

## **IN A BEAUTIFUL SOUTH GARDEN**

**By María Narváez Cabeza de Vaca, 4ºA.**

In the southern part of the south, there is a beautiful garden.

This is not just any garden, because here, among flowers and trees, there is a special magic, full of opportunities and happiness, and that magic is knowledge.

Here, among cypresses, flowers and pigeons, there is a patio where everyone has a chance.

There is also a large white house with green gates, surrounded by stone paths, large trees, and flowerbeds. Here, among long-lived olive trees, Goethe, Shakespeare, Dumas, and Cervantes meet.

Here, where all the cultures and languages are destined to be understood, as if it were a new School of Translators in Toledo;

where, among sweet mandarins, Charles Perrault, Roald Dahl, C.S. Lewis, Elvira Lindo, Gloria Fuertes, or the Grimm brothers, give children tools to dream;

where among geraniums and gitanillas there is a wishing well, which doesn't care what language you speak;

here, where the glorious laurels recall the myth of Apollo and Daphne and the aromatic Orange blossom of caliphal Cordoba;

here, where a hobbit might be living in any hole in the ground, three ghosts always arrive every Christmas, cats wear boots and Jack beans are magical...

Here, in this great garden of the southern part of the south, among flowers and trees, a special magic happens, called knowledge.