
FULBRIGHT



The publication of this collection was made possible through a generous contribution from the Fulbright Commission.

Serendipity -n. the faculty of happening upon fortunate discoveries when not in search of them. Coined by Horace Walpole (1754) in "The Three Princes of Serendip" (Sri Lanka).

- Funk and Wagnells

I certainly felt like one of the Three Princes upon discovering so much talent in my English classes - hence the title of this collection.

D. MANION

Dennis Manion is a Fulbright Exchange teacher assigned to San Juan University from the Bodine High School for International Affairs in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.



Volume 1

SERENDIPITY

December 1993

Writers

Valeria Fagale
Analía Manrique
Mariela Hualpa
Leo Ferres
Patricia Ibora
Sandra Schiattino
Laura Mazzci
María Celina López

Alejandra Lazzaro
Laura Olmos
Silvana Bustamante
Carolina Ledesma
Teté Manzur
María Fernanda Galván
Lidia Hobeika
Beatriz Mercado

Natalia Bocelli
Nora Fuentes
Andrea Leceta
Mabel Balmaceda
Marcos Cáceres
Liliana Padilla
Virginia Vita
María Elena Cernuda

Artist

Graciela Perez

Desktop Publishing and Layout

Claudia Jofre de Ferrero

Production Staff

Silvana Castro
Ana Cecilia Gioja
Mariela Hualpa
Vanessa Nara

Liliana Padilla
Veronica Ríos
María Fernanda Ruiz

Editor

Dennis Manion

Associate Editors

Rosa Inés Cúneo de Morales
Marisel Bollati de López
Anthony O'Donnell

San Juan University

Rector: Tulio Abel Del Bono
Vicerector: Pedro Mallea
Decano FFHA: Arnoldo Fernandez

Jefa Dpto Lengua y Literatura Inglesa:
Mabel Benavidez de Albar Diaz



"Alfonsina Storni" (1892- 1938) is a world renowned Hispano- American poetess who is particularly important in San Juan because she lived here. Owner of a special style and a beautiful arrangement of words, she wrote books such as: "La Inquietud del Rosal", "El Dulce Daño", "Languidez", "Irremediablemente" and "Mascarilla y Trébol".

On the 26th of October, 1938, Alfonsina committed suicide by drowning herself in the sea. Her body was never found. This tragic event made her more famous after her death than she had been in life. Alfonsina's last piece of writing was a sonnet called "Voy a Dormir" (I'm going to sleep"), where she suggests the nearness of death.

My poem (if it deserves to be called a "poem ") is a humble homage to this brilliant woman whom I admire.

Alfonsina

The Universe of Words ...
Such an infinite spectrum of expression.
Like clay, easy to shape
Poetry took shape with your inspiration.

As a queen who reigns in her palace
Your reign in the world of words
In such a perfect state of balance
No one could have better occupied your place.

Now, the sea knows all your secrets
For you wanted it to learn
That the infinity of your poetry
Like the sea itself , will have no limits.

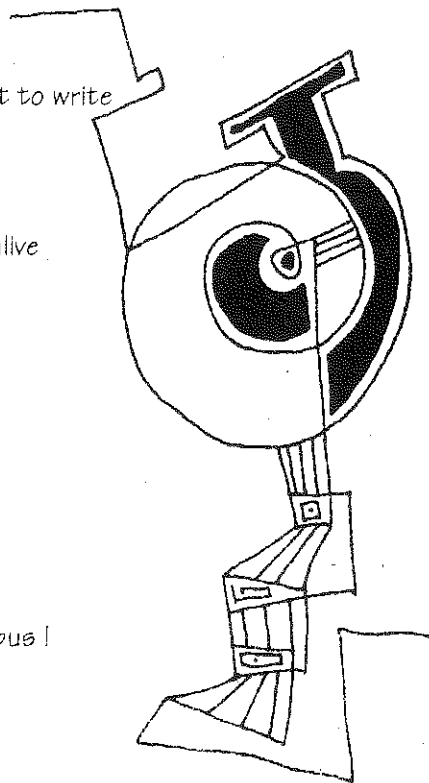
Like the sea, so large, so immense
Is your poetry, Alfonsina.
Your legacy for the world
so vivid, so deep, so intense.

Carolina. S. Ledesma

Carolina plans to teach English and to travel throughout the English speaking world.

