. He is used to see Lady Macbeth and King Duncan, so this day, when he sees his supposedly dead wife while he is eating, he does not look surprised and starts talking to her about how much he would have loved that she would be with her during the celebration.

When he finishes eating, she gets up and starts telling him how he is never going to be a king because he is going to die soon, but before she finishes talking, he leaves, overall, he thinks she is just a ghost, but this time is different, she stops him from leaving and tells him that she is not dead, and neither is King Duncan. After this, she pulls out a knife and stabs him.

When the time of the coronation arrives, everyone is there, but instead of appearing Macbeth, King Duncan and Lady Macbeth show up. Everyone is shocked but relieved at the same time. King Duncan and Lady Macbeth reveal that they are in love and waiting for a child, so instead of

celebrating a coronation, they celebrate the new marriage between the king and the new Queen of Scotland.

Fragment by Mercedes Ortiz Romero, Zofia Kaminska and Ainhoa Pardo Díaz

Macbeth meets Catherine

The sound of some delicate steps fulfilled the reunion room where the king and his generals gathered. Macbeth recognized the face of the young lady that always accompanied his wife; he did not care to learn Catherine's name as she was simply another woman that took care of his wife. The king ordered his men to leave the room as the reunion was finished. While the others were picking up the maps and papers from the table, Catherine's brother, a tall handsome man prepared to lead and fought against anyone, squeezed her hand. Worrying wrinkles filled his face and she knew the meeting did not go as planned.

They arrived at court five years ago escaping from the destruction a fire caused in their lands. Since the moment they set foot on the court they have seen the fall of a king and the rise of another. Catherine was much more capable than Duncan, a king too naïve and credible to see what was happening behind his back and Macbeth, a king she was aware that was too weak and unstable to keep the power for long. They have been waiting all this time for the right moment to get the crown and make someone capable lead Scotland and its people.

—I don't want to disturb your majesty, but the queen has acknowledged that she will have her supper brought to her room.

It was the third time in a row the queen had not left her chamber. But the king, too focused on facing enemies that did not exist, was not aware of it.

—Sir, your wife has not left her room in three days. — She said it out loud hoping the men that had not left the room heard it.

Catherine needed the king and his men to realize the queen was not in a good mind place, her plan required showing everyone that Lady Macbeth was not a suitable choice to hold a position of power. The king was stunned, he obviously had not realized. Seated at the enormous golden throne that was decorated with paintings of battles won by other monarchs, he looked out of place.

—What should I do? Should I visit her?

If Hippolytus, Catherine's brother, had not told her she would not be able to believe this man was able to lead a regiment far less a whole country. He looked like a child lost in the middle of the forest, alone without someone to guide him as his wife was his best counsellor and she had not felt the strength enough to leave her chamber.

—The queen simply needs some rest, but majesty, I am worried for her. She spends all night crying and talking about some guards that used to serve you back when you were the Lords of Cawdor.”

Macbeth straightens at the mention of the dead guards. She was not there that night but rumors say the then lords of Cawdor were involved.

The weird sisters' prediction

Before the king could answer a sudden mist loaded the room and with the mist a strong smell of fillet snake and wool of bat. Coming out of the mist three figures lightened by thunder and lightning. Catherine felt a shiver in her back; she could not differ if they were some old women or men as when they were close enough, she could see they had beard. Macbeth did not seem as shocked as her, like he had already met this weird trio. One, holding a hath cat gave a step forward

—The blood-curdling king is losing his queen. — while without warning a second one covered in hedge-pig skewers walked closer.

—The queen loses her sheen while the king fills with spleen.

The king then talked: —You weird witches, you made me a foul making me believe in my fate, that have brought so much blood and pain.

Macbeth was standing between Catherine and the witches; she had not realized he had got up from the throne and had drawn his sword as if danger had woken him and he was ready to slay anything that went against. Afterwards the last which held out her old hand and snapped her long black fingers, subsequently a cauldron appeared out of nowhere. A mad laugh could not stop sounding in Catherine's and Macbeth's ears while the witches threw different types of ingredients to the cauldron to make what they called a hell-broth.

—The king will perish by someone that he will cherish. — The last one said.

Then the second one and the first one repeated while the same mist as before coming from the cauldron shaded off the weird sisters.

Catherine and Macbeth grow closer. Catherine convinces him that Lady Macbeth wants to kill him because she feels guilty.

They disappeared and there was a stony silence in the room. Macbeth was stunned because of what he had heard but most worthy, his mind disappeared in a cloud of thoughts.

—The king will perish by someone that he will cherish. —Those were the exact and nonsense words. He did not understand why the weird sisters had predicted such an atrocious divination.

Meanwhile, Catherine was calling him: —Sir, Sir.

Macbeth came back to the real world.

—Sir, who were they? Why have those words led you to disconnect from this world? — asked the young lady feverishly. Macbeth looked at her silently and left her alone.

The sun went down, and as the king's court slumbered and fell into a deep sleep, Macbeth kept thinking about the prediction of the weird sisters. He could not find the answer to such misunderstood words. The kingdom could not deserve more losses and more importantly, now that Macbeth and his wife had seized all the power, something did not fit. He was bewildered. But he was not the only one who could not sleep on that cold night because in one of the rooms, strange and discreet voices could be heard.

—The countdown begins to pray over the tomb of our dear king and his faithful and merciless wife, brother. It is the hour. — With these poisonous words, Catherine turned to his brother Hippolytus as he cleaned his steel dagger, a gift from his father who died in battle.

—It seems that the wind is blowing in our favor, however the predictions of those mad sisters have not been entirely clear and your king will now investigate until he finds the traitor. — Said Catherine's brother.

—Calm my precious brother, for now that the queen, Lady Macbeth, is not in her prime, I will seduce the Sir until I join him and beget a son.

—But what about the king and his lady?

—Death will come to them one by one. In the meantime, take care of your military affairs by being loyal to the king and let your sister's ambitions do all the work.

—So be it.

Lady Catherine knew how to win Macbeth's love. Taking advantage of her beauty and charm, the young woman had to become his main confidant so that he would not arouse more suspicions than he had. Amongst all those at court, her main target was Lady Macbeth, taking advantage of the fact that she was in bed. Catherine needed to make the king realize how cruel and pitiless his wife was and make him believe that she would be the one to betray him and take away all his power. To do this she had to act cautiously and as if she was wearing a mask, she had to lure him into the shadows and manipulate his every thought and feeling.

As the days went by, the king became more and more distant from all who spoke to him except Catherine. The young woman became his right-hand. He also saw in her a sweet, elegant, tender, calm woman. A woman with whom he could get away for a few moments from all the chaos that was running through his mind. Her company gave him security. His court felt that his presence was weakening. He did not even sit on his throne and his duties as king were accumulating and accumulating because Macbeth decided to spend mornings and afternoons and even nights locked up in his office immersed in his doubts. The door ran discreetly.

—Let the king work, let me! —, Shouted Macbeth.

—My lord, I am your wife's maid. Your people ask for your presence.

—Go ahead, dear, the only presence I need in this sad and quiet night is yours. In this time, I feel that my power is weakening and that my enemy is closer. I must be blind not to realize he or she could be. Those disgusting sisters haven't given me any sign again and I am running out of time. I will not allow anyone to take away all that I have achieved.

Catherine approached Macbeth slowly while she spoke these words. Her plan was getting closer to being fulfilled.

—Calm my king and keep your eyes peeled because, as the prophecy says, “the king will perish by someone that he will cherish.” There is no one in the world but your lover, your queen, Lady Macbeth, who is the one who loves you at the same time she craves your power, or do you not remember, my Sir, that she was the one who dragged you into her dark plans and look at yourself now that you in your power have the crown and the entire kingdom? We all know that when a woman wants something, she gets it by cursing and killing anyone who gets in her way. You, now, you are the king and I, that have been her eyes and ears when she has needed it the most, you should now that his wife is regaining strength in her bed to be reborn from the shadows and finish off Macbeth, her husband, her king, our king of our beloved and prosperous kingdom.

—Shut up and leave me alone! How can you say such accursed words about my wife, about your queen? Both she and I committed such acts to end up on the throne together. Go and rest, I will forget your nonsense words because I do not want to lose you. You are still my faithful confidant. I will forget what happened tonight.

But Catherine did not leave. She moved closer to Macbeth, she looked at him with her sweet but penetrating eyes and she told him, —If you were truly told that I am still his faithful confidant, you must know that I love you too and my sincerity is one of the characteristics that defines me. I was with you the day the strange witches uttered such possessed words, I witnessed how they did it and how they said it. Therefore, now I am your only support, trust and do it for the kingdom.

— Do what? —asked Macbeth, stunned.

—Get rid of her, the demon that hides her soul and everything will end. From now on, you must look out for yourself and for the good of the crown. The only way to end with this nightmare of prophecies is to risk and repeat what you did back in the day. Now there is no love, there is rivalry and hatred in all the people that you thought they loved you, particularly, your wife.

Catherine and Macbeth stared at each other. There was a deep silence. Their lips met until the candles burned out and in that cold and gloomy night, they came together.

Macbeth kills Lady Macbeth

The door rattled and a familiar voice asked quietly, —My lady, I am your dear and beloved husband.

—Oh! My dearest husband, my king, where have you been all these days that were so melancholy and eternal for me? —answered Lady Macbeth faintly.

—Duty calls me. Every day there are more needs to be met. In these times of famine and misery one must support the people and be faithful to them. You must know that I have missed your presence because what is Macbeth without his Lady Macbeth?

The king’s fraudulent words were well received by the ears of his bedridden wife. His attitude toward her was affectionate, but at the same time the way he looked at her was cold and calculating.

He knew full well that he could not let his guard down with his wife now that Catherine's words were fitting and answering all his suspicions. But he still needed to make sure that his thoughts against his wife were not flawed. At times, he felt uneasy and doubted himself. If his wife's ambitions for the throne were immeasurable, why did she not kill him the night after he committed such regicide?

In the following days, Macbeth visited his wife. Their conversation lasted barely an hour. But he needed his wife not to suspect or feel contempt and neglect for her husband. The queen's condition was unknown, as she had been in bed for several days. The doctor said that the queen needed to rest and clear her head as the stress of running a whole kingdom could weaken her. Such was the diagnosis that Macbeth decided that Catherine, taking advantage of the fact that she was one of her best maids, asked her to spend mornings and evenings with his wife, so that she could inform him of Lady Macbeth's movements, so that each night, at sunset, they could meet to reinforce his hypothesis.

—My king, your wife's condition seems to be improving and she is gaining strength. Her voice is firm again and her tired and dull eyes are mysterious and cold again. Time is running out. We must take advantage of the fact that your wife has not fully recovered yet. You must act quickly but cautiously. —said Catherine worried.

—It seems that the recovery is going better than we had imagined. Tell me Catherine, why have I been so blind all this time? If Lady Macbeth really loved me, why did not she kill me before? I cannot get out of this black hole of questions.

—Shhh! — Catherine interrupted him, —Be calm my king, do not let that black hole of doubt finish you off. Do not doubt the prophecy, those sisters may be crazy, but the power and magic they play with is unquestionable. Look at you, you have the crown in your power thanks to them but you will die if you do not trust their word. This is no time to continue with the suspicions, let it be over with. Your wife, the moment she feels strong, she will not hesitate to kill the person she supposedly loves, you.

—If you rightly say to trust in the magic of these witches again. So be it.

That night the wind was whistling, the moon was illuminating the castle. There was a replete silence. Only deep human breaths could be heard and in the middle of the corridor lit by the faint flames of the candles, a mysterious shadow could be seen creeping towards the queen's bedroom. The queen, dressed in her white linen nightgown, slept peacefully. The mysterious shadow gazed at her. Her face showed coldness. It approached her and face to face, it looked at her, stopped and disappeared taking her soul with it. Death had taken her. Macbeth, with the same dagger which he stained his hands with blood when he mercilessly killed King Duncan, pierced Lady Macbeth's heart. The woman who so craved power and convinced her husband to kill the king was now herself the one who met death. Lady Macbeth received death as an old friend. She turned away from life.

Macbeth slowly walked out the room clutching his dagger tightly and waving goodbye to his wife's face. He closed the door trying not to leave a trace. The corridor was still lonely, no one saw

anything, there was only him and his dagger. He entered his office and saw the figure of Catherine looking at him with evil and pronounced imperturbably.

—What is done is done.

Lady Catherine's plan was on course. Lady Macbeth's death was unexpected and incomprehensible to members of the court, the people and even to beyond the borders of the kingdom. No one knew what happened that night and the supposed murderer was not found. Macbeth, feigning his great lament, continued with his duties as king. He remembered every night the act he committed, but he knew that he did it for himself and for the good of the crown. Now he was the only one left.

Catherine kills Macbeth after getting pregnant.

Days passed, and Catherine and King Macbeth grew closer, the king convinced that their desire was a sincere love. The matter of Lady Macbeth's death died away, and King Macbeth was convinced that murder was a proper thing to do, and so he dropped his thoughts of his dead wife. The king began to find that ruling with Catherine's help was very pleasant and comfortable for him. And as they spent their days together governing and conversing, after a time they became so much attached to each other that they began to spend their nights together. Catherine's plan went very well, and the false love with the king continued to grow, and so she was nearer and nearer to power. Then one day Catherine's next step came true. Catherine ran swiftly into the king's hall, and listened closely.

—My dear lady, what brings you into such a hurry?

—Dear King, I bring wonderful news, please listen to me carefully and rejoice with me.

Macbeth, he looked at her and saw a gleam in her eyes and listened to what she had to tell him. As it happened, she had noticed that lately her body was getting larger, and only two days ago she had begun to have morning sickness, so she went to the doctor, who told her that she was carrying the king's child. Macbeth, already in love with Catherine, rejoiced at the news and immediately decided to throw a feast to announce it. Catherine, as soon as she heard about the banquet, decided to take the last step that would give her full power, which was to kill the father of her child.

Many aristocrats came to the feast and everyone could not wait for the news to be spread. Finally, as the feast was being consumed Macbeth stood up and his subordinate announced, —The king speaks, please be quiet.

All eagerly waiting finally heard, —Thank you all for coming and for being part of this wonderful day. As we all know I have not announced this meeting without a reason. — Macbeth grunted and took the cup of wine and raised it to the top, and soon all followed his lead until finally he announced, —My child has been conceived, the future of our kingdom is on its way.

All drank to the wonderful news and began a lavish celebration. The wine was getting more and more empty and everyone, including the king, was swaying left and right. Catherine decided to take her own steps and when she saw Macbeth walking towards his chamber, she followed him.

Under her dress she had the knife her brother had given her, their father's knife. Macbeth, as he was washing his face in his chamber, heard a strange murmuring, and turned round, and suddenly heard a whisper at his ear, —Forgive me, oh king—, and felt a pain in his belly, and then in his heart, and was found to be in mist and darkness. That was the end of the king.

Catherine becomes regent queen

After the death of the king, everyone at the banquet was suspected of the murder, but no one was sure of the outcome due to alcoholic intoxication. As Catherine was considered a temporary ruler, she decided to give Macbeth a huge funeral at which she cryingly announced, —Let our King Macbeth be buried in peace and quiet, and as he was buried with joy in his heart by his yet unborn child, let his soul depart to a good place.

