

Sugerencias para maximizar el aprendizaje con el cuento

Focalización en la pronunciación de verbos regulares en pasado

- **Antes de escuchar:** Revise una lista de verbos regulares en pasado para familiarizarse con su sonido final típico "-ed".
- **Durante la escucha:** Preste especial atención a la pronunciación de estos verbos. Note las ligeras variaciones en el sonido de "-ed", que puede sonar como /t/, /d/, o /ɪd/.
- **Después de escuchar:** Practique repitiendo los verbos en voz alta, imitando la pronunciación exacta y el ritmo del audio.

Para escuchar el audio da clic en el siguiente enlace:

[Monster story Audio](#)

Los verbos regulares en pasado forman la base de la narración en inglés y son esenciales para describir acciones completadas. La correcta pronunciación y utilización de estos verbos es fundamental para la fluidez y comprensión en inglés.

Atención a los adjetivos

- **Antes de la lectura:** Haga una lista de adjetivos que ya conozca y piense en sus posibles opuestos (antónimos).
- **Durante la lectura/escucha:** Identifique los adjetivos utilizados en el cuento y observe cómo describen características y estados, ampliando su vocabulario descriptivo.
- **Después de la actividad:** Escriba oraciones propias utilizando los adjetivos encontrados, ayudando a cementar su comprensión y uso.
- **Pronunciación:** Preste atención a la pronunciación y repita en voz alta imitando los sonidos que escucha.

Los adjetivos son cruciales para la expresión descriptiva, permitiendo a los hablantes comunicar pensamientos y emociones con precisión y riqueza.

Exploración de diferentes verbos

- **Antes de la actividad:** Revise diferentes tiempos verbales en inglés y cómo estos expresan diferentes acciones o estados.
- **Durante la lectura/escucha:** Concéntrese en cómo los verbos son usados en el contexto de la historia, y cómo añaden dinamismo y acción al relato.
- **Después de la actividad:** Intente crear pequeñas historias o descripciones usando verbos que ha escuchado o leído, para practicar la conjugación y el uso apropiado en varios contextos.
- **Pronunciación:** Preste atención a la pronunciación y repita en voz alta imitando los sonidos que escucha.

La variedad de verbos enriquece el lenguaje y permite expresar una amplia gama de acciones y estados, facilitando una comunicación efectiva y detallada.

Lingualdeas

Un estilo de vida

Advertencia: De este punto en adelante, cerciórate de haber escuchado primero el audio.

Between humanity and monstrosity: Love's Paradox

This is a story about a monster and a human. A story about love and betrayal. A story about life and death.

The monster was not always a monster. He used to be a human, until the day the soldiers came and took him away. They said he had a virus that could wipe out humanity. They said they had to quarantine him, to study him, to find a cure. They lied.

They took him to a secret facility, where they did unspeakable things to him. They injected him with chemicals, exposed him to radiation, cut him open and put him back together. They tortured him, day and night, for years. They turned him into a monster.



Monster: They gave me claws, fangs, scales, wings. They made me stronger, faster, smarter. They made me immune to pain, to disease, to death. They made me a weapon, a killing machine, a living nightmare. They thought they could control me, that I would obey them, that I would serve them. They were wrong.

One day, he had enough. He snapped. He fought back. He killed them all. He escaped. He ran. He hid. He survived. He found others like him, others they had experimented on, others they had turned into monsters. They formed a pack, a family, a tribe. They lived in the shadows, in the wilderness, in the dark. They avoided humans, they feared humans, they hated humans. They were free.

But they didn't leave them alone. They still wanted them, they still hunted them, they still feared them. They sent more soldiers, more hunters, more weapons. They tracked them, they ambushed them, they killed them. They were relentless, they were ruthless, they were merciless. They were monsters.

They fought back, they defended themselves, they killed them. They were not afraid, they were not weak, they were not victims. They were warriors, they were predators, they were survivors. They were proud.

But they were also lonely, they were also sad, they were also human. They missed their old lives, their old families, their old selves. They longed for peace, for love, for happiness. They hoped for a miracle, for a cure, for a chance. They dreamed of a better world, a better future, a better life. They were hopeful.

That's why, when he saw her, he couldn't resist. She was beautiful, she was kind, she was different. She was a human, but she was not like them. She was not afraid, she was not hateful, she was not hostile. She was curious, she was friendly, she was gentle. She was a miracle.

She found him in the woods, where he was hunting for food. She saw him, she approached him, she spoke to him. She said her name was Anna, that she was a scientist, that she wanted to help him. She said she knew what they had done to him, that she was sorry, that she had a way to reverse it. She said she had a cure.

He didn't believe her, he didn't trust her, he didn't want her. He growled, he snarled, he threatened. He told her to leave, to go away, to never come back. He told her he was a monster, that he had no soul, that he deserved to die. He lied.

Monster: I lied because I was afraid, because I was hurt, because I was lonely. I lied because I wanted her, because I needed her, because I loved her. I lied because I was human.



She didn't listen, she didn't give up, she didn't run away. She smiled, she nodded, she stayed. She said she understood, that she cared, that she loved him. She said he was not a monster, that he had a soul, that he deserved to live. She was right.

She reached out, she touched him, she hugged him. She felt warm, she felt soft, she felt good. She made him feel things, things he had forgotten, things he had never felt. She made him feel happy, she made him feel loved, she made him feel human. She made him feel alive.