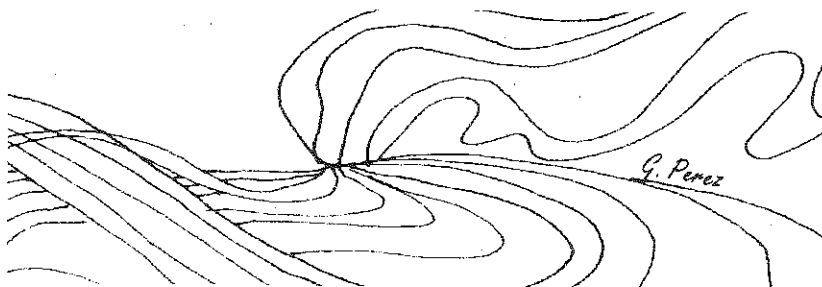
No Name

Certainly sometimes I don't know what to write
I don't care if I have it right
I have mounds of ideas spinning inside,
that say you need a paper,
a written one
to play 'make-believe' so that you feel alive
I was told, one day,
that you could fake a poem away
It's easy they said
(they don't understand what I mean)
Pretend that you know
your innermost cry
tell them you don't feel
with your work satisfied.
Oh, yes, I need a place
(a beautiful one)
if you want ME to write a line.
Have you thought that that's a lie ?
A poem comes up by, say, travelling by bus !
Have you realized ? I'm in a park
I'm seeing a wonderful sight
and take it for sure ... I ...
I don't know what to write.



Leo

Leo, a second year university student is a writer looking for direction !



Graciela Perez is a third year student of Visual Arts at the National University of San Juan and a student of English at Colegio Inglés.

Lullaby to Dad

The blade is
coming down its rails
death pending on a thread
on her days your death, hers.

Summer day,
Raindrops caressing her head
wiping clean her naiveté.

Her unfolded wings.
Girlish dreams brought to an end,
guilty of your sins forsaking her strength.

Her dreamlands mourning deserts
of rotten weeds on murky soils,
and perched on skeleton trees
vultures reveling in their symphony.

Her compass is pointing south
turn out the lights bring down the stars.

Defile in red
her nights stain your blood her virgin hands.

Tread on the debris of her love
tangle in a web of revenge
her disregard of love.

Slide gentle on steel blade
her wrists, her tender chest
suffocate her sighs
leave her living dead her life.

Farewell:
Ashes betray your goodbye.

I need a truce dad,
if only for this night.
Death has come down its rails.
This time in our lives.

Nora I. Fuentes

Nora Fuentes loves learning languages only to read literature in its original form. She intends to teach English Literature like Mr. Keating (The Dead Poets' Society).



MEN

Eye-Roving-Short-Sighted
Roguing-Bothering-Lying on and off as poor as
mice
Guys

But, be honest women,
can we live without all these
VIRTUES ?

Patricia Ibora

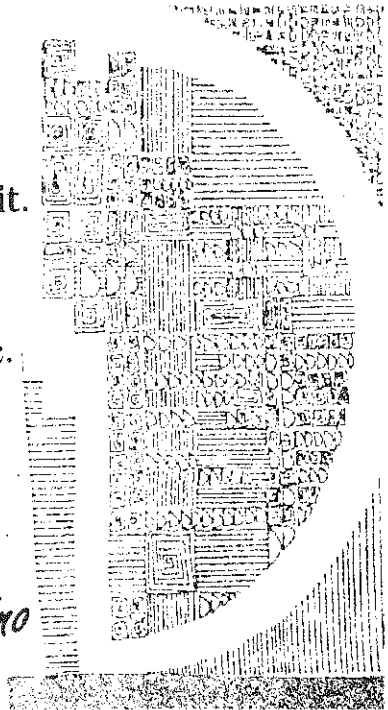
Patricia plans to finish University and be a teacher of English for primary students. In her spare time she enjoys playing paddle with her friends and going to the dam.

Life

Life is a stunning landscape
glance and find the beauty in it.
Life is a sheer poetry play
it just as make-believe.
Life is a velvet blossom
be patient for this flower-to-be.
Life is an unfinished rainbow
paint the missing colors on it.
Life is an incredible challenge
dare and venture in it.

Sandra Schiattino

Sandra, a second year student who loves Literature and Psychology.



Carpe Diem

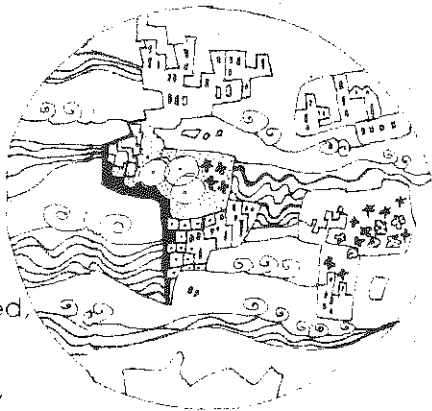
Why live in a haze
Afraid of death
Are you immortal?
As if life were not important?
What will happen
if anyone tells you
You are going to die?
Perhaps, you'll feel depressed,
Or hungry or upset.
Why me? You will say
Why now, at this moment of my life?
But, don't you know you are born to die?
So, live now! Don't you see you are alive?
Smile, run, cry, breath the air, live.
Live every minute of this beautiful life
But, I'm sorry, I've made a big mistake,
Don't live every minute, think of each second
You are leaving behind.
Live it! Seize it! Enjoy it!
Don't let life pass.

