I'M A WRITER
SOY UN ESCRITOR

Compilado de obras feitas pelos alunos da 1ª série A

JESSICA SPAOLONZI
MARIANA BEAUCHAMPS

“A criatividade é a inteligencia se divertindo”

– Albert Einstein

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Prefacio

Durante o terceiro trimestre de 2021 os alunos da 1ª série A do Colégio São Francisco Xavier participaram do projeto *I'm a writer / Soy um* escritor, o qual buscava promover a escrita criativa através do estudo de diversos gêneros literários. Cada grupo recebeu o desafio de escolher um gênero literário e compor uma história com todas as características pertinentes ao gênero escolhido em espanhol ou em inglês.

Uma vez terminada a história, os grupos que trabalham com inglês trocaram histórias com os grupos que escreveram em espanhol para que escrevessem a sinopse e a ilustração correspondente ao texto produzido pelos colegas.

O resultado de tal projeto é o encontrado nas páginas seguintes.

Professoras envolvidas:
Jessica Spaolonzi, língua inglesa
Mariana Beauchamps, língua espanhola

ESPAÑOL

Los Tres lobitos, y la Fúria de EL CATATAU

Por André Belfort y Pedro Sanches Alvarenga

-La historia trata sobre tres lobitos que vivían la vida en paz y solo uno de ellos tenía una buena cantidad de dinero. Fue entonces cuando un prestamista llamado El Catatau iba a cobrar al primer lobo, que le debía al prestamista y no podía pagar. Ahí es cuando este pequeño lobo intenta huir a la casa de su hermano pequeño, que tampoco tenía dinero. Luego, hay una gran aventura después de la que involucra al último hermano y suceden cosas asombrosas, que solo tú viendo descubrirás el misterioso e inimaginable final de la historia.

Los Tres lobitos, y la Fúria de EL CATATAU

Por Kauã Gomes Castilhos Cassiano y Felipe Quinteiro Fernandes

Érase una vez los tres cachorros, eran hermanos.

El hermano menor vivía en una casa de paja, era delgado y no tenía dinero. El hermano del medio vivía en una casa de madera, era fuerte y vegano y no tenía dinero. El hermano mayor vivía en una casa de ladrillos, era muy vanidoso y tenía mucho dinero.

El hermano menor y el hermano medio leandro le debían dinero a El Catatau, el usurero del pueblo.

Un buen día, El catatau decidió ir a la casa de paja de Junior a recoger el dinero, Junior se desesperó y corrió a la casa de Leandro, El Catatau luego destruyó su casa de paja.

El temido prestamista no se rindió, y se fue a la casa de Leandro para cobrarles, llegando allí los dos desesperados y corrieron hacia la casa de ladrillos de Yago, el hermano mayor. Catatau fue tras ellos, llegó en silencio esta vez, entró a la casa a recogerlos, pero dijeron que no tenía dinero, el delincuente luego mató a los dos hermanos menores dejando solo al mayor con vida para contar la historia.

Pasaron diez años, Yago tuvo una venganza, y decidió ir tras EL CATATAU, llegó a su casa para matarlo, pero fue sorprendido por el usurero, quien dijo que le había dado al lobo una segunda oportunidad, pero no iba. déjalo pasar esta vez, luego mata a Yago.

Moraleja de la historia: Vingaca no paga.

Reunión Anual

Por Giulianna Beolchi Costa and Ramiro Ramiro Alves Rocha Cruz Neto

En esta historia, todas las divinidades deciden organizar una reunión para discutir lo que va a suceder en la tierra, que conduce a una discusión entre los dos poderes superiores en el que son Zeus y Dios, todos los participantes deciden liberar dos ocurrencias mortales que estaban destinados a suceder en el año 2020, usted puede saber o no lo que sucede a continuación ...

Reunión Atual

Por Andre Luiz Dias Silva and Lívia Arruda de Queiroz

A finales del año 2019 se elaboró un encuentro con todos los dioses. Todos estaban allí, dioses de diferentes creencias, historia y religiones.

El encuentro tuvo lugar en el cielo, Dios y Zeus fueron los representantes. Todo iba muy bien, todo el mundo estaba describiendo ideas y comentando sus eventos cuando ...

Cuando Zeus se asusta y comienza a faltarle el respeto a todos cuando dice que tiene que ser el líder, él era el más "conveniente" para el trabajo.

Dios claramente no está de acuerdo porque es el más experimentado para el trabajo, además de ser el que tiene más devotos.

Los dos comienzan a discutir por qué deberían ser el líder hasta que Jesús y Hércules detienen la discusión.

Odin viendo el estado de que la reunión se estaba convirtiendo en conversaciones para resolver esto pronto porque quiere irse.

El ambiente es silencioso, hasta que Dios empieza a hablar del año, dice que el año será atípico. Dice que lanzará una plaga en 2020, Zeus dice que habrá una guerra en el medio y Odin termina diciendo que ambos pueden suceder.

Dios inmediatamente se da cuenta de que si hay una guerra no habrá gente en la pandemia. Luego, discretamente cancela y lanza la pandemia. Pero Odin se da cuenta y rápidamente le dice a Zeus.

Y así comienza de nuevo una lucha que hace que la pandemia se alargue. Y la historia termina cuando sugieren la guerra de Afganistán dejando entrar a los taliba. Y el resto de esta historia ya la conoces, cierto, o tal vez no ...

Crimen Accidental

Por Beatriz Sousa Pacor y Julia Ferreira Rabelo

Una joven de 17 años, en un día normal de colegio, es acusada de un delito accidental queni siquiera sabía que era capaz de cometer.

Crimen Accidental

Por Beatriz Delgado D'Arco y Carolina de Checchi

El dia está nublado con una fina llovizna y todos los que quedan están en silencio ensordecedor, exteriormente parezco estar tranquila pero el sentimento de culpa golpea forte. La policia me declaró inocente por el hecho cuanto más me acerco a mi destino, más recuerdos me vienen a la mente. Hace 3 meses era una chica de 17 años viviendo con la abuela y estava se centró en probar en una federal estudiar leys y comenzaba la ultima clase de matemática del día, el profesor entra en sala y abla "Buenos Dias! Pon los telefones en mi escritorio, prueba sorpresa!" No tengo ideia sobre el assunto. Miré para mi amigos y todos tenían la misma expresión menos Lilian, la niña prodigio. Ella tienes pelo rubio, usa gafas, muy inteligente. Tim y yo sentamos perto della. La prueva tienes 10 perguntas, yo estava espierando Tim obtén las respuestas y pássame, conseguimos las cinco primeiras más Lilian si deu cuenta que estabamos pegandola y dise "Deja de engañarme no es mi culpa si eres vargo y no tienes estudiado" Tim se rió llamando la attencion de el profesor que vino a nosostros y dijo "Puedo saber lo que esta pasando aqui" Lilian dise tudo y el prof envió nosostros a la coordinacion.

Estabamos en la sala esperando al diretor vuelve del baño cuando sentimos una explosíon y muchas pessoas gritando yo tentei abrir la puerta y encontré que estaba cerrada. Decidimos esperar a que alguien abriera la puerta.

Comencé a sentirme mal, como si mis óidos sangrando por las venas de mi colegas, cuando mi di cuenta mi amigos estaban sangrando por todas partes.

Ahora estoy al frente del ataúd de mis amigos porque los maté. Perdi el controle de mi potestades porque no sabia que los tenia. La explosíon era un meteoro que propagou dando poder a algunas personas y matando otros. La tierra se partió en metas y no metas.

La Muñeca Extraña

Por Guilherme Shinzato Martins y Leonardo Aprile Monção de Lima

Swanilda y Franz pretenden casarse, formar una familia. Pero la sospecha de Swanilda de que Franz esté enamorado de su vecina es muy grande, tanto que decide irrumpir en su casa para investigar, pero al entrar descubre algo muy aterrador en ella. ¿Qué hay dentro de esa casa?

La Muñeca Extraña

Por Geovana Muraga Chaves y Mariana de Oliveira Duarte Moreno

Nuestra historia comienza durante un festival de la ciudad para celebrar la llegada de una nueva campana, un pregonero anuncia que, cuando llegue, cualquier persona que se case recibirá un regalo especial en dinero Swanilda y Franz planean casarse durante el festival sin embargo, Swanilda se enfada con Franz porque parece estar prestando más atención a una chica llamada Coppélia, que está sentada inmóvil en el balcón de una casa cercana, la casa pertenece a un inventor misterioso y ligeramente diabólico, el doctor Coppélius aunque Coppélia pasa todo su tiempo sentada inmóvil y leyendo, Franz está hipnotizado por su belleza y está decidido a atraer su atención, todavía molesta con Franz, Swanilda sacude una espiga de trigo en su cabeza y si vibra, entonces sabrá que Franz la ama, al hacer esto, ella no escucha nada cuando ella lo mueve junto a la cabeza de Franz, él tampoco oye nada, pero luego le dice que suena, ella no le cree y huye desconsolada.

Más tarde, el Dr. Coppelius sale de su casa y es interrumpido por un grupo de chicos, cuando se fueron, el continúa sin darse cuenta de que se le han caído las llaves en la melée, Swanilda que estaba pasando allá, encuentra las llaves, lo que le da la idea de aprender más sobre Coppélia, ella y sus amigos deciden entrar a la casa del Dr. Coppelius, mientras tanto, Franz desarrolla su propio plan para encontrarse con Coppélia, subiendo una escalera hasta su balcón.

Cuando entran a la casa del doctor Coppélius, Swanilda y sus amigas se encuentran en una gran sala llena de gente pero los ocupantes no se mueven. Cuando tocan uno de ellos, las niñas descubren que, más que personas, se tratan de muñecos mecánicos de tamaño natural rápidamente los enrollan y los ven moverse, Swanilda también encuentra a Coppélia detrás de una cortina y descubre que ella también es una muñeca.

El Dr. Coppelius regresa a casa para encontrar a las niñas y se enoja con ellas no solo por entrar ilegalmente, sino también por perturbar sus muñecos, los echa y comienza a limpiar

el desorden, al ver a Franz en la ventana, Coppélius lo invita a entrar el inventor quiere darle vida a Coppélia pero, para eso, necesita un sacrificio humano y con un hechizo mágico, tomará el espíritu de Franz y lo trasladará a Coppélia. Después de que história - Mariana e Geovana 2 el Dr. Coppelius le ofrece un poco de vino mezclado con polvos para dormir, Franz comienza a quedarse dormido, el inventor luego prepara su hechizo mágico.

