

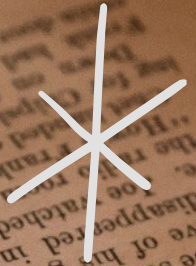
LITERATURE BOOKLET



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JUNIOR 3

MISS FLAVIA & MISS IVANA



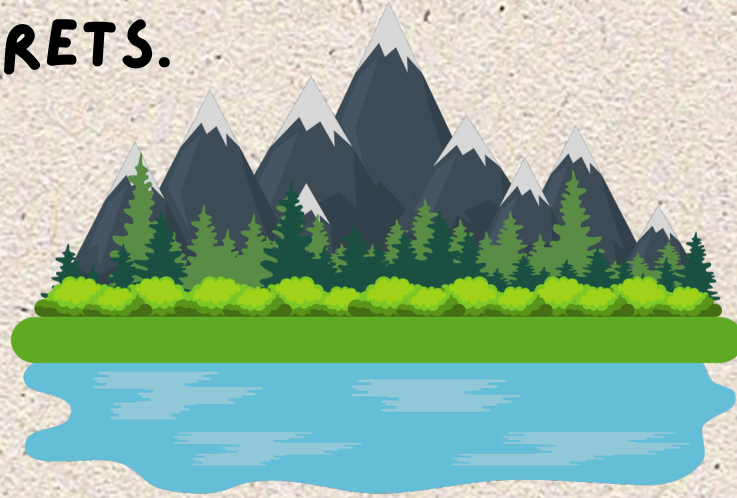


DISCOVERING
NAHUELITO

*A Tale of the Magical Dinosaur in
Nahuel Huapi Lake*

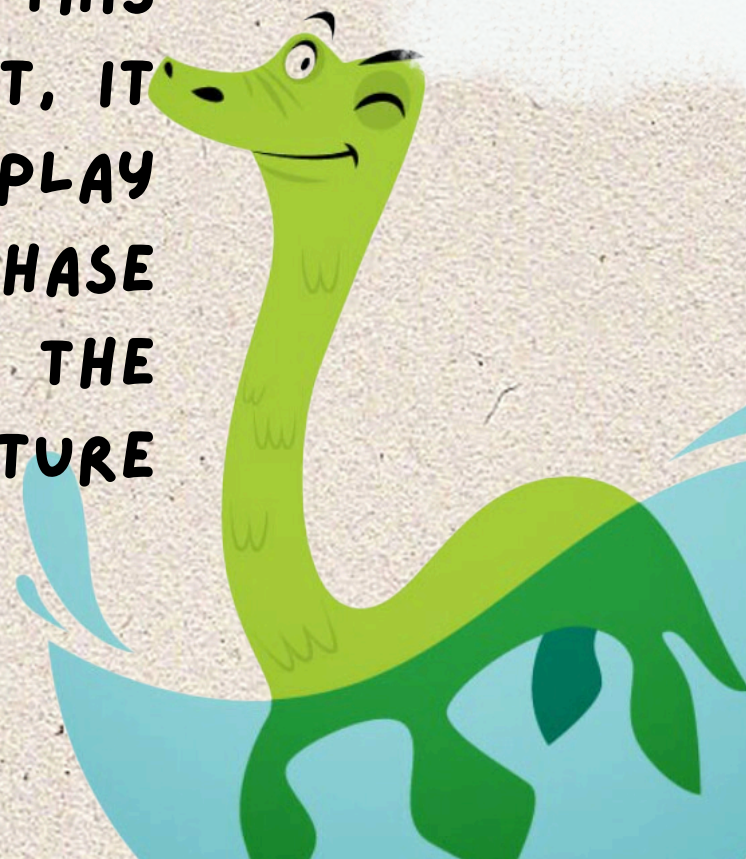


ONCE UPON A TIME, IN A LAND FAR, FAR AWAY, THERE WAS A MAGICAL LAKE CALLED NAHUEL HUAPI. ITS WATERS SPARKLED LIKE DIAMONDS, AND TALL MOUNTAINS STOOD GUARD AROUND IT, PROTECTING ITS SECRETS.



