

Vuelta a la universidad

Back to College



Serie Leamos

Escrito por: Shirley Tran

Ilustrado por: Veronika Streltsova

Dear reader,

The book you are about to read was written by Spanish undergraduate students of the World Languages & Cultures department and illustrated by undergraduate students of the School of Art and Design, both from Georgia State University.

This project has been made with my Intermediate Spanish classes and the final product is a result of collaboration by the authors -students who wrote the original stories based on personal experiences-, by the illustrators -Art students who gave life to the stories with a fresh and unique touch-, and by me, who directed and supervised the whole process.

I hope you will find the stories in Serie Leamos, appealing, interesting, and enjoyable. Above all, I hope that these stories will help you love reading and reading in Spanish.

¡Espero que lo disfruten!

Victoria Rodrigo



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Serie Leamos

Serie's Editor: Victoria Rodrigo

Vocabulary

estar listo/a – *to be ready*

mudarse = *to move out* (**cambiar de domicilio**)

estropear= *to ruin*

apretar- *to squeeze*

mover= *to move*

avergonzadamente = *ashamed*

estrechar las manos = *to shake hands*

estar preocupado/a = *to be worried*

preocupación = *worries*

bromear = *to joke*

asegurar= *assure*

cariñoso= *loving*

sonriente = *smiling*

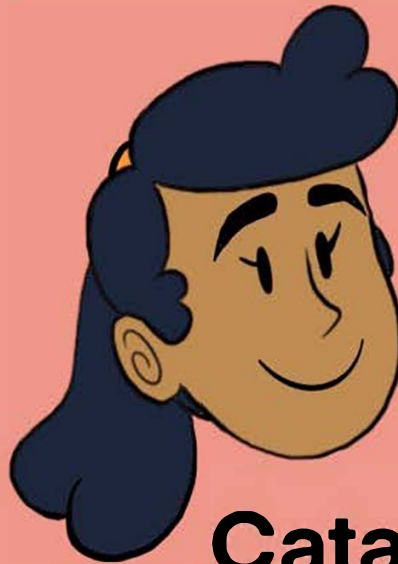
Characters



Mamá



Graham



Catalina

—“Are you ready?” — my mom asked me before handing me my suitcase.



She looked at me for a long time, her kind and smiling eyes.



This summer, my mom decided to move to Los Angeles. I have to return to Atlanta to continue my studies at college.



— “Remember to cook every day. Do not eat at restaurants very often! You need to exercise at least three times a week, and do not sleep late often, otherwise you’ll ruin your sleep pattern...”





— *"I know, mom, I know"* —I interrupted. I do not like it when you're anxious. I smiled at her and squeezed her hands.

— *Don't worry, I'll call you every day.*—



After saying
goodbye to my
mom, I got on the
plane and put my
suitcase in the
overhead
compartment and
sat in my window
seat. My fingers
were shaking
nervously waiting
for takeoff.



— "Are you nervous?" — a voice to my right asked me.



¿Es tan obvio?

My seat neighbor is a man that is about five years older than me.

—“It’s that obvious?”—I embarrassingly answered.



—My name is Catalina. What is yours?—

—Graham—. **He stretched out his hand.**

—Why are you nervous? Have you never flown before?

—No, I guess I am worried because my family now doesn't live in Atlanta and I will be alone if I have any issues. —



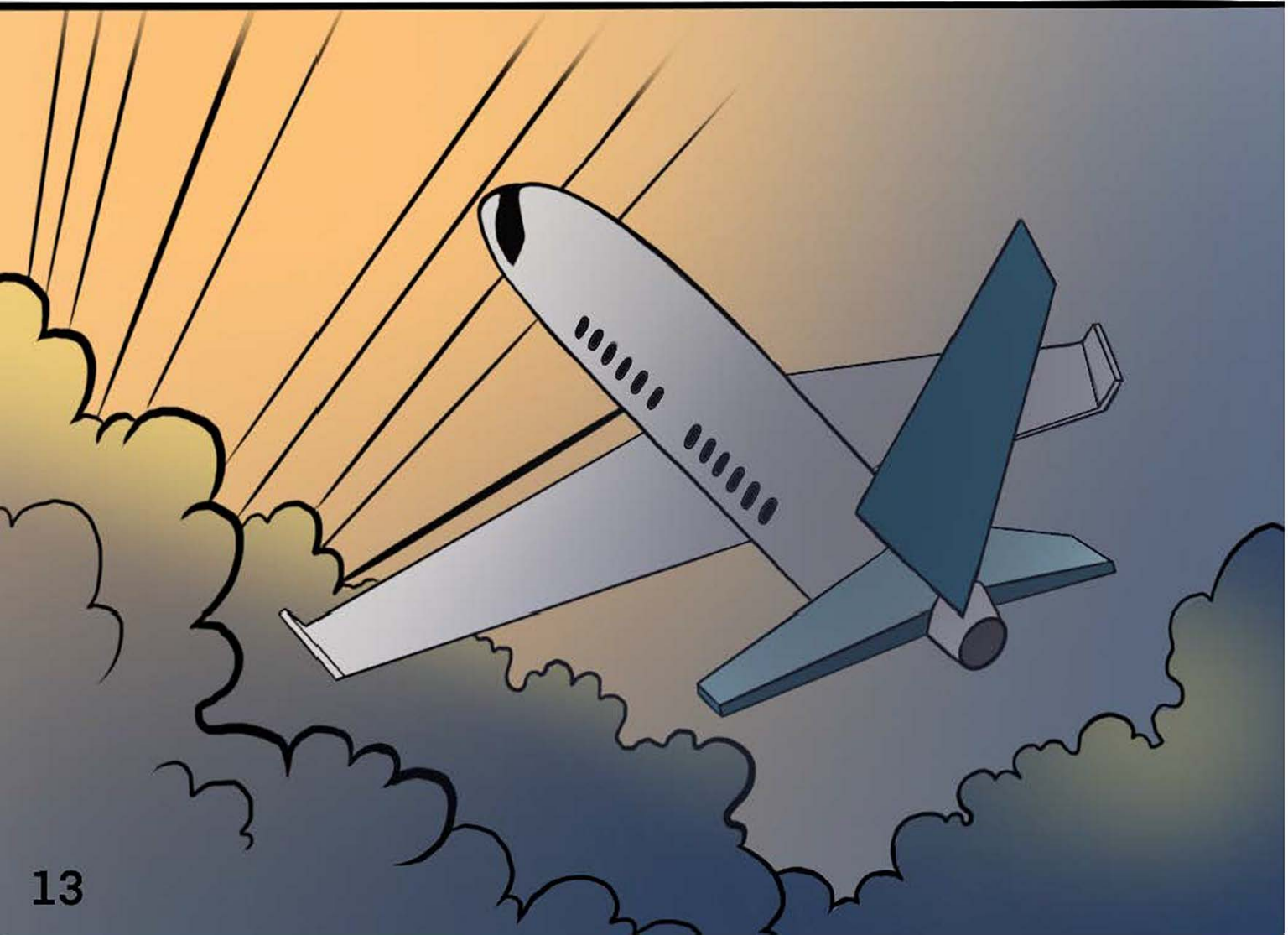
—Well, I am a graduate student
—I **smiled**—and I'll help you in any way
that I can.—





His kind and sympathetic words helped me forget about my worries. I asked him about his experiences with classes and professors. Every once in a while, he told jokes or stories about funny moments in college.

In that moment I thought: I should not worry myself about college, everything is going to go well and after several semesters, I can assure you, my dear reader, that that's what happened.



**The
End**