

## ANEXO 1. LIBRO. A CHRISTMAS CAROL-DICKENS



### A CHRISTMAS CAROL

By Charles Dickens

Retold in simple language by Joan Collins

Ladybird Books Loughborough

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First Edition

## Chapter 1: The man who hated Christmas

This story begins just after Queen Victoria came to the throne. Jacob Marley had been dead for seven years. His business partner, Ebenezer Scrooge, was the meanest man in London.

Scrooge was so mean he would not even pay for a coat of paint to remove Marley's name from the office sign. It still read, "Scrooge and Marley."

It was a cold, foggy Christmas Eve, and a small boy with a bright red nose bent down to the keyhole to sing a carol:

"God rest you merry, gentlemen,

May nothing dismay you!"

Scrooge rushed out with a long wooden ruler, to take a crack at the boy's head, but he scurried off. Scrooge hated Christmas and everything to do with it. He was a mean, close-fisted old miser, who never did a kind action or gave a penny away.

He looked as if the cold had got right inside him. His thin lips were blue. His nose looked shrivelled and nipped. His eyebrows, wiry hair and stubbly chin looked silver with frost.

But his heart was the coldest of all. It made his office chilly, even in summer. At Christmas the temperature was freezing. He only had a tiny fire and kept the coal bucket by his desk. His clerk could not fetch a fresh piece of coal without asking.

His clerk's name was Bob Cratchit. He sat perched on a high stool in the outer office, writing in a huge account-book.

He wore mittens, but his fingers were so cold he could hardly hold his quill pen. The ink was freezing in his inkwell. He wore a long scarf he called his "comforter", wrapped three times around his neck for warmth. His wife has knitted it, for Bob could not afford an overcoat. Scrooge only paid him fifteen shillings a week.

Even Scrooge's name sounded mean -EBENEZER SCROOGE!

People were going past in the foggy London streets, coughing and wheezing. The air was smoky, so it was dark, even though it was only three o'clock in the afternoon. Scrooge could hardly see the houses opposite, and candles were lit in all the City offices. Bob Cratchit tried to warm his hands at his candle flame, with little success.

Although it was so dark and foggy, everyone was cheerful. Tomorrow was Christmas Day and the shops were full of Christmas good cheer, and blazing with lights. There were turkeys and geese, piles of oranges and apples, nuts, cakes and sweets -but not everybody had the money to buy them.

Some ragged boys clustered around a roaring fire in an iron brazier, at the corner of the dark street. It had been lit by workmen.

Suddenly Scrooge's office door opened and a cheery voice cried, "Merry Christmas, Uncle!"

It was Scrooge's nephew, Fred. He was glowing red in the face, from walking quickly. His eyes sparkled, and his breath was like smoke in the cold air.

"Bah! said Scrooge. "Humbug! What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough!"

"Merry Christmas!" growled Scrooge. "Down with Christmas! If I had my way, every idiot that goes about saying 'Merry Christmas' should be boiled with his own pudding and buried with a stake of holly through his heart!"

"You don't mean that, I'm sure, Uncle! Come and have Christmas dinner with us tomorrow and let's be friends!"

"I'm going to wish you a Merry Christmas in spite of your bad temper, Uncle. *And* a Happy New Year!"

"Bah!" Scrooge snapped as his nephew went out, with a friendly word to Bob Cratchit as he left.

As Fred went out the door, he stood back to let in two plump, pleasant-faced gentlemen. They were collecting money for the poor: to give them a bit of comfort at Christmas time.

"Mr Marley?" asked one of them.

"Marley's dead. I'm Scrooge!" barked Ebenezer.

## Chapter 2: Marley's Ghost

He refused to give anything to the collection. "Are there no prisons?" he demanded. "Are there no workhouses? I support those with my taxes. Let the poor get there!"

"Many can't go there, and many would rather die!"

"Let them die, then!" said Scrooge. "There are far too many poor people!"