NOW, IMAGINE THIS: DEEP IN THE LAKE, HIDDEN FROM SIGHT, LIVED A FRIENDLY DINOSAUR. BUT THIS WASN'T JUST ANY DINOSAUR, OH NO! THIS DINOSAUR WAS SPECIAL. ITS SCALES SHIMMERED WITH ALL THE COLORS OF THE RAINBOW, MAKING IT HARD TO SPOT AGAINST THE BLUE AND GREEN OF THE LAKE.

AND OH, HOW IT LOOKED! ITS NECK WAS LONG AND GRACEFUL, JUST LIKE THE SWANS THAT FLOATED ON THE WATER. ITS BODY WAS SLEEK AND SMOOTH, PERFECT FOR GLIDING THROUGH THE WAVES. CAN YOU PICTURE IT? IT WAS LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF A FAIRY TALE! NOW, THIS DINOSAUR WASN'T SCARY AT ALL. IN FACT, IT WAS QUITE THE OPPOSITE! IT LOVED TO PLAY HIDE-AND-SEEK WITH THE FISH AND CHASE AFTER BUBBLES THAT POPPED UP FROM THE LAKEBED. IT WAS THE FRIENDLIEST CREATURE YOU COULD EVER IMAGINE.



BUT HERE'S THE EXCITING PART: PEOPLE FROM ALL OVER WOULD COME TO NAHUEL HUAPI LAKE, HOPING TO CATCH A GLIMPSE OF THIS MAGICAL DINOSAUR. SOME SAID IT WAS A DINOSAUR FROM LONG, LONG AGO, BACK WHEN THE WORLD WAS FILLED WITH GIANTS AND MYSTERIES. OTHERS THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE A NEW KIND OF DINOSAUR, ONE THAT HAD NEVER BEEN SEEN BEFORE!



AND DO YOU KNOW WHAT? EVEN THOUGH NO ONE HAD EVER REALLY SEEN THIS DINOSAUR UP CLOSE, EVERYONE BELIEVED IN IT. THEY TOLD STORIES ABOUT IT AROUND CAMPFIRES AND WHISPERED ABOUT IT IN THE DARK OF NIGHT. IT WAS LIKE A WONDERFUL, MAGICAL SECRET THAT EVERYONE SHARED.



SO, THE NEXT TIME YOU VISIT NAHUEL HUAPI LAKE, REMEMBER TO KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED. YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN YOU MIGHT CATCH A GLIMPSE OF THE FRIENDLY DINOSAUR THAT LIVES DEEP WITHIN ITS WATERS, SWIMMING AND PLAYING TO ITS HEART'S CONTENT. AND WHO KNOWS? MAYBE, JUST MAYBE, YOU'LL BE THE LUCKY ONE TO FINALLY MEET NAHUELITO FACE TO FACE!



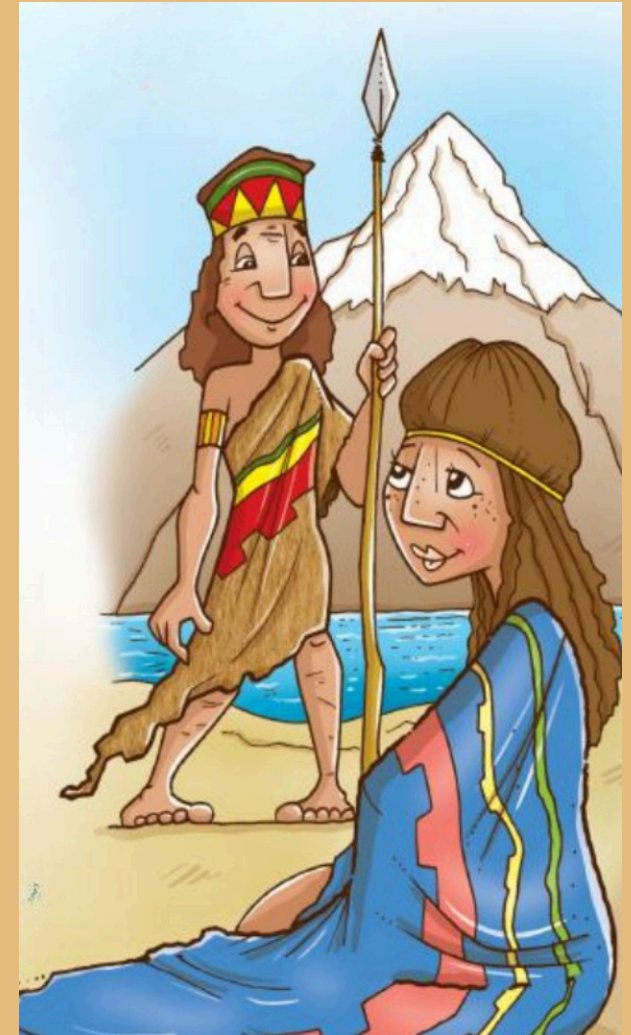
THE END!