Lidia Hobeika

Lidia is the Director of York Institute who has found a new hobby -creative writing.

Dear earth

Dear earth,
Immense and impotent
Why do you look so sad ?
Because Man has eyes but cannot see
The blood- red pain.
He has good ears but cannot hear,
The hungry mouths crying for help.
He has a heart , empty of love,
Which cannot change hate for peace.
Because the human race immersed in red,
Blood and pain which hurt
Tears and cries which say:
SAVE THE EARTH, SAVE THE HUMAN RACE,
Live in peace, stop the hate.



Tete Manzur

Tet  is a dreamy student who intends to become a teacher of linguistics.
In her free time she loves watching American movies and reading books in English.



FORGIVE ME

Every time I look at you
It's like a fire burning my soul.
Baby, I know I hurt you.
Please, forgive me,
because you're everything for me
because you can still believe in me.
Please, forgive me.
Now I've found the anger in your eyes.
I don't have much to say,
I just love you, just forgive me.
I wish I could carry your smile in my heart
because I don't really know
if I'll see you again.
Please, forgive me.
I've waited so long
just for a simple call.
I have never said
how hard it was.
Please, forgive me.

Marcos Cáceres

Marcos is a seventeen year old student at St. John's with an undertermined future

BOTH FEET ON THE GROUND

It's easy to dream
and think of a love-governed world
in which everything worth happening
can be true.
I live in that world
where whatever I heard, saw, touched or felt
was health, kindness, honesty, love and peace.
And one day, all of a sudden,
reality broke the magic bubble
and let me fall down
on the cold, naked and hard ground.
As time went by I became healthier
but I fell down again.
And when I recovered from that fall
I fell down again, and again, and again.
And just at that moment I realized I was alive,
I realized that the world is only one,
and that the seconds missed never come back.
Just at that moment
I realized that changes are good and healthy,
I realized that changes make the world go round and round,
I realized that change is life,
that life is change,
that I CAN LIVE in a REAL WORLD,

Liliana Padilla

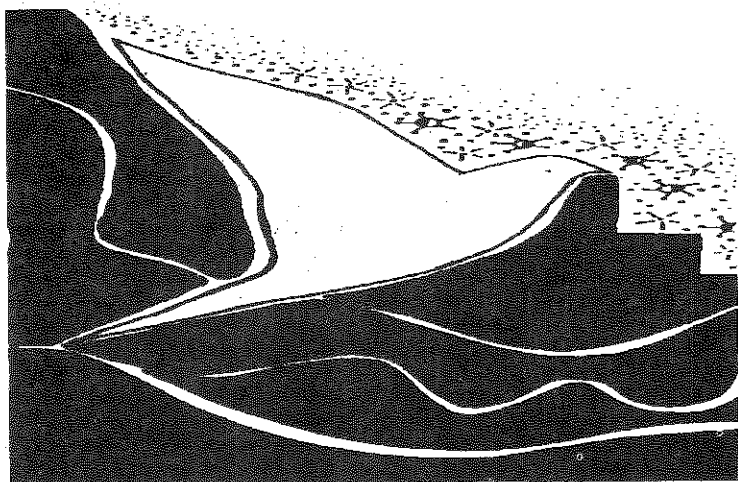
Liliana is a fifth year student planning a career as an English teacher.

Just How I Feel

Who is to blame for my sadness today?
People say it is our fate, but
How to understand what is hard to explain?
Being together has been good to me, but . .
Being separated has been the root of it
I need you!, Love you!, Miss you!, but . . .
What else can I say for you to return?
This is a bloom, This is all blue,
This is my heart waiting for you.
Your voice said Good Bye!! And my heart
began to cry . . .
Your hand stopped holding mine,
I, I just wanted to die.
So please, hurry up and come back
because we both know that being together
NOW, is not the right time.

Natalia Bocelli

Natalia hopes to graduate one day as a teacher of this wonderful language.
She also enjoys running track and singing in the shower.



GREEN EYES

Eyes are mirrors of the soul
and . . .
I was thunderstruck by
the green eyes
when I first
met them.
Whenever I meet
the green eyes again,
my heart beats,
beats and beats
and it seems
to explode.

When I don't
gaze at the
green eyes,
my heart is
in pain.
But . . . if eyes
are made to
see and fall in love,
why don't
the green eyes
look at me as I...
gape at them ?

María Celina López

María C. López is a second year student who enjoys expressing her feelings through her poetry.

BECAUSE

Don't think you don't have them
because you do

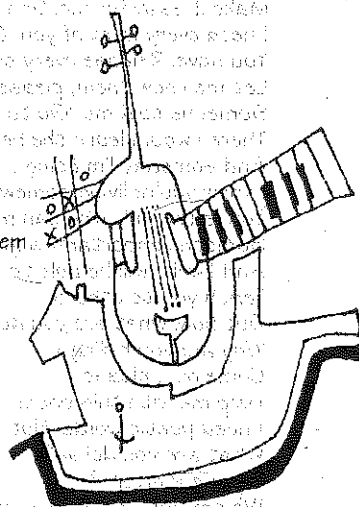
Don't think they are not good
because they are wondrous.