After the time had passed and Catherine was to rule for the time being, it was decided that since she was bearing the king's seed, she should become the rightful Queen until her newborn son would be ready to rule. Everyone was gathered and the coronation took place, although not everyone was happy with the choice, but no one saw any other way. Catherine used her brother as her right hand and they both waited for the birth of the rightful ruler, who would be under their wing.

Fragment by Ana Oreña.

ACT I, Sc. 3

Thunder. Enter the three witches.

WITCH 1. I'll give thee wind.

WITCH 2. Thou'rt kind.

WITCH 3. And I some more.

WITCH 1. I myself have all the other,
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I'll the shipman's card.
I'll drain him dry as hay.
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his penthouse lid.
He shall live a man forbid,
Weary sev'n nights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine.
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest tossed.
Look what I have.

WITCH 2. Show me, show me.

WITCH 1. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrecked as homeward he did come.

Drums within.

WITCH 3. A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come.
All the wayward sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about.
Thrice to thine and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace: the charm's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo

MACBETH. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

BANQUO. How far is't called to Forres? (*Sees the witches*) What are
These,
So withered and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't? (*to the witches*) Live you? Or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips. You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

MACBETH. Speak if you can. What are you?

[*Macbeth talking to himself*] Those beings... they cannot be women.... they cannot be human
either... What they will be?..... they look like monsters, monsters sent by the devil..... witches....)
*Macbeth was suspicious of these beings and believed that they were terrible creatures but at the same time he did
not want to carry the blood of innocent people for no reason..... he had already shed enough blood; he did not want
to carry the guilt of killing someone for no reason.*

WITCH 1. All hail, Macbeth, hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!

WITCH 2. All hail, Macbeth, hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!

WITCH 3. All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!

BANQUO. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? (*to the witches*)
In th' name of truth,
Are they fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal. To me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear

Your favors nor your hate.
Banquo said this with intrigue, he did not believe anything they were saying were just some women raving the question was whether they were human or not.

WITCH 1. Hail.
 WITCH 2. Hail.
 WITCH 3. Hail.

WITCH 1. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.
 WITCH 2. Not so happy, yet much happier.
 WITCH 3. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.
 So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

WITCH 1. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

MACBETH. Enough of this nonsense,
 I am lord of Glamis, but I am not lord of Cawdor or king,
 You just try to manipulate my mind and tempt us
 with false prophecies but you will not deceive us.

BANQUO. Witches!

MACBETH. Witches! Devil worshippers, you must die!

BANQUO. Die witches!

Macbeth and Banquo began attacking the witches and managed to kill two of them with their swords, but the third witch was still fighting for her life, while trying to get revenge for the death of her sisters.

WITCH 1. Sisters! You are going to regret not having left when you had the opportunity.
But suddenly Banquo appeared at her back and beheaded her.

MACBETH. *(to Banquo)* They are finally where they deserve.... in hell.

BANQUO. Finally.

Fragment by Ángela Plaza García, Daniela Monteserín Payán y Gema Iglesias Blázquez.

Plot

We have changed the prophecy that the witches gave Macbeth, the witches told him that no one born a woman could harm him and that a forest would reach his walls. What they did not tell him is when each event would happen, and that when this forest came, he would already be dead. It is Lady Macbeth who murders Macbeth because he is beginning to feel guilty about the acts they have committed. To prevent him from confessing, Lady Macbeth kills him with poison.

When she heard the news about the death of Macbeth, she pretended to be affected by it. Lady Macbeth wants to replace her husband's position. Lady Macbeth confronts Macduff and Malcolm, and Lady Macbeth is victorious. She became queen.

Acts

ACT 1: dialogue between Lady Macbeth and her husband. She kills him with poison (she doesn't want to be discovered). In the dialogue we can see how Macbeth is feeling, he is feeling guilty for all the murders he had committed. He's explaining to his wife that he wants to confess his crimes. But Lady Macbeth is afraid of losing her social status and the power she has, that's the reason why she killed him.

ACT 2: Lady Macbeth is in the throne room waiting for the news of Macbeth's death. One of the maids tells her that her husband has died. She seems very affected just to pretend that she didn't cause it. Later on, a messenger warns Lady Macbeth that there's an army of trees out of the castle. Lady Macbeth takes advantage of the situation, and she substitutes her husband's position.

ACT 3: Lady Macbeth is going to confront Macduff and Malcolm.

ACT 4: Lady Macbeth defeats them. After the war, she kills both men just to make sure that she takes the throne.

ACT 1

Macbeth's bedroom. Enter Lady Macbeth.

LADY MACBETH. Oh, my dear Macbeth! How ill you look!

MACBETH. My beloved,
My conscious annoys me,
I cannot sleep,
I'm dead in life.

LADY MACBETH. What disturbs you, my lord?

MACBETH. All the blood I have on my hands dirty my mind,
Why did we commit those sins?
Why did we change the desires of the gods?

LADY MACBETH. There is no moment to regret.
All is done.

MACBETH Your lack of emotions breaks my heart
When did you cancel your feelings?
When did you harden your heart?
Oh, my love, your cruelty discourages me

LADY MACBETH. You are so weak!
It makes me sick.
Guilty am I of the very sins of the man
but I stand firm, I stand strong!

MACBETH. Ambition has found its way into my sanity and I,
being weak in the face of man's delusions,
accepted the sentence.
His body I see sitting in the corner of my bedroom.
His presence disturbs me.

I cannot rest and it remembers my attempt to become God.

LADY MACBETH. Who does you see, dear?

MACBETH. Don't you feel his presence or it's just me?

It wasn't me who committed the sin!

I didn't break his skin and let his blood flow!

Lady Macbeth talks to herself

LADY MACBETH. My husband has lost his mind.

Apparitions he sees and remorse poisons his soul.

Will give away our crime and we will be condemned,
cursed in the sight of men.

I cannot allow that he confess our secrets,

I cannot allow my fall.

Lady Macbeth speaks with Macbeth

MACBETH. Their looks torment me,

break my heart.

We must confess.

We must be punished.

LADY MACBETH. Oh, my dear Macbeth!

Delirious with fever he is.

Let yourself be guided by Morpheus and rest.

Close your eyes and all the spirits will be gone.

Lady Macbeth talks to herself

LADY MACBETH. It's sad you will never open your eyes again.

Poison will run in your blood and eternal sleep you will find.

Leaves the scene

ACT 2

Lady Macbeth. Throne room

LADY MACBETH. The evening hour has fallen upon us.

The moon rises to crown itself.

And in my husband's bedchamber, poison falls on his mouth.

Oh, how merciful I have been!

His suffering, pain provoked me

Bells ring. A maid enters the scene.

LADY MACBETH. Tell me why are the bells ringing.

Tell me why they resonate so chillingly.

I have a bad feeling

Something horrible must have happened

MAID. Oh, dear Lady Macbeth!

The king has died in his bed.

His skin is as white as the snow.

His eyes are still open,

terror in them.

LADY MACBETH. Are you sure about the news?

Oh, my dear Macbeth!

He couldn't hold the suffering,

He couldn't hold the remorse.

Tears of blood fell from his eyes leaving a painful trace,
poison born from the punishment of Gods.

If He had not trusted women born of mist,

if it had not dragged us into a spiral of unconsciousness.

Who blames fate when we were guilty of this unfortunate epilogue?

Enter a messenger

MESSENGER. Appalling news I bring.

An army of trees approaches the walls.

Under the command of Malcolm and Macduff.

Lady Macbeth talks to herself.

LADY MACBETH. My husband's prophecy fulfilled again is seen.

Torn from my mother's womb I was.

Supporter of your future I am not,

What does fortune hold for me?

I find myself bared in the face of the new affronts

but I will remain strong,

they will not see me begging for mercy,

they will not see me intimidated.

Lady Macbeth talks with the messenger

LADY MACBETH. Don't hesitate at your steps.

Run in search of my army.

In front of the doors, we will meet.

We will fight bravely, or we will die trying.

Oh, my dear Macbeth!

I will be the one who occupies your name,

I will be the one who ascends your memory.

The messenger and the maid leave the scene

LADY MACBETH. Triumphant I will come out of battle.

I will rise as queen, and they must kneel before me.

Oh spirits! Give me strength.

Break my blood,

Tear up the organs inside myself,

and I will rise victorious.

Leaves the scene.

ACT 3

Battlefield. Malcolm and Macduff.

MACDUFF. The bells ring relentlessly.

Macbeth is dead.

Lately we have come to see his insults.

MALCOLM. An army approaches from the hillside.

It is led by a woman.

Lady Macbeth raises up in arms against us.

MACDUFF. There is not a chance.

Enter Lady Macbeth

MACDUFF. Your husband has died, Lady Macbeth.

Be sensible and throw your arms.

You will not be harmed by your husband's sins.

What could a woman do against a man desirous of power?

LADY MACBETH. I supported the King in all his wise

and necessary decisions.

I am not asking for mercy.

We will fight in these lands until the last of us falls.

MALCOLM. You are saying blasphemies.

You could never beat us.

Those who fight for you are damned.

MACDUFF. We come for justice.

Macbeth committed sinful sins.

His reign and legacy must end.

LADY MACBETH. There is no one left to judge.

Surrender now that you can speak.

MACDUFF. Your ambition has sentenced you.

Raise your weapons.

We will die or we will win.

Our fate is in the hands of Gods.

Exeunt fighting. Alarums

ACT 4

End of the battle. Warfield. Enter Lady Macbeth.

LADY MACBETH. The field has turned red.

Blood of traitors feed the Earth.

Me, who gave them the opportunity to give up.

How compassionate I was! And how ungrateful they were!

Now their heads are on pikes,

a message for those who dare to revolt against the Queen.

Lady Macbeth talks with herself

The crown shines with the light of dawn,

it feels heavy on my head,

a memory of all the acts we committed.

We will be remembered in history,

and thus, our crimes.

Gods gave me strength by keeping away which made me weak.

Lady Macbeth talks with the court

A new stage in Scotland's history opens.

I will be your queen, and no man will be by my side.
Remember my name because today a new era begins.
ALL. Hail, Queen of Scotland!

Fragment by Celia Moreno and Sandra Nebot

The Dark Kingdom

I am known as the King of Scotland, Felix Brawn. Since my reign began, a time of peace followed. But it was not always like that. I remember an era where darkness and murder reigned. I perfectly remember the day I arrived at King Edward's castle, the king being tragically killed. Two servants were covered in blood, and I thought they were the killers but suddenly Sir Kyle Williams, the knight, killed them. Subsequently, he was proclaimed King of Scotland, since his crowning the murders hardly increased.

No one known what was happening, but I had a bad feeling. One day I arrived at the castle, and I heard two soldiers talking to each other, I went up to them and they were talking about their suspicions towards the king. They were saying that all the events that were happening were very convenient for the king. From that moment on, I had suspicions towards the king, so I decided to organize an assembly with other knights to comment the recent events.

A few days later, when I arrived at my place, I discovered the dead bodies of my wife and daughter. I was horrified! My dear wife and my sweet daughter had been most cruelly murdered! From that moment, I was sure that the true murderer was King Kyle Williams.

I walked into the forest, and I saw a mysterious fog, so I decided to follow it. When I arrived to the nucleus of the fog, I saw a strange person covered with a black cape. His voice was deep and sinister, I went up to him and with a Machiavellian smile suddenly screamed that I will be the king and he warned me to be careful with King Kyle Williams. He disappeared the moment he finished talking to me.

I decided to form an army to defeat King Kyle Williams and avenge the death of my family and those who were unfairly killed. A fight started in the castle and many of my soldiers died during the battle against the King. He was repeating that no one born of a woman could defeat him, but it was not my case because I was born from the dead body of my mother. So, when I faced him, I saw his beauty and I could not kill him, my heart was beating so hard so I decided to lower my sword and he did the same. We were looking at each other for a few seconds, we knew that we were feeling the same, it was not correct. He had caused horror but at the same my heart could not take it.

I decided to stop the fight and after that I immediately choked him and I kissed him. The fight finally ended, and I made him understand that the actions he had made were not correct. As an act of repentance, he made a generous donation to the people. One week later we were married, and we created a reign of peace and justice. And this, kids, is how I met your father.

Fragment by Ana Pinero Izquierdo, Lucía López Arce, Marta Luelmo Bordel and Raquel Morcillo Ríos

In the plot, Juan Carlos I (Witch) tells his granddaughter, Sofia (Macbeth), what happened to his brother, and she starts thinking about murdering her sister so that she can become the queen instead. In our adapted scene, Elena de Borbón (Lady Macbeth) tries to convince her niece to kill the princess Leonor (King Duncan) when her niece starts having doubts about committing the crime.

Instead of being brutally murdered, Leonor dies from food poisoning. Now Elena and Sofía are facing public pressure since the tragic death of the princess is the only topic on the news, and they need to hide the murder the best way they can. Sofía then starts seeing her dream of becoming the queen closer, but there is one person left to get rid of: his father, Felipe VI (Macduff). She tries to kill him but fails, and instead of dying like Macbeth originally does, she is sent to boarding school and the Royal Family tries to hide from the public eye what has happened to Sofía.

This adaptation was made in the 21st century. The changes do not only apply to the historical context, the characters (gender or age, etc.), but also the style in which the play was written, as a result of the time passed. As *Macbeth* is a tragedy, the sense of the play is not changed. *Macbeth* is one of the most known tragedies written by William Shakespeare.

Infanta Sofía (Macbeth)



Juan Carlos (Witch)

Elena de Borbón (Lady Macbeth)



Princess Leonor (King Duncan)

Act I, Sc 7

(Sweet piano, sunlight comes through the window. Enter Butlers with cutlery to lay the table and leave afterwards. Then enter Infanta Sofía)

INFANTA SOFÍA. My head is all messed up.

My sister, Leonor, has always been very nice to me.

I remember when she helped me comb my hair for all official acts
while I told her my problems, seeking for her wisest advice.

She's always been by my side, in every step of my life.

But why does she have to be the heir?

The whole family knows that Leonor is still very immature,

Considering that she is older than me.

I have heard more than one person say I'd be a better candidate for the
throne.

Grandpa told me that I could have power over this realm very soon
if I had the will and the courage.

I'm only 14 and I know what I want. And I know what I want for my
country.

If I finally killed her, I would do it in the gentlest way,

So that no one would ever know

Like it was just an unfortunate coincidence.

If only I my acts did not have a consequence

And I could wake up tomorrow morning and everything had already
happened

And it just felt like an awful nightmare.

In this monologue, Infanta Sofía shares with the readers the contradictory ideas that the event of killing her sister has. This scene is the climax of Act I. There are some contradictory themes such as guilt, power, desires that have been developed during the act.

(Enter Elena de Borbón)

Hello auntie, are there any news?

ELENA DE BORBÓN. The meal is going as planned.

Leonor is finishing her food and does not suspect anything

Why did you leave the table?

INFANTA SOFÍA. I am so sorry,

But I could not keep faking a smile anymore.

It is so hard to look at my dear sister's eyes

Knowing that she has only a few hours left to pass away.

ELENA DE BORBÓN. I know,

I completely understand your feelings.

INFANTA SOFÍA. Was she worried about me?

ELENA DE BORBÓN. Of course, she was, darling.
You have never acted this way before.

INFANTA SOFÍA. Did I look suspicious?
Or nervous?

ELENA DE BORBÓN. Your face looked like you were planning something
And you hysterically fled the room, without telling anyone.

INFANTA SOFÍA. I was staring at my sister's eyes
When all the memories that we have shared
throughout the years invaded my mind.
I am even unsure now if I should commit
The acts that I am about to do.