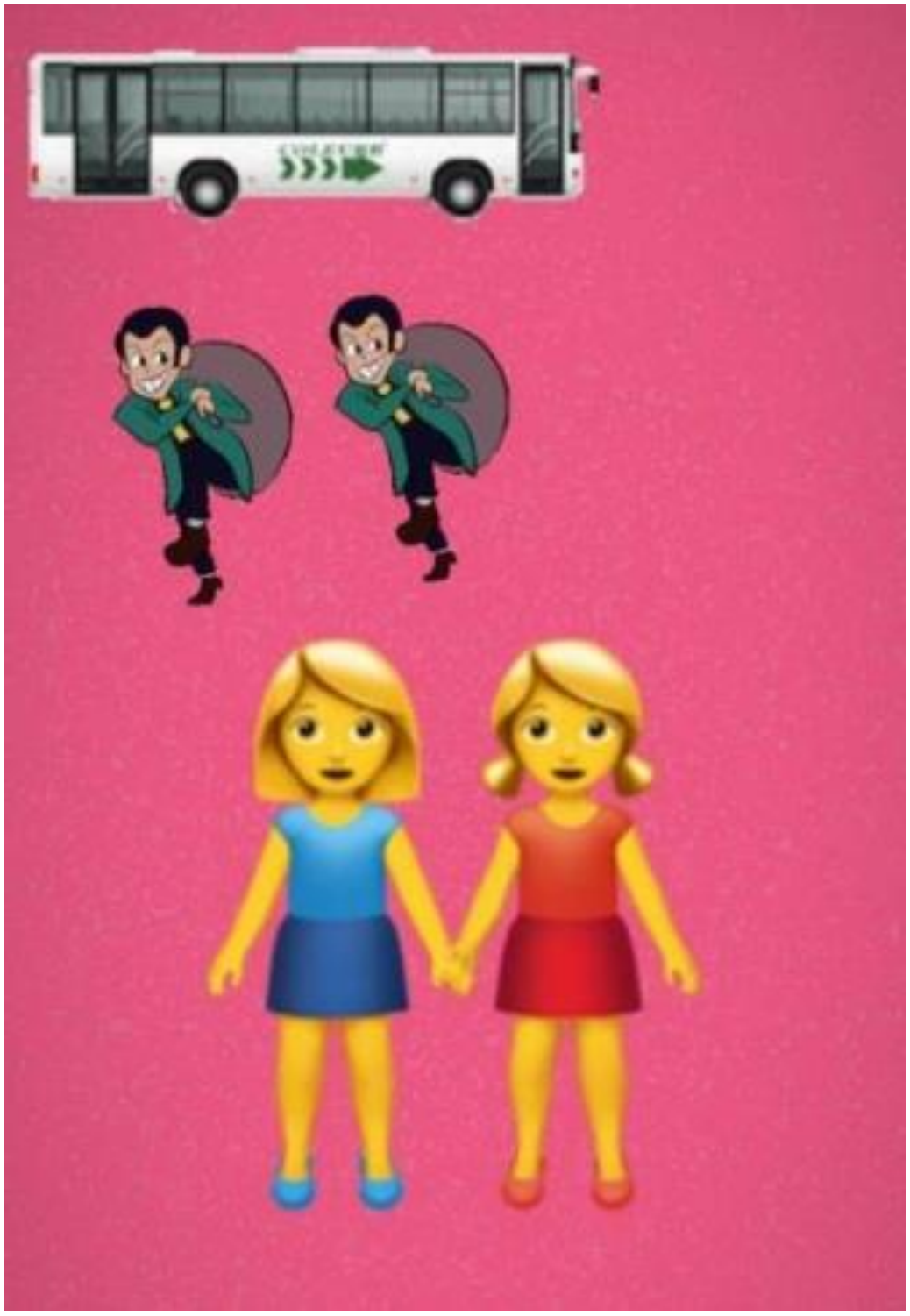
Pero Dr. Coppelius no expulsó a todas las chicas Swanilda todavía está allí, escondida detrás de una cortina. Se viste con la ropa de Coppélia y finge que la muñeca ha cobrado vida, ella despierta a Franz y luego da cuerda a todas las muñecas mecánicas para ayudarlos a escapar, Dr. Coppelius se confunde y luego se entristece cuando encuentra a una Coppélia sin vida detrás de la cortina.

Al día siguiente, Swanilda y Franz están a punto de hacer sus votos matrimoniales cuando aparece el enojado Dr. Coppelius, reclamando daños y perjuicios, triste por haber causado tal disgusto, Swanilda ofrece al Dr. Coppelius su dote a cambio de su perdón pero Franz le dice a Swanilda que se quede con su dote y se ofrece a pagarle al Dr. Coppelius, el alcalde interviene y le da al doctor una bolsa de dinero, lo que lo aplaca, Swanilda y Franz se casan y todo el pueblo celebra bailando.

El día en que casi nos asaltan.

Por Daniel Ortega Haddad y Guilherme Carvalho Galassini

Todo comenzó con dos amigas en una simple viaje desde casa, pero poco sabían que en el camino algo impredecible vendría, algo que terminaría con un final sorprendente.



El día en que casi nos asaltan.

Por Amanda Rocha Peisig Loureiro y Nicole Cestarolli Dias dos Santos de Lima

En un hermoso día soleado, mi amiga Alice y yo decidimos almorzar en un centro comercial cerca de nuestra casa, en un restaurante que era súper famoso en ese momento. Tomamos un autobús que salió de mi casa, ya que Alice estaba conmigo, y fuimos derecho, pero sucedió algo que no esperábamos. Una vez dentro del bus, dos hombres extraños se subieron cuando ya estábamos sentadas y empezaron a mirarnos fijamente, nos enojamos y decidimos bajar una parada antes de llegar al centro comercial, pero cuando nos bajábamos notamos que venían. después de nosotros, miramos en su bolsillo y vimos un volumen, algo así como una pistola, así que pensamos que era un robo. Desesperada, miré a Alice y le dije que no tendría otra solución que golpear a los malos. Se acercaron y decidimos pedirles su celular, con eso sacan la mano del bolsillo para darnos el número, lo cual fue un alivio, ya que pensamos que sería el arma, nos sorprendió su actitud, porque en papel en quien anotó el número, dejaron un mensaje diciendo que por suerte no nos robaron.

Seguimos caminando con normalidad hacia el centro comercial, y allí almorzamos y pasamos la tarde, creo que mientras agredían a otras personas.

Cuando oscureció, nos fuimos a casa y, como somos descarados, decidimos llamarlos. Creo que el resultado ya te lo puedes imaginar, ¿no? Tanto Alice como yo estamos juntos con Vitor y Léo hasta hoy, y ya tenemos dos hijos. Yo, Liz, tengo un niño llamado Gabriel y Alice, una niña llamada Julia.

Las Protectoras de Bridgemoss

Por Luiza Zanoni de Oliveira Peña y Maria Luiza Macedo França

Dos amigas se reúnen en una noche para procurar misterios por su ciudad. Sadie es aventurera y estaba decidida a encontrar algo más interesante que su vida. Pero, Lisa estaba hesitante preocupada con la adrenalina de Sadie. Ellas no saben lo que van a encontrar en el cementerio, donde estaban decididas a ir. Las calles estaban silenciosas y oscuras, qualquer cosa poderia acontecer. Quizás encontrarían alguien o algo...

Las Protectoras de Bridgemoss

Por Ana Carolina Silva Armelin Soares y Sofia Franco da Rocha Cruz

Esperó 15 minutos después de que desapareciera el haz de luz debajo de la puerta de su dormitorio. Una vez que estuvo segura de que sus padres estaban dormidos, Sadie deslizó la ventana hacia arriba y bajó el enrejado. Aterrizó como un gato, con las manos en el suelo.

Su bicicleta se inclina junto a los contenedores y, sin dudarlo, se subió, encendió la antorcha y la dejó caer, junto con la estaca, en la canasta y se internó en la noche. Las calles estaban vacías a esta hora de la noche, y no tardó en llegar a la casa de Lisa. Apuntó su luz a la ventana de Lisa. Encendido apagado. Encendido apagado. Encendido apagado. Primero, nada. Entonces, las cortinas se movieron y la ventana se abrió con un ruido sordo. "Pensé que estabas bromeando sobre esta noche, Sadie".

"¡Nunca bromeo sobre una cacería!"

Lisa aún no se había puesto el pijama. "Solo saca esa luz de mi cara, ¿quieres? Bajaré en un momento. "

La puerta principal se abrió y se cerró. Lisa gruñó. "Siemprehaces esto".

Sadie olisqueó el aire "La oscuridad luks estas calles,Lis. Puedo olerlo. -ella hizo una pausa- Rápidamente. Mis sentidos están hormigueando".

Los shouders de Lisa se desplomaron. "Está bien, pero no más de na hora, ¿sí? Es una noche de escuela".

Sadie asintió. "¡Ahora súbete !" Lisa hizo lo que Sadie le dijo "Sadie. Eres mental".

"Si ser etiquetado como metal es lo que usted llama garantizar la seguridad de los ciudadanos de Bridgemoss" Lisa respiró hondo". Tienes que crecer hasta cierto punto, Sadie. Estaremos en la escuela secundaria el próximo año".

"¡Y aún así dudas de mis regalos! Deberías haber aprendido a estas alturas que este mundo es más oscuro y misterioso de lo que los adultos te quieren hacer creer".

"Así que sigues diciendo"

"¿No recuerdas El lobo de San Wisnis?"

"... que era un perro callejero". Lisa se rió entre dientes". Absolutamente mental. Entonces,¿hacia dónde nos dirigimos esta noche?"

"¡Esta noche, mi compañero protector, debemos dirigir al destructor antes de que salga de su guarida!"

"Oh, Jesús.Tengo el cementerio".

Los únicos sonidos eran sus propias respiraciones irregulares y sus pasos mientras se aplastaban en el barro.

"No me gusta esto, Sadie. Es espeluznante".

Sadie se volvió para mirarla,una sonrisa dentada en su rostro". ¿Así que admites que hay algo aquí esta noche? ¡Tú también lo sientes!"

Estructuras estrechas con puertas antiguas, cada una de un diseño diferente. Techos puntiagudos adornados con todo tipo de crucifijos. Los escalones conducían hacia arriba o hacia abajo hasta las entradas,todo sofocado en hojas en descomposición, mojados por la humedad. Callejonesdelgados y apenas transitables se tejieron entre las tumbas de piedra. El camino a seguir era imposible de ver.

Lisa se detuvo a unos pasos del laberinto. "Estose está volviendo demasiado espeluznante,tem minutos. Eso es todo lo que obtienes, Sade".

"¡¡Pero solo acabamos de llegar aquí!"

Sadie empujó hacia adelante". ¡A la guarida de der Vampir!"

"Está bien, Sade. Has tenido 13 minutos-"

"Todo el número de eveil, si alguna vez escuché uno. Quedémonos un minuto más".

Estaban en lo profundo de las criptas, habían caminado sin parar: los borradores pinchados, los ojos bien abiertos. No habían encontrado nada fuera de lugar, para predicción de Lisa y para disgusto de Sadie.

"Sadie". La voz de Lisa se endureció.

"Está bien, vamos". Lisa sonrió". Gracias, Sadie"

Sadie recogió la estaca. “Em garde!"

Solo la piedra descolorida de na antigua cripta. Con la puerta abierta entreabierta. Un mal aliento jadeó a través de la grieta.

"¡Ajá! La bestia no ha ocultado bien su morada", dijo Sadie.

"¡Shh! Sadie, ¡esto es serio!" Lisa puso una mano en su portaesteros antes de que pudiera dar un paso. "¡Podría haber sepulturescos o cualquiera allá abajo!"

Sadie se alejó y se acercó a la puerta negra.

Na arco enroscado alrededor de las adges de la puerta, con ranuras para linternas sobre na a cada lado. Sadie se detuvo al pie de los escalones, que ascendían por la puerta. Leyó el nombre tallado en la piedra abvpe el arco". Loretta Zaleska", dijo asombrada, "y aquí estábamos pensando que el vamp era un hombre". Sadie tuted y negó con la cabeza. Miró a Lisa". No muy progresista o fus, ¿verdad?"