The gentlemen went away, disappointed.

The fog got deeper and the afternoon darker. Soon it was time to shut the office. Bob put out his candle.

"I suppose you want the day off, tomorrow," grumbled Scrooge. "I shall have to pay you a whole day's wages for no work!"

"It's only once a year," said Bob, timidly.

"And that's once too often!" growled Scrooge, but he had to let the clerk go.

Bob ran off, like a lad let out of school, in his white comforter. He slid down a frozen hill twenty times, at the end of a line of boys. Then he hurried home to play Blind Man's Buff with his family.

Scrooge ate a lonely supper in a miserable inn, and read the financial papers.

Scrooge lived alone in rooms in a gloomy old house that had belonged to Jacob Marley, his old partner. It was so dark in the yard that Scrooge had to feel his way up to the gatepost. He was putting his key in the door when he noticed the knocker. It was a big old-fashioned one, with nothing special about it. But tonight it was different. It was not an ordinary knocker at all! It was MARLEY'S FACE!

Marley's face was a dismal shade of green rather like bad fish glowing in the dark. Ghostly spectacles were perched on its ghostly forehead, and its hair moved gently, as if a breeze were stirring it. Its eyes had a fixed stare. As Scrooge looked hard at it, it turned back into a knocker again!

Scrooge was not frightened. He did not believe in ghosts. He entered the house, lit his candle and looked at the inside of the door. He expected to see the back of Marley's head, with its old-fashioned pig-tail, but there were only screws and nuts.

He banged the door and went up the wide staircase. Was something going up ahead of him? He told himself firmly that Marley had been dead for seven years.

Upstairs everything was as usual. There was nothing under the bed, or under the table. A little saucepan of porridge was on the hob, by a small coal fire. Scrooge put on his slippers, dressing-gown and night-cap and sat down to eat his porridge. But first he made sure the door was locked.

There were pictures of Bible characters on the tiles around the fireplace -Cain and Abel, the Queen of Sheba, Abraham and Isaac. They all looked like Jacob Marley to him.

“Humbug!” said Scrooge.

Just then a bell high above the fireplace began to swing to and fro. It had not been used for years. Now it began to ring, and every bell in the house rang loudly for about a minute.

Then came a clunking noise, deep in the house, as if someone were dragging a heavy chain up from the cellar.

“It’s humbug!” cried Scrooge. “I won’t believe it!”

But the cellar door opened and the noise came up the stairs, through the heavy door and into the room, before his very eyes.

The flame in the fire leaped up as if it cried; “ I know him! MARLEY’S GHOST!”

And there was Marley, with his pig-tail, wearing his usual waistcoat, tight trousers and boots. The chain around his waist was very long and wound around him like a tail. It was made of cash-boxes, keys, padlocks, account books and heavy metal purses. Scrooge could see right through his body to the two buttons on his coat behind.

“You don’t believe in me, do you?” said the Ghost.

“I don’t,” said Scrooge. “You could be the result of an upset stomach. Perhaps you’re an undigested bit of beef, or a crumb of cheese!”

The Ghost took no notice of Scrooge’s feeble joke. Instead it gave a frightful cry and rattled its chain.

“What is that chain you are wearing?” asked Scrooge.

“I made this chain in life, link by link and yard by yard. You have one too, just as heavy and thick as mine. But you have had seven years more, so yours is much longer.” Scrooge looked down at himself, but could not see anything.

“I only thought about money. I lost so many chances to do good,” sighed the Ghost.

“But you were a good businessman, Jacob!”

“Business! Human beings were my business! I neglected them, and now I’m punished for it!”

“Why have you come to me?” asked Scrooge.

“To warn you, so that you can escape my fate. You are going to be visited by three Spirits, who will come to you as the church clock strikes one.”

“I’d much rather they didn’t!” said Scrooge.