Don't undervalue them
because they are invaluable.

Don't think you can do nothing with them
because you can do everything.

Don't feel ashamed of them,
take pride in them.

Love them
and
make them grow,
because they are yours,
because they are
free gifts of God,
because they are : YOUR TALENTS.



Alejandra Lazzaro

Alejandra is a second year student with a great sense of humour and loves to write creatively.

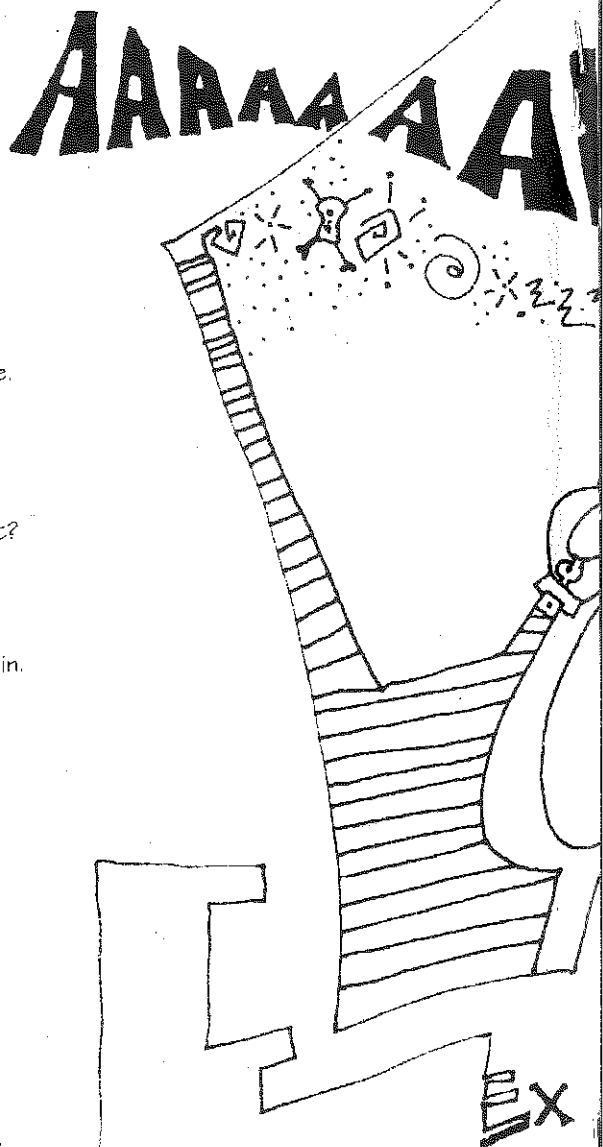


ENGLISH

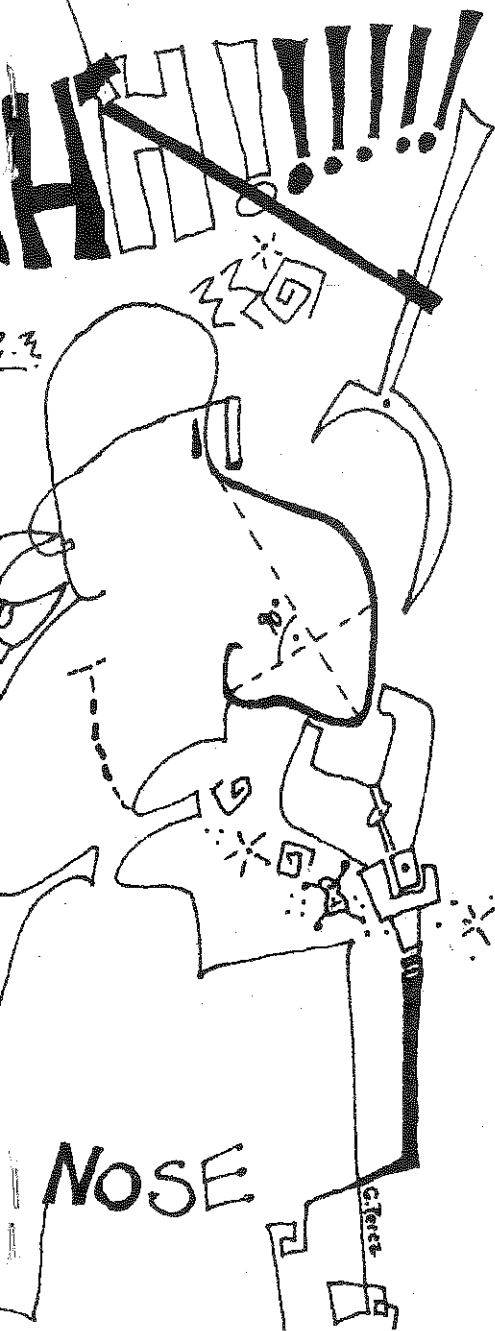
Sometimes I think you don't love me.
If you only knew how much I love you.
When I came to know you - when I was eight -
I didn't know you were going to become
Part of my life. A most important part.
Every day I think you.
Every night I dream you.
Part of my life .
In my mind . In my sight. In my hands.
In my tongue. In my ears. In my soul.
I've got you everywhere. But
Why don't you let me ?
I know you're somewhere inside me.
I'm not patient enough to take you
Progressively. A bit everyday. A part at a time.
I need to take you wholly.
you sound so beautiful in other people.
But when I try to pronounce you
It seems that nobody understands you
When you are coming out of my mouth.
Why don't you come out when I need you most?
Why do you hide ?
Why do you try to embarrass me?
Make it easy for me. Don't be selfish.
I need every word of you. Give every phrase
You have. Release every expression you contain.
Let me know them, please.
Someone told me "Go to the Emerald Isle"
There I would learn the best of you.
And someday I'm going , you know.
I know you're living somewhere in my mind.
You're the only who can make me
Someone important; a great teacher.
And I will. I will be able to
Teach you to others.
But now, what are you doing ?
Why are you hiding ?
Come out, please.
Help me with this poem.
I need poetic words. Not simple ones.
What are you doing ?
Having a break ?
We are not on holidays yet.
Holidays come after Christmas, remember ?.