" En realidad no vamos a ir allí. ¿Lo somos? Porque eso es allanamiento de morada. Podríamos ser arrestados".

"Solo un vistazo rápido, Lisa". Sadie le ofreció los ojosde cachorro-perro. "Porfa".

"No, no voy a bajar allí". Sadie le sonrió. Una sonrisa que Lisa conocía muy bien. "Estaré abajo solo por un segundo, Lis. Te quedas aquí".

"No, Sadie, espera-"

Pero Sadie ya había subido los escalones y estaba en la puerta. Lisa soltó un guiño de exasperación y luego siguió a su amiga". Lo juro, me vas a matar". Las hojas mojadas aplastadas y calamares debajo de su converse. "

No tienes que unirte a mí, ya sabes ". Sadie tenía una mano en la puerta, la otra sostenía la estaca en una pose ramboesca. "Puedo defender Bridgemoss por mi solitario".

"Porque alguien tiene que asegurarse de que no te maten".

Un ruido de las profundidades congeló las palabras en su garganta, el rasguño de piedra. Seguido de un golpe. En realidad había alguien allí abajo.

"Sadie, deberíamos irnos". Los ojos de Lisa eran amplios y salvajes.

Sadie seguía siendo una estatua, una mano en la puerta, que ahora estaba abierta a dos tercios del camino. Su corazón rebotó de lado en su ridcage. Ella reafirmó su control sobre la estaca. "Yo, eh", se aclaró la garganta,"creo que hay algo allí. Como, algo realmente allí".

"Sadie, ¡llamemos a la policía y salgamos aquí!" Lisa barajó y sacó su teléfono de su bolsillo. Juró. "Muerto. ¡Esta cosa nunca tiene su carga, nunca más! Préstame la tuya, Sadie".

"Lo dejé en casa".

"¿Tú qué?"

"¡Silencio! Puedo escuchar algo..."

Lisa se mordió el lengua y la ayudó a respirar. Un thumo. El sonido inconfundible de los footsteos sobre piedra.

Sadie se volvió para enfrentar a Lisa. Su tripa se desplomó en el suelo. "Viene de esta manera".

El color drenó de la cara de Lisa. Un pequeño chirrido escapó de sus labios presionados.

Sadie agarró a su amiga por los hombros. "Tenemosque escondernos, Lis. Detrás de la cripta, vamos!"

Sadie tuvo que arrastrar a Lisa con ella, más a fondo en el laberinto de piedra del corazón sin vida del cementerio. Sadie se agrincheró y tiró de Lisa hacia abajo. Presionó los labios y asintió. "Shh".

Se preparó contra la parte trasera de una tumba para el equilibrio y escuchó. Nada. Sin golpes, golpes, bofetadas, golpes, gemidos ni gruñidos. Todo estaba en silencio. En algún lugar, un insecto chirrió. Un pájaro gritó, y Lisa dejó escapar un pequeño chillido. Sadie llegó a un minuto dosveces, y aún así, no había nada.

"Voy a ir a ver qué es".

Lisa agarró el antebrazo de Sadie en garra, sus uñas clavadas en la piel. "¿Estás loco? Este no es un juego De Sandie, ya no. Vamos a sacar el infierno de este lugar y fingir que nunca pasó nada, "¿Ok?"

"Pero esto es algo que hay". Los ojos de Sadie se oscurecieron cuando rompió el agarre de Lisa y se puso de pie. "Y voy a averiguar de qué se trata".

"¿Estás loco? ¡Tenemos que irme!"

Esperaron. Una vez que estuvieron seguros de que la horda los había pasado, el pir hizo un descanso para la cerca del cementerio. Juntos, revolvieron el hierro forjado mientras la risa burbujeaba dentro de ellos. Lisa no se había sentido tan mareada en años. La adrenalina pasaba por sus venas. Dios, ella se sentía tan alineada.

Mientras robaban por el otro lado de lacerca, el aire de medianoche se precipitó por su garganta, dulce y fresco. Sadie casto ne última mirada al cementerio antes de que se fueran a toda velocidad. Sombras y misterios acechaban en cada grieta, rincón y grieta. Emoción. Maravilla. Magia.

"¿Volveremos mañana?" Lisa tuvo que gritar por el sonido del viento gritando.

"¡Oh, claro que sí!" Podía escuchar la sonrisa en la voz de Sadie.

Accidente aéreo en Sao Paulo

Accidente aéreo en Sao Paulo

Por Sergio L. Missaglia y Gabriel Jange

Intento fallido de aterrizaje de un avión conduce a una tragedia en Congonhas, dejando 199 víctimas no locales, más de 50 millones de reales en daños a la aerolínea e indemnizaciones, en un intento fallido de aterrizar, el avión intenta frenar, pero en 24 segundos termina derrapando fuera de la pista. Usando el avión A320-233, el vuelo tuvo una falla en el freno del motor izquierdo llamado inverter, vuelo con salida de Porto Alegre, destino Sao Paulo.

La pista del aeropuerto todavía estaba mojada cuando dejó de llover, lo que significa que no había ranuras en la pista para que el agua se escurriera, ese año del accidente, la industria aérea brasileña estaba en crisis, Argentina, Alemania, China, Estados Unidos, España,Perú, Vaticano,México y Chile conversaron con el presidente Lula, enviando condolencias por respeto al acidente. Y que una tragedia de ese tipo aquí nunca volvió a pasar, no en Brasil gracias a nuestra nueva seguridad aérea.

Un año antes de este accidente, hubo un accidente objetivo en septiembre que mató a 154 personas. Según las cámaras de seguridad del aeropuerto en el momento del accidente el avión permaneció en la pista durante 24 segundos y justo después de eso en el lado izquierdo de la grabación hay un resplandor debido al fuego. Como la caja negra rescató tras el accidente, el avión aterrizó y los pilotos no cambiaron la posición del acelerador, tocando el suelo a 300 km/h los pilotos lograron reducir 40 km / hy golpearon la estación de combustible a 260 km / h, con el audio los pilotos dijeron que los spoilers no se habían abierto y con la pista mojada el avión no tenía agarre y poco después de obtener información de spoiler, el avión viró bruscamente a la izquierda con potencia de despegue.

Audio de caja negra:

Piloto 1: Recuerda que solo tenemos un inversor.

Piloto 2: Aterrizaje en modo manual.

Piloto 1: Spoilers nada!

Piloto 2: FRENA! FRENA! FRENA!

Piloto 1: Está girando, gira, gira

Piloto 2: DESPEGAR!

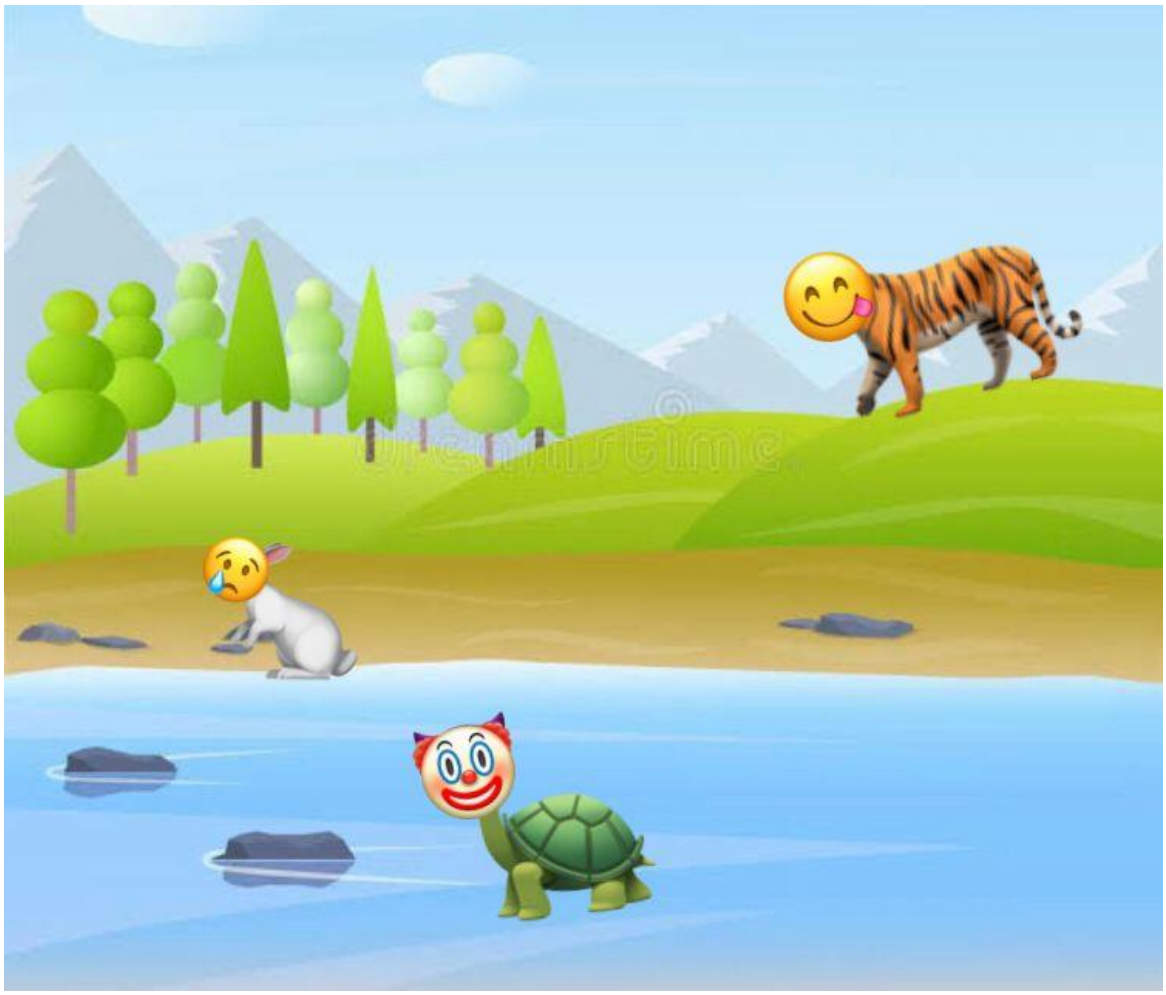
‘Aceleración justo después del golpe con la estación’.

ENGLISH

The tiger's well

By Kauã Gomes Castilhos Cassiano and Felipe Quinteiro Fernandes

The story is about a turtle and a rabbit that lived hiden from a mysterious tiger, When one ot the characteers then comes up with a plan to try to escape from the evil tiger, but without telling his friend about his risky plan



The tiger's well

By Pedro Alvarenga and André Belfort.

In a quiet river, then once were a turtle. The turtle was taking a bath, then she went back to her home, with her friend "Mister Rabbit".

They lived hidden in there because in that jungle, there was a evil tiger that liked to throw the small animal in the well.

The turtle then plans a plot to escape from the evil mister tiger.

