

OITO MESES EN MELIDE

Eight Magic Months in Melide – a Fairy Tale
(Based on a True Story)



– how lucky!” Nicola picked up the umbrella, and opened it up.

When she opened the umbrella, something very strange happened. With a noise like a loud whistle, a tiny Genie fell on to the sand. They looked at each other in surprise. Then the Genie began to explain that he was a magician who normally lived in a magic lamp in Egypt. He didn't know what he was doing in Scotland; he must have made a mistake with his magic, and his boss was going to be angry. Nicola listened in surprise, and after a few seconds said “I must be dreaming... I'm going to wake up in a few minutes, still in bed...” The genie looked at his watch and said that he had to get back to Egypt, but he was going to give her a present to say thank you for opening the umbrella. He told her that the present would arrive in the next few days. And before Nicola could respond, he vanished. Nicola shook her head; she couldn't believe it. She picked up the umbrella and went home.

Once upon a time, there was a Scottish girl called Nicola. She went to university in Aberdeen, a very cold city in the north of Scotland. At the end of her university course, Nicola was very confused, and went for a walk on the beach to think about what she was going to do for the rest of her life. She had no idea. It was raining a lot, and Nicola thought to herself “I really need an umbrella, I'm getting soaked.” At that moment, she saw an umbrella on a rock nearby. It was bright blue and pink, and huge. “There's nobody here,” Nicola thought, “someone has forgotten it

decided; it was a sign from the genie, her wish, and it was perfect. Nicola liked travelling and visiting other countries, and now she would be able to live in Spain – her favourite country. However, her friends thought she had gone crazy – she didn't speak a word of Spanish!

It was raining when she arrived at Santiago airport with her heavy suitcase, but she met two of the teachers from Melide, and her flatmates, and they were all very nice. In her first few weeks, she got to know the students at school, and lots of teachers as well. Nicola was very happy in Galicia; she lived in Santiago, a beautiful city. She started Spanish classes, and made lots of friends. In Melide all the students were keen to speak to her in English, and sometimes they even remembered to do their homework! Nicola liked her classes, and didn't mind



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when the students made mistakes. And although she used the umbrella a lot, she forgot the genie and the wishes because she was so busy.

Some of the students and the teachers wanted to practice English outside of classes, and Nicola liked the idea of something less formal than a class. So they started "English coffee" in the break, with coffee from Xan and British cakes once a fortnight, and everyone spoke in English and enjoyed it a lot. The teachers also showed off their culinary skills, and their appetite... But Nicola had a problem: she only had classes with the older students, and although she loved Bachillerato and fourth ESO, she wanted to get to know the younger students as well, especially because they always said hello in the corridors. "I wish I could speak to the younger students more," she thought "but I don't have time."

When Nicola went back to Melide after Christmas, she was happy, because her timetable had changed. He was going to have classes with third of ESO, and she had a free lesson on Fridays! This meant that she could meet the younger students in their break as well. They were great fun. All the students told Nicola a lot about Galician life, and in February she found out a little more about Galician culture during carnival. A lot



of the students and teachers dressed up in costumes and performed on stage, and there was lots of traditional food – Nicola thought it was fantastic, because no one celebrates carnival in Britain.

On other weekends, Nicola visited other places, and got to know Galicia better. She loved La Coruña and the Rías Baixas, because she missed living by the sea a lot. But she visited other places in Spain as well. She went to Salamanca, Madrid and Valencia, all beautiful cities, and she went to Portugal. She was a little worried on the way to Portugal, because although she now understood Spanish, she didn't understand any Portuguese. However, everything was ok, because she went with friends who spoke Galician, and they understood everything – the Galicians are very clever!

Nicola would have liked to learn Galician, but until May she had to work very hard on her Spanish, because it was still difficult for her to understand everything. But she spoke better Spanish and her students had improved their English, so everyone was happy. Nicola was planning to go to Tarragona and work in an English summer camp, and then spend a year working in Valencia, but she was very sad to think of leaving Galicia, and all her friends and students. Until she remembered the Genie, and her last wish. "I wish to come back to Galicia sometime in future." She said one day after class, "I want to come back, please!"

And will she come back? You'll have to wait and see!

Everything in this story is true – totally and completely true. Except the Genie

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Oito Meses de Maxia en Melide – Un Conto de Fadas
(Baseado nunha Historia Real)



Intres

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Xuño 2007

Había unha vez unha moza escocesa chamada Nicola. Ía á universidade en Aberdeen, unha cidade moi fría no norte de Escocia. Ao final da súa carreira na universidade, Nicola estaba moi confusa, e foi andar pola praia para pensar o que ía facer no resto da súa vida. Non tiña nin idea. Chovía moito, e Nicola pensou: "necesito un paraugas, estou empapada". Nese momento, Nicola viu un paraugas nunha rocha próxima. Era dun azul vivo e rosa e moi grande. "Non hai ninguén aquí - pensou - alguén o esquecería. Que sorte a miña!" Nicola recolleu o paraugas e abriuno.