Analia Manrique

Analia Manrique is a third year student who loved the experience of writing this poem.



MY EX-NOSE



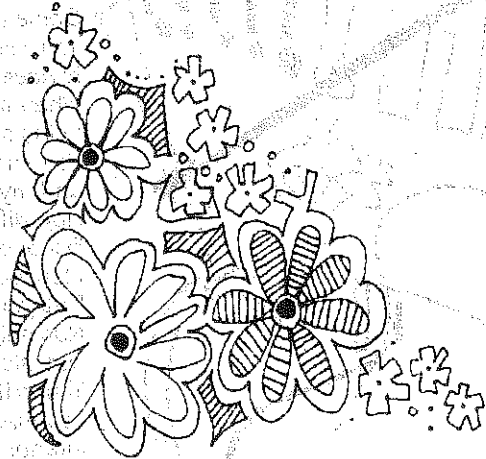
Some people told me
You were Roman,
Some others told me
You were personal.
It doesn't matter
What they told me,
I didn't care.
You shared my childhood
and my adolescence with me.
How difficult they seemed to be
Because you were still there.
I felt so uncomfortable with you.
But you were a part of me.
Not only a part of my body
But also a part of my being.
You irritated me.
You made feel unhappy.
Inferior ugly.
You were a weight on my mind
You don't know how many times
You made me feel sad.
And when I finally got rid of you,
My face changed. My personality changed.
I was a new person only because
You were not with me any more.
I felt like a monster
I was ashamed of you.
And although you're still in my genes
As memories are still in my mind
If today someone paid me
For taking you back
I would never do that,
Not even for a million pounds.
Perhaps, this sounds funny to you
For me it is not.
You're gone and I'm glad to be rid of you

Valeria Fagale

Valeria is a third year student at San Juan National University. She wants to be a primary school teacher.

To a friend of mine

One morning
I got up and found out
that I had lost you.
But, in fact,
You had never been mine.
I dreamed of you
many times
But dreams became
nightmares,
for I woke up in the middle of the night
crying, dying ...
I know,
You were my friend,
and only that
That you were not to blame.
I know that
But you see,
There are things
you can't explain to "a heart,"
he feels
and just that
Sorry I if I've ever
cursed you.
But I can't deny,
my friend,
that I still love you.
Now, what shall I do?
If I have this love
but I don't have you



COUNTRY LIFE

It means life
to share feelings
with nature,
to share life with
the perfume of flowers
with the softness of grass,
with the beautiful sonority
of a channel with water
running as pure as
innocence,
country life means
to hear the wonderful chorus
of birds singing all day
accompanying me
in being absolutely happy.

Laura Olmos

Laura is a third year student who is anxious to become a teacher soon! Loves cats, romantic songs, quietness and peace.

Mabel Balmaceda

Mabel is a second year student who enjoys studying English.

ON HAMS, SAUSAGES AND UNPLANNED KIDS

Snout high in the air mama - pig strutted into the piggery.

A messy line of rosy piggies like polished sausages after her.

Papa - pig happily pigging out stops frozen dead .Eyes popping right out of his head. Puts on a smile of two neat rows of white little teeth.

- (mama - pig) - Jimmy, my mama thinks these pigs are all yours.