But the Ghost wrapped its tail round its arm and walked backwards towards the window, which began to open wide. The Ghost floated out into the night air.

Scrooge heard sad cries, and saw that the sky was full of figures like Marley. They were crying out sadly and trying to reach the suffering human beings they had not helped while they were alive.

Suddenly Scrooge felt very tired. He crept into bed, and fell asleep right away.

### **Chapter 3: The Spirit of Christmas Past**

Scrooge woke up with a start when the church bell chimed midnight. Was it a dream or was a spirit really going to appear to him at one o'clock? He lay awake listening, until at last the bell boomed out, "ONE".

The lights all flashed up in his room and the curtains on his four-poster bed were drawn.

There stood a strange small figure, with a smooth face like a child, but with long white hair, like an old man. It wore a white tunic and held a branch of holly in its hand. A bright clear light shone from the top of his head. It carried a cap like a fire extinguisher, which it could use to put out this light.

"Who or what are you?" asked Scrooge.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Past".

"Long past?"

"No, *your* past."

"What brings you here?"

"To remind you. To help you. Get up and come with me!"

Scrooge got out of bed in his night-clothes and took the Spirit's hand.

They were suddenly in the country, in a small market town. Boys were riding along the road. Some were on ponies, some in farmers' carts, and they were going home for the Christmas holidays. Scrooge knew who they were -his old school friends.

He began to cry. He remembered how he had been left behind that Christmas, in a cold cheerless schoolroom, forgotten by everybody. He could see himself as a boy, sitting reading.

Behind him, outside the window, the people in the book come to life.

"There's Robinson Crusoe with his parrot, and Man Friday running along the sandy beach!" Scrooge called out excitedly. But the pictures faded. He dried his eyes on his sleeve.

"I wish," he said.

"What?" asked the Ghost.

"There was a boy singing carols outside my office tonight. I wish I'd given him something."

The Spirit waved its hand.

"Let's look at another Christmas."

It was the same schoolroom. The boy was older, alone again. Suddenly the door opened and a little girl rushed in and hugged him. It was his sister. She'd been sent to bring him home for Christmas.

"She was never strong. She died young," said Scrooge.

"And left one child, I believe" said the Spirit. "Your nephew"

"Yes," said Scrooge, thoughtfully.

Then they left the school behind, and found themselves in a huge city. It was Christmas Eve and the streets were lit up. They stopped at a warehouse door.

"Do you know it?"

"Know it! I was apprenticed here!" said Scrooge excitedly.

There was a jolly party in full swing. Old Fezziwig, Scrooge's employer, was celebrating Christmas with his family and work-people.

There was a splendid supper: a great piece of Cold Roast, a great piece of Cold Boiled, mince pies, cake and beer. Best of all, there was a fiddler who played for country dancing!

Mr and Mrs Fezziwig were the 'top couple' in Sir Roger de Coverley. Old Fezziwig seemed to be everywhere at once, winking with his legs. And Mrs Fezziwig kept up with him! Scrooge was delighted. He enjoyed it all as much as he had all those years ago. At the end, he looked up at the Spirit.

"Is anything the matter?"

"No," said Scrooge. "I just wished I could say a word to my clerk, that's all"

The next picture was not so cheerful.

Scrooge was older and looked meaner. He was talking with his sweetheart. She told him he cared more about money than about her, and gave him back his engagement ring.

Scrooge was upset. Next, he saw his sweetheart happily married to someone else, while he sat alone in his office, with only a candle for company.

"Take me away!" he cried out, and struggled with the Spirit. He tried to press down the cap on the light of Memory that shone from its head. Suddenly, he was in own bedroom. He fell on his bed, and sank into a deep sleep.

### **Reflection:**

-How did you see yourself during the intervention?

-What did you think of the literary dialogic gatherings?

-Do you think it is easier to take part in this context?

-Do you think that this type of strategy helps to improve your reading and communication skills in English? Why?