The legend of the

AMANCAY

A Long Time Ago... In a valley near a big mountain called Ten-Ten Mahuida (now known as Cerro Tronador), there lived a brave young man named Quintral. He was the son of the tribe's chief. All the girls liked him, but Quintral loved a kind and humble girl named Amancay. Amancay was shy. She thought she was not good enough for Quintral because she was not from a rich family. But Quintral loved her very much.





One day, many people in the village got sick. They had fever and felt very weak. They could not eat or play. Quintral also got sick. He was hot and tired. He stayed in bed and said, "Amancay..." The chief was very sad. He called the warriors and said, "Find Amancay! She can help!"

Amancay was not at home. She had gone to the mountain to find a special yellow flower. The village healer said this flower could help Quintral get better. Amancay climbed the mountain. She hurt her hands and knees but kept going. At the top, she found the beautiful yellow flower.



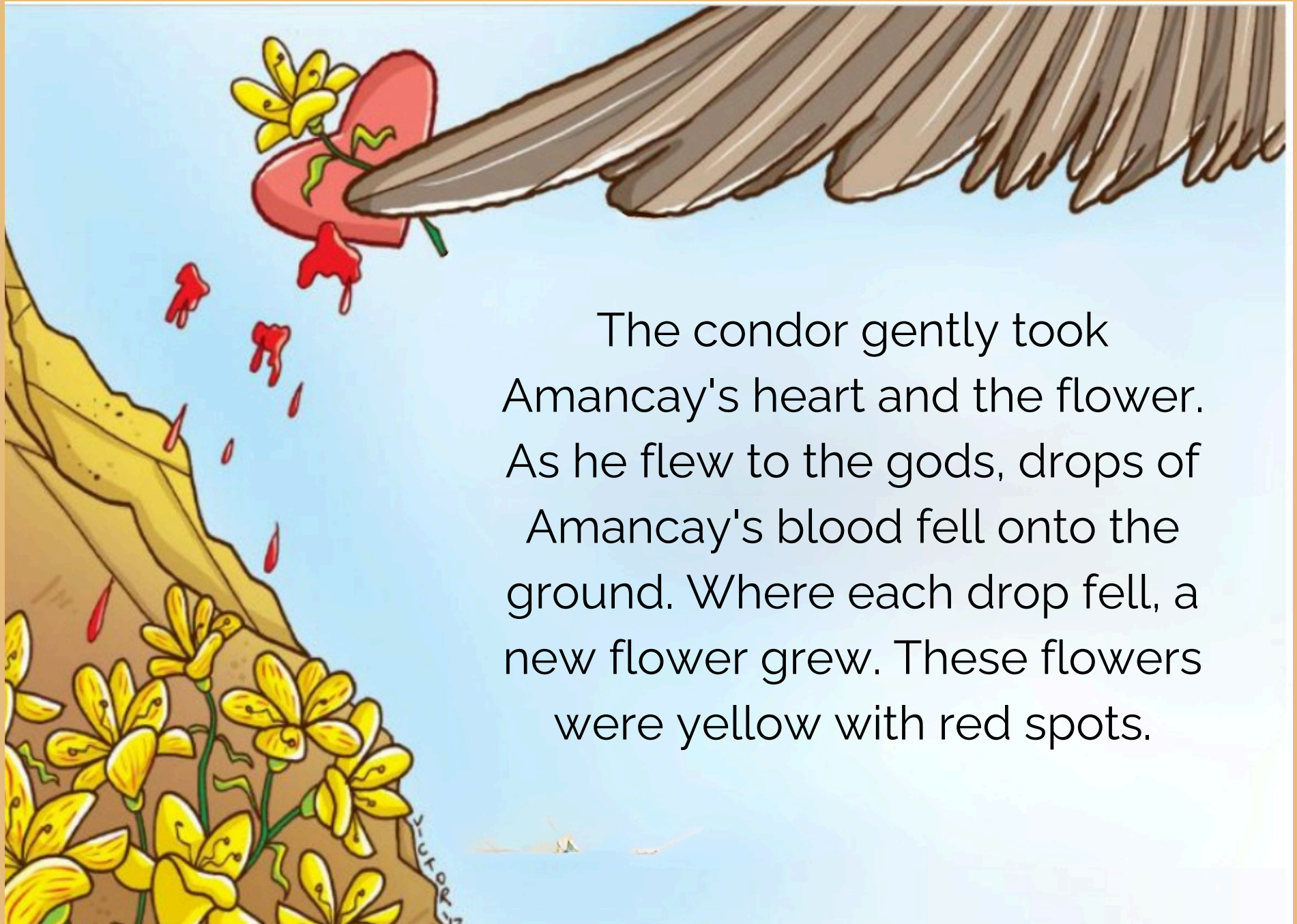


Suddenly, a giant condor appeared. He said, "That flower belongs to the gods!"

Amancay was scared. She explained that Quintral was very sick and needed the flower to live.

The condor said, "You can take the flower, but you must give me your heart."

Amancay loved Quintral so much. She agreed.



The condor gently took Amancay's heart and the flower. As he flew to the gods, drops of Amancay's blood fell onto the ground. Where each drop fell, a new flower grew. These flowers were yellow with red spots.

The gods cured Quintral. The village was happy again. The new flowers reminded everyone of Amancay's love and bravery. People say, "If you give someone an Amancay flower, you are giving them your heart."





About the Amancay Flower

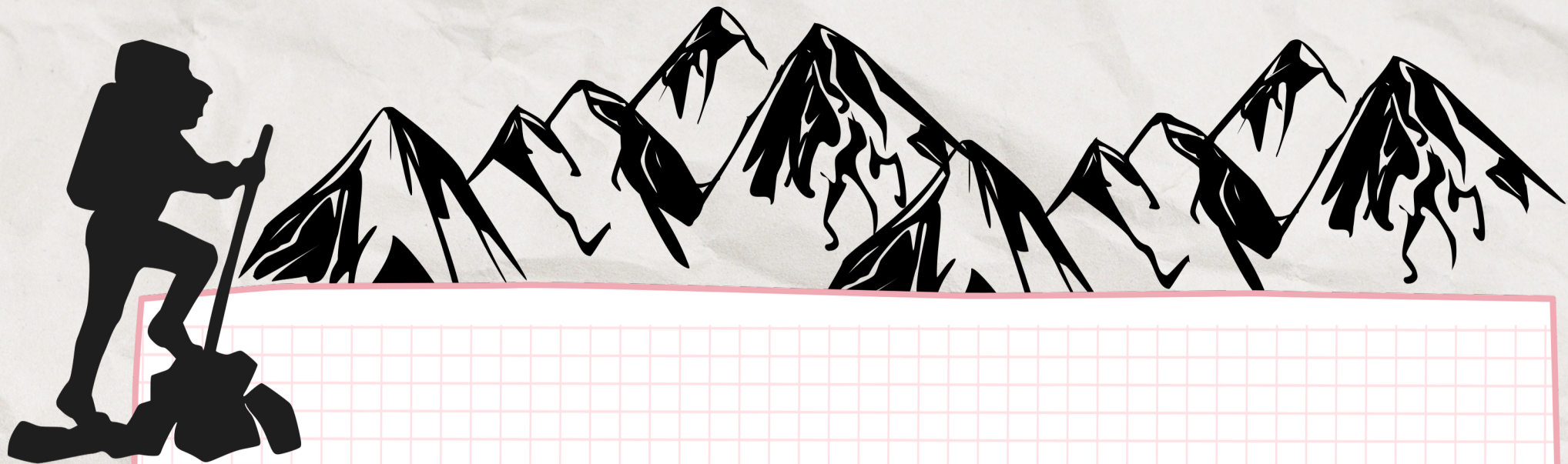
Name: Amancay (*Alstroemeria aurea*)