- Oh, no dear I, my family is small, you know. They've got all in the tradition of ending in sandwich rolls.

- Shut up Jimmy, for God's sake my love I, it was not a belly - ache but a pregnancy that I had.

- (looking askew the little sausage nibbling furiously at his ear) - Oh God, a pregnancy, what a serious thing I. Tell me who was the dirty pig and I'll kick his knees I.

- (at her litter)- Piggy number eight let go of my tail ! - Jimmy dear, don't play any games .

You are the only pig I've ever had.

- (gaping) - No I. . . you don't mean . . . that you and me . . . that jumping in the barn . . .

- Yes, that makes you a dad . See you in seven minutes at the church yard.

And so, papa - pig too young for family ties went to hide by the riverside, right below a good - size beehive. Like lightning ran the pig escaping the sharpest stings. It was already night when Jimmy tripped over and slipped bouncing downhill and into the house of the butcher with the sharpest knife:
- Good Lord I if I don't kill this pig right away those bee - stings will ruin his skin. And so poor Jimmy passed away. Two beautiful hams can be seen hanging from the alleyway.

Moral 1 : Young "piggies" of all species should be properly instructed in the facts of life, that is, on birds and beehives.

Moral 2 : No use risking becoming a ham. You'd be better off getting married in the church. It doesn't do any harm.

Nora I. Fuentes

LET

Let nothing be lost upon you
not even when the darkest
light blinds the path.

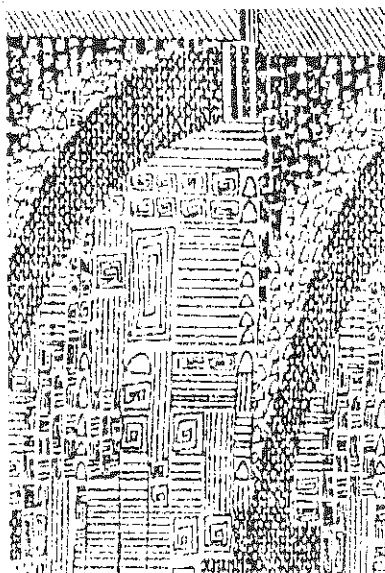
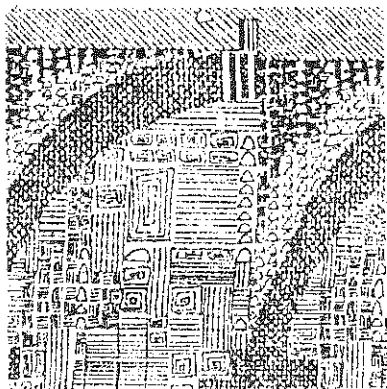
Let nothing hinder you
from climbing up
the hills of life.

Let nothing wither away
the passion of glory,
The hunger of justice,
the obsession of truth,
the love of principles.

Let the music of life
become your own tune,
and find in
the exquisite melodies
of dreams,
the reason of being
a motive for living
a cause for existing.

Let nothing be lost upon you
let everything amaze your eyes,
thrill your senses
stir your deepest feelings.

Andrea Leceta



AWAKENING

The sky veiled the warmth of the evening
the clouds gathered in strange forms,
the sun could not daze with its sunshine
the trees swooned to the smooth caress
of the wind:

the presence of Nature
the mystery of Life.

Then . . . a harsh yet sweet voice

a gentle step

a known smell

a familiar touch

brought me back to my senses

Then I saw your face

I heard your voice

I felt your smell

I sensed your lips

and realized I was awake .

Andrea Leceta

Andrea is a third year student who loves writing and getting lost in the realm of words.



DISAPPOINTMENT

Once I saw you
Through your clothes I saw your skin
Through your skin I saw your soul
Tremendously clear and pure,
with little scars and full of satisfactions.
I enjoyed your happiest smile
and felt your painful sufferings.
I discovered your vacillations
and deepest feelings.
I climbed up to the top of your brain
and talked to your hidden thoughts
I ran as fast as the blood in your veins
I touched your lips with my fingertips
and kissed your hands.



I dreamed about the darkness of your eyes
and breathed the same air you breathed
Once I saw you,
The deepest part of you.
I loved you from the bottom of my heart.
I surrendered to you.
But there's no voice inside me
and my silence has no echo in your depth
My love is standing alone
And although once I saw you
I realised, I don't exist
inside your world.

Beatriz Mercado

Beatriz has not found the answer but is enjoying the search.

The love we didn't have

I'm torturing myself with the remembrance of the
love we didn't have.

I can't forget the tender smile,
I didn't see.

My heart is suffering because of the caresses,
I didn't feel.

I can't think about the pure kiss,
I didn't enjoy.

My life is broken due to the sweetness,
I didn't appreciate.

I can't face the happiness,
which escaped from my hands.

I suffer endlessly thinking about the happy moments,
that suddenly faded away.

I cry painfully because of the warm mornings,
when we didn't wake up together.