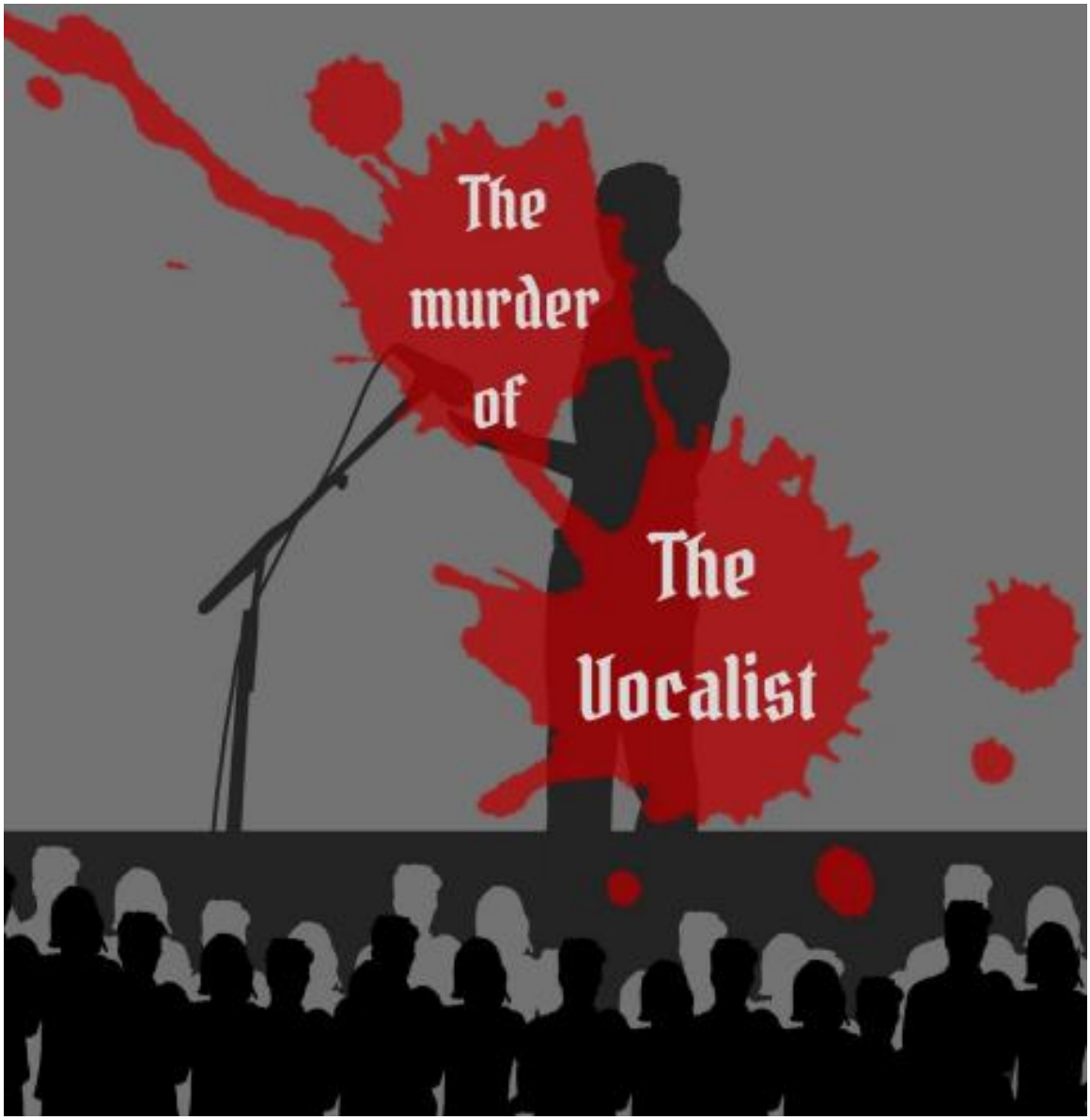
The turtle planned to throw its friend mister rabbit to the tiger, and then scape while the feline throws mister rabbit into the well.

The day had come, the turtle would escape from the tiger's jungle. The turtle convinced mister rabbit to go on a walk, but when they step outside, the tiger jumps at the turtle and ruins its plan, he throws the turtle into the well, and sitting there, the turtle learnt a lesson, not to plot against your friend.

The murder of the vocalist

By:Carolina de Checci Beatriz Delgado Darco

The dead body of famous band singer, Jake Conley, is found in his apartament by his best friend. Now, who is the murder? And why would they do this?



The murder of the vocalist

By: Beatriz Sousa Pacor Júlia Ferreira Rebelo

-This concert is gonna be sick! -Jake screams to his friends.

That's what the members of the band of the moment were thinking before the biggest concert of their career. But the loss that they had on this day will never be forgotten.

July 6th, 5:40am the dead body of Jake Conley was found in his hotel room by Mike Jones.

- What happened? Aren't you the guitar player from that band? -the cop Jeffrey asked

- Yeah, yeah. But right now is not the moment for that, I just found my best friend dead. He said I would come here so we could go together for the rehearsal.

- Right. So he was in the band too! I'll ask for a suspect list right now.

For the next 3 hours they called all the suspects and interrogated each one.

- Please tell me your name and from where you know the victim.

- Mary Janet, I'm the bass player of Wrong Decision- she said with a single tear falling of her eye that she fastily wiped it up.

- So you were band colleagues? You had a good relationship?

- I don't think he had a good relationship with anyone to be honest, he was known for having a difficult temper to get along with . But yeah, you can say that we were friends, we weren't on good terms the last time we talked, but yeah.

-What do you mean? You had a fight or something like that?- he asks while taking notes

-Kind of. We couldn't agree on what songs to put on the soundtrack for the concert. It was really important for everyone in the band. It was normal for us to have little argums but in 2 or 3 hours we resolved it.

-Alright. Can you call the next suspect please? Thanks for your help.

In a few minutes a young lady entered the room.

-Michelle Adams, right?

-Yes sir- she said in a really serious tone, it was hard trying to get what she was feeling.

-So how was your relationship with Jake Conley?

-It was good, considering that in the past Jake and I dated, it ended in a not very good way. You know, he wasn't that easy to get along with, you know what I mean?!

- You are the second suspect that I talked to and you both said that he had a strong personality. What do you mean by that?
- You know he always had to be right. The only person I know that was really friends with him was Mike.
- He is the one who finds the body right? So they had a good friendship! Thanks. You were really helpful.

Sebastian, the management of the band, and obviously one of the suspects, arrive in the city some hours later. The policeman doesn't get much in his testimony, he was serious and tried not to show emotion. He just talked about his son and how the band was in a bad situation now.

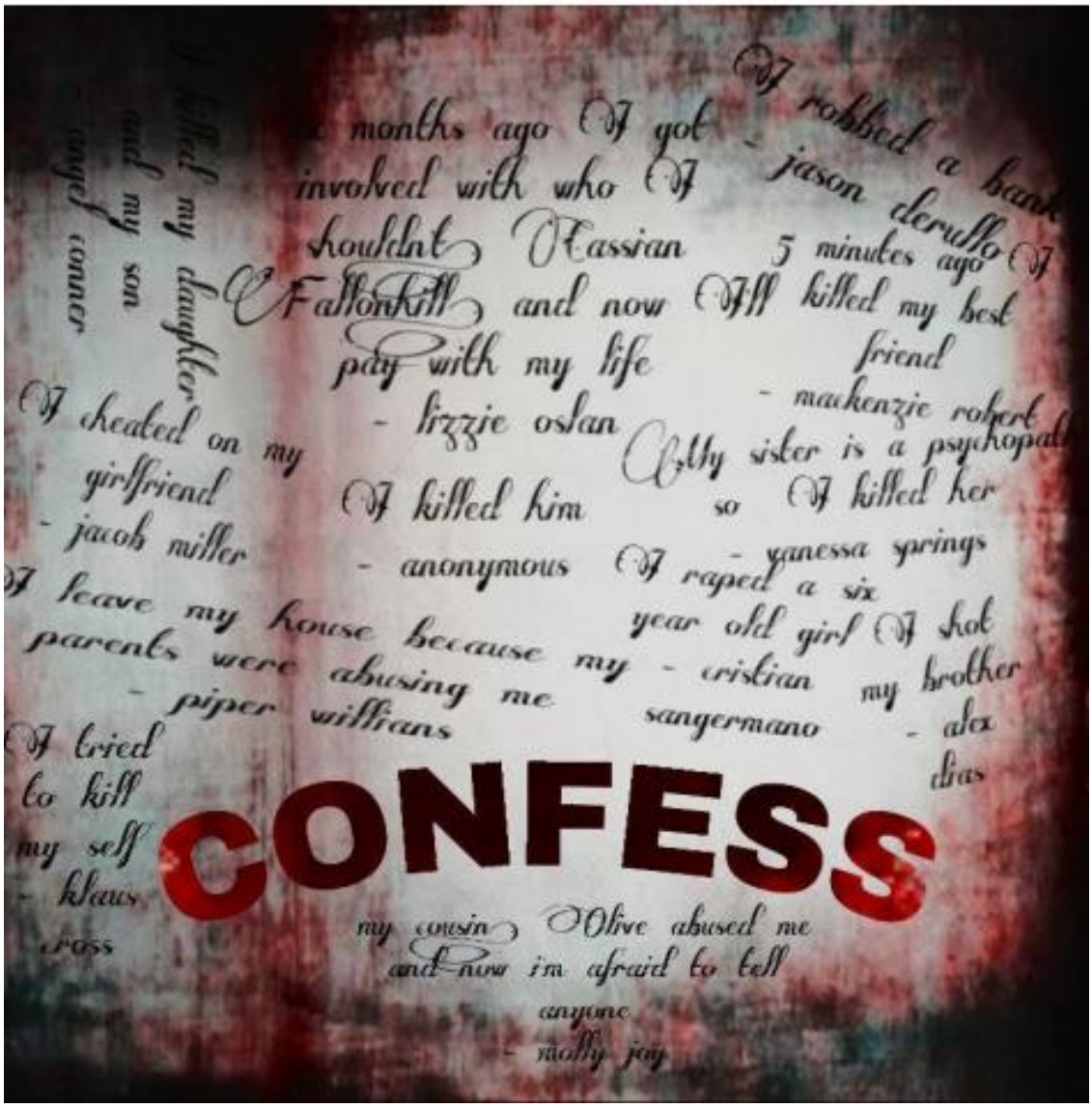
The next suspect was the securityman responsible for the band.
- David, you are already arrested, is that right?
- Yes sir. But I stopped using drugs right after I got out of jail.- He seems like telling the truth.
- One of the suspects said that you are always at band parties, not just for your work.
- We all deserve a little bit of fun sometimes- he starts to seems nervous

The last suspect was Andre, Sebastian's son. He doesn't seem sad, what was weird.
- I am not trying to be mean, and I know it seems wrong, but he always gets more attention for my dad than me.
- You mean you were jealous of him?
- I'm a little, to be honest. But I swear to God it wasn't me, you can ask my dad I was with him all day.
- Excuse sir, the autopsy came out- another cop entered the room.
Both of them get out of the room and put all the suspect together to announce:
- The cause of Jake Conley's death was Overdose.
- So was you- Michelle scream turning to David- He sells the drugs for us, he is the only one who has access to these types of things and Jake owed money to you.
David tried to run away when the cops held him. That was the last proof that they needed.
- You are remand!

Confess

By: Marina Fragata and Laura Fera

There was a city with a spot where people went to make confessions, but not anonymously in forthwith way, there were names, real names of the actual person that wrote the message, but that didn't stopped people from confessing what they wanted.
And there she was in that day, waiting to make her confession. But then she thinks, what does she have to confess? Well... that's a long story. And all i have to say is that this story have murders and as it says in the title, also have confessions. If you want to find out what's the secret behind it, read the story CONFESS.



