

ASIGNATURA /AREA/DIMENSIONES

Jhon Heiler Garcia Mosquera FIRMA DEL ESTUDIANTE

### INSTITUCION EDUCATIVA REINO DE BELGICA RESOLUCION Nº 10032 DE OCTUBRE 11 de 2013 RESOLUCION N° 013989 DE DICIEMBRE de 2014 NIT 900709106-1 DANE 105001012581

## "Educando con integridad transformamos sociedad"

FIRMA DEL PADRE DE FAMILIA

**GRADO:** 

9

PERÍODO	3	AÑO:	2024
NOMBRE DEL ESTUDIANTE			
<b>DESEMPEÑOS:</b> Utiliza el presente y pa	sado progresivo para con	tar acciones continuas	
ACTIVIDADES PRÁCTICAS A DESARR ENCONTRAR INFORMACIÓN: (ACTIVD			
ENCONTRAR INFORMACION. (ACTIVE	ADES FLEXIBLES 1 AS	DOTES RAZONABLE	3)
1. Para el trabajo escrito: Traducir el texto y aprenderse todas las palabras desconocidas.			
2. Para la sustentación: se evaluará todo el vocabulario que se encuentra en el texto, por esta razón debes			
aprenderlos y tú mismo traducir.  METODOLOGIA DE LA EVALUACIÓN: (EVALUACION FLEXIBILIZADA CON AJUSTES RAZONABLES)			
Trabajo escrito: valor 50%			
Sustentación: valor 50%			
RECURSOS: En las siguientes hojas end	contrará el texto para tradi	ucir.	
OBSERVACIONES: se recomienda que el estudiante no traduzca mediante ninguna aplicación, deberá hacerlo con el conocimiento adquirido durante el proceso académico.			
FECHA DE ENTREGA DEL TRABAJO:		E SUSTENTACIÓN Y	//O EVALUACIÓN:

**ING** 



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### Chapter 1 Jim Hawkins' Story I

My father had an inn near the sea. It was a quiet place. One day, an old man came to our door. He was tall and strong, and his face was brown. His old blue coat was dirty and he had a big old box with him. He looked at the inn, then he looked at the sea.

My father came to the door.

At first the old man did not speak. He looked again at the sea, and at the front of the inn.

'I like this place,' he said. 'Do many people come here?'

'No,' said my father.

'I'm going to stay here,' said the old man. 'I want a bed and food. I like watching the sea and the ships. You can call me Captain.'

He threw some money on the table. 'That's for my bed and my food,' he said.

And so the old captain came to stay with us. He was always quiet. In the evenings he sat in the inn and in the day he watched the sea and the ships.

One day he spoke to me. 'Come here, boy,' he said, and he gave me some money. 'Take this, and look out for a sailor with one leg.'

He was afraid of that sailor with one leg. I was afraid too. I looked for the man with one leg, but I never saw him.

Then winter came, and it was very cold. My father was ill, and my mother and I worked very hard.

Early one January morning, the captain went to the beach. I helped my mother to make the captain's breakfast. The door opened and a man came in. His face was very white and he had only three ringers on his left hand. I could see that he was a sailor.

'Can I help you?' I asked.



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The man looked at the captain's breakfast table.

'Is this table for my friend Bill?' he asked.

'I don't know your friend Bill,' I said. 'It's the captain's table.'

'The captain?' he said. 'Well, they sometimes call my friend Bill the Captain. Is he here in the house?'

'No. He's out,' I said.

The man sat down and waited for the captain. Then the captain came into the room. He went to his table and sat down.

'Bill!' said the man.

The captain turned round quickly. His face went white. Suddenly, he looked old and ill.

'Come, Bill, you know me. You know an old friend, Bill,' said the man.

'Black Dog!' said the captain.

'Yes,' said the man. 'It's me, Black Dog. I wanted to see my old friend Billy.'

'Well, here I am,' said the captain. 'What do you want?'

'I want to talk to you, Bill,' Black Dog said.

The captain looked at me. 'Leave the room, boy,' he said, 'and don't listen at the door.'

They talked for a long time. Then I heard them talking angrily.

'No, no, no!' said the captain. There was a fight and then Black Dog ran out of the house.

The captain's face was white. 'I must get out of here!' he said.

I ran to get him a drink. I came back and found the captain on the floor. His eyes were closed.

Our doctor, Dr Livesey, came and looked at the old captain. 'He's very ill,' said the doctor.

The captain opened his eyes and looked at the doctor. 'Where's Black Dog?' he asked.

'There's no Black Dog here,' said the doctor. 'Now, Billy Bones, you must. . .'