ANEXO 2: EJERCICIOS. A CHRISTMAS CAROL



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## Charles Dickens Biography



**Charles Dickens** (*Charles John Huffam Dickens*) was born in Landport, Portsmouth, on February 7, 1812. Charles was the second of eight children to John Dickens (1786–1851), a clerk in the Navy Pay Office, and his wife Elizabeth Dickens (1789–1863).

The defining moment of Dickens's life occurred when he was 12 years old. His father, who was constantly in debt, was imprisoned in the Marshalsea debtor's prison in 1824. Because of this, Charles has to leave school and to work in a warehouse to help support the family. This experience left profound psychological and sociological effects on Charles. It gave him firsthand knowledge about poverty and made him the most vigorous and influential voice of the working classes in his age.

After a few months, Dickens's father was released from prison and Charles was allowed to go back to school. At fifteen his formal education ended and he found employment as an office boy at an attorney's, while he studied at night. From 1830 he worked as a reporter in the courts and afterwards as a parliamentary and newspaper reporter.

Dickens's first book, a collection of stories titled *Sketches by Boz*, was published in 1836. In the same year he married Catherine Hogarth, daughter of the editor of the *Evening Chronicle*. Together they had 10 children before they separated in 1858.

Dickens wrote five Christmas Books; *A Christmas Carol* (1843), *The Chimes* (1844), *The Cricket on the Hearth* (1845), *The Battle of Life* (1846), and *The Haunted Man* (1848). After living briefly abroad in Italy (1844) and Switzerland (1846) Dickens continued his



success with *Dombey and Son* (1848), the largely autobiographical *David Copperfield* (1849-50), *Bleak House* (1852-53), *Hard Times* (1854), *Little Dorrit* (1857), *A Tale of Two Cities* (1859), and *Great Expectations* (1861).

Charles Dickens died at home on June 9, 1870 after suffering a stroke. He was buried in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey. The inscription on his tomb reads:

"He was a sympathiser to the poor, the suffering, and the oppressed; and by his death, one of England's greatest writers is lost to the world."

<http://www.dickens-online.info/charles-dickens-biography.htm>

## Chapter 1: The man who hated Christmas

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Scrooge ate a lonely supper in a miserable inn, and read the financial papers.

### Chapter 1: Reading Comprehension

1. Match the word with its definition

|           |   |
|-----------|---|
| 1. Mean   | A. The opposite of rich   |
| 2. Nephew | B. A room or building where people work   |
| 3. Clerk  | C. The opposite of generous   |
| 4. Poor   | E. The son of your brother or sister (or the son of your husband’s or wife’s brother or sister)             |
| 5. Kind   | F. A hard, black substance that is dug from the earth in pieces, and can be burned to produce heat or power |

|             |   |
|-------------|---|
| 6. Office   | G. Generous, helpful, and thinking about other people's feelings          |
| 7. Shilling | H. A unit of money used in Britain until 1971                             |
| 8. Coal     | I. A person whose job is to work with documents, for example in an office |

2. Write T if the statement is true and F if the statement is false

|   |  |
|---|--|
| 1. Scrooge is poor  |  |
| 2. Ebenezer Scrooge is a generous man                           |  |
| 3. Every year Scrooge spends Christmas day with his nephew Fred |  |
| 4. Scrooge does not like Christmas                              |  |
| 5. Ebenezer gives nothing to charity                            |  |
| 6. Jacob Marley has been dead for seven years                   |  |
| 7. Bob Cratchit works for Scrooge                               |  |
| 8. The Story begins in summer holidays                          |  |
| 9. Scrooge has not got any nephew                               |  |

**Reflection: I liked.....because.....**

**I didn't like .....because.....**

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## Chapter 2: Marley's Ghost

Scrooge lived alone in rooms in a gloomy old house that had belonged to Jacob Marley, his old partner. It was so dark in the yard that Scrooge had to feel his way up to the gatepost. He was putting his key in the door when he noticed the knocker. It was a big old-fashioned one, with nothing special about it. But tonight it was different. It was not an ordinary knocker at all! It was MARLEY'S FACE!