Color: Bright yellow with red spots

Where it grows: In the mountains of Argentina, especially near Bariloche

When it blooms: In the summer, after the rains

Meaning: A symbol of true love and sacrifice



**OTTO MEILING:
MOUNTAIN ADVENTURE**

ONCE UPON A TIME, IN THE BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAINS OF NAHUEL HUAPI NATIONAL PARK, THERE LIVED A REMARKABLE MAN NAMED OTTO MEILING. OTTO WASN'T JUST ANY ORDINARY PERSON; HE WAS AN ADVENTUROUS MOUNTAINEER WHO LOVED TO EXPLORE THE TOWERING PEAKS AND SNOWY SLOPES.





OTTO WAS BORN FAR AWAY IN GERMANY, BUT WHEN HE WAS STILL YOUNG, HE TRAVELED ALL THE WAY TO ARGENTINA. THERE, IN THE BUSTLING CITY OF BUENOS AIRES, HE LEARNED MANY SKILLS, LIKE CARPENTRY AND CONSTRUCTION. BUT OTTO HAD A THIRST FOR ADVENTURE THAT COULDN'T BE QUENCHED BY CITY LIFE. SO, HE SET OFF TO THE CHARMING VILLAGE OF SAN CARLOS DE BARILOCHE, NESTLED IN THE LAKES DISTRICT NEAR CERRO CATEDRAL.



IN BARILOCHE, OTTO FOUND HIS TRUE CALLING. HE TEAMED UP WITH OTHER ADVENTUROUS SOULS, MOSTLY FELLOW GERMAN IMMIGRANTS, AND TOGETHER THEY FORMED THE CLUB ANDINO DE BARILOCHE, A CLUB ALL ABOUT CLIMBING MOUNTAINS AND EXPLORING NATURE. OTTO AND HIS FRIENDS WERE LIKE A TEAM OF SUPERHEROES, CONQUERING PEAK AFTER PEAK, MAKING HISTORY WITH EACH NEW CLIMB.