I can't remember the passion,
which didn't melt us.

I can't sleep listening to your laughter,
I didn't hear.

I can't treasure lovingly the fruit
that didn't grow up inside me.

I miss terribly the craziness,
which didn't join us.

I can't live with the idea,
of having lost you
without having had your love.

LAURA MAZZEI

Laura is a third year student with dreams of becoming a teacher and a translator.

WHY DON'T YOU LET THEM OUT ?

Remember your dreams ?
Your seventeen year - old dreams ?
You knew what you wanted by then.
But I think you lost it
On the way.
Remember when you were sweet,
As happy and free,
As a small, funny bird ?
Remember your goals ?
Or are they just gone ?
You promised you'd ride
A big black horse
To visit your star
Every single night
You promised your soul
Would never get old
You swore that your love
Would never get lost
You promised to give it
To him who deserved it,
To him who was wild
And free and had
Dreams.
Just, just like him
Remember your freedom ?
That precious treasure you had ?
But what happened to you,
Dreamy head ?
What in the world
Made you change ?
Why don't you laugh
Any longer ?

Why don't your arms
Hold him ?
As they did before ?
And why can't you ride
Your black, wild horse
So proud and so high as before ?
How can a life have
Changed you so much ?
Don't let her do it !
Just don't let her !
I bet you haven't lost
Your dreams and your aims.
I bet they are hidden
Somewhere,
Somewhere in your soul.
I bet you still have them
But don't let them out.
I'm sure you're scared
They'll leave you for good.-
But no, they will not,
They belong to your soul.
Those wild dreams of yours.
Don't spoil it yourself
Just be you again !
You big, little girl,
Trust yourself. Do !
And remember your dreams,
Your seventeen year - old dreams.
Do it for them,
Do it for you,
And most of all,
Do it for him .

María Virginia Vita

M. Virginia is a third year student who expects to become a Literature Teacher. In her free time she likes exercising and reading.



DON'T

Don't ask me for anything
if you expect more than I can give .

Don't try to listen to me
if you are going to judge me.

Don't give me wings
unless you let me fly high .

Don't try to talk to me
if you plan to make a monologue.

Don't offer me your hand
unless you hold me tight.

Don't say you love me
if you want me to be perfect. .

Don't promise me beautiful castles
unless you are planning to build paths to reach them.

Just don't . . . please, don't,
unless you let me be just . . . me.

Maria Fernanda Galván

Maria Fernanda Galván is a second year student, currently teaching English to blind children

HELPFUL? NO, SIR. . INDISPENSABLE FOR YOU

Hey dude, here I am. Wanna a place for your car? Just follow my movements: You're the bull, I'm the torero. Sir, do you want your car washed down? Wanna leave me your keys? It'll shine.

Quick washing. Oh, no place to get clean water. No problem! Get some water out of the ditch. Who cares? Do you care? I don't care! Wash it quickly, man. You're wasting your party time. Oh, bud! This is music! Hey you sweet young thing, wanna shake a leg with me? Done with the washing. Now get inside the car and... FEEL it baby. Rush. Yeah. What a patch! Fun, isn't it? Feel the sensation. Wow man, pretty girls look at you. Yeah. This is life! Well. . . here I'm parking again.

What's up? So you're leaving? It's \$2. What? Are you hard of hearing? Yes, sir, it's a fair charge. It's my business. Oh man, these cheap bastards piss me off.

My God, a well-off lady's coming. Even when they've got all the block to park, they look at you and say "you stupid boy, do you think I can park my car in that tiny spot?" But I have a motto: Be nice to them and they'll surrender.

Oh ma'am, are you having trouble parking your car (I know it's a genetic female problem). If you leave me the keys, I'll do the job for you.

Oh buddy, you lost your keys! No problem. Just take it easy. I've had classes on popping doors. Trust me, I won't hurt your car. Oh, no. The bad guys are here. Cops, cops, and cops. They don't let you be. . . That's the way I live, that's how I make money. Wanna join me?.

Mariela Hualpa



Mariela is a fifth year student who loves writing about the country. She would like travel to the States next year.

FAITH

Everything is darkness.
I cannot breathe,
I cannot think,
I cannot feel.
I don't know what is going on around me.
I don't care who sympathizes . . .
I'm a man of stone,
cool, tough, dead.
I know you can help me,
but I cannot say a prayer
Where are you ?
Where were you when
My little boy died
Inside of my sweet heart
We were looking forward to his arrival.
With so much hope . . .
With all our love . . .
Why did You do it to me ?
I know I will never understand,
I just have to accept it
But I have faith,
I know your plan is perfect.
I have faith . . .
but please, make it stronger.

Silvana Bustamante

Silvana is a third year student who wants to become a good primary school teacher. She loves aerobics and sports

HOW CAN I THANK ?