Marley's face was a dismal shade of green rather like bad fish glowing in the dark. Ghostly spectacles were perched on its ghostly forehead, and its hair moved gently, as if a breeze were stirring it. Its eyes had a fixed stare. As Scrooge looked hard at it, it turned back into a knocker again!

Scrooge was not frightened. He did not believe in ghosts. He entered the house, lit his candle and looked at the inside of the door. He expected to see the back of Marley's head, with its old-fashioned pig-tail, but there were only screws and nuts.

He banged the door and went up the wide staircase. Was something going up ahead of him? He told himself firmly that Marley had been dead for seven years.

Upstairs everything was as usual. There was nothing under the bed, or under the table. A little saucepan of porridge was on the hob, by a small coal fire. Scrooge put on his slippers, dressing-gown and night-cap and sat down to eat his porridge. But first he made sure the door was locked.

There were pictures of Bible characters on the tiles around the fireplace -Cain and Abel, the Queen of Sheba, Abraham and Isaac. They all looked like Jacob Marley to him.

"Humbug!" said Scrooge.

Just then a bell high above the fireplace began to swing to and fro. It had not been used for years. Now it began to ring, and every bell in the house rang loudly for about a minute.

Then came a clunking noise, deep in the house, as if someone were dragging a heavy chain up from the cellar.

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The flame in the fire leaped up as if it cried; “ I know him! MARLEY’S GHOST!”

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“You don’t believe in me, do you?” said the Ghost.

“I don’t, “ said Scrooge. “You could be the result of an upset stomach. Perhaps you’re an undigested bit of beef, or a crumb of cheese!”

The Ghost took no notice of Scrooge’s feeble joke. Instead it gave a frightful cry and rattled its chain.

“What is that chain you are wearing?” asked Scrooge.

“I made this chain in life, link by link and yard by yard. You have one too, just as heavy and thick as mine. But you have had seven years more, so yours is much longer.” Scrooge looked down at himself, but could not see anything.

“I only thought about money. I lost so many chances to do good,” sighed the Ghost.

“But you were a good businessman, Jacob!”

“Business! Human beings were my business! I neglected them, and now I’m punished for it!”

“Why have you come to me?” asked Scrooge.

“To warn you, so that you can escape my fate. You are going to be visited by three Spirits, who will come to you as the church clock strikes one.”

“I’d much rather they didn’t!” said Scrooge.









But the Ghost wrapped its tail round its arm and walked backwards towards the window, which began to open wide. The Ghost floated out into the night air. Scrooge heard sad cries,

and saw that the sky was full of figures like Marley. They were crying out sadly and trying to reach the suffering human beings they had not helped while they were alive.

Suddenly Scrooge felt very tired. He crept into bed, and fell asleep right away.

### Chapter 2: Reading Comprehension

1. Put the correct number in the circle above the pictures

|   |   |  |   |
|---|---|--|---|
| 1. Chain  | 2. Slippers   | 3. Bell  | 4. Candle   |
| 5. Knocker  | 6. Cash-box   | 7. Night-cap   | 8. Padlock  |
| <input type="text"/><br>  | <input type="text"/><br>  | <input type="text"/><br>  | <input type="text"/><br>  |
| <input type="text"/><br> | <input type="text"/><br> | <input type="text"/><br> | <input type="text"/><br> |

2. Answer the following questions:

1) Where did Scrooge live?

- a) in his nephew Fred's house
- b) in the house of an old friend



c) in Jacob Marley's house

2) Who is Jacob Marley?

- a) one of Scrooge's best friends
- b) Scrooge's old partner
- c) Scrooge's nephew

3) What was Scrooge doing on Christmas Eve?