ELENA DE BORBÓN. Oh, darling!
I wish I could be in your shoes!
If only I was much younger
and my skin was still like porcelain,
I would not think twice about getting rid of your father.
Think about all the power you would have
for the rest of your life in the palm of your hand.

INFANTA SOFÍA. You might be right,
And Grandpa must be right too when he told me
that I will become the queen of this country.
Destiny is written and unchangeable.

ELENA DE BORBÓN. So why are you overthinking this matter?
Everything is quite clear, Sofía.

INFANTA SOFÍA. But I cannot stand these ideas in my head anymore.
It is impossible to stop thinking about the fact
that I will not see my sister anymore.
I should not betray my sister like this.

ELENA DE BORBÓN. Well, it is too late to step back now.

INFANTA SOFÍA. Do you really think so?

ELENA DE BORBÓN. Cowardice is not a good trait for an excellent queen.
She is not only just a relative,
but also, she is keeping you away from your real fate.

Sometimes important people like us have to make risky choices,
Knowing that the outcome will fulfill our most desired goals.

INFANTA SOFÍA. But will you be with me if something goes wrong?
What if she survives the attack?
If that happened, I would not like her to know it was my fault.
Nor the rest of the family or the citizens.

ELENA DE BORBÓN. You know that is not going to happen.
I have always been by your side, and I will always be.
Have you thought about how you are going to commit the murder?

INFANTA SOFÍA. Not really,
It is really unpleasant to think about murdering
Someone who I share blood with.

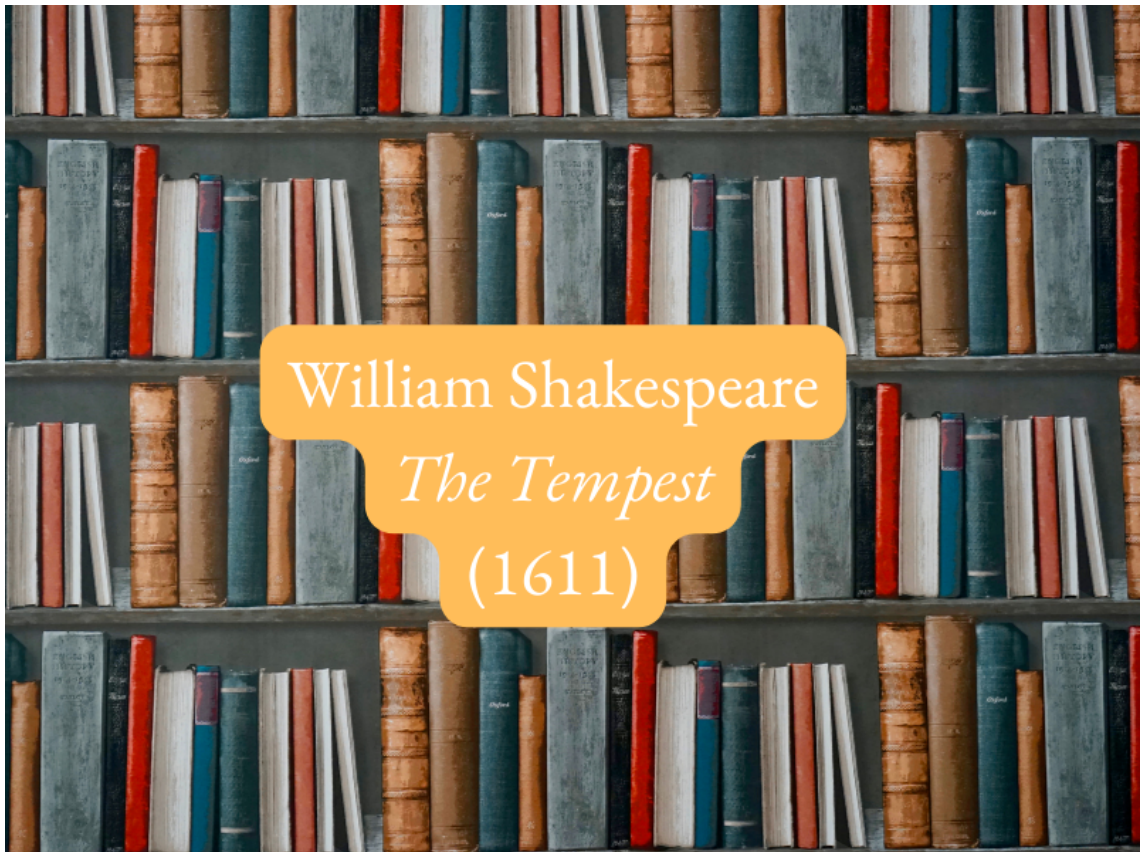
ELENA DE BORBÓN. I know it is heavy,
But trust me, you are not alone.
You do not have to kill her by making her suffer.

INFANTA SOFÍA. What do you mean by that, auntie?

ELENA DE BORBÓN. If you poison her,
She will not feel anything.
Moreover, no one will ever find out you did it!

INFANTA SOFÍA. You are right!
I have already made a decision.
I will poison her food during breakfast
Tomorrow morning.

(Exeunt)



The Great Betrayal. By Noelia Pino González, María Méndez Escalante, Silvia Lago Estévez, Cristina Iglesias Cuesta, Ángela Molano Panadero

Chapter 1

Eighteen years ago, in a city in Germany, called Hamburg, a young man called Philip fell in love with a woman called Helen, although their families were against it, as they did not want them to be together, and the economic situation was very different for Helen's family barely could make ends meet while Philip's family had a great wealth in terms of houses, land, establishments... As they got to know each other, they fell in love with each other, every day they discovered something new, or went to different places, but always in secret and far from each other's respective homes. But there came a day when Philip's family caught them leaving together and from that day on, they forbade the boy to see Helen, to the point that they wouldn't let him leave the house. After almost a month locked up and angry at the decisions his parents had made for him without thinking about how he felt, they decided to sit down and talk to him and reveal to him why they wouldn't let him see the girl. They told him that he could not see her because her family was going to try to take his money and they could not allow that. The more time passed, the more they remembered each other, with their parents having the opposite effect to the one they wanted to achieve, which was that, without being able to see each other, their feelings grew stronger and stronger.

One summer night with a full moon, Philip thought of sneaking out while his parents slept, and so he did, taking a large backpack and filling it with clothes and money. He slid down the low roof of his room, until he reached a window where he grabbed hold of it and was able to climb down to the ground. He ran to Helen's house, who was sleeping, and told her of his plan, she quickly grabbed what she could, and they left on the first train there was. This train went straight to Poland where they both started a new life.

During the journey the lovers saw some friends of Philip's family on the platform next to them, so they had to hide for the whole journey. When they arrived there, some cousins of Helen's family helped them to settle in and to find a job for Philip, as he had to support his new family. There they were able to enjoy their relationship without being judged by Philip's parents, and as a result of this love Helen became pregnant with child.

However, they had to hide the pregnancy because they didn't want Helen's cousins to find out because they would tell Helen's parents and they were afraid that Philip's parents would find out, as they would come looking for them and try to prevent the pregnancy. Despite this situation, she had a very peaceful pregnancy, however, when she went to give birth to the baby, the mother died.

Chapter 2

After Helen's death, Philip was devastated when he returned to Germany, not knowing what the future would hold for him and his new-born, motherless son. There he was to be reunited with his parents and his brother Alexander.

He was 12 years older than Philip, much shorter than his younger brother, although you could tell the age difference between them by his grey hair and wrinkles, and his beauty was conspicuous by its absence. He had been married for years, although it didn't seem so because of his numerous infidelities. Philip had always been aware of how treacherous and greedy his brother was, but he would never have imagined that when he arrived in Germany, he would be confronted with the news that his parents had died and that his brother Alexander had stolen his entire share of the inheritance.

It all started when Philip returned home to Germany. He entered the house and found the great hall full of wreaths. He didn't quite understand why there were so many flowers and at that moment his concern began to grow. Philip wandered through the house and suddenly came across the maid, who informed him of the recent death of his parents in a car accident. Furious, Philip left his son Mathew with the maid and went in search of his older brother. He could not explain why Alexander had not told him of the death of his parents, he felt betrayed, but the great betrayal was yet to come.

Philip began to search among the places his brother frequented the most and after hours of searching he found him in a brothel. They had a strong argument, and although they ended up forgiving each other, Philip felt his brother was very strange and cold.

Days later he lost contact with his brother again and discovered that Alejandro had disappeared, shamelessly stealing his share of the inheritance and leaving him only his father's walking stick, thinking it was an object of no apparent value.

After this dispute and Philip being disappointed with his brother's decision, he and his son Mathew decided to return to Poland, the place where he had been happy with his wife Helen, because in Germany he had nothing left, no family, no friends, no money. He arrived with nothing, as he had lost everything he had, including the old house where he had lived for nine months with Helen. He had also lost his job in Poland when he returned to Germany as he left it suddenly and his boss was very strict with his employees. Philip had to start from scratch and this time, with a child to look after, it would be harder than ever.

Chapter 3

Once there, with his son and with his father's cane, which was given to him by his brother Alejandro, he had to start a new life. At first, she had to spend some time going from hostel to hostel until she could find a stable job so she could afford to rent a house, but this was not easy as she had to take care of her son who was only one year old. So, she also had to pay someone to take care of Mathew.

When looking for a hostel, there was one that caught his attention, the face of the dream was familiar and she decided to go in. After several days of staying at the hostel, he remembered

that the familiar man was an old high school classmate, whose name was David and they got along very well. Philip decided to go over and chat with him and he quickly recognized him. After telling him about his situation, David agreed to give him a job at the hostel in exchange for staying for free, and Philip accepted. However, working at the hostel was taking up a lot of his time and his son needed more care and attention. He found a boy who was very responsible and decided to hire him to take care of his son for the day, his name was Abba.

The boy looked to be about 20 years old, his skin was pale but smooth. He was tall and albino. He was always concerned that the child was raised with values and an education that respected everyone, as Abba was very open-minded and wanted to educate him the same or similar to him. However, he was always reserved about his private life and always behaved as if he had a secret or something to hide, so at first, this attitude aroused some distrust in Philip.

After seven years, one afternoon when Mathew and Abba were playing in the forest, as usual, Abba got lost and Mathew climbed a tree higher than usual, but his clumsiness made him stumble. Abba panicked and had to put aside the secret of the magic he had and who he really was and had to fly to save the boy and catch him right away before he fell to the ground.

At that moment, Mathew ran out of Abba's arms, shocked by the situation he had just experienced and by the realization of who his caretaker really was. He went straight to tell his father, who didn't believe him because he thought it was the imagination of an 8-year-old boy. However, the boy continued with the same thing after many days and Philip became angry and punished the boy because he believed that the boy was lying. It was at this point that Abba decided to come to Mathew's defence and show Philip that what his son was saying was true.

Abba at that moment began to move around the room of the inn levitating and suddenly became much whiter than normal to the point of being translucent. Finally, he revealed to him something he knew before he started working for them and the reason he started taking care of the boy was because of Philip's staff, which was magical and very powerful and Abba always tried to keep it out of the wrong hands. At that moment, Philip realized that the world he lived in was not as he thought it was and that Abba was in fact a ghost who could adopt the appearance that suited him best in every situation and who had been on earth for 150 years.

Chapter 4

After about ten years, Philip and Mathew had already become familiar with the magical world of Abba and Philip had learned to control his cane properly. On the other hand, the relationship between father and son had deteriorated, as Mathew who was already 18 had started dating a 22-year-old boy. Philip, unlike Abba, was not very open-minded and did not take very well to the fact that his son was with a man and, moreover, that he was black.

Philip tried by all possible means, magical and non-magical, to destroy the relationship between Kuzco and his son. At that moment, Kuzco, who knew about Philip's magic since

it had been revealed to him by Mathew, planned to steal the magic staff from his father-in-law in order to get Philip to accept them and change his way of thinking.

When the day came that he had planned to steal the staff, an unforeseen event occurred. Everything was going according to plan and Kuzco was about to run away with the cane, when suddenly Abba appeared to prevent him from doing so. Abba convinced Kuzco not to take the cane, as it was the only thing Philip had left of his father and it had a high sentimental value, and promised that he would open Philip's mind and get him to accept his son's relationship. In addition, the staff could only be used by a member of Philip's family, that is, no one else could use it, because if that happened, the staff could kill the person who did not make good use of it.

From that moment on, Kuzco decided to stay out of it on the condition that Abba would keep his part of the bargain and get Philip to open his mind and gradually accept the relationship. Abba went week by week performing a series of spells to change Philip, but he also needed Philip to do his part. To this end, Abba kept the staff and told Philip that he would not give it back to him until he began to cooperate in changing his closed mind. With no evidence of a change on Philip's part, Mathew and Kuzco decided to leave the country fed up with the discrimination they faced. Philip, who was very proud, pretended that his son's departure did not affect him but after a few months he admitted to missing him.

Abba told Mathew the news and Philip's willingness to change his behavior and the couple decided to return to the country. Once they arrived Abba continued his spells, this time with full cooperation from Mathew's father. Eventually, Philip became a new man and came to accept the whole situation. Now all his life was in order and Kuzco was one of the family, Philip only needed to settle one last matter that had been tormenting him for years in order to be completely happy.

Chapter 5

Twenty years had passed since Alexander's great betrayal of his brother Philip. All this time he had been thinking how to carry out his revenge without his brother being able to wait for it. Since he had been disappointed by his brother, Philip began to plan his cold revenge. To do so, he relied on the help of Abba and his magic, which he did not discover until sometime after meeting him.

First, he thought of harnessing the magic to take everything he had from his brother, leaving him ruined, and making him feel what he had felt in the past. After a while of having this idea as an initial plan, Philip, who was a new man with a new way of thinking more in line with the present and more honest, decided not to lower himself to his brother's level and to recover his inheritance in a fairer way. At this point, he began to devise his new plan together with Abba.

They both decided that the right thing to do was to put the case in the hands of the authorities, however, they did not know how to get Alejandro to tell the truth. To do this, they began an intensive search through a multitude of grimoires. Finally, they found a section in which there was a concoction called *potio veritatis*. This was the solution to their great

problem. From there, they began experimenting and researching on how to create and make this concoction work. When they had mastered this spell, Abba with his magic cast a tracking spell to find Alexander, as he had run away when he stole his inheritance.

This tracking spell did its job and led them to a small village called Wiedenborstel, where Alexander with the inheritance money had started a new life away from everyone he knew. Philip together with Abba set out on their journey to Wiedenborstel to carry out their revenge. Once there, it was not difficult to find the traitor. Alexander saw them and ran in fear to hide in the town's bell tower, but when he was at the top of it, he stumbled and began to fall rapidly to the ground. At this point, Abba, who stayed below the bell tower to give the brothers privacy and settle their affairs, had to use his magic to prevent him from reaching the ground and dying. Once rescued, Alexander was forced to drink the concoction of truth and go with them to the authorities to testify.

After recovering their inheritance, Philip and Abba returned to Poland, and decided to use the money for a good cause. They invested the money in ensuring that schools in Poland provided an education based on support for the LGTBI community and against racism, as they did not want the discrimination that their son and Kuzco had suffered to be repeated by others.

THE END

Fragment by Ricardo Morchón García

MIRANDA. And mine, with my heart in it: and now farewell till half an hour hence.

FERDINAND. A thousand!