CONFESS

By: Sofia Silva Cadedo and Rafaela Holanda

In my city there was a spot that people went to make confessions, but not anonymously in forthwith way, there were names, real names of the actual person that wrote the massage, but that didn't stopped people from confessing what they wanted.

And here i am today, waiting to make my confession. What i have to confess? Well.. that's a long story.

One year ago i was secretly here. right before my mother's funeral, and i found here something that i did not expected. A confession, made by my mom before her death, that said "six months ago i got involved with who i shouldn't, Cassian Fallonhill, and now I'll pay with my life – lizzie oslan".

The last 365 days of my life were dedicated to my revenge. And today I achieved it. The revenge was mine and I claimed it.

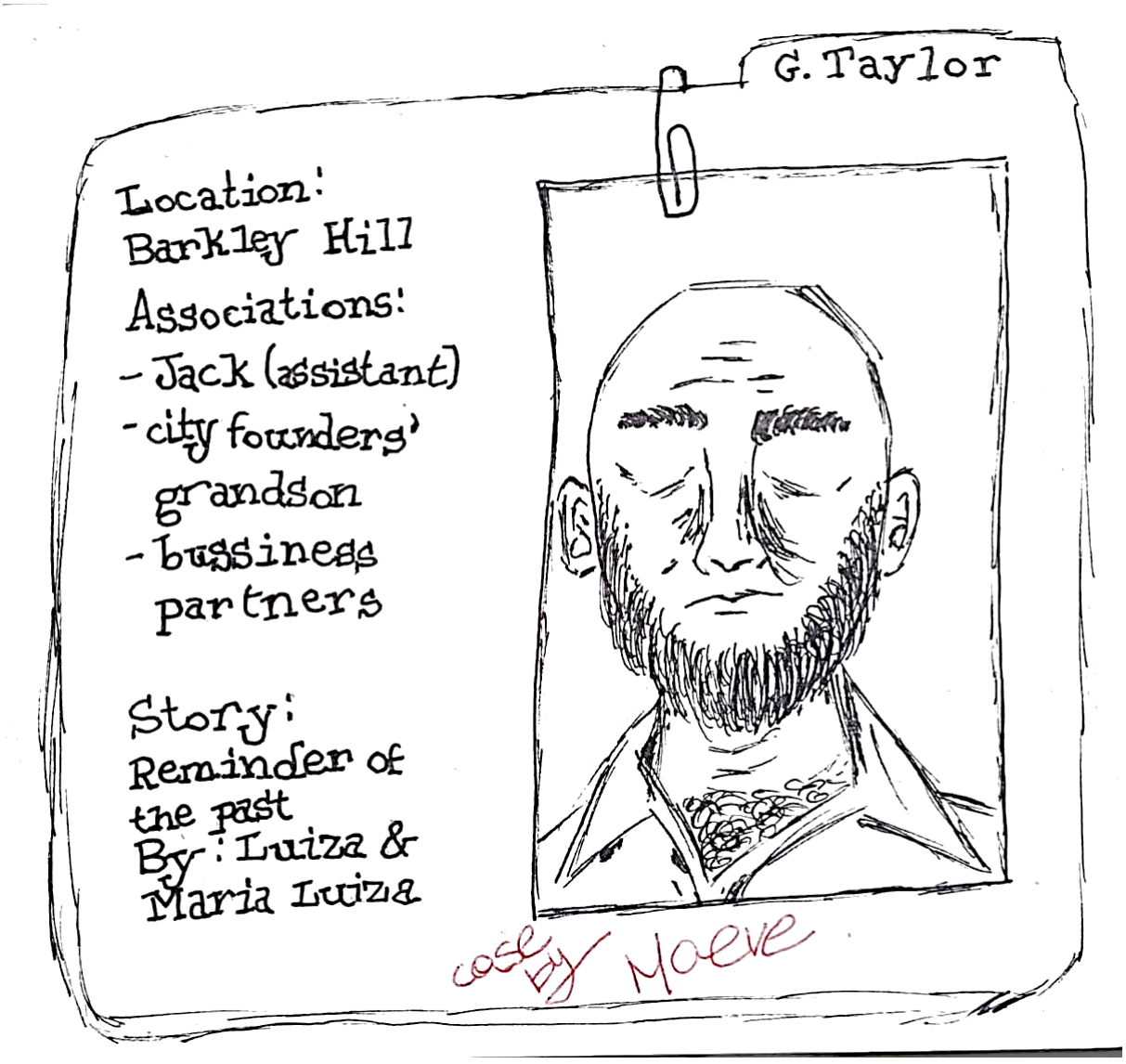
"I killed him – anonymous"

That's how it ends, with only one anonymous confession. Apparently some flowers bloom while everyone is sleeping.

Remaining of the past

By Ana Carolina e Sofia Cruz

Maeve is a detective that's assigned Garrett Taylor's murder case in her hometown, Barkley Hill. The old white business man was found dead the previous day and, although she didn't know him, when she gets there, she finds that the case might be more familiar to her than anticipated.



Remaining of the past

By Luiza Zanoni and Maria Luiza

Coming back to this place is scary. I left at 18 for college and thought I'd never come back. The streets still look the same but everything feels different and sadder. There is a reason why, and, while driving, there is only one thing in my mind: I'm not here for a high school reunion, I wish I were. I'm here as Detective Lincoln.

Sheriff Davis, an old man, has invited me for a case, but not any case. Unfortunately, there was a supposed murder here in Barkley Hill. Garrett Taylor was the city's founder grandson, he was wealthy but lonely. His wife passed away a few years ago, and it turned his life around. That's all I know about him yet, and I hope to know more about him and the case from the only person he talked to daily, his assistant.

While parking in front of the Barkley Hill precinct the butterflies in my stomach flew like I haven't eaten in years. With shaking hands I pass through the door and the first thing I can see is Sheriff Davis.

- So good to see you Maeve, I'm so thankful you accepted my invitation.
- Good to see you too!
- Jack is inside in the interrogation room, he's a little bit nervous but I think you'll do a great job.

I nodded my head in response and headed into the room, the name Jack confused me, it couldn't be, could it? Well it could. Sitting behind the aged brass table it was him, Jack Harris.

- Long time no see - he said
- I'm glad you made detective, Maeve.
- Aham..
- 10 years later and the phone never rang - I could feel the range in his words.

- We are not here for this Jack. This is an investigation and you're my main suspect.
- Ouch! Okay, go on Detective D' Laurents…
- It's Detective Lincoln for your matter!

I sit in the chair bothered by my ex husband's last name coming out of Jack's mouth.

- I see the divorce has finally happened…- he put out that smirk that would make anyone go crazy
- That's none of your business, Mr.Harris. Let 's focus!

I opened the file case, trying not to be distracted by that arrogant face.

- How well did you know Mr.Taylor?
- I worked for him for years, so I think I know him pretty well.
- Can you elaborate, please?
- I knew he secretly liked reading books made for teenagers and that he hated brussel sprouts.
- Everyone hates brussel sprouts, that's not useful Jac- Mr.Harris.

He wasn't taking it seriously and it was really frustrating. He let out that annoyingly cute smirk again and said:

- I worked for him, Maeve. I knew his deals and his contacts and, if I might say, they
  weren't always friendly.

I gave him the look so he could go on with his thoughts.

- For example, Detective Lincoln, he had a meeting scheduled for yesterday at 3PM
- At 3PM?
- Wasn't that what I said? - again, using his distracting arrogance.
- It's saying the time of his death was around 3:30PM, so that means that if he had the meeting his contacts would have seen the murder, or even having something to do with it.
- Sorry, I was thinking out loud. Who was the meeting with?
- Ms.D'Laurents, an entrepreneur from Dickens. Convenient name,

right? Great, that's all I needed, again that last name hunting me.

- What time did she arrive, Mr.Harris?
- Ah...well, I'm not sure...

His confidence in trying to mess with me had disappeared, and now he looked tense and even more suspicious.

- It’s a simple question, what time did this Ms.D’Laurents arrive for the meeting?
- I didn’t look at the clock..I don’t know the exact minute...

For Jack Harris to have his voice cracking while talking to me, something had to be wrong. I look at him with a distrustful look and said:

- Where were you around 3:30 of yesterday’s

afternoon? He took a deep breath and said:

- I wasn’t at work, Detective! That’s why I am not sure about the time that the woman arrived.
- Where were you then? Was it your day off?

I said it fast, due to curiosity. I clearly wasn’t comfortable confronting Jack that way but I had to keep things professional between us and I couldn’t let the past mess with my job. The anxiety started to run through his body, his eyes separated from mine and he had his right leg shaking like the room was under 49ºF.

- This isn’t relevant Maeve!
- Detectiv- He didn’t let me finish the sentence and jumped right in with arrogance as a defense mechanism again.
- Yeah, yeah, Detective Lincoln! This isn’t relevant for the case, I don't want to answer this stupid question!
- Please Jack, don’t make this harder than it already is. Where were you yesterday when your boss was murdered?
- No Mr.Harris anymore? - he let out a sarcastic laugh and rolled his eyes.- I want a lawyer.

Unbelievable, I knew by the time I walked through the door that this wasn’t going to be easy, but, having my gut telling me that Jack has something to do with a murder, makes me sick to my stomach. I take a deep breath and question him about the lawyer talk he came up with.

- Lawyer? I doubt this will be necessary. I'm only making a few questions that any innocent person can answer perfectly. For example, yesterday afternoon I was at a coffee shop reading a terrible book and drinking terrible coffee. See? Easy, right?

He crossed his arms and gave me a smile with his mouth shut letting me know he wasn’t going to talk without a stupid lawyer.

- Okay, I see you are not going to talk anymore so I will. You technically lost your job now, what are your plans for the future? If there are any.

His little smile faded out in seconds.

- No plans? Typical… - My plan was making him speak, even if I had to be a little mean for that. - You never left town, never explored your options like I always said you should. That was a big waste of potential…
- I thought we were being professional, Detective.
- You left me without options Mr.Harris. Now say it, any plans, any secrets?
- No, I don't have plans. As you have been empathizing for the past half an hour, this happened yesterday afternoon, I didn't really have the time to define my future.
- If you don't collaborate you might have to think about your plans in prison.
- I already demanded a lawyer. I have the right to remain in silence.

I knew he was right about that, but I know Jack Harris well enough to tell when he lies or hides something. As we waited for Jack's lawyer I took a look at the file Sheriff Davis had given to me earlier to see if I could get more information. Cases like this usually take weeks or even months to be solved, but I could feel it so close to me that I could grab it with my own hands. Then, I started again talking to myself outloud, but now, intentionally so he could hear it:

- The crime scene point to a murder and it problably happend aroud 3:30PM. We don't have evidence that the meeting scheduled for that time actually happened, and nobody was there when the cops showed up.

I close the file and stand up, the only thing I have to do now is try to get in touch with this Ms.D'Laurents person. I excused myself and walked fast to sheriff Davis' office, I updated him about the case and said that I need to talk to this woman as fast as possible. As the entrepreneur wasn't from Barkly Hill, the process could take a while. So I left Davis taking care of that, while I went back to the interrogation room with Jack.