Cando abriu o paraugas, pasou unha cousa moi estraña. Con un son moi forte, como un asubío, un pequeno Xenio caeu na area. Ambos sorprendéronse. O Xenio

empezou a explicar que era un mago, e normalmente vivía nunha lámpada máxica en Exipto, e non sabía o que facía en Escocia; tivo que haber un erro coa súa maxia, e o seu xefe ía enfadarse. Nicola sorprendeuse, e despois duns segundos, dixo: "Debo estar soñando... vou espertar nuns minutos, aínda na miña cama" O Xenio mirou o seu reloxo e dixo que tiña que regresar a Exipto, pero ía darlle un agasallo para darlle as grazas por abrir o paraugas. Concedeulle tres desexos. Pero antes de que Nicola puidese responder, o Xenio desapareceu. Nicola moveu a cabeza, non podía crelo. Colleu o paraugas e foise para a casa, pensaba: "Oxalá lle pedise un traballo perfecto!"

Nicola gardou o paraugas, e á semana seguinte chegoulle unha carta. Era de España ie dicía que uns profesores dun instituto de Melide (Galicia) querían un axudante de inglés! Nicola, decidida, recibiu un sinal do Xenio, o seu desexo: era perfecto. A Nicola gustáballe viaxar e coñecer outros países, e agora podería vivir

en España, o seu país favorito. Sen embargo, os seus amigos pensaban que era unha toleada - ¡Nicola non sabía nin unha palabra en español!

Chovía cando chegou ao aeroporto de Santiago de Compostela, cunha maleta pesada. Coñeceu a dous dos profesores de Melide, e ás súas compañeiras de piso, e todo o mundo era moi simpático. Durante as primeiras semanas, coñeceu os alumnos do instituto e a moitos profesores. Nicola estaba moi contenta en Galicia. Vivía en Santiago, unha cidade preciosa. Empezou as clases de español e fixo moitos amigos. En Melide todos os alumnos tiñan moitas ganas de falar inglés con ela, ie ás veces incluso facían os seus deberes! A Nicola encantábanlle as clases, e non lle importaba nada se os alumnos cometían erros. Aínda que usou o paraugas moito, esqueceu ao Xenio e os desexos porque estaba



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moi ocupada.

Algúns dos alumnos e profesores querían practicar inglés fora das clases e a Nicola encantoulle a idea de facer algo máis informal que unha clase. Entón empezaron os "english coffee" no recreo, con café de Xan e pasteis británicos, cada 15 días, e todo o mundo falou inglés e pasouno moi ben. Os profesores querían demostrar as súas afeccións culinarias e o seu bo apetito... Pero Nicola tiña un problema: só coñecía os alumnos maiores, e aínda que lle encantaba o bacharelato e 4º da ESO, quería quedar con alumnos máis novos, especialmente porque sempre lle dicían "hello" nos corredores. "Desexaría falar máis cos alumnos máis pequenos- pensou Nicola- pero non teño tempo".

Cando Nicola regresou a Melide, despois do Nadal, estaba feliz, porque o seu horario cambiara. ía ter clase con 3º da ESO e ademais tiña unha clase libre os venres! Podía quedar cos alumnos máis novos no seu recreo tamén. Eran moi divertidos. Todos os alumnos lle contaban moitas cousas sobre a vida en Galicia. En febreiro, Nicola coñeceu a cultura de Galicia un pouco máis, durante o Entroido. Moitos alumnos e profesores disfrazáronse, actuaron e houbo moita comida tradicional. Nicola pensou que aquilo era fan-



tástico, porque ninguén celebraba o Entroido en Gran Bretaña.

Durante outras fins de semana, Nicola visitou outros sitios para coñecer Galicia mellor. Encantáronlle a Coruña e as Rías Baixas, porque botaba moito de menos vivir ao lado do mar. Tamén visitou outros sitios no resto de España. Foi a Salamanca, Madrid e Valencia, unhas cidades moi bonitas, e foi a Portugal. Estivo un pouco preocupada indo a Portugal, porque aínda que agora entendía español, non entendía nada de portugués. Sen embargo, todo foi moi ben, porque a acompañaron amigos que falaban galego e entendían todo ¡Os galegos son moi listos!

A Nicola gustaríalle aprender galego, pero ata maio tivo que traballar moito en español, porque aínda lle era moi difícil comprender a todos. De todas maneiras,

xa falaba mellor en español e os seus alumnos melloraran o seu inglés, así que todo o mundo estaba contento. Nicola planeaba ir a Tarragona traballar nun campamento de inglés de verán e despois traballar en Valencia o curso seguinte, pero entrísteceuse ao pensar que tería que deixar Galicia e a todos os seus alumnos e amigos. Ata recordou ao Xenio e o seu último desexo: "Desexo regresar a Galicia no futuro" dixo un día despois das clases "Desexo volver, por favor"

¿E regresará? ¡Espera e verás!

Toda esta historia é verdade- totalmente, completamente verdade. Excepto o do Xenio...