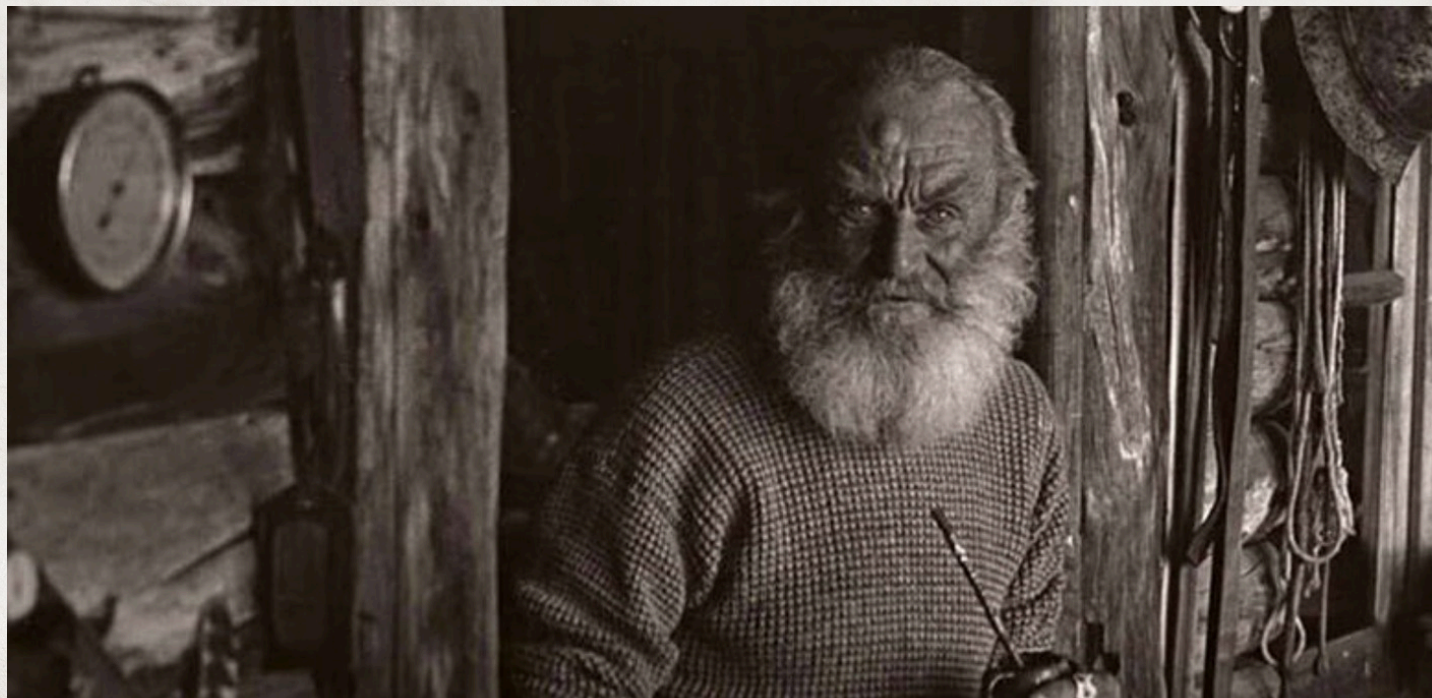
BUT OTTO WASN'T JUST A MOUNTAINEER; HE WAS ALSO A PIONEER OF SKIING IN ARGENTINA. HE FELL IN LOVE WITH THE THRILL OF GLIDING DOWN SNOWY SLOPES AND SOON BECAME A MASTER SKIER HIMSELF. HE EVEN TRAVELED BACK TO GERMANY TO LEARN MORE ABOUT SKIING AND BROUGHT BACK ALL SORTS OF EQUIPMENT TO SHARE WITH HIS FRIENDS IN BARILOCHE.