- Your lawyer is on the way Jack.
- Great, you know what I was thinking? - I sit down again paying attention really closely to what he's about to say - Don't you think saying that I should have invested in myself is a little hypocritical of you?
- Excuse me?- I get instantly offended.

- “I always encourage you to explore your options” that’s some bullshit! - That was the worst imitation of me that I have ever heard, but I just let the frustated teeneger in him let his anger out.
- Why this now, Jack? We are in an investigation!
- You started it! Don’t throw in my face that I did nothing to my life just because I didn’t run away like you did. - I had the feeling this was coming…
- I didn’t run away Jack, we graduated, I had nothing in this town anymore.
- Didn’t you had me?

Those words hit me like a truck, I never thought that I’d see Jack again after what happened because I knew he hated me. I had no reaction besides just keep looking into his eyes trying to find some mercy.

- Answer it, Maeve! - He stood up quickly and with short breath from all the intensity of the conversation we had to have ten years ago.

As I started to find the right words to say the door opens and it’s Sheriff Davis. I didn’t know if I had to be relieved or afraid.

- Excuse me, Detective Lincoln, we weren’t able to get in touch with the entrepreneur.
- Oh...so no new leads?
- Unfortunately no, I’m sorry
- It’s okay, keep me updated please, Sheriff Davis.

He nodded his head and left the room. I was starting to get pissed off, because nothing was getting on track. I was basically on the same point that I left when I got to this town. I noticed Jack looking down with a disappointed look on his face, because he knew I was going to let the conversation go and go back to being a Detective.

- Tell me what you know, Mr.Harris. He sits down again looking defeated:
- Look, I don't know much, but they knew each other for a long time and have a long history in business matters. Mr.Taylor didn’t really like her, and I have the feeling that it was mutual.

I take notes of every single word while the woman’s name, D’Laurents, pops again in my head.

- Her name has always been interesting to me, and I hated it always reminded me of you. Sometimes I even thought she was part of your beloved ex husband’s family.
- I know everyone from Max’s family, they are good people.

- That means nothing Detective, my hypotheses could still be right. You know, there are high chances of his family being involved in this deep stuff…
- I don’t disagree - I said it too loud - I’m going to need a security camera shooting from yesterday's morning to see if anyone new was in town. I need to see this woman’s face.

I leave the room again with a mission to get what I want, I am confident now. I ordered the security camera footage from across town, it might take a while so I'll have to wait a little bit. If everything goes according to what I planned, I'll have the real identity from my main suspect revealed in a few hours, but until then, I'll have to be in a small room sitting two meters in front of my high school love.

One hour later, Sheriff Davis emailed me the recording from a security camera at a souvenir shop on the main street of Barkley Hill. The video looked boring, this town is boring. Until there was, around 11:00am a pink Chevrolet 1949 parking in front of the shop, a middle aged man apparently dressed up with a chauffeur costume opens the passenger door to a tall and blonde woman. Her whole outfit could buy my house. I just don't get it why someone that intends to murder another person dressed up like that and have such an extravagant car.

As Ms. D'Laurents walked inside the shop, I still couldn't see her face clearly. I decided to fast forward the video to see when the entrepreneur and the chauffeur left the store, and when she got out, then I could see it. I remember her. I could recognize that judging look anywhere. I close my laptop with my chin dropped, how could I be so naive? I get my attention back to Jack, who was not understanding my reaction:

- Did you see a ghost?
- Kind of….- he was looking into my eyes with a certain joy for seeing me fail
- I was right, wasn’t I?

I looked away trying to avoid the question, but only by looking at me he already knew the answer.

- Who is she? - He said
- Victoria D’Laurents, my ex’s step-sister…- I already could see the little smile coming back to Jack’s face - I’ve met her a couple times on holidays but I don’t really know her directly.
- Is she capable of murder?
- I don’t know...- I stopped myself right when I realized - I can’t share this with you, this is confidential! You’re a suspect.

- Okay Detective. I may remain in silence - he said jokingly

I roll my eyes trying to focus on what my next steps must be. Victoria was full of secrets. The little I knew about her came from Max, my ex husband, and not all good but enough to know about Ms. D'Laurents' profile. I open my laptop again to finish analyzing the video footage, this time keeping my thoughts to myself. Even though the one in front of me is Jack, he could still have something to do with it so I couldn't reveal every discovery. As the minutes past by, more things I kept noticing, and when I close the computer one more time and stand up, Jack ask:

- Don't forget you still owe me a response...Detective. -

I took a small breath and looked down, I knew he wasn't going to let the moment pass without more arguing. I leave the room and walk in the direction of Sheriff Davis' room to share what I have just found.

- Yes, Maeve, any new clues?
- Actually yes - I sit in the black and old chair placed in front of him - According to this video, Ms. D'Laurents car left town way before Mr.Taylor was murdered, so the supposed meeting Jack said was scheduled, didn't happen. That checked her out of the suspects list…
- You'll have to keep digging Detective Lincoln. - He gives me a smile, proud to see me try hard.
- I have an idea that it might get me somewhere. - I told him my plan and he agreed that it might work, so I went to a desk on another floor in the precinct. I really didn't want it to come to this but, now, it was my only option.

I take the landline and dial the one of only phone numbers I had memorized, Max's. I haven't talked to him since the divorce so my hands were sweating like never before. After three rings he answered the phone.

- Max D'Laurents, who's speaking?
- Oh, hello it's Detective Lincoln. I'm investigating a cause that happened yesterday in Barkley Hill and I only need to ask you a couple of questions, is that good?
- Maeve…? - He said very confused. I knew he was going to recognize my name and voice, but deep inside I wanted him to pretend I didn't exist, like he did while spending the night with another woman. - Is everything okay, darling?

Darling...I used to love it when he called me that, but now the only thing I feel is disgust.

- There was a murdered in the town yesterday, Mr. Garrett Taylor was found dead in his office and your step-sister Victoria is the main suspect.
- What are you saying? Is this some type of prenk, Maeve?
- No, Mr.D'laurents, and it's Detective Lincoln please. This is a simple conversation and I'm only asking you because...I really need your help, and if you're willing to answer it I can start.
- I knew you were going to call me when you realized you needed me. Ask what you want, darling.
- Thank you for going straight to the point, I need Victoria's phone number.
- I can give that to you. 1234-5678

Everything was working out too easily, untill:

What about your phone number? It seems like you changed it...again. - Yes, I knew it was too easy.

- Great, Mr.D'laurents you were really helpful. If needed, we will get in touch with you later, okay? Bye!

I rang up the phone and took a deep breath since the air seemed to not be reaching my lungs. I take a minute before dialing Victoria D'Laurents number, and when I do it only takes her 2 rings to answer the phone.

- Hello, Ms.Victoria D'Laurents? - I asked politely
- Yes, who is talking?
- I'm Detective Lincoln, I'm working on a cause that happened yesterday at Barkley Hill, were you in town at the time?
- Yes, I guess… - I don't think she recognized me, that's good for now- I was making some groceries at the shop of my mom's friend like I always do on Wednesdays. But, I don't understand why you are calling me.
- Madam, are you sure you were in town just for that? Didn't you have a meeting scheduled for yesterday with Garret Taylor?
- Garret Taylor, really? - she said in a sarcastic tone - I've refused to see this man years ago, Detective, I didn't have anything scheduled for yesterday.
- His assistant said yo-
- Well, his assistant said it wrong - she interrupted me.- I don't have anything to do with Garret anymore.
- Do you mind explaining why?

- In our past we had some..hum..how can I say? Disagreements. And after the last time we spoke in person I let it be pretty clear that I was out. Well, I'm needed so a couple months after that he mailed me a hand written letter threatening me.
- What was he threatening you with? - A million possibilities of things that could happen start to pop up in my head, I couldn't let myself miss something again so I analyse her every word and tone pressistily.
- I don't remember the exact words but he said I was going to pay for what I have done.
- What did you do, Ms.D'laurents? - I knew she wasn't going to answer that question so I elaborate another one. - Mr.Taylor was murdered yesterday, do you have any idea why someone did this to him and why all my leads until now point to you?
- Of course, schedule a fake meeting just so I 'll be the first one to be called in by the police, classic. - She was right, that's a possible move, Garret Taylor apparently had a lot of enemies but maybe he was one too:
- Who do you think would want to incriminate you as a killer, Ms.D'Laurents?
- The one and only Mr.Taylor, obviously! He himself wrote in the letter that I was going to pay for something, he was really capable of even killing himself just so I could rot in jail.

And that's when it hit me, Victoria D'Laurents was right. By analysing the crime scene everything pointed to a murdered, but what if that was what they wanted me to think? What if, what actually happened was...suiced? Is it someone capable of ending their own life just because of revenge? While talking to Victoria for a couple more minutes I got information enough to stand up to my theory.

I walked so fast I was almost running to the interrogation room. When I opened the door Jack was there at the same place that he was before I left, still with his arms crossed. He looked at me and said:

- That's the face of someone that got what they wanted for Christmas. I smiled at him and sat across from him at the table.
- I have a theory based on the phone calls I've just made.- He leaned over closer to me to hear what I was about to say.
- I got Ms.Victoria D'Laurents phone number and called her. She just confirmed everything you said about Mr.Taylor.
- Even his love for brussel sprouts?

- Focus Harris! - he smirked and checked me out head to toe.
- She wasn't aware of the meeting, that wasn't the reason why she was here and there is zero proof that she even passed close to Mr.Taylor's neighborhood.
- So, you're saying it wasn't her?
- No, I wasn't. And listen, there is more. - he was listening to it closely, and I was getting ready to tell him my theory as it was the plot of a book I have had, like we used to do when we dated at high school. - Everything pointed to a murdered, right? But what if it wasn't? What if, Mr.Taylor took his own life in a calculated suicide so his
  enemie Ms.D'Laurents, who was in debt with him, took the blame and had her life ruined?

The look on his face wasn't the same as with the book plots, I could see he was upset about his boss's death, however he still was intrigued by what I was saying.

- You were close to Garret, do you think this could be possible?
- Yes...I do think he was crazy enough to do something like this, Maeve.

I can't help it to let go the biggest weight of my back, I still could be wrong but now, the forensic reports were what would give me the answer.

- You're good at this, I was serious when I said I was glad you made it.
- Thanks Jack. - I smiled at him
- I'm sorry I couldn't help much…
- It's fine, you were busy doing...hum what it was? Oh, you didn't say it because your lawyer didn't show up - He laughed. - In a few more minutes you will be checked out and allowed to go back home.
- Great…- he looked down to the table and back up to me again. - Are you going to ignore our...conversation?
- Jack…
- Fine, whatever Maeve! It's been years and it doesn't matter anymore.

Do you know when we make up fake scenarios in our heads before going to sleep, we go back to conversations we had in the past trying to find better answers for it. Well, mine were always about him. I never thought I would have the courage to say anything to him, but I might have it now:

- I knew I had you Jack, I knew that but I still chose to go away. Believe me, I've questioned that decision everyday of my life. I didn't do that because I stopped loving you, of course not! But I did what I had to do at that moment, and look at

us now. We didn't turn out so bad, right? - I give him a shy smile, afraid of his reaction.

- I mean, I’m unemployed now so that’s an issue!