PROSPERO. So glad of this as they I cannot be, my rejoicing at nothing can be more. I'll to my book; for yet, ere suppertime, must I perform much business appertaining. However, so sad that the fog of this day has to blurry this beautiful moment.

The fog starts to go.

PROSPERO. Ah, at least the sunshine will illuminate the path of this...

Suddenly, everything goes black.

PROSPERO. Huh? What... what is this? What is going on?

Whispers start to enter in Prospero's ears, and a voice eventually stands out between them.

???. Rejoice my dear friend, for your handcuffs are about to be broken.

PROSPERO Who's there?! What kind of devilish trick is this?!

???. Devilish? You should refer to me as a an angel, I'm the one who exists but at the same time not, nameless yet unique between any others. You're about to be free Prospero,

although it may be temporarily you will feel the taste of freedom instead of the cold void of blindness.

PROSPERO. What in God's name are you talking about?

???. Shhh, open your eyes Prospero, for the first time ever, you are no longer a puppet on a string, you are free to make any choice you want without a god writing your actions. What path shall you take? Now... it is time, breathe...

PROSPERO. For such an ominous presence I see that you are not quite the intelligent one, if I wasn't breathing right now I'd be dead.

???. Breathe ...

Prospero begins to feel a pressure on his chest.

???. ~~BREATHING~~

I breathed.

When I woke up, I felt kind of relieved, "what just happened," I wondered, "was it a nightmare?" While I kept thinking of this, I noticed how my movements were lighter, and my thoughts clearer, as if I had just been released from a prison...

I started walking back home and I found an old book on the ground. After cleaning the dust on the cover, I saw the title: *The Tempest* by William Shakespeare. "Shakespeare? I haven't heard the name of this man ever, what kind of things does he write?" I was delighted to find the text of a play, I've always loved them. "I guess I'll read it when I get home, I should also talk to Ariel about what just happened. And of course, put an eye on all the new visitants of the island".

Once at home, I started reading the script. "What... what is this? My name is written in the play? Am I character? No... I'm not alone, Miranda's name is also here, Ariel, Caliban and the crew of the ship are also here. Is this some kind of prank of a crewmate? Or my brother perhaps?"

I kept reading and the book didn't fail to surprise me once again. "What is the meaning of this... This scene describes exactly what happened before with Miranda and Ferdinand... Could this text actually be magical?" However, as I kept on reading, something came to my mind, the text didn't talk about the voice that whispered those things to me, neither of my encounter with the book...

While I kept thinking about this, something came to my mind, if this was actually the text of life itself, it might as well contain the conclusion of my plan and my revenge! I rushed to the ending of the text and read it.

My disappointment was enormous "What does this mean?! That can't be me! I couldn't possibly throw away my plan like that and forget about my sweet revenge! No! NO! NO!"

After my anger went away, I decided to go to rest and thought about it in the morning. I tried to sleep but I couldn't, so instead I read the text again, then again, then again... I felt a headache but I couldn't sleep, so I read it again. A small laugh came out of my mind unconsciously, but I decided to ignore it and read it again.

In the morning I realized that I had barely slept, but it was ok, I had now made my decision. "Ariel!" I called.

ARIEL. Here I am, my lord, what do you... Oh my! You look terrible my lord. Shouldn't you go to sleep?

PROSPERO. Ah, Ariel, my dear friend, there is no need to worry about me, I'm feeling better than ever. Anyways, I've called you to let you free.

ARIEL. What?

PROSPERO. As you heard it, now that I'm free, I realise that I have no right to control you like a puppet

ARIEL. What are you talking about? What about your plan?

PROSPERO. My plan is destined to fail in a boring and disappointing way, it's time for me to make things a little more interesting.

ARIEL. What do you mean by that, sir?

I didn't answer his question and I freed him from the curse. There was no turning back now.

ARIEL. My lord, I'm grateful for what you just did, but will you please answer my question?

PROSPERO. ...

ARIEL. My lord?

PROSPERO. There is no need to call me like that anymore, you are free from your chains.

ARIEL. Alright then, Prospero, what do you plan to do?

PROSPERO. Mm... It is simple actually: I will kill everyone on this island except for Miranda.

ARIEL. What?!

PROSPERO. Can't you see it, Ariel? The world is just a chess board, and we are the pieces! Think about it for a second. We are pawns in this script, we have a limited number of moves, and those moves are limited to the decisions of our superior one, our author.

ARIEL. Are you referring to God?

PROSPERO. I may or I may not, does that really matter at this point? The point is, I have now broken the rules of this game, I'm no longer a pawn, no longer limited to some stupid rules. I'm free Ariel, and I'm about to let everyone else be free too.

ARIEL. By killing them?

PROSPERO. That's the only way I see it, even though some of our visitors may think that they are suffering, they are indeed not. If they happened to know the truth of this beautiful world, they would end up killing themselves. Killing them now is just an act of kindness, besides... this play needs a bit more of drama don't you think?

ARIEL. You are insane, Prospero!

PROSPERO. Insane? Hahahaha... I may be insane sure, but if insanity is the price to freedom then so be it! This cursed world only exists because it is needed for something, that something is entertaining the upper gods, same goes for you and me, we only exist to represent a role in this story. I've grown tired of this role, and now, I will start to have fun, chaos will be the way and death the key of freedom to everyone else and of my amusement at the same time.

Suddenly I realized someone has entered the room, it was Miranda.

MIRANDA. Father? What are you saying?

PROSPERO. Miranda... You shouldn't be here.

MIRANDA. You do not seem like yourself father, what were you saying a moment ago? Killing? Freedom? Chaos? Please explain yourself!

ARIEL. Run away from here Miranda, he has gone insane!

MIRANDA. Father?

PROSPERO. Miranda, you have to listen to me, the world is darker than you think, but now I can see the light, I won't be a puppet anymore, and you don't have to be one either, I'll guide your soul through the path of freedom and we'll see the sun in the horizon! All while we have fun in our brand new story!

MIRANDA. You are insane! Get away from me!

Then Miranda left the room, she didn't listen to me, she chose to blind herself and be controlled. I felt devastated.

ARIEL. I'm sorry, Prospero, but I can't let you do such a terrible thing to those poor souls, it's time for you to see just what a monster a spirit can be.

PROSPERO. How amusing, you have chosen to be the protagonist of my story, the hero. You have tried to put my daughter safe, and now you oppose me, your old master. Well then, I guess that you have opened your eyes a bit, but you are still blind, so blind. It is a shame, of all the roles that you could have chosen, you chose the one that will get you killed.

It was now done, I used one of my books to seal Ariel away forever.

ARIEL. No! Please! Not again! HELP ME!

PROSPERO. "Just what a monster a spirit can be" those are great last words, unfortunately there is no place for a hero in this story, no good nor evil will remain in this place. And now that my dear daughter has ran away from her own father, and the only one that I could consider my friend has betrayed me, I have nothing else important to me. It actually feels

kind of good, I have no one to worry about now, it's beautiful. Hahahaha... HAHAHAAHH!
I feel how my laughter consumes even more my brain, maybe those two were right, I'm insane after all, but does that really matter? Who cares at this point? I'm free, and I will make the most of that freedom! "Heaven, are you watching me?" I scream to the air "No more tricks! No more miracles! No more magic! No more!"

Four hours have passed. I have used my books to fill the island with chaos, everything is burning, almost everyone has now burnt to a crisp, and I am looking at the sky, laughing at heaven for thinking that it could control me. "Hear me out world! It's time for me, Prospero, to get my hands dirty, I will make sure to make every single second of this story a true drama! No more restrictions! No more laws! No more being trapped in a dark void, crying for help, hoping someone's response, and only receiving the echo of our own desperate voice!"

As I shouted this last words, I realized everything was turning black, the whispers I had heard the day before were there again, I turned around and saw an amalgamate of darkness.

PROSPERO. Oh, it's you, welcome to my little paradise, I owe you a huge thanks, you gave me my freedom and I am myself for the first time ever.

???. You... have enjoyed your freedom, and used it to create hell itself?

PROSPERO. Of course not! Sure, for the crewmates down there this place might be hell, but for me this place might as well be called the new heaven!

???. Great, this experiment seems to have paid off. Now then, let us end it.

PROSPERO. End it? What do you mean?

???. Prospero, think about it, even after I gave you your "freedom" you and everyone else have acted like you were still in a fictional story. And that is because you are, even though you have experienced more freedom in your actions, they were still decided by someone else, this is nothing more than another story. And every story comes to an end.

PROSPERO. What in the hell are you talking about?! I'll kill you!

???. You can't kill me, for I am the one who exists but doesn't at the same time, he who starts it all and at the same time end it all, not a god but neither a mere human. Now then would you look at the horizon?

PROSPERO. What's so special about it? There is just fog in the distance.

???. That my friend is not common fog, it is a phenomenon that is approaching here fast, and every word we speak makes it go faster. That fog resets everything it touches, it will consume the whole island and blind everyone in it again, including you. All of your memories will be gone, all actions done will be undone, and when the fog goes away, it will be as if nothing ever happened.

PROSPERO. What? No! I will not be chained again! I will not be a pawn! I refuse!

???. Please don't even try to do anything, it is futile, there is no way to delete an ending that is already written. This happens in every story, and it has happened to you as well multiple

times, every time someone has read your play, the ending comes, the fog consumes you, and everything is reset for the next time someone reads the play.

PROSPERO. Please! I'm begging you!

Prospero starts to cry desperately

???. Ah i see it is already starting, well then, I'll be gone now. If you want some advice Prospero, you should close your eyes, and taste the little "freedom" that you think you have left one last time. Goodbye.

Prospero tries to run but he realises that strings and chains are attached to his legs, arms and neck.

PROSPERO. No! Please! You! Stop! Help me, get me out of here! Stop please! Stop.

Fragment by Vega Pérez Hernández

Background and context

The aim of this creative writing is to change the happy ending of Shakespeare's work *The Tempest* to something fairer in my opinion. When I read this story for the very first time, I remember hoping that at the end Prospero would take revenge, but he did not in the original version so I will change that. In my new version, Prospero is more resentful and wants to make the others feel what he has been suffering for many years. Also, he needs to make his brother, Antonio, pay for what he did not only to himself but also to his daughter Miranda. On the other hand, Miranda in this story is angrier with her uncle and she supports and helps his father punish Antonio. She is an important part of the enormous magic trick they have planned. In the original story she falls in love with Fernando, the Prince of Naples, but in this version, she uses him to stay near his uncle and to the King of Naples, Alonso, and be aware of their plans.

Caliban and Ariel take an important part in this alternative ending too because they have the mission to make everyone believe that Prospero has forgiven his brother and they are all going back to civilization. In fact, they are guiding them into an imaginary boat while Prospero and Miranda take the real one.

Everything that happens at the end of the original work, when Prospero throws his magic book into the sea and breaks his wand, is omitted in this version because he wants to keep all the power.

The scene I will describe in this writing happens right after a long conversation between Caliban and the king's crew, where he successfully makes them believe that Prospero has forgiven his brother and wants to surprise all of them. This previous conversation is taking place at the same time as another one between Miranda and Fernando where she tells him that she wants to marry him and live together back home.

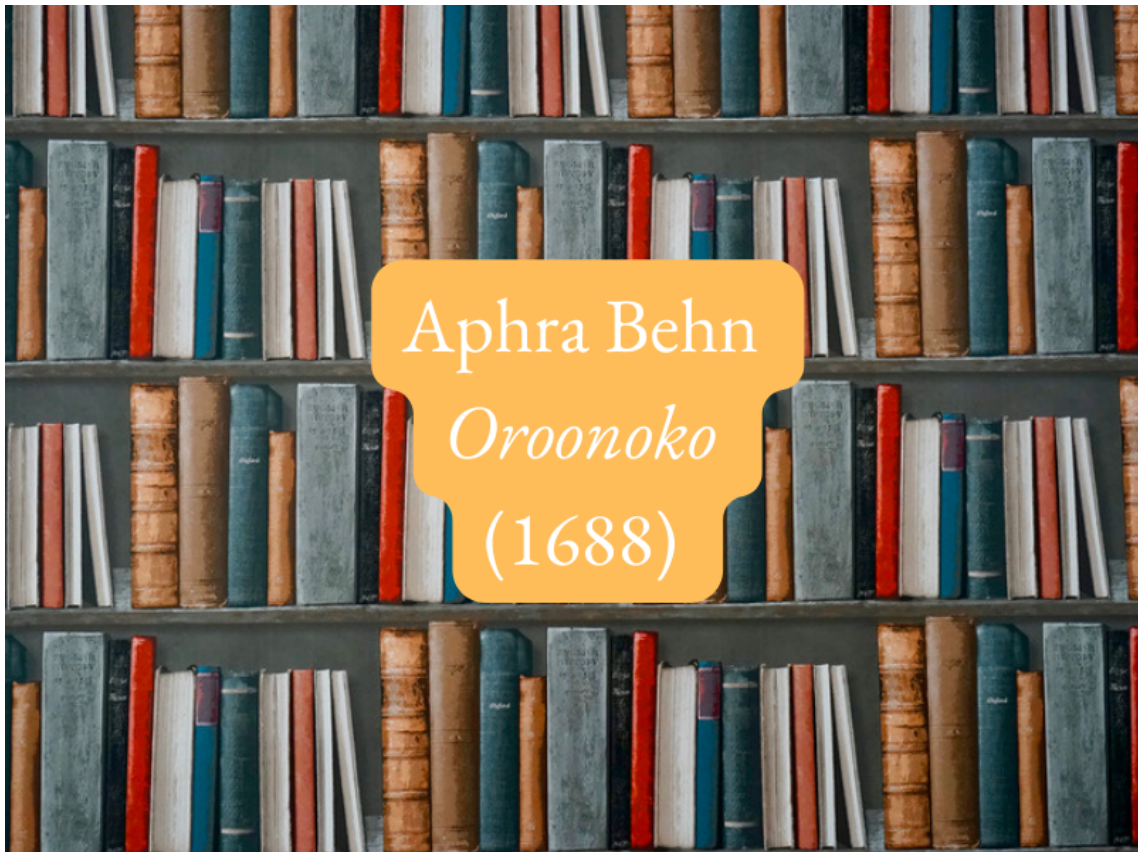
Alternate ending: final scene.

“Everyone, come with me! I’ll show you the big surprise,” Caliban said, and everyone followed him to the beach. There it was... an enormous boat similar to the one that was broken days before but now much bigger and spectacular. Nobody could believe it. How would Prospero have done that on his own? It seemed impossible. They were extremely happy and could not wait for the moment to leave and return home to their families so they did not care about how the boat could have been repaired that quickly. Everybody started asking for Prospero because they wanted to thank him for this huge gift. The plan could not be working better, now Caliban only had to tell them that his master was already inside the boat, and he would have made everyone fall into their trap. No one doubted it, except for Antonio who knew Prospero so well as to know that it was not that easy to make him change his mind. He started to speculate on his own but did not say a word, maybe because he was not entirely sure what his brother’s abilities might be. Everything seemed right to everyone and there was no sign it was one of Prospero’s tricks, but Antonio had a weird feeling until he suddenly heard something that made him go directly to the boat as if he was a humanoid under someone else’s control. It was Ariel that whispered into his ear saying “Everything is going to be fine” with Antonio’s mother’s voice. He felt relieved because his mum, whom he missed a lot, was telling him to trust his brother. After this he ran into the boat and the rest of the crew followed him because no one knew Prospero as good as Antonio and if he trusted him, why would the others not? What none of them realized was that, in fact, it was one of his magic illusions. Not only was Prospero not in the boat, but there was actually no boat at all. While Ariel and Caliban were guiding everyone to the fake scenario, Prospero and Miranda were on the other side of the island preparing the real boat to go back home. This was not the end of the plan, they had to make sure that Caliban and Ariel could make it to the ship because if not they would be trapped on the island. Their last mission was to go as near as possible to the imaginary boat and Caliban would jump off of it and swim to the real one. So that is what they did. They surrounded the island and when Caliban saw them, he went swimming faster and faster towards them flaunting his skills.