- a) he was having dinner with his nephew
- b) he was having dinner alone
- c) he was having dinner with a friend

4) Is Scrooge afraid of ghosts?

- a) Yes
- b) No

5) What does Jacob Marley's chain signify?

- a) that he has been a good and generous man
- b) that he has been very kind man
- c) that he has been mean

6) Why does Jacob Marley visit Scrooge?

- a) To warn Scrooge
- b) To kill Scrooge
- c) To have dinner with Scrooge

**Reflection: I liked.....because.....**

**I didn't like .....because.....**

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Scrooge woke up with a start when the church bell chimed midnight. Was it a dream or was a spirit really going to appear to him at one o'clock? He lay awake listening, until at last the bell boomed out, "ONE".

The lights all flashed up in his room and the curtains on his four-poster bed were drawn.

There stood a strange small figure, with a smooth face like a child, but with long white hair, like an old man. It wore a white tunic and held a branch of holly in its hand. A bright clear light shone from the top of his head. It carried a cap like a fire extinguisher, which it could use to put out this light.

"Who or what are you?" asked Scrooge.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Past".

"Long past?"

"No, *your* past."

"What brings you here?"

"To remind you. To help you. Get up and come with me!"

Scrooge got out of bed in his night-clothes and took the Spirit's hand.

They were suddenly in the country, in a small market town. Boys were riding along the road. Some were on ponies, some in farmers' carts, and they were going home for the Christmas holidays. Scrooge knew who they were -his old school friends.

He began to cry. He remembered how he had been left behind that Christmas, in a cold cheerless schoolroom, forgotten by everybody. He could see himself as a boy, sitting reading.

Behind him, outside the window, the people in the book come to life.

"There's Robinson Crusoe with his parrot, and Man Friday running along the sandy beach!" Scrooge called out excitedly. But the pictures faded. He dried his eyes on his sleeve.

"I wish," he said.

"What?" asked the Ghost.

“There was a boy singing carols outside my office tonight. I wish I’d given him something.”

The Spirit waved its hand.

“Let’s look at another Christmas.”

It was the same schoolroom. The boy was older, alone again. Suddenly the door opened and a little girl rushed in and hugged him. It was his sister. She’d been sent to bring him home for Christmas.

“She was never strong. She died young,” said Scrooge.

“And left one child, I believe” said the Spirit. “Your nephew”

“Yes,” said Scrooge, thoughtfully.

Then they left the school behind, and found themselves in a huge city. It was Christmas Eve and the streets were lit up. They stopped at a warehouse door.

“Do you know it?”

“Know it! I was apprenticed here!” said Scrooge excitedly.

There was a jolly party in full swing. Old Fezziwig, Scrooge’s employer, was celebrating Christmas with his family and work-people.

There was a splendid supper: a great piece of Cold Roast, a great piece of Cold Boiled, mince pies, cake and beer. Best of all, there was a fiddler who played for country dancing!

Mr and Mrs Fezziwig were the ‘top couple’ in Sir Roger de Coverley. Old Fezziwig seemed to be everywhere at once, winking with his legs. And Mrs Fezziwig kept up with him! Scrooge was delighted. He enjoyed it all as much as he had all those years ago. At the end, he looked up at the Spirit.

“Is anything the matter?”

“No,” said Scrooge. “I just wished I could say a word to my clerk, that’s all”

The next picture was not so cheerful.

Scrooge was older and looked meaner. He was talking with his sweetheart. She told him he cared more about money than about her, and gave him back his engagement ring.

Scrooge was upset. Next, he saw his sweetheart happily married to someone else, while he sat alone in his office, with only a candle for company.

“Take me away!” he cried out, and struggled with the Spirit. He tried to press down the cap on the light of Memory that shone from its head. Suddenly, he was in own bedroom. He fell on his bed, and sank into a deep sleep.