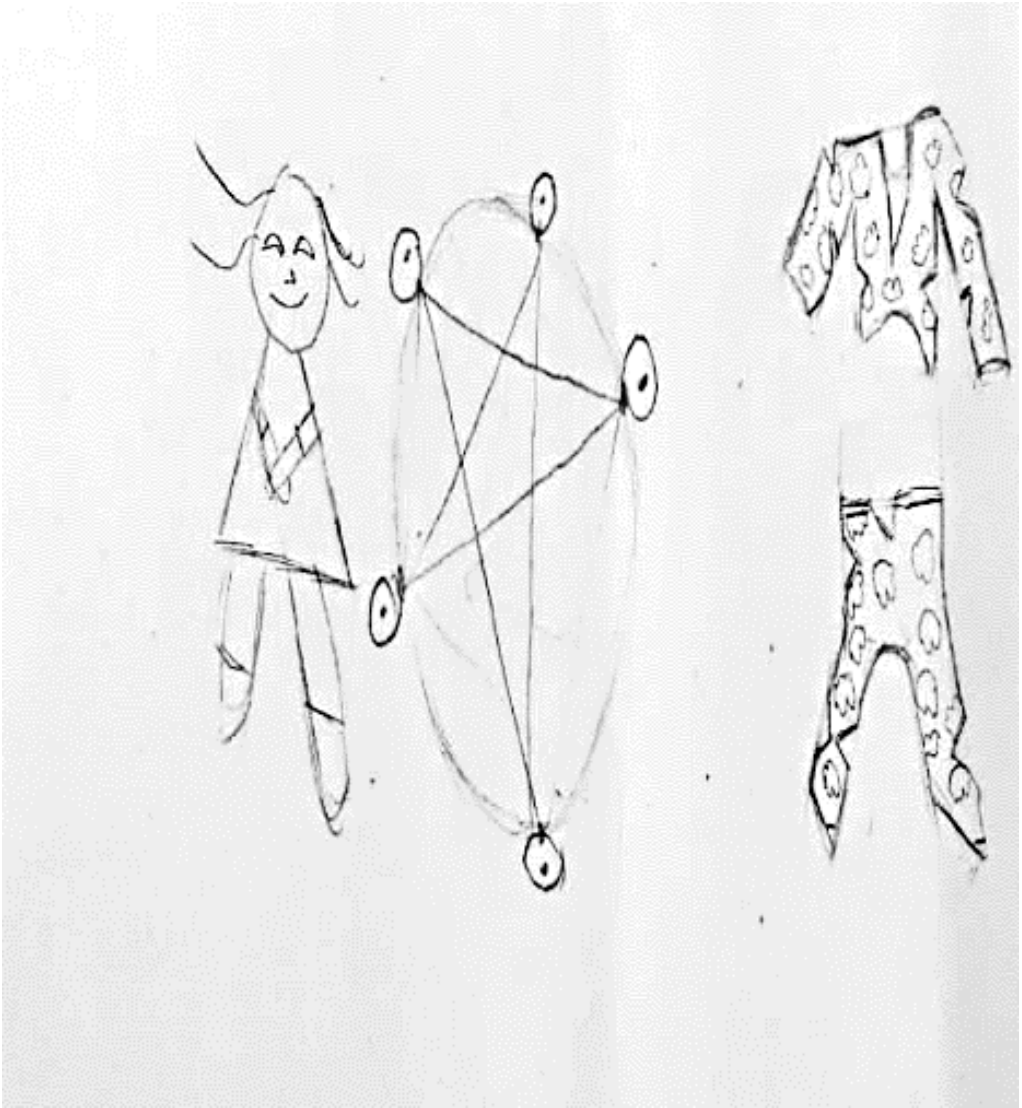
He always knew how to make me laugh in uncomfortable situations. Despite the circumstances, I was happy to see Jack again. We just kept looking at each other, maybe trying to find who we were back then into the person we are now. Well, the only thing that’s left from the past are memories.

- Oh, and I still want my lawyer, Detective!

The doll

By Andre Luiz Dias Silva and Lívia Arruda de Queiroz

At a pajama party on halloween 4 friends got together and decided to play horror challenges, they just didn't know what the pact could cause.



The doll

By Giulianna Beolchi Costa and Ramiro Ramiro Alves Rocha Cruz Neto

On halloween 2019 four friends got together to have a slumber party that took place at leticia's house at bedtime rafaela had an idea of a game she saw on a website a few days ago that said she could make objects create life. so the ritual needed to be at 3 am. the long awaited time came, so they made a circle speaking the following words three times. "Objects that created life show us".

Then in the back of the room came out a doll that leticia hadn't seen for several years. And the doll said

I see you so I'm coming to get you

Soon after that the girls ran but one of their friends stayed behind

Rafaela realized that her friend had just disappeared. so she ran to an old closet in the living room. She heard some footsteps

And the doll appeared and said

I've already caught one of your friends, now you'll be next.

Then they heard an alarm clock go off and realized that it was all a dream. but they saw the doll moving.

The end

The Beginning of The End

By Davi Sapiencie Bellacosa and Thiago Souza Calfa Antonio

As bright as it was, it was also busy, it was the day of harvest after a long and arduous winter, in which many had perished due to the living conditions drastically worsening by the day.

After the collapse of the vast Qarian Empire that had the land he currently has, and the take-over of his home by his majesty's Holy Zhagian Empire, the world was seemingly improving, with new roads and trade routes being made, as well as a proper army defending the archipelago, paired with a powerful navy. But that was just the beginning of the end.

The Beginning of The End

By Murilo Justino Arcanjo and Pedro Fera de Azevedo

It was a bright day in the rural town of Abada. It was a town like any other of its kind, covered by fast wheat and greenery fields. As bright as it was, it was also busy, it was the day of harvest after a long and arduous winter, in which many had perished due to the living conditions drastically worsening by the day. But alas, it was finally time for the town to rest, at least while the royal collectors didn't knock on their door. The townsfolk were unfazed by what surrounded them, the beautiful nature and vast camps of foodstuffs contrasting with the carriages of bodies from children to the elderly being carried away by the poorest of peasants to be buried on the sacred grounds of Zhago.

In one of such carriages lay a couple, still by their side as their cold and lifeless bodies were dragged out of town, a kid, in his twenties at most, watching from a distance. His face was filled weirdly with both grief and relief. The man was called Gange, he was a simple farmworker in the vast grounds of his town, as well as a handyman for his neighbourhood. He was a simple man, now stricken from his family, as it was the reality of things by this time.

After the collapse of the vast Qarian Empire that had the land he currently has, and the take-over of his home by his majesty's Holy Zhagian Empire, the world was seemingly improving, with new roads and trade routes being made, as well as a proper army defending the archipelago, paired with a powerful navy. But the more backward towns still suffered the punishment mother nature gave them.

The Archipelago, however, lay stable and strong. The tribes of the eastern islands being slowly civilised, and the fortress-city of Zhago serving as a bastion of power of the Empire that ruled over them. Though, as the day of harvest in the town of Abada would soon change to something different, as the heavily armed and armoured legionary of the 16th Sacred Legion set foot on the city, the Centurions and the Legate stepped forward while the men of the 16th remained still. The townsmen looked in awe to the legion that came to see them, they were clearly battle worn, and their shining helmets were scarred, though not dirty, as cleanliness was at its peak in the Empire.

It took about ten minutes before the Legate began speaking to the town, which had by then already gathered in front of the army, his Centurions standing steadily by his side.

"People of this town." - The Legate began - "We've come to bear a message upon thee. The war with the savages of the East has left us battered, as such our Legion must replenish its numbers" - His words came out as artificial, robotic even - "Any men fit to serve, educated and between the ages of eight and twenty four step forward.."

Initially, the people were bewildered by such a request, however, eventually all of such groups stepped forward and walked towards the Legionaries. Afterwards, the Legion began its march through the road that connected this city to their fort, taking the men and children with them to be trained and forged into the finest of soldiers for the royal legions. The walk was painful and arduous, more than ten miles walking carrying several dozen pounds of equipment in the back of each recruit, and the training would be much tougher. Many of the recruits collapsed and even died during such a walk back to camp, most of which were children, though they were not left behind, as to ensure a bond was built between the new recruits, as a chain is only strong as its weakest link.

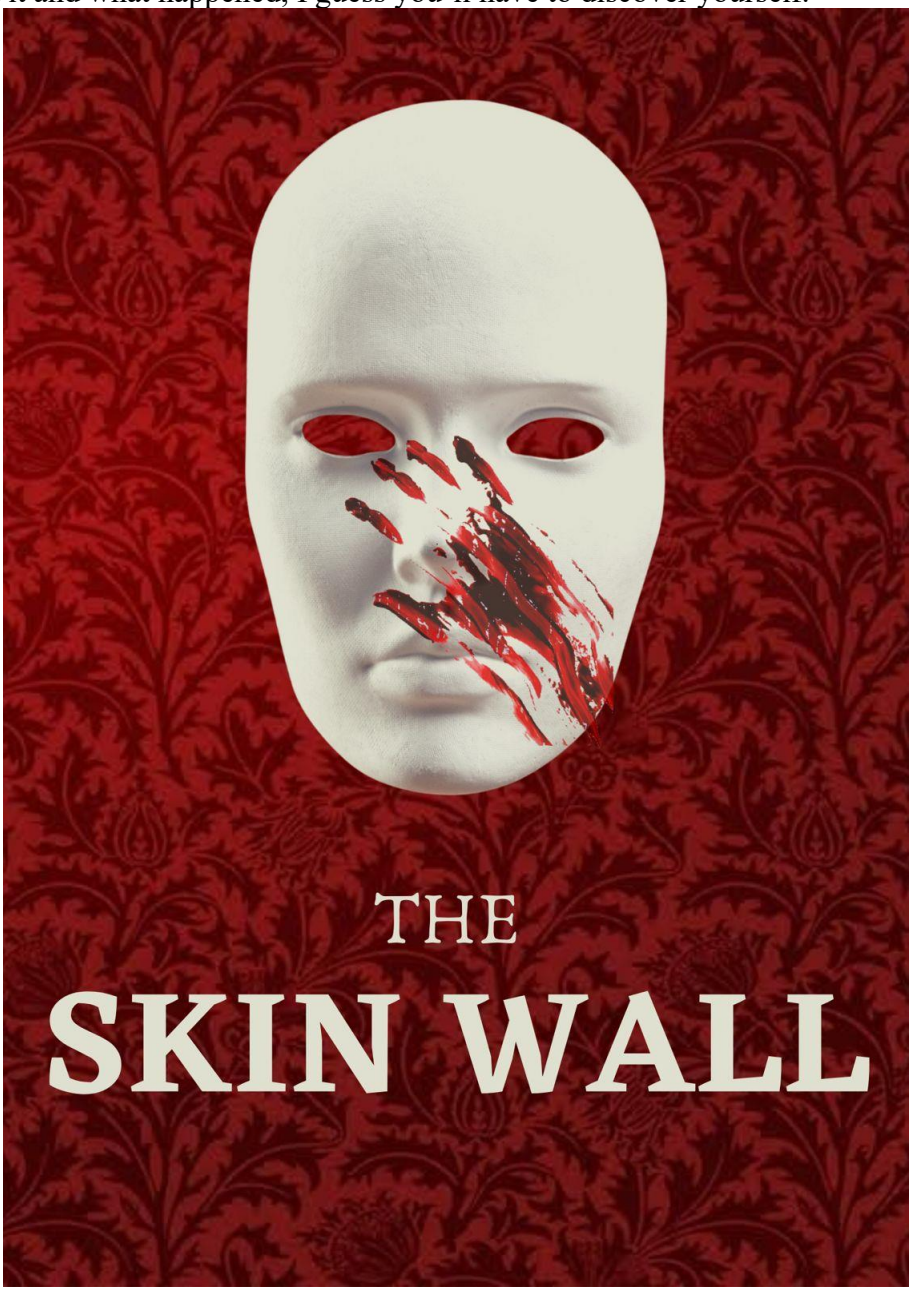
Fortunately, our young warrior survived the walk, passing his first test to become one of the legionaries. Arriving at the fort they'd meet several legionaries that had remained behind to ensure the fort was protected, and as they entered the recruits would be greeted by their new brothers-in-arms, though such commemorations would not last for too long, as only s few minutes after the villagers had settled into their new life, they could hear the faint battle horn of the barbarians of the east. The Legate and the Centurions would all turn from training the recruits, and rather begin ordering them to get their weapons. Many thought it was only a drill, until the first was hit by an arrow in the chest.