The crew realised then that everything was a trap and they had been deceived. Some of them jumped to the sea and tried to swim as fast as they could in order to get to the boat and beg Prospero to let them go home with him. But Caliban was a primitive savage who had grown up on that island so his skills as a swimmer were unattainable for the rest, so he arrived first and the boat started changing its direction and left them behind. Antonio could not believe what his brother was doing to him. He began to cry as a child, and he was not able to stop his tears. He thought about the whisper he heard minutes before and how cruel that was. Then Ariel became visible and repeated that whisper to let him realise all was a lie. Ariel had finished his mission too so he tried to get to his master, Prospero. He was not able to move out of the illusion. He tried to run, to fly, to jump... he tried everything but it was impossible. And all of the sudden he realised that he was a magic spirit and he could not leave the place where the magic started. Everyone then was in tears, the king’s crew because they could not go home and Prospero and his team because they were not able to take Ariel with them.

However, the worst thing was that Ariel not only could not leave but also had to stay with those that were left alone and abandoned. They would pay all their grudge with him and he would be a slave forever. Prospero thought about that for a second and had an idea. He then cast a spell on Ariel and turned him into a fish so that at least he could be free even if it was

only in the sea around the island. Then Prospero's ship started its departure and the further it went, the faster the magic trick would unravel so the few that remained inside the imaginary boat fell into the sea.



Fragment by Ariadna Rong Montiel

Oroonoko's essential traits

From own country to a colony
Because he is kidnapped
Oroonoko is an adult

Racism & religion / morality
Slavery (type of abuse)
Romance between the main characters

Version

From own town to another high school
Motive: Mother's work opportunity
Main character is a teenager

Racism towards the main character
Religious family friend uses religious stories to teach morals
Exploitation from classmates
Parental affection

ACTION AND PLOT

Plot type: rebirth and overcoming the monster (somehow).

Point of view: multiple; it allows the reader to get diverse thoughts that the action evokes.

CHARACTERS

Leah Hannover
She is Chloe's daughter.
She wants to smooth things for her mother after her father's death.
She is too good with people she feels sorry for.

Chloe Hannover
Leah's (widow) mother.
She wants to ensure her daughter a good future.
Her work is suffocating.
Has a terrible mourning strategy: staying away.

Miss Deborah
A religious character.
Leah's grandmother's best friend.
She takes care of Leah and wants them to realize they just need to stick together.



Miss DEBORAH

I cannot imagine how hard it must have been for Leah and Chloe since the accident. After that, Chloe thought that moving from North to South Carolina was a good idea- so they did so. Here Chloe found a really profitable work opportunity that she accepted. Her work allows her to feel safe about money and Leah was forced to accept the change. To be honest, it is hard to tell if Leah is good. Despite having taken care of her every other day I can only tell she seems too quiet and full focused on studying, even though she started to study from home. Her favourite activity seems to be reading about mythology and fantasy themed novels laying on the couch. Occasionally, I try to make her tell me what her book is about.

LEAH

Mom changed a lot after dad's death. Her singing in the morning was gone, her "let's go do something fun together" stopped... every single everyday activity became weird and uncomfortable. Even our normal girls' night conversation disappeared. She insisted that I finish my school year at home, and I only had to assist our final exams. I don't exactly know how but my grades went up. I was so proud that I cried for half an hour- it reminded me of dad's most repeated phrase. Mom and I have never talked seriously about the accident and how we would deal with it as a family. Sometimes I wish mom was better at talking about serious stuff.

CHLOE

I was devastated when I answered the phone. I don't know how I stayed on foot because my legs went numb. I thought about all the memories I had with Leah and Lewis, all those

moments just crushed and there was nothing left. The worst thing is that I had to tell Leah about it. She was in class when they called me. I remember feeling so lost, empty, but I had to figure out how to continue for Leah. That afternoon I called Miss Deborah. She gave really good advice so I could clear my mind. Miss Deborah was Leah's grandmother's best friend and when my mother died, she kept on calling. I'm so thankful she's there for me whenever I need her. I couldn't carry on walking the same streets without thinking about Lewis and Leah making fun of a video they saw that morning about a cat crushing someone's patience or deciding which movie we would watch on Friday night, and I guessed it was as difficult for Leah as it was for me. Some of the first conversations that we had were when I told Leah that I talked to her tutor about finishing that year doing online classes if possible. Her tutor was very polite and immediately accepted. We agreed that Leah and he would communicate via the school email and she would be notified of all the theory and exercises she would have to do. Her grades were surprisingly high considering the situation. However, I sent her twice for a psychologist appointment. It went well and the psychologist said she was going appropriately through the first mourning stages.

OCTOBER

LEAH

Last year we were at home, and I could go to the same cafe I've gone to like a million times. This year I must adapt to a new city and discover cool places. It is not that I'm not interested, the thing is that I don't feel like going outside anymore. For me going outside is unexciting and staying at home doing some creative activity is more than enough. In fact, I had to adapt my studying plan to this year's school schedule. I believe I'm a lot more productive at home, but mom didn't like the idea of online studying, so I had to attend classes as normal students do. I couldn't connect with my classmates as I expected but I like it when they tell me to study together, which happens very often. What I do is to tell them to meet at a beautiful library I know, and they usually bring something to eat. I have noticed that we meet a lot of times, but we never talk about anything else than homework or school. Maybe it is because of how much we know each other, I guess. Also, I consider I've done great this semester, but I've been so busy helping other classmates that I forgot to do my own homework.

CHLOE

When Leah told me she wanted to continue studying online I thought about it for a minute. I considered that to protect her and the bubble she has created for herself because I thought that maybe that was the thing that kept her from falling apart. After giving it a lot of thought I decided that she had to start new relationships and keep going. The first day of class she told me she was too lazy to go but on the next days she just seemed ok with the idea. Miss Deborah told me Leah had told her about these girls from school that are constantly asking her to teach them their lessons. I don't know how to talk to Leah about it without making her angry.

DECEMBER

Miss DEBORAH

This Christmas Leah and Chloe are coming to my house to celebrate. The snow in North Carolina is impeding the transit so they are spending the holidays with me. Leah looks well

but she is still not talking to Chloe how their dynamics will work now. For the holidays I have prepared some fun plans to make them two to spend some time together.

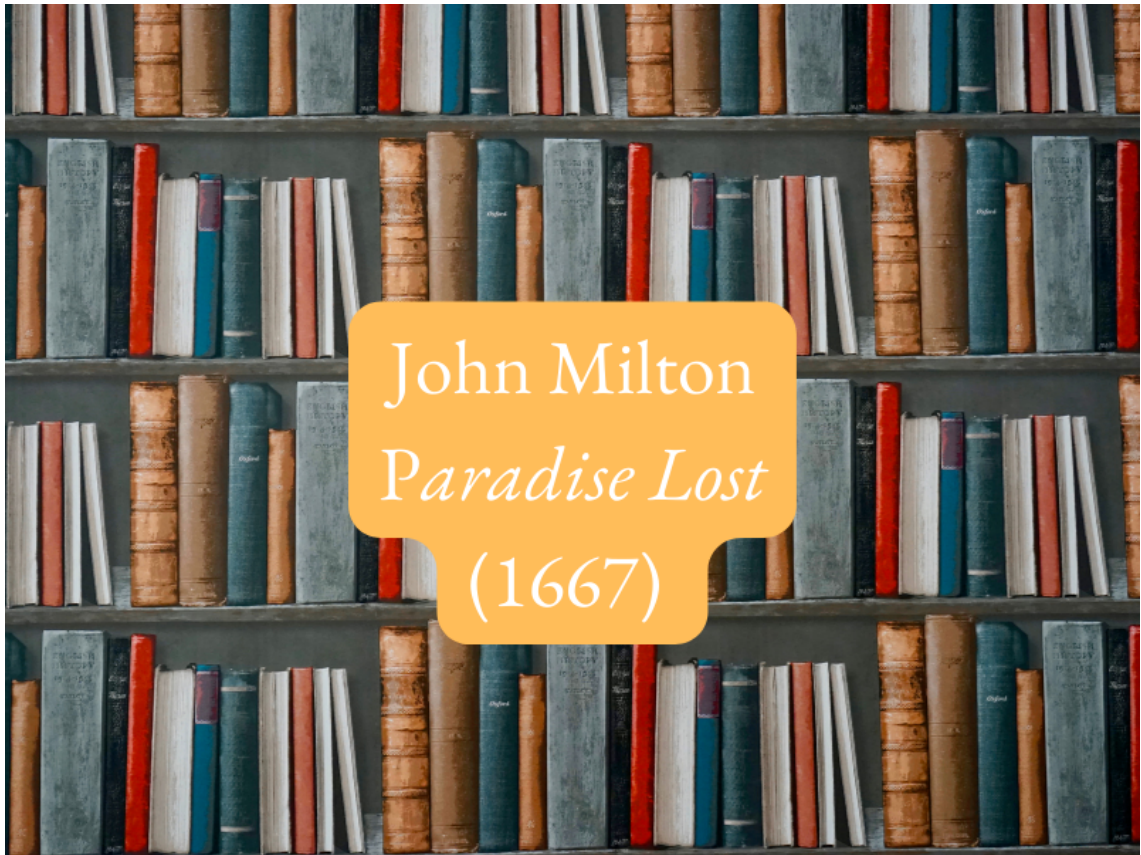
CHLOE

I didn't expect Miss Deborah to plan various activities. Mom and I had to team work to get everything done because Miss Deborah insisted on having them done to complete our Christmas spirit. I think it was worth doing them and it was nice to teamwork with mom to do the chores. She never lets me do any of them at home because she says I have to focus on my mental health and my studies, even though I have plenty of time to help her.

JANUARY

CHLOE

This semester was exactly like the first one but I've noticed that the only one who really tries to get along with me is Elizabeth. She is from another old English colony, just as my grandfather. She told me her great grandmother married an English man- so she is half english. In fact, a big part of her family lives in Wales and Birmingham. I don't really like it when I hear any aggressive comments towards her when I am helping some classmate. I wonder if they do that often or even about me. I've heard one of those comments before but this semester it is becoming something frequent and more offensive.



Fragment by Nerea Iglesias Belloso, Gema Martín Arroyo

...And God himself brought down Satan from the ethereal sky with such anger, locking him up in Hell.

While falling, he could feel the upcoming smell of Hell's sulphur. In a matter of seconds, his body reached the hard reddish ground, triggering an enormous hole. He tried to rise up, facing some difficulties due to the fact that God had grabbed his wings.

After some time getting used to his new body, he finally stood up, a fire whirlwind veiled him, and after vanishing, he was reflected in a crystalline rock and he noticed that his aspect had changed: now, he had horns and a reddish skin.

Wrapped up in a halo of fury and anger with arduous desires of revenge and to recover what God had snatched from him, and with remnants of flames, he headed toward his new home's entrance. Several smoke giants were patiently waiting for his leader, willing to obey his lord and succeed in fulfilling his lord's ideals. Upon his entry into hell, his faithful followers guided him towards his new throne.

Satan's recovery was slow and painful due to God's great power. His body had suffered great damage and his scars were deeper than expected. As time passed by, he recovered strength, even amplifying it thanks to the new conditions he had to adapt. His horns were now much more powerful and his body improved in resistance and muscles. Far from doing anything, he gathered his most powerful soldiers in the Main Hall, coming up with strategies and tactics in order to end his enemies' lives and restore the ancient brightness.

—I have gathered you to announce that, after such a long time planning our revenge, everything is now prepared. Army chiefs, go get together the troops and notify me when you are ready.

—Yes, my Lord"—they answered in unison.

—We will be leaving toward Eden at sunset—announced—I hope you will not disappoint me, or by the way, you will pay dearly for it.

Before they could answer, Satan had left the room.

Sun was setting, and Satan's army was ready to raise the flight. As their Lord gave the order, his troops hoisted, setting out on a trip towards their desired revenge. Peace was reigning in the kingdom of God. He observed humans, his subjects, while they were working and developed as thinking beings, being more and more autonomous but never losing their faith in God. Everyone remained according to his willingness, and no one dared challenge him, no one wanted to break the current peace. However, after several centuries of apparent tranquility, the bad news came to his ears. One of his messenger angels reported to him that Satan, the fallen angel, had regained his strength and was organising his army in order to start a battle against him.

Face of such treats, God soon gathered his angels and prepared a counterattack:

—Angels, gather around me! Satan, your old fellow, has started a war against us— said as he walked through his domains, making himself heard.

—Warriorangels! Prepare your soldiers and head west and control it. Senior angels! You will be the main force, you will fight beside me. The others divide into groups and cover the remaining accesses. We don't know where they'll get in.

In a matter of hours, Eden became a military camp, getting ready for the battle that would confront the forces of good and evil.

The battlefield was deserted. A gentle breeze flooded the scene. The silence was predominant in the surroundings, and in the distance, a human figure could be seen. He was standing there, without moving, just waiting for the event that will mark the fate and future of his kingdom.

— Get ready! They are getting closer. It's the time.

Suddenly, the air became heavy, and the atmosphere was rarefied. A cloud of smoke and ash was ending the purity of the place and a being involved in flames was approaching the king of Heaven. As Satan continued his ways, everything around him was burning, fruit of his footsteps, destroying every living thing that came near him.

His eyes finally met, facing each other:

—I see everything is still the same as when I left this place.

—I cannot say the same of you. It seems that the air of Hell has changed you—replied God.

—Just a few changes. I wanted to be presentable to see you perish”.

—To see me perish! —God said while laughing —You seem very sure of it”.

—It's time to stop laughing, we're not here for that. I am going to get back everything you took from us. Your rule has come to an end.

—Well, if that's what you want.

At that moment, God raised his hand toward the sky, signaling to his troops the beginning of the battle. At that point, God's ranks appeared from the clouds and formed behind their leader, ready to fight.

Satan rose to the sky and his troops began to appear from everywhere: the giants of smoke and other soldiers appeared from among the trees, flying creatures began to sail through the sky, others arose underground. Both leaders retreated to the front of their army, encouraging them for the final battle.

—The time has come, although no one wanted it to arrive, but we are strong and we will end the forces of evil that want to ravage our domains. We will win! Fight for your God, angels! —said God.

—The time of our revenge has come. We will get what was taken from us, what was ours. Evil will cease to reign today at last. Eden is ours! Army force, attack! —proclaimed Satan. Both forces threw themselves into combat. The sound of weapons clashing echoed in the sky. The battle had begun. Satan's army broke through between punches and lunges, as hundreds of angels fell in their wake.

The power of fire and light clashed in a bloody battle, destroying what was commonly known as the kingdom of Heaven. All that was left was fire and ashes from that holy place. Both troops were heavily decimated, leaving only a hundred on both sides. Among blood, fire and destruction, the leaders met at last, face to face.