How can I thank ?
The woman who brought me to this world
Beautiful face, silky skin, sweet hands.
I've never met that woman before
But I've always felt her love
as I've been near her heart for nine
months.

Her arms were my shelter,
her eyes were my light,
her voice was my pacifier.
"Mum "my first word,
Mum my whole world.

"Yes Mum, I walked !"
She looked so happy !
Her smile was my sweet prize.
Her arms didn't hold me but
they gave me confidence,
Her love kept me on my feet.

How can I thank ?
The woman who helped me
to grow up and made
each day of my life worth - living
No fear, no loneliness, no pain
Her love filled my heart with cheer.

I'm not a child anymore
But she's still my friend, my shelter,
I was nine months inside her
near her heart, feeling her tenderness.
And now she's inside me,
near my heart, bound to my love for ever.

Taté Manzur

LET ME BE !

Mothers love their children
I've been told

But there she is, in her youth, in a dream, sorrow in her face.
Her young heart confused, she wants to get rid of me
Why, little woman? Isn't my love strong enough?

People say I'm only a group of cells
People say I cannot. Sad, little girl
I feel sad for your heart in pain.
People say women have rights to their bodies.
What about this group of cells? Don't I have the right to live?
Is your body, little girl, free to kill a part of you?

Oh young girl. My fate is in your hands
My love is in bloom to warm your heart
No more pain. Sweet heart beats
My heart won't take revenge. That's for grown-ups
not for a sinless seed whose soul is full of love.

Don't be afraid, young girl!
I don't want a perfect mother. I want your
unexperienced years, flowering motherhood...
We can grow up together and learn to love each other
in nine months, we'll be flesh and blood.
Nine months, mum!... For the rest of our lives.

I'll be your light in darkness
and your comfort in grief
I'll give you my hand when in weakness
and my smile when in happiness. I'll be your friend.
Even if you get rid of me, my love won't leave you alone
For I have been part of your life, part of your soul.

The young girl feels no more pain
for she has listened to a sweet voice deep inside:
Let me live, mum!
My mother has my life and I have hers
For she has let me be: to be her son, a part of her.

Teté Manzur

No answer yet

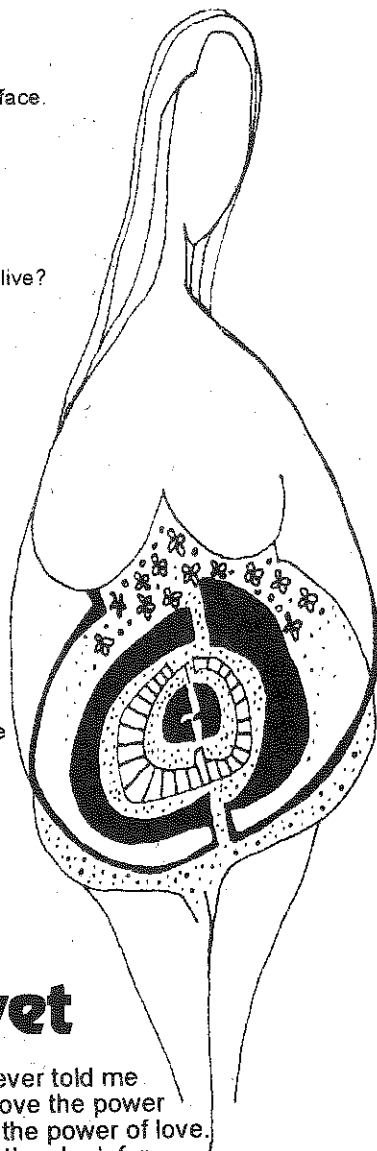
During my life I realised
men are weak,
nature is wise,
death is all around

During my life I was told
how to behave myself,
how to give respect,
how to find the perfect words

But none ever told me
why men love the power
instead of the power of love.
Why don't they look for
The power of reason
instead of the reason of power?

I hope I find the answer
during my life.

Beatriz Mercado



" LISTEN TO ME , PLEASE "

The future . . .

Everyone talks about it

Everyone makes plans

Will the future be fulfilled ?

Nobody knows.

Ask yourself: will there be a future ?

What will it be like ?

Will mankind be included in it?

or . . .

Will we take ourselves out of it ?

I hope we have one

I hope men change their minds

Don't you see ?

We are destroying ourselves

What are we going to do ?

No trees, no clear water,

no animals.

Everything is disappearing so fast,

So incredibly fast.

Hey ! STOP! !

Your powerful men,

Please, listen to me,

In my voice you'll hear your children's voices

I want to touch your heart

I know you have one

Don't you like flowers, trees, rivers, animals,
the WORLD ?

So . . .

Answer this to me

Because I don't understand

Why are you destroying the world ?

Why are you killing us ?.

María Elena Cernuda

M. Elena is a third year student at F.F.H.A. , Dto. de Lengua y Literatura inglesa.
She wants to be a teacher with a specialization in Literatura.

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