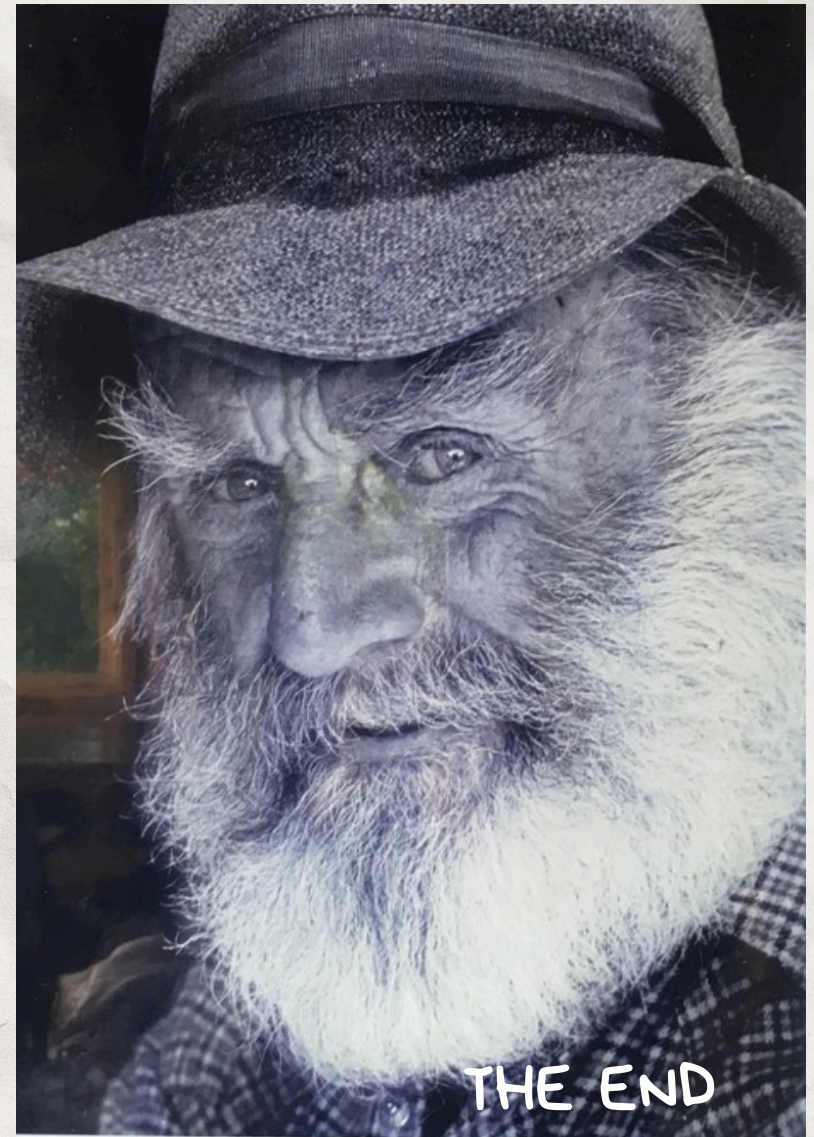
AS THE YEARS WENT BY, OTTO'S ADVENTURES ONLY GREW MORE DARING. HE CLIMBED MOUNTAINS LIKE TRONADOR, SAN LORENZO, AND SAN VALENTINO, SETTING RECORDS AND INSPIRING EVERYONE AROUND HIM. HE EVEN BUILT COZY HUTS HIGH UP IN THE MOUNTAINS WHERE WEARY TRAVELERS COULD REST AND TAKE SHELTER FROM THE COLD.





BUT AS OTTO GREW OLDER, HE BECAME A BIT OF A HERMIT, PREFERRING THE QUIET SOLITUDE OF THE MOUNTAINS TO THE HUSTLE AND BUSTLE OF MODERN LIFE. HE WAS A MAN OF SIMPLE TASTES, AND HE DIDN'T CARE MUCH FOR FANCY SKI RESORTS OR MODERN CONVENIENCES. BUT NO MATTER HOW OLD HE GOT, OTTO REMAINED AS STRONG AS EVER, WALKING FOR MILES AND MILES WITHOUT TIRING.

IN THE END, OTTO MEILING LEFT BEHIND
A LEGACY OF ADVENTURE AND
BRAVERY THAT WOULD NEVER BE
FORGOTTEN. HE SHOWED US ALL THAT
WITH COURAGE AND DETERMINATION,
WE CAN CONQUER EVEN THE TALLEST
MOUNTAINS AND ACHIEVE OUR WILDEST
DREAMS. AND SO, THE LEGEND OF OTTO
MEILING, THE FEARLESS MOUNTAINEER,
LIVES ON IN THE HEART OF NAHUEL
HUAPI NATIONAL PARK, INSPIRING
ADVENTURERS YOUNG AND OLD TO
REACH FOR THE STARS.



THE END



The Tale of the Sky Dance:
**THE CONDOR AND THE
MISCHIEVOUS FOX**

ONCE UPON A TIME, IN A LAND HIGH ABOVE THE
CLOUDS, THERE LIVED A MAJESTIC BIRD KNOWN AS THE
CONDOR. THE CONDOR WAS A CREATURE OF GREAT
WISDOM AND KINDNESS, AND HE SPENT HIS DAYS
SOARING THROUGH THE SKY, WATCHING OVER THE
WORLD BELOW.






NOW, THE CONDOR
WASN'T LIKE OTHER BIRDS.
HE LIVED FAR AWAY FROM
PEOPLE AND ANIMALS, HIGH
UP IN THE MOUNTAINS
WHERE THE AIR WAS CRISP
AND CLEAN. BUT IT WASN'T
ALWAYS THIS WAY. LONG
AGO, THE CONDOR USED
TO LIVE AMONG THE
OTHER ANIMALS, SHARING
IN THEIR JOYS AND
SORROWS.