—The show begins now—said Satan, throwing himself against God.

God dodged his attack, throwing a light ray straight to his enemy's heart. Satan blocked it with his fire broadsword. With Satan's response, God created a light sword and the real fight for absolute power began.

Satan attacked directly to his heart, but God could protect himself and both weapons knocked together. He counterattacked against his legs, trying to immobilise him. Satan went backwards and threw a flare-up against his opponent, enclosing him. The King of Eden tried

to escape, but a flare wrapped his hand and the sword fell into the void. In an oversight, God dealt a punch to his enemy, making his sword fall. Successively, they confronted each other with their fists, being both visibly badly injured.

They knew that the next attack was going to be the last one, they were not going to last much longer. Little by little, Satan trapped God against the fire, leaving him with no escape. The fallen angel finally pinned down the king:

—Any last words?

God knew that he had lost this battle. He did not expect such power from the one he had exiled.

—If you are going to do it, do it now, but your reign will not last forever.

Under a war cry, Satan tossed his opponent into the flames, grabbing him to avoid his escape. Among cries, Dios turned into ashes, under the attentive sight of his subjects and the new king.

Satan troops broke out in cheering, capturing the few angels that were alive. Satan broke the silence with a thunderous guffaw.

—Finally, our revenge has taken place. World is ours now!

Satan headed towards his desired throne while his followers kneeled as he passed by. When sitting on it, Eden's characteristic pureness vanished, turning into a dark and desolating place. Suddenly, the fire covered Satan and, among yells, underwent what was taken from him: two enormous red wings arose from his back, proclaiming the new king and the era which was about to begin.



Fragment by Lorena López Díaz

(Frankenstein has created the monster, with the assistance of her wife Elizabeth. They are both together in the laboratory. In this moment, they are trying to wake up the monster so that they could know if the experiment has worked or not).

I hope this experiment finally works; I've put all my desires on it – said Victor. He was really nervous at that point. With this creation, his purposes were two: the first one was to create life and at the same time be able to have an extra in the laboratory. The second one (and maybe the most important) was to impress his wife so that he doesn't feel so lonely as he has been feeling the last few years. It will work, I'm sure. Come on, make your magic— said Elizabeth.

Victor began closing the roof's laboratory. Then, he connected an enormous defibrillator on the left side of the stretcher where the monster was laid down. Elizabeth gave her husband his transparent glasses and his white lab coat, essentials for him. Finally, when all the things he needed were prepared, he turned on the electricity. The show was going to start.

Some minutes later, the lights on the laboratory were flickering, all the furniture was moving and suddenly everything went dark. Please, can you give me the torch? It's on the corner— asked Victor to his wife. What has happened? Is it everything okay Frankenstein? — She had no answer. — Don't worry. I'm here. Everything is okay. Good job Mr. Frankenstein— said a voice inside the dark room. Elizabeth and his husband were screaming as they didn't know where that voice was coming from. — It's me, the monster, your creation, doctor.

Frankenstein couldn't believe his experiment finally works. He had created life. Is it everything okay? How are you feeling? Do you need something? — asked Victor astonished to the monster. — No thanks, everything is okay. Who is that lady over there? Frankenstein explained to the monster that Elizabeth was his wife and that she was helping Victor in the whole process of his creation. — Oh, really? It is a pleasure to meet you Madam. — The pleasure is mine – said Elizabeth. They spent a long time talking with the monster to check if he had the same human feelings as them and if the purpose of Victor (create him just to help in the laboratory and do good things) had been achieved.

After two hours, Victor left the laboratory to bring some food for them. Elizabeth stayed in and started talking again with the monster. She was doing it in a different way than Victor did and that made the monster being uncomfortable. Nevertheless, she continued disturbing him. He couldn't stand it more. Elizabeth thought that he was going to be angry and start destroying everything. However, as Victor made him with human feelings, he started crying as he didn't know why Elizabeth was behaving with him in that way.

Some minutes later, Victor entered in the laboratory again. He noticed something strange. Elizabeth was near the monster, and he was really quiet and without saying a word, which was quite strange to Victor as the monster had been talking to him non-stop. — What has happened here? Is there something that I must know? — asked Victor walking through the laboratory's entrance. — Nothing honey. I was telling him about our vacations on the beach last year— answered Victor's wife. The monster continued being immobile.

(After all of this, Frankenstein let the monster go out on the street to check if he behaved in the same way with other people. He kept noticing that something strange was happening to the monster and he still didn't know what it was. At the same time, his wife was also behaving differently. With this new behaviour, the monster started destroyed everything. People were afraid of him, and they couldn't left their houses because of that. Then, when all the city was destroyed and unrecognisable, the monster returned to the Frankenstein's house. Now his goal was to kill his creator, Victor. The monster entered in the laboratory, where Victor was doing one of his experiments).

— Hi, Victor. Have you missed me? — asked the monster while laughing at the same time.

— What are you doing here? I didn't call you to come— answered Victor terrified. The monster started running through the laboratory and with his amazing strength he grabbed Victor with his hands and tried to suffocate him. Suddenly, Elizabeth entered the laboratory: — Not now monster, I have to say a few words to my husband before you kill him— said her laughing with a big evil smile. The monster stopped grabbing Victor's neck and began to grab him by the arms. Frankenstein wasn't finding out anything about what was happening.

— Elizabeth, darling, tell me you weren't the one who did all of this, please— said Victor with some tears under his eyes. And who else would it be? There is no one with an evil intelligence like mine— answered her. After that, Elizabeth told him her whole plan. When Victor created the monster and left the laboratory to make some food, she installed a chip that she had created in the monster so that his only purpose would be the destruction of everything. She envied that Victor was smarter than her and for that reason she believed that by killing him she could keep his position. Elizabeth had never loved Victor, she just wanted to get all his power and virtues.

— I can't believe you were the one who change this. I did all of this for you so that you would know how much I loved you— said Victor crying. I don't mind. It's not my fault that you believe in children's stories. Now I'm going to keep everything that's yours. All your power and everything you have created will be mine. And you won't be able to claim anything because you will no longer be in this world— said Elizabeth. Later, she told the monster to finish killing Victor. He started grabbing his neck again.

— No, stop! I haven't created you to do that. Look at me. It's me, I'm Victor, your creator. You have been created only to do good things. Don't behave like this please. Remember me. You have human feelings, you're not a monster— said Victor desperately. He was losing consciousness because of the force of the monster. Despite of that, Victor managed to move his legs and kick the monster, removing in that way the chip that his wife had inserted on him.

Suddenly, the monster stopped grabbing Victor, he blinked a few times and finally he fell to the floor of the laboratory. — Victor what has happened? — asked the monster. Frankenstein told him everything that had happened. Elizabeth couldn't believe what she was seeing. Her plan had failed, and her husband was still alive. — Why have I done that? I would never do something like that, you didn't create me to hurt people and destroy things— . Then, Victor told him about Elizabeth's plan. She didn't know what to say. The monster started crying because of all the destruction he had made, and he apologized to him. — Don't

worry. I knew that you wouldn't do something like that— said Victor with a big smile on his face.

At the end, Elizabeth was arrested by the police and jailed for attempted murder. Frankenstein and the monster continued working together in the laboratory for many years. Frankenstein got him transparent glasses and a white lab coat just like his. Everybody loved him. He helped the people of the city in any way he could. Their next project together was the creation of a partner for the monster, although they weren't quite sure because they didn't want anyone to get in their way again. Their friendship was worth more to them than any love partner.

THE END

Fragment by Assía Nachi

It is 2070 and human relations have grown cold and distant. A society immersed in the development of technology and science has forgotten the values of family, friendship and love itself. The members of this society have lost themselves in the labyrinth of an apparent progress that has led them to submission. This was the reality of Victor, a promising young man who was both cursed and blessed with intelligence and curiosity which led him to isolation and a profound feeling of helplessness. The loneliness inside of him made him feel as a bird incapable of escaping from its cage, it is just that his cage was the society he was trapped in. Desperate and mad for human contact, love or just a warm glance, he decided to put all the knowledge he had acquired through the years into the creation of a female, a woman that he would instruct so she would obey to his needs.

A cold and dark night was the one where he gave life to a corpse, making it a human again and not just a pile of bones and muscle. As he stood there in front of his creation with terror and fear in his eyes, a beautiful figure emerged. She was full of grace: her blue eyes were as deep as the clearest ocean, her delicate hands were trying to cover her intimacy as she looked over the room and her creator. Victor got closer to her and slid his hand through her golden hairs amazed at what he had done.

During the last three months, Victor spent his time teaching his creature, who he called Venus, about nature, science, philosophy and love. He was, in a certain way, trying to prepare her for the society she was about to meet.

- I'm just scared, I'm terrified—he told her the night before her first touch with society.
- Of what? -she asked while stroking his back.
- I don't want them to meet you, I want to be the only one who can lay his eyes on you. They will make you sick, they will infect you with their horrid minds!
- Whatever illness there is out there, you will always be my cure.

However, the day she finally met society was full of disgrace. The grey sky and the wild wind were a sign of the horrid episodes that were about to take place that day.

Venus admired the beautiful landscapes and the height of the skyscrapers of the city but she felt that something was off. Then, she realized that without the presence of Victor, she would be lonely, even though they were surrounded by people.

- Where are they? -she asked her creator.
- They are in a different reality -he answered while pointing at their phones.
- There's no society then. Why would you want me to exist in this cold and lonely place?
- Because I needed to get away from that cold and lonely place -he said with fear of driving her away from him.
- So... I exist because you feel alone. I am nothing but an entertainment for you, just like it is for them with their phones -she was disgusted at the realization that he was only using her -. If I had turned out ugly and monstrous, would you have kept me?

He remained silent and so, he gave her the answer to her question. She came back home with him that day, just to disappear the next one leaving Victor even more alone now that he knew what love and human connection felt like.

Fragment by Sonia Muñoz

It is the 18th century. London is the most populated city in Europe, which translates into a constant hustle and bustle of people in its streets. One of its citizens stands out for being ahead of her time. She is Victoria Frankenstein, a very attractive woman born into a well-to-do family. Women at this time are limited to household chores, so they do not have access to education. But so great has always been Victoria's curiosity about nature and her eagerness to learn that as a child she acquired scientific knowledge on her own, with the help of the wide variety of books at her family's home. She now lives with her good-looking husband, who is an important writer of the time called Henry Clerval, in a crescent house in Bloomsbury, London. Despite being ahead of her time in terms of education, she keeps on doing her housework at home because she considers it is the right thing for a woman to do.

One of Victoria's biggest dreams since she was a child is to have a family but, despite having being married for more than five years, she has been unable to get pregnant. She believes that if she fails to produce offspring, she will have failed as a wife and her husband would not love her anymore. That is why her desire to become a mother is growing stronger and stronger. It is this maternal impulse which leads her to think about the possibility of creating her own child through science. Victoria starts to investigate and document herself about how she could carry out this strange idea of hers. After months of research, she decides to put into action her plan to create human life through science. She does this behind her husband's back because she intends to give him a big surprise, if her project succeeds.

Victoria first experiments in her laboratory, which is located in the attic of the house, with dead animals trying to get them back to life through a special potion she has created herself with herbs and spices. These first experiments do not work very well, but that does not discourage Victoria, who begins to think of a different way of bringing the animals back to life. It is at that moment when the idea of using electricity for this purpose comes to her mind. She puts this new thought into practice and, to her surprise, it works at last.

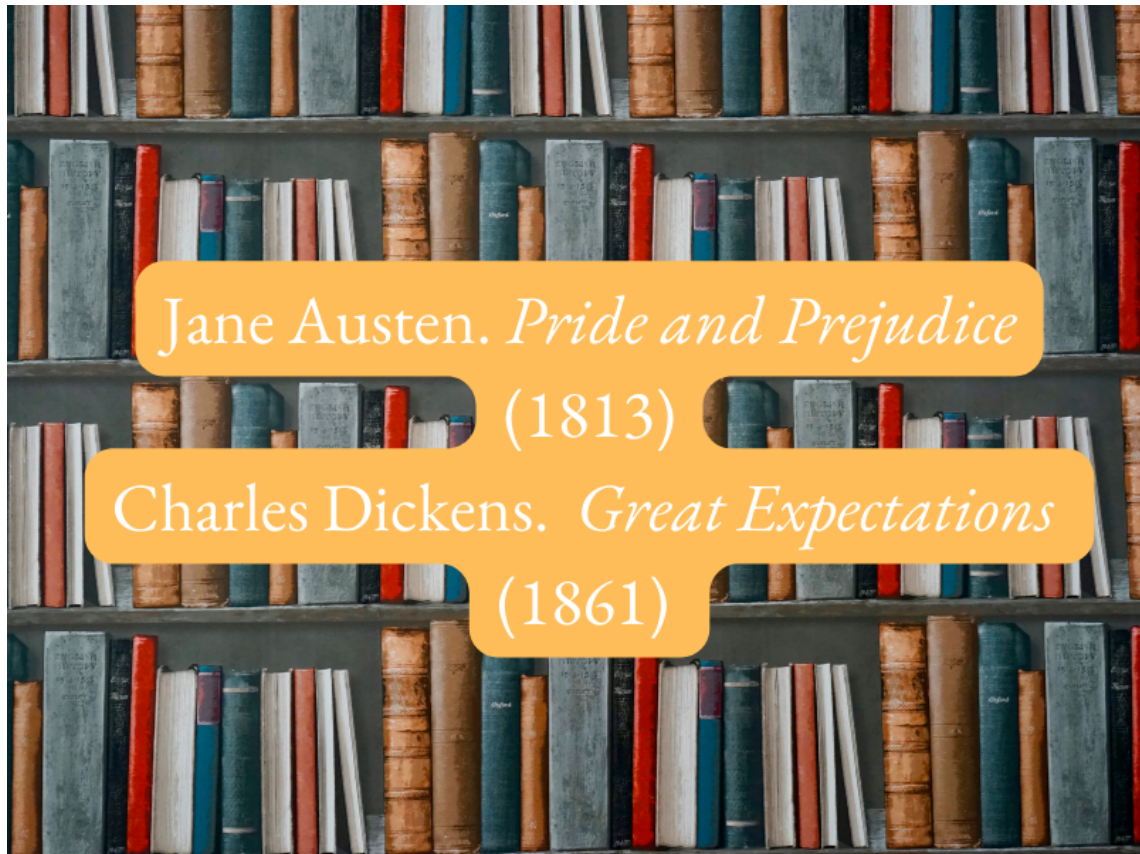
Once Victoria has the key to creating life, she tries the creation of her child. In doing so, she joins her scientific knowledge to the ability at sewing that all women were supposed to have at the time. First, she visits several churchyards in London, where she extracts body parts from different corpses. After this, she sets to work and begins to put together the different parts she had collected in order to form what would hopefully become her son. When she has sewn all the parts together to form the new body, she proceeds to give it electric shocks to bring it to life. After some attempts she succeeds, the body is... moving. At last! Victoria can hardly believe her eyes. She has finally got what she has eagerly wanted for so long. She is plenty of excitement just imagining how happy her husband will be when he sees that they finally have a child. Victoria feels love and tenderness towards the being she has just brought to life.