The Fort devolved into a frenzy as the skilled and disciplined legionaries were mixed with the untrained recruits. Decanii, Centurions and the Legate tried to command the garrison into fighting back the barbarian wave that hit them, but they'd be met not only by the lack of discipline of their recruits, but also apparent sabotage as at one point the gates to their fort were opened by the inside, to which the Barbarians quickly flooded in and slaughtered the unprepared legion, with no one surviving the onslaught. It was the beginning of the end

The Skin Wall

By Sofia Cadedo e Rafaela Holanda

Once upon a time, there was a couple that bought an old house so they could live peacefully.
After a couple of weeks, they both decided to renovate the house, especially the wallpapers, because like they said, it kinda smells bad, like a very strong smell, that could actually make you throw up.
When the couple started ripping off the wallpapers, it was starting to dismantle and then they noticed some names and dates on the wall behind the ripped wallpaper.
The couple thought that was too weird and decided to google those names and dates.
After that, they found out the names and dates were related to the names of victims and the date they died.
Who did it and what happened, I guess you'll have to discover yourself.



The Skin Wall

By Laura Fera Palma and Marina Del Poggetto Fragata

Once upon a time, there was a couple that bought an old house so they could live peacefully.
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When the couple started ripping off the wallpapers, it was starting to dismantle and then they noticed some names and dates on the wall behind the ripped wallpaper.
The couple thought that was too weird and decided to google those names and dates.
After that, they found out the names and dates were related to the names of victims and the date they died. They both got scared and immediately called the police.
When the police arrived, the couple showed the names and the dates behind the wallpapers, told about the strong smell coming out of it and showed the search they did.
So, one of the cops decided to examine the ripped wallpaper, and he said that it looked like human skin and the written things were made with blood. The couple was really scared about the house and the cops started debating the case.
Finally they remembered, that in the past, thera was a serial killer l, who lived at that house and his story is that he used to take off the skin off his victims, write down their names and the date they were murdered, with their own blood, and hide their skins at his house.
The couple was shocked with the facts, that they both decided to leave the house and never come back again. Meanwhile the cops decided to collect the evidences and then destroy the house.
At the end, another case was solved.

THE END…

Playground on Fire

By Geovana Muraga Chaves and Mariana de Oliveira Duarte Moreno

Five friends were hanging in a playground when they had a “great” idea, to make a fire pit with paper and a lighter, but every action led to life consequences. What do you think it’s going to happen with them?

Playground on Fire

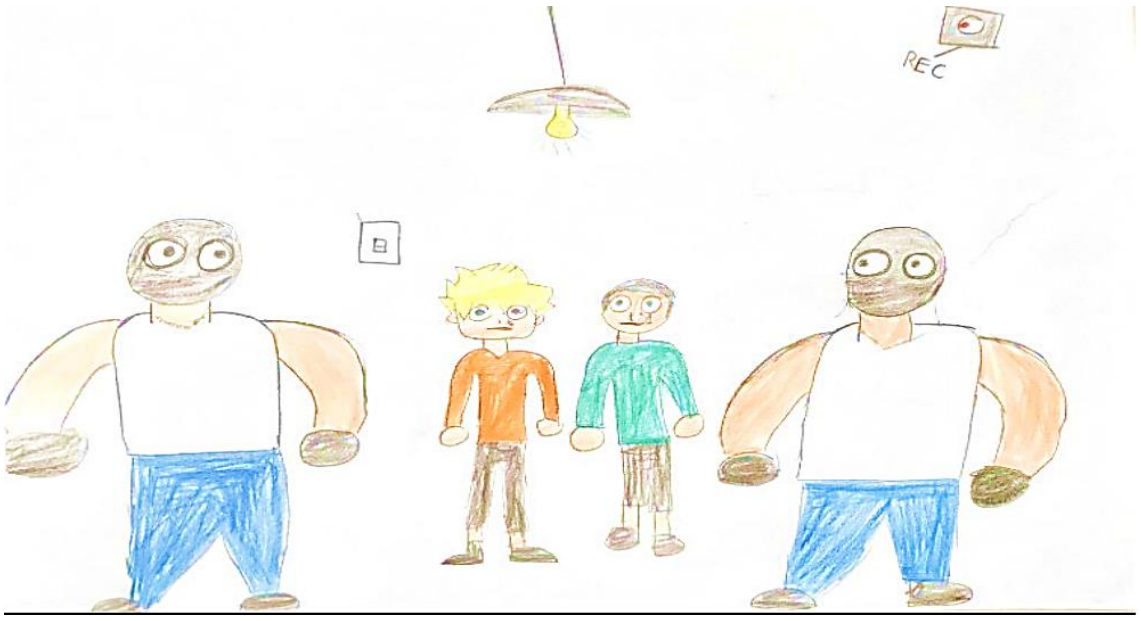
By Guilherme Shinzato Martins and Leonardo Aprile Monção de Lima

Once upon a time, there were four friends in a playground. The fourth friend had a brother, and this brother can be called by the fifth friend. This fifth friend was on the first floor, one above the playground, he got some paper and a lighter then decided to throw the paper while burning it, they decided to make a fire pit with all that paper, when they were burning the paper, the security saw them, they started to run as fast as they could, they hided in an apartment, two weeks later the security cameras caught them faces and then they got a punishment, everyone started judging them with their looks, just because they made a fire pit on the playground.

The Young Millionaire

By Felipe Kosorus and Rafael Aprile Monção de Lima

Hey, let me ask you some questions, have you ever broken a record? If yes, then how about a world record? If you have, fair play, but how about being kidnaped? Have you ever been kidnaped? Those two things are pretty rare to happend and you've probably never expiriensed them before, so let me introduce you to the story of two eleven year olds who did both at the same day, will they be safe? Find out reading the story...



Untitled

By Felipe Kosorus and Rafael Aprile Monção de Lima

Two 11-year-old friends were playing video games together online. They played very well, to the point where they managed to break a record together within the game. After breaking the record they received an email from the company that owns the game, they were called to receive a reward for breaking the previous record. The prize was 1 million dollars, they were super exited when they saw it. They went to the game company to receive the award. When they went to receive the 1 million, they were kidnapped by a gang that took the two to a hideout. The two friends were desperate, but what they least expected is that the gang was actually the heads of the company, giving the prize to the two young people with their parents in a very creative way.

The Black of Snow

By Amanda Rocha Peisig Loureiro and Nicole Cestarolli Dias dos Santos de Lima

In a distant kingdom, the snow black lived with his father, a boy much disputed and loved by all. Tired of living under pressure, Snow Black decides to make a drastic decision, but he had no idea how that decision would change his life. New friendships and new stories were traced.

The Black of Snow

By Daniel Ortega Haddad and Guilherme Carvalho Galassini

Once Upon a time, there was a black prince who lived in a very rich kingdom where everyone liked the young prince, but he had a lot of problems with his father, they were always fighting and arguing, the young prince was already tired of it, and all the time he thought about dropping everything ang go away. Until one day he and his father had a big fight and the prince who was already tired of it, dropped all his things and left the kingdom, he went to the forest, it was a very hot morning, and it was very hot, so he started to feel bad, until he passed out. When he woke up, he was in a totally different place, and when he realized he was surrounded by seven dwarves. There were seven dwarves: The angry, The happy, The nap, The master, The sly, The sneeze and Sheila. The prince started to live with the dwarves, and they become friends, the prince liked the new life with no commitments and no fights, but he and his new friends needed to do something to earn money, so they came up with the idea of opening a fast-food restaurant, since the dwarves were very good at making hamburgers. So, they opened the restaurant, and it was very successful as the prince was the poster boy. One day the king appeared there to talk to the prince, they made up, but the prince didn't want to come back to the kingdom and he stayed with his new friends, and they were happy Forever

A passing love story

Por Beatriz Medeiros Hsu and Fernanda Mary Oliveira Oda

Lucas, the protagonist of the story, lives in Brazil but is going on an exchange in early August, during the holidays, he meets a woman who lives in another country and they end up fallingin love, everything is beautiful and
wonderful but the end of the vacation is coming and something very sad is going to happen.

A passing love story

Por Beatriz Medeiros Hsu and Fernanda Mary Oliveira Oda

Lucas was a 16-year-old boy, very studious who dreamed of studying abroad, his family has always supported him andhelped him make this dream come true, in August 2019 his dream was going to come true (beginning of the school year in the United States), but during July break something unexpected happened.

It was the first day of vacation in July and he was on Copacabana beach, enjoying a sunny day with his family and beside them there was another family, like any other, the day passed and it was almost dusk, with a beautiful sunset while he was playing soccer with his cousins, when Lucas kicks the ball with all his might and hits Sophie, a German girl who is on vacation in Brazil with friends, the impact was so strong that she ended up falling, Lucas was desperate to see how she was and it was love at first sight, it was like a movie scene, as if their souls had connected, they stared at each other for a while and he asked if she was okay, she said everything was fine and that there was no problem, so he started talking to her and she ended up telling her that she was German but the family was Brazilian and that's why she knew how to speak Portuguese, after talking a lot his family told him that was time to leave, so he asked her number, gave her a kiss on the cheek and left.

He could barely stand to get home because he was so anxious to call her, but he wanted to wait to play hard to get so he only called her the next day, they stayed all day talking and arranged to see each other at night in the same place they met, he spent a lot of time getting ready and changing clothes until he found the perfect one to see her again, he gave the time and he went there with the biggest butterflies in his stomach, they spent the night talking and getting to know each other, it was the best day of his life.

That was the rest of their vacation, with each passing day they fell more and more in love with each other, their love only increased and their time together only decreased because they would have to go to their respective countries, but they tried to ignore it to enjoy this time together, they did different things and got to know each other like no one else knew them.

As time passed the time to say goodbye was getting closer and sadness was inevitable, they thought of a thousand ways to keep this relationship but they knew that none of them would work, so what was left wasto live intensely these last two days together, nothing was impossible for their holiday love, but the day to say goodbye came and they went to the airport together, but each followed their destiny, gave a kiss and continued their journey without looking back, when they arrived in their countries they continued talking for a while but everything that was beautiful and wonderful was erased with time,it was impossible to keep the same contact and as was to be expected the perfect love became just another story of the past..

“A leitura é para o intelecto o que o exercício é para o corpo”

- J. Addison