ONE DAY, A MISCHIEVOUS FOX HEARD
RUMORS OF THE CONDOR'S
EXTRAORDINARY TALENT:
PLAYING THE GUITAR.
INTRIGUED, THE FOX DECIDED TO PAY THE
CONDOR A VISIT AND SEE FOR HIMSELF.
"WHY DO YOU PRACTICE SO MUCH?" THE
FOX ASKED, HIS CURIOSITY PIQUED.



A condor with a white head and neck is shown in flight against a clear blue sky. Its wings are fully extended, showing the intricate structure of the feathers. A yellow acoustic guitar is superimposed on the condor's body, appearing to be held or carried by it.

THE CONDOR SMILED AND REPLIED, "EVERY YEAR, ALL THE BIRDS
ARE INVITED TO A GRAND DANCE IN THE SKY, AND I AM THE ONE
WHO PROVIDES THE MUSIC WITH MY GUITAR."

"I WOULD LOVE TO GO TO THE DANCE TOO," THE FOX EXCLAIMED.

"IT'S SIMPLE," SAID THE CONDOR. "HIDE INSIDE MY GUITAR, AND WE'LL GO
TOGETHER."

AND SO, THE UNLIKELY PAIR SET OFF FOR THE SKY DANCE. THE FOX TUCKED AWAY SAFELY INSIDE THE CONDOR'S GUITAR. AS THEY SOARED THROUGH THE CLOUDS, THE FOX COULDN'T CONTAIN HIS EXCITEMENT. HE DANCED AND FEASTED, ENJOYING THE FESTIVITIES TO THE FULLEST.

BUT AS THE PARTY CAME TO AN END, THE FOX REALIZED HE HAD EATEN AND DRUNK TOO MUCH. WHEN HE TRIED TO SQUEEZE BACK INTO THE GUITAR, HIS BELLY WAS TOO BIG TO FIT. THE CONDOR TRIED TO HELP, BUT IT WAS NO USE.



A YEAR PASSED. AND THE FOX HEARD THE MUSIC OF THE CONDOR'S GUITAR ONCE AGAIN. EAGER TO RELIVE THE EXCITEMENT OF THE SKY DANCE, HE APPROACHED THE CONDOR AND ASKED TO JOIN HIM ONCE MORE.

BUT THE CONDOR REMEMBERED THE FOX'S MISBEHAVIOR FROM THE PREVIOUS YEAR AND REFUSED TO LET HIM COME ALONG. "YOU CAN GROW YOUR OWN WINGS AND FLY THERE YOURSELF!" HE SAID STERNLY.



UNDETERRED, THE FOX SNUCK INTO THE GUITAR ONCE MORE, HOPING TO JOIN THE PARTY. BUT THIS TIME, THE CONDOR WAS WISE TO HIS TRICKS. AS THEY FLEW HOME, THE CONDOR SAW THE FOX TRYING TO SNEAK BACK INTO THE GUITAR AND CONFRONTED HIM.

"DID YOU GROW WINGS TO FLY?" THE CONDOR ASKED, HIS VOICE TINGED WITH SUSPICION.



THE FOX HUNG HIS HEAD IN SHAME, KNOWING HE HAD BEEN CAUGHT. AND AS THEY FLEW OVER A LAGOON, THE CONDOR SUDDENLY TURNED THE GUITAR UPSIDE DOWN, CAUSING THE FOX TO TUMBLE OUT AND FALL INTO THE WATER BELOW.



FROM THAT DAY ON, THE CONDOR MOVED TO THE MOUNTAINS, WARY OF TRUSTING OTHERS TOO EASILY. AND THOUGH HE STILL PLAYED HIS GUITAR AND DANCED IN THE SKY, HE KEPT A WATCHFUL EYE ON THOSE AROUND HIM, KNOWING THAT NOT EVERYONE COULD BE TRUSTED.

THE END