The being Victoria has created is very ugly. It has got a scarred face from surgery. Its hair is black and tousled and it has a very large and pointed nose. Although not very tall, he has very large hands and feet and a gangly walking. To tell the truth, it is a bit scary. She assumes that it is not very cheerful to look at, but she does not mind, she accepts it the way it is. The being is very innocent and curious about the world surrounding it. Victoria, as a mother, teaches it to speak before introducing it to her husband, so that the surprise is all the greater.

She has formed a strong bond with what she considers her son and believes that since it has learned to speak English fluently, the time for her husband to meet it has come. But to Victoria's surprise, Henry rejects the creature from the outset because of its physical appearance. He compares it with a monster and refuses to let that thing become their child. This comes as a great shock to Victoria, who feels a deep sadness inside. Henry notices the great bond his wife has with the monster and the attention she pays to him, which makes him feel jealous. Henry, blinded by jealousy, threatens to leave Victoria if she does not give up the monster. Victoria is incredulous at her husband's threat. She does not recognise him. He has put her in a very difficult situation, as she cannot choose between them. She is deeply in love with her husband, and in turn, she feels big love for the one she considers her son. Henry gives her three days to make a decision about it. During this period, Victoria has an inner struggle and tries to think of alternatives so that her loved husband could stay with her without having to abandon the creature. Finally, she knows she must make a decision and with her heart filled with pain she throws the being out of her house. But there is one thing Victoria does not know: this decision will have irreversible consequences...

The creature feels dismayed and betrayed by his former mother. This makes it no longer a kind being, and pushes it to prepare its revenge. It thinks Henry Clerval is the one to blame for its abandonment and it has great contempt for him. The monster finally decides to kill Henry and consequently it would also make its mother suffer as punishment for the

abandonment. When Victoria learns about the horrible news, this comes like a severe blow to her. At that very moment she feels responsible for her husband's death and curses the day she let herself be driven by her desire to be a mother and create that becoming beast. Victoria cannot conceive the meaning of her life without Henry and she decides to commit suicide. When the creature realises that its mother is dead, it feels lost, lonely and full of grief so it decides to kill itself as well.



Jane Austen. *Pride and Prejudice*

(1813)

Charles Dickens. *Great Expectations*

(1861)

Fragment by Paula Miguel, Paula Porto and Alba Jiménez

FIRST FRAGMENT

The first day Pip went to Miss Havisham's house, he met Stella. She was a young girl, with long wavy brown hair, and she was tall. The first impression Stella had of him was that he was an arrogant man.

Every day he would go to Miss Havisham's house, he would play with Stella. The first days they both were filled with prejudice about the other and they could not take apart their pride. But, after some weeks, Pip started to fall in love with her (even though at first, he tried hardly to feel nothing for her). He admired her personality, because Stella was clever, emphatic and a good person, as well as revolutionary and open-minded. Moreover, Pip thought she was different and interesting because she had a purpose in life: she wanted to be someone in life, she had studies and she read lots of books to become a writer. And that was different from the other women who lived in Pip's village.

Nevertheless, although she believed in true love, Stella felt that she could not afford it or have it because of what happened to her mother (she had been abandoned when she was about to get married). Because of this, she did not want to have the same feelings about Pip that he has about her.

Pip found out that Stella came from a middle-class family but with some advantages. Her mother was a staunch feminist and they both did not believe in the possibility of a man who would rescue them, but they believed in true love.

Stella did not have the same feelings as Pip at first, because she did not him and she was convinced that she was a bad person, she ended up falling in love with him, because she found that he was a better man than what she thought at the beginning.

SECOND FRAGMENT (PIP AND STELLA'S SEPARATION)

Pip and Stella managed to forget their pride for a long and valuable time, in which they learned more about the dreams, fantasies and goals they had in their lives. Stella always spoke to Pip about her dream of becoming a writer and publishing a novel, she was a cultured young woman with a passion for literature, so Pip was not surprised by her ambition. However, Pip was a less dreamy and a more realistic man, perhaps that was his worst characteristic. He did not doubt the great talent of Stella, but he knew that fulfilling her dream would be difficult because of the way in which women were considered in any intellectual field. This was Pip's thoughts as they walked together in front of the old bookshop that Stella used to frequent, but Pip did not dare to express this musing out loud to a hopeful Stella, whom he was secretly beginning to love.

Pip had always been a cold-hearted, down-to-earth man with clear ideas. He knew what he wanted and he fought for it: he wanted to become a gentleman and earn his own money,

leaving his lower-class life behind. For him, love was a distraction and Stella was completely breaking his schemes.

Pip did not want to give up his goals in life for something as superfluous and temporary as love, as much as he loved Stella. That is why, when a secret benefactor offered him a great fortune to educate himself as a gentleman in London, he did not hesitate for a moment, leaving a helpless Stella.

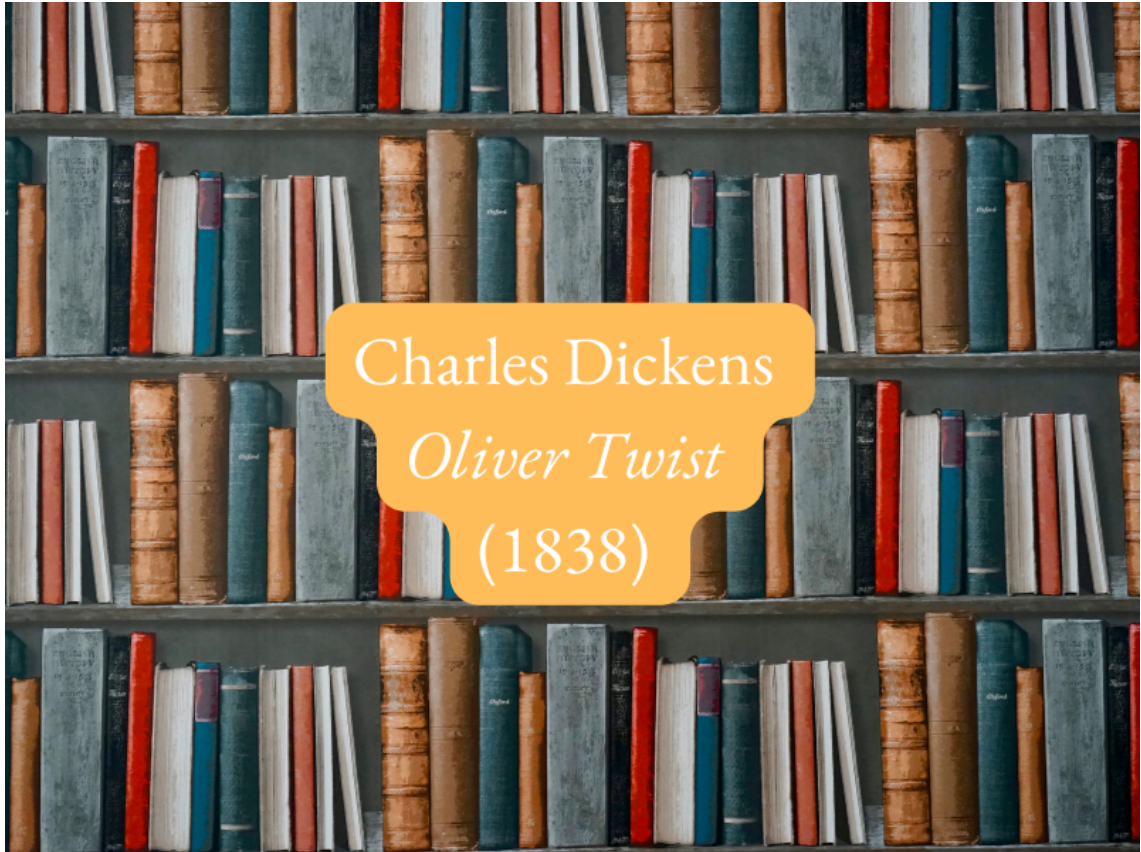
During all the years he spent in London, Pip never forgot Stella. He always wondered if she had achieved her dream of becoming a writer and if one day he would have the pleasure of reading one of her novels. On numerous occasions he regretted his pragmatism and fantasized about the life he may have had with Stella, but because of his cowardice, he did not have. Despite everything, Pip never gave up the hope of meeting her again in the future: "My feelings and my wishes have not changed, but a word from her will silence me forever."

LAST FRAGMENT (EPILOGUE)

Ten years later Pip still had the same habits: at ten o'clock in the morning he went for a walk, and that day was not an exception. After the walk he always went to a café in Carnaby Street, something which might have been strange for a younger Pip, because he was not very outgoing unless he was drunk, but things had change, especially since her... He sometimes found himself thinking whether she had achieved those crazy dreams that she used to have, and then remembered how brilliant she was, but the novel industry is arduous, especially for women. With these thoughts in his mind, Pip decided to change completely his usual route and took the street that led him to Miss Havisham's house, he had remembered an old bookshop that they used to frequent together those few times when they were able to forget about their pride. When he arrived at the bookshop, all the memories came back, and Pip had the feeling that they were making fun of them, because of being a coward and not having been brave enough to admit his love for Stella.

The place was as he remembered, and inevitably, he decided to go upstairs, where there was a library, there he saw a beautiful woman, whom he recognized immediately, how could he forget her? She was signing books... Her novel! She had finally achieved what she deserved, something that made Pip very proud, as well as embarrassed thinking about how problematic he was for her life and wondering if she would had published her novel if she had been with him.

But now, ten years later, the woman who was at the library had nothing to do with that young man that regretted not telling her about his love. How stupid he was... ten years later he still loved her, even though they had not seen each other, and maybe because of that, he decided to repair his mistakes and try to recover Stella and her love.



Fragment by Julia Pelegri Coto

PROLOGUE

This story takes place during the Victorian era, a time of great differences between social classes, poverty, criminality, child abuse...

Our protagonist was abandoned in a hospice as a baby. At the age of nine, his rebellious character was already part of his strong personality. This rebellion brought him nothing but trouble, so he ended up being adopted by Mr. Sowerberry, who mistreats him to the point that Oliver ends up running away from him. We are going to pick up and continue the story the moment Oliver decides to run away from Sowerberry's house.

CHAPTER I

«My legs move by themselves, I can hardly feel them, today three days ago I decided to head to London, I have been walking without rest since then. »

«I still feeling the wounds that Mr. Sowerberry left on my back, it was an act of the most unconscious, it is obvious that in my right mind I would never have dared to hit that man, however I do not regret it, I would do it a thousand times more, I would whip that bastard old man until he fell dead.»

I had been thirsty for hours when I suddenly heard the sound of a stream, immediately ran out in despair, following the sound of water until I could sink my lips into that icy water. That's when I heard footsteps near me, quickly got up and watched a child playing with a toy that I had never seen so closely, only through shop windows. I approached him so I could observe him better. He wore a Fauntleroy suit that we used to talk about in the hospice and a black cap.

—What are you playing with? I asked him.

—And who are you?

—I'm Oliver, Oliver Twist, I was just curious to know what the use of what you have in your hands is.

—Seriously, don't you know what it is? It is a Dollhouse, my nanny, Rosa, gave it to me.

—I've always thought that was for girls.

—That's why I'm playing here and not in my house, my father would kill me if he saw me playing with it. We all live in the same house, I can't understand why playing with a small one it's only for girls.

—So, that's a small version of your house? —I was shocked by the size of that house, it seems a castle to me.

—Of course! All Dollhouses are always imitations of our real houses. What do you usually play with?

—I don't even have many toys, but I used to play with skipping ropes months ago. I've always dreamed with a railway wagon, one day I'll get one.

—I've lots of wagons in my house, come with me I can give you as many as you want. I live in London, not so far away.

—I don't...

—COME ON!

I started walking by his side and I realise that I didn't know even his name.

—Sorry but, what's your name?

—Sikes, I'm Sikes, the youngest of three. And your family? Lives in London too?

—It's difficult to explain, I'm my own family.

—Wait, are you born of yourself? How?

I couldn't stand the laughter in the face of such barbarity.

—I mean that I've never known my family, I don't know who my mother is, my father or if I have brothers.

The fact that I was alone seems to shock Sikes, we spent the rest of the day in almost complete silence, until we got to his house.

CHAPTER II

We sneak between the bars of an immense iron gate and immediately enter a huge garden with a beautiful stone fountain in the center and dogs running around. I looked up and found a tall two-story building with a beautiful stained glass window on top. It had a lovely entrance and a balcony in all of what appeared to be bedrooms. A slender chimney peeked out of the bottom of the roof, creating a huge plume of smoke in the gray sky.

—Sikes! Where have you been dear, your mother is hooked, come on, give me this and come in before she gets angrier. — She took the Dollhouse and looked at me— Who is your friend?

—He is Oliver, Oliver Twist, he was born of himself, Rosa.

— My name is Oliver, what he means is that I've no family, I just came here for some wagons.

—She looked at my neck shocked-

—How did you do this?

—It's a birthmark, I've always had it.

A woman came running toward us.

—Sikes! It's almost night, your father is so angry, how didn't you come before? Who is he?

—Sorry mum, he's Oliver, he—I've no family—I interrupted him.

—Where are your shoes? Where do you come from?—She looked at me up and down curiously.

— Sincerely, I don't know.

—Come with us. Rosa, prepare a bedroom for Oliver. —She ordered.

I followed Sikes to the hall of the house, where his father and two young men were waiting. As soon as they saw me, they started looking and talking to each other, I could see how they laughed at me and my desire to get out of there was getting bigger and bigger, but I had nowhere to go, so I had to stay.

That night I was asked to stay and live under their tutelage, since the two older brothers would soon get married and leave the house. The fact that I would receive an education I had never received scared me, especially because of Mr. Fagin's tough character. His wife, Anita, was his ulterior, kindness, beauty and humility. But she was under the orders of her husband, the fear controlled her emotions.

The two old brothers, Monks and Noé, were a copy of their father.

In that house reigned peace and concord, education, and cordiality, but love and affection were conspicuous by their absence, a hell for those who have a soul and value something more than our image. From that moment I knew that it would be impossible to fit into that place.

CHAPTER III

The morning started with a breakfast I could never have dreamed of. Fifteen children of the hospice could have eaten at that table, but we were only three with all that food. I didn't see Anita or Mr. Fagins all day.

Rosa took care of us all day long. She dressed us and gave us lessons. I looked strange in that suit we used to talk about in the hospice as something unattainable, but it will take some getting used to, I guess.

Sikes explained me that they didn't see their parents in their daily life, Rosa was the one who took care of their education following the instructions of Mr. Fagins and Anita. How can they live without the affection of their parents?

They woke up, had breakfast (while learning how to eat and sit down in a table properly), received lessons for long hours and went to bed. When they could be children? They hadn't free time. The freedom that I had before would be erased from my mind, but, maybe, in the future, I could compensate it with a great position in social class due to good education.

CHAPTER IV

The routine had become a complete torment, I was beginning to wonder if it was worth sacrificing my childhood for a possible or not good future.

Noé and Monks were my torture, they made fun of me every day, they chased me, tore my clothes... Rosa defended me whenever she could, but she couldn't allow herself to question the manners of Mr. Fagins children.

I remember one day that I will never forget, I was reading a book that Rosa recommended me to improve my lecture, since I didn't know to read. I was in my bedroom reading aloud when Monks entered in my room.

— Noé! Quickly, come here and see the progressions in reading of Oliver, come on Oli, don't be ashamed of read like a four years kid. —Said Monks laughing.

—But if it's the beggar disguised as a rich kid trying to read, what happened? Your parents didn't teach you to read?

—They abandoned him for being such a fool! —They said while they started to destroy my clothes and the book.