### Chapter 3: Reading Comprehension

- Match the adjectives in Column A with the adjectives with the opposite meaning in Column B

| A              | B               |
|----------------|-----------------|
| 1. apprentice  | to be delighted |
| 2. jolly       | enemy           |
| 3. to be upset | master          |
| 4. past        | smile           |
| 5. sweetheart  | dark            |
| 6. light       | sad             |
| 7. cry         | present         |

- Complete the following sentences according to the text:

- When Scrooge was a boy he was.....
- The Ghost of Christmas Past visits Scrooge to.....
- Scrooge’s employer, Mr. Fezziwig was celebrating Christmas with.....
- The Christmas supper consists of.....
- Belle left Scrooge because.....
- Now his sweetheart was happily married to someone else and Scrooge was.....
- His sister was sent to .....
- Scrooge did not want to see the light of memory because.....

**Reflection: I liked.....because.....**

**I didn't like .....because.....**

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### **Chapter 1, 2 and 3: Reading Comprehension**

1. What happened first? Put these sentences in the right order. Number them 1–15.
  - a) Bob Cratchit shuts the office.
  - b) Scrooge gives them nothing.
  - c) After Fred leaves, two men come into Scrooge's office.
  - d) Fred comes to visit him.
  - e) He hears the noise of a heavy chain down below
  - f) The two men leave the room.
  - g) His sweetheart gave him back his engagement ring
  - h) They ask him for some money for the poor.
  - i) He shuts the door and sits by the fire
  - j) Old Fezziwig, Scrooge's employer, was celebrating Christmas with his family and work-people
  - k) He invites Scrooge to dinner
  - l) Scrooge was upset. He sat alone in his office, with only a candle for company.
  - m) Scrooge has dinner alone
  - n) Scrooge is in his office.
  - o) The past Christmas's ghost visit Scrooge

### **ANEXO 3. CUESTIONARIO PERCEPCIÓN ALUMNADO**

1. ¿Cómo os habéis visto en estas sesiones de Tertulias Literarias Dialógicas?
2. ¿Qué os han parecido las Tertulias?
3. ¿Creéis que es más fácil intervenir o dar vuestra opinión en este contexto?
4. ¿Creéis que este tipo de estrategias ayudan a mejorar la competencia lectora y comunicativa en inglés?
5. ¿Es más fácil entender un texto que a priori es difícil cuando lo hacemos entre todos?
6. ¿Pensáis que habrías participado más si las Tertulias hubieran sido en castellano o en euskera?
7. ¿Alguno va a terminar de leer el libro?
8. ¿Repetiríais con otro libro? ¿Qué os gustaría leer?

#### **ANEXO 4. CUESTIONARIO PERCEPCIÓN TUTORA**

1. ¿Conocías esta estrategia educativa?
2. ¿Qué te ha parecido?
3. ¿Qué aspecto destacarías?
4. ¿Crees que es una estrategia que puede ayudar al alumnado a mejorar su comprensión lectora y su competencia comunicativa?
5. ¿La utilizarías en inglés o crees que estaría mejor para mejorar otros idiomas?

## ANEXO 5. PERMISO PARA GRABAR O TOMAR FOTOGRAFÍAS

### PERMISO PARA GRABAR O TOMAR FOTOGRAFÍAS

D./Dña.....con DNI  
nº..... padre/madre o tutor legal del alumno/a  
.....

AUTORIZA al docente de prácticas Idoia Urkidi Conte a que en las grabaciones de audio (preservando siempre la identidad del alumno/a) o fotografías (que en ningún caso mostrarán la cara del niño/a) que vaya a realizar de las actividades escolares pueda aparecer su hijo o hija. El **objetivo exclusivo** de estas grabaciones o fotografías será registrar las **labores educativas** desarrolladas. Dichas imágenes o audios no se harán públicas en ningún caso, ni tendrán otro destino que el indicado.

En .....a..... de ..... de 202.....

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Firmado