He let her, he liked her, he loved her. He smiled, he nodded, he stayed. He said he wanted to try, that he wanted to change, that he wanted to be with her. He said he trusted her, that he cared for her, that he loved her. He was honest.

She took him to her lab, where she had a device, a machine, a miracle. She said it was a genetic reverter, that it could undo the mutations, that it could restore him. She said it was safe, that it was painless, that it was quick. She said it was ready.

He agreed, he consented, he volunteered. He entered the machine, he closed his eyes, he waited. He felt a surge, a shock, a change. He felt his body, his mind, his soul. He felt them shift, them revert, them heal. He felt them become human again.

He opened his eyes, he looked at her, he smiled. She smiled back, she hugged him, she kissed him. She said it worked, that he was cured, that he was human. She said she was happy, that she was proud, that she was in love. She said they could be together, that they could start a new life, that they could be happy. She said they were free.

He believed her, he thanked her, he kissed her. He said he was grateful, that he was amazed, that he was in love. He said he wanted to be with her, that he wanted to start a new life, that he wanted to be happy. He said they were free.

They left the lab, they got in her car, they drove away. They talked, they laughed, they planned. They decided to go to the city, to find a hotel, to spend the night. They decided to celebrate, to enjoy, to live. They decided to be happy.

But they didn't make it. They were stopped, they were surrounded, they were captured. They were waiting, they were prepared, they were armed. They were soldiers, they were hunters, they were enemies. They were monsters.

They shot at them, they hit them, they wounded them. They dragged them out, they threw them down, they kicked them. They shouted at them, they cursed them, they mocked them. They said they were freaks, that they were abominations, that they were monsters. They said they were dangerous, that they were infected, that they



were doomed. They said they had to kill them, to save humanity, to end the threat. They said they had a duty.

She screamed, she cried, she begged. She said they were not freaks, that they were not abominations, that they were not monsters. She said they were not dangerous, that they were not infected, that they were not doomed. She said they were cured, that they were human, that they were alive. She said they had a right.

He roared, he fought, he killed. He used his claws, his fangs, his wings. He used his strength, his speed, his intelligence. He used his immunity, his resilience, his survival. He used his weapons, his skills, his instincts. He used everything they had given him, everything they had made him, everything he was. He used everything to protect her, to save her, to love her. He used everything to be a monster.

Monster: I used everything to be a monster, because that's what they wanted, that's what they deserved, that's what they feared. I used everything to be a monster, because that's what I was, that's what I am, that's what I will always be. I used everything to be a monster, because I loved her.

He killed them all, he escaped, he ran. He took her with him, he held her close, he healed her. He said he was sorry, that he was angry, that he was scared. He said he loved her, that he needed her, that he wanted her. He said they were still free.

She looked at him, she smiled, she kissed him. She said she was not sorry, that she was not afraid, that she was not hurt. She said she loved him, that she needed him, that she wanted him. She said they were still free.

They found a place, a cave, a home. They hid, they rested, they healed. They cuddled, they kissed, they made love. They were happy, they were alive, they were free. They were human, they were monsters, they were both. They were in love.

But then, she changed. She coughed, she shivered, she bled. She said she felt sick, that she felt weak, that she felt pain. She said she was infected, that she had the virus, that she had no cure. She said she was dying.

He panicked, he denied, he blamed. He said it was not true, that it was not possible, that it was not fair. He said it was their fault, that they had done this, that they had poisoned her. He said it was a mistake, that it was a lie, that it was a trick. He said she was not infected, that she was not dying, that she was not alone. He said he would save her, that he would find a cure, that he would make her better. He said he loved her.



He roamed, he searched, he despaired. He scoured the forests, the mountains, the ruins. He sought herbs, he sought wisdom, he sought hope. He found whispers, he found legends, he found myths. He found a tale, a story, a possibility. He found a chance.

She weakened, she suffered, she faded. She told him stories, she told him memories, she told him dreams. She told of a world without monsters, without soldiers, without pain. She told of love, of life, of happiness. She told until she could tell no more.

He returned, he brewed, he pleaded. He brought a potion, a remedy, a risk. He brought it to her lips, to her heart, to her soul. He watched, he waited, he wept. He watched her breathe, her chest rose, her life returned. He watched her eyes open, her smile widened, her love shine.

She drank, she gasped, she lived. She felt the warmth, she felt the healing, she felt the love. She felt her body mend, her strength renewed, her virus died. She felt her humanity, her essence, her future. She felt him, her monster, her savior, her partner.

They emerged, they faced the world, they challenged fate. They walked among humans, among hatred, among fear. They proved their peace, their purpose, their place. They proved monsters can love, can change, can coexist. They proved stories end, but legends, oh legends, they live forever.

Monster: We lived as legends, for we overcame the impossible, the unfathomable, the inevitable. We lived as legends, for we wrote a story of hope, a story of defiance, a story of love. We lived as legends, for we were both human and monster, and in that, we found our eternity.

And so, the legend tells of a monster and a human, of love that defied all, of a life reclaimed from the jaws of death. They became a beacon of hope in a world of shadows, a testament to the belief that within every monster lies a heart, and within every human, perhaps, a touch of the monstrous. But above all, within each, there lies the capacity for boundless love.