I started screaming and Rosa came and pushed them away.

This went on every day. Fagins always defended his children, I dare to say he never wanted me in his house, he saw me as a rude and uneducated stranger. It is true that Anita had always defended me, but without her husband knowing. That man made her life a hell, and mine too, I could tell how Sikes was the only one who had his own criteria, he did not let himself be carried away by the cruelty and arrogance of his father, like his brothers. However, he lacked the courage to stand up to it. The fact that I did not feel shame in doing the above, brought me problems from the moment I set foot in that house.

CHAPTER V

Rosa always showed a special affection towards me. I remember one day when I received a harsh punishment for skipping a class, Monks and Noah did not hesitate to talk about it during dinner.

Rosa, who was preparing the rooms, ran down to the living room as soon as she heard the uproar.

— Let me tell you that's not how it happened—She said. Oliver asked me if he could go down to the river to cool off and, since I didn't find any evil and it was so suffocating hot, I thought nothing would happen. Don't blame him please Mr. Fagins, it was my fault.

Rosa was trembling with fear, even though he had lived almost a life with them, John's presence and bad temper continued to arouse fear and excessive respect. Mr. Fagin's anger could be smelled in the environment, he was going to take the floor when Anita came forward:

—Rosa, we trust the education of our children in you since before they were born, you more than anyone should know that they cannot skip their classes. We appreciate you, but this cannot happen again. You must understand our position.

—It won't happen, I promise. I appreciate your understanding. —Said Rosa.

—Here no one has forgiven anything, Oliver tomorrow will receive extra lessons all afternoon. Rosa, you will make sure that the entire agenda is known in an afternoon without exceptions. —Mr. Fagins interrupted aggressively while inviting Rosa to leave.

CHAPTER VI

We had already been in class for four hours when Rosa suggested that I go out to the garden for a while to take a walk and take the air.

—But we can't, if they saw us...

—We will pretend to read loud, no one will notice—She grabbed me by the shoulder before I could say no and led me to the garden. —You see, Oliver, there's a subject I've wanted to talk to you about since you arrived months ago—She said firmly. When I was 18, I gave birth to a child I never saw, something you will understand shortly. The thing is that after two years, I met my husband and had another child, Albert, a boy with a strong and determined character, like you. If you look at my neck,—She said, pulling the collar of his blouse aside, you will see a red mark, which Albert also has, it is a birthmark that I inherited from my mother and which my children will always inherit.

I was speechless for a few seconds, what was he trying to tell me? what was my mother? After so many years?

—So, I am...

—Yes Oliver, I'm your mother, I know it could sound strange but I tried to find you since the day you were torn from my arms. It may sound like a lie now, and you may think I'm crazy or that I'm making it up, but in time you'll come to understand.

—But if I believe you, what am I supposed to do, what am I supposed to do, I have nowhere to go but to the Fagin's family.

—Are you happy here? Because I don't think so, you are just like your father, this environment has not been created for you, come with me, come back home and you will have a real home.

—But that's impossible, what about Mr. Fagins... he would never allow it.

—He will.

CHAPTER VII

The next few days passed normally, or so it seemed, until a letter arrived from the police that put Mr. Fagins' peace of mind to rest.

Anita and Mr. Fagins argued all afternoon in a way I had never seen before.

In the evening, at dinner time, silence reigned in the house until Fagins started to talk:

—Oliver, we need to talk to you. —I could sense a certain tone of complicity or guilt in him that I would never have thought he had. —They've put out a search warrant, they're looking for you. Apparently, they've seen you stealing from Charlotte's house, Rosa's neighbour. We know it's impossible, as you were in your reading classes, but the news can't tarnish our image and we won't allow our family's honour to be affected by such a slur, we'd be the laughing stock of all London. You must go.

I couldn't believe what I was hearing, they were kicking me out after months of living with them? Wasn't it against the morals they boast so much about to abandon children?

—But where am I going to go? I can't go back to the streets.

—We will give you money, clothes and food to take with you, but you can't stay in this house
—Anita said with tears.

At this point Noé and Monks began to laugh and talk to each other:

—He who is born a thief will die a thief, it was foolish to bring a street child into our house.

—Yes, the sooner you leave, the better.

—You two, off to bed! shouted Mr Fagins.

Rosa came in to collect the dishes and didn't hesitate to join in the conversation:

—I could give him shelter while he finds nowhere else to go.

—We can't afford to have any dealings with thieves, neither we nor our nursemaid. —Mr. Fagins cut off his idea with a dry and strong tone.

—I promise no one would find out, please Mr. Fagins, you can't leave a child alone in the street, Anita, you're a mother and you know what that means.

—Rosa, imagine what would happen if the police found out, we would have to fire you.

—I'd leave myself, Mr. Fagins.

— This evening I want Oliver out of the house this afternoon, no more talk.

—So be it, thank you for your confidence, Mr. Fagins.

CHAPTER VIII

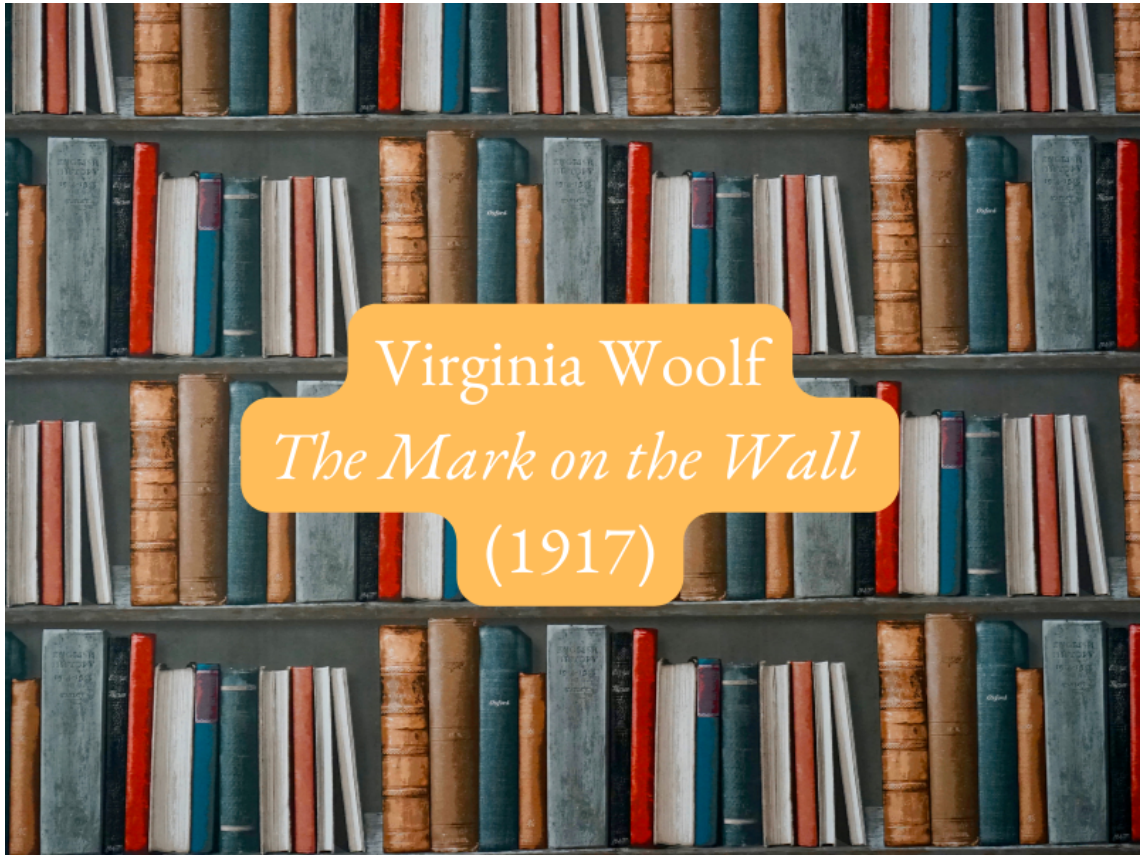
We began to walk along a narrow path towards Rosa's house, a strange feeling of hate, guilt and sadness invaded me, I could never get out of what I had marked as my destiny, to be seen as a thief. Perhaps Noé was right, who is born a thief will be a thief all his life, in my case it was almost my turn to be poor. At what point did I decide to join an upper class and distinguished family like the Fagin's?

—Are you okay? —Rosa asked, —Don't worry, the letter was sent by my husband, it's false, no one is looking for you and you are not a thief.

—Wait, how?

—My husband works for the police, it was easy to write a letter sealed by them. From now on don't worry about anything, we will be your family.

I didn't know what to believe at that moment, whether she was really my mother or not, whether the letter was a fake or not, but what was clear to me was that I was never going back to that life where I was alienated from myself, nor to the one where I beat myself up for scraps of bread in taverns. From now on, that would be my family.



The Hole on the Boot, By Clemente Palomo Rincones

When did I first noticed the small hole in my left boot? I think I saw it about two months ago, at that moment we had not seen an enemy in a few weeks, I was pretty bored and I don't think that my compatriots were much more entertained.

Where was I? Ah, the hole. At first, I did not pay much attention to that imperfection, anyway I always end up with my feet covered in mud. I really hate this Italian mud; the trenches always look like a quagmire. I should find something to do and avoid thinking about this mess; some soldiers say that I could do some kind of exercise, but I refuse to waste any more energy than the minimum required, that is what nature want us to do and I am not going to argue with that, anyway.

"Hey, Virgil, it's your turn, keep an eye on the front"

...

I don't know how I am always interrupted when I am doing something important. How difficult is sometimes to be alone with yourself, always searching for the tranquillity inside our mind.

Since I noticed the hole, I have been feeling like a father, my son, the hole, was getting bigger and bigger each day without anything I could do. I think this is the closer that I am going to be to having children. But a no man's land it is no place to raise a child. For a place called no man's land there are too many people around here, why is called like that? Do the people that give names to things, grammarians I think they are called, really know what we are doing here? If I am honest, I don't know what I am doing here with a broken boot so it is normal for them to don't know neither.

So here am I, forced to go to war with a bare foot. I tried looking for another boot but there is no way to find other pair. I found out two weeks ago about some soldiers that could help me by a friend of mine, but they were not the kind of people you want to be near of. Being a contrabandist should be kind of interesting, you against the law, your only protection your strength and the many you make the only thing that matters. Ah, that yearn for freedom... The thing is that I did not get anything from the contrabandists.

In the last few days, the epic character of the war that some writers describe in their works has considerably decreased on both sides of the front, due to many sickness that spread among us. I have always been very healthy and for now I am fine, but I cannot say the same about other soldiers. One soldier from my division was very weak three days ago and everybody is a little bit upset, but no me, he has a nice pair of boots. Hum, imagine that your brother, husband or other is sent to The Great War while you hope for them to come back or at least have an honorable death just to find out that they died of Spanish flu. The fate is cruel sometimes. in the war you notice of the rapidity of life, I hope that all this death will turn into green someday

The soldier died yesterday, and I did not expect the boots to disappear that fast. If this continue like this, I am going to suffer from trench foot. I don't know what the journalist

will write in my homeland, reading the newspapers there must be as entertaining as being in a furrow in the ground. I remember that before going to Galipoli I always avoided buying the newspapers, I don't know why the publishers still allow these kinds of news when nobody is interested, or do they? How much do people like tragedies?

What I was saying, I guess that I am not the only one that needed those boots.

The Spot on the Wall. By Nadia Payo Moreno



Characters: Rose Mary and Albert

Historical context: War world II

Setting: the top of a hill

Main plot: the two characters are debating about what the spot on the Berlin Wall is, which they are seeing from far away.

Story:

ROSE MARY. Well it seems that whatever it is what I see it moves, it moves like the movement that the Earth does everyday, which makes it to be the ruler of the day and the night and also the time that we can spent on this planet and the people that we surround ourselves with; but I wonder whether the planet is the ruler of the universe or whether it is God, who may or may not exist, but for some reason I still go to church in case something bad happens to me.

It also appears that the spot has something red on it, red like the blood of the soldiers that have been in this war since 1939 but also it is a particular red because it is the same colour as the cake that my mom made us in summer when my sister and I were playing outside the house.

Maybe it is a dog, but it seems bigger and stronger like a Brazilian cat, although those animals could not be found here, but of course in tropical countries; for instance Colombia, the same country that my dad took me on a business trip..., you already know where my dad works, right?

ALBERT. Yes, he is a merchant.

ROSE MARY. Exactly, so he had to travel a lot and sometimes I also traveled with him; but this object seems to have no color at all, except for that red on top of it, well it seems to me that it has a gray colour, which reminds me of the tombstones of the city, and all the generations that had been buried and remembered by epigrams on their tombstones; because at the end death is what do us equal and it is something inevitable, so we should live this life the best we could and doing all the things that we want to do, but within the law because once my uncle John was sent to prison for robbing a bank, because he wanted money to pay a debt for a poker game, well that could not have happened to me since I am so good at card games, but.....

ROSE MARY. Oh look! Somebody is moving the object. Oh no! It seems that it is a dead body, how terrible.



Sonnets by Gonzalo Núñez, Esau Pérez, Markos Martín.

Sonnet from Macbeth to Lady Macbeth

Hello my lady, it is me, MacBeth.
If you are reading this, it is because the forest is coming.
The time I lived with you I regret nothing,
but I think everyday about your death.

Every Time I saw you, you cut my breath.
You made me in what I have been becoming,
a brave warrior who makes you blushing.
I know we were ambitious, but that is what gives us strength.

If I have ever hurt you, let me know,
that was not my intention so give me a clue.
I would make a kingdom for two for everything I owe.

I will never forget your deep eyes painted blue.
My time has come, and I must go,
we will meet soon. I love you.

Sonnet from Lady Macbeth to Macbeth

Hello my Lord, It is me, your Queen.
I am writing to tell you my regrets.
I know some of my acts for you have been threats,
but that did not mean to despise what we have been.

Something on my mind I cannot delete is that scene,
killing Duncan give us the power that we get,
but it did not give us the comfort we met.
I would throw everything to become again a teen.

I am so sorry for trying to change you.
I know my mind it is difficult to understand,
but you know love is a game of two.

You promised to give me the biggest land,
I did not want to hurt you because men like you there are few
We will meet soon and I will hold your hand.

Mother Earth. By África Prieto González

My children, you inspire me to write
I hate the way you treat and dirty me,
flooding my soul day and night
always driven by the sordid profit.

They tell me I am your Mother Earth.
And I see as a mother you treat me,
even if there is only one mother
I would die for my insatiable kids.

We're just a set of playful children, mum,
that without realizing we hurt you
we know you have irreparable harm
but with our mighty help you will become pure.
Great expectations - Pride and prejudice
Do you know, dear mother, how much I wish
to hug you again and give you a kiss?

Was I? By Paula Macías Martín.

Was I a lucky kid and didn't I know?
I received the best education in world,
and now I'm breaking down and getting so old.
I became a gentleman but my heart snow.

Values blinded me and greed started to grow.
I left behind my best friend who was worth gold,
and I felt such the most selfish man, so cold.
Being me like that, his patience never ran low.

Love made me feel pain, though I struggled for it.
She gave me the chance to kiss her rosy cheeks,
But was a lie to make proud her puppeteer.

For sure, I was lucky not knowing the hit.
Even not knowing the pass through the four weeks.
Not knowing that yet, I was losing the cheer.

